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# THE ATHENÆUM

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## ADDRESS.

We have now battled through our first year and all its difficulties—difficulties that so many Periodicals have found insurmountable. Our success has exceeded even our own sanguine hopes: it has been more rapid and triumphant than was perhaps ever known; from a comparatively low state of existence, the *ATHENÆUM* has risen to a sale exceeding that of any literary paper. We say not this boastfully, but encouragingly, to those active and zealous friends who have, in increasing numbers, taken an interest in our success; and this, too, not on personal or private grounds—but the better one, of principle. That the establishment of this paper has done good, we are certain; the mystery of trade criticism and broad-sheet paragraphs has been utterly exposed—the public no longer

Apply to —, to foresee  
What shall, and what shall never be;  
And, as the critic does forebode,  
Believe that books are bad or good:—  
A flim more senseless than the roguery  
Of old aruspicy and aug'r's.

But the exposure, though a serviceable duty to the public, has been most painful to ourselves; and we rejoice that the necessity gets less every hour. We need not assure our readers, that we shall resolutely pursue the same course, until publishers are content to allow others to judge of the merits of their works, Unshrinking and uncompromising when the battle was to be fought at all disadvantages, we are not likely to desert our standard now that the battle is won, and we have only to share the honours and glories of the triumph.

It is very pleasantly apparent the public have considered, that during the year 1831, the *ATHENÆUM* has been (to use an American phrase) "done handsome." We trust that, at the close of 1832, all our contemporaries will consider us (to preserve the costume of our phraseology) "the yellow flower of the forest." We shall endeavour to persevere in the spirit which has achieved the past with renewed vigour. We have hitherto laboured diligently to make the *ATHENÆUM* a record of all that was likely to interest the informed and intelligent; and the response which public patronage makes to us, satisfies us that we have not laboured unsuccessfully; and, beyond those improvements which experience suggests as beneficial, and those resources which prosperity opens to us, we know not how the future volumes are to be better than the last. Anxious, however, to prepare ourselves for the coming year, we have been stirring early amongst our friends, and they have answered to our call with such cordial zeal, that, rather than disappoint any, we this day give an extra sheet of eight pages, and may proudly remark, that we believe such a paper, at such a price, was never before, in any age or in any country, offered to the Public.

## REVIEWS

*Females of the Present Day, considered as to their Influence on Society.* By a Country Lady. London, 1831. Hatchard.

This is not an agreeable book to read—what fault-finding book is?—but it is one that deserves to be read, being valuable for the thoughts it suggests, when not so for those it contains. The "Country Lady" is evidently no country girl, but a gentlewoman of years and experience, who patronizes lawn and black satin, who wrote this book in spectacles, and relieved its composition by an occasional pinch of snuff out of a tortoiseshell

box chased with silver. There is much good sense in the volume, a vein of earnest feeling, and a good deal of reverend prosing. The intent of the book is to analyze the present system of female education, its effect upon female character and domestic comfort; and the result is, the author's opinion that both are impaired—that we have amongst the women of the present day fewer able bodies and sound minds than were prevalent in her youth; that fewer farmers' wives make their own cheese, fewer tradesmen's daughters concoct the family puddings, and fewer gentlewomen in general rise early, take long walks, eschew large parties, and delight in staying at home. The Country Lady's book will be better liked by husbands and brothers than by their wives and sisters; in fact, she insists so much on feminine inferiority, the duty of feminine obedience, and various other points, said to be near and dear to our masculine hearts, that we expect our next *Athenæum* will contain an advertisement praying the services of the "Country Lady" on behalf of some staid and wealthy widower left with a family of nine daughters. The book is not a pleasant one, but, making every drawback on account of the formality of its style, and a something that we must be allowed to call Queen of Shebaism, mothers and daughters will do well to peruse it. We select a passage for the reader's judgment:—

"We may question or condemn the disregard to comfort, and the want of good management, which pervades the cottager's dwelling, where twelve shillings per week comprises all that is to support existence and to contribute to enjoyment. But may we not fear that a far heavier charge of mismanagement awaits the disposer of her portion of the income of twelve hundred or as many thousands a-year, who neglects the substantial happiness and comfort and respectability of husband, home, and family.

"Since the period when the female heads of families, who have been educated according to the principles of the new or modern system, have directed and governed domestic life, we may perceive that a very considerable change has been effected—a change, too, quite in accordance with the views and habits of those who have directed it. Everything of a domestic nature has partaken of it, which can contribute to personal comfort, to the purposes of refinement and elegance, to the display of taste and magnificence, to the promotion of amusement, to a variety of pleasing employments, to the cultivation and exercise of ornamental accomplishments and polite literature. These are improvements which are visible, and which are doubtless considered as having tended to the general good of society: they are at least consistent with our other improvements, and are evidences of our ready adoption of all fashionable arts and refinements.

"But yet, as in education, a question will arise, whether in cultivating the ornamental parts of domestic life, the useful and still essential points may not have been neglected, and

even despised, as detracting something from the superiority of intellectual elegance and refinement. That these discoveries and improvements are in themselves valuable, I am ready to acknowledge with all the world; but that they should supersede, and even bring into contempt, those points of female direction which promoted universal comfort, and good order, and general respectability, must be rationally denied.

"A female may be elegant in her person and manners; she may be educated and accomplished, graceful and fascinating; she may be surrounded with all that luxury which modern arts and improvements have devised; and yet she will want real delicacy of character and unaffected refinement of mind if she can enjoy these things with one sacrifice to justice, or any undue or unfair infringement of the comfort of any other human being.

"But do we not see admiration and applause readily granted to many, who are content to receive it upon claims which are founded only on selfish or unreal qualifications? and the encouragement which the world affords to only external evidences of perfection is a sad depreciation of genuine excellence and a more enlarged conception of right feminine worth and graces." p. 38—41.

In some parts of her volume the "Country Lady" has been too hard on her sex, attributing faults and follies (some of them not slight ones) too exclusively to themselves. Women seldom make good Mentors to one another; and there was more truth, because less severity, in the article on the "Education of Women" in a late number of the *Westminster Review*, than in any strictures we have ever seen from a female pen.

We would willingly say something more on this interesting subject, but as the critic's commentary must bear some proportion to the volume, we shall embody our speculations in a separate paper on another occasion.

*Ancient Coins of Greek Cities and Kings; from various Collections, principally in Great Britain.* Illustrated and explained by James Millingen, Esq., R.A.R.S.L. &c. 4to. London, 1831. Rodwell.

Mr. Millingen, whose pamphlet on the 'State of Science and the Fine Arts in Great Britain,' we had lately occasion to notice, has been long known by his zeal and industry in archaeological research; and, among the antiquarians of this country, he must be acknowledged *facile princeps*. A residence of many years abroad, has afforded him the opportunity of becoming familiar with the most precious remains of ancient art; and he has been unwearied in his endeavours to revive and diffuse the taste for such studies at home. With this view, he, some years ago, engaged in a very interesting work, entitled 'Unedited Monuments of Grecian Art,' which, after it had reached the tenth number,

he was unfortunately obliged to discontinue, from want of sufficient encouragement—the total number of subscribers in Great Britain not exceeding twenty!

In the preface to the present Essay, which was intended to form part of the above-mentioned publication, he has introduced some severe, and, we apprehend, too well-founded strictures, on the neglect into which numismatic science has fallen among us, and on the little anxiety which the Government and the Trustees of the British Museum have shown, to augment and complete the Collection of Coins committed to their care; so that, notwithstanding the many opportunities which have occurred for extending the series, and, notwithstanding the great addition it has received from the splendid bequest of Mr. Payne Knight, it still ranks below the collections to be found in other countries. He has also preferred against the Trustees, or, at least, those among them who assume the lead in the direction of the affairs of the Museum, the more serious charge of ignorance and incapacity, as evinced by their committing to the press, as a regular and finished catalogue, the hasty inventory of Greek coins which Mr. Knight drew up, when about to consign his collection to the Museum, and which it is evident that he never could have designed for publication in so imperfect a state. "Though announced," says Mr. M., "as printed from an autograph manuscript of the late learned possessor, this production, contrary to every expectation, is incontestably the most feeble of its kind which has appeared for a long time. Full of the most palpable errors, which have been long since exploded, and a schoolboy would not have committed at the present day, it is wholly devoid of every sort of order and method, and must be esteemed alike injurious to the state of science in this country, to the literary character and judgment of the Trustees, by whose orders it was printed, and to the memory of Mr. Knight." We are sorry to add, that we have never heard any more favourable opinion of the publication expressed by those who were capable of estimating its merits. It is, in truth, the most ill-formed, unsatisfactory, and paltry volume which we recollect to have seen; and, notwithstanding the expense with which it has been got up, can be considered as little better than so much waste paper.

For the indifference to numismatic studies, on the part of the Directors of our National Collection, which this blundering proceeding would imply, it is difficult to imagine any excuse. If others are remiss, it behoves them to be so much the more diligent. If they fail to appreciate the high value of the treasures committed to their keeping, they must know it is the duty of their office to provide the means of rendering them as accessible and useful to the public as possible; and they ought, at least, to have taken care, that the descriptions furnished of them, should be commensurate with the progress of science, and the labours of the learned of other nations.

Of all monuments, coins afford the most numerous and satisfactory illustrations of the transactions of past ages. They are our surest guides in the study of the Classics—they serve to elucidate many disputed questions in ancient geography—they bring us acquainted with the existence of cities, and colonies, and nations, respecting which tra-

dition is silent—they assist us in tracing the progress and variations of the languages, and in determining the dresses, the domestic customs, and the religious ceremonies of antiquity—and they further minister to our amusement, by presenting us with the effigies of the illustrious characters who adorn the page of history; so that a collection of medals, as a distinguished writer observes, "may be regarded as a gallery of portraits in miniature."

From the performance now before us, it were easy to adduce abundant proofs in confirmation of these remarks. Mr. Millingen, instead of confining himself, like so many of his predecessors, to the bare catalogue and description of the coins he had to make known, has enlivened his subject by interesting disquisitions on the events they were destined to commemorate, and on the actions of the personages whose impress they bear: introducing, within a small compass, many valuable illustrations of the rise, progress, and decline of the different nations of ancient Greece—of their wars, alliances, and emigrations—of their various dialects—and of the changes which their common language, in process of time, underwent. Our limits prevent us from quoting so freely as we could wish; but the following descriptions of two remarkable coins, will serve to give an idea of the light which, in Mr. M.'s hands, the science of numismatics is calculated to diffuse on the real and fabulous history of ancient times:—

*Phistelia in Campania.*

"ΦΙΣΤΕΛΙΑ. Youthful head front faced, with a pointed cap.

"*Rev.* PHISTVLI. In Oscan letters. Dolphin, acrostolium, and barley-corn. AR.

"Similar coins, with an Oscan inscription only are frequently found in the vicinity of Naples. The silver obolus, here described, is very important, from having at the same time the Greek name of the city ΦΙΣΤΕΛΙΑ.

"No ancient authors have mentioned a place of this name; but the coins, by their type, their Oscan dialect, and the site where they are usually discovered, prove it to have been a maritime town, situated between Salernum and the Liris. Some modern authors have supposed that *Phistulis* or *Phistlus*, as it is variously written in the Oscan language, was another form of *Paestum* and the Etruscan name of *Posidonia*, before the arrival of the Greek colony from Sybaris, consequently that the coins in question are of a most remote period; an opinion subversive of all established notions of history and palæography.

"Nor can these coins, as other antiquaries have suggested, be assigned to an intermediate period between the disuse of the Greek and the introduction of the Latin dialect. 1. Because the ancient diadrachm inscribed *Phistlus*, with an androcephalus bull on the reverse, is certainly coeval with many of the Greek coins with the name of *Posidonia*. 2. The change of language was not sudden and occasioned by a revolution which changed the population, but the Greek dialect was gradually corrupted, in consequence of the numerous Roman colonists who mingled with the old Greek inhabitants.

"The name of *Paestum* (as *Salmasius* has observed) is merely a corruption of *Posidonia*, or, as the city was called in the Doric dialect, *Poseidania*. The change is easily accounted for; according to the genius of the Latin language, the O of the first syllable was converted into AI or AE, the D into T, and the termination into OM or UM. Thus making *Paistetanum*, whence *Paistanum*, and by farther con-

traction, *Paistum* was subsequently formed. This gradual change of the name is attested by coins.

"Some antiquaries are of opinion that *Phistelia* is the ancient name of the city called *Puteoli* by the Romans, and there is certainly a great analogy between them. The coins also resemble by their type those of *Cuma*, of which *Puteoli* or *Dicæarchia*, as it is sometimes called, was a colony. If the head with a pointed cap is of *Vulcan*, it would be an additional argument in favour of this opinion, as a place called *Forum Vulcani*, now the *salfatara*, was contiguous to *Puteoli*. The resemblance of the diadrachm of *Phistelia* previously mentioned, to the early coins of *Naples*, implies also the vicinity of the two cities.

"It may be noticed here that the diadrachm in question is the oldest monument extant in the Oscan dialect.

"The investigation of the coins of *Phistelia* calls our attention to those inscribed AAAIBANON, which are often found together. Some years ago, a deposit of 7 or 800 of the former was discovered, and, with them, many of the latter, for the most part barbarous and illegible, but some, however, of good workmanship, with the inscription entire. These coins have been attributed to *Allifæ* in *Samnium*, but the marine divinity implies a maritime, and not an inland city.

"Mr. Carelli is of opinion, that they are of an ancient town, situated near *Puteoli* or *Pozzoli*, on a hill, which is still called *Ollibani*.

"This explanation is further confirmed by the circumstance that the name of *Alibas*, being that of a river of the *Infernal Regions*, would be perfectly suited to a city in the vicinity of *Cuma*, where poets placed the seat of those regions, and where so many local names, such as *Styx*, *Cocytus*, *Periphlegethon* and *Acherusa*, related to that fable." p. 5—8.

For the notes and references accompanying these observations, we must refer to the work itself, to which we have great pleasure in calling the attention of our learned and scientific readers.

*Le Livre des Cent-et-Un.* Vol. II. Paris, 1831. L'Advocat.

[Second Notice.]

No less than six translations of this remarkable work are announced in the German papers—which adds to the pleasure we feel in having exclusively introduced it to the notice of English readers.

We shall now commence our translations from a paper by *Auguste Luchet*, which gives us a peep into the private residence of that noble-minded man *Lafayette*, whom we venerate not only for the consistent integrity of his public life, but from our private and personal knowledge of his virtues as a man. Our own observations at *Lafayette's soirées*, enable us to vouch for the accuracy of *Luchet's* graphic though rapid sketch.

*Le Salon de Lafayette.*

"I am a man without much amiability, gallantry, or politeness; in truth I am hardly civilized. My friends, or those who term themselves such, call me the peasant of the *Danube*. I generally prefer the faubourgs to the city, La Courtille to the Boulevard des Italiens, and melo-drama to tragedy. I detest *soirées*, particularly those in high life. I have never perfectly understood what is meant by a *soirée*. Is it a tumultuous assemblage of men and women with great pretensions, at a house whose master had with equal pretensions invited them there? a miscellany of envy, contradiction, ambition,



jealousy, and hatred—a mob clad in silks, Indian shawls, and flowers—a mob so perfumed as to give you a head-ache—a dancing, singing, laughing, and chattering mob, more tiresome, and, in my opinion, much more disgusting than the muddy and greasy assemblage in shirt sleeves and *casquettes*, who danced yesterday in the public streets? Is that a *soirée*? Or is it rather a silent and sinister meeting of men dressed in black from head to foot, seated in rows on either side of tables covered with green cloth, pouring handfulls of gold upon beautiful rose-colour cards, and pitilessly losing the fortunes of their wives, who, standing behind with bent bodies, turgid veins, and straining eyes, shudder as they look on; or staking upon the cast of a die, the dowers of their daughters, who are in another room dancing, as mute and pensive they listen to the tender pleadings of some handsome fop with mustachios and a pointed beard, a specimen from the sentimental *jeune France*, who seduce and ruin credulous girls by talking St. Simonism and writing sonnets? Their poor wives, models of domestic economy, and their sweet and gentle girls, so neglected and so credulous; how I pity them! And yet their husbands and fathers, think themselves honest men.!!!”

“There is one house which I would not confound with the others. That house I consider as my own. I love it with the sincerest affection—I speak of it with pride—and all you who read this book, should you this winter be asked to some ball where you cannot dance, or to some concert where the singing will be out of tune, endeavour to get the day fixed for a Tuesday; then consign the music and dancing *ad inferos*, and visit instead the house of General Lafayette, in the Rue d’Anjou. There, reign liberty, ease and cordiality—there you have no refinement of forms, no superlative proprieties of manner, no etiquette, no ceremonious introductions, nothing but simple politeness, and kind attentions. Lafayette’s drawing-room is like a public saloon—it is a place of universal intimacy, where friends bring their friends, sons their fathers, and travellers their comrades. Everybody goes there who likes—enters at any hour, and retires when he pleases. There, natives of all countries, citizens of all classes, and all the different varieties in human society, meet, mingle and shake hands. Thither all France, and the whole of Europe have sent deputations. There, Americans come to pay their respects to the friend of Washington; and all the liberals and political outlaws in the world, to salute the high priest of liberty.

“What *savant*, poet, historian, or soldier, has returned to his country from Paris, without being able to say, ‘I went to Lafayette’s?’ Who dares not go there for fear of being out of his sphere? A dishonest man, or a bad citizen. But who else? Ye Princes, Dukes, Marquesses, Counts, and Barons, know that Lafayette is a Marquess of the old *noblesse*—that his wife is an heiress of the ancient house of Noailles; you may therefore visit him without derogation! Ye men of the people, artisans, artists, young men without name or fortune, know that Lafayette is a man of the people, that he signs simply his name of Lafayette; go to his house, therefore, without fear, and he will make you welcome! He will shake hands with the poor as with the rich—with the plebeian as with the patrician: and not, like some ex-nobles who ape his manners, with premeditated hypocrisy, but with the sincerest and warmest cordiality. Around this noble old man, delighted with your eagerness to approach him, and proud of the enthusiasm he inspires, you will perceive a motley multitude acting without any other restraint than that imposed by the ordinary rules of society. You will here see all the leading political, scientific, literary, and popular characters of the metropo-

lis, displaying upon the naked and creaking *parquet*, a medley of splashed boots, silk stockings, uniforms, buttoned great-coats, and open lappels. For do not believe that all who are here come in their carriages, although the street be encumbered with landaus, chariots, calashes, and tilburies, and there be a confusion of coachmen and lackeys at the door, under the doorway, and upon the staircase. The majority of the guests come *en omnibus*, on foot, or the best way they can. What matters it to Lafayette how you come, provided he sees you, and knows you are not there to abuse the people? For his egotism is his love for the people;—the people first, then the country—himself when and how you please; of himself you may speak ill at his own house, and he will not be angry.

“This first apartment, is his *salle à manger*; simply furnished, as you perceive—the real eating-room of a republican. That individual leaning against the side-board, with a dark complexion, hair beginning to turn grey, eyes so sparkling and look so intellectual, is the celebrated advocate Mauguin, the Brougham of France. He is relating the events which occurred at the *Hôtel de Ville*, after the 29th of July. Next to him is a person seated; whose look is sad and sombre, whose air is grave and severe—this is Eusèbe Salvette. A little beyond the latter, you perceive a Roman face, with an expression of ambition, and beautiful as an antique bust—it is Odillon Barrot. Behind this eloquent orator beams the good and open countenance of the modest Audry de Puyraveau, the intrepid representative, who so generously lent his house for the patriots to assemble in, during the three glorious days, and thus courageously exposed his life, whilst many of his colleagues so proud at present, and holding such high offices, carefully hid themselves. That all, thin individual, with high and square shoulders, and an eagle look, is General Lamarque. His name is stamped in the hearts of the patriotic Poles, by the side of those of Mauguin and Lafayette. Two paces from the brave Lamarque, stands the veteran General Mathew Dumas, short in stature, and bent with age. He wears a green shade to protect his weakened sight. The person near him, with his hands in his pockets, with a countenance beaming kindness, an intellectual look, and a fine healthy appearance—the very picture of content and good-humour—is Chatelain, chief editor of the *Courier Français*. He is talking to his old friend and indefatigable defender Merilhen, who was once a minister, without being hated by the people.

“In the middle of the room is a close group. They who compose it endeavour by pressing their arms to their sides, to render themselves as slim as possible. All without the group stand on tip-toes, and the words *it is he* are circulated in an under voice. It is Lafayette surrounded by his staff of friends, much more imposing and more respectable than any official staff with embroidery, epaulettes, and passive admiration for the chief, whether he deserve it or not. Do not expect a portrait of this incomparable man—such an attempt on my part would be folly; moreover, his features are become well known, and his virtues belong already to history. On his right stands Dupont de l’Eure, and on his left, Charles Lecomte.

“The second apartment is, properly speaking, the drawing-room. You see two sofas, a few chairs, and some pier glasses. Even a tradesman would be ashamed of such simplicity. But look at that charming group of young women and young girls, fair and blooming, whose eyes, so beautiful and so soft, portray their innocent thoughts. They are all called Lafayette. In the midst of them is the lovely Countess Belgioso, an Italian lady, who is dying in France for

liberty and her country. The tyrant of Modena has proscribed her husband. Here is also Miss Opie, the American quakeress,† whose *coiffure* would be laughed at, if ridicule could be allied to the respect which her noble countenance inspires. He who is listening to her so attentively is M. Victor de Tracy, a worthy pupil and competitor of Lafayette’s, and Colonel of the Parisian Artillery. *A propos* of artillery—that young man leaning against the mantel-piece, whose upper lip is shaded with enormous mustachios, and whose face, so strongly marked with premature furrows, bears so profound an expression of melancholy, is Cavaignac, my *ci-devant* captain, the friend of Guinard and Trélat, his companions in both misfortune and triumph. \* \* \*

“Every year, at the close of the session, an affecting scene takes place at Lafayette’s. Fatigued by his legislative and political labours, he seeks repose in the country; but before his departure he takes leave of his friends. It is on this day that with tears in their eyes, they all press round him to receive his adieu, which, the last time it came to my turn to take leave of him, sounded to me like a divine benediction. Never shall I forget that tear which dropped upon my cheek as the venerable old man bent towards me and said in an altered voice, ‘Adieu my friend, until we meet again.’ I perceived upon every countenance a reflection of my own sensations of painful tenderness, like that of a son hearing his father’s voice for the last time: What can ye now do against him, ye ambitious egotists, whom his popularity drives to despair? Shall you ever be great, illustrious and beloved as he is? Which of your names will ever possess the same power as his? Can you offer in exchange for your faults Lafayette’s virtues, his services, his whole life? You may believe that he is desirous, and justly so, that his faults should be pardoned; but they were never like yours, faults of the heart; and nobody recollects them or reproaches him with them but you and himself. In vain do you attempt to build your glory upon the ruins of his:—there are but two names in France that will never be forgotten—those of Lafayette and Napoleon.”

*Eugene Aram: a Tale.* By the Author of ‘Pelham,’ ‘Devereux,’ &c. 3 vols. London, 1832. Colburn & Bentley.

THERE is much true eloquence, natural and fervent feeling, and vigorous delineation of human character in this work—and yet we sincerely wish that Mr. Bulwer had left it unwritten. We think the principle on which it is constructed is unnatural. Genius can do much, but not all: she cannot, with propriety, clothe a treacherous murderer in the garments of beauty—dip him in the hues of heaven—and present him to the world to be admired, pensioned, and beloved, as a miracle of talent and learning. One so gifted and so endowed, as the Eugene Aram of this tale, could not have stooped from his bright sphere to do such a heinous deed as he perpetrated: and in this, the hero of Bulwer’s story resembles the hero of Godwin’s. Falkland and Aram are in imagination all compact, and in conduct much the same: the latter commits treachery and murder, for money to pursue his own lofty speculations in virtue, and the former stabs a man basely behind his back in the dark, and allows an innocent person to be hanged for it. These atrocities are out of keeping with loftiness of mind: men, with the high feelings and god-like faculties ascribed to Aram and Falkland, would do no such deeds; and we cannot

† We think that Mrs. Opie must be here meant.

conceive what tempted men of genius to take such polluted wretches for their heroes. We have had, it is true, villain heroes before now—those of Byron are scoundrels one and all; but then the noble poet had the tact to leave their crimes vague and undefined. Their early careers are veiled, and their evil deeds unconfessed; and we only guess them to be criminals from their own self-accusations. Not so Eugene Aram; murder is brought home to him by evidence, and confirmed by confession: he has the plague-spot on his body and soul, from which no ingenuity can free him.

The author too has falsified historical truth, for the sake of producing this unnatural effect. The Eugene Aram of the criminal court of England is not the same as the hero of this tale; Smollett, who lived in those days, says, he united himself with Houseman, in the murder of Clarke, for the sake of a few silver spoons, which they had prevailed upon the poor man to borrow for his wedding. The same authority says, that Aram made some progress in a Celtic Dictionary; and, when sentenced to die, composed a short poem in praise of suicide, opened a vein in his arm and expired. He is not held up as a miracle of genius and learning like his namesake in the tale, who is so famous for his accomplishments, that a minister of state offers him the situation of his secretary, and, when he refuses, pensions him. The new Eugene Aram is exhibited in continual study, yet no fruits are forthcoming: he commits murder, that he may meditate and grow famous, yet no offspring of his fancy or his mind appears; and, what is still more strange, he obtains the reputation of being wondrously wise, and learned, and scientific. Though he looked on the murder which he committed as a great and solemn sacrifice to knowledge, whose high priest he conceived himself to be, he nevertheless is represented as suffering under the pangs of sorrow, if not of remorse: though it is plain he ought to have cared as little about the worm whose life he had trampled out, as Napoleon cared for one of his sixteen-years-old conscripts, whom he called food for the cannon. He writes no dictionaries in the Welch language—he makes a special-pleading, cunning, fox-like defence on his trial, and a frank and full confession after; and, omitting the poem in honour of suicide, opens his veins in a slovenly way, is borne breathing to the gallows, and expires while the hangman is fitting the noose.

Before we show, by specimens, the fine powers which the author has squandered upon this sad subject, we must give our readers some insight into the story. It lies in small compass. The man whom Aram murdered was a certain Geoffrey Lester, though only known to Eugene by the name of Clarke; and it happened that the murderer went, and not only unwittingly took up his abode next door to the brother and son of Geoffrey, but had the imprudence to fall in love with Madeline Lester, the niece of his victim. The son of the murdered man conceives a sort of unaccountable loathing for the Student, as the author continues to call Aram at the ripe age of thirty-five, and this was not diminished by discovering that his cousin Madeline, whom he passionately loved, no less ardently loved Eugene. Young Lester grows moody, and, to dissipate his sorrow, commences an inquiry after his father, who

many imagined had died in the East Indies; and, finally, to his utter astonishment, discovering by accident that he had been murdered, under the name of Daniel Clarke, by Aram and Houseman, he hastens to his uncle's, seizes the murderer when dressed to lead his bride to the altar, and the narrative closes with his trial, condemnation, and death. The chief interest lies in the varied passions and feelings, and hopes and suspicions, which are awakened in the breast of the melancholy scholar on finding that he was beloved by a young and lovely woman: he sets her love down to admiration of his mind; his person was not, however, without attractions.

"Madeline would even now fain have detained her sister's hand from the bell that hung without the porch half imbedded in ivy; but Ellinor, out of patience—as she well might be—with her sister's unseasonable prudence, refused any longer delay. So singularly still and solitary was the plain around the house, that the round of the bell breaking the silence, had in it something startling, and appeared in its sudden and shrill voice, a profanation to the deep tranquillity of the spot. They did not wait long—a step was heard within—the door was slowly unbarred, and the Student himself stood before them.

"He was a man who might, perhaps, have numbered some five and thirty years; but at a hasty glance, he would have seemed considerably younger. He was above the ordinary stature; though a gentle, and not ungraceful bend in the neck rather than the shoulders, somewhat curtailed his proper advantages of height. His frame was thin and slender, but well knit and fair proportioned. Nature had originally cast his form in an athletic mould; but sedentary habits, and the wear of mind, seemed somewhat to have impaired her gifts. His cheek was pale and delicate; yet it was rather the delicacy of thought than of weak health. His hair, which was long, and of a rich and deep brown, was worn back from his face and temples, and left a broad high majestic forehead utterly unrelieved and bare; and on the brow there was not a single wrinkle, it was as smooth as it might have been some fifteen years ago. There was a singular calmness, and, so to speak, profundity, of thought, eloquent upon its clear expanse, which suggested the idea of one who had passed his life rather in contemplation than emotion. It was a face that a physiognomist would have loved to look upon, so much did it speak both of the refinement and the dignity of intellect.

"Such was the person—if pictures convey a faithful resemblance—of a man, certainly the most eminent in his day for various and profound learning, and a genius wholly self-taught, yet never contented to repose upon the wonderful stores it had laboriously accumulated.

"He now stood before the girls, silent, and evidently surprised; and it would scarce have been an unworthy subject for a picture—that ivied porch—that still spot—Madeline's reclining and subdued form and downcast eyes—the eager face of Ellinor, about to narrate the nature and cause of their intrusion—and the pale Student himself, thus suddenly aroused from his solitary meditations, and converted into the protector of beauty." i. 51—53.

The opinion formed of Aram by some of his neighbours was not so favourable as that of Miss Madeline. The following passage will give a glimpse of Corporal Bunting, a very original and penetrating sort of bore, as well as of Eugene, and Walter Lester, the avenger of his father's blood:—

"Beg pardon, Sir, again—always getting askew. Indeed some did say it was Miss Madeline, but I says—says I,—'No! I'm a man

of the world—see through a millstone; Miss Madeline's too easy like; Miss Nelly blushes when he speaks;' scarlet is love's regimentals—it was ours in the forty-second, edged with yellow—pepper and salt pantaloons! For my part I think,—but I've no business to think, howsoever—baugh!

"Pray what do you think, Mr. Bunting?—Why do you hesitate?"

"'Fraid of offence—but I do think that Master Aram—your honour understands—howsoever Squire's daughter too great a match for such as he!'

"Walter did not answer; and the garrulous old soldier, who had been the young man's playmate and companion since Walter was a boy; and was therefore accustomed to the familiarity with which he now spoke, continued, mingling with his abrupt prolixity an occasional shrewdness of observation, which shewed that he was no inattentive commentator on the little and quiet world around him.

"Free to confess, Squire Walter, that I don't quite like this larned man, as much as the rest of 'em—something queer about him—can't see to the bottom of him—don't think he's quite so meek and lamb-like as he seems: once saw a calm dead pool in foren parts—peered down into it—by little and little, my eye got used to it—saw something dark at the bottom—stared and stared—by Jupiter—a great big alligator!—walked off immediately—never liked quiet pools since—ugh, no!

"An argument against quiet pools, perhaps, Bunting; but scarcely against quiet people."

"Don't know as to that, your honour—much of a muchness. I have seen Master Aram, demure as he looks, start, and bite his lip, and change colour, and frown—he has an ugly frown, I can tell ye—when he thought no one nigh. A man who gets in a passion with himself may be soon out of temper with others. Free to confess, I should not like to see him married to that stately beautiful young lady—but they do gossip about it in the village. If it is not true, better put the Squire on his guard—false rumours often beget truths—beg pardon, your honour—no business of mine—baugh! But I am a lone man, who have seen the world, and I thinks on the things around me, and I turns over the quid—now on this side, now on the other—'tis my way, Sir—and—but I offend your honour."

"Not at all; I know you are an honest man, Bunting, and well affected to our family; at the same time it is neither prudent nor charitable to speak harshly of our neighbours without sufficient cause. And really you seem to me to be a little hasty in your judgment of a man so inoffensive in his habits and so justly and generally esteemed as Mr. Aram."

"May be, Sir—may be,—very right what you say. But I thinks what I thinks all the same." i. 148—151.

The love of Madeline, triumphing over the gloomy soul and dark forebodings of Eugene, is well conceived and touchingly described:

"Eugene, dear, dear Eugene!" murmured Madeline soothingly, and wrestling with her tears, 'is not your gain great? is it no triumph that you stand, while yet young, almost alone in the world, for success in all that you have attempted?'

"And what," exclaimed Aram, breaking in upon her, 'what is this world which we ransack, but a stupendous charnel-house? Everything that we deem most lovely, ask its origin?—Decay! When we rifle nature and collect wisdom, are we not like the hags of old, culling simples from the rank grave, and extracting sorceries from the rotting bones of the dead? Everything around us is fathered by corruption, battered by corruption, and into corruption returns at last. Corruption is at once the womb and grave of Nature, and the very beauty on

which we gaze and hang,—the cloud, and the tree, and the swarming waters,—all are one vast panorama of death! But it did not always seem to me thus; and even now I speak with a heated pulse and a dizzy brain. Come, Madeline, let us change the theme."

"And dismissing at once from his language, and perhaps, as he proceeded, also from his mind, all of its former gloom, except such as might shade, but not embitter, the natural tenderness of remembrance, Aram now related, with that vividness of diction, which, though we feel we can very inadequately convey its effect, characterized his conversation, and gave something of poetic interest to all he uttered; those reminiscences which belong to childhood, and which all of us take delight to hear from the lips of any one we love.

"It was while on this theme that the lights which the deepening twilight had now made necessary, became visible in the Church, streaming afar through its large oriel window, and brightening the dark firs that overshadowed the graves around: and just at that moment the organ, (a gift from a rich rector, and the boast of the neighbouring country,) stole upon the silence with its swelling and solemn note. There was something in the strain of this sudden music that was so kindred with the holy repose of the scene, and which chimed so exactly to the chord that now vibrated in Aram's mind, that it struck upon him at once with an irresistible power. He paused abruptly 'as if an angel spoke!' that sound so peculiarly adapted to express sacred and unearthly emotion none who have ever mourned or sinned can hear, at an unlooked-for moment, without a certain sentiment, that either subdues, or elevates, or awes. But he,—he was a boy once more!—he was again in the village church of his native place: his father, with his silver hair, stood again beside him! there was his mother, pointing to him the holy verse; there the half arch, half reverent face of his little sister, (she died young!)—there the upward eye and hushed countenance of the preacher who had first raised his mind to knowledge, and supplied its food,—all, all lived, moved, breathed, again before him,—all, as when he was young and guiltless, and at peace; hope and the future one word!

"He bowed his head lower and lower; the hardness and hypocries of pride, the sense of danger and of horror, that, in agitating, still supported, the mind of this resolute and scheming man, at once forsook him. Madeline felt his tears drop fast and burning on her hand, and the next moment, overcome by the relief it afforded to a heart preyed upon by fiery and dread secrets, which it could not reveal, and a frame exhausted by the long and extreme tension of all its powers, he laid his head upon that faithful bosom, and wept aloud." ii. 145—9.

The author has great powers for scenes of terror, as well as for scenes of passion. Eugene Aram has an interview with his old comrade in guilt, Houseman, in a solitary place, at midnight, called the Devil's Crag; there is much thunder, fire, and rain, but the talk they hold is as wild as the night; on their parting Aram is chased by robbers, and, flying over a lonesome heath, stumbles on a finger-post, which darkly points to his own doom:—

"The lightning was again gone, and the darkness snatched the robbers and their intended victim from the sight of each other. But Aram had not lost a moment; fast fled his horse across the moor, and when, with the next flash, he looked back, he saw the ruffians, unwilling even for booty to encounter the horrors of the night, had followed him but a few paces, and again turned round; still he dashed on, and had now nearly passed the moor; the thunder rolled

fainter and fainter from behind, and the lightning only broke forth at prolonged intervals, when suddenly, after a pause of unusual duration, it brought the whole scene into a light, if less intolerable, even more livid than before. The horse, that had hitherto sped on without start or stumble, now recoiled in abrupt affright; and the horseman, looking up at the cause, beheld the gibbet of which Houseman had spoken, immediately fronting his path, with its ghastly tenant waving to and fro, as the winds rattled through the parched and arid bones; and the inexpressible grin of the skull, fixed, as in mockery, upon his countenance." ii. 187-8.

The voice of one of his nearest neighbours—a certain Goody Darkmans—is not less ominous of his fatal end. Bulwer has great skill in the delineation of character, of which there are many fine examples in this book, as well as the following:—

"'Did you ever see a man with a look like that, make a happy husband?—No, no; can ye fancy the merry laugh o' childer in this house, or a babe on the father's knee, or the happy, still smile on the mother's winsome face, some few year hence? No, Madge! the de'il has set his black claw on the man's brow.'

"'Hush! hush, Goody Darkmans, he may hear o' ye,' said the second gossip; who, having now done all that remained to do, had seated herself down by the window; while the more ominous crone, leaning over Aram's oak chair, uttered from thence her sibyl bodings.

"'No,' replied Mother Darkmans, 'I seed him go out an hour ago, when the sun was just on the rise; an' I said, when I seed him stream into the wood yonder, and the ould leaves splashed in the damp under his feet; and his hat was aboon his brows, and his lips went so; I said, says I, 'tis not the man that will make a hearth bright, that would walk thus on his marriage-day. But I knows what I knows; and I minds what I seed last night.'

"'Why, what did you see last night?' asked the listener, with a trembling voice, for Mother Darkmans was a great teller of ghost and witch tales; and a certain ineffable awe of her dark gipsy features and malignant words, had circulated pretty largely throughout the village.

"'Why, I sat up here with the ould deaf woman, and we were a drinking the health of the man, and his wife that is to be, and it was nigh twelve o' the clock ere I minded it was time to go home. Well, so I puts on my cloak, and the moon was up, an' I goes along by the wood, and up by Fairleigh Field, an' I was singing the ballad on Joe Wrench's hanging, for the spirats had made me gamesome, when I sees somemut dark creep, creep, but iver so fast, arter me over the field, and making right ahead to the village. And I stands still, an' I was not a bit afeard; but sure I thought it was no living cretur, at the first sight. And so it comes up faster and faster, and then I sees it was not one thing, but a many, many things, and they darkened the whole field afore me. And what d'ye think they was?—a whole body o' grey rats, thousands and thousands on 'em, and they were making away from the out-buildings here. For sure they knew—the witch things—that an ill luck sat on the spot. And so I stood aside by the tree, an' I laughed as I looked on the ousome cretura, as they swept close by me, tramp, tramp, an' they never heeded me a jot; but some on 'em looked aslant at me with their glittering eyes, and showed their white teeth, as if they grinned, and were saying to me, 'Ha! ha, Goody Darkmans, the house that we leave is a falling house; for the Devil will have his own.' iii. 97—100.

We need pursue this dark narrative no further: we have indicated the doom of its hero, and we wish the author had done no

more. Though we are not sure that a man who never loved till thirty-five could love at all, we shall not censure further than we have done. The praise which we have given is of a high order, for the presence of genius is everywhere manifest; we hope soon to see Mr. Bulwer laying the rich garlands of his fancy on a more hallowed shrine than a gibbet, and adorning with his wit, his humour, and his pathos, subjects which we may muse on without a shudder.

*Principles of Geology.* By Charles Lyell, F.R.S., Prof. of Geol. to King's College. Vol. II. London, 1832. Murray.

SINCE our review of the first volume of this excellent work, Mr. Lyell has been appointed Professor of Geology at King's College; and we congratulate the Institution on having so able a man. We have not room in the present number to do justice to this volume, but those who remember the high commendation we bestowed on the former, will know how to estimate its value, when we add that it is in no way inferior.

#### ORIGINAL PAPERS

##### FAUST'S CURSE.

[From Goethe.]

BY THOMAS CARLYLE.

"Our armies swore terribly in Flanders," said the Corporal, "but it was nothing to this."

"If, through th' abyss of terror stealing,  
Those touching sounds† my purpose? stay'd—  
Some lingering touch of childish feeling,  
With voice of merrier times betray'd,—  
I curse the more what'er environs  
The cheated soul with juggling shows,  
Those heart's allurements, fancy's syrens,  
That bind us to this den of woes.

A curse on all, one seed that scatters  
Of hope from death our Name to save;  
On all as earthly Good that flatters,  
As Wife or Child, as Plough or Slave;  
A curse on juice of Grapes deceiving,  
On Love's wild thrill of raptures first;  
A curse on Hoping, on Believing,  
And Patience more than all be curs'd!"—

##### LETTERS OF EDWARD HERBERT.

NEW SERIES, No. I.

To Russell Powell, Esq.

'A change came o'er the spirit — I'—Byron.

My Dear Russell,—Our correspondence has held a truce for ten years:—you have been a traveller in other climes, and have returned with a wrinkled visage, an imperfect journal, and a loss of relations; and I, after nine years of old-newspaper reading, shooting, and fishing in the north of Devon, have returned to the changes, bitternesses, and frivolities of London. You ask me to revive our old gratification of an interchange of letters;—and as your communications cannot but be communications of interest to me—and as my observations on the past and the passing, after my decent banishment, cannot be amusing to you;—why, Russell, let us at once barter epistles in the true spirit of merchants and letter-writers—that is, in the hope of being mutual gainers.

But, first, let me gently protest against the strange use which was made of my letters in years by-gone. Are you aware—yes, you

† Of the Christmas Hymns from the neighbouring church.

† Of Suicide.

must be—that they were printed, Russell? printed,—printed in the pages of the *London Magazine*. Never again, I entreat you, permit a lady-friend to copy or to peruse a letter of mine; I am not desirous of making a confidant of the public.

Oh! Russell, since I last wrote to you, what changes have taken place, in all that was dear and interesting to us!—and in these changes, how much is there at once to depress and to cheer. Great spirits have passed away, but others, that have been “standing on the forehead of the age to come,” have advanced with the age; and life seems renewed,—with life,—out of death—proving that the Mind’s Temple will ever be peopled, and its sublime service be ever going on. Do you still, after your sojourn in other climes, and “with other guess sort of people,”—do you still remember our old chat, in the old brown-panelled library, on Chaucer, Shakespeare, Spenser, Milton, and the after-trailing poetical lights; on Raphael and Titian, (the Spenser and Milton of painters); on Reynolds and Gainsborough, those early moderns; and on the Turner and the Stothard of our own day? And do you yet think of Handel, Mozart, and Haydn—those immortal masters of the learned and awful science of music? and can you forget Siddons and John Kemble? Never shall I, until this *greyish* head is put to rest for ever, forget the ardour, the partizanship, the affection, with which we agreed or differed on the mighty masters of poetry, painting, music, and the drama; and I cannot resist, in this letter, briefly touching on the losses and gains which the Arts, or rather the *Natures*, have suffered, since we last wrote to or conversed with each other. I, as you know, am now an active partner in the great bustling firm of the world; but, never to me will these divine topics, and the recollections of them, be other than the soul’s comfort:—

Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,  
But musical as is Apollo’s lute;  
And a perpetual feast of nectar’d sweets,  
Where no crude surfeit reigns!

Since I wrote to you, Byron—the daring, glazing, scaring Byron,—the pathetic, the unbelieving, the believing Byron,—the melodious, the moody, the pointed, the severe poet and Lord (for the nobility of the aristocrat struggled with the divinity of the poet, like Jacob with the Angel,) Byron, the splendid bard, the haught peer, the kindest of men, has, since last we met, given Moore an opportunity of creating a Biography, and destroying an Autobiography. Moore’s *Life* is not *the* life. The true work is not yet achieved; and I fear, much as I like the Irish Melodist, that he will be rather remembered (as far as Byron-biography goes) for his destruction than for his creation. The destroyer of the Ephesian dome is remembered when the builder is forgotten. Our poetical losses have been severe. Scott, “the Ariosto of the North,” has sought the South—not to create poetry, but to seek health in a fame-crowned old age, and, perchance, to add one more long last novel to the rare catalogue of his romantic tales; wrung from him by “wearisome petition” of interested friends, or disinterested publishers. There should—I say it in the sincerity of my heart—there should be no more! He has made Fame rich—he has left to her large and immortal possessions; in Literature, he “gins to be

a-weary of this life!” and he should not hazard his vast wealth by speculations, in times when his energies must, perforce, be not what they have been. As an author, he should use to the baby-writers about him, the last words of the old dying schoolmaster—“It grows dark! shut the book! boys, go and play!”

You will naturally ask me, in what way have our great vacancies been filled up; and I wish I could give you a satisfactory explanation. We have had accessions to our force of authorship; but then we have had no Wellingtons—no Marlboroughs—none above corporals or sergeants. L. E. L., a young lady of letters, has been for some years amorous and botanical; but she clearly proves the truth of what one of her rose-predecessors has said, that “not even Love can live on flowers!”—Passion smothered in lilies, is passion smothered to all intents and purposes: I wish we could have a leek and onion poet by way of a change. L. E. L. may be very amiable, but she looks upon all her readers as Children in the Wood, and hastens as quickly as possible, tenderly to “cover them with leaves!”

There has been a sad waste of paper in new novels after the last fashion,—and, as Penruddock says, “Heaven send it may be the last!” Since you left England, an enterprising publisher, of the name of Colburn, has issued sheets to the gluttonous world amply sufficient to paper the walls of the temple in which Martin has so splendidly depicted Belshazzar’s feast, or make a carpet for Salisbury plain. Fashion, or the apeing of fashion, has been the fashion in Literature; and no novel or poem would pass muster, unless completely furnished with titles, French phrases, silver forks, and bad English. I believe, Russell, that this *mode* of writing had its origin in the success of Lord Byron, who, setting the example of a Peer intertwining the laurel with the coronet, induced Debrett’s great staring flock to consider that Literature was essential to the dignity of the Peerage. Indeed, “the nobility and gentry” have of late patronized the publishers very extensively; and Mr. Colburn has now scarcely an author whose name is not to be found in the ‘Court Guide.’

Mr. Bulwer, M.P., is perhaps the most popular novelist of the last ten years, and will, I verily believe, enjoy the immortality of another ten years. But, oh! Russell, how very much has fame fallen in the market, since the time of our early intercourse. This, I presume, is owing to the free-trade system; for since every person, even a Peer, may wag a pen for pay, a name is bought and sold in a week. Mr. Bulwer is considered the great polished Newgate novelist of the day:—his slang is so satin-ny in its texture, that it may be worn by the most delicate and fashionable of the softer sex; he can introduce Bob Booty, in all the glory of oaths and side curls, to the Duchess of Bedford, without damaging the character of either great personage; and his Shock-Jem can visit the Jersey, and not be out of place. There is hardly a production from the pen of Mr. Bulwer, that is not redolent of the back slums; and his pictures, I assure you, are dark, glossy, coarse—everything but true. I quite long for his stories on Jerry Abershaw, and on the murderer of the Marrs;—Patch, too, would make a pretty pattern. Mr. Bulwer is now Editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*—avowedly

so. You will grieve to hear that both Charles the Tenth and Campbell have been dethroned since last I wrote to you.

I did intend to take a very learned review of all that has been done and undone in Literature during the last ten years; and then to have gone very laboriously and minutely through the history of the achievements and disgraces in the Fine Arts, in Music, and in the Drama;—but I must not tease you with a long letter at the commencement of our re-correspondence. After a long fast, the appetite must be tenderly dealt with. In my next letter I will discourse with you on these great matters; and, I promise you, “much remaineth for a second fytte!”

The Ladies, I should tell you, have been dealing largely and profitably at the shop of the Muses. And the Hon. Mrs. Norton, a descendant from the great sire of Tom Sheridan and the ‘School for Scandal,’ has been proving that she has some of the true *ink* in her veins, and has *taken down* several big boys in Mr. Colburn’s Great Burlington School. Mrs. Hemans, too, has been kindly noticed by Mr. Murray, and has accomplished the difficult feat of a second edition. Apollo is beginning to discharge his retinue of sprawling men-servants, and to have handmaids about his immortal person, to dust his rays and polish his bow and fire-irons. If the great He-Creatures intend to get into place again, they must take Mrs. Bramble’s advice, and “have an eye to the maids.”

How are our old friends the Mortons? I intend calling upon them shortly—only I shall look about me as despondingly and reflectingly in that long-deserted mansion of theirs, as did Penruddock, when he stood in the splendid hall of his ancestor, and thought of his solitude, his cot, and his old familiar cobwebs. Write to me soon, if I have not out-wearied you, and I will undertake that my prose, like papers in a periodical, shall “be continued in my next.”

Ever yours, my dear Russell,  
EDWARD HENBERT.

P.S. Newspapers, or rather Literary Papers, are falling in price. I hear there is a Journal published somewhere in London for Fourpence!

KING DAVID’S STRAIT.  
BY MISS JEWELRY.  
2 Samuel, XXIV. 13–17.

“O Lord our God! how wonderful  
That thy dread wrath should be—  
Thou, in thy strength more merciful  
Than beings frail as we!  
Yea, rather would I brave thy might,  
The thunder, fire, and storm,  
The bared arm of the Infinite,  
Than man—the cruel worm.  
“I feel my sin, I choose my doom,  
I trust thee though thou slay,  
Ten thousand midnights cannot gloom  
Thy pity’s tender ray:  
Wroth art thou with us now, and deep,  
Deep must our sufferings be,  
But through thy vengeance ‘sternest sweep,’  
I’ll trust to none but thee.  
“Take back my choice, thou Man of God!  
And pray when thou hast done:  
The sword is ravenous for blood,  
Though wielded by a son;  
And Famine with its silent sting—  
That dull, slow, serpent-foe—  
God, let thy angel spread his wing,  
And through my kingdom go!”

'Twas said, and PESTILENCE went forth  
To reap for Death and Hell—  
To make a garner of the earth  
Where'er his sickle fell.  
No step was heard—he spake no word—  
All silently wrought he,  
Like a labourer grim, till the twilight dim,  
And again with the sun rose he.

He strode along—a conqueror,  
By his single power, of more  
Than thrice ten thousand warriors  
E'er slew 'mid battle's roar;  
Yet not a banner round him wreathed,  
The trump was blown by none;  
He only stepped; he only breathed—  
Breathed once—and life was gone.

He strode along, the breadth and length  
Of Judah prostrate lay,  
Its myriad hopes, its gathered strength,  
His work was but to slay!  
And captives weary of the light,  
And babes unused to sigh,  
And old mailed warriors in their might—  
Their work was but to die.

Two days, two nights, and then a voice  
Bade the avenger cease:  
He heard the word—he sheathed his sword—  
And Israel slept in peace!  
O Lord our God! how wonderful  
That thy dread wrath should be—  
Thou, in thy strength more merciful  
Than beings frail as we!

MY LAST PUPIL.—A TALE OF THE DOMINIE.  
BY ANDREW PICKEN, AUTHOR OF THE  
'DOMINIE'S LEGACY.'

It was before I became a real gentleman and independent portioner of Balgownie Brae, in the west of Scotland, and when I was nothing but an obscure Dominie (although a licensed minister of the kirk of Scotland), and earning my bit of bread by communicating the rudiments of that learning, which never was the making of my own fortune, to young men for the making of theirs, that the first part of my experience was obtained in the ways of this wicked world.

At that time, the obtaining of a good and respectable pupil who could pay the school wages punctually at the quarter's end—or even the half year—was, as may be supposed, always a pleasant and comforting event to me; and I not only laboured diligently to prepare the minds of my young friends for the mighty world, with which they were one day destined to grapple—but it was my way to follow them, after I had dispensed them from my hands, with eyes of interest and affection, wherever I could trace them throughout the various prosperities and adversities which it is the lot of man to encounter on this side of time. If I were to tell all the stories that I could narrate of my pupils—and how the world tossed them to and fro, during my own life—and how some of them became good, and some declined into evil, notwithstanding all the godly precepts that I delivered to them—the world would be much instructed thereby. But, as the world cares little for instruction, but only for pleasure and amusement, I will withhold them all, excepting only the history of my *last pupil*; in whose fate, indeed, it is quite likely that no one will take half so much interest as myself.

Well—one long afternoon, when my head was quite moidered with the weary din of the school, I was so confused and stupified, that I never so much as heard the noise of a

carriage, which, with prancing horses and a real postillion, actually stopped at my poor door. Down went the steps, with a clatter that made all my scholars run to the windows, in spite of my utmost authority, and out came a fine lady and an elderly gentleman; and after them a smart lad hopped from the coach, whom native sagacity at once led me to apprehend to be my own trysted pupil.

The preliminaries were settled between the parents and myself in five minutes after we had been all convened in my best apartment. But, with the mere pounds and particulars, my business was not quite ended; and I began to look in the face of the pupil and of those who accompanied him. I was not so ignorant of this world's vanity as not to know that there must have been some other reason besides the fame of my character and qualifications that should bring such grand people to my country domicile. My surmise was justified by further appearances. There is something painful to the eye in all incongruities. The lady was not yet more than five and twenty, and I scarce ever had seen a prettier woman. The gentleman bordered on fifty, but his look indicated a mixture of sensuality, Scottish greed, good-nature, and imbecility. Yet, though the lady was pretty, even to fascination, I could not say that she commended herself wholly to my approval. I knew not then whether it were natural levity, or a sort of broken-hearted recklessness, that influenced her, as if from the habitual consciousness of having thrown away by one act all life's happiness, and most of its virtue: but the manner in which she handed over her child to my care, though affectionate to extravagance, was not such as I should expect from a staid and sensible parent. With all this, there was, even about the carriage and the lady's habiliments, something that bespoke the motives which had chiefly brought them to my obscure seminary, and that without indicating what ought to have accompanied them. As for the boy, Henry, I was not wrong in judging him to be the best of the group. He was pretty as his mother, and more manly than his father—what need I dwell on particulars? he became my pride, and the pride of my school.

How I instructed my dear and interesting pupil, Henry Fairly, for the several years that he sojourned in my humble dwelling, and how I taught him all manner of heathen learning—as is the fashion—and delivered to him many counsels regarding the affairs of the world into which he was about to enter—as is *not* the fashion—and how I talked with him in the field and by the way of all that men should aim at in the perplexities of this world, and all that they should eschew in the midst of its temptations, and how the thoughtful youth hung upon my words and reciprocated my inferences—it is not for me with any boasting to detail. But, before he had quite finished his time with me, behold, a letter came hastily to my hands ordering him home with all speed, for that all things there were in great disorder, and his mother in a dying state. I saw that the time was now come when he was to go forth to the world, being the real prop and hope of his family, and that all my counsels were to be put to the proof. Why need I tell how we parted, or with what blessings I blessed him at the little green den before my door? My pupils have always been to me the promised seed of my

pains-taking and my purposes, and even, I may say, of the wishes of my heart—albeit, that I ne'er had a child of my own.

It did not fall in my way to learn aught authentically of Henry Fairly for some considerable time. At length I journeyed to the city where he had gone to live, but the house to which I had been directed was all shut up and altered. I could hear nothing regarding him such as I wanted to know, and, just as I was stepping into the coach to leave the town, a broken-down-looking man, in deep mourning, passed me, leading two pale girls, in the same sombre dress, the former of whom I scarcely recognized as the gentleman, who, with a beautiful young wife by his side, had visited me in his own carriage not five years before. What had happened to cut off so young and so light-hearted a creature, I knew not; but she was now above a year dead: everything had gone wrong—yet, in the meantime, Henry Fairly, from the abilities he had shown, had been sent out a midshipman in a king's ship to bring home a fortune for his father and sisters.

Time still passed on, and nought was heard of Henry or his ship, nor did the world take any notice of the sorrows of his eldest sister Eliza, who silently bore the weight of her father's afflictions and her own, as she mourned the absence of the hope and prop of the family at their desolate fireside. But the truth soon came out; for, it being then war-time, while men were slaughtering each other abroad and rejoicing for it at home, Henry Fairly's ship had been taken on the high seas, and he was then lying in a French prison.

I now heard something more of the history of this unfortunate family. Henry's mother was the daughter of a man of good family, and, when she first came to this part of the country, was counted one of the prettiest women that had ever stepped on Scottish ground. Being instructed, as most daughters are, that to obtain a rich husband is to obtain everything, she consented to become the wife of Mr. Fairly; and he, with corresponding folly, imagining that the sweet notes of love may, at any time, be sung by a golden bird, and that congenial happiness may be bargained for, and bought, by the mammon of unrighteousness, threw his long-saved gains into the lap of beauty, and dissipated his fortune without a day's satisfaction. Domestic dispeace, evil report, and jealousy, complete the tale—family ruin, broken-down feelings, and premature death, complete the tragedy.

But the family were to be renovated and raised up by the energy and abilities of young Henry. At least, so said many—and I said it too, in the simplicity of my heart, until I began to bethink me of what materials the world was made—although I could not deny, but that blocks *may* be cut with razors, by that long perseverance which blunts away the instrument, until its original character is lost and gone. And so I heard with joy that Henry had come home, and was already, with his orphan sisters, in the old fashioned borough of Netherton. With haste and pleasure I arose, and went forth to see him after all his adventures; for the message I had received was mysterious and unsatisfactory.

When I arrived at the door of the solitary house in which his father now dwelt, my admission within was not less invested with a silent and ominous mystery. At length I



was permitted entrance into a dark back apartment, where sat Henry's father, having a small stoup of liquor before him, and apparently tipping by himself, with the maudlin enjoyment of that imbecile sort of misery, which, too far gone for common energy, seeks with infantile eagerness this wretched relief from its own thoughts. The smile of pleasure—as if insensible to his own degradation—with which this ruin of a man recognized me, was to me more shocking than the most intense expression of despair; as I contrasted it with the wan look of frigid melancholy which sat upon the countenance of the tallest of the growing girls, who cowered by themselves in a corner near the window.

"Where is Henry?" I inquired, in anxious disappointment.

No answer was given me for a moment; and the father looked at the daughter, as if each wished the other to answer the question—while I now heard distinctly a foot go tramp tramp on the floor over our heads.

"Take a glass with me," said Mr. Fairly—pushing, with a silly expression, a glass towards me; "and we will talk of Henry afterwards."

"Is he not here? Where is he?"—said I, refusing the liquor.

"My father does not like to speak of poor Henry"—said the eldest girl—and silence again allowed the same *tramp tramp* to sound with painful monotony over our heads.

"No—there are many things that your father does not like to speak of, my poor child," said the old man, his look of joyous excitement subsiding into pathetic sadness, as he looked upon his daughter and was reminded of his wife.

"For God's sake, inform me," said I, "who that is, that keeps walking about above us in this strange manner."

The eldest girl now arose, and, with a look of heart-broken melancholy, led the way up stairs. Heavens! what I felt, when the door was opened, and Henry Fairly, my clever and handsome former pupil stood before me. He fixed his hollow death-like eyes upon me for a moment, and, without uttering a word, threw himself into my arms.

"What is this—Henry?" said I. "Why that changed, that ominous look? Why remain by yourself in this solitary apartment? Why this appearance of affecting desolation?"

"Desolation, indeed! my dear, my more than father," said the youth. "Little did I think, when I went a hopeful boy to sea, that my career was so soon to terminate. But yet I am resigned—I am almost happy—if I could only hope that when I was gone, God would provide a protector for my poor, my orphan sisters."

I soon learned the whole truth—that, in the cold damp of the French prison, where my spirited Henry had lain a whole winter, he had caught a terrible inward disease, that had been slowly eating into his frame; that the only relief he had from his pain was by constantly keeping on his feet, as long as his strength sustained him; and that, in short, in a desolate home, and with all his early hopes blasted, the poor youth was fast walking to his death. I do not remember ever meeting with a severer trial to my feelings, than what was presented to me at this painful moment. The very sense and manliness with which the youth spoke—of the unfortunate end of all his hopes for the renovating of his family, of

the state in which he should be forced to leave his beloved sisters, and of his sad, sad feelings, on his return home, on finding his father, not only reduced to poverty, but his mind so perfectly broken up, as to be unable to protect his own children—while I looked upon it with pride, as evidencing, that the good seed I had sown in his mind was not sown to the winds, affected me the more deeply for his melancholy situation.

"And why do you not go below, Henry," I said, "instead of wearying out your solitary hours in this naked apartment?"

"My father cannot bear to see me, sir!" he said, "for I remind him so much of my mother that's gone; and I would not vex my unhappy parent, for the few days I have to live—and so I just walk here in this lonely room—and sometimes I almost think that my own sisters neglect me. But grief, you know, sir, is indolent, and I will bear up as I can—for the girls will have enough to suffer when I am dead."

There was something awful in the manliness of this resignation, as well as in the terrible expression of mortality contending with warm-blooded youth, that appeared in the sunken face of my dying pupil; and as he ever and anon pressed my hand, and thanked me for my former instruction, which, as he said, placed earth and heaven in its true light before him. But when I came to say something of his deceased mother, he grasped my arm almost to pain, and said—"My friend! my more than father!—if ever you would do that good in your generation which I shall never live to do—raise your voice wherever you can, concerning the miseries that are caused by unequal marriages for filthy lucre's sake. My mother was fitted to adorn the world—my father was a wise and a worthy man with his class. You know what has happened—yet, you know but in part, for the world will never know, as it ought, what miseries the folly of parents entail upon their children!"

Why need I tell what followed between myself and Henry—or with what distress we parted, never to meet in life—or how I prayed over his still-beautiful remains, when, on coming next to Netherton, I found him a stretched corpse—or how his father was hardly able to attend him to the grave?—What shall I add more? the old man is dead, and the orphans, beautiful as their mother, are little minded by any, except myself—for it is not the way of the world to care for the unfortunate.

#### SONNET TO RETIREMENT.

I once had thought to have embalm'd my name  
With poesy—to have served the gentle Muses  
With high sincerity;—but life refuses;—  
And I am now become most strangely tame,  
And careless what becomes of glory's game—  
Who plays—who wins the wond'rous prize—  
who loses:

Not that the jarring world my spirit bruises—  
But fate denies the Paradise of Fame!

Magnificent and lustrous images  
Have visited me often-times, and given  
My mind to proud delights—But now it sees  
Those visions fading like the lights of Even;  
All intellectual glory dimly flees,  
And I am silent as the stars of Heaven!

J. H. REYNOLDS.

#### A SCOTTISH BALLAD.

BY THE STRICK SHEPHERD.

THAT grumbly postman o' the night,  
The beetle, sounds his eiry horn,  
The lamb's last bleat comes frae the height,  
She seeks her dewy bed till morn—  
The harper kail has bumb'd his strings,  
An' labours at his uncouth strain;  
While every note the blackbird sings,  
I'm feared may be his last Amen.

Then what can ail my bonny Jane,  
Wha wont to be sae kind to me,  
That here she lets me bit my lane,  
An' strain my een outower the lea?—  
There's nought, I ken, sae hard to bide,  
It racks the very soul within—  
I'd rather watch on cauld hill-side,  
Or stand in water to the chin.

The heathcock's bay comes down the gate,  
The gloaming stern creeps o'er the hill;  
Ilk sangster cowers beside his mate,  
And has o' dear delight his fill;  
While I may sit an' glower till morn,  
Nor hear a sound from tower or tree,  
Except yon craik's amang the corn,  
An' he has tint his love like me.

Poor bird, he's lonely in the dell,  
And harps a note o' black despair,  
And though forsaken like myself,  
I only laugh at him the mair.  
His loss is but a motely quean,  
Of cutty tail an' tawney hue;  
But sic a flower as my dear Jane,  
For love ne'er brush'd the e'ning dew.

'Tis really mair than heart can bear,  
I shall gang daft, ere it be day;  
But yet the lassie is sae dear,  
I downa bide to gang away.

Hush, Collie! hush! What's that I hear—  
A smothered laugh ayant the tree?  
There's some sweet pawky listener near,  
The sweetest sound on earth to me.

"Ha! pawky Jane, how came ye here,  
Round by the wrang side o' the knowe?  
This night, some ither lad, I fear,  
Has rowed you in his plaid ere now."  
"What's that to you? But I thought right,  
To come an' tell you to gang hame;  
I canna come to court the night,  
Sae ye may gang the gate ye came."

"Provoking elf! come o'er the dike,  
An' woo till day-light open her ee."  
"Na, thank ye, lad—bega' what like,  
The wa' shall stand 'twixt you an' me;  
I thought it hard that you should sit,  
An' flite a' night sae gruff an' grum,  
Sae I came ower on lightsome fit,  
To tell you that I cou'dna come."

Outower the dike I laup—I flew!  
An' ere she gat a blink to chide,  
I had her seated on the dew,  
An' closely press'd unto my side.

But O! the taunts an' bitter scorn  
That I endured a' while were sair,  
Yet never till the break o' morn  
Did she propose to leave me mair.

Love has a deal o' grief an' gloom,  
Muckle to hope an' sma' to have;  
Yet there are little blinks o' bloom  
Sae sweet, the heart nae mair can crave—  
Some little tints of loveliness,  
Beyond what angels can enjoy—

O' earthly love they hae nae guess,  
Though theirs is bliss without alloy.

And there's a joy without a sting,  
With a dear lassie by your side,  
A virtuous, lovely, loving thing,  
Whom you intend to mak' your bride:  
That is a bliss, befa' what may,  
That makes man's happiness supreme—  
It winna sing—it winna say,  
But lasts like an Elysian dream.

[We wish we were permitted to give the name of the Author of the following beautiful little poem: but we do not doubt that most of our readers will know "that fine Roman hand." One might swear to a style of writing as one swears to a hand-writing; and no real poetic reader, put in a witness' box, could help stating, that the following lines were written by—B. C.]—

## TO THE SNOW-DROP.

Pretty firstling of the year!  
Herald of the host of flowers!  
Hast thou left thy cavern drear  
In the hope of summer hours?  
Back unto thine earthen bowers!  
Back to thy warm mould below,  
Till the strength of suns and showers  
Quell the now relentless snow.

—Art *still* here?—Alive? and blythe?  
Though the stormy night hath fled,  
And the Frost hath passed his scythe  
O'er thy small unsheltered head?  
Ah! some lie amidst the dead,  
(Many a stubborn giant tree,—  
Many a plant, its spirit shed,)—  
That were better nursed than thee!

What hath saved thee?—Thou wast not  
'Gainst the arrowy winter furred,—  
Armed in scale,—but all forgot  
When the frozen winds were stirred.  
Nature, who doth clothe the bird,  
Should have hid thee in the earth,  
Till the cuckoo's song was heard,  
And the Spring let loose her mirth.

Nature,—deep and mystic word!  
Mighty mother, still unknown!  
Thou did'st sure the Snow-drop gird  
With an armour all thine own.  
Thou, who sent'st it forth alone  
To the cold and sullen season,  
(Like a thought at random thrown,)—  
Sent it thus for some grave reason!

If 'twere but to pierce the mind  
With a single gentle thought,  
Who shall deem thee harsh or blind?—  
Who that thou hast vainly wrought?  
Hoard the gentle virtue caught  
From the Snow-drop, reader wise;  
Good is good, wherever taught,  
On the ground, or in the skies!

B. C.

## DANCING GIRL, REPOSING.

After one of Canova's three Statues of Dancing Girls.\*  
BY T. K. HERVEY.

THERE is a shadow in her eye,  
A languor on her frame;  
The spirit that, so bright and high,  
Shot upward,—like the flame  
That withers with its warm caress,  
And dies amid its own excess,—  
Has wearied of its wild delight,  
And stooped amid its fiery flight;  
And she is *still* a bird-like thing—  
A bird, but with a broken wing!

And thus—oh! thus it still must be  
With human hopes and wings,  
That leave too far, and soaringly,  
Their own allotted springs;  
That, like the Cretan boy's, lure on  
The trusting hearts that wear them,  
And melt before the very sun  
To which their feathers bear them!  
Oh! thus with earthly feelings all;—  
The song that saddens while we sing,†  
The Censers in the festive hall,

\* The first of these statues, representing the Dancing Girl, in action, has been engraved in the first number of 'The Gems of Modern Sculpture,' where it is illustrated by some lines—the idea of which is intended to be here continued.

† Persons accustomed to vocal harmony need not be told how difficult it is, during the whole of a piece, to keep the voice up to the pitch at which it was begun. If the pitch be regulated, at the commencement of the

That darken from the light they fling,  
That waste the more the more they warm,  
And perish of their perfumed charm,—  
Are types of life's each frail delight,  
That cast their feathers in their flight;  
Or on their own sweet substance prey,  
And burn their precious selves away!

## THE FULFILMENT OF A DREAM.

FROM THE IRISH OF TOM FINNARTY, THE CAB-DRIVER.

I can never forget the last of those memorable days of July, when the sun, as if to make amends for his cold treatment of us at other times, poured down on the metropolis, all at once, a flood of unindurable heat. The streets were as silent as the squares—the Strand was, comparatively, a desert. For five hours there was the stillness of desolation around me; if I except a few unprofitables, hurrying to the recesses of Somerset House, or the rookeries of the Temple. The last of these days threatened to be the last of mine. Fresh from old Ireland, and scant of money, without a plat of green grass or a drink of clean water within miles of me, a feverish despondency came over me. It was just three o'clock, p.m. on the 31st,—I am positive as to the day and hour, having committed a memorandum thereof to the safe keeping of my mother's Bible, which has been treasured for years at the bottom of her oaken chest, and never molested by any one but myself, and for the purpose just mentioned;—well, on the day and date aforesaid, I, Tom Finnarty, was seated on the dicky of my cab, as patient as a saint, opposite the soda-water warehouse, facing Catherine Street; I had not had a fare all that day, and but one on the day preceding—a fine fat crown-piece given by a member of Parliament, for such I judged him to be, from the gentility of his behaviour, and the *nate* grammar of his conversation. After braving the heat for hours, I was fairly worsted, and compelled to take shelter under the hood of my cab. Three had just tolled on St. Clement's, when it was my accursed fate to descry, at a considerable distance, a stout little man carrying a large blue bag, containing something more ponderous than is usually entrusted to the keeping of frail gambroon or worsted. This bag he kept swinging from one hand to the other, clanking it, as if by accident, against the shins of all who were not aware of his approach; and, after this grievous fashion, he threaded his way towards me. I could not but wonder at the bold daring of the queer little fellow: he was a strange ungainly brute—his broad shoulders out of all proportion to his wizen body—he looked as if he had been put together of ill-assorted members, and, like the droll formations of a Christmas pantomime. But what amazed me most was, that the little ugly creature appeared, from the first moment I saw him, to be hailing my cab. It was verily so. As he drew near, he fixed his black eye intently upon me. I shuddered—by the Virgin, I, Tom Finnarty, did shudder at the thought of polluting my cab with such a strange-looking animal. I took no notice of him; though eager and panting for a fare, I would rather have carried a living shark, turtle, or sea monster, or a man diseased

performance, by an instrument, and the key-note be again struck at its close, it will be almost always found that the voices have fallen, more or less, during its progress.

with the cholera, than this odious creature. I feigned sleep—I pretended to be drunk; but all to no purpose. He roared out in the silent street, "Halloo, Tom Finnarty, no tricks upon travellers. You are neither sleeping nor drunk. I know you, man—I know your mother, and I know your oaken chest, and your Bible, wherein you keep your memorandums." Burning with shame at this remarkable disclosure, and devoutly crossing myself, I hurried to receive his detested body within my vehicle. Whereupon, summoning my resolution, I asked, with a subdued voice, "Where to, Sir?" "Straight forward," was the answer. The malicious devil, seeing my confusion and shame, dashed down the hood of my cab, and cast a proud glare of defiance at the bright and burning sun. He then commenced a series of extravagancies, the most remarkable in the records of cab-driving. He took a sort of canister out of his gambroon bag, and amused himself like a juggler, with tossing it on high, and catching it in its descent, to the amusement of every spectator, but to my extreme terror and astonishment. The clang it made, every time it fell into his iron fist, was indescribable. The noise and the laughter of the people only added to his outrageous mirth. At Charing Cross, though mortally perplexed and terrified, I ventured to repeat the question, "Where to, Sir?" "Straight forward," he cried, with a horrid chuckle; and, thereupon, pulled out of the blue bag a massy silver divider, and, holding the canister by a little handle, he would one time whirl it aloft like a tamborine, then rattle it with as much ease as if it were a dice-box; at another, he would make it ring louder than a Chinese gong, by banging it with the divider, which he would then flourish about his head after the manner of a bass-drummer. On passing the Opera House—I know not whether the sight of it suggested the idea of music, but he broke out into a song or yell in some savage tongue, not a whit daunted by the respectability of the West End. He sang vociferously, often cracking his voice into a howl; the burthen I remember well, from the frequency of its repetition, and from the furious dashing of the divider against the canister, exactly at every syllable—a precision which, I do believe, drove it through my ears, to take its everlasting seat in my memory:—

Janga boonga wanga loo  
Sprachna kiles, trashna troo  
Koomaloo, woomaloo, kom coo coo.

To me all this was appalling. To him and to others it appeared rare fun; but I determined to put a speedy conclusion to it at all risks, and to convey the madman, fool, felon, or juggler, no farther than the top of St. James's Street. On arriving there, I run my horse suddenly close to the pavement; but he no sooner observed my purpose, than, with a terrific crash on the accursed canister, accompanied as if with the screams of twenty eagles, or the hallooings of a hundred hungry cannibals, he roared out "Straight forward, Tom Finnarty," and my horse started forward in a fright, which required more steadiness than I was master of to control. Shopkeepers now crowded to their doors and windows—the boys hooted and cheered—the monster twirled and jangled his canister, and sung with tenfold fury. We scoured past St. James's Church, and to a certainty should have been driven, horse, cab, canister, and

all, into the shop of Mr. Hamlet, the silver-smith, had not a policeman, to my unspeakable comfort, though with more bravery than brains, checked our career, and, springing into the cab, ordered me to drive to Bow Street. Now, thought I, he has got hold of the right sow by the horns. The demoniac could, without question, have tossed the valiant 'blue' into the street, like a wallet; or into the air like the canister; but all he uttered was a growl, like that of the lion, when he collects his strength for an onset. The policeman made an effort to catch hold of the canister, but he was instantly pinned with one arm in a corner, where he struggled, like a squeezed kitten in the hands of a lusty boy, and became the sole sport of this insane mockery of a man. The canister only whirled about his ears with increased noise and rapidity, and the horrible Janga boonga song was roared louder than ever. I, however, galloped on like a madman to Bow Street, and there delivered my detested freight, and we were both shown into his worship's presence. I breathed freely at the sight of Sir Richard; but the incarnate devil, nothing abashed, approaching the bench with a confidence which stunned me, whispered in his worship's ear; the magistrate smiled, and, muttering something about harmless eccentricity, he uttered with a loud voice that he was discharged.

The reporters stared—they had lost a capital case. The crowd, out of respect for the decision, made instant way. Some kind souls, who had witnessed my distress, endeavoured to conceal me; but in vain. His basilisk eye was upon me. I looked in agony for the magistrate's protection, but was reminded of an Act of Parliament and its penalties. I wiped the cold drops from my brow, and in so doing, observed something like an indication of pity in the demon's countenance. He pushed, or rather lifted me before him, and, in an instant, poor Tom Finnarty was like a wisp of straw perched once more on his dicky. I had barely time for thought, when the canister was twirled ten feet into the air; and the frightened populace scattered in all directions, when they heard the never-by-me-to-be-forgotten cry of "Straight forward." At the same moment I felt a hand in my pocket—but I knew it was empty, and so I let that pass. Away I went, reckless as to the direction, for if, at the corner of a street, I ever made the least hesitation, I was saluted with the cry of "Straight forward." After a little time, I began to consider, what the deuce the creature's hand could have to do inside my pocket. I therefore sily slipped in a couple of fingers, and brought out a coin which presented to my delighted eye the rich and glossy beauty of a newly-coined full-weight sovereign. My joy was equalled only by my surprise. At any other time, or from any other person, I would have considered it a Godsend;—but in truth, I now regarded it, as the devil's own benefaction. However, I bravely determined on permitting it to remain in my pocket,—willing to consider it as a first proof of the harmless eccentricity to which the magistrate had alluded. I now made up my mind to be more cheerful, especially since my companion grew a trifle more quiet.

In this way, turning and returning, we travelled through a multiplicity of streets, and at length reached the Regent's Park; but, no

sooner had we passed through Gloucester gate, than I perceived, from his jerking and fidgetting, that he meditated more mischief; and just when we arrived at the Zoological Gardens, out came the divider, once more, glittering in the sun as he brandished it in the air; and, before I could say a prayer, it came in furious collision with the canister, and with a clang so loud and clear, as to awaken the sleeping echoes of Primrose Hill and its sister knoll; at the same time he filled the tranquil air of that lonely region with cries, howls, yells, and screams, that were quite fearful. In an instant he was responded to by ten thousand other cries, screams, yells, and hideous noises—the domineering roar of the disturbed lion, the angry *miaow* of the devouring tiger and hyenas "eager for the fray," while the shrieks of alarmed monkeys, the screams of eagles and other birds of prey, made up the treble of this appalling concert. The race of timid birds thrust their heads under their wings—rabbits took to their burrows—the beavers to their island dominions—and the astounded bear clambered to the top of his pole, where he gazed all around, like the Mr. Speaker of an unruly assembly, calling out "Order! order!" This frightful outcry was the occurrence of about thirty seconds—and was instantly followed by tremendous shouts from persons within the enclosure. Groups of elegant people were scampering from all quarters of the gardens, hallooing for their carriages. The rush towards the gate was fearful. Beautiful young creatures, pale and panting, were shrieking for help, to young men with heroic mustachios and white faces, who had far outstripped them; husbands taking to their heels, and piously recommending their wives to the protection of Providence; while a tardy file of grand-mamas, and opaque ancient aunts, brought up the rear.

To me, who knew the sole cause of this most ludicrous panic, the whole scene became the subject of overwhelming mirth. The creature within my cab was, all this while, dandling his canister on his knee, and chuckling joyously at the effect produced by his inimitable powers, and I was now for the last time ordered "Straight forward": but with a voice far more gainly than on any previous occasion. I began, indeed, to like my gentleman amazingly. The garden scene had touched the key of a faculty which he possessed in perfection, and which he forthwith began to display. One time was heard the barking of a mastiff, with the grunting of a frightened sow and her litter—sounds which brought to my remembrance the domestic decencies of our old cabin in dear Ireland. At another time one would have sworn that I had behind me a coop of discontented turkeys, indignant peacocks, rebellious geese and ratiocinating drakes—all huddled together—conversing and wrangling after their accustomed fashion. In a rapture of satisfaction at the amazement of the pedestrians, I would now and then cry out "Encore, encore!" which I judged, from his chuckling laugh, took with him exceedingly. In this manner we progressed through nearly every street in wide Marybone. At length we crossed Oxford Street, and into Grosvenor Square. Here the order was not "Straight forward," but "Round and round." I do not know what kind of spirit or fancy possessed him in this particular place, but he commenced a

most miraculous imitation of at least twenty different speakers. He was a portable debating club—and I made it a point of duty, at every fall of his voice, lustily to exclaim "Hear—hear!" The singularity of our progress and exhibition, in process of time, lined the square round and round. Seventy-year-old housekeepers, and sexagenarian rosy-faced gouty porters (footmen were in the country) stood at their respective doors. Some would exclaim, "Mercy on me! that is my master's voice;" and "that is *mine's*" another would say.

It was now dusk. We travelled three and thirty times round the square, by which time he became exhausted, and had, apparently, nothing farther to say either pro or con. My head was becoming giddy with the continual circularity of our course; and my little horse, as if ashamed of this incomprehensible tramping, made a dead halt. Hereupon I again felt the hand of my customer in my pocket. It was to deposit therein another sovereign. He then discharged me in due form, and as becomingly as any Christian, begging at the same time that I would direct him the nearest road to Richmond.

Before I could answer, or even wonder at such a question, at such a time of day, and after such a route, I was shaken, as if by the arm of a giant; and a voice came streaming into my ear like the rushing of a mighty cataract, "Ahoy, Finnarty, a fare—a long fare; you have been in the Land of Nod for the last half hour." So I had. But guess what my fare was: Mr. —, the tipsy silver-smith, with a beauteous silver tea vase, in a blue bag, and Mr. —, the mimic, promising a sovereign each, if I drove them expeditiously to Richmond Hill. A.

#### A THOUGHT FOR THE NEW YEAR.

BY THE REV. HENRY STEEBING, M.A. ETC.

THE Future!—who can tell of thee?

Whose womb is like the deep,  
Where gems and weeds lie mixedly,  
And fitful breezes sweep,—  
Casting to those who watch the tide  
Sometimes a thing of worth,  
But leaving nought for all beside  
But refuse of the earth.

Who can depict thy shadowy form  
For fane or household hearth—  
Tell of the sunshine or the storm  
That waits upon thy path?

Who knows thee, fearful stranger?—who  
Dares all unveil thy face—  
Or track thee, were that power his due,  
To thy far dwelling-place?

And yet, who would not haste thee on,  
Whate'er thy form may be?  
The very herds-boy stops his song,  
To hear men talk of thee.  
The reveller hails thee at his board,  
The maiden in her bower,  
The miser as he counts his hoard,  
The bard in his lone hour.

And thou wilt come—and some shall know  
Early thy fearful part,  
By the gray hair upon their brow,  
Or the chill at their heart;  
And some thy hand shall gently lead  
Along a flowery way,  
Making a quick and silent speed  
To the last hour of day.

And others as they pass shall deem  
Thy whispers strange and new,  
Thinking what was before a dream,  
Substantial thou and true;—



And they shall count thy steps and feel,  
Borne on by thy strong power,  
As if they saw a burning seal  
Set on one fated hour.

Spirit unknown! but doomed to be  
Mother of all we fear,  
Distant as stars we cannot see,  
And yet for ever near!  
I fain would look thee in the face,  
Thy solemn records read,  
The sinews of my heart to brace  
Ere fall the ills decreed.

Yet never canst thou seem to me  
So fearful as to some;—  
Leave but my spirit sound and free,  
No stranger wilt thou come;  
For many a silent hour of thought,  
And many a conquered care,  
Hath oft and well my bosom taught,  
Whate'er thou bring'st to bear!

## ADDRESS TO MEMORY.

BY JOHN MACKAY WILSON.

SPIRIT revealing the scenes that are past,—  
Magical mirror reflecting the soul!  
Back to gay childhood thy shadows are cast,—  
Shadows of brightness; and visions that roll  
Lovely as sunlight, but mocking control.  
What do we owe thee, thou mystical sprite,  
Waving thy wings like a radiant scroll,  
Where writ in darkness, or graven in light,  
Bright spirit the past is flung back on our sight.

Sweet is thy whisper, though echoed in dreams,  
Sighing o'er scenes ever blooming with  
flowers;

Breathing the evening voice of the streams,  
Murmuring love by the home that was ours!  
Soft as the linnet that sung in its bowers,  
Sing ye the music of childhood again;—  
Build ye its baseless but beautiful towers,—  
Walk in thy rainbow of light o'er the plain,  
And sing us, fair Spirit, youth's rapturous strain!

Time, like a trembler, before thee shall stand!  
Swifter than light is the rush of thy wings,  
Over the ocean, and over the land,  
Bearing the heart to invisible things;  
From the glad banquet, where revelry rings,  
Back to the woodland, the hill, or the river,—  
Homes of the exile! and, sighing, he flings  
His soul on the light of pinions that quiver,  
O'er the scenes of his youth, in beauty for ever.

Spirit of purity!—voice of the grave!  
There, in thy halls of the glory art thou,—  
There do thy wings of magnificence wave—  
Torches that flash on eternity's brow!  
Scenes where the lover has whispered his  
vow,—

Melted in rapture, or wandered in glee,—  
Spirit of youth! thou revealest them now!  
All that was rugged is mellowed by thee,  
Like moonbeams asleep on a motionless sea.

Thine are the smiles of the father we love,—  
Thine the delight of our mother's mild eye;—  
Thine are the playground, the school-house,  
and grove—

Hope's temple of dreams, when twilight was  
nigh,  
Stealing its holiness over the sky!  
Wandering then in our palace of trees,  
Wrapt in their shade and imaginings high,—  
Fancy away on the unfettered breeze!  
Ah! where hath futurity pleasures like these!

Thine are the friendships, the joy, and the  
praise,—

All that delighted in days that are gone!  
Lovely eyes flashing their passionate rays—  
Rays that were answered by fire from our  
own!—

Rays where the starlight of innocence shone!

Thine is the whisper that breathes through the  
gloom

Where yesterday died. And thine is the tone,  
Melting to music the silence of doom,  
Still uttered from voices now hushed in the  
tomb.

Terrible Spirit! from brightness we turn;—  
View thee a Fury consuming the heart!  
Well'ring 'mid blushes in darkness that burn!  
Wasting, devouring, wherever thou art!—  
An arrow of God!—of conscience a part!  
Shouting in thunder, and clothed in its cloud,—  
Baring the soul with thy shadowy dart,  
Revealing its darkness,—proclaiming aloud  
The actions we strive from all others to shroud.

Dreadful, yet exquisite Spirit of power!  
Still may my bosom thy dwelling-place be;  
Frown may the present,—futurity lower,—  
Hope be a mocker that passeth from me!—  
Dwell with me, Spirit—I'll wander with thee!  
Wander in bliss and awaken the lyre,  
Wild o'er its strings still my fingers shall flee;  
Shades of the past raise their voice in the choir,  
And strike to thee, MEMORY, thy anthem of fire!

## ELIAS WILSON.—A SKETCH.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

ON a summer morning, in the year of  
grace 1676, a man was seen making his way  
towards a lonely cottage in the vale of Dal-  
veen, at the head of Nithsdale: a glimpse,  
indeed, of the traveller could only now and  
then be obtained, for he seemed desirous of  
concealment, and his presence was chiefly  
indicated by the rustling of the bushes of  
hazel and of holly, among which he forced  
his way, or by the startled birds—for the sun  
had not yet wholly risen, and the lark had  
but newly ascended with his song. He  
passed a small stream, and, coming to the  
door of the cottage, by the side of which a  
cheese-press was standing dripping with new  
whey, cried, "Marion, Marion!"—the door  
was quickly opened, and a young woman  
threw herself into his bosom saying, "Elias!  
bless thee—bless thee!" "And bless thee  
too," said he, returning his wife's embrace;  
"but this, my love, is no time for vain and  
worldly affections. Put on thy mantle, take  
thy little one in thy arms, and follow me.  
I have escaped, almost alone, from a bloody  
field; and here we may no more abide." She  
went into the cottage, and returned  
with a child, of six months old or so, in  
her arm, milk in a flask, with some bread  
and honey, and said, "Elias, I am ready:  
but let us unloose the cow and turn her to  
the pasture, and open the door of the fold,  
so that the sheep may go to the hills,—  
for they are God's creatures, and must not  
perish." And he said, "Surely; for so is it  
written." And he did as she spake, and then  
left the cottage, accompanied by his wife and  
child.

Now Elias and his wife were both young,  
and this was the second year of their mar-  
riage. They turned their faces towards that  
wild and wooded linn, which unites itself with  
the deep glen of Dalveen; and as they went,  
Marion looked back on her home and said,  
"It is a sweet place, and loth am I to leave  
the hearth where we first kindled our bridal  
fire, and seek a refuge in the glens and  
caverns of the earth. Elias, it is bitter: but,  
oh! eternal life is sweet;" and she clasped  
her child closer to her breast, and lulled it  
with a little song of her own making. All  
the while Elias spoke not; he wound his grey

plaid closer round his body, leaving both arms  
free—examined the edge and point of a  
sword which hung at his side, and which  
seemed to have been lately used—threw a  
long Spanish musket over his left arm,  
trimmed the flint and looked into the lock,  
loaded it—and then, having felt the handle  
of a small dagger which he carried beside  
his sword, resumed his former rapidity of  
pace. They soon entered the ravine—  
sought their way along a path fit only for  
a wild cat, and, having reached a sort of  
cavern or recess in the rocks, they paused  
and sat down on a rude bench of stone,  
with a table of the same kind before them,  
upon which Elias turned to his wife, took  
the child into his bosom, and said—"See  
how green the trees are—how pure that  
falling water is—how rich the wild flowers  
blossom—and how bright the sunshine is,  
seeking to find us out amid the thick boughs  
which encircle our den of refuge. Look  
ye down the vale of Nith, and look ye up  
to heaven. He who rules above, spread  
out this beauteous land beneath our feet, and  
hung yon marvellous canopy over our heads;  
and gave unto us the fowls of the air, the fish  
of the stream, and the beasts of the field, for  
our inheritance. But the wickedness of man  
mars the bounty of God. We are deprived  
of our patrimony; we are hunted to the  
desert place, and are forbidden to sing the  
praises of Him who dwells on high, under  
penalty of limb and life. But be not, there-  
fore, cast down, my love, nor disquieted;  
when the doors of the earth are closed, those  
of heaven will be opened: let us retire  
farther into this wild and seldom-trodden  
glen, and then lift up our voices, freely and  
without fear, to God,—for assuredly he is  
wroth with us because of our fears. Last  
night I heard his voice, saying, 'My saints  
are fearful, and my people deny me; and I  
shall give them, for a time, to the power of  
the strong and the cruel, that men may know  
I am wroth with the faint of heart and the  
feeble of spirit.'" And Marion answered,  
and said, "So be it, Elias." And they arose,  
and continued their journey along the rude  
path which the accidental foot of man and  
beast had fashioned in that wild ravine.  
Sometimes the way scaled a steep and fearful  
crag—sometimes it crept among the fantastic  
roots of the oak and the beech—and some-  
times it went to the very margin of the linn,  
where the rock, cleft as it were in two, dis-  
closed the foaming stream at the perpendicu-  
lar depth of fifty, and sometimes an hundred  
fathoms. Elias often had to use all his skill  
and strength in conducting his wife and child  
along this dangerous way.

At length, however, they reached what  
was to be their abiding-place. This was a  
rude but not ungraceful sort of temple, formed  
by the earlier labours of the brook, out of  
the massy free-stone rock,—in the rude pillars  
of which, and ruder capitals, an ingenious  
artist might almost perceive the dawn of the  
Tuscan order. The entrance was wide, and  
overhung with honeysuckle; and the interior  
was recessed, and presented what, to ancho-  
rites, might appear both seats and couches.  
"Now, my love," said Elias, "this is the  
place where our Scottish warriors of old  
found refuge when they warred for the in-  
dependence of their country; and in this  
place shall I, one of their descendants, fight  
the good fight without fainting. Might and

cruelty must prevail in this land for a time: the nobles and great ones of the earth have united against us, and we are driven, for a season, to the heaths and the desert places, to be wounded with the shafts of the hunter." "Alas! my Elias," said his wife, looking earnestly in his face, "and is our dream of wedded happiness come to this? Our hearth is clean—our cottage fire burns bright—the fruits of the season are in our fields—our flocks are not few on the hills—this little one hath come smiling into my bosom—and we have much, much in this little world of ours to cling to and to love." "Peace, woman," said Elias, sternly; "think ye that I have shut my eyes on that domestic picture with which ye seek to lure me? Am I blind as the slow-worm and the mole? No; those blessings which ye raise in array against my faith, I prize not lightly. It is not for the shape of the garment I wear, nor the fashion of the dish whence I drink, that I thus peril thee and thy babe. It is for freedom to these limbs—it is for freedom to my soul—it is for freedom to worship God according to conscience, that I am thus hunted from rock to rock, and from cleugh to cavern. Woe to him, on the great day, who hath preferred a warm home and a sweet wife, to the cause of liberty and the word of God. And woe to him who seeks us for harm in this place of refuge: this hollow tube, won in a sore sea-fight with the Spanish Armada, has never, in my hand, missed its aim; and this sword was never by my strength thrust in vain: so be not alarmed, my love, but lull thy babe whilst I keep watch, for the sons of Belial are ever busy against the broken remnant of God's church." So saying, Elias stood within the porch of the place, and lent an ear to every sound, and an eye to every bird that flitted from bough to bough.

Now it happened on that very morning, that Captain Greer, with some fifty mounted troopers, was on his way from Edinburgh to Dumfries, to avenge the defeat and capture of General Turner, (called the Tippling Apostle of Prelacy, inasmuch as he was a hard drinker,) and had reached the entrance of the upper gorge of the deep defile where Elias and his wife sought refuge, when he was met by a messenger in the disguise of a shepherd, who said, that a sore battle had been fought, in which victory had blessed the arms of King Charles; but that Elias Wilson, one of the chief leaders, had escaped from the field, and was believed to be concealed in one of the wild glens in the neighbourhood of his cottage. "His house," said the messenger, "is but newly forsaken; the fire is scarcely extinguished on the hearth; I have traced his footsteps through the dew into the lower gorge of this wild ravine; where I dared not to seek him single-handed, for he is eminently skilful with the sword, and when he has his musket in his hand, an eagle cannot escape him."—"What, man!" exclaimed Greer, "and is Elias Wilson—he who can preach as well as fight, and fight better than the fighting laird of Bonshaw, lurking in Enterken-glen? then, if we meet, and I fail to feed the ravens—there's a pair of them looking at me now—with his Cameronian carcass, may the fiend make my ribs into a gridiron for my soul."—"Whisht, Captain—Godsake whisht," said a veteran trooper, "no that ye frighten me with such wild words; but deil

have me, if I like the presence of these hooded-crows; they look at us, as they look at a sheep that's doomed to die on the mountains. An I were you, I would e'en take their counsel, and keep out of that dark glen—it lies nae in our line of march—and—". The Captain silenced him with a motion of his hand, and said, "Corporal Borthwick, take ten men, and station them privily in the ruins of the old hunting tower of Dalveen—there they stand gray and lonely. They, command from the upper windows, the entrance of the Friar's Cell, where this fighting Cameronian has no doubt taken refuge—it is a long shot—but you are skilful. The rest of the men will enter the ravine at both ends—the moment you have a full view of him at the entrance, take a deliberate aim—if he falls, here is my purse, and you are a serjeant." Borthwick stationed himself and his men according to orders, whilst his captain went into the ravine on the desperate service of dislodging a practised warrior, whose place of refuge no one could approach without peril of his life.

"I think, my lads," said the corporal, "our captain has shaped out a garment for himself he will find some danger in sewing."—"And I think," said a soldier, "that our corporal speaks more like a tailor than a warrior—God! I dinna like to be packed up in this auld tower, when there's game in hand; but nae doubt the captain thought we were all tailors, and that our courage was but small."—"I will show my face, Moran, where yours dare not be seen," exclaimed the corporal, standing full in the window, and holding the musket, with which all troopers in those days were armed, right towards the friar's cell. The wife of Elias, wearied in body, and overcome in mind with the miseries of that sad morning, had fallen into a slumber: but even in slumber there was no repose; she dreamed that her house was beset with enemies, and that carabines were levelled to destroy her husband: and shrieked out "O Elias!" On looking up, she saw him peering warily through the screen of honeysuckle which covered the entrance of the cavern, and cocking his musket as he looked; he motioned her back—presented his piece and fired; the ravine echoed loudly to the report; and Corporal Borthwick dropped forward from the window, and his helmet was seen glittering for a moment, as he dropped dead into the fearful chasm below. "We are beset all around, my love," said Elias, reloading his musket; "I have slain one son of Belial, in the act of presenting his engine of death at thee and me: but fear not: God will work out our deliverance—so compose thyself, and keep out of the way of harm. They know not the Friar's Cell; it commands both the upper and lower approaches—but peace, peace." He presented his musket as he spoke; the serjeant that conducted the party who were to penetrate from the lower gorge, received the ball in his brain as he gained the summit of the rock, and fell over the cliff; it fared no better with a second adventurer; and the rest, daunted, and believing that the fugitives were in force, desisted, and stood undecided.

"Now, my lads," exclaimed Captain Greer, "the game has begun—the old tower is sending shot after shot; and there will be nought left for us to do, but to march to the Friar's Cell, and report on the dead body."

So saying, he descended into the ravine, and wound his difficult and adventurous way warily with foot and hand. "Captain," said the veteran who formerly addressed him, laying his hand on his arm, and pointing upwards, "there's our black forerunners—that man never had luck that they took a fancy to yet; but I'll follow ye to the red hot doors of perdition afore I'll flinch; only I have nae faith in things, if these blood-crows don't believe that they are to feast atween your breast-banes and mine." It is said that the Captain changed colour, as he looked on those dark companions of his march; still he went forward; one of them uttered a croak, and looked into the chasm below, where the stream was invisible for mist and spray, and seemed as if it saw something. At that moment, Greer took off his helmet, waved the plume to scare them away, and at the same time moved his head to and fro, and continued to advance. At that moment a ball from the Friar's Cell grazed his temple, and struck the veteran who followed him on the forehead; the latter, in the death pang, clutched hard the arm on which his palm was laid, and dropping heavily back, the living and the dead were precipitated some thirty fathoms. The rest of the troopers were struck with dismay—their leaders were slain—no one volunteered to advance; and as they stood irresolute, they heard a shot ring again from the same fatal place, and saw the body of one of their comrades sink down on the window-sill of the tower, while his musket, dropping from his relaxed hands, went rattling down the rocky ravine. "All the whigs are come from hell," said one, "to defend this cursed glen—let us march out; place sentinels at the passes; despatch two of our fleetest horses to Dumfries, for an officer to command us, and for foot soldiers accustomed to such warfare—for my part, I can only fight on horseback." This sentiment, as it promised security, was embraced by all—they retired to the extremities of the ravine—placed sentinels; sent two troopers to Dumfries for assistance; and when the next day dawned, penetrated unmolested to the Friar's Cell;—but Elias Wilson and his wife and child were gone; they escaped at nightfall, by scaling the almost perpendicular side of the ravine; sought shelter in a distant glen—and, foiling all their enemies, lived till times of peace came, when they returned to their cottage, and lived and died in good old age. Yet, once a year, as the day of their deliverance returned, they went with their children and servants to the Friar's Cell, and sung a psalm, and prayed a prayer—and the same was till lately done by their descendants.

#### IMPROMPTU

*On a Young Lady lamenting that Nature had denied her the gift of Music.*

BY LEITCH RITCHIE.

AH! cruel fate, why is not mine  
(Fair Harriet said) the power divine—  
Why is not mine the fairy spell  
That all can feel, but none can tell—  
With heavenly Music's magic sway  
To win through yielding hearts my way?

Thus sighed the fair; but while she sighed  
Herself the false complaint belied:—  
The very words her grief that tell  
In Music's softest accents fell,  
And round her yielding victim tie  
The magic chains of Harmony.

## TO A CHILD EMBRACING HIS MOTHER.

BY THOMAS MOOD.

Love thy Mother, little one!  
Kiss and clasp her neck again;  
Hereafter she may have a son  
Will kiss and clasp her neck in vain.  
Love thy Mother, little one!

Gaze upon her living eyes,  
And mirror back her love for thee;  
Hereafter thou mayst shudder sighs  
To meet them when they cannot see.  
Gaze upon her living eyes!

Press her lips the while they glow  
With love that they have often told;  
Hereafter thou mayst press in woe,  
And kiss them till thine own are cold.  
Press her lips the while they glow!

Oh! revere her raven hair!  
Although it be not silver-grey,  
Too early Death, led on by care,  
May snatch, save one dear lock away.  
Oh! revere her raven hair!

Pray for her at eve and morn,  
That Heav'n may long the stroke defer,  
For thou mayst live the hour forlorn,  
When thou wilt ask to die with her.  
Pray for her at eve and morn!

## EPIGRAM ON A PICTURE.

THIS picture very plainly shows  
How little many a painter knows  
Of colour, though he thinks it.  
T—herein depicts a view,  
And underneath gamboge and blue,  
Informs us that T. *pinxit*.

## HEADS AND TAILS.

THE two parts of a story which are most difficult to manage are the beginning and the end. If the personages of your tale are not well introduced, we take no interest in their subsequent adventures; and even if you succeed in this, and fall off very much at the conclusion, we shut the book in grievous disappointment. Some authors—indeed, most of the novel-writers of the present day—dash at once into the middle of a conversation. But it strikes me that “No—said Lady Anne, stirring her tea—” is a very odd beginning of a story, and it is not till after some thirty pages of this unknown tongue that we arrive at the interpretation in the second chapter, which opens “The foregoing dialogue was carried on by the beautiful Lady Anne Jenkinsop the youngest daughter of the Duke of Densitter,” &c.

Many authors commence their stories with the accuracy of a commercial letter, “It was about a quarter past six o'clock in the evening of Tuesday, the twenty-second of April, in the year eighteen hundred and twenty-two, that a young man about three and twenty years of age, wearing a blue coat with brass buttons, buckskin breeches, and top-boots,” &c. &c. This is a very good sort of introduction, for if at any time the hero is missing, you have the consolation to reflect that an advertisement will be sure to find him.

Others in their introductions are exceedingly genealogical—“My family came originally to England in the train of William the Conqueror. Otho de Fiddelburg, who fought a single combat with a lion at the court of Charlemagne, was one of the cadets of our family. For upwards of five centuries the title and estates descended in uninterrupted

succession from father to son. Of my more immediate ancestors, my great grandfather's great great grandfather was an illustrious worthy in the councils of Henry the Seventh,” &c. This impresses the reader at once with a conviction of your hero's distinguished birth; his beauty and other accomplishments he must be contented to take on credit.

I have known very good novels to begin with a soliloquy—“What a wretch am I,” said Charles Fitz Altamont, resting his forehead on his hand, and sitting dejectedly on his sofa,” &c. But, of all the commencements I have yet mentioned, I am inclined to prefer the descriptive. There are two kinds—the painter's, and the upholsterer's.

“In one of those delicious vallies which give such a sweet variety to the county of Devon, there is one particular point from which the finest view in the world presents itself to the eye of the delighted spectator. On the extreme ridge of the declivity there is a large blue stone, by mounting which you are elevated considerably above the hollow from which you have ascended, and take in at one glance an extensive prospect consisting of hill and dale, trees, rivers, heaths, heights, hollows, hillocks, brambles, ozers, and romantic cottages in the very heart of an umbrageous wood. In one of these cottages,” &c.

The upholsterer's, however, is still more minute, and comes closer home “to our business and bosoms”:—“The argand lamp cast forth a flame of surpassing brightness, which was beautifully reflected from the polished sides of a pair of buhl cabinets, tastefully fitted up with fantastic figures upon the lids, on each side of the door. Large mahogany chairs, with hair bottoms and brass nails, stood round the room with their straight uncarved backs corresponding with their strong unadorned legs. The fender, of the brightest steel, contained poker, tongs, and shovel, of the same material, and of the common knob pattern. A round table of mahogany stood in the centre of the room, and on it were placed two doilies with four wine glasses and two richly cut decanters. Seated at this table, in familiar conclave, an old gentleman applied himself assiduously to the beverage before him, pushing the bottle occasionally to his young companion, who seemed deeply immersed in thought. The younger of the two,” &c.

In fact, it is extremely difficult to hit upon a beginning which has not been hit upon before. Perhaps it would be the most original plan to go back at once to the style of our nursery stories—“There was once a man.” But if it be difficult to find a commencement unlike anybody else, how is it possible to infuse any variety into a conclusion? I never met with a novel that did not disappoint me at the end. After having my curiosity excited for a length of time, and expecting at every page something wonderful to take place, it is rather hard to have the hero and heroine sink down into ordinary people, and go to church and be married like an honest shop-keeper and his bride. There is generally also, in every novel, some character who is sure to disappoint you. He is introduced under very mysterious circumstances—he finds his way, nobody knows how, into the most secret places, and exercises such fearful influence over the personages of the story, that, as you approach the eclairsissement,

your hair begins to stand on end in dread of his mysterious power—when lo! you discover that he is a retired tobacconist, much given to eaves-dropping and pumping for secrets, who finds his way into the private bowers, where the lovers have fled for solitude, by the ingenious plan of having a false key to the garden door. I was making profound remarks of this nature to my cousins the other night; the girls all agreed in what I had been saying, but their brother Joseph kept a very serious countenance; at last he said, “Well, a more extraordinary thing happened to me lately, than any adventure I have ever seen in a novel. It haunted me for a long time; day and night it never was absent from my thoughts.” “What was it?” we all asked in a breath. “You shall hear. You know my belief in preternatural appearances; you have often laughed at me for it, but I find it impossible to divest myself of the conviction that such things are occasionally permitted, perhaps for wise purposes, though beyond our comprehension. When Tom Mullins was confined to bed with his broken leg, I went and sat with him every night. Our conversation was, of course, not so lively as if he had been in perfect health, and, it is possible, I admit, that my depression of spirits might have something to do with what I am now about to tell you. One night, returning from Sloane Street, just at the darkest part of the road, I saw a strange shadowy indistinct figure leaning against the Park wall; it struck me as strange, but I passed on, and forgot it before the following day. Next night, however, in the very identical spot, and in the same listless attitude, was the figure again. Tall, thin, dimly visibly, with no rational object that I could divine, it struck me as unaccountable. I gazed on it for some time; it never moved. The distant lamp served only to give me an indistinct view of the object, but was sufficient to show that the countenance was dead ly pale, and the eyes fixed upon me with the glare of a demon. I walked on, and marvelled exceedingly as to what could be the cause of the apparition. Was it sent to me for some especial purpose—to warn me of some fearful approaching calamity, and did it wait to declare its mission only till I had broken the spell by addressing it first? All these thoughts perplexed me to such a degree, that I was at last almost afraid to pass the spot. But poor Tom could not be comfortable without me, and I went as before. There, however, in the exact position as at first, the same gaunt figure confronted me; its eyes followed me with the same demoniacal expression; and at last, when I found my nightly rest destroyed, my appetite going, and my spirits entirely subdued by my apprehensions, I resolved, come what might, to speak to it. I went as usual to Sloane Street, conversed with my invalid friend till twelve or one, and betook myself to my homeward way, resolved to put an end to the mystery at once; and there it was in the same dim, appalling, fearful indistinctness! My heart throbbed, my breathing grew difficult, as I approached it; but I had summoned all my courage for the occasion, and said, “I adjure you, whatever you are, to tell me what is the object of presenting yourself to me. If there is upon your conscience the weight of unrepented sin, and you have burst the ceremonies of the grave, tell me what may be done to

give you satisfaction; and if my services can be of use, command them." The figure changed not a single muscle as I spoke, but when I had finished, he said—"What did he say?" cried all my cousins quite breathless with anticipation:—"He told me to move on and be d—d, and not palaver there, or he would take me to the police office. It was G. 69." W. J.

### THE SONG OF THE CRUSADER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'LONDON IN THE OLDEN TIME.'

"For we remembered nought of the dangers of the way, nor of the perils yet to be encountered, since our Lord had vouchsafed of his grace that we should behold, with our bodily eyes, that land where he walked and taught, and from whence he ascended to heaven."—*Inglulphus.*

Hail to thee, land of our holy sign!  
Hail to thee, region of Palestine!  
Hail to thee, home of God's chosen race!  
Hail to thee, patriarch's dwelling-place!  
Hail to thy soil, by prophets trod!  
Hail to thy plain, that beheld our God  
In bodily form, when his life was given  
To open for saints the kingdom of Heaven!

From far, o'er the chaffing and wide-spread sea,  
Thro' peril and storm have we hastened to thee,  
With lance and with banner, with shield and  
with brand,

To rescue thee, holy and beautiful land!  
Thou loved, but forsaken one, region erst blest—  
Crownless sov'reign of Christendom, star of the  
East—

Shall Sathanas rule o'er thee, foul Mahound  
e'er win

Thy sweet land for his cursed Sarrazin?

No! for our red-cross banner on high,  
Like a meteor, shall blaze on thy dark blue sky.  
Onward! aye on, for our holy sign—  
Onward, for succourless Palestine:  
Our prowess have dashed through a whelming sea  
Ere we stood on thy shores, blest Galilee;  
Nor shall spirits of darkness our progress stem,  
'Till our red cross floats over Jerusalem.

Advance your banners, brave chivalry!—  
St. George! St. Michael! O, listen ye  
To the vows we breathe, to the thanks we pay,  
To the songs we offer this blissful day;  
For now, like the torrent's restless flow,  
Like the levin brand's flash we'll rush on the  
foe,

Nor quail, till Sathanas away shall flee,  
And we sing—"Te laudamus, Domine."

### THE LATE M—L K—Y.

WE are happy in the opportunity of supplying a deficiency in an important biography. We are doubly happy in the occurrence of this thrice-happy opportunity exactly at the period of the happy occasion of the publication of our first number for the year 1832. All this happiness occurs at the happiest of periods; and should it so hap that, in the course of the preceding columns, we have not expressed, or, that in the succeeding columns we should not express, to our readers, our wishes, &c. &c. in short, all that is comprised in that exceedingly comprehensive and comprising phrase, "the compliments of the season"—we, in such case, entreat that they will, from all those reiterations of "happy" and "happiness," take unto themselves the full bearing of all we sincerely wish them. The deficiency in point occurs in the 'Autobiography' of the late Musico, M—l K—y, the celebrated 'importer of music and composer of wine.' By that publication he perpetuates in the memory of mankind his celebrity as an actor, a singer, and a composer (of music);—but, with the diffidence natural to his country—he was an Irishman—he is silent on his powers as a poet. We are, luckily (we would have said *happily*, but that we have already fatigued that poor word, in one shape

or another, to death,) in possession of a specimen of his *poetical* powers; and we are bold enough to believe, that to a great number of our readers we shall make an acceptable new-year's present in the publication of it: the more so, as we are not aware that there is extant any other of his poetical effusions. We will no longer detain our friends from the delight we are certain they will enjoy, than merely to inform them, that, during the residence of our bard at Moulsey, he was wont to give expression to his joys, his sorrows, his cares, and misgivings, &c. &c. &c. in verse; and the following lines are of them. The lady so delicately alluded to was his—what?—his Saccharissa, his Guiccioli, his Laura: the "dear child" was *her* child.

When first I knew you, you were in temper mild,  
And I thought you'd be as easy to manage as a  
child;

But I very soon found out my mistake;  
I must have been dreaming, but now, alas! I'm  
awake.

Instead of finding peace and comfort with you,  
You make my home a hell,—you do:  
Whatever I say or do, you always give me wrong,  
But I'll not put up with it long!  
No man likes to be treated like a spooney,  
And insulted even in the presence of his man,  
ROONEY;†

There isn't a man in England leads such a life,  
And I'm to blame to bear it—for you're not my  
wife!

O, when I look out at nature and the bright orb  
of day,  
And the fields so green, and the birds singing  
happy and gay,  
And I hear the labourer singing with his heart  
full of glee,

I wish that I was he, and that he was me!  
But words cannot my sufferings paint,  
D—n you, you're enough to provoke a saint!  
How I ever came to live with you is very odd;  
I can't account for it,—I can't, by G—!  
I'll keep on this lodging till the end of the fine  
weather,

And then, if you provoke me, I'll cut the con-  
nexion altogether;—

I will, whatever the consequences may be,  
For no woman shall domineer over me:  
It will break my heart, though—for the very  
thought of it drives me wild—

Not on your account, you wretch, but for the  
sake of the dear child.

M—L K—Y.

Moulsey, 1834.

### RECOLLECTIONS OF TRIN. COLL., DUB.

By W. C. Taylor.

"A NIGHT AT THE SCRIBBLING CLUB."

SCENE—Second floor, No. 36, a room furnished  
with chairs, varying from one to four legs each  
—a table of undiscoverable timber—glasses,  
tumblers, and decanters, of varied shapes and  
sizes.

Present—the President, Williams, Cooke, Parien,  
and Sydney.

President. Will sentimental Charley come  
this evening?—he usually deserts us on the  
nights devoted to comic offerings.

Williams. He will be with us to-night,  
however; for I told him that Cooke was to  
read an essay on 'The Disadvantages of Fe-  
male Society,' and he vows that he will come,  
to record his abomination of such heresy.

Pres. Why, then, does he delay?

Parien. He and O'Callaghan are angrily  
discussing a remote portion of Irish history.

† ROONEY, the faithful Irish servant of the vocalist;  
he who stood behind his chair at home, and walked  
behind it abroad. M—l K—y, during the latter years  
of his life, was, as it is well known, rolled about the  
streets in a wheel-chair.

Pres. What! Saul among the prophets!  
Charles, who avers that history is an old  
almanac, since it contains no records of feel-  
ing, engaged in a discussion with our irri-  
table antiquarian!—Poh! you are joking.

Parien. Pardon me, Sir: the discussion  
has arisen from one of Moore's melodies;  
Charles asserts, that the story of the lady  
travelling through Ireland with her load of  
rich jewels, is a greater censure on the gal-  
lantry of Ireland than the compliment to its  
honesty can compensate. "If," said he,  
"there was a decent young man in the  
country, she would have bestowed both her  
hand and the jewels on him."

Sydney. And how will the dispute be  
settled?

Parien. I know not; having, by some mis-  
chance, brought both the disputants on my  
back, I fled hither for my life.

Syd. I suppose you proposed, as usual, to  
test the question by mathematical analysis.

Parien. No; I only said that Moore's song  
was borrowed from the nursery-rhymes of  
the old woman—

With rings on her fingers, and rings on her toes,  
Who is sure to have music wherever she goes.

Charles took up arms for the poet, and O'Cal-  
laghan for the Irishman, so that I was forced  
to fly; but silence—here they come.

Enter Charles and O'Callaghan.

Pres. Gentlemen, take your seats; the  
hour of business has come; Parien and Wil-  
liams are the readers for this evening. The  
subject of Parien's essay is 'The mode of  
solving the problems in Ovid's Art of Love  
by quadratic equations.'

Parien. Unfortunately, Sir, I have not quite  
completed my calculations: but Cooke, hav-  
ing brought with him some articles that he  
prepared during his rustication in Tipperary,  
will take my place.

Pres. Be it so. Cooke, what have you got?

Cooke. Two short pieces. One 'On the  
Iron Hand worn by Langley after being mu-  
tilated at Cloomel'; the other, a few stanzas  
'On the Norman Invasion of Ireland.'

O'Call. Now, by the powers, you Crom-  
wellian and Williamite, you must have more  
than ordinary courage to venture a joke on  
such a sacred subject as the overthrow of  
Erin's happiness, before the descendant of  
Erin's princes! I tell you that death itself—

Cooke. I assure you, O'Callaghan, that I  
have not made the matter a jest; and when  
I come to read it, I will cheerfully adopt any  
alteration you may suggest. However, to  
stop any irregular discussion, I will not read  
my second piece until Williams has finished;  
but, as I have been called upon, allow me to  
show you what hand I have made of Lang-  
ley's Iron Hand.

Omnes. The Iron Hand—the Iron Hand!

Cooke reads.

When Cromwell 'gainst Cloomel's proud towers  
Storm'd like a raging devil,  
Gallant O'Neill repell'd his powers,  
And laid the levellers level.

The foot no more could keep their feet,  
The forces lost their force;  
The attempt to mount none dare repeat,  
Save the dismounted horse.

"Soldiers of Israel, follow me,"  
The gallant Langley cried,  
And, springing o'er the ruins free,  
The trying pass he tried.

A mower, standing in the breach,  
With scythe to guard the pass,  
His hand cut off—as if to teach  
That death is only grass.

The cruel foe with bitter glee  
The dying warrior scorn'd,  
And bade him then, in irony,  
To get an iron band.

But Langley with his sabre bright  
Struck at the scornful clown;  
To crown the labours of the fight,  
He cut him through the crown.

He felt a curious change was made,  
When of his limbs bereft;  
He found, as he himself survey'd,  
His right hand was his left.

But yet, a gallant warrior's boast,  
Might to his wounds bring balm;  
For, though his hand the hero lost,  
He bore away the palm;

And could aver, that from the foe  
He never deigned to fly,  
Since he had in this work of woe,  
His fingers in the pie.

The iron hand, he thenceforth wore,  
His merits seem'd to settle—  
Proving him then, still as before,  
One of undoubted mettle.

*Pres.* Come, that's not so bad; but it is manifestly an imitation of Canning's lines on the Marquis of Anglesea's leg. Williams, I hope you have something more original, as I saw an enormous bottle of whiskey, labelled, "Heliconian Springs," on your table last night.

*Will.* Alas, sir! you saw the last specimen of genuine potheen now extant. The ballad I have to read, describes the fate that rescued it from the excisemen and Peelers.†

*(Reads)*  
A smuggler, loaded with potheen,  
Cried, "Thady, do not tarry,  
And I'll give thee a bright thirteen;  
To row me o'er the ferry."

"Now, who the deuce are you, that roar  
So loud, my ears you're stunning?"  
"Oh! I'm Fat Murphy, and before  
The excisemen fast I'm running;

The Peelers all are at my tail,  
By them were I o'er taken,  
To save the stuff I'd surely fail—  
I'd scarcely save my bacon."

A party of the light dragoons—

*Charles.* Stop—stop. Is it possible that rational beings can listen to the desecration of that exquisite piece, 'Lord Allin's Daughter.' My soul revolts at this tasteless parody—every feeling of my heart—

*Will.* Well, I will give you something else.  
*(Reads)*

In College, when our cash was low,  
Our hearts were dull, our mirth so-so,  
And dismal was the spirits' flow  
In all our doleful company;  
But College show'd another sight,  
When letters came with morning's light,  
Relieving soon our wretched plight  
With bank-notes showering copiously.  
That night, for mirth and joy array'd,  
A glorious jug of punch we made—

*Charles.* A second desecration of the Bard of Hope! I appeal to you, as Irishmen, to defend the author of 'O'Connor's Child,' and the 'Exile of Erin.'

*O'Cal.* Yes—an attempt to parody him must be answered at the fifteen acres.‡ *Dixi Demipho.*

*Will.* I have nothing else—so Cooke must give us his Irish history.

*Cooke.* Very well; now, O'Callaghan, watch my errors:—*(Reads)*

When Dermot to England came over,  
To ask Henry's aid to restore him,  
The king readily came,  
The Irish to tame—

*O'Cal.* What a blunder! Henry, we all know, delayed in France, and allowed private adventurers to make the first trial.

† Policemen raised under Mr. Peel's Act.  
‡ A shilling, (old) Irish currency.  
§ The Irish Chalk Farm.

*Cooke.* Oh! you will find I am right:

The king readily came,  
The Irish to tame,  
But let Strongbow come over before him.

*O'Cal.* Aye—Strongbow came over before him, true enough—you may proceed.

The Normans to Wexford advanced,  
By a renegade traitor directed;  
Not a moment was lost,  
Wexford bridge they had cross'd—

*O'Cal.* The devil they had! Why there was no bridge at Wexford before the middle of the eighteenth century.

*Cooke.* You shall hear:

Wexford bridge they had cross'd,  
But as yet no such bridge was erected.

Each feat the invaders performed,  
To Roderic soon prov'd an alarmer;  
He had check'd their advances,  
And scorn'd at their lances—

*O'Cal.* My dear fellow, the lances were precisely what he dreaded; for the Irish, having no defensive armour, were broken by the weight of the Norman chivalry.

*Cooke.* I have settled that:

He had check'd their advances,  
And scorn'd at their lances,  
But his troops had not got any armour.

When Henry at length sought the land,  
To secure Erin's final submission,  
Unparalleled quite  
Were his glories in fight—

*O'Cal.* Unparalleled, sure enough! why, man, he never fought a battle.

*Cooke.* I am aware of that—I say—

Unparalleled quite,  
Were his glories in fight,  
For all yielded without opposition.

*Pres.* Gentlemen, the time for reading is passed: we must now proceed to enjoy our supper, for I hear Webster's† voice on the stairs.

[The curtain falls.]

#### ÆTNA.

BY JAMES EVERETT.

"It was the late evening hour, just as the sun had set, that I mounted my mule, and set forth to visit Ætna. Glad were they (the guides) of the dollar-bringing stranger, but surprised at the Excellency's fancy for coming at that hour."  
*Scenes and Impressions in Egypt and Italy.*

"Stay, stranger, stay, nor dare ascend  
The mountain's brow, while clouds portend  
The deeper hues of night;—  
When virtue seeks its sweet repose,  
And villain-eyes their fires disclose,  
To flash upon your sight,  
Without a star, or Cynthia's ray,  
Or Ætna's flame to light your way."

"Nay, bar me not, thus onward borne  
To meet on high the blush of morn,  
The sun's impurpled bride;  
I seek not Nature's common-place,—  
The homely features of her face,  
To me, to none denied,  
Beheld by all, like spires of grass,  
Or varying seasons as they pass.

"For these, 'tis not for me to roam;  
They spring and laugh around my home,  
The heritage of all;  
But nature's forms, in earth and sky,  
Which seldom meet the human eye,  
To please and to appal,  
And sweep for these o'er land and floods.—  
Her rarest glows,—peculiar moods."

He sped away, and sped alone,  
With views and feelings all his own,—  
A stranger to the soil;  
And not till night her sway maintained,  
The mountain's swelling base was gained,  
When all was upward toil,  
Where all around was lovely green,  
But not a tint by him was seen.

† The itinerant contractor for bachelor suppers.

Full often down that mountain's side,  
The molten lava, like the tide  
When 'prison'd fountains break,  
Had rush'd, and roused a country's awe,  
Like Sinai's thunder and its law,  
When God was heard to speak;  
Nor man, nor beast, but quaked with fear,—  
Trembling his presence to draw near.

For ages had that lava-stream,  
Which once shed forth a fiery gleam—  
Been harden'd into rock;  
And o'er it now the soil was spread,  
And shepherds watch'd, and piped, and led  
The rich and roving flock;  
While gardens, like a wreath of flowers,  
Spread beautiful, in sunny hours.

He trod for miles the cinder path,  
The wreck of fled, experienced wrath,  
In brokenness, and mass:  
But now, the mountain aspect—stern,  
Engirt with scatter'd oaks and fern,—  
Through which he had to pass;  
And then more rugged, open, wild,  
He scaled the rocks by earthquakes piled.

In districts where the gardens lay,  
It seem'd like summer's holiday,  
With timbrel and with dance,  
While sterner tracks of fern and oak,  
Like sober autumn, gravely spoke  
Of winter's swift advance,  
And soon, as higher he arose,  
Cold blew the wind o'er crackling snows.

He now has clear'd the snowy wreath,  
And leaves the winter track beneath,  
Like seasons that have fled;  
And presently his weary feet  
Begin to feel the mountain's heat,  
As hell-ward he seems led,  
And now upon his breath and eyes  
Thick stifling sulphur fumes arise.

Yet hot as are the rocks below—  
All swiftly o'er the cope of snow,  
The coursing breezes sweep;  
So keen and chilling they are found,  
He wraps his mantle tightly round,  
The vital warmth to keep;  
And toiling long from lower lands,  
At length on Ætna's brow he stands.

The first fair glimpse of morning dawn  
Unfolds the crater's mouths, which yawn.  
Like Tophet for her prey:  
From one, as round the brink he strolls,  
The smoke, a vast dense column, rolls,  
Then breaks in clouds away,—  
A mighty plume, seen far below,  
That decks and shadows Ætna's brow.

Around the less terrific void  
He steps, by crumbling earth annoyed,  
All crisp'd with central heat;  
Through chinks, with slender space between,  
The smoke in filmy wreaths is seen,  
Enveloping his feet,—  
Slow curling—whitening—rising, where  
It dissipates in upper air.

The stars all silent, one by one,  
As morn's superior light comes on,  
In modesty retire;  
And leave the soul, in that dim hour,  
Upon the brink of such a power—  
A treasury of fire:  
In earnestness to pass away,  
And fade like them in brighter day.

Within the mountain's labouring womb,  
As 'midst infernal heat and gloom,  
The thunder is conceived:  
While from the soil with ashes spread,  
Where'er creation's life seems dead,  
From age to age upheaved,  
Hideous abortions of the earth,  
Are here brought forth in fiery birth.



Upward he sees a clearer sky,  
And downward, as he turns his eye  
Beyond the mountain's base,  
The sun, as from the ocean's bed,  
Where slumbering, he had laid his head,  
Rises and shows his face,  
Bespangling every wave with light,  
And flashing glory on the sight.  
No sooner does he mount the skies,  
Than waking millions see him rise,  
In city, field, and wood :  
The vapours dim roll off below,  
Hills, capes, and towns, in beauty glow,  
And brighter every flood ;  
— Forward, to Christ, the mind is borne—  
SUN, of the resurrection's morn.

Once more the stranger sought the plain,  
But ere his feet the verge could gain,  
Above—where he had been—  
The heights were wrapt in cloud on cloud,  
The thunder peals were long and loud,  
The lightning's glare was seen,  
In dreadful, yet sublime, array—  
Like ensigns of the judgment day.

#### BOYHOOD'S DREAM.

BY THOMAS ROSCOE.

Ye forests, dark with wild o'er-shadowing trees,  
Deep solitudes, where once I loved to rove,  
Your boyhood scenes my soul must ever love,  
For there joy meets me in the far free breeze :  
Strange, how your moonlight walks in fancy  
please !

As, robed in night, your spirits round me move,  
With the same whispered sounds that haunt  
your grove,  
Whilst the dim moon looks on my land of peace.  
Land of my youth, give me your airy gloom ;  
Bear me, ye spirits, on your trackless way,  
To urge the dark clouds on their far career—  
To hear the big waves beat their song of doom  
Around the storm-ship, and then, haste away,  
To sing the last dirge of the falling year.

#### LINES

BY THE LATE WILLIAM ROSCOE.

MOURN not, my friend, that highest eminence  
Of envious tongues incurs the deepest blame ;  
Nor think that aught of mortal race can claim  
Exemption from detraction. Excellence,  
Conscious of right and careless of defence,  
Is the sole mark at which their darts they aim ;  
And should they spare thy feelings and thy  
fame,  
Thy worth would want its surest evidence.  
O no, thou wilt not grieve ; or, if a tear  
Of human weakness dim thy melting eye,  
That tear thy heavenly master had approved—  
Not for thyself—for innocence can bear  
The wrong ; but that the poisoned shafts  
should fly  
From those by kindred dear, by kindness loved.

#### A POET'S PRAYER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'CORN LAW RHYMES.'

ALMIGHTY Father ! let thy feeble child,  
Strong in his love of truth, be wisely bold !  
A patriot bard, by sycophants reviled,  
Let him live usefully, and not die old !  
Let poor men's children, pleased to read his lays,  
Love, for his sake, the scenes where he hath  
been ;  
And when he ends his pilgrimage of days,  
Let him be buried where the grass is green—  
Where daisies, blooming earliest, linger late  
To hear the bee his busy note prolong—  
And slaves and tyrants, with disgusting prate,  
Rarely disturb the redbreast's lonely song !

#### A PANTOMIME CLUB.

"Clubs are tramps."—*Card-table—passim.*

THERE is not a stronger illustration of the humiliating argument, urged upon us by the *laudatores temporis acti*, of the decline of human intellect, than the growing dulness of our pantomimes. The finely-spun brains that made us laugh when little boys, are, like the strings of the harp of Tara, cracked ; and our hapless children, alike victims to the schoolmaster at home and abroad,—at school and during the holidays,—may eat their pudding in gloom, and have not in "memory's waste" one "green spot" in the shape of a Grimaldi. Philosophers have declared that the earth has grown colder as it has become more aged ; the like effect is observable in the wits of pantomime-makers, which, once as gamesome as marmosets, are now as torpid as winter hedgehogs : they cannot leap and spring, and tie true-lovers' knots with their tails, and pelt the astonished traveller with nuts ;—no, they cannot get beyond a roll : kick them, and they move : they have no more humour, no more volition than a football. How is this to be amended ?

One Shakspeare is enough : we can get on—though the assertion may astonish the author of 'Satan'—without another Milton ; but how is the world to exist without a succession of pantomimes ? It is evident that the fine web, of which pantomimic genius is composed, is worn out ; at least, not a sufficiency falls to the lot of one man to produce that *ne plus ultra* of human wit—a perfect Christmas dish. What, then, is our remedy ? why, co-operation. "Nothing so exquisite," says Cumberland, "as the nonsense of men of genius." Now, we never knew a genius who, after he had done his worst in the way of printing, had not more than enough nonsense for himself, his acquaintance, and his dearest connexions. Here, then, is a market for the superabundant article—let a club be formed, and dulness will not survive another Christmas.

I calculate that there are in this metropolis, myself excluded, at least two thousand geniuses. Only think, two thousand brains, in which nonsense, as they write up at some baths, may be had at any hour, day or night ! Are managers utterly blind to this important fact, that their pantomimes have, for seasons past, been so cruelly common-place and sensible ? What, in these degenerate days, are the highest achievements of Clown ?—why, he steals a leg of mutton, or jumps from a tavern-window without paying the host—or knocks down a policeman—or cheats a tailor. I should be ashamed of my readers if there were one of them who could not do as much. The pantomime-club would reform all this, for, at a fair calculation, I think its members could supply five hundred first-rate tricks : that is, four men to get up a laugh ; and, considering the dearth of laughs, four men for each broad grin cannot be deemed an extravagant estimate. Of course, all the members, in order to insure the public the most efficient humourists, must be elected,—each candidate, previous to his election, giving a taste of his quality. Some of the candidates, according to their whim, might exercise on a silver fork, a spoon, or snuff-box, or any such stray trifle.

In addition to the regular two thousand professional men of genius, I think we may reckon on at least double the number of

amateurs. What admirable transformations might be expected from a few imaginative members of the Stock Exchange. For instance, enter fifty great capitalists—Harlequin shakes his bat, they are turned into men of straw, whilst *Bulls* and *Bears* rush from all quarters and gore and hug them. Progressing westward, we fall in with two or three Old Bailey counsellors. One of them has just done everything but put wings to a notorious horse-stealer, having sent him from the dock with the flaws in his character no longer visible, his moral character appearing "one entire and perfect chrysolite." Surely the man who can effect such a trick for half-a-guinea, cannot but shine in the composition of a pantomime. He will be able to show us how the sword of justice, like the weapon of Ramo Samee, may be swallowed without the least danger to the performer—how, on certain occasions, the black cap of the Recorder may be transformed into a lucky bag—and how, as it may happen, that justice herself may sometimes be gold blind as well as stone blind. In truth, the practice of the Old Bailey is rich in pantomimic stuff, though hitherto most unaccountably overlooked.

We pass along Fleet Street and the Strand. Every other shop-window presents an evidence of the great intellect, working in tricks about us. We have only to look with a philosophic eye at some rare cosmetic, warranted to blunt the scythe of time, and to turn his own snowy locks into raven black, we have only to consider it with a thoughtful glance, to see the red-daubed face of Clown wrinkled with delight, and his goggling eyes swimming into pleasure at his meditated attack upon our weakness and our purse : the knave lurks in liquids, salves, powders, and lozenges ;—now we see him in a sauce for which Sardanapalus would have changed away his royalty—and now we behold the motley trio, Harlequin, Pantaloon, and Clown, turned into letters, and forming the words upon yonder placard—"Selling off under prime cost !" We plod through Holywell Street, and we detect the genius of pantomime in every tawdry vest, in every threadbare coat, in every napless hat, and in still more lively and fearful operation do we see it in the flexible muscles of the Jew chapman's face.

We next reach Westminster Hall. Why, like a house of cards, it is composed of the stuff that forms *tricks*. Here we have Clown and Pantaloon,—with this difference, they have less paint, and are in mourning. Here we see the arch wag looking at truth, and swearing it to be a lie—running his head against a stone-wall, and vowing it to be no wall whatever : here we see the spirit of law evaporate, and its letter remain : here, at times, nonsense puts on the mask of gravity, and shakes its head with the solemnity of Solon. Must not those who practise here, know wherein consists the very essence of pantomime ?

We pass over to the Abbey. Pantomime again,—though of a somewhat ghastly kind. For here stands the skeleton of Clown, with a plate for halfpence ; whilst Pantaloon, with his thin, whistling voice, describes the tombs, the wax-work, and St. Edward's chair !

We return down Parliament Street,—pass the Opera House, and come to an establishment, where wonderful transformations are every night effected. Where the sceptre of

a Queen of Clubs is sometimes turned into a razor, and an ace of diamonds changed to a pistol bullet!

These are a few of the storehouses, from whence the Pantomime Club may reasonably hope to draw a constant supply of material. If, too, the "mob of gentlemen who live with ease," would individually give the Club the benefit of their experience, we should have in hand pantomimes for the next half century. What curious disclosures would be made by the last-named body of members! What extraordinary confessions from those, who lacker brass into impudence, and pass it off for pure gold—who change their suits into board, clothing, lodging, and money for the races—and who have only brains enough to give them effrontery, having escaped that fatal quantum which bestows sensibility and reserve.

It is really a scandal on the managers, that, whilst the present system of society is nothing more than a well-constructed pantomime, they, the conductors of theatres, should acquit themselves so badly of their task. However, let them immediately set about forming a Pantomime Club—a society that shall embrace all the genius of the metropolis,—and they will next year produce spectacles of such excellence, that at one house, Momus will beg to be Clown, and Æsop at the other—Diogenes and Democritus the two Pantaloon—Terpsichore and "her pupil," the Columbine, and (by way of anti-climax) the pair of Harlequins, by "two young gentlemen of fortune and family." J.

#### THE SELF-ENCHANTED.

I had sense in dreams of a beauty rare,  
Whom Fate had spell-bound, and rooted there,  
Stooping, like some enchanted theme,  
Over the marge of that crystal stream,  
Where the blooming Greek, to Echo blind,  
With Self-love fond, had to waters pined.  
Ages had waked, and ages slept,  
And that bending posture still she kept:  
For her eyes she may not turn away,  
'Till a fairer object shall pass that way—  
'Till an image more beauteous this world can show,  
Than her own which she sees in the mirror below.

Pore on, fair Creature! for ever pore,  
Nor dream to be disenchanted more;  
For vain is expectation, and wish is vain,  
'Till a new Narcissus can come again.

CHARLES LAMB.

#### THE MAIDEN'S DREAM.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

SHE slept, and there was visioned in her sleep  
A hill: above its summit sang the lark—  
She strove to climb it: ocean wide and deep  
Gaped for her feet, where swam a sable bark,  
Manned with dread shapes, whose aspects,  
Doure and dark,  
Mocked God's bright image; huge and grim  
they grew—  
Quenched all the lights of heaven, save one  
small spark,  
Then seized her—laughing to the bark they drew  
Her shuddering, shrieking—ocean kindled as  
they flew.  
And she was carried to a castle bright.  
A voice said, "Sibyl, here's thy blithe bride-  
groom!"  
She shrieked—she prayed;—at once the bridal  
light  
Was quenched, and changed to midnight's  
funeral gloom.

She saw swords flash, and many a dancing plume  
Roll on before her; while around her fell  
Increase of darkness, like the hour of doom;  
She felt herself as chained by charm and spell.  
Lo! one to win her came she knew and loved  
right well.

Right through the darkness down to ocean-flood  
He bore her now: the deep and troubled sea  
Rolled red before her like a surge of blood,  
And wet her feet: she felt it touch her knee—  
She started—waking from her terrors, she  
Let through the room the midnight's dewy air—  
The gentle air, so odorous, fresh, and free,  
Her bosom cooled: she spread her palms and  
there  
Knelt humble, and to God confessed herself in  
prayer.

"God of my Fathers! thou who didst upraise  
Their hearts and touched them with heroic fire,  
And madest their deeds the subject of high  
praise—  
Their daughter's beauty charm the poet's lyre—  
Confirm me in the right—my mind inspire  
With godliness and grace and virtuous might,  
To win this maiden—venture, heavenly sire!  
Chase darkness from me, let me live in light,  
And take those visions dread from thy weak  
servant's sight."

Even while she prayed, her spirit waxed more  
meek.

'Mid snow-white sheets her whiter limbs she  
threw;  
A moon-beam came, and on her glowing cheek  
Dropt bright, as proud of her diviner hue.  
Sweet sleep its golden mantle o'er her threw,  
And there she lay as innocent and mild  
As unfledged dove or daisy born in dew.  
Fair dreams descending chased off visions wild;  
She stretched in sleep her hand, and on the  
shadows smiled.

#### "MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU;"

OR,

WISHES NOT HORSES.

To the Editor of the Athenæum.

Sir,—Nobody wishes to be troublesome less than I do; but, if anybody can give a satisfactory reason for what everybody does, perhaps, somebody will be so good as to tell me why the epithet "merry" is exclusively applied to this season of the year, when eighteen hundred and thirty-one proofs of its inapplicability have now stared the world in the face. Is it merry, when you put your feet out of bed in the morning, to feel as if you put them into a pail of cold-water? Is it merry to have your back-bone iced? Is it merry to have raw steaks on your plate, and raw chops on your hand? Is it merry to have rent and taxes to pay? Is it merry, when you put your nose out of doors, to encounter a north-east wind which you could swear was made at Sheffield? Is it merry to slip, to break a button off your trowsers, and then to be told that it's fine bracing weather? Is it merry to meet with cold friends? Is half-melted snow merry? Is a fog merry? Is sleet merry? Assuredly, to my thinking none of these things are in themselves merry—however meritorious in us it may be to bear them patiently. But I anticipate; you shall hear my adventures upon Christmas Monday, and then judge whether or not my complaints are reasonable.

All sorts of people wish me "a merry Christmas," though most of them do something to me at the same time which prevents the possibility of its being so. I took possession on Sunday last of a new house. The rain found its way through the ceiling in the

night, and I awoke on Monday morning with an excruciating rheumatism. "A merry Christmas to you, sir," said the servant, as she opened the shutters and enlightened me as to the cause of my sufferings. "Thank you," said I, as well as a fresh twinge would let me. I got up with plenty of rheum in my head and plenty of smoke in my room, with one pain more than I wanted in my body, and one pane less than I wanted in my window. The water in my wash-hand stand was frozen, and the water sent me to shave with scarcely warm. My tooth-brushes were lumps of ice, and I cut my chin with my razor just as my daughter tapped at my room-door and called out "Merry Christmas, Papa." At length, my dressing completed, I resolved to give the servant one for sending me the lukewarm water, so I ran down stairs and over the cook with the boiling kettle in her hand; "You'll find this hotter, sir," said she, as she spilled some over me, and wished me "a merry Christmas." Half an hour after my time, I sat down to a hasty breakfast—"A merry Christmas to you, my dear," said my wife; "and let me have some money, will you, before you go out?" "Thank you," said I. "What colour will you have the parlour curtains?" said she. "Any colour," said I, "dun if you like."—"Dun!" said she, and bang came a single knock at the street door—"You're wanted, sir," and out I went. A bird of prey with a long bill stood on the mat. "My master wishes you a merry Christmas, sir, and says, he won't wait any longer for his money." "Tell him he's one of those over polite people who mistake pressing for kindness," said I, and, snatching my hat, I rushed past him, and out of the house. This brought me into contact with the baker's man, who half covered me with flour and wished me a "merry Christmas," just as I put my foot on a slide and tumbled on my back. I made him no answer, for I only caught his words as I fell.

Cut, bruised, scalded, and too late, I took a cabriolet. "I hope," said the waterman, "your honour will give me a trifle, to drink your health this Christmas." I was about to do so—"Ah, thank your honour," said he; "and a merry Christmas to you." As if at the very sound of the words, the horse made a plunge, tripped, fell on his side, threw me out, and scattered my silver in all directions. As I lay sprawling, a malicious friend, who was driving past in his gig, called out, "a merry Christmas to you, Tom." The situation was comical in spite of all; so I burst out laughing, and my lip burst out bleeding. As the cabriolet had dropped me, I dropped it—and walked. Several friends whom I met, wished me "a merry Christmas"; but I had bitten the dust and swallowed the fog, and I couldn't answer them for coughing. While at my office, nobody called on me with money: but twenty people called on me for some, in the shape of Christmas-boxes,—the only change I got, in each case, being, "A merry Christmas to you, sir." Never mind, thought I; I am engaged to a capital dinner, and shall meet a jolly party.

The time approached, and I left the office. At the door I was met by an urchin, who wished me "a merry Christmas," showed me his Christmas-piece, and asked me for a Christmas-box. Out of all patience, I told him I had no peace at Christmas myself, and gave him a Christmas box on the ear—promising, if he came again, that I would give

him another, another year. Leaving him, I encountered a croaking old neighbour, who drawled out, in a most dismal tone of voice, "Merry Christmas to you, friend; the cholera's spreading fast, I perceive." Arrived almost within a street's length of the promised feast, I heard a strange voice behind me say, "Merry Christmas to you, sir;" at the same time, I felt a familiar tap on the shoulder, and, turning round, beheld John Doe and Richard Roe. I was marched off to a lock-up house; "A merry Christmas to you," said the keeper, as he turned the key upon me, and left me in a room without food or fire. I summoned, in succession, three supposed friends, who, one after another, refused to bail me,—but each wished me "a merry Christmas" as he went away. Disappointed and wretched, I sent for an attorney of the Insolvent Court, who told me that, as soon as I could let him have ten pounds to begin with, I might send for him again. As he was going, I called after him, to inquire how soon he thought I could get liberated. "About the end of March," he answered; and, wishing me "a merry Christmas," shut the door.

For the last fifteen years—that is to say, ever since I have been married and unsettled—such, or some such, has been my comic annual. What wonder, then, if I hate the sound of that which is to me *but* a sound?—if I begin to doubt whether there is, in reality, any such thing as a merry Christmas—and if the one solitary pleasure I felt on Monday last, was not in giving sixpence to a melancholy mendicant, in return for his reminding me that "it only came once a year."

I am, Sir,

Your constant Reader, and  
Occasional Writer,  
C. D.

#### SMILES.

BY THE REV. HOBART CAUNTER.

SWEET smile! that lights the baby cheek,  
Where ne'er the touch of woe has been;  
Whose dimples innocently speak  
How guileless is the heart within:—  
O! bow thy radiance, purely bright,  
Illumes the little cherub's eye,  
As if a ray of heavenly light  
Had dropt upon it from the sky.

Fond smile! that o'er the mother's brow,  
Whilst gazing on her infant's face,  
Kindles with rapture's purest glow,  
The features of the sire to trace:  
How dost thou light her lucid eye,  
Distilling fast the tender tear,  
With all a mother's ecstacy,  
And yet with all a mother's fear!

Dear smile! that round the husband's lip  
Curls into anxious tenderness,  
Whilst from joy's cup he seems to sip  
Whate'er may charm, whate'er can bless;  
Whilst gazing on the loveliest thing  
His heart adores beneath the skies,  
Thou tell'st that woe's evenom'd sting  
Has not yet cursed his Paradise.

Soft smile! that when his growing boy  
Pursues his gambols at his side,  
Becomes the index of his joy,  
And beams with all the father's pride,—  
'Tis beautiful to see thee play  
O'er his rough features, bronzed and dun,  
Like light, ere yet the early day  
Has usher'd up the brighter sun.

Chaste smile! that o'er the kindling blush  
Of innocence so purely steals,  
Adding new graces to the flush,  
Which all the guileless heart reveals,—  
How lovely to behold thee there,  
O'er ev'ry feature brightly beaming,  
Like meteor in the spring-tide air,  
Around the moon's fair circle streaming!

Kind smile! that kindles when the rod  
Of stern affliction has been broken,  
Irradiate from the throne of God,  
And of his love the purest token,  
When round the lips thy beauties hover,  
Like brightest stars in summer weather,  
Thou dost the heart and soul discover,  
And shed thy light on both together.

Pure smile! that innocently steals  
Over religion's lovely features,  
And to the guilty heart appeals,  
Of God's poor woe-benighted creatures,—  
Thou, mutely eloquent, to all  
Tell'st of impieties forgiven,  
And from afflictions heavy thrall  
Cheerest the struggling soul to heaven.

#### NOTES ON NEW ZEALAND.

EXTRACTS FROM THE MS. JOURNAL OF G. BENNETT,  
M.R.C.S.

THE land in the vicinity of our anchorage, at the river Thames, was fertile;—at some parts clear of timber, but abounding in fern; at others, densely wooded; and in the forests nature may be seen revelling in all her luxuriance,—from the delicately minute but beautiful lichens and mosses, to the curious fungi, varying in their form, size, and colour, apparently deriving their nourishment from the decaying trunk of some monarch of the forest, laid low by the tempest or the unrelenting axe—or the beautiful fern tribe may attract attention from the magnificent tree-fern spreading its fronds like the waving palm, or others creeping along the moist and shaded ground, clinging to some towering tree, or waving over a murmuring rivulet; elevating its erect trunk, the lofty riwa-riwa (*knightia excelsa*) towered above us, glowing in tufts of crimson blossoms; or the kowhy (*Edwardia mycophylla*), with its pendant carinated blossoms of a golden hue; but surpassing them all were the dacyridium, phyllocladus, podocarpus, and others of the magnificent New Zealand pines. The scenery altogether was beautifully picturesque, and diversified by numerous small rivers.

On the 20th of April (1829), a grand ceremony took place at Wangeroa, near the Bay of Islands, on the occasion of collecting the bones of the celebrated but sanguinary chief Hongi. This chief was brought to England, and presented to his late Majesty, when Prince Regent. It cannot, however, be said that he derived much improvement from his visit to the metropolis of the British empire; for the numerous valuable presents that he received on taking his departure for his native land, he disposed of on arriving at Sydney, New South Wales, and purchased arms and ammunition; with a good supply of which he returned to New Zealand. "As there is but one king in England, there shall be but one ruler in New Zealand!" exclaimed this despot; and on this principle he acted; and the sanguinary wars he carried on at the River Thames, the slaughter of tribes, and the devastation he caused of villages and plantations, were very extensive;—the ruins of many of which we had frequent opportunities of viewing. He had been severely wounded with a musket-shot in an engagement; and after lingering for nearly fifteen months, expired on the 5th of March, 1828, at Wangeroa. The bones were finally removed, attended with much ceremony, to the vicinity of the Lake Mopéri, where they were interred. The New Zealanders

are cannibals of the worst description; and they readily avow the custom existing among them without any feeling of disgust. The long-doubted fact of the existence of the horrible practice of cannibalism, is not only fully proved to be in existence at New Zealand, but also at several others of the Polynesian Islands, &c., and may be said to have existed, and still to exist, in a greater or less degree, among the whole.

The New Zealanders pray to the elements in time of danger;—this I observed during a gale we experienced at New Zealand. We had at the time two chief women on board: during the gale they remained at one part of the ship, mumbling prayers to the raging element, "*to moderate its anger*." A New Zealand woman, who was on board when the ship was driving on shore at the island of Rótuma, tried her prayers;—but they were not heard—old Æolus remained deaf to her entreaties.

The New Zealanders are a warlike race; but the disposition to warfare is combined with treachery. Some natives belonging to a district at the Bay of Islands, arrived once at the River Thames, and were treated hospitably by a tribe at that place; on the second night they arose and deliberately murdered their benefactors. I heard this treacherous act alluded to during my visit at the River Thames, when a party arrived from the Bay of Islands, and another party from a district at the River Thames, and a congratulatory meeting, as is usual on such occasions, taking place.

Every chief has a separate burial-place, in which the remains of his family are also deposited; it is usually a cave in some secluded situation, known only to his family. This desire of keeping the place of burial secret, proceeds, no doubt, from a custom that exists, of endeavouring, in the event of war taking place between the tribes, to capture a chief's bones, and, as a mark of contempt, convert them into flutes, chisels, fishing-hooks, &c.

When a chief dies at New Zealand, he is usually placed in an old canoe, and a house is built over him, and the remains are placed on tabued ground. When nothing but the bones remain, they are taken up and conveyed to the secret cave; this is usually done by some of his family at night, to prevent any one from discovering the place. They frequently deposit with the remains of their relations in the caves, maris, mats, patu-patu or warclubs, &c.

Their canoes are well constructed, and carved in the most elegant manner; indeed, the New Zealanders excel all savages in the beauty and extent of their carving. The bow and stern of the canoes have elegantly-carved ornaments towering to some height, and decorated with feathers. Their canoes are capable of carrying from fifty to a hundred men, and upwards. The sails are made from the New Zealand flax, and are triangular in shape.

[To be continued.]

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

##### GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Jan. 4.—Roderick Impey Murchison, Esq. President, in the chair.

Mr. Hutton's paper on the stratiform basalt, associated with the carboniferous formation of the north of England, begun at the meeting held on the 14th of December, was concluded.

The following donations to the library were announced:—Transactions of the Royal Astronomical Society, Vol. 4. Part 2; Mr. Lyell's Principles of Geology, Vol. 2; M. D'Omalius d'Halloy's Eléments de Géologie, presented by M. de la Beche. Donations were likewise announced from M. Majendie, Mr. Goodhall, Mrs. Phillips, Mr. J. Taylor, junr. Mr. Murchison, and M. Alex. Brogniart.



## ARTISTS AND AMATEURS' CONVERSATION.

On Wednesday last, notwithstanding it was Christmas visiting-time, there was a strong muster of members and friends; but we have seen the tables better covered. However, there was a beautiful drawing by Turner, of 'Saltash, in Cornwall,' a splendid effect of water-colour painting; and Mr. J. W. Wright's very elaborate drawing of 'Isaac of York receiving from Gurth the money for the armour of Ivanhoe, in the presence of the lovely Jewess,' delighted us, not less for its able composition, than for its richness of colour.

Mr. Cattermole had a slight but very clear drawing of a 'Lady with a Hawk' in a garden scene, which received great praise.

A very elaborate volume of emblematical devices—representing the effects of the treaty between the French and Swiss, in the time of Louis XIV., evidently executed by the Swiss, as a present to the Dauphin of France; the borders to the emblems, consisting of flowers and objects of still-life, were done to admiration.

Mr. Derby also deserves our thanks for the drawings of the 'Snake in the Grass,' and 'Girl with a Dog' of Sir Joshua, done in the richest style of water-colour painting.

## MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

|          |  |
|----------|--|
| MONDAY,  | { Geographical Society.....Nine, P.M.<br>Medical Society .....Eight P.M.   |
| TUESDAY, | { Medico-Botanical Society ..Eight P.M.<br>Medico-Chirurgical Society, { past 8, P.M.<br>Institution of Civil Engineers, Eight, P.M. |
| WEDNES.  | Society of Arts .....{ past 7, P.M.  |
| THURSD.  | { Royal Society .....{ past 8, P.M.<br>Society of Antiquaries.....Eight, P.M.  |
| FRIDAY,  | Astronomical Society .....Eight, P.M.  |
| SATURD.  | Westminster Medical Society, Eight, P.M.   |

## DON PABLO MENDIBIL.

WE regret to announce that the Professor of the Spanish Language at King's College, Don Pablo Mendibil, died the 1st of this month. He was only 44 years of age, and was, perhaps, better acquainted than almost any other man with the literature of his country. He was born at Alegria, a small town of the province of Alava, and educated for the Law at the University of Zaragoza. In 1813, he emigrated to France, where he resided until 1820, and he there published an excellent collection of the best works of the Spanish writers, with two valuable original essays upon Spanish Literature. On his return in 1820, he became the editor of the *Liberal Guipuzcoano*, one of the best, if not the very best newspaper of the many which were published in Spain under the constitutional government. In 1823, he was obliged to emigrate a second time, and came to England, where he has been continually engaged in literature, and has published several valuable works.

He was an excellent writer, and distinguished for his profound knowledge of the philosophy of language, which was always a favourite study with him. Some clever articles on Spanish law, written by him, and published in *Frazer's Magazine*, prove how well he understood his profession.

The death of Mr. Mendibil is a new ground of accusation against those, who, by prolonging political animosities, that they may oppose the irresistible spirit of the age, deprive the country they govern of the honour and the services of such men.

## OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ARTS.

It is Akenside, we believe, who calls on Genius to make bold and daring excursions into the realms of literature; we know not whether Mr. Robert Chalmers has obeyed the poet or the impulse of his own mind, but he has an-

nounced a work which we cannot but consider as a noble one—viz., 'The Lives of all Eminent Scotsmen—Poets, Historians, Philosophers, Statesmen, and Warriors.' This he proposes to complete in twenty volumes, and commence instantly: he is to have help occasionally from other hands, but the bulk of the labour is to be done by himself. He is well known as a writer of curious and interesting books on the traditions and manners of his country, and Sir Walter Scott has praised him as an expert antiquarian.

It seems, that the Ettrick Shepherd, obeying the call of these times for cheap reprints of works of genius, has arrived in London and made arrangements with Cochrane & Co. for the reproduction of his prose works in monthly volumes. They are to be called 'The Aitrie Tales,' and a memoir of the Poet's Life is to accompany them.

The annual address of the Committee of the Society for the Diffusion of Knowledge has been circulated among the subscribers, and is deserving consideration; one fact especially deserves to be made known. The organization of the Society enabled them, on a late alarming emergency, to prepare, publish, and circulate, within a few days, 20,000 copies of the Address to Labourers through the most serviceable channels. Though the Society may be considered prosperous, yet its exertions are restricted by the narrow limits of its funds; and the knowledge of this fact will, we trust, bring new friends and resources to their aid.—Among the projected works is a series of engravings from the portraits of celebrated men, four of which, the size of Lodge's, will be sold for about two-and-sixpence; this, and the purchase of Etty's large pictures by the Edinburgh Academy, which we announce with great pleasure, are important events as connected with Art, deserving a few more words of comment than we have room for this week.

Of the arrangements at the Opera we are half afraid to offer an opinion. A writer in the *Times* having hinted that 'Robert le Diable' was not likely to be so efficiently performed at the King's Theatre as at the French *Académie de Musique*, from the known want of discipline and organization there, the Opera people put forth their protest, and, bearding even the leading journal, ask how "any newspaper-writer dare talk" after this fashion: the present manager, it appears, came into power "perfectly aware of the shameful ill-discipline, and with the professed determination to reform it." Now, it must be presumed, that the writer in the *Times* knew this as well as the writer of the paragraph: but the *Times*, like ourselves, has outlived two or three changes in the management, and must therefore know, that Mr. Mason is not the first person that professed reform. We have no doubt, however, that he is one of the first who sincerely intended it; but is there any charm or potency in his name that shall at once accomplish it? The perfect organization of the *Académie de Musique* is the result of long and strict discipline: and is it likely that we can equal it when the opera is on the eve of opening, and the very band itself is not yet formed? A list, it is true, has been published, but we have been assured, that many, whose names were therein inserted, had not even been treated with at the time of publication, and we much doubt

if any were definitively engaged. A system of *égalité* has been determined on by Mr. Mason—whether wisely or unwisely we do not offer an opinion; but it has naturally given rise to some discontent among the experienced and efficient portion of the band, and many, we believe, have refused to accept the terms offered—others are offended at having been asked to play a principal part alternately with inferior and inexperienced persons, whom they consider among the friends and supplicants of the new manager. It is our opinion, that in all cases where candidates aspire to distinction in the same department, a *concour*, as is the custom at Paris, should secure the palm to him who deserves it. This being the state of things on the 7th of Jan., we think it likely that the orchestra will not by the 14th, or even the 21st, rival in discipline the orchestra of the Paris Academy,—but we "dare not" say so.

## MUSIC

*Trois Mélodies Irlandaises.* Variées pour le Piano. Par C. Chaulieu. Cocks & Co.

Mons. Chaulieu writes to sell, and not for a reputation. These airs have been frequently varied, transformed, and deformed by other musicians. There is little merit in this edition beyond their simplicity and use for young performers.

We have had a fourth set of Quadrilles, by Chaulieu, sent us for review, which merit the same remarks bestowed on the other three—viz., "useful as lessons, and serviceable for dancing."

*Souvenirs de l'Opéra.* For Flute and Pianoforte.

Arranged by T. Berbiguier. Cocks & Co.

Mons. Berbiguier has here presented the young flautist with some agreeable reminiscences of operas by the most admired authors; the accompaniment renders them the more acceptable. They are published, six in each book, for half-a-crown, and in quarto size.

*Our Village Home.* A Ballad. By Mrs. Turnbull. Dean.

*Lady Jane.* A Ballad. By George Linley, Esq.  
*Reform March.* By a Young Lady. Dale.

The first of these ballads is suited for a "mezzo-soprano": the melody is but disjointed and common-place, and adds nothing to the pleasing associations of the poetry.

Mr. Linley's ballad, on the contrary, flows most naturally; the harmony is varied with taste, and it cannot fail to be effective when properly sung.

The 'Reform March, is unworthy the good cause; it is too barren in ideas, and too common-place, except for a political procession at Preston.

*The Sea Maiden's Song, and The bright Summer Time.* By G. F. Harris. Royal Harmonic Institution.

BOTH these songs are likely to please the million: Mr. Harris is a theatrical man (a chorus-master at Drury Lane), and knows what suits the taste of an audience. They are not difficult, and are well-adapted to interest the singer and listener.

## THEATRICALS

## SURREY THEATRE.

WE have always pleasure in going to this Theatre, or rather in being at it, for the journey thither, at this time of the year, has but little charm for us. It stood a landmark of delight to us in our and its own juvenile days, and we rejoice that there it stands still, in spite of Time, which does not. If we could say as much for

ourselves, we should, like it, still be a *Minor* instead of —, but no matter, we are a major, and we command "attention." 'Metempsychosis' is a formidable title, certainly, and seemingly an attractive one, for the house was, on the night of our visit, most profitably attended, both for proprietor and audience. Many of the latter were certainly not the most select we have ever met with, but they were as mirthful as Momus himself could desire, and seemed bent on an unlimited enjoyment of all sorts of good things, before as well as behind the curtain. There were "Cakes and ale," and "ginger was hot in the mouth;" and while they thus gorged themselves, they also "supped full with horrors" supplied by the manager with no sparing hand. It would be spoiling the treat which we trust our readers mean to give themselves, were we to detail the plot of this ultra-German mystification. Suffice it to say, that one of the heroes of the piece, *Albert*, Mr. Elton, (the Kean of the Surrey) empowered by a foul fiend, touches the form of another, *Frederick*, Mr. Cobham (the Kemble of the theatre) and makes it like *him*, though he fails to make him like it: and accordingly the said Frederick complains most bitterly of the metamorphosis. The pretty Miss Vincent has, like her picturesque namesake of Bristol, a heart as hard as a rock, and also, like the rock of Bristol, looks down, with equal indifference on Hill and Vale, who happen in this piece to be her lovers. The latter gentleman plays a tailor, and he is stated in the bills to be in good business, but he has little or no business in the piece. The fiend himself at last—but we are falling into the very error we had determined to avoid. Once tell the *denouement* of a melodrama, and all the rest is leather and prunella. The Pantomime is well adapted to relax the most rigid muscles ever set by the previous contemplation of blood and murder; and in the interesting story of 'The Sorcerer,' we have some good acting by Messrs. Elton and Cobham, and some good looking by Miss Vincent. The house has been thoroughly done up by the new proprietor, Mr. Osbaldiston, and we feel convinced that there is no fear of its returning him the compliment.

#### MISCELLANEA

*The Devil with two Tails.*—A caravan of wild beasts arriving lately in an American village, the elephant was accommodated in a large carriage-house—where, it appeared, a hale two-fisted negro from the country, who had never before seen or heard of an elephant, had lain down to sleep. On waking, blacky was not a little astonished at his strange bed-fellow. What could it be! The devil! The huge mass moved, when lo! a tail at both ends put all doubt to flight, and, with one despairing leap, he was out of the loft window, without once calculating the chance of breaking his neck. In the fulness of his astonishment and joy at his escape, he could tell no more of the occasion of his alarm, than of a devil with two tails, and describe in his best way an extending, contracting, flexible tail, that no distance could secure you from. When the mystery was explained, and poor blacky a little pacified, he swore "by ginny, he no so much skeer at his bigness—but that tarnal tail at both ends—he no like um."

*Belgium Universities.*—The ancient University of Louvain, and the modern one at Ghent, are to be closed, and one established at Brussels, for the whole kingdom of Belgium.—*Quarterly Journal of Education.*—[We hope this report is not true—the consequences would be, a celebrated University and very general ignorance. It is a project in opposition to the spirit of the age—it tends to concentrate and not diffuse knowledge.]

*Portable Telegraph.*—We insert the following letter with much pleasure:—

Liverpool, 1st. Jan. 1832.

Sir,—Having read a paragraph in your paper of the 31st Dec., 1831, describing a "Portable Telegraph," as if this were the first invention of the kind,—I beg you will do me the justice to state, that I laid a plan of a Portable Telegraph, for the use of the army, before the Commander-in-chief, in the summer of 1830, and that Lord Hill ordered a committee of Engineer officers to report upon the same.—One word as to the French Portable Telegraph: if the "pointed arrow," which is to indicate the twenty-four letters, will do no more, it can hardly be equal in value to the Digit-Semaphore, which, by means of two arms only on a single post, can indicate ten thousand millions or any higher number, without any combinations; and will exhibit *ten distinct phrases*, while the French Telegraph spells a single word of *ten letters*.—Night telegraphs will not be required till the demand for telegraphic communications exceeds the supply by day telegraphs.

Your obedient Servant

R. J. MORRISON, Lieut. Royal Navy.

*Versailles.*—The celebrated dog-kennel has lately been opened as a National School!

*Austria.*—There is a system pursued in the German dominions of Austria, which has been attended with singularly beneficial results, in diffusing knowledge amongst the working-classes, and, in fact, among the people in general. No village is without its school; and each school is under the care of a master, who is paid by the government. It is a law of the land, in the hereditary provinces, that no male can enter into the marriage state unless he is able to read, write, and cast accounts; and every master is liable to a heavy penalty, if he employ a workman who is unable to read and write. Short publications, of a moral character, which are compiled with great care, and sold at a low price, are circulated in every town, and throughout every cabin in the country. May we not refer it to this system, that crimes are of extremely rare occurrence in the German provinces of the crown of Hapsburgh? Indeed, it is accounted a disastrous year, so far as public morals are concerned, if two executions take place at Vienna in the course of the twelvemonth. Under what other sky, we may ask, is the schoolmaster abroad to so rich a purpose?—*Quarterly Journal of Education.*

*Castor Oil.*—Mr. Andrew Wright, of Concord, has successfully cultivated the Castor Bean for oil, a number of years, and the oil is certified, by Dr. Bartlett, to possess all the qualities of the best imported. The kernels, pressed cold, yield two gallons of oil to the bushel. There are persons in the Western States who make 5000 gallons a year. It sells for about one dollar a gallon. A second-rate quality is made from the kernels pressed a second time, when much heated. At the first pressing the kernels are slightly warmed.—*Boston Centinel.*

*Deaf, Dumb, and Blind.*—There is now living in the Hartford Asylum, U.S., a girl of the name of Julia Brace, who was born deaf, dumb, and blind. In the report we have read, it is said that there is but one other instance known. When she was first removed to the Asylum, she immediately busied herself in quietly exploring the size of the apartments, and the height of the staircases; she even knelt, and smelled to the thresholds; and now, as if by the union of a mysterious geometry with a powerful memory, never makes a false step upon a flight of stairs, or enters a wrong door, or mistakes her seat at the table.—Attempts have been made to instruct her by raised letters, but, though she could at last copy them pretty accurately, they seemed to convey no idea to her mind. Her sagacity

is continually on the stretch to comprehend the nature of people's employment, and as far as possible to imitate them. Observing that a great part of their time was occupied with books, she often held one before her sightless eyes with long patience. She would also spread a newspaper for her favourite kitten, and, putting her finger on its mouth, and perceiving that it did not move like those of the scholars when reading, would shake the animal to express displeasure at its indolence and obstinacy. She takes great delight in needle-work, in which she was early instructed. Her sense of touch and smell are extraordinarily acute.—Among her various excellencies, neatness and love of order are conspicuous. Her simple wardrobe is systematically arranged; and it is impossible to displace a single article in her drawers, without her perceiving and restoring it. When the large baskets of clean linen are weekly brought from the laundress, she selects her own garments without hesitation, however widely they may be dispersed among the mass. She is described as mild, gentle, and amiable; her complexion fair; her smile sweet, though of rare occurrence; and her person somewhat bent, when sitting, from her habits of fixed attention to her work.

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

| Days of W. & Mon. | Thermom. Max. Min. | Barometer. Noon. | Winds.     | Weather. |
|-------------------|--------------------|------------------|------------|----------|
| Th. 29            | 42 34              | 30.27            | N. to N.E. | Cloudy.  |
| Fr. 30            | 39 31              | 30.25            | N.E.       | Ditto.   |
| Sat. 31           | 37 24              | 30.21            | N.E.       | Clear.   |
| Sun. 1            | 34 23              | 30.16            | Var.       | Cloudy.  |
| Mon. 2            | 34 25              | 29.87            | E.         | Ditto.   |
| Tues. 3           | 35 23              | 29.66            | S.W.       | Clear.   |
| Wed. 4            | 34 26              | 29.52            | S.W.       | Cloudy.  |

*Prevailing Clouds.*—Cirrostratus, Cymoid-cirrostr. Nights and Mornings frosty throughout the week. Mean temperature of the week, 32.5°.

#### NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

*Forthcoming.*—The Cabinet Annual Register, for the Year 1831.

The Waverley Anecdotes, illustrative of Sir Walter Scott's Novels. In two volumes, uniform with the 'Waverley Novels,' and embellished with Plates.

Geology and Zoology of Captain T. W. Beechey's Voyage, in quarto, with Coloured Plates.

Norman Abbey; a Tale of Sherwood Forest. By a Lady.

Selections from the Prose Works of Robert Southey: consisting of extracts from his 'History of Brazil,' 'Life of Nelson,' 'Espey's Letters,' 'Book of the Church,' &c.

Living Poets and Poetesses: a Biographical and Satirical Poem, in three Parts.

An Account of the Beulah Saline Spa, at Norwood. By Dr. Weatherhead.

*Just published.*—Twelve Select Orationes of Cicero, with English Notes, 12mo. 7s. 6d.—Hodland's Elizabeth and her Beggar Boys, 16mo. 2s. 6d.—Parson's Horn-Book, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Martin's Mensuration, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—Knights of the Round Table, 1st series, royal 16mo. 3s.—The Republic of Letters, a Selection of Poetry and Prose, Vol. 1, 12mo. 6s. 6d.—Stories of Travels in Turkey, 12mo. 5s.—British and Foreign State Papers, for 1828 & 1829, 8vo. 12. 10s.—The Hive, 18mo. 3s.—Legends and Stories of Ireland, 12mo. 6s.—Lyell's Geology, Vol. 2, 8vo. 12s.—Dublin Delineated, 8vo. 8s. 6d.—Stories from Natural History, 18mo. 2s. 6d.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS

Although there are few novelties in the publishing world to occupy our reviewing columns, and the Societies are keeping Christmas holidays, we have been compelled, notwithstanding our additional eight pages, to restrict the liberality of friends, and defer several original papers. We must also apologize to our advertising friends for many omissions; the first received have had the preference.

Thanks to M. L. G.—C. D.—M.—J. J.—I. R. M.—G. W. E.

All friends and correspondents, whatever grounds they may have to expect letters, will, we trust, excuse us for a few days.

Next week, Living Artists, No. XI. R. B. HAYDON.

A Supplementary Sheet, containing the Index and Title-page (with newly engraved vignette), for the Volume of 1831, will be given, gratis, with the next Number.

## ADVERTISEMENT

## PICKERING'S ALDINE POETS.

Price Five Shillings each Volume.

On the 1st of January was commenced a NEW ISSUE of the

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“Among the various works now appearing at short intervals, and at moderate prices, none is more deserving of encouragement than Mr. Pickering's edition of our Classical Poets; because, first, it is edited with great care; next, each poet is preceded by a well-compiled biography; and, more especially, because a well-selected collection of our national poetry is an essential in the library of a lover of literature. There are other cogent reasons; it may be hoped that the neatness and cheapness of each edition as these will catch the attention of readers who might otherwise throw away their time and money upon publications, which do not even themselves pretend to be read twice, or to deserve preservation. It is something, certainly, to have an idle hour amused; but it is assuredly best to amuse it in a profitable manner, and by laying up not only present gratification, but materials for future reflection and application.”—*Spectator*.

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“We praise the judicious conduct of the biographer of Goldsmith, in arranging the anecdotes from the various publications that have spoken of him, at the end of his connected biography. The idea is good, and one to be followed. They make there an interesting collection of ages, and would have caused a confusion in the body of the memoir.”—*Spectator*, Sept. 25, 1831.

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# THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

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## REVIEWS

*Sir Ralph Esher; or, Memoirs of a Gentleman of the Court of Charles II.* By Leigh Hunt. 3 vols. London, 1832. Colburn & Bentley.

We have heard of a man who borrowed Bailey's Dictionary from a neighbour, believing it to be a novel or romance: he read and returned it, saying, "This is the strangest author I ever met with: he never writes six lines on one subject." We may say something the same of the author of 'Sir Ralph Esher': he wanders much from topic to topic, from name to name, from sea to shore, from the commonwealth to royalty, and from royalty to the commonwealth: his work, instead of a simple narrative embodying an epic tale, is a succession of episodes public and private—heroic and familiar—religious and martial—amorous, and pure. But it is quite evident that the writer relied less on the merit of well-connected story, than on his skill in displaying the characters, and tastes, and manners of the days of the Commonwealth and the King; and assuredly he has given us a very clear and life-like picture of the chief actors and acts in the great drama of those stirring times. Historians, and writers of diaries, and composers of romances, all unite in picturing forth the wit and the worthlessness—the want of all noble aims and lofty emotions—of the court of Charles, and at the same time furnish a contrast in the pure, and wise, and martial court of the usurper, Cromwell; but we have never had any one, till now, to give us the clever gossip of the Rochesters, and Buckinghames, and Nell Gwynnes, and Lady Castlemains, and Miss Stewarts, of the days of Charles the Profligate. It is not in the skill of delineating human character alone that these volumes are attractive: there is much knowledge in arts and affairs—an insight into the motives of men, and of women too—a tone of fine domestic feeling—a deep sympathy with female innocence and true love—and, more than all, an air of truth and candour, with an inimitable knack at gossiping, which cannot fail to give the work a currency in circles where the charms of easy and graceful conversation are prized.

Though we have accused our author of paying less attention to his story than to the detail of character, our readers must not suppose that he has not aimed at telling one: nay, we rather think, from the pains which he sometimes takes to give explanations, and let in a ray or two of light on dark passages, that he imagines he has told us a very plain and simple tale. We shall not enter into any discussion concerning the necessity of having everything plain and straightforward in narratives either domestic or national; but we will confess, that we have been as

much troubled to find our way through the intricacies of the story, as a fair friend of ours is, just now, in discovering the right end of the thread in a puzzled skein of silk. We shall, however, say a little regarding the plan of the book, so that our extracts may be the better understood. In the year 1685, Sir Ralph Esher, for the amusement of some of his French connexions, undertakes to write a history of his rise and progress at the Court of Charles the Second: this he can accomplish all the easier from not only having kept a sort of journal of his own, but from having become the possessor of the journals and memorandums of others. He relates how he happened to catch a vagrant feather from the cap of Miss Stewart, which he presented to the lady with so much grace, that King Charles was moved, and desired him to come to Court. To Court, accordingly, he went—gained the confidence of Lady Castlemain—discovered an old acquaintance in Nell Gwynne—found sometimes an enemy, and sometimes a friend, in the versatile Buckingham—fought against the Dutch under the Duke of York—won the esteem of Sir Philip Herne—was his confidant in a love affair—braved the Plague of London in behalf of his friend—became much enamoured of a young lady, believed to be the natural daughter of the Duke of Ormond, but who turns out to be the lawful offspring of Lord Waringstown—and, finally, closes his narrative with the double marriage of Sir Philip Herne and himself to the ladies of their affection.

Of the characters and the pleasant gossipings of these volumes, we shall now proceed to give some specimens: both are numerous as leaves in the forest, and we cannot use we see the third of what we have marked for transcription. We shall string them together as they occur in the work.

### Cowley the Poet.

"I rode one day on purpose to see Cooper's Hill, because Mr. Denham had written a poem upon it; and hearing that Cowley was coming to see Mr. Evelyn at Wootton, I went there and waited all the morning, till I saw him arrive. He had a book in his hand, with his finger between the leaves, as if he had been reading. He was a fleshy, heavy man, not looking in good health, and had something of a stare in his eye. Before he entered the gate, he stooped down to pinch the cheeks of some little children at play; and afterwards, when I heard he was put in prison, I could not, for the life of me, persuade myself that he deserved it." i. 43.

### A Lover in the Days of Charles the Second.

"I laughed because she did; and the greatest pleasure I found in my books (which were the only things that pretended to occupy a thought besides,) was in twisting her into every possible heroine, shape, and posture, that were to be met with in the bowers of poetry. She was Chloris, and Doris, and Saccarissa, and Venus:—

Venus, from that day, being a buxom little girl, with a nose inclining to the turned-up, and half-shut eyes. So, thought I, the lass of the 'Wedding' looked, when she was going to be married:—

'Her lips were red, and one was thin,  
Compar'd to that was next her chin,  
Some bee had stung it newly.'

Such was the ribbon round the waist which made the poet very properly cry out, when he got possession of it, and held it waving in the air,—

'Give me but what this ribbon bound,  
Take all the rest the sun goes round.'

The little rogue knew her power, and took the passion in the merriest manner in the world; that is to say, as far as she was capable of it; which was about as much, at that time, as was afterwards in vogue. I was more serious; but nothing could hinder her from laughing and playing the romp. Sometimes, when I was saying tender things, full of gravity, she would put on my hat, and go making a thousand antics over the green, for me to catch her. Another time she would dip her head into a great tub of water, and come shaking the curls in my face. Unfortunately, she was not unwilling to make me jealous. I was scrupulous on that point, and hence we came to have some quarrels. However, we parted in July on the best terms, with exchanges of locks of hair, only she was eating a great piece of cake all the while: for which I could have beaten her." i. 48—50.

### A Wit's Opinion of Hudibras.

"Butler's Hudibras, a new poem lately come out, gave me some very uncomfortable sensations, between the love it exhibited for loyalty, and the bitter and vulgar contempt showered on opinions which I had been taught to respect. I wished if possible to unite the two, or at least not to see reverend mistakes treated so irreverently, and I was glad to find that others had been perplexed as well as myself. The wit and the rhymes however made me laugh heartily; and I longed to see the author, while I was glad to think the rest of his poem obscure and unreadable. The bookseller told me, that the King carried it about in his pocket; and that the author expected some great place at court; but, said he, there are so many idle tales, and so many expectors, that one never knows what to believe." i. 129.

### How Sir Ralph Esher played the Courtier.

"I got a repute for being both a hearty and a judicious admirer of wit and poetry, and this procured me the regard of the men I was most anxious to please. Lord Buckhurst liked me because I was discriminating; Sir John Denham, because I listened with respect; Sir Charles Sedley, because none of his similes were lost on me; and Mr. Waller, because I thought him the greatest poet that ever was. I had some misgiving on that point, when I thought of poor Mr. Cowley, who died not long afterwards. Mr. Sprat (lately made Bishop of Rochester, then the Duke of Buckingham's chaplain,) took me to see that great and good man in his retreat in the country, where he talked so delightfully of rural pleasures, that I began to sigh after my old fields, till I heard him say he had realized nothing but agues, and that the Arcadians in his vicinity were anything but what they should be.

He thought, however, he should find them a little higher up the river." i. 178—9.

*How he gained lasting Fame.*

"But there were two discoveries, of which nothing shall induce me to give up the glory. The first is, the invention of artificial grapes and vine leaves, which I had the honour of adding to the stock of ornaments worn by the ladies, flowers having been the only artificial wear of the kind up to that epoch; and secondly, I beg leave to have it made known, that it was I, Sir Ralph Esher, of Hethering Bower in the county of Surrey, Baronet, then only in my squirehood, but of ripe years, that did first think of, institute, and cause to be made, those invisible little bottles of water, into which the stalks of real flowers being cunningly conveyed, the said flowers were, and are now enabled, however worn, to retain their freshness a whole evening, to the eternal wonder of the uninitiated, and honour of me their preserver." i. 207.

*Portrait of my Lord Rochester.*

"I had been greatly interested by this young nobleman, Lord Rochester; more so, at first, than by Lord Buckhurst. Perhaps one reason was, that inheriting a great devotion to the King, and finding I was about his Majesty's person, he did me the honour to seek my acquaintance. He was not yet of age, a stripling in person, handsome, full of vivacity, and yet possessed of a certain softness, and intelligence of address, that looked like the very genius of good-breeding; for he had scarcely been anywhere but at college. The only drawback upon it was his tendency to blush, which got him, from the King, the title of Virgin-modesty. He had a perpetual flow of spirits, as if his veins ran Burgundy. He was an excellent scholar, and talked of wit and poetry, as though he had been born a master of both (as, indeed, it turned out); nor could people help wondering, some time afterwards, that a young nobleman, capable of shining to such a degree at home, and becoming the mirror of a court (to say nothing of love and the ladies,) should choose to hazard his person, twice over, in the rudest kind of warfare, as if nothing but an excess of triumph in everything could content him; for, stripling as he was, he was in the second Dutch fight under Albemarle, and afterwards in the desperate affair at Berghen. 'Twas as if he had been a kind of god Mercury, and had a patent for escaping death and the bullets." i. 264-5.

The second volume is chiefly retrospective; there is much in it concerning Cromwell and his Puritans, which is graphic and even moving: the author admires Oliver, though he seems to doubt the purity of many of the fair Precians who adorned his short-lived court. We shall move on to the third volume. In those days men formed a resolution respecting the coming of the plague to England, the same as they have done about the cholera now.

*The Plague in London.*

"The court removed to Hampton, to get out of the way of the Plague. This calamity broke out just as we were going to sea; and was now giving frightful proofs of its increase. Thousands died in London every week. Must I confess, that by one universal consent we seemed to have resolved to say nothing about it? Nay, if we thought about it, we determined to be only the more thoughtless; and for some weeks, I did not suffer the word to pass my lips. We looked up to the sky, wandered and laughed among the alleys green; and Hampton might have been taken for an odd kind of a bit of heaven, privileged from the miseries of earth." iii. 5.

*The Beauties of Charles's Court.*

"In the morning we loitered as aforesaid, or had a water-party, or magnanimously shot hares and sparrows; and Miss Stewart had a silver gun, which popped as harmlessly as need be. Also, we shot at butts; and we bowled much. Then somebody sat to Lely for a picture, and his room was crowded with beauties. Lely was a high fellow, who affected to imitate Vandyke and Rubens in his style of living, as well as his pictures; but, as he was by nature a bit of a clown, he overdid it. So his draperies ran over with tawdriness, and his living into city show. However, it was a fine sight to see the flower of the court assembled in his large room. His dinners were gross; but with his mahl-stick in his hand he was not to be despised; so the fair sitters languished before him with their half-shut eyes, as if he was a sultan. He made an impudent portrait of Castlemain as Britannia, with a helmet on, and a storm about her ears; which was done to make amends for Miss Stewart's figuring in the same character on the coin. But I must say, his picture of Miss Taaffe was as good as if a bridegroom had done it. He seemed to have said, 'Stop a moment, my dear, before you finish your dressing; I will take you in that attitude.' The omnipotence of unresisting beauty was in it." iii. 10-11.

*Clarendon caricatured by Buckingham.*

"What particularly chagrined the King, was the intimation that Clarendon affected a mastery over all his movements; that the royal will, according to the Chancellor's showing, was unable to effect anything, even to the postponement of a meeting, or the security of a party on the water, if the 'cancellarian will,' (as Buckingham called it) chose to determine otherwise; in short, that Charles was still a boy, and Clarendon his pedagogue. The Chancellor was represented as giving ludicrous descriptions of him, under the title of 'the great boy, hankering after the maids;'—'and all this folly,' concluded Buckingham in a tone of indignation, 'comes from an enormous old fellow who is not averse to pleasure, but past it; nay, who takes out as much as he can, in swilling and gormandizing; and, if Merry St. Andrew says true, preaches secrecy to my lady's maid in so edifying a manner, that she repeats the sermon to all the puritans of her acquaintance. Then the man has a very plethora of house and land, hankers most indecently after fees, lays his hand on every waif he can think of, be it the King's or church's; yet gobbles and reddens like a turkey-cock, if you touch a stick in his premises, though it be for the King's service, and the King's own; as witness the fright he gave to fat little Pepys about the oaks; but if you come before him for a seal to your warrant, be it for lord or lady, ho! my masters! who so scrupulous as he! Hey? What? An estate given away, and I have only four! A gift to a charming woman, and no respect to my gorballed hypocrisy? Lord in heaven! could not the King do as I do? Drink and be d—d to him, and give nothing to anybody? "Nobody" is the phrase vulgar, but we are not of that breeding. Oh Master Kingston, sir, these be "flesh-quakes," as my friend Ben Jonson has it, enough to try the stoutest of us; so vacate, my masters; we would endure our agony in private. Here, Molly, *atque facietum*; has my Lady retired? Yes, my Lord. Have the footman gone to prayers? My Lord, they have. Is that drunken fellow, Dixon, surely in bed? He is, my Lord. Then bring us our sack-possett." iii. 34—36.

*The Noble Ormonds and Colonel Blood.*

"The pardon was given me accordingly; Ormond was 'complimented' with a request to join in it, which he did with the most loyal of shrugs; and in the course of a month from the

epoch of his rape of the crown, Colonel Thomas Blood, Lord of Sarney and the Glins, and God knows how many other gravel-pits of unspeakable profit in the county of Wicklow, was the most content, influential, confidential, polite, self-possessed, well-behaved, modest, impudent, infernal scoundrel, in the royal presence. Mr. Evelyn told me one day, with a pious horror, that he had dined with him at the table of the Lord Treasurer, in company with Grammont. I agreed with his horror; but I did not ask him what business he had in such company." iii. 343.

We must have done. Of the gentle and moving scenes of this work we have given no specimens, though we had marked some of great beauty: we allude particularly to the love of the poor Londoner Smith for Nell Gwynne, which cost her some tears; to the inimitable full-length picture of the Citizen of London, who for twenty years kept his house in the same state in which it stood when his bride died on the bridal morn; and to the scene during the plague where the young merchant recovers through the confiding affection and care of the lady whom he loved. We have seldom read anything which has touched us more than these simple and lovely passages. We must, amidst all this praise, avow, that we think the author has been a little unjust to the Stuarts, and also to the great Clarendon. That the officers, and they were eminent ones, who served with Cromwell in his wars, aided mainly in vanquishing the Dutch, is very true; but it is also true, that to the mathematical heads of the Stuarts, and their love for ship-building, England owed the navy with which she conquered: nor were Prince Rupert or James Duke of York inactive or unskilful naval commanders. Clarendon was something more than a sensualist and glutton: the author, indeed, is not insensible to his great merit as a judge and painter of human character, but he makes him delight too much in the knife and fork and the wine-cup.

Mr. Leigh Hunt, to whom we are indebted for these volumes, has long been known to the world as a prose-writer and a poet. With some of his earlier speculations concerning society the world had little sympathy, and we thought that he sometimes judged hastily and wrote rashly; yet in all that he wrote there was the presence of genius; and now, when, with his knowledge increased and his taste improved, he comes forth among other candidates for public favour, we most sincerely hope that he may obtain it, and so mend his fortune, which we are grieved to hear is anything but prosperous.

*The Book of Economy, or, How to Live Well on a Hundred per Annum.* By a Gentleman. London, 1831. Griffiths.

THIS is a very amusing little work, and full of what Mrs. Slipslop calls ironing—meaning, that kind ironical-railery-way which Swift used so often to lay down for his readers. The dry humour of the Dean, in his Advice to Servants, has been very faithfully copied by the Economist in his counsels to the modern Centurion, or Commander of a Hundred—and we suspect that both authors have misled many, by the sober seriousness of their style, into a belief that they were in earnest. The Annuitant is supposed to arrive by coach from Dover, Tewkesbury, or Wolverhampton; and the satirical Economist, with a set

face, immediately advises him thus:—say at the Bull, in Aldgate: "Call a hackney-coach, get your luggage into it, and drive instantly to the George and Blue Boar, Holborn." The deliberate extravagance of a Jarry, when there are cabs and ticket-porters—to say nothing of carrying one's own bundle, like the Honourable Dick Dowd—*is* worthy of the worthy Dean himself. But the aggravation of the after-hint, that the Centurion ought to have walked up from Dover, Tewkesbury, or Wolverhampton, is Swift all over—"Avoid coach or cab hire, at all times, and even stage hire." The next advice is quite in keeping, and reminds one of those hopeless errands which are undertaken on the 1st of April. It recommends a walk towards the west side of Berners Street, in search of nothing less than two rooms in a second floor for five or six shillings a week. We wish he may get it. The sparrows might well perch on the chimney-pots of such apartments and cry, *cheep cheep!*—But the next bargain floors even the second-floor:—"A feather-bed and mattress, four bed-room chairs, a deal-table (painted), bolster, pillow, wash-hand stand, and French (painted) bed-stocks. You may have all these for four pounds." This rarest of dealers lives near the Marsh Gate, Westminster, and a note very archly adds, "there is only one." There is something of Swift again in the uncharitableness about chairs—four to a single man is playing rather a high game, as he must lose three at every sitting. But the next rule for retrenchment beats Jonathan! "A walk before breakfast will give you an appetite." Gad-o-mercy! A morning hunt after hunger! As if a man of a hundred per annum had nothing better to do than to strop a fine edge to his stomach. "Proceed at once to No. 34, Brewer Street, Golden Square: you may there breakfast for sixpence; bread, butter, a plate of cold meat, and a large cup of excellent coffee!—what think you of that?" We think it might do—bating the walk against the wind for a cheap dinner—and quite believe, after such a meal, in the five places where you may dine for a shilling.

The next piece of sly fun concerns shoe-leather. We have heard of standing jokes, but this is a walking one, and involves a dexterous hit at Mr. Hume and his division of *sum* tittles. The Economist allows two pounds a year for shoes; but in a note—as good as a bank note for comicality—directs them to be bought of Reeve, Great Russell Street, at 12s. a pair. Product, three pairs and a third. The joke, as yet, is only a fabric of two stories—but, as Sheridan was wont, the author proceeds to give its attic; and the men with six shoes and a fraction is commended to "a pedestrian tour to Hastings in one direction, or Southampton and the Isle of Wight in another." This is surely whimsical work! But to crown the burlesque, conceive the Economist with all his gravity to invite the Centurion to all this gaiety: the Cigar Divan, the Colosseum, the Zoological Gardens, and the Diorama—to Richmond, to Gravesend, to Herne Bay and back—to see Keen, Macready, Young, Farren, Liston, Reeve, Miss Phillips, Miss Kemble, Miss Coveney, Tagliani—to hear Madame Vestris, Miss Cause, Mrs. Wood, Pasta, Nicholson, Paganini!—to give a shilling on a Sunday morning at the Magdalen, and a ditto at the Philanthropic in the evening—to subscribe to the London and Russell Institutions. To

conclude, having six shoes and a third, the Economist, laughing in his sleeve, thus commends him to his chance amongst the pumps: "There are very respectable dancing-masters, who give public balls during the winter, and if you are particularly fond of the art, you may for a trifle procure admission. A rich girl and a good one too, may sometimes be met with at these assemblies, and she may not be much more difficult to win than Lady Anne."

#### CONSTABLE'S MISCELLANY.

*History of the Civil Wars in Ireland.* By W. C. Taylor, Esq., A.B. Trin. Col. Dublin. Vol. II. Edinburgh, Constable & Co.

WE are not quite sure that the second volume of the 'Irish Civil Wars' excels the first; nevertheless, we like it better. It approaches nearer our own times, and awakens a greater interest in us, as the fortunes of England begin to be more closely intertwined with those of Ireland. The author is an Irishman, and feels for his native country with the affection of a son; but he forgets not, at the same time, that his father-land forms a part, and an important one, of that powerful empire known by the name of Britain. His feelings are not wholly local; neither are his eyes, in their search after truth, bounded by party or by faction: he seeks and finds the materials of his history among both Catholics and Protestants. The narrative is written with undeviating simplicity: there is none of that tiptoe diction, of which his countrymen are not without examples: he tells of the errors of his ancestors with tenderness, and yet with truth; and speaks of their glories without embellishment or metaphor. Yet we are sure his honesty will bring detractors. His countrymen, who receive the reveries of Keating and O'Flaherty as history, will dislike him for his plain, unambitious way of relating the glories of Brian the Brave and his descendants; while Englishmen, who refuse to believe that they have inflicted many grievous wounds on Ireland, will think the picture of English misrule sufficiently dark. There are, nevertheless, many men of both countries who will be glad to see a dispassionate history of Irish affairs in these quicksilver and sensitive times.

The narrative extends from the invasion of Cromwell, in 1649, to the present times. There are many clear pictures of a domestic and historical nature: perhaps an account of the settlement of Ireland, by the sagacious Oliver, may not be unwelcome to our readers:

"The distribution of the greater part of Ireland thus made by the Cromwellians, was nearly as complete as that of Canaan by the Israelites; the example by which the Puritans declared that they were directed, and believed that they were justified. The principal sufferers were the Anglo-Irish nobility, who were now plundered of their broad lands with a little ceremony as their ancestors had used to the native inhabitants. A new and strange class of proprietors took the place of the ancient aristocracy, and preserved their acquisitions under every succeeding change. The Irish, at the close of this civil war, and afterwards, after the Revolution, resigned their country and their estates with wondrous readiness, and sought an asylum in foreign lands. But the Cromwellians clung to the land which they had obtained, even under the most unfavourable circumstances, and showed that they, in some degree, merited their new acquisitions, by the resolute firmness they

displayed in their defence. They were, for the most part, men of low origin, and mean education; but enthusiasm gave them a stern dignity of character, which must command a certain share of respect. That the act which gave them the lands of the kingdom was an unparalleled public robbery, and the most atrocious instance of unprincipled spoliation recorded in any history, nobody can question. Few, however, felt any scruples at the period; the country, they deemed, was theirs by right of conquest—a right which they supposed to give them absolute authority over the lives and properties of the vanquished. The sufferers were Papists, and they had been taught to look on them as idolatrous blasphemers, whose punishment was an acceptable service in the sight of heaven. There were some, however, whose consciences were not deluded by this miserable and blasphemous sophistry. Several of the soldiers restored their lots to the original proprietors for a trifling consideration, or generously bestowed it as a present. Others sold their lots to their officers; and the writer has frequently seen the muster-roll of the troops that has assigned their grants to their captains, gratuitously, or for a trifling recompense. Tradition, in many instances, records, that the officers married the heiresses of the estates which they had been granted. And this is not improbable; for so many of the nobility and gentry had either fallen in the war, or gone into exile, that the right of inheritance must, in countless instances, have vested in females.

"The land, however, seemed likely to be useless for want of cultivators. The Cromwellians had shown little mercy during the war, and massacred the wretched peasantry by thousands; others, they had transported as slaves to the plantations; numbers, as we have already seen, had entered into the service of foreign potentates. The design of shutting up the miserable remnant in Connaught was laid aside; they were kept as bondsmen and slaves to the new proprietors; and treated as the Gibeonites had been by Joshua. The Cromwellians ruled their wretched serfs with a rod of iron: they looked upon them as an inferior species, a degraded caste, with whom they could not feel sympathy. The very name of Irish was with them and their descendants an expression of contempt, associated with ideas of intellectual and moral degradation. The peasants were forbidden to leave their parishes without permission; and strictly prohibited from assembling for religious worship, or on any other purpose. The Catholic clergy were ordered to quit the country, under pain of death; and it was declared a capital offence to celebrate mass, or perform any of the ceremonies of Romish worship. Still, there were a faithful few who lingered near their beloved congregations, and, in spite of the fearful hazard, afforded their flocks the consolation of religion. They exercised their ministry in dens and caves; in the wild fastnesses of the mountains and in the deserted bogs. The Cromwellians learned that the abominations of Popery were still continued in the land, and employed blood-hounds to track the haunts of these devoted men. During the latter part of the seventeenth, and the early part of the eighteenth century, priest-hunting was a favourite field sport in Ireland." p. 59—62.

The following is a graphic, but perhaps not a very accurate picture of the renowned Enniskilleners—the descendants of Cromwell's fanatics:—

"Soon after the English army had landed, they were joined by the Enniskilleners, and were perfectly astounded by the appearance of the men whose fame had been so loudly trumpeted in England. Every man was armed and equipped after his own fashion, and each man was attended by a mounted servant bearing his baggage. Discipline was as little regarded as uniformity

They rode in a confused body, and only formed a hasty line when preparing to fight. Descended from the Levellers and Covenanters, they preserved all the gloomy fanaticism of their fathers, and believed the slaughtering of Papists an act of religious duty. They were robbers and murderers on principle, for they believed themselves commissioned to remove idolatry from the land. Inferior to the old Levellers in strength and skill, they equalled them in enthusiasm, and surpassed them in courage. They never hesitated to encounter any odds, however unequal; and rejoiced in the prospect of death, while engaged in what they called the service of the Lord. Reeking from the field of battle, they assembled round their preachers, who always accompanied them in their expeditions, and listened with eager delight to their wild effusions, in which the magnificent orientalisms of the Old Testament were strangely combined with their own gross and vulgar sentiments. They were, like the modern Cossacks, a formidable body of irregular cavalry, and for that very reason an incumbrance to an orderly and disciplined army.

"Neither Schomberg, nor any of William's generals, understood the value of these men. William himself despised them most heartily, and subjected them to military execution by the dozen for violating the laws of war. From the moment that they joined the regular army, they performed no exploit worthy of their former fame, simply because they could not learn a new mode of fighting. They were aware of this themselves, and frequently declared with truth, that 'they could do no good while acting under orders.'" p. 163-4.

With the character of a native chieftain we must close our extracts:—

"The loss of Charlemont was a much more serious injury to the Irish cause; the more especially, as it gave full proof of the treachery or incapacity that reigned in the councils of James. Though a frontier garrison, and of great importance, it was not supplied with provisions until after the siege had actually commenced. Teague O'Regan, the governor of Charlemont, was a brave old veteran, in the seventieth year of his age. He was a quaint humorist; his figure seemed moulded by nature in one of her most whimsical moods; and it was his pleasure to render it still more ridiculous by his dress. He was small and hunch-backed; his features sharp; his gait irregular. He wore a grizzly wig, of formidable dimensions; a white hat, with an immense feather, a scarlet coat, huge jack-boots, and a cloak that might have served a giant. He was fond of riding; and the horse which he selected was scarcely to be matched for viciousness and deformity. Schomberg, who was himself a little eccentric, took an amazing fancy to the character of Teague O'Regan, and offered the garrison the most favourable conditions. O'Regan's answer was characteristic; he simply replied, 'That old knave Schomberg shall not have this castle!' A detachment of five hundred men brought O'Regan a very insufficient supply of ammunition and provision, which he feared that they would soon consume, if admitted into the garrison; and he therefore directed them to make their way back through the English line. This they attempted, but were repulsed with loss; and as O'Regan would not admit them into the castle, they were forced to take up their quarters on the counterscarp. The consequences may easily be foreseen; provisions were exhausted; and the garrison compelled to capitulate. Schomberg granted the best terms, and, when he met the governor, invited him to dinner. During the repast, an Irish priest of the town entered into an argument with an English dragon on the difficult subject of 'transubstantiation.' From words, the disputants soon came to blows; and a messenger was sent to inform O'Regan of the breach of the capi-

tulation, by the ill-treatment of the priest. O'Regan heard the story with great gravity, and coolly replied, 'Served him right; what the deuce business had a priest to begin an argument with a dragon?'—a jest which had the happy effect of restoring all parties to good humour." p. 168-9.

We shall not refer to the account of the sorrowful rebellion of the year 1798: it is written with much moderation by the author, and with a feeling that on the ground where he trode the grass had lately been bloody. We wish these sad heart-burnings between the sister isles were cooled, and peace and good-fellowship established. A contest between England and Ireland is like strife between the bones of our bosom—the body of the empire must suffer.

#### THEOLOGICAL LIBRARY.

*Life of Wiclif.* By Charles Webb le Bas, M.A. Vol. I. London, 1832. Rivington.

THE Theological Library is a lucky thought, and, if it is conducted with spirit and talent, it may prove a lucky hit, and obtain extensive circulation. This introductory volume contains a Sketch of Christianity in the early days of the English Church, and the Life of the illustrious Wiclif, the first of British Reformers. We will not say that the author has related much of which we were ignorant; nor shall we commend the volume as a work very sagacious and profound: we may, however, praise it as a conscientious and clear book, which relates the life and fortunes of Wiclif, at considerable length, and with a perfect knowledge of the subject. All those who desire to know that great man's birth and parentage—how he studied the Gospel, and, while he studied, how the necessity of reformation dawned upon him—how he dared the church of Rome in her palmy days, when her practice was to answer heretics, by sending them to the stake—how he translated the Bible from the Latin into English, making copies for the benefit of the people—and how he was protected, and finally died in peace, will find the information they wish for here, at the moderate cost of six shillings. The Bible of Wiclif has never been printed: this is a disgrace to the country; but not a greater disgrace than many other things. Britain is the most illiberal nation on earth, to the worth and genius which she produces. Many noble undertakings have been projected and perfected by individuals—none by the government, unless we are so to consider the restoration of the Bourbons, and the establishment of eight hundred millions of debt.

*Private Correspondence of David Garrick.* Vol. II. 4to. London, 1832. Colburn & Bentley.

WE have positively pined over this enormous volume of SIX HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SIX tall quarto pages, to think of the loss the publishers must sustain by it. There surely never was a work so injudiciously brought forward. The idea of entrusting the editorship to Mr. Boaden! and of printing it in two quarto volumes! One half, indeed, of the present volume is made up of foreign correspondence; so that, for merely English readers, it contains about as much matter as *two Monthly Parts of the Athenæum*, sold for three shillings! "Gad-a-mercy, Hal," but it breaks our sympathetic heart! We

console ourselves, that we shall have no more of these aristocratic fooleries. The fate of the Garrick Correspondence will determine the question for ever. Let us therefore proceed to extract, and glean the best things we can, for the entertainment of the thousands who have not four or five guineas to squander on tall copies and broad margins. Our first extract shall be a criticism of the great Lord Camden's, on Ben Jonson:—

"I have been employed since I saw you in reading Ben Jonson; for as I have waked generally at five o'clock in the morning, I have spent three hours every day in bed in reperusing my old favourite. I make no comparison, but I do assure you I am beyond expression charmed with the dramatic powers of that author, and, in my opinion, the genius of the writer is equal to his art; nay, so far is he from being deficient in the first, that his own fund would have supplied him with every faculty of wit, humour, and nature, though he had been no scholar. His principal fault, in my judgment, arises from a pedantic imitation of the ancients. His prose dialogue is elegant: his verse hard and too much laboured, but by no means difficult or obscure. Read him again, as I have done, without prejudice, and forget Shakspeare while you are doing it, which is but just; for, to say the truth, he that reads an author with *proper attention*, has no *leisure*, while he is so employed, to think of any other."

Garrick, we suppose, differed from his Lordship, and the latter amended his judgment:—

"I agree with you in a great measure, though not altogether, in your judgment upon Jonson. He thought admirably, but was no master of expression when he attempted a higher diction than mere prose, for *that* is good; whereas his verse is not so obscure as it is laboured, and he is hardly ever happy in his words and sentences, though sometimes strong. Therefore he is verbose and coarse; always attempting to imitate Juvenal without success; for though he had language enough, he did not know how to choose it. Ben was a great dramatic genius, but no poet. Shakspeare was divine in both, though, in my opinion, his poetic faculties, as I have more than once ventured to assert to you, are the most astonishing. But what am I about? Venting my own idle criticism to the greatest judge as well as actor of these compositions!"

How these opinions are to be reconciled, we do not know. It must have been very flattering to Garrick, to see the deference paid to his judgment. Nothing, indeed, could be more familiar and pleasant, than the correspondence between the noble Lord and the player—the parties always appear as hail fellows—it overflows with kindness and invitations to Camden Place; but when Garrick gave up the management, and retired into private life—not that we attribute the change to this cause, but to the want of all natural cement in such friendships—the difference was so evident, that he wrote a spirited remonstrance, which we insert for the benefit of all, whether players, writers, or editors, whose taste may lead them to prefer such "Society":—

"Mr. Garrick to Lord Camden.

"Hampton, Sept. 16th, 1777.

"My good Lord,—It is observed by a French writer, that many things which seem severe, if spoken as a joke, will pass as such, but that they grow serious by repetition. Your Lordship has long (jokingly as I thought and hoped) been pleased to twit me with a wavering in that faith in which I have lived with pleasure and wish to die. Though this want of virtue in me

(for, if true, it certainly would be so) hath been often repeated; yet still, being a great laughter myself, I always looked upon it as mere pleasantry, and rather as an ironical compliment than any thing else; and yet the message brought me by Mr. Palmer, of Bath, has made me half consider the matter as a kind of reproach, which of course will make me a little serious. Whenever I cannot have the honour as usual, and which I flattered myself would be annual at least, of seeing Lord and Lady Camden, and the Miss Pratts, at Hampton, I am sincerely disappointed; but at the same time am bound to believe, for my own credit, that other engagements prevent my happiness. Your journey into Kent to Mr. Pratt, and the expectation of Mrs. Stewart, were urged to soften my disappointment this summer. To make the fall as easy as possible, I begged of Lady Camden that Miss Pratt might pass a few days with us—impossible;—to give me some small satisfaction for this refusal, I was told that I should know when Mrs. Stewart came, that I might pay my respects at Chisselhurst. I hear that lady has been arrived more than a fortnight, in which time I wrote to your Lordship upon other matters, but received neither answer nor notice of the lady's being arrived. Mrs. G. and I have endeavoured to put off our Welsh journey to Sir Watkin, and imagined his being at Brighton with Miss Grenville would have brought it to bear; but all my wishes on that account are frustrated by the enclosed letter, which will oblige us to go immediately to Litchfield, where my family expects me, and a marriage to be soon completed between a niece of mine and a gentleman in the neighbourhood. Let me assure your Lordship, from the sincerity of my heart, that our going without paying our respects at Chisselhurst is very mortifying to us; but I cannot agree that this mortification proceeds from my want of gratitude, taste, or attention, nor from any other cause but your Lordship's total neglect of me in this business, or rather having something better to think of. Your Lordship calls me a courtier. If I am a courtier, it is without interest or prospect of interest. I have friends who are both in and out of place, and I hope that my conduct to both is without reproach. The greatest man shall not speak ill of my friend without some decent reprehension; and some opinions I have that my greatest friend cannot alter. I have many weaknesses, but I hope among the number I can never be seriously accused of want of the most affectionate and steady fidelity and attachment to Lord Camden and his family.

"I am, ever was, and ever shall be, your  
Lordship's most faithful servant,

"D. GARRICK."

One of the very pleasantest letters in the volume, is from "Kitty Clive," on Garrick's retirement:—

"Mrs. C. Clive to Mr. Garrick.

"Twickenham, Jan. 23rd, 1776.

"DEAR SIR,—Is it really true, that you have put an end to the glory of Drury Lane Theatre? if it is so, let me congratulate my dear Mr. and Mrs. Garrick on their approaching happiness: I know what it will be; you cannot yet have an idea of it; but if you should still be so wicked not to be satisfied with that *unbounded*, uncommon degree of fame you have received as an actor, and which no other actor ever did receive—nor no other actor ever can receive;—I say, if you should still long to be dipping your fingers in their theatrical pudding (now without plums), you will be no Garrick for the Pivy.

"In the height of the public admiration for you, when you were never mentioned with any other appellation but the Garrick, the charming man, the fine fellow, the delightful creature, both by men and ladies; when they were admiring

everything you did, and everything you scribbled,—at this very time, *I, the Pivy*, was a living witness that they did not know, nor could they be sensible, of half your perfections. I have seen you, with your magical hammer in your hand, *endeavouring* to beat your ideas into the heads of creatures who had none of their own.—I have seen you, with lamb-like patience, endeavouring to make them comprehend you; and I have seen you, when that could not be done—I have seen your lamb turned into a lion: by this your great labour and pains the public was entertained; they thought they all acted very fine,—they did not see you pull the wires.

"There are people *now* on the stage to whom you gave their consequence; they think themselves very great; now let them go on in their new parts without your leading-strings, and they will soon convince the world what their genius is; I have always said this to everybody, even when your horses and mine were in their highest prancing. While I was under your control, I did not say half the fine things I thought of you, because it looked like flattery; and you know your Pivy was always proud: besides, I thought you did not like me then; but *now* I am sure you do, which makes me send you this letter.

"What a strange jumble of people they have put in the papers as the purchasers of the patent! I thought I should have died with laughing when I saw a man-midwife amongst them: I suppose they have taken him in to prevent *miscarriages*! I have some opinion of Mr. Sheridan, as I hear everybody say he is very sensible; then he has a divine wife, and I loved his mother dearly. Pray give my love to my dear Mrs. Garrick; we all join in that. Your Jemmy is out of his wits with joy and grief; he rejoices at your escape, and cries from wanting to make his own to London; it is dreadful here, but I believe it is much worse there. Pray send me a line to let me know how you do, and how the world goes, for we are rather dull, though my neighbours do pick their way to come and see me. I have since the snow been once out in my carriage; did you not hear me scream?

"Now let me say one word about my poor unfortunate friend Miss Pope: I know how much she disoblige you; and if I had been in your place, I believe I should have acted just as you did. But, by this time, I hope you have forgot your resentment, and will look upon her late behaviour as having been taken with a dreadful fit of vanity, which for that time took her senses from her, and having been tutored by an affected beast, who helped to turn her head; but pray recollect her in the other light, a faithful creature to you, on whom you could always depend, certainly a good actress, amiable in her character, both in her being a very modest woman, and very good to her family; and, to my certain knowledge, has the greatest regard for you. Now, my dear Mr. Garrick, I hope it is not yet too late to reinstate her before you quit your affairs there; I beg it, I entreat it; I shall look upon it as the greatest favour you can confer on your

"Ever obliged friend,

"C. CLIVE."

Garrick's own account of his leave-taking, in a letter to Madame Necker, is pleasant enough:—

"I flatter myself that you will not be displeased to know, that I departed my theatrical life on Monday the 10th of June—it was indeed a sight very well worth seeing! Though I performed my part with as much, if not more spirit than I ever did, yet when I came to take the last farewell, I not only lost almost the use of my voice, but of my limbs too: it was indeed, as I said, a most awful moment. You would not have thought an English audience void of feeling if

you had then seen and heard them. After I had left the stage, and was dead to them, they would not suffer the *petite piece* to go on; nor would the actors perform, they were so affected; in short, the public was very generous, and I am most grateful."

Another trifle worth extracting, is a letter written by Colman, in the character of Warburton. Unhappily, at the date of it, Warburton, though living, was more a subject for sorrow than laughter:—

"Colman, as Warburton, to Mr. Garrick.

Jan. 3rd, 1777.

"DEAR OLD GO-BY-THE-WALL,—I rejoiced yesterday at hearing, by fat Harry, that you was better; but I do not approve of your living too low in the gout. Gout is an excruciating, and all nature is in an uproar to expel him; you should therefore encourage the militia, and ask General Fever to your table. The general, I warrant you, with a few kind words, and a glass or two of good wine, (which to a man of your fortune costs absolutely nothing, as a man may say,) will drive the dog into Calabria, which you know is the foot of Italy. But to what purpose have you read Shakspeare not to find out that he describes the gout in the following lines?—

As the Pontick sea,

Whose icy current and compulsive course  
No'er knows retiring ebb, but keeps due on  
To the Proponitis and the Hellespont.

"The Pontick sea is neither more nor less than the gout, *morbus arthriticus*, or *apôpique*, because the joints serve as a bridge for the inflammable matter to pass over: *icy current*, because the gout is a cold humour (mistaken by Moorfields quacks for an hot one) and *compulsive course*, because it drives everything before it. Then the sweet-eyed poet couches his advice (perhaps prophetically to you who are his eldest son) by saying, *it ne'er knows or feels* (that is, never should know or feel) *retiring ebb*: in other words, it should be still drove on to the *Proponitis* (i. e.) the *os pubis*, and the *Hellespont*; which, by the by, is a false reading, for the author certainly wrote it Heel's Point.

"WARBURTON.

"P.S. Love to Mrs. Garrick: roundabout compliments *que vous expliquerez en François* to your niece. We will drink your health to-morrow; and if you have any spare game in your larder, lend me some."

Of the miseries of a manager, we have abundant proof in these volumes:—

"Mr. Garrick to Mrs. Abington.

"Hampton, Jan. 28th, 1775.

"MADAME,—The famous French writer Fontenelle, takes notice, that nothing is so difficult to a man of sensibility as writing to a lady, even with just grounds of complaint. However, having promised, I must answer your last very extraordinary note. You accuse me of incivility for writing to you through Mr. Hopkins. Did not Mrs. Abington first begin that mode of correspondence? and, without saying a word to me, did she not send back her part in the new comedy, and say that she had settled that matter with Mr. Cumberland? Could a greater affront be offered to any manager? And was not your proposing to Mr. Hopkins that you would speak my epilogue written for the character, while another person was to perform the part, not only mere mockery of me, but destroying the play at once? Let your warmest and most partial friend decide between us. Whenever you are really ill, I feel both for you and myself; but the servant said last Wednesday, that you were well and had a great deal of company.

"You mention your great fatigue. What is the stage come to, if I must continually hear of your *hard labour*, when, from the beginning of



the season to this time, you have not played more than twice a-week!

"Mrs. Oldfield performed Lady Townly for twenty-nine nights successively. Let us now examine how just and genteel your complaint is against me. I promised you that I would procure a character of consequence to be written on purpose for you, and that it should be your own fault, if you were not on the highest pinnacle of your profession. I have been at great pains, and you know it, to be as good as my word.

"I directed and assisted the author to make a small character, a very considerable one for you; I spared no expense in dresses, music, scenes, and decorations for the piece; and now, the *fatigue* of acting this character is very unjustly, as well as unkindly, brought against me.

"Had you played this part forty times instead of twenty, my gains would be less than by any other successful play I have produced in my management.

"The greatest favour I can confer upon an actress is to give her the best character in a favourite piece; and the longer it runs, the more merit I have with her, and ought to receive her *thanks* instead of complaints. In short, Madam, if you play, you are uneasy, and if you do not, you are more so. After what you said to Mr. Becket, and what I promised, I little thought to have your *farce* drawn in to make up the bundle of complaints. However, to make an end of this disagreeable business, as the piece is written out, I am now ready to do it, and that you may have Palmer, I will give up the revived comedy; but even this, I know, will not satisfy you—nor can you fix in your mind *what will*.

"Were I to look back, what *real* complaints have I to make for leading me into a fool's paradise last summer about a certain comedy! and an alarming secret you told me lately of a disagreeable quarrel. On my return home the same morning, I met one of the parties; and, instead of a quarrel between them, they were upon the best terms, had never had the least difference, and Mr. M. [Murphy] was writing, at Mr. T's [Tighe's] desire, a prologue for his friend's [Jephson's] new tragedy.

"Mr. Garrick most solemnly assures Mrs. Abington, that nobody has in the least influenced him in this affair, and he hopes the above recital will convince her of the truth of his assertion.

"I am, Madam,

"Your most obedient Servant,  
D. GARRICK."

Endorsed.

"This letter to Mrs. Abington was not sent."

Next week, we may perhaps, turn over these pages again.

*The Phantom City, and other Poems.* By Edward Peele. Newcastle, 1831. Hodgson.

THE exterior of this volume is very creditable to the press of Newcastle, nor is the interior otherwise than honourable to the muse of that northern city. There is enough of gentle fancy, human nature, and grace of diction, to endear these verses to many readers; nor are the author's attempts in the ballad style of the border unworthy of notice;—nay, they sometimes merit praise. What we miss most, is that sweet antique simplicity of language, which, even to this day, distinguishes the rude minstrelsy of the olden time, from the more ambitious flights of the present day. This want is ill repaid by a splendour of language, in which the line of the narrative, and the sentiments which it originates, are thrown into the shade. From this serious fault our northern poet is not free; he abounds in the language of the

daily-press muse—he has, like other living sons of song, his streamings, and sparklings, and breathings, and burnings; and, not unfrequently, the leading idea of the verse is buried, like a small picture, in the deep embellishments of its framing:—

Thine eye is tinged with silvery blue,  
Like moonlit heaven at night;  
'Tis like a mildly beaming star,  
All cloudless, tearless, bright.

Verses done to this pattern have many admirers; but he who hopes to live half a century, must express himself with greater simplicity.

*Le Livre des Cent-et-Un.* Vol. II. Paris, 1831. L'Advocat.

[Third Notice.]

We continue our translations with an interesting sketch by Delrieu, of the *Enfants-trouvés*—

*The Foundling Hospital at Paris.*

"No public edifice ever presented an appearance more in opposition to the painful reflections its mere existence gives rise to, than the Foundling Hospital. You expect on entering nothing but tears and disgust, and yet you scarcely hear the cries of the newly-born babes—you expect matter for dark philosophical emotion, and you see nothing around you but flowers, good grey sisters, snow-white curtains and crucifixes—to which you may add the fruits of weakness, perhaps of crime. You walk between two rows of cradles, as in a flower garden; only in the latter, nature gives to the orphan plants their proper nurture. Here you may see heads with flowing yellow ringlets, angel faces, a room poetically called the *crib*, a pretty little chapel, and a dissecting room. This edifice was formerly a convent of Oratorians; it is now a Foundling Hospital—there are two centuries between these names. There is nothing remarkable in the building itself; it is like a college, a manufactory, a house in the street, or your father's house. But I had almost forgotten a statue which you salute on entering. Vincent de Paule † keeps watch in the vestibule of his temple; that same Vincent de Paule whose evangelical and philanthropic zeal saved the lives of at least one fifth part of the population now treading upon his grave. His contemporaries put his name into the Almanack;—Napoleon would have made him a minister of state."

"On arriving at the outer door, I was struck with a sort of box or cupboard with a double opening, one towards the street, and the other inside the building. It was much like the letter-box at a post office, and the comparison is strengthened when we consider that a mother often dropped her child into it as she would a *billet-doux*, with this shade of difference, that the *billet* began the intrigue, and the child ended it. This box or cupboard is no longer used. Formerly the unhappy mother deposited there, mysteriously and at night, her new-born babe; then after ringing the bell to awaken the sister on duty, she disappeared—her tears and her remorse still heard in the surrounding darkness. It is different now—a singular abuse compelled the change. Dead bodies of children were often found in the cupboard, put there either to avoid the expense of burial or to conceal a crime. This mode of defrauding the guillotine and the undertaker, ‡ no longer exists. A sister sits up all night at the entrance of the *parloir*, and receives from the hand the children that are brought to the hospital during her watch. The cupboard is closed, and its lock rusty—mishaps

† The founder.

‡ In Paris funerals are a monopoly, termed *les pompes funèbres*, and farmed out by the government.

are thought less of than formerly. Whether the child be born in a *douloir* or in a garret, it is now a mere family affair, and amicably adjusted. The infant is taken to the hospital at noon day; it is even recommended to the kind attention of the sisters; its father's name is carefully repeated, and after a few tears the whole is forgotten. If subsequently the unhappy babe cry, expire, be cut to pieces by the anatomist, and its severed limbs sewn up in a canvas bag and consigned without ceremony to the earth, no matter: family honour is safe; the mother goes either to a ball or to the Salpetrière; § civilization continues its progress; surgical knowledge excites admiration, and we have lectures on political economy at the university. All this is admirable!"

"In London the education of these orphan children partakes of the Franklin school, and of the hospitality of an industrious people. Correct manners, and even morals, are instilled into them; which is rare with us. I must add that the mothers are obliged to appear, prior to their *accouchement*, and declare their pregnancy, and although their names escape the dishonour of being registered, the shame of appearing before hand, deters all but the most wretched and the most abandoned from availing themselves of the charity. In Russia and at Naples, the natural dispositions of the children are consulted before their future calling is decided upon, and at Moscow there is an hospital where the foundlings learn music, dancing, and all the other accessories of the dramatic art, in a theatre which they have themselves constructed. This hospital was the first to which Napoleon sent a guard, on the very evening of his entrance into Moscow."

"In France, scarcely have the foundlings passed the age of childhood, when they are dismissed from the hospital. They are dispersed, whether they will or not, among the lowest classes, with the present of an imperfect education; and if one of them should, under his homely garments, feel the thrill of genius, and try to wrench off the helot's collar, his choice would still be confined to the alternatives of a plane, a spade, or starvation.

"If I were to say, that not one half grow up to reap this inheritance, poor as it is, and that the remainder die from the privation of a mother's milk, the uncertainty of science, and the infection of loathsome diseases, I should be far within the mark. At the present day, nearly three-fifths of the foundlings die in their first year. A fourth of the newly-born children perish during the first five days, and more than two-thirds after the first month. Five years after the day on which eight children had been deposited at the hospital, only three of them would be found alive. Extend the time to twelve years and there is only one survivor. It is lamentable to think, that the efforts of art and those of administration are powerless in averting this deplorable mortality. It is, however, some consolation to learn, that the number of deaths decreases daily, and that the mortality of the hospital, at present, bears no proportion to what it was forty years ago: a single fact will prove this. Now-a-days, convenient carriages bring nurses to Paris from the country, and each department has its foundling hospital. But can it be credited that, prior to the revolution, the hospital in the metropolis was the only one in the kingdom, from all parts of which children were brought to Paris to receive a *life ticket*, which oftener turned out a certificate for death? A porter walked through the provinces, carrying upon his back a padded box containing three newly-born babes placed upright in it, supported by wadding, and breathing through a hole in the lid. This man quietly wended his way towards Paris, careless of dust, mud, the mid-day sun, or

§ A prison for prostitutes.



the bustle of inns. Now and then he stopped to take his meals and make his young companions suck a little milk. On opening the box, he sometimes found one of them dead. When this happened, he would throw the body by the road side and continue his journey with the remainder. On his arrival, he got a receipt for the goods delivered, without being answerable for accidents on the road."

## STANDARD NOVELS—No. XI.

*The Hungarian Brothers.*

THE illustrative plate to this volume is one of the very few we have been able to commend—we might not, indeed, under other circumstances, have selected it for approbation; but we have expressed ourselves so little satisfied with Mr. Von Holst, that we are glad of any opportunity of giving him a good word. This edition has, it appears, been revised by the author; and, in explanation of the military accuracy of the work, Miss Porter says a few words, which we shall extract from the general preface, as having some touch of personal interest.

"It was my fortune to pass a whole winter once, nearly alone, in a country house far removed from neighbours. I was thrown principally upon my own resources for amusement during many a long evening: the small library had often before been gone through by me. I found no books with which I was not familiar, except a formidable range of paper-backed volumes and pamphlets, which had been collected by a beloved member of my family, during a short visit to the Continent. They were the productions of French, Italian, and German authors; all treating the same subject, though under different impressions: that subject was, the war which broke out directly after the French Revolution, and terminated in making Austria, Italy, and Prussia pass under the yoke of the Conqueror,—who was himself, ere long, to be put under foot by England!

"Early enamoured of martial glory, I had, in my multifarious readings, already acquired a relish for such topics as were largely treated of in the volumes left on my brother's book-shelves. I went to their perusal full of recollections of ancient military victors: the new system of war excited in me the liveliest interest: a soul seemed now to be breathed into what was an inanimate engine of destruction: and had I been of the nobler sex, my enthusiasm would have carried me into the very scenes where I knew the greatest military geniuses were hazarding their bold experiments in support of, or against each other. As it was, I had no better channel to let my ardours run into, than that of following some imaginary hero through a few campaigns; and by making him speak and act as I thought a gallant and enlightened soldier ought to do, I flattered myself that even my humble romance might assist in exalting the military character in public opinion." p. vi—vii.

## EDINBURGH CABINET LIBRARY, No. V.

*Polar Seas and Regions.* 3rd edit. revised. Edinburgh, 1832. Oliver & Boyd.

THIS is as it should be. Here is consolatory evidence that trade criticism is now powerless. This volume was published at the moment when the *Juvenile* and *National Libraries* were first brought before the public. The '*National*' is dead, and the rickety '*Juvenile*,' the worst series of volumes that ever disgraced literature, though *five times noticed in the Literary Gazette* within one month, did not survive three; while the '*Polar Seas and Regions*,' one of the cheapest and neatest volumes of our time, *dismissed in one eighth of a column in the Gazette*, as interfering with the presumed interests of the proprietors, has arrived at a *third edition*. If any one desire

to see the bold daring of trade criticism, let them compare the reviews of the '*Juvenile*' and the '*Polar Seas*' in the *Gazette*, and judge by the result. This third edition has some corrections and additions, and among the latter is a very interesting narrative of the preservation of part of the crew of the ship *John*, of Greenock.

*The Writer's and Student's Assistant; or, a Compendious Dictionary of English Synonyms.* 2nd edit. London, 1832. Whittaker & Co.

A nut-shell of a volume, and therefore doubly useful to those who have occasion for such a work. To this second edition has been added an index, containing every word in the book, affording an easy means of reference to all places where the word wanted is mentioned.

*Ince's Outline of English History.* London, Simpkin & Marshall; Dover, Batchelor.

THIS is a well-digested little volume; but we doubt how far a brief, bold, collection of facts is likely to engage the attention of young people, and still more the use of such knowledge if we succeed in impressing it on their memories. But the world's judgment is with Mr. Ince.

*The Progress of Reform in England.* From the North American Review for January, 1832. London, Rich.

THE proof sheets of the Review must have been transmitted to England, for this pamphlet is published here at the same time as the Review in America. It is by the author of '*The Prospects of Reform in England*,' an article that was republished in this country and made some stir, and therefore we announce this second pamphlet for the benefit of political readers, although we have not had leisure to look into it.

*Nights of the Round Table; or, the Stories of Aunt Jane and her Friends.* By the Authoress of '*The Diversions of Holly Cot*,' '*Clan Albin*,' and '*Elizabeth de Bruce*.' First Series. 1832. Edinburgh, Oliver & Boyd; London, Simpkin & Marshall.

THIS is a very handsome volume, and, what is far better, a very valuable one. It consists of seven instructive stories, which the young will read with pleasure and profit: nor are we sure that they would be thrown away upon the old and the wise. They are very characteristic, and worthy of the accomplished authoress; good sense and good feeling everywhere abound; there is much knowledge of human nature, and that practical wisdom which seeks to be useful and elegant. We have seldom met with a work, aiming only at instruction, in which there are so many attractions. The writer unites the affection of a mother, the vigilance of an aunt, and the skill of a governess, with the grace and elegance of a well-bred lady.

*Adventures of a Dramatist.* By B. Ererf, Esq. 2 vols. London, 1831. Groombridge.

THE author of these volumes is on very good terms with himself: he condemns the practice of puffs, and desires the public, in no very decorous language, to come to such a decision on his merits as futurity will sanction. It is a question if these slight books will ever travel so far: no doubt the author imagines that the startling transitions of his narrative, its strange incidents, and hop-step-and-jump sort of style, will enable his adventures to win their way to the admiration of this age, and the esteem of all succeeding. We have our suspicions, that posterity will not be aware of the author's labours; yet, any one of the present day, who wishes to know how a young man, of small attainments and immeasurable vanity, endured disappointment and privation, in seeking fame as a play-actor and fortune as an author, will find some-

thing to make him smile in these little books, though the style is coarse, and many of the anecdotes otherwise than delicate.

*Samouelle's Entomological Cabinet.* London, 1832. For the Author; J. Andrews; Renshaw & Rush.

ENTOMOLOGY comes very powerfully recommended to our notice by the number, the value, the beauty, and variety of its subjects, which cross our path at all seasons of the year, and may be collected and studied in every rural walk. This first number contains six plates, neatly engraved and coloured, with corresponding letter-press, for 2s. 6d.; and our wonder is, that it can be accomplished for the money. The various insects are described in language that will be perfectly understood by all; and the author deserves the support of the public for this new attempt to make his favourite study still more popular.

*Of Pestilential Cholera, its Nature, Prevention, and Curative Treatment.* By James Copland, M.D. London, 1832. Longman.

IT is not an easy matter at present to write a work on cholera, which, either by arrangement or the novelty of its doctrines, shall deserve to be particularly noticed. We believe that Dr. Copland may claim this merit, and therefore we recommend his work to the consideration of medical friends.

*SCHOOL AND COLLEGE CLASSICS—Select Orations of Cicero, with English Notes, &c.* London, 1832. Valpy.

THE editions in this useful series are of very unequal merit, and this is far from being one of the best; there are too many critical, and too few explanatory notes; but, notwithstanding these defects, this is the best school-edition of Cicero's Orations, that has yet come from the English press.

*Maturini Corderii Colloquiorum Centuria Selecta.* Editio Nova; a Georgio Milligan. Edinburgh, 1831. Oliver & Boyd.

A good edition of a bad book. Who, in the name of common sense, could suppose, that the dialogues of Cordery formed a school-book in the middle of the nineteenth century? It would be a waste of labour to show that, from its barbarous latinity and colloquial form, Cordery's volume is the very worst that ingenuity could devise for juvenile instruction, especially in a dead language; for, in two of the three kingdoms, his name has sunk into unhonoured oblivion: but, if there be in Scotland those who still adhere to a system endeared by youthful reminiscence, we can safely recommend Mr. Milligan's edition as the best we have ever seen.

## THE PARLIAMENTARY REGISTER.

It will be seen, among our advertisements, that it is intended to publish a very useful Member of Parliament's "*Complete Assistant*." We notice this valuable project, because we have long considered, that the *business* of the House of Commons, important as it is, is carried on with less clear cognizance of its managers than any other business in this kingdom. Bills creep through the house—motions are made—petitions are presented, and many members, and parties interested, are ignorant of the matters. Well and clearly conducted, this publication cannot fail to be every member's *vade-mecum*; and we trust all assistance will be rendered to the work, in the proper offices of the two Houses of Legislature. The '*Mirror of Parliament*,' mirror like, represents only what is passing before it. But in this work, "*Coming events cast their shadows before*"—and the thing which is to be done, and the time at which it is to be done, is registered. We heartily wish the work success.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS

## ON A STRANGER'S GRAVE NEAR VENICE.

Low lies the grave wherein a stranger sleeps!  
Nought comes to mourn beside that common  
ground;—

Save when, in melancholy Autumn, creeps  
The sullen Adriatic, round and round;  
Or when the sea-bird, with his wings unbound,  
Screams out a dirge, and toward the mountains  
sweeps:

Or when a dead man floats across the deeps,  
Or clouds, blown land-ward, pass without a  
sound!—

Nought else: no gloom grows near the place she  
died.

The merry marriage bells send forth their  
chimes;

And joy flies upwards as in ancient times:  
None grieve—Ah, yes: *one* heart, to hers allied,  
Sheds out its grief upon the stranger's grave,  
Its murmurs mingling with the murmuring wave.

B.

## LIVING ARTISTS.—No. XI.

R. B. HAYDON.

OF the merits of Haydon much has been written, and more has been said: his friends, and they are many, have not left his fine genius unnoticed; while his un-friends, to use a northern phrase, and they are numerous, have dwelt more than was courteous on his defects. Nor has he been slack himself in making the world acquainted both with his labours and his sufferings. As he is not a common man, neither has he been treated in a common way: he has been lauded by critics and poets; noblemen have held out their hands to aid him; and many modes have been tried to make the world feel his genius and reward it accordingly. But the world is an obstinate world: in vain have men of talent and rank praised, patronized, and subscribed—all will not do: in truth, admiration must come of free-will: in vain is the world told that it lavishes its thousands and tens of thousands on men, and on women too, who have not a tithe of the talents of Haydon: the world smiles and squanders away, and there is no help for it. Those who desire to excuse the coldness of the public seek the reason in the artist: his vanity, say they, is equal to his skill; he will not allow his genius to have fair play—he is generally writing, and petitioning, and talking about it; he painted his name up, but then he set to work and talked and wrote it down, and other men of genius, more tractable and more conversant with the world and its ways, rose and reigned in his stead. There is, perhaps, some truth in this; but it is also true that his talents are of a high order, and that he is worthy of ranking with the most distinguished artists of the age.

The pencil of Haydon gave early notice of something more than common—indeed, the character of the man may be guessed from his compositions: he desired to be thought daring, and, selecting his subjects from history or from Scripture, showed an inclination to measure himself with the race of giants in art who had preceded him. It would be unjust to say, that his powers were wholly unequal to the task: like the vision in the Castle of Otranto, he showed the foot if he did not show the body of the giant. But it is one thing to grapple with a grand subject, and another thing to master it: those who examine the works of the

painter will find that he fails, not so much in the conception or the handling as in the propriety of action—in short, that he misses those subordinate, yet necessary delicacies, which contain beauty and character. There are, doubtless, portions of his pictures which justify the praise of those friends who call him a second Raphael; and he has a glow of colouring which sometimes equals the finest specimens of his native school of art. But he is often deficient in the dignified gravity—the severe serenity—which Scripture or history require; he also fails frequently in the action of his figures—they do everything with all their might, and seem to feel a difficulty in accomplishing a task which should be performed with ease. That his works were worthy of opening the doors of the Academy to Haydon, was the opinion of his friends: and it is but justice to say, that twenty out of the forty are not so good as he. It was natural too that he should look to the Royal Academy for approbation, if not for help: he followed the precepts of Reynolds and others who lectured on art: he studied Michael Angelo, and imitated Raphael—nay, to such a height did his devotion to the latter reach, that he is said to have affected the open collar and square-toed shoes of the illustrious Italian. Be that as it may, he devoted himself to that department of painting called the historical, yet he did not obtain the countenance of the Academy. In truth, the Forty are reckoned slow in holding out their hands: they must be wooed to be won; and when they yield, they yield, like women, less to real merit than to agreeable manners and courteous solicitation. Though Haydon, as a genius, would be an honour to any Academy, such was the difficult disposition of the man, or such the terror of his brethren for his powers of conversation and controversy, that his name to this day remains without any addition. It is the practice of the Royal Academy not to ask a man of talent to become a member: they cannot imagine that a brother may be too modest or too proud to express such a wish, and so the matter rests between them and those men of genius, who, like Martin and Haydon, have painted pictures rivalling those of Professors and Presidents.

No doubt an academic distinction would be useful to Haydon: it is like a degree taken at college in a question of learning, and confers a dignity in the eyes of the world which is not unbeneficial. As such he regarded it; and, when it could not be obtained, he considered himself deprived of what was justly his due, and more—that he was robbed of the pride of place and also of the rewards which he imagined belonged to it. He filled the town with complaints of neglected talent and public disregard for art; he pleaded, he criticised, he complained, and he importuned; and, when all these were unsuccessful, he petitioned the House of Commons. Now, when the labours of a man of genius fail of themselves to bring him bread and fame, he had better give up the contest with the world and try some more profitable profession: for he may be assured, if he fails to rouse that drowsy monster, the Public, with what he can do, he will be less able to move it with what he can say. The complaints of authors and artists are unregarded things. Nay, such is the nature of the Public, that it dislikes a man the more for setting himself up

against its decisions: in proportion as he is presuming it is disdainful: it cared as much for Haydon as it cared for any one else; and, as Parliament is but a committee of the public, he was but appealing from the right hand to the left. That an artist should call upon Government to vote historical paintings for churches and public buildings, is scarcely to be credited. Government, for these hundred years, at least, have divorced themselves from genius; and neither Literature nor Art have been encouraged in our opulent isle half so much as they have by some of the petty kingdoms on the continent. A man of genius, in France or in Germany, has the consequence in the land which is due to his mind: in England, he is nothing; or, the miserable pittance bestowed on him, when old, by the generosity of one king, may be withheld by the frugality of another.

For Haydon to propose that the Commons should vote the manufacture of historical works, could only arise from a belief that he could himself create whatever they commanded. He thought, perhaps, that his colours were equal to the brightest period of our national glory. We give him full credit for the sincerity of his opinion in his own powers, and likewise for his readiness to colour canvas, in a civil or religious way, according to the new Act, for promoting the manufacture. Nay, we are certain, from the proofs which he has in many instances given, that he would have executed a series of pictures not unworthy of public approbation: we only marvel that he thought of applying to the House of Commons. Individuals of that house—Sir Robert Peel, for instance,—have been munificent patrons of art; but the House, as a body, patronizes nothing which has its rise from genius. Painting, and Sculpture, and Architecture, were taken under royal favour when the Academy was founded; but we are not sure that they are much improved. What Art failed to do, Literature accomplished without fee or reward: works of genius, equal in mind and imagination to aught else of ancient or modern times, have been produced, without Acts of Parliament, in this country for centuries. We wish so well to Haydon, as to wish that he would choose canvas of a moderate size, and subjects of a character which include fireside sympathies; that he would give his genius fair play and work more in the spirit of his country. He would thus gain better bread, and obtain higher fame, than have hitherto fallen to his lot: nay, were he to practise a little courtesy of speech, he might be admitted into the Royal Academy, and so rest in peace.

## SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.

COMMUNICATED BY LEITCH RITCHIE.

Unto

Mr. Leitch Ritchie, of London, care of  
Messrs. Smith, Elder, & Co.,

These.

Bristol, Fag-End Lane, 29th Dec., 1851.

SIR,—Being myself of the liberal profession of literature, and, moreover, belonging to that branch of it—namely, the scholastic—of which yours is only an off-shoot, I take leave to address you as herein set forth.

You are to know, good Sir, that I confined myself during the Christmas week to my *parabystum* (a Latin word, though of Greek extraction, which signifieth a truckle-bed),

partly on account of the turmoil and terrification of the Burning—partly as seeing that I had granted a vacation to my disciples—and partly for the sake of warmth, coals being really black diamonds now in regard of the price, as if the cholera, not contented with human symptoms, intramitted even with the bowels of the earth. In this situation, after a season, time began to hang heavy on my hands; and in my truckle, or trundle-bed (the former word expressing the circumstance of the wheels, *rotæ lignæ*, and the latter that of the motion), instead of rest, I at length found only weariness.

Having read over my own library twice in the first three days, it was necessary to have recourse to that of my neighbours, and I accordingly employed the feminine, whose task it was to bring me *vires* for the body, to look out for nourishment for the mind. She succeeded on borrowing a book from a young person, indeed, a pupil of my own, or *discipula* (which termination, implying the gender, I use on the authority of Pliny—see x. 29, *De Luscinia*), a tattered and antique-looking volume, without length or breadth, but huge thickness, and with the date and other parts of the title-page torn away.

From what remained I found that the strange *sarrago* (Horace) of the book was made up of "Confessions," and that you were the writer: but whether you are yourself, or somebody else under a feigned name, or whether you are a living man or a dead and bygone author, I cannot say. I only know that I was greatly struck with the singularity of an individual becoming acquainted with so many odd and surprising circumstances, occurring in real life and sometimes in the midst of events to which the whole country was witness. Reflecting, however, on the life, among others, of that unfortunate revenger 'William Jones,' and the poor young man 'John Williams,' the thought struck me, that perhaps it was not so much a particular destiny that had thrown the author into acquaintance with these and the like "strange bed-fellows," as a habit of observation, which impelled him to take note of minute circumstances that escaped the wholesale optics of others. I at length began to task my own memory (escaping as I had just done from one of the most awful catastrophes in the history of this country), and I was proud to behold rising up before me the "sleeping images of things" (as Dryden beautifully expresseth it), which seemed, to my eyes, to arrange themselves into a show, or scene, not dependent for its interest upon the general picture. The affair I am about to relate I witnessed with my own eyes from my *cœnaculum* (or garret), but being uncertain as to whether this missive will reach you—or, indeed, as to whether you have not been dead these hundred years, I shall curtail the anecdote as much as possible. If you print it in your own collection, or otherwise obtain its publication, I shall send you something more worthy of the honour. In the meantime, you may transmit me half-a-crown (in regard of coals), which I hope you will consider moderate. I am, dear Sir, your great friend, and servant to command,

P. P.†

Having retired, as usual, early in the evening, to my parlour at the top of the house,

† The half-crown sent, and the enclosed anecdote dashed of its pedantry, by L. R.

I stood for a few minutes at the window to enjoy the balmy twilight before lighting my lamp. A lofty wall was before me, the blank surface of which was only diversified by a single window opposite mine. Below, the narrow lane, being a populous thoroughfare, was crowded with moving figures. The view was not poetical; and the sight of the distant crowd seemed rather to confirm than disturb the idea of solitude—yet, like Numa, I had evenhere an Egeria.

This was a young lass of the classical name of Sally, whose window was opposite mine. The view of her window had been my only amusement for the last fifteen years. At the beginning of this period the apartment was crowded with squalling children, all of whom, to my great gratification, died off by degrees excepting Sally. Sally grew, and her auburn locks grew—first, in curls, then in tangles, like the hair of Neëra. The two-edged, small-teethed, white comb was laid aside; the hair was clubbed up behind, and curled before; the horn-combs gave place to brilliant French shell—but this was only of late. For many years her cheek was fresh and rosy; but, by degrees, a kind of pearly paleness mantled over this colour, without removing it. Her cheek, although not so red, looked warmer. Her eyes were less brilliant; but the light seemed only to have retreated from the surface, by way of a stratagem, to tempt the incautious gaze, which incontinent it fixed and blinded. Her voice lost in loudness, but you could hear it further off, and it acquired the property of producing an echo when the hearer had fallen asleep. As A B C's had gradually given place to curl-papers, so these in turn were rivalled by Valentine letters. I hardly knew how it came about, although I saw, and watched curiously, every step of the process; but Sally, from a dirty squalling child, became a beautiful girl, the star of the young men, and the pride and love of our alley.

It was owing, perhaps, to her having been accustomed to my gaze from childhood that Sally cared no more for the old *pædagogus*, whose eye was for ever upon her, than if he had been Providence itself: and thus she was before me, day after day, like an open book. Although only twelve feet asunder, we had never exchanged words in our lives; and yet I was the spectator of every event in her history, and the confidential depository even of her love secrets. The affair, to say the truth, became burthensome at last; and had it not been for the interest I took, in spite of me, in one of the unsettled scores in her heart's intrusions, I believe I should have changed my lodgings.

There was a young lad, apprenticed to the gentle craft of shoemaking, and a pupil of my own in the humanities, who, like many others, was early smitten with Sally. In looks, as well as in Latin, he was far above the other youth of our alley; and, I saw clearly, that he must be the destined swain. The paths of destiny however are dark and tortuous, and in the course of my watchings I was often amazed and bewildered. Pride, anger, scorn, and every kind of uncharitableness, seemed to enter into the composition of Sally's love; and no eye but mine saw that the storms of the morning subsided in showers of tears in the evening. Cupid, however, at length triumphed, and it was known to the

whole lane that William and Sally were bespoken lovers.

At this moment a relation of the damsel died, and left her fifty pounds! Everything was thrown into sixes and sevens. Her father declared that all that had taken place between the two lovers had been only child's play—that Sally, in her quality of heiress, might now look beyond the alley, and, perhaps even into the doors of the neighbouring Custom House. Even Sally herself was moved for a moment—and no wonder! Poor William did not consider that the female character is as unstable as the sea from whence the Queen of Beauty is fabled to have arisen; and that the next day he would probably find his mistress recovered from the intoxication of sudden wealth. He took the change to heart at once—deserted his home and business without an adieu—and went to sea. Let me draw a veil over Sally's grief and despair. She refused steadily every offer that was made to her, and scarcely stirred out of her room from one month to another, but sat sewing by the window, as motionless, save in the fingers, as a statue. Six months had passed on in this way; and when, on the present occasion, I took my usual post at the window, there she was at hers, working mechanically almost in the dark.

I had not stood long, till a sound, different from the common noises of evening, broke upon my ear. It was like the rushing and roaring of a mighty but distant torrent, and seemed to communicate some agitation to the figures moving in the lane below. The sound came nearer, and at last I could hear the national hurra! which, in England, shakes the air on every tumultuous occasion, whether of love or hate. It was now too dark to distinguish the figures; but I knew, by the tread and voices, that a crowd was rushing past the end of the lane towards the Custom House. I could not guess the meaning of the tumult, but stood stretching out of the window, and listening intently while the roar of the crowd became every minute more appalling. At last, as some gleams of light shot up into the sky from beyond the tall houses before me, a terrible suspicion darted across my mind, and I rushed down from my garret and into the street, to see with my own eyes what was going on.

Guess my consternation to find the Custom-house and the neighbouring houses in flames; and the crowd, like evil demons, flitting through the burning piles, not to save but to destroy! The fire was spreading rapidly. My first thought was of my library—containing seven volumes—my papers, my pens—and I rushed back again to save them. I was entangled, however, in the crowd—the long stairs, leading to my own garret, were choked up with furniture, which the alarmed inmates were crushing down by main force—and it was long before I reached the top of the house.

On opening the door, I found the room as light as day, and ran to the window. The wall of houses, that had stood dark and grim before me so short a time ago, was rent and shattered as if by lightning. In many places the roof had already fallen in. Sally's chamber alone seemed, by some strange accident, to have escaped; but the devouring flames were now gathering fiercely round it. Soon one of the party-walls fell before my eyes; and, in the sudden burst of light, I saw the un-

fortunate girl, who had been alarmed too late, standing in the middle of the apartment like a statue of despair!

It was yet possible to save—or rather it was possible for her to have saved herself. A run—a leap, such as even I could accomplish, would have cleared the opening made by the fall of the party-wall, and landed her upon a spot comparatively free from the flames; from whence, by a path perilous but practicable, she might have gained the street. No one lower down than ourselves could have seen this; and perhaps even Sally did not see it all—for, after looking wistfully at the opening, and standing for a second as if in the act of leaping, she shrunk back. Although my side of the lane was untouched, and, probably, from the quarter of the wind, would remain so, it would have been impossible for me to have descended in time to be of any use. All I could do was to lean out of the window, and endeavour to attract the attention of some men who still stood their ground in the lane below. I succeeded. I even made them comprehend the possibility of saving the unfortunate young woman. I saw them, with intense interest, provide themselves with ropes and blankets, and prepare to ascend the ruins; when, at that moment, a sea of fire, like the burning waters of hell, rushed roaring through the lane. This was the contents of the spirit-cellars of the Custom House that had taken fire, burnt their casks, and rolled in waves of flame along the street. All access was thus cut off to the devoted girl: my heart grew sick; and I covered my eyes with my hands. At this instant the door of my apartment was burst open, and a man, in a sailor's dress, rushed up to the window, seized hold of the sash, and, with one mighty effort, tore it away.

"Sally," said he, in a voice as calm as death, "be of good heart!" He sprang upon the window-seat, and, leaning out, tore from the roof, with the assistance of a hatchet that was slung by his side, a fragment of the wooden water-pipe which receives the eaves-drops. Holding it up perpendicularly, he allowed the further end to fall into Sally's window; while the other, resting on mine, he put it into my hands, commanding me in a calm but stern voice, to "hold fast." I saw that the timber was in part decayed—that it could not by possibility sustain the weight of a man; and I would fain have urged the madness and impiety of throwing away his own life, without even a chance of saving that of his mistress. But on looking into his face, I knew that remonstrance would be vain; and I turned down my head trembling, and indeed "held fast."

When I looked up again, he was about half way across. The fatal bridge swayed and cracked. The hell-cauldron below, (for this part of the lane had been made into a *cul de sac* by the ruins, and retained the spirits as in a fountain,) bubbled up, and roared, and blazed;—and, in the midst of the blue flames, I could have sworn that I saw the devils holding up their hands, to receive, with curved fingers, the victim of love. Above and around, fire struggled with smoke; and the whole formed a picture which I shall never forget. William was within an inch of the middle. It was a miracle how the rotting board had held so long; but I knew that the instant it received its full strain, it would fly in splinters. I closed my

eyes. The instant came. A sharp crash told the event;—but no cry from the lover, and no shriek from his mistress.

When I opened my eyes, William was clinging to the severed end of the board—the other having been secured by Sally, who, when she saw it going, started from her trance, forced down the casement, and held it with the united strength of love and despair. William appeared to be stupified for the instant, and to hold on more from instinct than courage; but speedily he regained his self-possession, and, with the assistance of the rusty nails in the board, actually managed to gain the window. He sprang into the room—covered Sally with blankets which he snatched from the bed—swung her upon his shoulder—leaped across the chasm—and alternately seen and hidden—wrapped in flame, or lost in smoke—gained the street in triumph.

Sally lost her fifty pounds in the flames. What then? She found her lover—who is now her husband.

#### NOTES ON NEW ZEALAND.

EXTRACTS FROM THE MS. JOURNAL OF G. BENNETT, M.B.C.S.

On the 29th of June (1829), we left the River Thames, and arrived at the Bay of Islands on the 2nd of July. During the passage we passed the Poor Knights' Islands: the largest of these islands was inhabited by a few natives. It was formerly numerously populated, and produced so much provisions, as to induce ships to touch there in preference to the Bay of Islands. This annoyed so much the people at the Bay of Islands, in having their commerce checked, that they landed on the island, and massacred the greater part of the inhabitants.

On the meeting and parting of friends, it is the custom to cut themselves with shells, until the blood flows profusely; and they sometimes remain locked in each other's arms wailing, not a word being spoken on either side for some time; when, I suppose, being tired, or rather the ceremony (for it is nothing else) being concluded, they get up as if nothing had happened, laugh, talk, and in the former case relate all the news of what occurred during their absence.

On the 4th of July I made an excursion up the river Kowa-kowa; its banks are at some parts beautifully verdant and picturesque: the river does not appear to be navigable for boats farther than seven miles from the mouth, except, probably, after heavy rains. Some parts of the banks were steep and densely wooded; others swampy, and covered with the *Avicennia resinifera*, or *Māā-noā* of the natives. Wild ducks were plentiful on the river, and not very shy.

At a short distance inland, the country was clear of timber, and enlivened occasionally by native villages and plantations; some of which were situated on elevated and beautifully-picturesque spots. The soil appeared rich. The only plantations were maize (the harvest for which had just commenced), the quality of which appeared excellent, potatoes, and the kumera, or sweet potato. It is, however, to be regretted, that the natives, from a natural indolence, cultivate but little more land than to supply their own wants; and, consequently, a quantity of valuable land is left waste, which might be profitably cultivated with the different European vegetables for the supply of shipping.

The New Zealanders have some idea of fertilizing their land by manure, as I observed some heaps of mud taken from the river, and left collected on the banks. On inquiring for what purpose it was intended, the answer I received was, that "it was intended to be spread over the kumera (sweet potato) ground previous to planting."

The women sometimes, in a fit of jealousy,

will commit suicide. I heard, when at New Zealand, of the following instance. A chief named Tukarua (who constantly visited us at the Thames), had a young woman as a wife, who was dotingly attached to him; but he, being led away by the superior charms of another dark-eyed damsel, proved unfaithful. Finding all her tears and entreaties fruitless, she watched him one night when he visited the hut of his beloved, and hung herself near the entrance. The first object that met his eyes, on leaving the hut the following morning, was his faithful spouse swinging to the passing breeze.

On the 15th of July we sailed from the Bay of Islands for Tongatabu, but lay for a few hours off and on near the village of Rangihu, Tipuna. This village is curiously situated on the summit of an elevated and rather projecting hill, and has a very peculiar appearance, on account of its lofty site, when viewed from below. Near it is a missionary station.

When botanizing, the New Zealanders, similar to other natives, could not conjecture the use I made of the plants. "White people," they said, "are very curious—collect everything." Some said, "it was intended to feed the animals on board." They always readily collected for me; and a numerous fry of the young cannibal tribe usually followed me in those excursions, all eager to carry a load, and eyeing, with much curiosity, the process of placing the plants in the paper, &c.

[To be concluded next week.]

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ARTS.

BRITISH Literature has, in the opinion of no mean judge, "approached a crisis when some considerable change for the better or the worse may be anticipated: when it will either return to nature and simplicity, or degenerate into bombast and frivolity;"—with this opinion we cordially concur. The drama, from sentiment and passion, has become a show-box of picturesque scenes; and literature, from the dignity of its state and the elegant and vigorous simplicity of its language, has descended to the tittle-tattle of well-bred conversation: for the fine imagination and purified passion of true genius, we have the frivolous gossip of the drawing-room and the tell-tale scandal of the private chamber. Criticism, we believe, is much to blame for this: the cut-throat atrocities of the *Edinburgh*, during the administration of Jeffrey, and the cold-blooded sneering dissections of the *Quarterly*, in the hands of Gifford, drove men of genius to throw themselves upon the popular feeling of the hour, and, as high priests to this new tribunal, they have now nothing to fear from either the justice or the captiousness of the critics. But then the rabble has power over them; the wild democracy calls for all manner of momentary stimulants, and desires nothing but amusement. Genius leads no longer, but is led. Hence we make our breakfast on three volumes of scandal, from middle life or high; dine on the last elopement of some titled delinquent, done up into chapters and books; the secret causes of some family feud, wrought into a romance, serve us for tea; and we sup on a full, true, and particular account of the late atrocities in London, with heads of the murderers, and their confessions, real or imaginary. On such themes is much of the literary talent of the land employed—it has yet a deeper descent to prove; for we think the times about to succeed will be still less favourable for works of imagination and genius.

To Art the same sort of remarks apply as to Literature. Against the lower branch of painting the higher branch has contended fruitlessly—fact has prevailed against fiction; or rather the vulgar has put down the noble: history has been obliged, and that for some time, to give place to portrait: Art is becoming more general, so is Literature, but the higher qualities of both are not in request. We have done with heroes, and must spend our time with buffoons. Turner found an indifferent market for his poetic landscapes, and has taken himself to the embellishment of books: Wilkie has laid aside for a time his poetic or domestic pencil, and dips his brush in courtly colours fit for kings: Baily, the sculptor, has proved what Flaxman proved before, that for poetic sculpture there is no market.

In the way of novelty there is little to be related. A meeting of the Royal Academy is summoned early in February, to elect a member in the room of James Northcote: Newton, Allan, and Briggs are spoken of as the most likely to be put in nomination. Some members will, no doubt, vote for Elias Martin: though this veteran has, for many years, it is believed, been in the bosom of St. Luke; still he is kept at the head of the list of Associates; and when a person is put up to whom any Academician is averse, he bestows his vote on Elias.

Wilkie has now finished his great picture of 'Knox preaching at St. Andrew's, to the utter confusion of the Romish hierarchy': he is about, it is said, to try his hand on an English Reformation picture, and a scene from the Life of Cranmer has been selected.

The *Examiner* had lately some sharp remarks concerning the pain which the Royal Academy felt at seeing Stanfield employed by the King in preference to Turner or Callcott: Stanfield is a man of genius, so the King may be right: His Majesty has also employed Chambers to paint marine pictures for him, and Francis to make his bust—what has the *Examiner* to say concerning the genius of these gentlemen and the royal taste?

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

##### ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Jan. 9.—G. B. Greenough, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—A paper, entitled Notes on Guiana, South America, communicated by Captain J. E. Alexander, H.P., late 16th Lancers, was read. Capt. Alexander was induced to visit Guiana in the spring of last year, for the purpose of observation, and, having reached the coast, landed at George Town. The landing-place was occupied by a few women, sitting with trays of fruits and vegetables; from thence a road, flanked by canals, led to the streets, which were unpaved, but in excellent order: except close to the water, the houses were widely scattered, each being surrounded with a garden and lofty trees. This year it was found impossible to keep the gardens in order, owing to the amazing quantity of rain that had fallen, which is reckoned by feet, and not by inches in the usual way: in five months, six feet eight inches of rain fell at George Town. Of the natives, Capt. Alexander says, they are of short stature, but well proportioned; they walk about in a state of nudity, with a strip of blue salampore about their loins; their skins are beautifully clear, and of a light mahogany colour; the expression of their faces is apathetic good-nature. The state of the British slaves appears to be enviable, compared with that of the Dutch slaves of Surinam. The account

given by Capt. Alexander of the treatment of these unfortunate creatures, is revolting in the extreme, and it is difficult to believe that such refinement in cruelty can be practised by any people with pretensions to civilization in the year 1831. Any owner of a slave may have him punished, by paying a dollar to the executioner for 150 lashes, the price increasing in proportion to the number of lashes required. The legs of a slave, who has deserted his master, are cut off;—the account is, indeed, scarcely credible. Capt. Alexander proceeded a hundred miles up the river Essequibo in a small country schooner, and then embarked and proceeded higher in canoes. All vestiges of the Dutch settlements are gone, and all is solitude and silence on either hand; occasionally, says Capt. Alexander, one stumbles in the entangled brushwood on a tombstone of some Dutchman, from the shores of the Zuyder Zee. An idea may be formed of the ignorance of the natives on the Mazaroon river, by an incident related by Captain Alexander. Two gentlemen, who were exploring the river, heard the cries of a person in the woods: on landing to ascertain the cause, they found one of the Arawak Indians swinging himself in a hammock, fastened to trees, between two dead bodies, each in hammocks on either side of him. The motion of his hammock caused the others to move also, and all the time he was uttering the most distressing cries. He was interrogated as to the reason of his doing so, and replied, that the bodies were those of his brothers, who had been lately killed. The unhappy man then got some twigs from the adjacent trees, and commenced beating the bodies, calling out at the same time *Heya!* as if he felt the pain of the blows. He next obtained some of the fat of a hog, that had been just killed, and anointed the faces and mouths of the deceased, and accompanied the operation by grunting. He next opened and shut their eyes; but, finding all his attempts to bring them to life useless, he was induced to bury them in the earth. A mat was then thrown over them, and they were covered with leaves.

The tradition of these Indians respecting the Creator and Creation is very remarkable. They believe in a supreme deity, who, they imagine, has a brother that governs the whole universe. They also believe in an evil spirit, and on various occasions endeavour to appease him by their sorcerers or priests. Respecting the creation, they believe that the Great Spirit sat on a silk cotton-tree, and, cutting off pieces of the bark, that he threw them into the river below it, when they assumed the figures of animals; that man was the last of the creation, and being cast into a sleep, he was touched by the deity, and found, on waking, that his wife was by his side. They also believe that the world became very wicked, and that mankind were drowned by a flood, only one man being saved in a canoe. That he sent out a rat to ascertain whether the waters had subsided, and the rat returned to him with a head of Indian corn. So close an assimilation to the Mosaic History is certainly remarkable. Captain Alexander's very interesting paper was accompanied by a map illustrative of his route through a part of Guiana entirely unknown before.

A paper was also communicated, by Captain Horsburgh, on the Maldiva Islands, in the Indian Ocean; and a letter from the Royal Asiatic Society was read. By this, it appears that apprehensions of the cholera being introduced from Egypt had subsided. The Bashaw was on the eve of an engagement with the Arabs of various places, who had refused to pay tribute for some time past, and had intercepted all communication between Soudan and Bornou. The Bashaw had 30,000 men in the field when the intelligence left Tripoli in November last.

In the course of the evening a great many

candidates were proposed and balloted for; and notice was given, that, in consequence of the valuable papers to be read at the Society's meetings having accumulated, an *extra*-ordinary meeting would take place on Monday next at the usual hour.

##### ROYAL SOCIETY.

Jan. 12.—Dr. John Bostock, Vice President, in the Chair.—A paper was read, On Electricity and Magnetism, &c. by Michael Faraday, Esq., F.R.S., &c.

Thomas Maclear, Esq., was admitted a Fellow, and J. T. Conquest, M.D., proposed.

##### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

|          |   |              |
|----------|---|--------------|
| MONDAY,  | { Phrenological Society.....            | Eight, P.M.  |
|          | { Medical Society .....                 | Eight, P.M.  |
|          | { Linnean Society .....                 | Eight, P.M.  |
| TUESDAY, | { Horticultural Society .....           | One, P.M.    |
|          | { Institution of Civil Engineers, ..... | Eight, P.M.  |
| WEDNES.  | { Geological Society .....              | past 8, P.M. |
|          | { Royal Society of Literature.....      | Three, P.M.  |
|          | { Society of Arts .....                 | past 7, P.M. |
| THURSD.  | { Royal Society .....                   | past 8, P.M. |
|          | { Society of Antiquaries.....           | Eight, P.M.  |
| FRIDAY,  | { Royal Institution .....               | past 8, P.M. |
| SATURD.  | { Asiatic Society .....                 | Two P.M.     |
|          | { Westminster Medical Society, .....    | Eight, P.M.  |

##### PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

*Invention of a new Air-pump.—Second Volcano near the coast of Sicily.—Faraday's Investigations.—Russian Emeralds.—Majendie on the Cholera, and his appalling picture of the state of the lower classes in Sunderland.*

THE meeting, held by the members of this Institution, on the 26th of last month, was peculiarly interesting.

M. Thilorier presented for the examination of the Academy, and as one of the competitors for the mechanical prize in 1832, a new pump for creating vacua, which acts entirely by hydrostatic power, without being aided in its operations by any moveable pieces whatever, and being independent of piston, valve, or cock. The inventor alleges, that his "Pneumato-static Pump," which is the name he gives it, is essentially different from the mercurial pumps hitherto brought forward.

The Secretary of State for the Naval Department, announced to the Academy, that the *Astrolabe*, on her voyage from Toulon to Navarino, in November last, had sailed past the new island, *Julia* or *Nerita*. The volcano had subsided; but, at a distance of two miles to the westward, a second sub-marine eruption had been observed (which did not at that time afford any trace of lava), on the surface of the sea.

M. Hachette read a notice from Mr. Faraday, on the memoir which he had laid before the Royal Society of London; the notice contained the result of his latest investigations into *electro-dynamic phenomena*, and gave rise to a scientific discussion on the part of Messrs. Arago, Ampère, and Thénard.

Baron de Humboldt presented the Academy with a cluster of *Crystals of Emeralds*, recently found in the middle region of the Ural, to the north of Ekatherineburgh. He had received it as a present from the Emperor of Russia; and he remarked, that it was not found in the carburetted schistus of transition, like the beautiful emeralds from Muzo mine, in Columbia, but in mica-schistus, as is the case with the emeralds found in Upper Egypt. The Muzo emerald weighs twelve hundred carats, but that of the Ural cluster, fifteen hundred and fourteen.

The next communication was one, which, we regret to observe, is no way calculated to raise the name of England in the estimation of her foreign contemporaries. It was a verbal report made by Dr. Majendie, on the result of his scientific visit to *SUNDERLAND*:—"I have found nothing to abate what I have already communicated on the more serious cases of Cholera,"



said Dr. M. "The most remarkable phenomenon in a physiological point of view, and that on which the most alarming symptoms depend, is the change in the circulation. From the first exhibition of the disease, the heart does not present more than from twelve to fifteen contractions per minute; it is not merely that the frequency of the pulsation is diminished, but there is a diminution in the powers of that organ, and this to such an extent, that if the patient be moved from a horizontal, with a view to raise his body to a vertical position, the heart is incapable of exerting a sufficient impetus to drive the blood to the head; the patient, consequently, faints away, and sometimes expires under the simple operation of this change of posture. I am happy," added Dr. M. "that what I have otherwise to report, is of a consolatory character with regard to our own country. The town of Sunderland has not been attacked in every quarter by the Cholera; indeed, the disease has invaded but a limited portion of it. It is a place containing forty thousand souls, of great commercial activity, and the seat of extraordinary industry. It contains no less than eight hundred dwellings, belonging to manufacturers or merchants of note. These individuals, as well as every person in easy circumstances, reside in two parishes, which are situated on an eminence. But, as to the poorer class of the population, they are crowded together in a distinct quarter of the town, (that which is properly called 'the parish of Sunderland'); a quarter, lying in a hollow near the river, and encompassed by heights, on the north, south, and east, which impede the free circulation of the air. The construction of the lower part of the town is of a description to prevent any kind of ventilation: the houses are separated by wretched streets, not more than three or four feet in breadth; every apartment is from eight to ten feet square, and from six to seven feet high (!); and each of them is inhabited by a whole family, who perform every function of life in it, and cook their victuals with sea coal, in the very heart of so dense a smoke, that, even at mid-day, there is not more light than what is necessary to enable one to grope one's way. I entered these miserable abodes more than once, and, though I carried a light in my hand, I found it difficult to discover the patient; in many instances, he was lying down on a sack, filled with goose feathers, and as this sack serves as a bed for the whole family, the icy coldness of his body was the only criterion by which I was enabled to distinguish him from the others.

"The parish of Sunderland consists of seven thousand inhabitants,—fourteen thousand of whom are on the poor-books, and are relieved, not directly from the house (*fabrique*), but through a contractor, whose interest it is to dispense the smallest modicum of aid he can contrive. Now, those who receive this aid are not, in all cases, able to hire the wretched description of dwellings to which I have just alluded; they are mustered in a common or poor-house, than which the imagination cannot picture a more hideous abiding-place: this is especially applicable to the Infirmary, a chamber twenty feet square, round which a row of such sacks of feathers as I have before described, is ranged. On these sacks are rolled, pell-mell, women, children, and old men, (*most of them in a dying state*), and they are attended by other paupers, who are suffering too much in their own persons to have any feeling for their fellow-creatures' agonies! In no part of the lower town of Sunderland are there any public sewers; the filth and putrid matters are consigned to the roof or street; and the banks of the river are coated with a noxious surface, the greater portion of which is composed of those defilements. This inconceivable degree of uncleanness, combined with the complete absence of ventilation, and the extreme destitution under which

a part of the population pine, are obviously favourable, in an eminent degree, either to the breeding or propagation of disease. Hence, the Sunderland faculty have remarked for a long time past, that not a year transpires without the appearance of some destructive epidemic in this quarter—either typhus, scarlet-fever, or scarletina."

Dr. M. added, that, owing to the popular prejudice against dissection, he had only been able to examine one isolated subject; and closed his report by commenting, in no strain of eulogy indeed, on the sanitary measures adopted at Sunderland. In the subsequent debate, M. Moreau de Jonnés vindicated the Board of Health from his colleague's aspersions, and laid much stress upon the value of the official reports supplied to him by that body; against which, however, Dr. Majendie again levelled his anathema.

### FINE ARTS

*Landscape Illustrations of the Waverley Novels, with letter-press descriptions.* 2 vols. London, 1831. Tilt; Moon, Boys, & Graves.

THIS very interesting work is now completed—it contains eighty landscapes after Stanfield, Robson, Daniell, Dewint, Constable, Fielding, and other skilful artists, all engraved by the two Findens; of these, some five and twenty, which we could select, are worth the five pounds which the volumes cost. This is the true and satisfactory way of embellishing works of genius; that learned society, whom the satirist lampoons for examining the moon by her own light, were wiser than those men who desired to explore her by means of a farthing candle. For instance, in the Dumfriesshire part of the *Waverley Novels*, 'Guy Mannering,' and 'Redgauntlet,' we are infinitely better pleased to see the splendid 'Firth of Solway,' with its winding shores and dancing waves, 'The Old Castle of Lagg,' 'The Baronial Ruins of Caerlaverock,' 'The Waste of Cumberland,' nay, even the good 'Town of Dumfries' itself, with its three steeples and its grave of Robert Burns, than we should be to look at any creations of the painter's fancy, though made, as he imagined, in the spirit of the text. But it is not to that beautiful and secluded district, that we owe all the attractions of these volumes; the artists have wandered with the writer, from the Orkneys to the Straits of Dover, and made an excursion into France, selecting with much judgment, the interesting and picturesque scenes which the northern novelist had introduced into his pages. From many painters' portfolios these scenes have been collected—one of no common beauty was supplied by the Marchioness of Stafford. Though it would probably have been as well to have given the Findens the aid of other brethren of the graver, yet the illustrations are surpassingly beautiful; it is to their advantage, too, that they are calculated to bind up, at the will of the purchaser, with the volumes of Scott.

*Illustrations to all Editions of the Waverley Novels; 'Pirate' to 'Quentin Durward.'* Part IV. London, 1831. Moon, Boys & Graves.

WE have before admitted that these illustrations have decidedly improved. This part contains many clever pictures, and amongst others, the vignettes to 'Quentin Durward,' and those capital ones by Purser and Wilkie to 'Peveril.'

*Select Views of all the Principal Cities of Europe.* London, 1831. Moon, Boys & Co.

WE presume this work has not been very successful, from its hurrying to a close on the publication of only five parts; it was rather for fidelity than beauty, that it claimed the patronage of the public, and we think, under such circumstances, it should have been published at a lower price. We take this opportunity of

giving a hint to printsellers generally, that the first of them who shall boldly come forward, with sufficient capital to take the lead, and give the public works of the highest excellence at the lowest possible price, will stand a good chance of making a fortune; and such a man shall have our zealous support—but two things are the condition, the lowest possible price, calculating on the largest possible sale, and the finest works that art can produce;—to this it will come, and the sooner the better; and the first in the field will reap the richest harvest. We may say more on this subject shortly.

### MUSIC

#### PROGRAMME OF THE ARRANGEMENTS OF THE KING'S THEATRE.

THIS important State Paper in the World of Fashion is now submitted to the Public.

The Opera will open on the 24th or 28th. The following is the official list of Artists engaged. It does not materially differ from our announcement three weeks ago:—

#### OPERA.

Signora Adelaide Tosi, Signora G. Gris, Madame S. Devrient, Madame Rosa Mariani, Madame D. Cinti, Madame De Meric, Madame Battiste, Madame Grandola, &c.—Monsieur Adolphe Nourrit, Signor D. Donzelli, Signor B. Winter, Signor Tamburini, Signor L. Mariani, Signor V. Galli, Signor Arnaud, Signor Arrigotti, Signor Ghiblet, Signor Piossi, &c. &c.

#### BALLET.

Mademoiselle Taglioni, Madlle. Heberle, Madame Brugnotli, Madame Lecompte, Madame Ancellin, Madlle. Varin, Madlle. Guichard, Madlle. Chavigny, Madlle. Proche, Madlle. Hullin, &c.—M. Albert, Signor Guerra, Signor Samengo, M. Taglioni, M. Albert, fils, M. Bretin, M. D'Egville Michau, M. Martin, M. Finart, M. Albert, Signor Arnaud, M. Taglioni, père, M. Simon, &c.

#### ORCHESTRA.]

DIRECTOR of the Orchestra, Signor Costa; LEADER of the Orchestra, Signor Spagnioletti.—VIOLINI: Messrs. Mori, Dando, Watts, Murray, Nadaud, Pigott, Ella, Kearns, Wallis, Baker, Reeves, Bohrer, Tolbecque, Griesbach, Zerbini, Littolf, Anderson, Watkins, Thomas, &c.—VIOLE: Morat, Warren, Alepct, Daniela, Chubb, Nicks, &c.—VIOLONCELLI: Lindley, Rousselet, Hatton, Crouch, sen., Crouch, jun., Brooks, &c.—CONTRABASSI: Dragonetti, Wilson, Howell, Anfossi, Flower, Taylor, &c.—FLAUTI: Messrs. Nicholson and Card. ORO: Messrs. Cooke and Barrett.—CLARINI: Messrs. Willman and Powell.—FAGOTTI: Messrs. Mackintosh and Tully.—CORO: Messrs. Platt, Ray, Calcott, and Tully.—TROMBE: Messrs. Harper and Smith.—TROMBONI: Messrs. Marietti, Smithers, sen., Smithers, jun.—TIMPANI, Mr. Chip.—Stage Manager, Mr. Charles Broad; Scene Painter, Mr. William Grive; Prompter, Signor Rubbi; Secretary to the Box Department, Mr. Seguin; Poet and Italian Translator, Dr. Giuseppe Giglioli.

The Choruses, under the direction of approved Masters, together with the Corps de Ballet, have been entirely remodelled and increased; and it is presumed will be found consistent with the rest of the arrangements in their several departments.

The following are some among the musical works which are proposed to be represented:—The 'Esule di Roma,' and 'Olivo e Pasquale' of Donizetti—'La Straniera' of Bellini—'Il Demetrio e Polibio' of Rossini, being the first production of his pen; with, perhaps, the 'Armida' or 'Ermione' of the same author—'L'Alfredo di Mayr'—'Il Sansone' of the celebrated Professor Basily, now the President of the Imperial Conservatory of Music at Milan—'La Vestale' of Spontini—'L'Annibale in Bettina' of Niccolini—'La Sylvana' of Weber—'Il Matrimonio per raggiro' of Cimarosa—the 'Maometto' of Winter—and 'L'Idomeneo, Rè di Creta' of Mozart. In addition to the

† The term of the engagement of Mademoiselle TAGLIONI and her Brother depending upon the result of a letter expected daily from the Court of Berlin, the Public are requested to observe, that the above are not to be reckoned upon, as forming a portion of that Company to which the Director pledges himself for any considerable length of time.

‡ As the contracts have not been finally completed with every proposed Member of the Orchestra, it may possibly occur that a few of the names may be changed.



above, the celebrated opera of 'Robert le Diable' has been purchased, and, with the original Performers from the Académie Royale at Paris, will be produced under the immediate direction of its great author, Meyerbeer. On this occasion, an Overture, which has hitherto been wanting, will be composed by him, and no exertion or expense avoided to render the whole the most perfect entertainment possible. The 'Esule di Granata' of the same author, will at the same time be brought out, under his direction, the entire of the second act being rewritten for the occasion: 'La Dame Blanche,' translated into Italian, will likewise be represented by the performers of the Académie Royale, and M. Boieldieu, the author, it is expected, will add to its interest, and ensure its success, by his presence.

Offers have been likewise held out to the celebrated Maestro Paër, to attend at the representation of his most favoured work, 'Sargino,' which the Director has reason to believe will not be refused.

A company of German performers has been engaged to represent the *chefs-d'œuvre* of their national composers, in their native language, during the months of May and June. These performances, with the grand Ballet, will be produced alternately with the Italian Operas, and subscriptions will be opened for the same, either separately or in conjunction with the ordinary entertainments of the establishment. The company, which has been selected from the *élite* of all Germany, will be complete both in numbers and ability. The following eminent artists have already been engaged for the occasion:—

Mademoiselle Nanette Schechner, Madame Schrader Devrient, Madlle. Heinsfetter, Madlle. Schütsel, Madame Spitzeder, Madlle. Schneider, &c.—Herr Haininger, Signor Giulio Pellegrini, Herr Dobler, Herr Wächter, Herr Spitzeder, Herr Wieser, Hahn, &c.

The Music will consist of all the principal modern compositions of the German school. The 'Fidelio' of Beethoven—'Eurianthe' and 'Freischütz' of Weber—the 'Jessonda' of Spohr—the 'Hochzeit der Figaro,' 'Belmonte e Constanze,' and 'Don Juan' of Mozart—the 'Macbeth' of Chelard, who has been induced to come from Munich, to preside at the representation—the 'Vampyr' of Lindpaintner, who likewise will honour the performance with his presence—the 'Emmeline' of Weigl—the 'Røberbraut' of Ries;—these, and whatever others may be found in the repertoire of the existing company, the entrepreneur states, shall be represented in the great Theatre of the Italian Opera House.

Next week we may add some few less important arrangements.

## THEATRICALS

### DRURY LANE.

A musical drama, in three, acts called 'My Own Lover,' was produced here on Wednesday with success. The drama itself, as well as the music, we understand to be from the *hic et ubique* pen of Mr. Rodwell, whose works we have, within a short time, had to notice at Covent Garden, the Adelphi, and the Olympic. We are not in the habit of detailing plots at length, thinking it best to say enough to excite curiosity, and then to let our readers go and judge for themselves. In the present instance, it is fortunate that we are not, for the piece consists so much more of incident and situation than of plot, that it would be impossible, within any reasonable space, to follow it through all its windings and turnings. The principal point, from which the name arises, is the endeavour of a young lady, *Donna Julia*, (Miss Phillips,) to turn a wayward lover into a steady one, by exciting his jealousy, and this she effects, by disguising herself in male attire and passing for her own lover. The incidents were not quite so clearly de-

veloped as we could have wished, and we were now and then at a loss to understand where the actors were, and how they got there; but the whole thing was light and agreeable, and, assisted by some pretty music, passed to its conclusion with considerable applause, and without a symptom of disapprobation. The third act, contrary to custom, was better than either of the others. In this a very amusing situation is produced, by some volunteer falsehoods of *Scipio*, a servant (Mr. Harley). The equivoque was well managed and well sustained, and the efforts of author and actors were rewarded by shouts of laughter. Mr. Wood was evidently labouring under a cold, but he sang with much taste and sweetness. His first ballad, which is very pretty, was deservedly encored.—It is always painful to us to speak of a lady in any other terms than those of praise, but if the management will continue to be so injudicious as to put Miss Pearson into parts for which she is in no way fitted, we are bound, on behalf of the public, to object. We know not why Mrs. Wood did not take the part—but, whatever was the cause of her absence, there are several ladies on the establishment to whom, after her, but before Miss Pearson, the principal part in a musical piece ought to have been entrusted. We need not go far for an instance—the drama itself contained one—Miss Field, one of the most correct singers, and one of the best female musicians, perhaps the best, on the stage, was sent on to lead *one* chorus, while the first singing character was occupied by a lady who is not to be compared to her, either as a singer or as an actress. We are not of the number of those who approve of any actor or actress refusing to do that which is best for the interest of the theatre from which they receive a salary; but there is a medium in all things. This is an extreme case, and it is a duty which we owe to modest talent to remonstrate against such an affront being put upon it. What right have managers to complain of the public neglecting their houses, if such things, be it through mistake or wilfulness, are persisted in? It is no answer to this to say, that Miss Pearson was two or three times encored; we have no wish to make our remarks more disagreeable than we feel absolutely called upon to do, but our allusion will be sufficiently understood, when we say, that such encores were not in accordance with the feelings or wishes of a vast majority of the audience.—Mr. Farren made the most of a part which did not afford him any very striking opportunities; and he is the more entitled to our thanks, because we have sometimes accused him of being a wee-bit covetous. Miss Phillips had an arduous part, if we only consider the number of times she had to change her dress—it was certainly either six or seven. She acquitted herself very well, as did Mr. Wallack, Mr. Harley, Mrs. Orger, and Mrs. Humby. 'My own Lover' was given out for Saturday amidst general approbation.

Meyerbeer's opera, 'Robert le Diable,' the scramble for which ended in favour of Mr. Mason, the lessee of the Italian Opera House, is, nevertheless, about to be produced somehow at Drury Lane and the Adelphi. Should it prove successful, we suppose that, as in the case of 'Der Freischütz,' the other houses will follow with it; and then the majors and minors, who have long been trying to play the devil with one another, will all be playing the Devil together.

## MISCELLANEA

*Stephens' Greek Thesaurus*.—We mentioned, in a former number, that Didot had a greatly improved edition of this inestimable work in hand. Its value will be much enhanced by a recent discovery at Vienna, of which we borrow the subsequent detail from a German paper.

"In the Imperial Library of the Austrian metropolis is a perfect copy of 'H. Stephani Thesaurus Linguae Græcæ,' which contains a host of manuscript comments, the author of which had hitherto remained unknown. One of the librarians, whilst engaged in perusing these comments a short time back, discovered one in which the writer says—'Vide meam scholam in Editione Horatii, libro — Od.—' Didot, hearing of this occurrence, set about investigating the various editions of Horace published by H. Stephens, and was fortunate enough to hit upon the very passage to which the unknown commentator referred; from this circumstance he considers himself fully justified in ascribing the notes in the Vienna copy to Stephens himself, and he has announced his intention of turning them to all possible advantage in his new edition of the Thesaurus."

*Bent's List of Books published during the Year 1831*.—It appears from this little useful compilation, that the number of new books published in the last year was about 1100, exclusive of new editions, pamphlets, or periodicals—being 50 less than in 1830.

*Royal Patronage*.—The civil list of Louis Philippe contains some items, which, we conceive, would not figure to an useless purpose in that of a King of Great Britain, whether in a political, or literary and scientific point of view. Those, to which we refer, are,—

|   |         |
|---|---------|
| Library Department, (for subscriptions to publications) ..... | £10,000 |
| Music, boxes at theatres, and benefits .....                  | 12,000  |
| Manufactures .....  | 23,500  |
| Museums and the Fine Arts ....                                | 18,000  |
| Works of Art .....  | 20,000  |
| Medals and Mint .....   | 16,200  |

It would, therefore, appear that the French Sovereign has a sum of nearly *One hundred thousand pounds* placed at his disposal, for the special encouragement of native arts, sciences, and manufactures.

*Vienna Periodical Literature*.—For a population of three hundred and odd thousands, the press of the Austrian capital supplies three newspapers, and ten literary publications, either weekly or monthly.

*Phrenology*.—Mr. Forbes Winslow will this evening read a paper at the Westminster Medical Society, on the application of Phrenological science to the elucidation of insanity.

*Contradictions of Proverbs*.—"The more the merrier." Not so; one hand is enough in a purse.—"Nothing hurts the stomach more than surfeiting." Yes; lack of meat.—"Nothing but what has an end." Not so; a ring hath none, for it is round.—"Money is a great comfort." Not when it brings a thief to the gallows.—"The world is a long journey." Not so; the sun goes over it every day.—"It is great way to the bottom of the sea." Not so; it is but a stone's cast.—"A friend is best found in adversity." Not so; for then there is none to be found.—"The pride of the rich makes the labour of the poor." Not so; the labour of the poor makes the pride of the rich.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

| Days of Week. | Thermom. Max. Min. | Barometer. Noon. | Winds. | Weather.   |
|---------------|--------------------|------------------|--------|------------|
| Th.           | 5 34 25            | 29.84            | E.     | Cloudy.    |
| Fr.           | 6 39 38            | 29.30            | E.     | Idio.      |
| Sat.          | 7 41 35            | 29.10            | E.     | Rain, P.M. |
| Sun.          | 8 41 35            | Stat.            | E.     | Cloudy.    |
| Mon.          | 9 48 35            | Stat.            | E.     | Idio.      |
| Tues.         | 10 52 39           | 29.20            | S.W.   | Rain.      |
| Wed.          | 11 50 39           | 29.45            | S.W.   | Rain, P.M. |

*Prevailing Clouds*.—Cirrostratus, Nimbus. Nights and Mornings for the greater part fair. Mean temperature of the week, 39°. Increase of day on Wednesday, 22°.

## NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

**Forthcoming.**—Lady Charlotte Bury will shortly present to the public a Poem, entitled, *Some Account of the three Great Sanctuaries of Tuscany: Valombrosa, Camaldoli, and Laverna.*

A new Novel, by Mr. Horace Smith, entitled, *Romance of the Early Ages.*

A new Novel, to be called *Stanley Buxton, or, the Schoolfellows*, by Mr. Galt.

Mr. Charles Macfarlane proposes to publish, by subscription, a Description of the Present State of the Seven Churches of Asia Minor, to be illustrated by seven etchings, by Mr. Thomas Knox, from Views taken on the spot.

The Journal of a Tour in the Years 1828-9, through Styria, Carniola, and Italy. By J. J. Tobbin. Chantilly.

The Member: an Autobiography. By the Author of 'The Abyssine Legation.'

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## TO CORRESPONDENTS

Thanks to H. S.—S. T.—Brittain's Historical Drama—A Second Series of Miss Mitford's American Stories—and other works, arrived too late for review.

The description of the Metapontine Coin, referred to in the notice of Mr. Millingen's work, was, at the last hour, omitted for want of room.

In the fifth line of the ballad by the Ettrick Shepherd, last No., for *kail* read *raik*; there were other inaccuracies in the first edition, but so obvious, that it is not necessary to point them out: they were mostly corrected in a second edition.

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In the course of Mr. B.'s experience, in above three hundred cases, he has been enabled to discover an entirely new 'System of Education,' not founded on the hitherto usual art, but on the more powerful PRINCIPLES OF NATURE; restoring the organs of Speech, however weak, so as to avoid, and completely overcome, the fatigues attendant on the duties of the Church, or the labours of the Bar, in extempore speaking.

So much has this System been approved by his friends and those distinguished members of society to whom it has been communicated, as to call forth their unqualified permission of reference; at the request of several of whom, this communication is inserted.

For further particulars at present, inquire of Mr. T. Broster, Surgeon, 17, Queen's Buildings, Brompton; or to Mr. Broster, Brook Lodge, near Chester.

#### CURE OF CHOLERA MORBUS.

Light-house, 201, Strand.

**S. JONES'S HOT AIR AND STEAM**  
 BATHS, which are now found to be the only safe and beneficial application for the CURE of the CHOLERA, COLIC, RHEUMATISM, &c. &c. have been examined and approved of by the most eminent Physicians, and lectured on at the Medical Schools, more need not be said in their favour than that they are simple, portable, and applied in the quarter of a salutar, with the power of regulating the heat to any temperature.

From One Guinea each, with which may be had, the whole things necessary in case of an attack of this horrible disease—such as an instant light, hot water, and last though not least, the simple method of raising the bed-clothes without removing or uncovering the patient, which in many cases is instant death.

All letters are requested to be post paid; those containing remittances strictly attended to.

S. JONES, Patentee of the PROMETHEANS, ETNAS, PORTABLE KITCHENS, &c.

#### CHOLERA MORBUS, TYPHUS FEVER, &c.

**BEAUFOY'S CONCENTRATED DISINFECTING SOLUTIONS OF THE CHLORIDE OF SODA**  
 and of LIME. Prepared of uniform strength, according to the Formula of M. Labarraque of Paris.

BEAUFOY and Co., of South Lambeth, London, feel it their duty to caution the public against the danger of using Chlorides of uncertain and variable strengths and qualities.

The safe and simple directions for using Beaufoy's Chlorides, are not applicable to any other preparations, unless precisely similar to those made in the Laboratory.

The public safety demands a public declaration that these Directions have been copied, and are affixed by the vendors to Chlorides quite different in every essential particular from Beaufoy's preparations.

Beaufoy's disinfecting preparations according to Labarraque's formulae, are easily distinguished by their peculiar Label upon the Wrapper, which should be examined to see that it has not been opened.

Sold by all respectable Chemists and Druggists; of whom may be had, gratis, an account of some of the properties and uses to which these Chlorides have been successfully applied.

Price of the Chloride of Soda, 3s. 6d.; of Lime, 2s. 6d., quart bottle included, with Directions for dilution, caution, and use, included within the sealed wrapper.

Beaufoy's Chlorides are not liable to stamp duty; the vendors of Beaufoy's Chlorides are consequently exempt from Stamp Duty Indemnity.

South Lambeth, 18th Dec. 1801.

#### A SUBSTITUTE FOR TEA AND COFFEE.

—By His Majesty's Royal Letters Patent.—KALOPINO, prepared from aromatic vegetable substances, discovered by J. H. HIRSCH, a German chemist, and certified by the most eminent scientific gentlemen as uniting all those desirable qualities which render it fitted for an universal diet drink for all ages and constitutions. One pound of this most nutritious, economical, and agreeable preparation, is equal to 4 pounds of coffee; one teaspoonful, costing less than one halfpenny, makes a pint. Inferior qualities of tea or coffee may be greatly improved by it. The public are requested to call and taste it before purchasing. Sold wholesale and retail at the Manufactory, 121, Aldersgate-street.

#### CHOLERA MORBUS.—The Board of

Health strongly recommend the use of the CHLORIDES of LIME and SODA as one of the best preventives of this most dreadful malady.—BAKER and MACQUEEN, Manufacturing Chemists, 201, Strand, are prepared to supply them on such an extensive scale as to be able to supply the Public at nearly half the usual prices, viz.

Quart Bottle of Chloride of Lime ..... 2s. 6d.  
 Ditto Ditto Soda ..... 2s. 6d.

#### THE PRINCIPAL PROPERTIES OF THE CHLORIDES ARE,

To prevent Infection from Small-pox, Measles, CHOLERA MORBUS, Scarlet and Typhus Fever, &c.  
 To keep Meat, Fish, and Game sweet in the hottest weather, and to restore them when tainted.  
 To purify bad or dirty Water.  
 To disinfect Sick Chambers and all crowded Places.  
 To destroy Garden Insects.  
 To remove Stains from Linens.

To correct all offensive Odours, from whatever cause arising; &c. &c. &c.

N.B. The Vendors of these Chlorides are not liable to information, not being subject to the Stamp Duty.

33 per cent. cheaper than those prepared by any other Manufacturer. Sold by all respectable Chemists; and at the Manufactory, 201, Strand.

#### VALUABLE MEDICINES.

(Adapted for the present period.)

#### BUTLER'S

#### CARDIAC TINCTURE OF TURKEY

RHUBARB.—A warm and pleasant Laxative, adapted to Gouty Constitutions, and recommended in the Winter season of all delicate persons in preference to Saline Aperients; it is also a most valuable Medicine for those complaints of the Bowels so prevalent during the Summer and Autumn. In Bottles at 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d.

**GREGORY'S STOMACHIC POWDER.**—This Composition was a favorite remedy of the late Professor Gregory of Edinburgh, for affections of the Stomach (such as indigestion, Acidity, Flatulency, &c.) and torpidity of the Bowels, consequent upon an impaired state of the secretions necessary for the process of Digestion. Its effects are antacid, carminative, and gently aperient. It is particularly serviceable to Gouty and Dyspeptic Invalids, and may be taken without any restraint whatever according to the directions which accompany it. In Bottles at 2s. and 5s. 6d.

#### BUTLER'S STOMACHIC AND DIGESTIVE

CANDY.—A pleasant Aromatic Stomachic, and powerful Digestive. It will be found most serviceable in those affections originating in an impaired Digestion; and also an agreeable gentle Aperient for Children. In Boxes, 2s. and 4s. 6d.

Observe "BUTLER, Cheshire," on the Government Stamp attached to each Article.

#### BOTTLING SEASON.—Gentlemen and

Families are respectfully informed, that the SECOND LAYING DOWN OF WINE FOR BOTTLING takes place this week, which will consist of about Fifty to Sixty Pipes of Wine, from that of the more economical kind to those of the most superior description, so as to meet the taste and wishes of every class of consumers. Ports may be laid down from this stock at from 12s. to 35s. per dozen; and every other description of Wines at the lowest rate prompt payment ought to command.

The Nobility, Gentry, and Public in general, are respectfully informed, that business will commence in the THIRD DEPARTMENT of this establishment early in the Spring, when will be submitted to their approbation a Stock embracing every description of the most delicate, rare, and costly Wines, Liqueurs, Creams, Cordials, and every delicacy, however expensive, from every part of the world, where a British merchant vessel can find an article worthy the English market; and holders of such articles may, from the 5th January next, and ready market and prompt payment for all such as they can produce documents which will authenticate, beyond doubt, not only to the immediate purchaser, but to the eventual consumer, proofs of their genuineness and superior quality.

GEO. HENEKEY.

#### DRAUGHT WINES.

| Bottled and delivered at      | Per gal. doz. | Bottled and delivered at    | Per gal. doz. |
|-------------------------------|---------------|-----------------------------|---------------|
| Good stout Port.....          | 8 d. 18       | Good straw-col. Sherry..... | 5 12          |
| Ditto ditto.....              | 10 12         | Ditto ditto.....            | 6 12          |
| Fine full-bodied ditto.....   | 12 6          | Good Cape.....              | 5 9           |
| Fine very best Martell's..... | 0 32          | Ditto.....                  | 6 14          |
| Good straw-colour.....        | 9 9           | Ditto.....                  | 6 15          |
| Sherry.....                   | 9 9           | Ditto, very superior.....   | 7 17          |
| Ditto ditto.....              | 11 0          | Portac very superior.....   | 7 17          |

Every other description of Draught Wines equally cheap.

#### SPIRITS.

|  |  |
|--|--|
| Good English Gin, 6s., 8s., 9s. 6d., 11s., and 12s. per Gal. |  |
| Jamaica Rum .. .. 9s. 6d., 10s., 11s., and 12s. —            |  |
| Good old Brandy .. .. 24s., 26s. 6d., and 32s. —             |  |
| Scotch and Irish Whiskies .. .. 13s. and 16s. —              |  |

#### WINES IN BOTTLE.

| Per doz.                                       | Per doz.                                  |
|--|---|
| Fine old Bee's-wing Port.....                  | Fine West India Madeira.....              |
| Five years in bottle.....                      | Ditto finest quality.....                 |
| Fine old Bom Retrouvillo.....                  | Fine old East India Madeira.....          |
| Very fine old Roriz.....                       | Ditto, finest imported (two voyages)..... |
| Very curious old Port (Bee's wing).....        | Fine East India Cape.....                 |
| Very fine gold-col. Sherris.....               | Excellent Portac.....                     |
| Ditto ditto.....                               | Marcia (Bront) Madeira.....               |
| Fine old E. I. Brown Sherry.....               | Fine Arinto and Vidonia.....              |
| Fine old Claret, 4s., 5s., 6s., 7s., and 8s. — | Bucellas .. .. 24s., 32s., and 36s. —     |
|  | Lisbon .. .. 36s., 30s., and 36s. —       |

New Gray's Inn Establishment for the sale of unadulterated Wines, 23, High Holborn, corner of Gray's Inn Gate.

#### DECEMBER TEA SALE.

| Present Prices for Cash:—   | s. d.              |
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| Strong Congou .....   | 4s. 4d. to 4s. 6d. |
| Strong and full-flavoured ditto (recommended) .....   | 5 0                |
| Finest, strong, full, and rich Pekoe flavour ditto .....  | 5 6                |
| Very fine Souchong, possessing both strength and flavour, &c. &c. ..  | 7 0                |
| Green Tea .....   | 4s. 6d. to 5s. 0d. |
| Fine Hyson .....  | 4s. 6d. to 5s. 0d. |
| Finest Flowery Pekoe, and other Fine Tea, equally cheap.—Tea carefully packed in lead cases, for the country. |                    |

#### COFFEE Fresh Roasted every day.

|                              |     |
|------------------------------|-----|
| Best Plantation .....        | 1 8 |
| Finest Sherry Imported ..... | 2 0 |
| Very Superior Mocha .....    | 3 0 |
| Best Powdered Candy .....    | 1 0 |

Spices of every description, of the best quality.  
 SAMUEL ANDREWS, (late Long and Co.) 42, Old Broad-street, four doors on the left from Piccadilly.

Hotels and Club-houses supplied at Wholesale Price.

#### SUPERIOR FOREIGN WINES, warranted

unequalled in quality by any House in England.

|  |             |
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| Port from the wood .....                 | 24 per doz. |
| Ditto, fit for bottling .....            | 30          |
| Sherry, very superior .....              | 24          |
| Ditto, fine old Amontillado .....        | 30          |
| Madeira, Old East India .....            | 42          |
| Vidonia, Bront and Marsala .....         | 24          |
| Claret, light, with a fine bouquet ..... | 36          |
| Champagne, the celebrated .....          | 60          |

To COUNTRY RESIDENTS.—Two dozen of fine Old Port, two ditto of Sherry, and three ditto of excellent Cape, bottles and packing included, and sent, carriage free, to any part of England, by a remittance of £10., or half the quantity for £5.

CHARLES WRIGHT feels confident that the above have only to be used to convince the public that fine Wines are to be purchased at a low price.—Orders promptly executed.

Opera Boxes, on each tier, in the best situations. Pit Tickets, 5s. 6d. each.—Private Boxes at Drury Lane, Covent Garden, Adelphi, and the Minor Theatres.

Opera Colonnade, Haymarket.

#### A. ROWLAND and SON view it as a duty

incumbent upon them at the COMMENCEMENT OF A NEW YEAR, to acknowledge with the profoundest emotions of gratitude, that Distinguished Patronage with which they have been honoured by the Nobility, Gentry, and Public at large, with respect to the ORIGINAL MACASSAR OIL and KALYDOR; articles which have obtained a celebrity previously great. Messrs. R. & S. while they humbly solicit a continuance of that High Patronage they have been honoured with, must, at the same time, earnestly Caution the Public against base counterfeit imitations: the ORIGINAL KALYDOR has the NAME and ADDRESS of the Proprietors on the GOVERNMENT STAMP, and the MACASSAR OIL is distinguished by the Names on the Label of each bottle in Red;

A. ROWLAND & SON, 20, HATTON GARDEN, and countersigned ALEX. ROWLAND.

#### LOPRESTI'S DUKE OF GLOUCESTER'S

SAUCE.—Also LOPRESTI'S ECONOMICAL RECIPES, price 1s., Depôt, 22, Mount-street, Bury-square. Lopresti's Sauces and Epicurean Condiments are also punctually forwarded, for remittance, in cases of 12. to 5s.

"Mr. Lopresti has published a pamphlet of Economical Receipts, by which a vast number of very excellent dishes may be prepared; and we can strongly recommend it for the use of all the patrons of domestic economy."—Monthly Gazette of Health.

N.B. To prevent disappointment, each of Lopresti's Sauces bears his seal, name, and address.

#### DRESSER'S FLUTES.

#### THEODORE C. BATES.

6, LUDGATE HILL, begs to submit to the inspection and approbation of his Friends, the Professors and Amateurs of the Flute, an assortment Manufactured under the immediate superintendence of the above eminent Professor.

The great and increasing popularity which the Flute has for a considerable period maintained, has been a stimulus with him to the production of an Instrument that comprises great correctness of Intonation, considerable Power, together with Equality, Meliowness, Flexibility, and peculiar richness of Tone.

The Manufacturer feels also confident, from the superior quality of his Materials, first-rate Workmanship, with the great additional advantage of Mr. Dresser's long experience on the Instrument, that the great and various requisites so necessary to a Good Flute, will be fully attained.

The numerous and important advantages arising from the superiority and extent of the Stock, to the improvement and perfection of which the sole attention of the Manufacturer has been devoted for the last twelve years; added to the instruments being throughout the whole process, under the superintendence of Mr. Dresser, will, it is confidently hoped, ensure to the Public that important desideratum—a Flute of very great and decided excellence, both as regards workmanship and tone.

Mr. C. BATES' Music Warehouse, 6, Ludgate Hill; at Mr. Dresser's Residence, 15, Tavistock-street, Bedford-square; and at the Manufactory, 25, Villiers-street, Strand, London.

#### FOR COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMAS, AND SHORTNESS OF BREATH, &c.

#### WALTER'S ANISEED PILLS.—It is

generally acknowledged that these Pills are the most efficacious for the cure of the above distressing complaints, as they neither affect the head nor confine the bowels; an objection to most Cough Medicines. The following are cases submitted to the Public.

Sir.—Justice demands me to send a few lines to inform you that Walter's Aniseed Pills is the best Medicine I ever had; my cough, which was so bad that I had not power to speak plain; after taking a few doses I found relief, and I am now perfectly recovered. Should any person be distressed as I was, I will give every satisfaction you may require. Sir, your much obliged, Gideon Lane, M.D., March 9, 1831.

F. Dunige, 12, South-street, Finsbury-market, had been subject to a violent Cough for several years, and was entirely cured by taking one Box.

Sold by J. A. SHARWOOD, 55, Bishopgate Without, London, in Boxes at 1s. 1d., and three in one for 3s. 6d. And by appointment, by Barclay and Sons, Farringdon-street; Butler & Co., 4, Cheap-side; Chandler & Co., 76, Oxford-street; Hensbrough & Co., Holborn; Pink, High-street, Borough; Price 2s. 6d. Strand; and by most Medicine Vendors in Town and Country.

It is necessary to note that Walter's Aniseed Pills





# THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 221.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1832.

PRICE  
FOURPENCE.

In compliance with the desire of many well-informed persons, to extend as much as possible the diffusion of General Literature and Useful Knowledge, this Paper has been REDUCED IN PRICE from *Eightpence* to *FOURPENCE*, at which rate *all the previous Numbers* may now be had.

## REVIEWS

*Observations on the Mussulmauns of India, Descriptive of their Manners, Customs, and Habits.* By Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1832. Parbury.

THE Mussulmaun character in India exhibits so many of the effects of transplantation, that one would almost imagine the people to be a distinct race from their ancestors nearer Europe. The gorgeous ceremonial of the Hindoo law could not fail to make a strong impression on imaginations prone, by their Asiatic temperament, to the love of the wild and extravagant; and, accordingly, after the lapse of a few centuries, we find the strangers—elsewhere so grave and reasonable—vying with the aborigines themselves in unmeaning mummery. Even the tolerance, in matters of religious belief, which forms a part of the Brahminical as well as Bhuddist system, appears to have sunk gradually into the indurated hearts of the Mohammedans; and we are assured by more than one author, that the followers of the Prophet may be seen at this day, mixing occasionally, without fear of damnation, in the idolatrous processions of the Hindoos. An account therefore of such a people must not be confounded with the innumerable contributions we already possess towards a moral history of the Mohammedans of Arabia and the neighbouring countries.

But even if the lady-author now before us had not possession of a field where the gleanings are yet abundant, her labours, under the circumstances in which she has been placed, could not fail to be productive. The changes, that time and foreign contact have brought about in the customs and habits of the men, have not extended to the privacy of the zenana; the same seclusion prevails that has so often excited and baffled our curiosity nearer home; and the once intolerant Mussulmaun, who now looks upon an idol without shrinking, would still be ready to dig out with his dagger the eyes that had rested on the face of his wife.

Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali—

(—Bless us, what a word on  
A title-page is this!—)

appears to be an English lady married to a Mussulmaun native of India. Her opportunities of observation, therefore, must have been all that inquirers have hitherto been panting for, and capable of furnishing more than all that has hitherto been begged, borrowed, or stolen on the subject. In estimating, however, Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali's merit in the execution of her task, we must remember, that she is no professed blue-stock. She carried to the work no previous knowledge of what had been written and thought in Europe about the Mussulmauns of India. She could not combat errors which she did not know to exist; nor was she led

to throw the light of her own experience upon things which she was not aware were dark to the optics of others. Her opportunities, notwithstanding, have been by no means thrown away. She has described what she saw, and repeated what she heard; and, although the work so produced would be altogether useless as a description of the people, it will enter as valuable materials into the store laid up, and laying up, for the use of the future sage, who is destined to write the history of India.

That the present work will be useless, as a description of the people, is owing to the very circumstances, which no doubt render the author an estimable and amiable character in private life. The countrymen of *her husband* are described by her as the least imperfect of human beings; the sect of the Sheahs is greatly better than that of the Soonies, because her husband, as a Meer or Syaad, is a descendant of Ali himself; and, although her husband's religion, Mohammedanism, is not exactly her own, Christianity, yet it is so near it, even in points of doctrinal belief, that the two may very easily be confounded. As for the orthography of proper names, about which the author appears to have some misgiving, we are rather pleased than otherwise, to find her spelling the words, not as she might have seen them written, but as she heard them pronounced. The time has not yet arrived, when rules can be laid down for the imitation, in our language, of names written in a character, to which the united alphabets of the east and west of Europe supply no parallel powers. Some attempts, however, of Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali to convey such sounds in Roman letters, will render the words nearly unintelligible to persons not intimately acquainted with the subject; but others, we can say of our own knowledge, bespeak a nice ear and a proper acquaintance with the powers of the Roman alphabet. The word "Mohammed," for instance, as it is the fashion to spell it, is rendered by her "Mahumud" (Mahjūmūd), which makes as near an approach as is possible in this language to the Arabic pronunciation; for the soft and musical prolongation of the *m*, is caricatured, not imitated, by our own double letter.

It is time, however, to take advantage of our author's peculiar opportunities of observation; and, this we shall do in the first place, by presenting a sketch of the female toilet:—

"The missee (a preparation of antimony,) is applied to the lips, the gums, and occasionally to the teeth of every married lady, who emulate each other in the rich black produced. \* \* The eyelid also is pencilled afresh with prepared black, called kaarjil: the chief ingredient in this preparation is lamp-black. The eyebrow is well examined for fear an ill-shaped hair should impair the symmetry of that arch es-

teemed a beauty in every clime, though all do not, perhaps, exercise an equal care with Eastern dames to preserve order in its growth. The mayndhie is again applied to the hands and feet, which restores the bright red hue deemed so becoming and healthy.

The nose once more is destined to receive the nutt (ring) which designates the married lady; this ring, I have before mentioned, is of gold wire, the pearls and ruby between them are of great value, and I have seen many ladies wear the nutt as large in circumference as the bangle on her wrist, though of course much lighter; it is often worn so large, that at meals they are obliged to hold it apart from the face with the left hand, whilst conveying food to the mouth with the other. This nutt, however, from ancient custom, is indispensable with married women; and, though they may find it disagreeable and inconvenient, it cannot possibly be removed, except for Mahurram, from the day of their marriage until their death or widowhood, without infringing on the originality of their customs, in adhering to which they take so much pride.

"The ears of the females are pierced in many places; the gold or silver rings return to their several stations after Mahurram, forming a broad fringe of the precious metals on each side the head; but when they dress for great events—as paying visits or receiving company—these give place to strings of pearls and emeralds, which fall in rows from the upper part of the ear to the shoulder, in a graceful, elegant style. My ayah, a very plain old woman, has no less than ten silver rings in one ear, and nine in the other,† each of them having pendant ornaments; indeed, her ears are literally fringed with silver.

"After the hair has undergone all the ceremonies of washing, drying, and anointing with the sweet jeassamine oil of India, it is drawn with great precision from the forehead to the back, where it is twisted into a queue which generally reaches below the waist; the ends are finished with strips of red silk and silver ribands entwined with the hair, and terminating with a good-sized rosette. The hair is jet black, without a single variation of tinge, and luxuriantly long and thick, and thus dressed remains for the week,—about the usual interval between their laborious process of bathing;—nor can they conceive the comfort other people find in frequent brushing and combing the hair. Brushes for the head and the teeth have not yet been introduced into Native families, nor is it ever likely they will, unless some other than pigs' bristles can be rendered available by the manufacturers for the present purposes of brushes. \* \*

"It must not, however be supposed, that the Natives neglect their teeth: they are the most particular people living in this respect, as they never eat or drink without washing their mouths before and after meals; and, as a substitute for our tooth-brush, they make a new one every day from the tender branch of a tree or shrub,—as the pomegranate, the neem, babool, &c. The fresh-broken twig is bruised and made pliant at the extremity, after the bark or rind is stripped from it; and with this the men preserve the enamelled-looking white teeth which excite the

† They generally adopt an odd number.

admiration of strangers, and which, though often envied, I fancy are never surpassed by European ingenuity. i. 102—6.

And now for the Hindostanee "fashions," for which our fair readers, we have no doubt, will return us their best thanks:—

"The ladies' pyjamaahs are formed of rich satin, or cloth gold, goolbudden, or mussheroo (striped washing silks manufactured at Benares), fine chintz,—English manufacture having the preference,—silk or cotton gingham,—in short, all such materials are used for this article of female dress as are of sufficiently firm texture, down to the white calico of the country, suited to the means of the wearer. By the most fashionable females they are worn very full below the knee, and reach to the feet, which are partially covered by the fulness, the extremity finished and the seams are bound with silver ribband; a very broad silver ribband binds the top of the pyjamaah; this being double has a zarbund (a silk net cord) run through, by which this part of the dress is confined at the waist. The ends of the zarbund are finished with rich tassels of gold and silver, curiously and expressly made for this purpose, which extend below the knees; for full dress, these tassels are rendered magnificent with pearls and jewels.

"One universal shape is adopted in the form of the ungeeah (bodice), which is, however, much varied in the material and ornamental part; some are of gauze or net, muslin, &c., the more transparent in texture the more agreeable to taste, and all are more or less ornamented with spangles and silver trimmings. It is made to fit the bust with great exactness, and to fasten behind with strong cotton cords; the sleeves are very short and tight, and finished with some fanciful embroidery or silver ribband. Even the women servants pride themselves on pretty ungeeahs, and all will strive to have a little finery about them, however coarse the material it is formed of may happen to be. They are never removed at night, but continue to be worn a week together, unless its beauty fades earlier, or the ornamental parts tarnish through extreme heat.

"With the ungeeah is worn a transparent courtie (literally translated shirt) of thread net; this covers the waistband of the pyjamaah but does not screen it; the seams and hems are trimmed with silver or gold ribbands.

"The deputtah is a useful envelope, and the most graceful part of the whole female costume. In shape and size, a large sheet will convey an idea of the deputtah's dimensions; the quality depends on choice or circumstances; the preference is given to our light English manufacture of leno or muslin for every-day wear by gentlewomen; but on gala days, gold and silver gauze tissues are in great request, as is also fine India muslin manufactured at Decca—transparent and soft as the web of the gossamer spider;—this is called shubnum (night dew), from its delicate texture, and is procured at a great expense, even in India; some deputtahs are formed of gold-worked muslin, English crape, coloured gauze, &c. On ordinary occasions ladies wear them simply bound with silver ribband, but for dress they are richly trimmed with embroidery and bullion fringes, which add much to the splendour of the scene, when two or three hundred females are collected together in their assemblies. The deputtah is worn with much original taste on the back of the head, and falls in graceful folds over the person; when standing, it is crossed in front, one end partially screening the figure, the other thrown over the opposite shoulder." i. 106—9.

How it happens, one does not know, but the next ideas in association with that of ladies, are love and marriage. Among the Mussulmauns, however, love, as we use the

term, cannot exist; for the wooer never sees his mistress's face till after the marriage has been solemnized. Our author had an opportunity of witnessing, in one case, the whole affair, and she has described minutely, both wooing and matrimony. A lady having been determined upon—

"The overture was to be made from the youth's family in the following manner:

"On a silver tray covered with gold brocade and fringed with silver, was laid the youth's pedigree, traced by a neat writer in the Persian character, on richly embossed paper ornamented and emblazoned with gold figures.

"On the tray, with the pedigree, was laid a nuzza, or offering of five gold mohura, and twenty-one (the lucky number) rupees; a brocade cover, fringed with silver, was spread over the whole, and this was conveyed by the male agent to the young begum's father. The tray and its contents are retained for ever, if the proposal is accepted; if rejected, the parties return the whole without delay, which is received as a tacit proof that the suitor is rejected: no further explanation is ever given or required." 355-56.

The tray in the present instance was retained; and some splendid presents being sent by the youth to his mistress, including the nuptial ring, the contract was concluded.

Next week we shall give an account of the weddings of the Mussulmauns—to which the former is only an introductory ceremony—and bring our article to a conclusion, with some other anecdotes of "life" in Hindostan.

*Private Correspondence of David Garrick.*  
Vol. II. 4to. London, 1832. Colburn & Bentley.

[Second Notice.]

We shall begin our extracts on this occasion, with another pleasant letter of Mrs. Clive's, and Garrick's answer.

"Mrs. Clive to Mr. Garrick.

"Twickenham, March 22nd, 1778.

"There is no such being now in the world as Pivy; she has been killed by the cruelty of the Garrick; but the Clive (thank God) is still alive, and alive like to be, and did not intend to call you to a severe account for your wicked behaviour to her; but, having been told of your good deeds and great achievements, I concluded you was in too much conceit with yourself to listen to my complaints; and would pay no more regard to my remonstrances than the King does to my Lord Mayor's, and therefore the best thing I could do would be to change my anger into compliment and congratulations. I must needs say I admire you (with rest of the world) for your goodness to Miss Moore; the protection you gave her play, I dare say, she was sensible was of the greatest service to her; she was sure everything you touched would turn into gold; and though she had great merit in the writing, still your affection for tragedy children was a very great happiness to her, for you dandled it, and fondled it, and then carried it in your own arms to the town to nurse; who behaved so kindly to it, that it run alone in the month. Poor Mr.—what's his name—Mr. Montgomery! So Cumberland's, I hear, did not meet with such good fortune, for it died with the *Rickets*.

"I must now mention the noblest action of your life, your generosity to nephew David; all the world is repeating your praises; those people who always envied you, and wished to detract from you, always declaring that you loved money too much ever to part from it, now they will feel foolish and look contemptible; all that I can say is, I wish that Heaven had made me such an uncle.

"I knew the young lady, am acquainted with her; she is extremely agreeable, with a temper as sweet as her voice, and she sings like an angel.

"I hope my dear Mrs. Garrick is perfectly well; happy she must ever be; she has a disposition which will make her so in all situations; you and I can alter our tempers with the weathercock. We are all here at present but queer; I have had a violent cold and a little fever; Mr. Mastwin is not sick (but sorry); your Jemsey is neither one thing nor the other—always dreaming of Garrick and the opera.

"Everybody is raving against Mr. Sheridan for his supineness; there never was in nature such a contrast as Garrick and Sheridan: what, have you given him up that he creeps so? The country is very dull; we have not twenty people in the village, but still it is better than London. Let me see you—let me hear from you, and tell me all the news you can rap and rend to divert your ever

"Affectionate and forgiving.

"C. CLIVE.

"Our brother and sister join in compliments to your lady and self."

"Mr. Garrick to Mrs. Clive.

"Hampton, Friday Morning.

"My dear Pivy,—Had not the nasty bile, which so often confines me, and has heretofore tormented you, kept me at home, I should have been at your feet three days ago. If your heart (somewhat combustible like my own) has played off all the squibs and rockets which lately occasioned a little cracking and bouncing about me, and can receive again the more gentle and pleasing firework of love and friendship, I will be with you at six this evening to revive, by the help of those spirits in your tea-kettle lamp, that flame which was almost blown out by the flogging of your petticoat when my name was mentioned.

Tea is a sovereign balm for wounded love.

Will you permit me to try the poet's recipe this evening? Can my Pivy know so little of me to think that I prefer the clack of Lords and Ladies to the enjoyment of humour and genius? I reverence most sincerely your friend and neighbour, not because he is the son of one of the first of first ministers, but because he is himself one of the first ministers of literature. In short, your misconception about that fatal *champtatra* (the devil take the word!) has made me so cross about everything that belongs to it, that I curse all squibs, crackers, rockets, air-balloons, mines, serpents, and Catherine-wheels, and can think of nothing and wish for nothing but laugh, gig, humour, fun, pun, conundrum, carriwitchet, and Catherine Clive!

"I am ever, my Pivy's most constant and loving, &c.

"D. GARRICK.

"My wife sends her love, and will attend the ceremony this evening."

The ladies have the advantage throughout this correspondence—'Kitty Clive' is generally delightful, and there are some pleasant letters from the Countess Spencer—light and gossiping.

"The Countess Spencer to Mr. Garrick.

"Althorp, Nov. 13th, 1778.

"Did not you promise and vow, when first we entered into correspondence, that you would never expect me to be punctual, but write on from time to time, whether I answered your letters or not: I own this reproach is but an ungrateful return for a letter that gave me much real satisfaction, for I was seriously alarmed by the accounts I had had of you, and sent Townsend himself twice to your house; but no information from him could be so satisfactory as a letter from yourself, only this should have been



followed in due time by another to tell me you continued well.

"I will promise never to ask you to read when Lord March (that was) is by; but then I will make a vow, which is, never to have him with me, if I can help it, at the same time with you. Who the other person is, I cannot guess.

"Pray, Mr. Garrick, where are you now? what are you about? and how do you do?—these are three questions I must have answered. We shall be in town for the meeting of the Parliament, and hope you will be ready to return with us here as soon as that sets us at liberty. Give my best compliments to Madame, and tell her, if her winter habiliments are not bought, there is a certain scarlet and white silk to be had at Mr. King's, the mercer's, which we have fixed upon as a sort of uniform for the ladies of the Althorp party. I would not have her make it up till I see her in town; but if she is so gracious as to intend to have one, she had better send Mr. King notice, lest there should be a scarcity of the silk.

"The Duke and Duchess and George are all arrived here from their respective camps, and look extremely well. They desire their best compliments to you and Mrs. Garrick.—Pray write soon, and send me some news if there is any.—Adieu!"

The following are not without interest, and the earnest seal in favour of Hogarth tells well for the heart and understanding of Garrick.

"Mr. Churchill to Mr. Garrick.

My dear Mr. Garrick,—Half drunk—half mad—and quite stripped of all my money, I should be much obliged if you would enclose and send by the bearer five pieces, by way of adding to favours already received by

"Yours sincerely,

"CHARLES CHURCHILL."

"Mr. Garrick to Mr. Churchill.

Dear Churchill—I sent to you last night, but could not hear of you. I cannot conveniently this week obey your commands, but I will the latter end of the next. I have made a purchase that has beggared me; however, should you be greatly pressed, I will strain a point before that time, though I suppose it is the same thing to you. I was in hopes your ghost was laid, or at least your acrimony against the Laureate, for still I cannot get it into my mind that your attack upon *him* is a justifiable one.

"I must intreat of you, by the regard you profess to me, that you do not tilt at my friend Hogarth before you see me. You cannot sure be angry at his print? there is surely very harmless, though very entertaining stuff in it. He is a great and original genius: I love him as a man, and reverence him as an artist. I would not, for all the politics and politicians in the universe, that you two should have the least cause of ill-will to each other. I am sure you will not publish against him if you think twice. I am very unhappy at the thoughts of it. Pray, make me quiet as soon as possible, by writing to me at Hampton, or seeing me here.

"I am, dear Churchill,

"Your most obedient,

"D. GARRICK.

"At the Rev. Mr. Porter's, Woolwich."

Art makes another appearance in these letters, and the player plays the patron with great kindness.

"Mauritius Lowe to Mr. Garrick.

"No. 3, Hedge Lane.

"Sir,—Your goodness in promising to assist me in the disposal of the drawing of Homer (of which you have some of the descriptions) makes me hope you will pardon my reminding you, and especially as my now most calamitous situation renders me totally incapable of doing any

thing to save myself from perishing, and have no hope but that of disposing of the works I have already done. This, from want of being known and patronized, is out of my power; but with your assistance would be effected with little difficulty. The drawing has met with universal approbation, and Mr. Cipriani (an artist well known) valued it as *cheap at a hundred guineas*.

"Should neither the merit of the drawing nor the circumstances induce any single person to purchase it, it might be done by raffle: were it introduced by such a person as yourself at the Savoir Vivre, I should think it could not fail of success.

"Wherever these requests may appear too importunate and improper, I rely on your goodness to pardon me, who well know that necessity will drive a man to do what otherwise he would scarce dare to think.

"I am, Sir,

"With the utmost gratitude and respect,

"Your most obliged and obedient servant,

"MAURITIUS LOWE.

"Since I wrote the above, your brother called on me, and gave me the mortifying information of your intention to drop the work that I am engaged in for you, and substitute the above drawing in its place. My being in possession of that drawing is the only reason my creditors have left me so long at liberty, as hoping from the sale of it to get their money: was I to sell it for less than was sufficient to pay them, my fate would be certain to perish in a gaol. My parting with it for less than a hundred guineas instead of essentially serving me, would be my certain ruin. *It is my all, and my only resource*.

"Three years' illness has thrown me so far behind, that had I the whole hundred it would serve but to stop and pay in part the debts I have been forced to contract. I therefore most earnestly beg, and hope you will continue in your first kind intention of patronizing your portrait, which I will (with your permission) finish as soon as my health will permit, and consider the drawing of Homer as a thing apart; the sale of which, if you can effect, will greatly repair the miseries which illness hath involved me in, and the publishing your portrait may lay the ground of a future subsistence.

"May 15th, 1778.

"RECEIVED of Mr. David Garrick the sum of ten pounds by me,

"MAURITIUS LOWE."

*Mechanism of the Heavens.* By Mrs. Somerville. London, Murray.

WE have universities, a considerable portion of whose vast revenues is annually paid for the support of *men* of science, and a further portion annually set apart for the printing of *books* on science. How is it that no English edition of the '*Mécanique Céleste*' has hitherto appeared under the sanction of a learned body and a respectable editor? If other evidence of the decline of science in this country were wanting, a strong case of suspicion might be grounded upon this one fact.†

It is recorded, on the authority of the *Edinburgh Review*, that some fifteen years ago the British empire did not contain six individuals sufficiently learned in the exact sciences, to read this work; and here we have, at the hands of a lady, the very spirit and essence of its four quarto volumes and supplements, in a single octavo. In the preface to her book, Mrs. Somerville very pro-

perly gives us some account of its parentage. Lord Brougham, it appears, was father to the thought,—having expressed a wish that its talented authoress would endeavour to introduce the working classes to a knowledge of the doctrines of the *Mécanique*—a wish which, conceived in the very spirit of that boundless philanthropy for which his Lordship is remarkable, and encouraged by the Society for Diffusing Useful knowledge, is realized in the work before us.

We are convinced that the gratitude of the working classes would be unlimited, could they but appreciate the extent of the obligation. We are not, however, sanguine on this subject. With the very best wishes for the general diffusion of knowledge, we do not expect, for many years, to find the work of *La Place* much read among the labouring poor; and, indeed, looking at the splendour of the typography of the volume before us, and the patrician name of the bibliopole, we are disposed to think that Mrs. Somerville herself never seriously contemplated an early period

*Contractatus ubi manibus sordescere vulgi  
Oceperit!*

There is reserved for it a higher destiny than the hands of the unwashed. We behold it, in our critical imagination, reposing in graceful indolence on the table of every confirmed blue of the United Kingdom; its leaves will be cut, its pages turned over, by the fair hands of the very fairest of created beings—and not more fair than wise. On the mysterious symbols which so mysteriously shadow forth its meaning, there will dwell (in beautiful wonder,) the brightest eyes that, since the days of our first mother, have shone, for evil or for good, upon the less fortunate portion of humanity. What a world of delightful prattle will it originate! And then, when the novelty of its youth has passed away, how dignified, how conspicuous a place will be assigned to it in the library!—how perfect, how uninterrupted will be its retirement! A more complete realization of the "*otium cum dignitate*" of a book cannot be imagined.

Although we have long considered an English translation of *La Place* the great desideratum in our science, yet we confess that, when the rumour was brought to us that such a work had been undertaken by a lady, we found the information somewhat comfortless—all the chances appeared to us to be against her success. We foresaw, in the promised translation, an occasional echo of that understanding of his doctrines which had established itself in her own mind, and the prospect was discouraging. Our critical discomfort arrived, however, at a maximum, when, on opening the book, we found it blazoned in the preface that, instead of a translation, we had the spirit of *La Place*, according to Mrs. Somerville, bottled up in an octavo. The gloomiest of our forebodings had never led us to dream that the sacrilege of remodelling the thoughts of *La Place* would be otherwise than an occasional evil, insinuating itself, as it were, upon the task of the translator: we were utterly unprepared to find it thus openly avowed.

*La Place* is perfectly competent to convey his meaning in his own words: his style is simple, and yet full of power; his words a fitting vehicle for the sublime truths which they convey; and his method strictly logical. He was far too great a man to deal in

† An English translation of *La Place* is at present publishing at Boston, in North America, one volume of which has found its way to this country. The translator is Mr. Bowditch. The text is excellently printed, and accompanied by notes.

verbiage; and it is our religious belief, that any person capable of *understanding* (we use the word emphatically) the mechanism of the heavens at all, will understand it best in his own pages. We want his work as fresh from his intellect as it can be brought to us through the medium of a translation; and we like not the task which Mrs. Somerville has undertaken, of giving us his thoughts in language different from that which he thought best calculated to convey them. If her object was to simplify his reasonings, we cannot but applaud the intention; but we have every excuse for not having observed it, inasmuch as the work itself laughs all simplicity to scorn. The following instances of lucid explanation are from the first page: "The activity of matter seems to be a law of the universe, as we know of no particle at rest."

Now this proposition is manifestly true, provided always, that if the particle were at rest, we should know it. But we do not know this;—as Mrs. Somerville proceeds immediately to inform us; for

"Were a body absolutely at rest, *we could not prove it to be so*, because there are no fixed points to which it could be referred."

The argument therefore stands thus: The activity of matter would seem to us to be a law of the universe, provided that, if any particle (of whose existence we were conscious) were at rest, we should know it, and that we know of no such particle at rest. But the particles of matter may be at rest, and we not know it: therefore, the activity of matter does *not seem* to us to be a law of the universe.

This is the first proposition laid down in Mrs. Somerville's book; it is peculiarly unfortunate. We continue the quotation:—

"Consequently, if only one particle of matter were in existence, it would be impossible to determine whether it were at rest or in motion."

Now, we submit, that the rest or unrest of this solitary particle of matter, would remain equally in doubt, were the world ever so thickly peopled with particles, provided there were no one point known to be at rest. Mrs. Somerville proceeds:

"Thus, being totally ignorant of absolute motion, relative motion alone forms the subject of investigation: a body is *therefore* said to be in motion, when it changes its position, with regard to other bodies which are *said* to be at rest."

We, for our own parts, protest against Mrs. Somerville's comprehensive admission of ignorance. It seems to us pretty plain, that relative motion cannot exist without absolute motion. Now, of this relative motion, we are allowed to know something; we are not therefore *totally* ignorant of absolute motion.

We have given the whole of the first sentence of the 'Mechanism of the Heavens'; we will now give that of the 'Mécanique Céleste.'

"A body *appears* to us to move, when it changes its situation with reference to a system of bodies which we consider at rest; but, as all bodies, those even which appear to us to enjoy the most absolute repose, may be in motion, we imagine a space without limits, immoveable, and penetrable to matter: it is to the parts of this space, real or imaginary, that we refer, in thought, the positions

of bodies; and we conceive them in motion, when they occupy successively different situations in space."

Our readers will perceive that Mrs. Somerville has framed her definition of motion according to that idea of it which La Place has mentioned only to discard. Now, it is to the discussion of this motion, with reference to which Mrs. Somerville and her author are thus at variance, that the whole work is devoted. It appears to us, from a careful consideration of the question, that in this first remarkable sentence of her book, Mrs. Somerville has endeavoured to show the whole universe to be in a state of unrest; in which she has failed, the proof being, *as she has shown*, impossible. She has then proceeded to establish the incontrovertible proposition, that there is no one point in the universe known to be at rest, because there is no such point known to be at rest. From which proposition, laid down with a naïveté such as few could bring to so grave a discussion, she infers, that, if there were but one particle of matter in the universe, we should not know whether it were at rest or in motion—a useful conclusion, which leads her to terminate the discussion of absolute motion, by an admission of absolute ignorance.

On the subject of force, Mrs. Somerville is singularly unintelligible. We are not quite sure whether she admits the existence of a principle passing by that name or not. She talks of force *exerted by matter*—of matter *acting upon matter*—and much more in the same strain. At length, however, her mind grasps a definition; it is this:—"analytically  $F = \frac{dv}{dt}$ , WHICH IS ALL WE KNOW ABOUT IT."

Spirit of the working classes, here is a boon! How admirable is the arrangement of symbols which thus concisely develops to us all that may be known of force. This is in the very spirit of that compression, by which an octavo volume of mathematics is brought into the compass of a threepenny pamphlet, and, at the same time, simplified from the intellectual standard of the well-read student in physics to the mind of a mechanic.

Having thus told us all that is known of force, Mrs. Somerville proceeds, in the most natural manner in the world, to tell us something more, and then this over again. She afterwards becomes quite diffuse upon the subject, and that so plausibly, that had she not before defined *all* that was *known* of force, we should have believed that we were really adding to our knowledge of it. In the fundamental proposition of the parallelogram of forces, Mrs. Somerville has replaced the demonstration of La Place, not by that of Pappus or Pontécoulant, but by an old method now generally admitted to be no proof at all, and to be found in Dr. Wood's Mechanics.

We open the book casually at page 14, and we learn that the centre of curvature is the intersection of two normals—that "it never varies in the circle and sphere, *because* the curvature is everywhere the same." Now, it appears to us, that the term curvature, having no other than a conventional signification, dependent upon the position of the centre of curvature, it is beginning at the wrong end to argue a permanency of that position in any case from an equality of the curvature. The opposite is the true order of induction.

We find in the next sentence, that *r* being the radius of curvature, "it is *evident*, that though it may vary from one point to another, it is constant for any one point, where  $\delta r = 0$ ." Now, that for the *same point* the radius of curvature is the same, and for different points different, we need not have been told, but how these facts involve the inference that  $\delta r = 0$ , escapes us.

The calculus of variations is despatched in a page. In the theory of areas, the beautiful demonstration of La Place is replaced by the method of the Principia. There appears to be few pages of the book which do not offer matter for similar animadversion: the subject will not, however, we fear, be interesting to the generality of our readers; we will therefore stop here.

Before we satisfy our critical conscience by recording an impartial opinion on the merits of a book, about which more than an usual share of nonsense will, we foresee, be talked, we may be allowed to state, that we have risen from the perusal of it with the conviction, that Mrs. Somerville is a person of very extraordinary talents, and that we are possessed with an admiration, all but unlimited, for what we understand to be the extent and variety of her attainments. Having said thus much, we feel ourselves compelled to add, that, in our belief, the work before us has been rashly undertaken, and very imperfectly completed; and that, remarkable as Mrs. Somerville's powers undoubtedly are, she has here assigned to herself a task considerably beyond them.

#### *Transactions of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec. Vol. II. Quebec, 1831.*

WHEN this Society was first formed by the Earl of Dalhousie, in 1824, the principal object was to collect and arrange such documents, known to exist in the convents, public offices, and in the possession of individuals, as would throw light, not only on the early history of the settlement, but on the primitive state and condition of the Indians. This object, it is acknowledged, has not been attained—but much valuable matter of another kind has been collected; and the Papers on the Huron Language—the interesting Sketches of the Tête de Boule Indians—and the Topographical Notices, with maps of a country hitherto nearly unknown, give value to the present volume. There is also a curious paper, by the Honourable Chief Justice Sewell, on "Dark Days in Canada," from which it appears, that our colonists are occasionally visited with gloom, as well as ourselves, though not from the same cause. In October, 1785, there was a memorable eclipse of this nature:—

"About ten o'clock in the morning, black clouds were seen rapidly advancing, and by half after ten it was so dark, that printing of the most usual type could not be read; this lasted for upwards of ten minutes, and was succeeded by a violent gust of wind, with rain, thunder, and lightning, after which the weather became brighter until twelve o'clock, when a second period of so much obscurity took place, that lights became necessary, and were used in all the churches. This period was rather longer in its duration than the first; a third period of obscurity came on at two o'clock, a fourth about three, and a fifth at half-past four o'clock, during which the intensity of the darkness was very great, and is described by

those who witnessed it, to have been that of perfect midnight. During the whole of these periods, and of the interval between them, vast masses of clouds of a yellowish appearance, which was very remarkable, were driven with great rapidity from the north-east, towards the south-west, by the wind; there was much lightning, thunder, and rain.

"The water which fell from the clouds was extremely black; and the next day, upon the surface of what was found in different vessels, a yellow powder was floating, which, upon examination, proved to be sulphur; and a deposit of a black substance in powder, was also found in the bottom of all these vessels. This was also observed at Montreal, distant 200 miles from Quebec."

Mr. Sewell, after relating other instances of this nature, which occurred in July, 1814, proceeds to account for the phenomena, by attributing them either to the conflagration of a forest or volcanic action. Considering the extent of country where this was observed, he is inclined to adopt the latter as the most probable cause, and is confirmed in this opinion by various circumstances. That volcanoes might be found in the country on the north side of the St. Lawrence, he considers very probable, from the circumstance of volcanoes being in the north of Europe, such as Hecla and Jan Mayen. The frequency of slight shocks of earthquakes, and the volcanic nature of the country north of the St. Lawrence, appear also to confirm his opinion, as well as the description of an earthquake in 1773, given by Charlevoix. The native Indians also have a traditional belief of the existence of a volcano in the Labrador country.

This volume contains other notices of an interesting nature, to which we may return on a future occasion.

*Ancient Fragments of the Egyptian, Chaldean, Phœnician, and other writers; with an Introduction, and Appendix on the Philosophy and Trinity of the Ancients.* By J. P. Cory, Esq., Fellow of Caius College, Cambridge. 2nd edit. London, 1832. Pickering.

THIS is a book which we read with pleasure and review with pain: the pleasure resulting from the comprehensive and accurate view afforded us of the fragments of Oriental history, preserved by Grecian and Roman writers; the pain, from seeing such labour and learning devoted to the support of uninteresting theory and idle hypothesis. That the general facts detailed in the Mosaic account of the diluvian and antediluvian ages are confirmed by the traditions of countless nations is certain—that the particular incidents have no such support, is equally notorious. But this by no means weakens the authenticity of the Jewish Scriptures, for it would indeed be strange, after "the changes of realm and chances of time," if tradition had not wandered to a considerable distance from reality. But even were tradition a more faithful guide than human experience has ever found it, there were causes of corruption and error which must have greatly increased its natural weakness; the ancient names of places and persons were significant; it is probable that what struck one as the most marked characteristic, might have appeared subordinate to another, hence a multiplicity of names may have belonged to a

paucity of individuals: another difficulty arose from the translation of proper names, in which the Greeks acted as preposterously as our neighbours the French: it is not yet beyond the memory of man, when a French map of England would have easily passed for that of a Pelew Island, and when the substitution of *Jorchauz*, for York House, was but a sample of the process by which English appellations were translated. There is, further, reason to believe, that the original language, in which the most ancient names were significant, is lost. Biblical Hebrew, its most ancient and valuable relic, is limited in its vocabulary, and certainly altered in its structure. After the return from the Babylonish captivity, Ezra confessedly interpolated the text, and most probably modernized the language. We have, then, absolutely, no guide to synchronize the conjectural chronologies before the first Olympiad; etymology fails, for the language containing the roots is unknown, the difference of names baffles all ingenuity, and the arguments from identity of incident are too weak to support any tangible conclusion. Why then are we not content to confess our ignorance? Let Œdipus, if he can, determine; and let him find out any reason why certain theologians in the last age averred that the Pentateuch was a perfect system of natural philosophy, and why their followers in the present day proclaim it a complete manual of ancient history.

To us the authenticity of the Pentateuch is only valuable so far as it ascertains the theocratic system of that people, from which eventually the regenerator of humanity should spring. As such, we have only to inquire, externally, whether such a system was revealed; and, internally, whether the system asserted to be thus revealed, was adapted to its end? But with the veracity of Moses, as a general historian, the Christian religion is very slightly connected. The attempts to add to the proper evidence of revealed religion have been productive of the most lamentable effects. The feeble buttress appended to the mighty arch not only gave way itself to the force of the torrent, but, rushing against that which it was destined to support, shook the very key-stone.

The fate of these believers in the weakness of Christianity should deter others from following their steps. What have become of the ponderous tomes of Bryant and Faber on Mythology? One affords Horace Smyth a middling rhyme,† and the other, Riemer a wretched pun.‡ "Omnes una manet nox." The fortress still remains uninjured; but the outworks, raised by those who doubted its strength, are level with the ground, and of many the very ruins have perished. So let them fall! the design of revelation was not to gratify our curiosity respecting the fate of ancient dynasties, but to interest us in the destiny of ourselves; and the attempt to raise the subsidiary information of the Scriptures into the place of eminent importance, is only to offer scope for doubt to the honest inquirer, to strengthen the hesitation of the sceptic, and set up a mark for the sarcasms of the scorner. The Bible is not given to us as a perfect history, a perfect cosmogony, a perfect physics or metaphysics—it is given

† — which see Bryant's  
Mythology fell'd stoutest giants.  
‡ Fabularum Faber.

to us as a perfect theology; and when we seek to invest it with the former perfections, we weaken the evidence of the latter.

That we attribute some importance to Mr. Cory's work is plain, from the length at which we have stated our reasons for differing from his views; but our condemnation extends not beyond his attempt to connect sacred and profane history by forced and fanciful inference. Taken as a work unconnected with theology, this will be found a useful aid to the study of Oriental history; and the care taken in obtaining a correct text is highly creditable to the diligence and accuracy of the editor.

#### CHOLERA MORBUS.

*The Working Man's Companion.—The Physician. No. I. The Cholera.* London, 1832. Knight.

*Observations on the Nature of Malignant Cholera.* By A. P. W. Philip, M.D. London, 1832. Renshaw.

*Observations on the Origin and Treatment of Cholera.* By John Hancock. London, 1831. Wilson.

*Observations on Cholera.* By T. J. Pettigrew. London, 1831. Highley.

*Treatise on Cholera Morbus.* By W. White. London, 1831. Strange.

*Rules for the Prevention of the Asiatic Cholera.* 2nd edit. Cheltenham, 1831. Davies.

*Letters on the Cholera in Prussia.* By F. W. Becker, M.D. Letter I. London, 1832. Murray.

*A brief Sketch of the most striking Characteristic Appearances of the Continental Spasmodic Cholera.* By W. Cooke, M.D. London, 1831. Highley.

*An Essay on the Nature and Treatment of the Indian Pestilence commonly called Cholera.* By Henry Penneck, M.D. London, 1831. Highley.

*Cholera Morbus.* Translated from the German by George Cox, M.D. Nottingham, 1832. Stretton.

*Examen des Conclusions du Rapport de M. Double sur le Cholera Morbus, adoptées par l'Académie Royale de Médecine.* Par Dubois d'Amiens, D.M.P. Paris, 1831. Baillière.

*The Cholera Gazette.* No. I. 1832. Highley.

INNUMERABLE as the works published on cholera have been, we regret to say, that little is yet known either of its nature or character. The Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge has begun a series of volumes, under the title of 'The Physician,' intended to impart such plain and useful information as may be serviceable to the working classes. The first volume, which is just published, after giving a general description of the human body, and of the diseases supposed to arise from certain states of the air, is entirely devoted to the cholera; and is certainly the best work yet published for the use of non-medical readers. It gives a brief, but sufficient, sketch of the history of cholera; and then—very properly, considering that the work is intended for general circulation—treats at large on precautionary measures. The chapter, How to escape the cholera, ought to be universally read; and attention to the rules there laid down, would do more to check the ravages of the disease than the utmost skill of all the physicians in Europe.

Dr. Philip's pamphlet is interesting: he treats the subject in a very able manner; and his explanation of the nature of the symptoms is particularly good.

Mr. Hancock's observations are superior to many published on this subject; and his remarks on the gaseous oxide of nitrogen, deserve the

attention of all those medical men who may have an opportunity of trying its efficacy.

Though Mr. Pettigrew's pamphlet contains nothing new, we cannot but praise the clearness and precision with which he has described the phenomena of the disease.

We have nothing to say on Mr. White's pamphlet, though written for the Emperor of Russia's prize; and as for Mr. Ingledew's Rules, they may be of use to the non-medical reader.

Dr. Becker's Letter contains some very valuable remarks on the causes of cholera, and the means of preventing it. The author is a contagionist, and, though we do not altogether agree with him, his work will be found useful and interesting to medical men. We regret to announce the death of Dr. Becker since the publication of this work; we have however been informed that his promised Letter on the symptoms, pathology, and treatment of this disease, is complete, and will be forthwith published.

Dr. Cooke's sketch contains opinions founded on observations made at Sunderland. The Doctor is of opinion, that the proximate cause of death is inflammation of the stomach, the result of a morbid poison. He forbids the use of spirits and stimulants throughout every stage of the disease; but the treatment proposed to be substituted does not, in our opinion, agree with his own view of the cause of death. It would be unfair to offer objections without stating the Doctor's arguments; and, as the question would not have a general interest, we must refer medical readers to the pamphlet itself, which will well repay the trouble of perusal.

Dr. Penneck attempts to prove, that the cholera is a disease of the class of typhus; and, as the yellow fever is called *typhus icterodes*, he proposes to call it *typhus caruleus*. Following Dr. Clutterbuck's theory of the typhus fevers, he places the seat of the disease in the brain—and his proposed treatment is consequent on this opinion—the argument is more ingenious than conclusive.

The German treatise of Dr. Tencken on cholera, translated by Dr. Cox, contains some observations, and explains some facts, in a way which makes the work equally interesting and instructive to all who take an interest in studying the phenomena of the disease.

Dr. Dubois' 'Examen' is a severe, but, in some points, a very just criticism on the Report of the French Medical Academy. The Academy of Sciences considered it absurd to make an official report on the subject, in the present state of medical knowledge with respect to this disease; and, after reading Dr. Dubois' observations on the report of the Medical Academy, most persons will agree with them.

The first number of a Cholera Gazette has been published; and we think it probable, that more real knowledge will be hereafter gleaned from this one publication, than from all the tracts and pamphlets which daily issue from the press. We have been particularly pleased with Dr. Christison's letter inserted in this number, detailing the arrangements made in Edinburgh for the scientific investigation of this strange disease. Edinburgh has long enjoyed the highest medical reputation, and we trust the inquiry and report will prove it has been deserved.

We cannot close this notice without quoting the following consolatory document, which we find translated in the Journal of Education:—

"The subsequent notice (of which we give a literal translation) has been issued by the Rector and Senate of the University of Berlin, and deserves the attention of our own universities.

"The opening of the winter courses of lectures in this university has been fixed for the 7th of November, with the approbation of the ministry for ecclesiastical affairs, education, and medical affairs. Inasmuch as ten weeks have elapsed since the breaking out of the cholera in

this city, well-grounded apprehensions are so much the less to be attached to the holding and frequenting of the prolelections; particularly, as the spread of the cholera here has, at the same time, become comparatively inconsiderable. Out of the whole number of students (*nearly six hundred*) who remained here during the vacation, not one has died during the six weeks, since the cholera first made its appearance; only two have suffered under a slight attack of it, and they immediately recovered under the prompt and highly efficient aid afforded them by the association formed for the treatment of such students as might be affected by the cholera. This association of students, provided as they are with all needful means, will remain in active operation so long as the cholera shall continue to prevail amongst us; at the same time, agreeably with the notice which we issued on the 22d of September last, arrangements have been made in the university building to prevent any baneful consequences, and to keep up the purity of the air throughout its whole extent, as well as in the lecture-rooms.

"By the Rector and Senate of the University of Frederic William, in this city.

БЕРЛИН."

"Berlin, Oct. 18th, 1831."

*Le Livre des Cent-et-Un.* Vol. II. Paris, 1831. Ladvocat.

[Fourth Notice.]

*Un Atelier de la Rue de l'Ouest.*

The 'Painting-room of a Poor Artist' is a spirited and interesting article by Cordelier Delanoue. There are many points of striking similarity between the painter here described, and the enthusiastic artist in 'The Disowned,' with this difference, that the one is a fiction approaching reality, and the other, we have reason to believe, a reality approaching fiction.

*The Painter's Studio.*

"Theodebert Munier was an ordinary young man about five feet four inches in height, and a bit of a sloven. There was a wildness in his look, and a strangeness in his manner, which repelled all advances towards intimacy. He was such an artist as might be expected from a young enthusiast who was almost born in the Sistine Chapel—who played there when a child before the wonders of Michael Angelo—drew there, upon his knees, and stood erect in manhood with confidence in himself and the power of genius. Rome opened to him a brilliant prospect, \* \* \* when a letter from Bayonne announced that his mother was dangerously ill. Adieu to art! In a transport of apprehension he fled from Rome like a madman. \* \* \* On his arrival at Bayonne he found his mother recovered; but his career was closed at Rome, and he came to Paris.

"Alas! what was he to do at Paris?—none knew him, or suspected his talents. What was he to do in a city where there is a Museum for fools, portraits instead of pictures, and amateurs instead of artists? He saw nothing here of his beloved art. He inquired for it, but found it not. He hired, in a remote part of the city, and far from the Museum, a spacious painting-room, in which he could place the largest pictures, and converse face to face with Da Vinci, with Raphael, Michael Angelo, and the Caraccis. \* \* \* He purchased, at Haro's, for ready money, a canvas of thirty feet, which to him was one of only ordinary dimensions, and this expense ruined him for six months. But then the picture would be excellent!

"In less than a month this immense canvas was covered, parts were nearly finished, and the work promised to be worthy of the artist. Theodebert touched it no more. \* \* \* He re-

turned from a solitary walk in deep affliction; he had not yet earned one shilling by his labours. His head was burning, and his right hand thrust into his bosom. He cast a wild glance at his huge picture, which the yellow and vacillating flame of the taper and the surrounding darkness made appear still more gigantic. 'I shall never finish it,' he exclaimed. \* \* \* The next morning every trace of it was effaced.

"Excited by I know not what caprice—labouring under I know not what fever of impatience, he had effaced the work, intending to begin another; then the disheartening conviction came upon him that none regarded his talents—nay, a doubt if he had talent. He had smarted under so much criticism—suffered so many rude insults, that hope had fled from him. Darkness overshadowed all his anticipations—an icy coldness checked the palpitating heart of the enthusiast—hypochondria fixed her fangs upon the victim she was never more to quit. In vain did Theodebert struggle on with all the stubbornness of genius, and all the fury of his ardent pencil—in vain did he heap design upon design, and sketch upon sketch; he was wasting life in unsuccessful efforts. The harpy gnawed pitilessly on; and the poor artist, harassed and discouraged, fell at length exhausted before that cold and smooth canvas which his genius would have glorified, but his pencil could no longer touch.

"I went to see him. He had passed a horrible night. 'My friend,' said he, sitting up in his bed, 'I have had a vision. I was scarcely asleep when everything around me appeared to increase in size. The walls of my painting room were covered with marble—the windows lengthened into porticos—columns and pilasters arose, and shot up to meet a vaulted roof, which seemed curving to receive them. \* \* \* In the midst of this magnificence I was alone, lost, trembling, crushed, annihilated! I was at Rome, in a palace which I never saw, but yet recognized well. On a sudden, enormous beams appeared to shoot out from between so many columns, to cross each other in all directions, and at length formed a solid scaffolding, upon which I was placed, palette in hand, without having had time to desire it, and before I had spoken a word, or advanced a single step. In vain did I struggle against the invisible hand which had raised me by the hair of the head, and held my slender body at such a marvellous height from the ground. I was to paint the cupola; and the time allowed me for this work was till the end of the day. Night came before I had half completed my task—the fatal term was past—the scaffolding cracked, gave way, and I fell to the ground!

"I found myself once more upon my bed, bruised and breathless. My dream continued. This time I distinctly saw my canvas of thirty feet rise through the floor, like the *aulas* of the ancients, or the curtain at the Odéon, in measured time, slowly and solemnly. When it touched the ceiling, I heard a shrill whistle. An extraordinary exhibition now took place. It was like a representation of *ombres chinoises*. At first, there was a grotesque collection of noses of every dimension, from Odry to Pelli-grini. The devil was there, in *proprea personâ*, and, with the aid of a wand, explained to me each subject as it appeared and fled off in procession before my eyes. He then showed me a distribution of medals and crosses to be made at the *salon* of 1831. M. Dubufe was reported painter of the first class, and Johannot turned back to the second: M. Lancrenon pamphletizing about it.

"On a sudden the canvas darkened, and was turned upside down. It was now no longer a simple canvas, but a magnificent picture—mine—the one I intend to paint—the work I have spoken to you about. It was finished, and

a fat English lord offered me six hundred thousand francs for it.

"I refused this sum—my demand was a million of francs.

"The lord raised his offer, by degrees, to nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine francs.

"I still refused, and the devil—for it was he—burst into a loud fit of laughter, and disappeared.

"Scarcely had I lost sight of him, when the brilliant colours of the painting faded, mingled with each other, and ran down the canvas in streams, like the sweat on the skin of a quoit player. The figures grinned horribly, and moved about with a hideous variety of strange attitudes and contortions, so strange, indeed, as to exhaust my patience.

"My lords!" I exclaimed, bitterly, and with a loud voice, to the cardinals—whose purple was fast disappearing, and to the bishops, whose faces were already of the same colour as their stockings and camails—"My lords! in mercy, tell me whether you are perspiring blood or wine?"

"They replied by a monotonous plain chant, which seemed to become fainter and fainter as the colours vanished from the canvas. This strange sound continued a short time, and then ceased with a noise like the last hiccup of a drunkard, or the last sob of a drowning man.

"On awaking, I looked towards the middle of the room for the picture of my dream;—it was gone. I felt under my pillow for the nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine francs of the English lord—they were not there.

"In despair I jumped out of bed, and ran to my painting-room. The canvas was where I had left it the night before—vast, white, cold, and untouched! Ah! my friend! that dream—it is the *coup de grace*—I feel doubly discouraged."

"I tried to console poor Theodebert, but in vain. He quitted Paris the same day.

"He has now been gone two months; and a letter from Bayonne, with a black seal, has just been brought me. It is not to announce the death of his mother, but that of my unhappy friend himself, who has committed suicide!"

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THERE is no work, however trifling and unimportant in the eye of the public, but is the offspring of labour and thought—nursed and cherished probably with anxious care, and published with anxious hopes. It is, however, our duty to exercise a painful discrimination—to treat all according to their value and interest; and, in consequence, many trifles are long deferred for want of leisure or space, to the pain of writers, our own self-upbraiding, and a grievous loss of time in the perusal of letters of remonstrance. We have resolved, therefore, periodically, to clear our table—and it is well that we have one or two rather important works with which to grace this introductory Paper.

The first is '*Le Talisman*,' a French Annual, published at Paris by Levasseur et Aston, and in London by Longman & Co. This, though a late Annual, is a welcome volume. It does great credit to the editor, who seems to have spared no expense to render it worthy of the best models on our side of the channel. '*Le Talisman*' consists of the plates of the '*Souvenir*,' illustrated by original contributions, in prose and verse, from some of the most eminent French writers. Among these we may name Chateaubriand, Barthélemy and Méry, Jules Janin, Drouineau, A. Dumas, Léon Gossan, and Luchet,—known to the readers of the *Athenæum* by their contributions to '*Le Livre des Cent-et-Un*,'—Charles Nodier, also, whose '*Biblio-*

maniac' cannot be yet forgotten, and his amiable daughter, who writes beautiful songs, and sings them with exquisite tenderness and simplicity,—Lamartine and Victor Hugo also—and though last, not least, our fascinating friend the Duchess of Abrantes, whose article in '*Le Talisman*' is very clever;—indeed to such of our readers as delight in French literature, particularly light and brilliant literature, we recommend the '*Talisman*' as a gem well deserving their attention.

'*The Parent's Poetical Anthology*,' is a safe and valuable book for young people: it contains passages and entire poems from some of the greatest poets, living and dead; nor has its merits been unappreciated, for this is the third edition. We must, nevertheless, expostulate with the editor—he has given us by far too much of Heber, who was a versifier only, and nothing of Wordsworth, Southey, Wilson, or Crabbe, who are all poets of a high order.

There are songsters, of whom the warbler in Burns was one, who,

Proud of the height of some bit half-ling tree,  
sit and chaunt on the lower boughs strains  
neither loud nor varied, yet gentle and sweet,  
and worthy of remembrance: so are there bards  
of a gentle and unambitious sort, who sit and  
soothe their hours of remission from business,  
as Gelimer did his blindness, with the lyre, and  
produce verses, like those of Thomas Brydson,  
in his '*Pictures of the Past*,' sweet,  
affectionate, and moral. Verse, flowing and  
melodious, is easily composed; but the sentiment  
and passion which lend to it life, and lift it  
up to heaven, are at the command of few.  
We cannot say that this new bard of the west  
has much of that ethereal fire which burns without  
consuming; but he has written many tender  
and pleasing pages, and shown a spirit kind and  
loving towards nature and all her works. We  
have little room, still we must quote: many an  
old castle has been celebrated in more sounding,  
but seldom in more touching, verses than these:

#### Dunolly Castle.

The breezes of this vernal day  
Come whist'ring through thine empty hall,  
And stir, instead of tapestry,  
The weed upon the wall;  
And bring from out the mourn'ring sea,  
And bring from out the vocal wood,  
The sound of nature's joy to thee,  
Mocking thy solitude.  
Yet proudly, 'mid the tide of years,  
Thou livest on high thine airy form—  
Scene of primeval hopes and fears—  
Slow yielding to the storm.  
From thy gray portal oft at morn,  
The ladies and the squires would go,  
While swell'd the hunter's bugle horn  
In the green glea below;  
And minstrel harp, at starry night,  
Woke the high strain of battle here,  
When with a wild and stern delight  
The warrior stoop'd to hear.  
All fled for ever! leaving naught  
Save lonely walls in ruin green,  
Which dimly lead my wand'ring thought  
To moments that have been.

The little poem called '*We know that it hath been*,' has much of the same quiet beauty; while the verses on '*The Owl*' are of a more vigorous and original kind. We wish success to this unpretending little volume.

'*Poems chiefly occasional*,' by Samuel Frederick Green, amount in number to thirty and three, and are printed for the author, the least profitable for the poet of all modes of publication. We could extract some pretty verses out of this little volume, and make many remarks on the melody of its numbers, but we have not room for either.

'*A Vision; a Poem in Five Cantos*,' is also printed for the author; he has, however, withheld his name—from diffidence perhaps, for it seems a first work. Though the verse is much too diffuse and flowery, it is not without images

of beauty, and passages both graceful and flowing. There are some, too, of a sterner cast, which are worthy of perusal.

'*The Elements of Chemistry*,' with its hundred cuts, for six shillings, is a cheap book: it is also an excellent one; we imagine, nevertheless, that a very cheap copy of a scientific book cannot well be profitable; it is beyond the comprehension of common readers, and will find no purchasers among the low and uneducated. It is different with works of imagination—as we hope, when more at leisure, to prove, to the satisfaction of the editor of the *Morning Herald*.

'*The Golden Farmer; being an attempt to untie the facts pointed out by Nature in the sciences of Geology, Chemistry, and Botany, with practical Observations of Husbandmen, to enable them to grow more Corn, and increase the employment of the Labourer*,' is the title of a sort of rural pamphlet by Mr. Lance, Land and Mineral Surveyor, Lewisham, which has the merit of containing some sensible remarks on varieties of soil. Those who desire to raise a good crop of corn may consult these fugitive pages with advantage; and those who are in quest of amusement will find a little of that also.

'*Hans Sloane, a Tale illustrating the History of the Foundling Hospital*,' by John Brownlow, is well meant, and moderately well executed; there is too much about the founders, and too little about the hero of the tale—of whom it is perhaps sufficient to say, that he bore the name without sharing in the blood of the illustrious Hans Sloane. We have, however, been amused and instructed, as we wandered along with the humble narrative. There are some pretty verses, and some scraps of biography; and the names of Hogarth, Captain Coram, and other persons of genius and generosity, are interwoven.

We took occasion some months since to mention '*Cottage Comforts*' by Mrs. Esther Copley—we have new pleasure in commending the execution of '*A Brief View of Sacred History*,' from the same pen. The history extends from the Creation to the taking of Jerusalem; and it is given in clear unaffected language. Mrs. Copley is a thoroughly useful friend to the young and the labouring. But while commending this '*Brief View of Sacred History*,' we must avow our preference for the sacred narrative itself, were it printed in sections like any other history—headed with titles, and elucidated now and then with a foot note.

'*Marshall's Topographical and Statistical Details of London*,' are closely and compactly packed into a shilling pamphlet, and will, no doubt, be valuable to the statesman and the historian.

'*The Botanic Annual*,' by Robert Mudie, is a very handsome volume, with pretty wood engravings, and clever descriptions of trees and shrubs, and leaf and blossom; we shall take it into the country with us when April comes, and compare its details with the aspect of nature.

'*Stewart's Visit to the South Seas*,' forms the fifth volume of the '*Select Library*,' and is a neat and valuable addition to our cheap literature. The present edition has a map, and some illustrative wood-cuts.

We have pleasure in announcing that '*Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry*,' has arrived at a second edition, and been compressed into one cheap and beautiful volume. The work was spoken of with deserved commendation, and many illustrative extracts given, in the *Athenæum* of April 17 and 24, 1830.

Some valuable additions have likewise been made to Mr. Stebbing's delightful '*Lives of the Italian Poets*,'—the Memoir of Ugo Foscolo in particular, is full of interest. These Lives have permanent value, and the work has taken its place in our Library among standard volumes.



The first number of the *'Picturesque Memorials of Salisbury,'* just published, is very creditable to a provincial press. The drawings and engravings, by Mr. Fisher, are clear and clever; and it will be enough to assure our antiquarian readers of the accurate research of the descriptive letter-press, when we add, that it is by the Rev. P. Hall. The price alone—three quarto engravings on copper, and three smaller on wood, with letter-press, for half-a-crown—ought to ensure an extensive circulation.

Among some strange works sent for review, is a handsome quarto volume, called *'Letters on Dancing,'* by Mr. E. A. Thélour, in which it is proposed to reduce this elegant and healthful exercise to easy scientific principles. The work is illustrated with twenty-four graceful figures, and dedicated to the Marchioness of Londonderry, who has, it appears, entrusted her noble offspring to Mr. Thélour's care; and whose voice and opinion ought to be potential in his favour. Another, is a pack of *Astronomical Cards*, invented by Miss Ryan, of whose *'Lectures for the Religious Instruction of Young Persons'* we lately spoke with commendation. Three games may, it appears, be played with them—the *Planetary*, the *Zodiacal*, and the *game of the Constellations*—and we have been informed, by those who are more competent than ourselves to offer an opinion, that these games are interesting, and that the cards are serviceable.

#### ORIGINAL PAPERS

##### ON MARTIN'S PICTURE OF BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.

BY T. BOSCOE.

THE hand that guides the wheels of fate and time,

While impious song and dissolute uproar  
Vaunt that bad king, is seen—is felt—and more,  
Yet more, gleams on the rich walls—sublime  
And terrible,—strange augury of his crime!  
Fall sword and diadem;—the feast is o'er;  
How pale that lordly face, so flushed before!  
How the dread scene breathes death o'er life's  
gay prime!

Hail, painter of high moral truths, the chief!  
Justice retributive, drawn by thy hand,  
Sits smiling here; the conscience-stricken band  
Of princes revelling in their people's grief,  
Who, 'mid their orgies, held through slavery's  
night,

Still mark the hand tracing that people's right.

HENRY LIVERSEEGE.

It is with no common regret that we announce the death of this young and highly-gifted artist, who expired last week at his residence in Manchester, at the age of twenty-nine. The appreciators of his genius, and those generally interested in art, will doubtless be surprised to learn in how short a portion of that time his powers were developed. The career, now so mournfully cut short, was not more successful than brief;—the period embraced by his emerging from obscurity to distinction not exceeding the last five years of his life. He laboured from early youth under organic defect in the chest; he had neither connexions nor fortune to smooth his path through the world; and whilst, from infancy, painting was the profession he loved and aimed at, it was long before he discovered the branch of art in which lay his peculiar forte. Five years ago he was employed in painting portraits, indifferently executed, at prices more indifferent still.

He even painted tavern signs† for a mere trifle; at the same time, it required little discrimination to discern the germs of high excellence in his attempts at fancy pictures, which he himself disregarded. His first appearance before the public was in 1827, when he sent to the Manchester Exhibition three small pictures—the subjects, *Banditti*—which were with difficulty disposed of for a few pounds. His *'Recruit,'* a small picture, painted and sold within the last six months, was eagerly bought at one hundred and thirty guineas. The first picture that stamped his talent with the public, was *'Adam Woodcock,'* purchased by Lord Wilton. He exhibited, at the same time, a *'Don Quixote,'* and a *'Scene from the Antiquary,'* which were likewise immediately purchased. Shortly after, his *'Black Dwarf,'* *'Sir Piercie Shafton,'* and a *'Scene from Hamlet,'* were exhibited at Somerset House; but the piece which first attracted particular notice in London, was a small one at the British Institution, *'Hudibras in the Stocks';*—for the principal figure, and also for the *'Black Dwarf,'* Mr. Liversseege made a *clay model* to paint from. We have named only a few of his works produced within the last four years; for, as he combined great industry with great facility, and sold as fast as he painted, Lancashire alone (his native county) could hang an exhibition room with his productions. In this estimate we include the water-colour sketches which he usually made, with great care, prior to painting a subject. These drawings, of which Mr. Liversseege has left many in his portfolio, will not, it is to be hoped, fall into the hands of those unable to appreciate their value, either as sketches, or subjects for engraving. They are decidedly fine, both as regards colour and expression; in some respects they excel the pictures. His only finished picture which remains unsold was dispatched to the British Institution a few days prior to his decease. It is a figure of *'Don Quixote reading in his Study,'* and manifests a grave and noble conception of that character, so generally degraded by being misunderstood. Along with it is the *'Recruit,'* already mentioned—a picture partaking more of the Teniers school than any of his other productions, and remarkable for the beauty of the detail. The picture left on his easel (Sir John Falstaff), of which the right hand and arm are the only parts approaching to completion, give promise that the whole would have been a decided improvement on all his former efforts. He anticipated finishing it with enthusiasm, for he trusted to make it his "great work." Shakespeare and Cervantes were his favourite authors; and so little was his death anticipated, that his "old friend," as he playfully termed the former, was laid on his breakfast table the morning of his decease. He was encumbered with an infirm body through life; but it was remarkable that he improved in strength as he experienced encouragement—so much so, that his early friends ventured to hope that he might live many years. He was not materially unwell for more than a few days: melancholy presenti-

† A Saracen's Head, and an Ostrich, both painted by Liversseege, yet hang up at two obscure public houses in Manchester. The Ostrich is bad—the Saracen's Head is well done; and he always spoke of them with interest.

ments, however, hung over his mind—presentiments too fatally verified on the morning of the 13th.

As a man, Henry Liversseege was diminutive in person, in mind a gentleman, in temper quick, in feeling sensitive alike to kindness and affronts, grateful and most generous. He acquired many and warm friends. As an artist, his excellence principally consisted in expressing character and delineating a story; the principle of light and shadow was excellent, and the detail minute, with a beautiful squareness of touch. Perhaps it was in colour that we find his chief defect—not in harmony, but in respect of depth and richness. He was aware of this deficiency; and, during his projected residence in the metropolis, purposed giving peculiar attention to the study and comparison of colour. He had by no means reached perfection, but he was steadily advancing towards that high mark: and, with his natural talent, his persevering industry, and ardent love of excellence, he would doubtless ultimately have attained it. He died in the morning of his powers—he fell whilst crossing the threshold of fame; but, for what he achieved, and yet more for what he gave promise of, his name is bright amongst the gifted, and demands the homage that memory owes to genius.

#### THE MUSIC OF NATURE.

Children-like insects dancing in the sun;  
Bees like the busy crowds in labour's power;  
Rainfalls shed music in the drops that run  
Out from the brimful spring and wet each  
flower,  
Bending its features downwards, like a nun  
Musing upon her shadow, by the light  
That makes the surface glass-like and conveys  
Reflection; dimpling streams give music bright  
To hushing showers, as echoes of sweet praise  
And instances of thought in wisdom's way;  
The great Orion and the Pleiades  
Pervade the spheres and thrones celestial  
crowned,  
And all ascensive Nature, by degrees,  
Is omnipresent with melodious sound. P.

#### JESTS FROM THE ANTIQUE.—No. II.

[From Diogenes Laërtius.]

##### APOPHTHEGMS OF ANTISTHENES.

1. Observing how frequently unfit persons were appointed to the highest offices, he advised the Athenians "to vote their asses horses." Being asked what he meant by such an absurd proposal, he replied, "It is not more absurd than to vote men leaders and legislators who have nothing to recommend them but your votes."
2. When told that he could not possess liberal sentiments, since he was not the offspring of free parents, he answered, "My parents were not wrestlers, and yet I can wrestle."
3. Being asked what advantage he had derived from philosophy, he replied, "The power of enjoying the society of myself."

##### APOPHTHEGMS OF DIOGENES.

1. A hypocritical scoundrel in Athens inscribed over his door, "*Let nothing evil enter here.*" Diogenes wrote under it, "By what door does the owner come in?"
2. Being asked, what was the best hour for dinner, he replied, "For the rich, when they please; for the poor, when they can."
3. Seeing a wicked boy throwing stones at the gallows, he replied, "Well aimed, boy! you will hit that mark at last."

4. He called a bad singer Mr. Cock; being asked the reason, he said, "His notes are the signal for a general rising."

5. When told that his countrymen, the Sino-pians, had sentenced him to banishment, he replied, "I have condemned them to a worse punishment—to stay at home."

6. Being asked by a student of natural history, what was the worst beast, he replied, "Of the wild, the Slanderer; of the tame, the Flatterer."

7. Seeing a scolding wife who had hanged herself on an olive tree, he exclaimed, "O, that all trees would bear such fruit!"

8. One lawyer unjustly charged another with theft: Diogenes being chosen umpire, condemned both, declaring that the accused was a thief, but the accuser had lost nothing."

9. Seeing the son of a courtesan throwing stones at a crowd, he called out, "Take care, boy, lest you hit your father!"

10. Hearing a handsome youth speak foolishly, he exclaimed, "What a shame to see a leaden sword drawn from an ivory scabbard!"

11. Seeing an unskilful archer shooting, he went and sat down by the target, declaring it the only place of safety.

#### THE CORRESPONDENCE OF BARON GRUFF. No. I.

Who Baron Gruff is, or was—whether any relation to Baron Grimm—in what age or country he flourished—and to whom his correspondence was addressed—are subjects on each and all of which the world remains to this moment in profound ignorance. In his reading, he appears to have followed the fashion of the little insect termed a book-worm—going right through from leaf to leaf, without taking the trouble of travelling over the context; and thus a singular incongruity—to say nothing worse of it—appears in his communications. They are sometimes, however, not without their value, if one knew what to make of them; and occasionally we have been struck, in glancing over their heterogeneous contents, with the periodical recurrence of a subject to the mind of the "reading public," even after the lapse and oblivion of centuries between. We had thought of regaling ourselves privately on the Baron's articles, as the cuckoo does upon the eggs of other birds; but the idea was repressed, partly by a sense of literary honour, and partly by some misgiving as to whether the theft would be worth the risk of detection. Notwithstanding, when at any time we take the trouble of hatching our author's progeny (if we may be pardoned the vulgar figure), we shall by no means refrain from claiming "halvers and quarters" with Baron Gruff.

#### THE WIDOW.

##### *A Hint to Husband.*

The story of the widow who was won by a lover, even when watching the dead body of her husband, is not improbable. The silence, the solitude, the darkness, the dismal paraphernalia of death—all were points in his favour; for all affected her with horror, and predisposed her mind to seek relief in images of joy. The mourning of Jane, mother of the Emperor Charles V., was at once more extraordinary and better calculated for continuance. When her husband, Philip of Austria, died, and it became necessary to tear the body from her arms and place it in a coffin, she surrounded it with all the funeral magnificence and publicity that were possible, and took her own station as the first actress in the pageant. Wherever she went, the splendid show accompanied and surrounded her. She

made, in this manner, the tour of Castille; from town to town, from city to city, glided the dark procession, with its banners, and plumes, and songs of solemn woe. All Spain, all Europe, was filled with the renown of her grief.† Think you that this widow was in danger from a lover?

There is nothing, indeed, so imprudent as retirement in such cases. Husbands should get themselves laid out in the drawing-room, and taken in a hearse to the watering-places. If this custom was once fairly introduced, I have no doubt that, even at the doors of the Opera, we should at length be gratified with the solemn and affecting cry of—"Lady Blank's husband stops the way!"

#### A QUESTION OF LUNACY.

A certain man had a brother who was one day to preach before the Court of France. The latter, who had a great deal of simplicity, allowed himself to be persuaded by the other to say things in his sermon that might have ruined the whole family; while the wag, who had crept into a corner of the church, was ready to suffocate himself with laughter on hearing the judgments of God thundered forth against the royal audience. Some people might have suspected that a little madness was mingled with waggery in this case.

The same man was found on the road-side as poor and miserable-looking a creature as ever awakened compassion—covered with rags, and encrusted with filth. He was taken up by the archers of the poor, whose business it was to clear the highway of vagabonds. "Stop a little, my friends," said he, "I cannot walk so fast as you. They are repairing the wheel of my carriage, and when it is ready I shall accompany you with pleasure." The archers, when they found whom they had to deal with, were no doubt surprised that a man of fortune should appear in such a pickle; and, perhaps, the suspicion might have crossed their minds that he was a little cracked.

If one went to see him in his study (for he pretended to be a literary man), he was found with lighted candles even at noon day. Twelve watches lay on the table before him, with a bottle of wine in the midst. When asked the meaning of this show, he would say, that he never could get his watches to keep time together, although he was constantly comparing and altering them. As for the wine, there was no mystery in that: he liked it; and his greatest misery, the gout, he confessed, was derived from *la fillette* and *la feuillette*. When the visitor withdrew, he was attended into the noon-day street by his host, candle in hand. Was this man a lunatic or not? He was Mezeray, the celebrated French historian.

#### MOTHER JANE, OF VENICE.

Most book-worms have heard something of the famous heresy of Guillaume Postel, in the sixteenth century, and of his female saviour, Mother Jane, of Venice. As the cycle appears to have come round again, and women once more affect the superiority in religion, I think it may be interesting to recall some particulars of a doctrine which created so much stir in its day and generation.

Postel first promulgated his singular opinions in 1553, in a book printed at Paris, entitled, '*Les tres-merveilleuses victoires des Femmes du monde, et comme elles doivent à tout le monde par raison commander, et même à ceux qui auront la monarchie du monde vieil.*' After saying that, as evil was admitted into the world through the fault of the woman, God had ordained that Satan should, at length, be vanquished by a woman, he goes on, "But over all the creatures that ever were, are, or will be, is the most holy Mother Jane, the new Eve, of whom I have witnessed things so great and so miraculous, that

they surpass all former miracles, except those of the new Adam, Jesus, my father and her spouse." This woman, he said, who had never learned "either Latin, or Greek, or Hebrew, or any other language whatever," explained to him the most difficult passages in the most difficult books of divinity, and revealed to him innumerable secrets of the Scriptures, more particularly teaching the destruction of Satan, and the restoration of the kingdom of Christ;—among other things, that he, Postel, was to be *her eldest son*: a fact which he could never have believed, had not her spiritual substance and body descended sensibly into his, two years after her ascension into heaven. Through the means of Postel, who styled himself Postel-Cain, as being the first-born of the new Eve, the same regeneration was to take place with all the rest of mankind.

In imitation of the eastern mystics, Postel made great use of the genders; dividing the soul of man into male and female portions. The male, or intellect, he sometimes also called "the superior world," and the female, or reason, "the inferior world." This gave rise to various mistakes on the part of the learned persons who commented on the heresy. Beza tells us, that "among other blasphemies, he said clearly, that as men had been redeemed by Jesus Christ, so it was necessary that women should have a female redeemer—his great mother Jane, who was a courtesan of Venice."‡ Pasquier also accuses Postel of teaching "that our Lord Jesus Christ, by his death and passion, had redeemed only [the superior world, which was man; and that his mother Jane had been sent by God to redeem the inferior world, which was woman."† Jurieu, in his '*Calvin et Papisme mis en parallèle,*' follows on the same side,—affirming, that Postel had "traversed the whole earth for the purpose of collecting impurities; and, after enriching himself with all the blasphemies of the Mohammedans and Arabs, and all the reveries of the Jews, had returned to Europe to write books filled with his wild and fantastic imaginations."

All that is known of Mother Jane of Venice is, that she was born somewhere between Verona and Padua—that she could neither read nor write—and that she spent forty years in prayers and charity, and in abstinence from all carnal pleasures. This mode of life, joined to her continual meditations, had such an effect upon her, that, when half a century old, she looked like a girl of fifteen!

Guillaume Postel, who was, without dispute, one of the most learned men of his day, was born on the 25th of March, 1510, at Dolerie, in the diocese of Avranches in Normandy. His parents, who were very poor, died when he was eight years of age, and left him to study and hunger. Thevet tells us, that the boy's passion for reading was so absorbing, that he sometimes passed entire days without breaking his fast. At thirteen he became a village schoolmaster, and sometime after carried his earnings to Paris. Here he fell into the hands of some vagabonds, who stole his money and clothes from him in the night, and left him with nothing but his shirt. Cold and misery brought on a dysentery, which continued for eighteen months. When he regained a little strength, he went to Beance to glean during the harvest, and acquitted himself so well, that he was able to buy clothes and return to Paris. He began to study in the College of St. Barbe, and with such enthusiasm and success, that the eyes of all the learned world were at length drawn upon him. He made various journeys to the east for the purpose of collecting books and learning the languages; and became so famous, not only for his learning, but for his vanity and heresies, that he was the object of several attempts at assassination as well as

† D'Orleans, *Hist. des Revol. d'Espagne*, t. 4, p. 501.

† Hist. Ecclesiæ, des Eglises Ref. de France, t. i, p. 37.  
‡ Catech. des Jésuites.

public prosecution. He finally retired to the monastery of St. Martin des Champs, or, as some say, was imprisoned there by the Parliament, and, after eighteen years seclusion, died on the 6th of September, 1581.

#### NOTES ON NEW ZEALAND.

EXTRACTS FROM THE MS. JOURNAL OF G. BENNETT,  
M.R.C.S.

A paragraph has been pointed out to me, in a recently-published work, entitled 'The New Zealanders,' which refers to a Tahitan; as I can make some addition to it, I shall give an abridged extract:—Mr. Nicholas and Mr. Marsden, when they visited New Zealand in 1815, met at the North Cape a Tahitan, who had been brought from his own country to Port Jackson when about eleven or twelve years old. There he lived for some years in the family of Mr. M'Arthur, and was instructed in reading and writing, and appeared tractable and obedient. Yet nothing could wean him from a partiality to his original condition; he left his protector and went to New Zealand: he there married a daughter of a chief, and succeeded to his territories. Jem (for that was the name by which he had been known at Port Jackson,) was then a young man of about twenty-three years of age. Unlike his brother chiefs, he was cleanly in his person; and, his countenance not being tattooed, nor darker than that of a Spaniard, while his manners displayed an European polish, it was only his dress that betokened the savage, &c. (p. 293-4.)

This individual came on board the *Sophia*, when we arrived at the Bay of Islands. His manner was very mild and unassuming, and he spoke English with fluency: he accompanied and remained with us during our stay at the River Thames: he expressed a desire of accompanying us to Tahiti; but our next destination having been changed from Tahiti to Tongatabu and Erromanga, he determined, notwithstanding, to leave New Zealand, which he did with his wife. He remained at Erromanga with a native gang, landed for the purpose of cutting sandal wood; and, in March 1830, came on board of the ship, when she revisited that island, suffering (as well as all the gang) from intermittent fever. He was cured, and landed at the Island of Rôtuma, where we left him, with some natives of Tongatabu. The schooner *Snapper* was afterwards sent to remove them to the Island of Tongatabu. In disposition and manners he appeared far superior to any of his countrymen, and was, in some respects, benefited by his education. His wife was a far different character, being the reverse of Jem. She so frequently gave way to fiery ebullitions of temper, as to receive from our crew, and indeed all on board, the satanic appellation of Belzebub. She was old and ugly, with a large share of "acquisitiveness," and did not seem to possess one redeeming good quality. She was the worst specimen of the New Zealand fair sex I have beheld; yet Jem would not forsake her. She expressed a desire to leave New Zealand with him, and he acceded. He was frequently asked why he did not leave her in her native country, when he made this reply, which does credit to his heart—"She is a chief woman, and my wife: she was my friend when I resided at New Zealand, and as long as she lives I will not desert her."

In concluding these notes, I must observe, that it is a matter of surprise, that while the British government are founding colonies on the barren coasts of New Holland, their attention has not been directed to the fertile soil of New Zealand. Fine tracts of land could be purchased from the natives, and an extension of them by further purchases could readily be made. The River Thames, from the depopulation of

its coasts, seems the first place at which a colony ought to be established. Spars and the native flax would soon afford valuable commercial articles for exportation. This country merits the serious attention of the British government. With a fine climate, fertile soil, and valuable natural productions, success must be certain.

#### THORWALDSEN.

PROFESSOR THIELE has just published the first portion of his 'Thorwaldsen, the Danish Sculptor, and his Works.' It was a hint given by the great artist himself, which prompted Thiele to undertake the task; for, when they parted at Rome, one of the last sentences which dropped from Thorwaldsen's lips was, an expression of his regret, that no writer had yet stepped forward as his biographer. It appears that the sculptor was born at Copenhagen, on the 9th of November 1770. On the 8th of March 1797 he first set foot within the walls of Rome; and we note the date because he has ever since designated it as his second birthday—from that hour the Eternal City became his home. At first he received a small stipend as a travelling student from the Danish government, and it was during this period that he produced his 'Jason,' a model, to use the language of Canova, "of a new and most majestic style." But, though overwhelmed with praise and admiration, none offered him patronage or commission; and his determination to retrace his steps to the ungenial north had been so far matured, that his slender wardrobe was packed up and banded to a carriage, when his intended companion, Hagermann, the Berlin sculptor, was compelled to defer their departure until the next day, for want of the necessary passport. On that very day, it happened that a valet-de-place introduced Sir Thomas Hope into Thorwaldsen's humble studio; the banker was not only a wealthy man, but had a keen perception of the sublime and beautiful in art—and, more than this, an open liberal heart. He inquired the expense of executing the statue in marble, and its author, fearful of dispelling the smiling prospect which so suddenly dawned upon him, modestly named six hundred sequins. "No," said Hope, "I should take shame at tendering so trivial a remuneration for a work like this. Let it be mine at eight hundred." This was the moment which decided Thorwaldsen's destiny, and re-kindled his almost extinguished passion for the arts; from this auspicious incident may be dated his progressive advance to the highest rank among the living sculptors of the present day.—*Abridged from the Copenhagen Gazette.*

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ARTS.

THOUGH Sir John Malcolm is busied with his 'Life of Lord Clive,' and Wilkie is meditating on his great picture of Cranmer, yet neither Literature nor Art can be called flourishing. We have often, in our Weekly Gossip, referred to the depression of both; and now we are glad to see that the *Quarterly Review* has taken up the subject, and spoken with force and truth. Our readers will perceive that our sentiments are expressed in the following passage: "No man is sufficiently free from anxiety with respect to his future lot, to partake of the elegant enjoyments of society with his wonted zest; he abstains, therefore, from any indulgence of his taste or munificence, and limits as much as possible his current outlay to articles of mere necessity. Of the depression of that branch of internal industry with which we happen to be more immediately conversant, the book-trade, we can speak with cer-

tainty, as exceeding our experience of any of the ordinary fluctuations of commerce—and, indeed, quite unlike any circumstance of the kind within memory. The higher departments of Art partake largely of this general stagnation. The works of the painter and statuary are among the delights of tranquil and polished life: but they are the least available of all property in times of civil commotion;—and who would choose to add such precious objects to the destructible contents of a mansion which he is obliged to barricade against a mob? The misery which, within these nine months, has fallen on all who live by the exercise of their genius, is great and fearful; and both factions may claim the merit of having raised up this evil spirit.

Some curious works of Art are, it seems, in contemplation: one of the most remarkable is a monument, which will have the gift of the tongue beyond all examples in stone or brass. We have often thought that our artists imputed sentiments to their structures which were not a little romantic: but columns, and cornices, and base-mouldings, spoke hitherto the language of modesty compared to the following description of a 'Triumphal Column, which a gentleman, of the name of Sandford, proposes to raise to King William, in St. James's Park, opposite the Horse Guards:—

"The square massive base, represents the firm foundation of the British Constitution; the four lions which repose on the corners thereof, the noble, powerful, tranquil, British people, ever vigilant in protecting the Crown and Constitution.

"The Column, being the most beautiful of all architectural forms, represents the inexpressible beauty of the British Constitution. The Capital thereof, which is of the plainest Grecian Order, expresses the admiration of the British People, of truth and simplicity in the upper orders.

"The Attic Pedestal being a continuation of the form of the column, with a base and cornice complete, represents the distinctive and constitutional elevation of the Monarch, on the top of which stands a statue of His Majesty holding the emblems of his attributes."

The first meeting for the season of the Artists' Conversazione, was held on Saturday last. The attendance was by no means numerous, do we think the works exhibited were very attractive. There were several of Mr. Turner's drawings, but all well known. The most interesting drawing was, an Interior of the Hall at Abbotsford, by David Roberts, with the collection of armour, in which the eminent owner takes great delight. It gives a perfect idea of the scene; and the representation of the stained glass window is most admirable: but the sentiment is marred by the introduction of a solitary figure—as well powdered and liveried a lacquey, as ever infested the fashionable halls of Grosvenor Square. On the whole, the exhibition was but indifferent; and, unless the artists exert themselves, these pleasant meetings will dwindle into insignificance. Among the novelties on the table, were 'Views of Rome,' Retzsch's 'Outlines of Faust,' by Moses, Stothard's 'Monumental Effigies,' and a heap of Mr. Westall's drawings, for a former edition of Lord Byron's works.

## SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

## ROYAL SOCIETY.

Jan. 19.—Dr. John Bostock, V.P., in the chair.—The following papers were read:—‘On the Theory of the Perturbation of the Planets,’ by James Ivory, Esq., M.A., F.R.S., &c., and ‘On Voltaic Electricity,’ by William Ritchie, M.A., F.R.S.

Charles Boileau Elliott, Esq. was proposed Fellow.

## ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Jan. 16.—C. Lyell, Esq., in the chair.—Some extracts from the papers and journal of Captain Bannister were read, respecting the country between the Swan River and King George's Sound. The object of this expedition was to ascertain the condition of the country with regard to settling it. The party took a south-east direction from Freemantle over a range of hills which enclose the Swan River and the adjacent district at about forty miles from the coast. They travelled over the first hundred miles in ten days. They halted on Christmas day on the banks of a river in the midst of extensive fertile vales, which they examined carefully in all directions. This river is designated the Medway in the map, and the name of Woolcomb Vales is given to this fine district.

An extract of a letter also from Lieut. E. Day of the Bengal Artillery was read, dated from Chirra, in the Cossya country. In consequence of the favourable reports of this part of the country, a depot was directed to be formed there by the East India Company in October 1830, and a party of invalids sent to it under the charge of Lieut. Day.

In mentioning the Cossyaha, Lieut. Day gives a favourable account, and says, they are a fine race of people, and superior to any Asiatics he had seen. They much resemble the Malays in appearance, but are stouter, owing to the nature of their employments—bringing loads from the plains, to which both sexes are accustomed from an early age. All their burthens are carried resting on the back by means of a sling made of split bamboo, which passes across the forehead. They are honest, but very fond of spirituous liquors. Distinctions of caste are unknown among them. They have a peculiar custom of burning their dead. The spot where this ceremony has been performed is afterwards marked by a stone inclosure. The ashes of the corpse being collected and put into earthen jars or pots, are deposited in a regular square stone box with a small door to it. They are then surrounded by immense slabs of stone about twenty feet in height. The hills near the village are covered with these monuments of the departed, bearing some resemblance to our church-yards. The succession to the throne is preserved in the female line, by which they believe that the royal blood is pure and uncontaminated. They speak a curious language, something resembling Chinese, but have no written characters. Their mode of reckoning is by cutting notches in sticks, and they fix anything in their memory by breaking eggs. This process they go through before setting out on an expedition, to ascertain whether good or bad fortune will attend them; and it is generally decided according to their inclination. It appears, that the invalids which accompanied Lieut. Day immediately recovered in consequence of the salubrity of the climate, and that it was expected that Chirra would be much frequented from Calcutta. It is nine hours march up the hills from the river.

The paper which excited most interest, was a communication from Mr. Barrow, giving an account of Alexander's Cave, near Tabriz, in Persia, by Sir Henry Wallack. The Cave of Issadereea, about twenty miles from Tabriz, is supposed to be under the influence of a magic

spell, contrived by Aristotle for the security of treasure which Alexander the Great left in this place while he proceeded to conquer Persia and Judea. The tradition is generally believed among modern Persians, who regard Alexander as a necromancer. In the vicinity of the cave is a considerable village, which takes its name from it. The enchanted spot is situated in an elevated position, near a quarry, from which mill-stones are cut. The natural arch, which forms the entrance to the cave is high and imposing. The approach is rather inviting than otherwise: vegetation flourishes, flowers, wild-rose bushes, long grass, grow even near its mouth; and there is nothing in the exterior to indicate the existence of pestilential vapours, nor would the general formation of the cave warrant such a supposition. As the visitor enters it, his presence disturbs the wild pigeons from nooks in the vault where they have taken up their abode secure from molestation. The arch of the cave is about eighty feet high; and the whole extent of it is about one hundred yards. The guide conducts the visitor along the high sides of the interior of the cave, and, having placed him in safety, proceeds cautiously to the lower ground, occasionally stooping down his head to ascertain the limits of life and death. The visitor, watching with intense interest the progress of the guide, discovers immediately the presence of pestiferous vapour—the sudden jerk of the head, and equally sudden halt, denotes the presence of danger. The guide now flings forward a fowl, which he carries with a string fastened to it; a convulsive gasp, and one or two flaps of the wings bespeak approaching dissolution; and, having satisfied the visitor of the fetid nature of the vapour, the guide draws back the fowl, and, while it yet lives, cuts its throat in the name of God, in order that it may be lawfully eaten, being one of his perquisites. In the lower part of the cave were seen the skeleton of a fox, the body of a pigeon, or the remains of some other small bird, which had ventured within range of the destructive atmosphere. The extent of the vapour depends much on the season of the year. In August, it was dry, and nearly clear of bad air. The guide declares, that the richest treasure would reward the man, who had sufficient skill to dispel the enchantment. Many lives have been lost in it. A peasant disappointed in love, rushed into the infectious air, and met instantaneous death. On another occasion, a person seeking shelter in the cave from a storm, without being aware of his danger, was killed by its noxious vapours; and the guide has sometimes fallen a sacrifice to his zeal.

Several gentlemen were elected members in the course of the evening.

## GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Jan. 18.—R. I. Murchison, President, in the chair.—The Hon. and Very Reverend the Dean of Windsor, T. E. Sampson, Esq., and N. T. Wetherell, Esq., were elected Fellows.

A memoir was first read, ‘On the Geological Structure of the Crimea,’ by Baron Stanislaus Chaudoir, and communicated by Sir Alexander Crichton.

A paper, by Thomas Bell, Esq., was afterwards read, ‘On a New Species of Fossil Tor-toise found in the lacustrine formation of Ceningen.’ The memoir was illustrated by the fossil specimen, and by the skeleton of the recent allied species, *Chelydra Serpentina*.

Presents were announced from various contributors to the museum and library.

After the business of the evening, it was announced, that the Ordinary Meeting on the 16th of February would not take place, in consequence of the Annual General Meeting being fixed for the 17th of the same month.

## HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

Jan. 8.—A paper containing an account of the Horsforth seedling grape, was read; which stated the mode of treatment pursued in its cultivation, together with its peculiarities and character. The quality this grape possesses of keeping well, the fine appearance of the bunches when grown in sufficient heat, and the vigorous nature of the plant, render it a desirable variety. The colour of the berries is black, and the bunches have been known to attain the weight of 11 lbs and upwards. Specimens of the fruit illustrated this communication. Mr. Chandler, of Vauxhall, contributed to the exhibition, by sending some very beautiful camellias—a seedling pine-apple was also received from Mr. Daniel Money—pears, and the sweet-smelling flowers of the chimonanthus, were included, from the Society's garden.

Thomas Tomkyns, Esq., was elected a Fellow of the Society.

Jan. 17.—The results of the meteorological observations for the last three months, made in the garden at Chiswick, were read, as were also some notes respecting the Cannon Hall muscat grape. It was described as being a very beautiful and delicious kind, nearly resembling the muscat of Alexandria, equally rich, and by the side of which, it ripens fully a fortnight earlier. The exhibition was composed of Charlesworth Tokay grapes, from Mr. R. Buck, of Blackheath—Swedish turnips, (grown under peculiar circumstances,) from Mr. G. Mills, of Ilford, and pears, stalks of rheum undulatum, and apples from the garden of the Society.

Major General Viney, was elected a Fellow of the Society.

## LINNEAN SOCIETY.

Jan. 17.—A. B. Lambert, Esq., in the chair.—A portion of Mr. Ogilby's paper ‘On the Genera and Species of Marsupial Animals’ was read in continuation. Mr. Allan Cunningham, John Bushman, Esq., and Dr. Wight were elected Fellows of the Society, and Mr. James Forbes, gardener to His Grace the Duke of Devonshire, at Chatsworth, was elected an Associate. Various donations, chiefly of books, were announced and placed on the table. The meeting was very fully attended; among the most distinguished members we noticed Mr. Brown, Mr. Burchill, Professor Henslow, Dr. Wallich, the Rev. W. D. Conybeare, Dr. Fitton, Mr. Charles Lyell, Mr. R. I. Murchison, Professor Sedgwick, &c.

## WESTMINSTER MEDICAL SOCIETY.

CHOLERA, with its varied phenomena, has been the subject of debate at the several meetings since our last report. Papers have been read by Mr. Searle, Dr. Wilson Philip, and Dr. Whyte, each offering different opinions on the nature, peculiarities and treatment of the disease. Many members bore testimony in favour of the exhibition of mustard as an emetic, in the onset of the disorder, and the application of the actual cautery (as Dr. Lange, of Cronstadt, recommends) to the spine, in the more severe stages of the complaint. Dr. Johnson especially called the attention of the Society to the fact, that in almost every case of cholera now prevailing epidemically in Sunderland, Newcastle, &c., there had been premonitory symptoms of gastric irritation, and on that account he also advised the early exhibition of emetics. The interest of the subject was at last so materially diminished, that the discussion was adjourned *à la die*.

The Society met at their old rooms in Sackville Street on Saturday last, when Mr. Winslow read a very able paper on Phrenology, in connection with the cure of Insanity. We were not able to remain the whole evening, but have un-

derstood that an animated debate succeeded the reading of the paper, in which the phrenologists appeared successful.

#### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

|          |   |
|----------|---|
| MONDAY,  | { Royal Geographical Society, Nine, P.M.<br>Medical Society ..... Eight, P.M.   |
| TUESDAY, | { Medico-Botanical Society .. Eight, P.M.<br>Medico-Chirurgical Society, } past 8, P.M.<br>Society of Arts, (Evening Il-<br>lustrations), ..... Eight, P.M. |
| WEDNES.  | Society of Arts ..... } past 7, P.M.  |
| THURSD.  | { Royal Society ..... } past 8, P.M.<br>Society of Antiquaries ..... Eight, P.M.  |
| FRIDAY,  | Royal Institution ..... } past 8, P.M.  |
| SATURD.  | Westminster Medical Society, Eight, P.M.  |

#### FINE ARTS

*The King*.—This portrait of William IV. is drawn on stone by Lane, from a sketch by Morton, and will, no doubt, be considered very like. It is, however, too feeble in the whole character for our taste, and wants vigour about the mouth to be a correct resemblance of the original.

*Mazeppa*.—There is great freedom, and not a little extravagance in these two beautiful engravings by the Lucases after the celebrated paintings of Horace Vernet. Our readers will, no doubt, recollect from the first engravings, which had so extensive a sale, that the pictures represent the future Lord of the Ukraine in his adventurous journey, accompanied by wolves, and eagles, and horses of the desert. In our opinion, the anatomy of the 'Desert Born' is too visible, and the agony of the naked rider is not visible enough.

*Landscape Illustrations of Byron*.—This work is at once cheap and beautiful, and cannot fail to be acceptable to all who are purchasers of Murray's monthly volumes of the works of the noble poet. There are four landscapes—viz. Lachin-y-gair, in the Scottish Highlands, Belem Castle, Lisbon, the Eastern Yanina, and Corinth. Of these, Yanina is very beautiful: but perhaps some purchasers will prefer the portrait of the 'The Maid of Athens,' who, to much loveliness, adds

The drowsy look that speaks the melting soul.

The portrait is by Allason, but the landscapes are by Stanfield. Of these illustrations there will be fourteen monthly parts at half-a-crown each; they are engraved by the Findens.

*Lakes of Scotland*.—This is the fifth part of a very beautiful national work. The lakes and mountains of Scotland, the hills of Wales, and the valleys of England, are full of the finest pictures; and our artists would do well to study the beauties of their native land a little more than they do. The scenes in this undertaking are painted by Fleming, engraved by Swan, and described by Leighton: and the Part before us has a view of Loch Veol, and two views of Loch Earn. We have heretofore given this work high praise, and we see no reason for abating it.

*Characteristic Sketches of Animals*, by Thomas Landseer.—Our favourite in No. VII. is 'The Ourang Outang.' There is something grave and statesman-like in his looks: he has a forehead which Spurzheim would love, an extent of mouth worthy of a corporation dignitary, and he sits in the cleft of his old tree like a hoary and crabbed critic in his easy chair, pronouncing judgment on works of genius.

*Spirit of the Plays of Shakspeare*. No. 22. London, Cadell.

THE present number, containing twenty-three plates illustrative of Troilus and Cressida, and Pericles, is one of the best we have seen: there is truth and simplicity in many of the designs. We need not add, that character and costume are preserved throughout with great care.

#### MUSIC

*Old Friends with New Faces*: for the flute. Book I. T. Lindsay. Cramer & Co.

THE Address prefixed to this collection of national melodies explains Mr. Lindsay's object in publishing "Old Friends with New Faces," or, rather, "Old Tunes with New Graces;" and the explanation has saved him from a pre-meditated attack. Simple melodies are sacred things with us: the very mention of embellishments roused our anger, and we inclined to discourse fully on the much abused licence of musical embellishments. Mr. Lindsay's observations on this subject, however, are sensible, and deserve perusal. The work is to be brought out in numbers, and will form a pleasant collection of popular melodies, exclusively British.

*Caprice Brillant*. Chaulieu. Purday.

THE melody of Mr. Purday's song, 'The Maid of Llanwellyn,' is here presented to the English public after the caprice of Monsieur Chaulieu, enveloped in a cloud of rapid and common-place passages. Publishers should use a little discretion in selecting themes for the factory of Mons. Chaulieu—amongst those least adapted for manufacturing into a pianoforte-piece, is Mr. Purday's melody. A theme, in six-eight time, is difficult to deal with for variations and other transformations.

*Away from thee, my charming Fair*. W. Bark. Bark.

*He went where they had left her*. C. H. Purday. Purday.

WE find nothing to admire in the musical composition of Mr. W. Bark: the melody and harmony are both in the style of the last century, without the least pretension to taste or originality.

The type of Mr. Purday's song is the popular melody, 'Oh! no, we never mention her'—disguised with the skill of a conscious plagiarist; the harmonies, however, are varied with taste.

#### THEATRICALS

##### COVENT GARDEN.

A tragic drama, in three acts, called 'Catherine of Cleves,' was presented here for the first time on Wednesday. It is, as is very modestly stated by Lord Leveson Gower, in his preface to the printed copy, an adaptation of Mons. A. Dumas's tragedy of 'Henri III.' M. Dumas's play has been acted in Paris with very great success, and the work of the noble author of the English version has been, as he says, one rather of omission than alteration. Still, when a five-act play is reduced to a three, the omissions must necessarily involve considerable alterations: in the present case, at all events, they have done so, and such alterations are not, to our thinking, for the better. It has not been our good fortune to see the original acted, but we read it with much interest, and certainly thought it capable of being done for the English stage much more effectively than it has been by his lordship. The English play is unquestionably a graceful production, and one which must be allowed to be free from offence; but there is a want of vigour both in the writing and general conduct. It is a production which might have come from the pen of any one of liberal education and good taste, who had the French play before him. It is, in short, more suited to the closet than the stage—more like what we should expect to be done by his lordship or any nobleman, gentleman, or lady of a literary turn, suddenly called upon to prepare something for private theatricals, when

"Cloudy mist every valley and hill buries"

at a country seat, where they  
"Stretch a green curtain across the back drawing-room"

and

"Block up that staring mahogany door."

Lord Leveson Gower says, in the same preface, in speaking of M. Dumas's play, that he (M. Dumas) "has aimed at combining, with the attainment of the usual objects of tragic representation, copious illustrations of the manners of the historical period at which his action is laid;" and then continues, "In pursuit of this object, much and minute allusion to the persons, the events, and the costume of the day, has been skillfully interwoven into his scenes, which could not have been made intelligible to any but a Parisian audience." This appears to us a strange mistake into which his lordship has fallen. It is precisely a faithful representation of the costume, the peculiar pursuits, and even the traditional frivolities of courts and individuals of any given period, which puts the hall-mark of truth upon a scene of performance, and gives to a historical drama an interest over and above that which can possibly attach to any work of unmingled fiction. In M. Dumas's play, for instance, if we remember rightly, the nobles and others engaged in the scene in which the quarrel takes place between the *Duc de Guise* and *Paul Causade*, are amusing themselves, according to the effeminate custom of that day, with various games which are now the exclusive property of children. Thus, *Causade* answers the challenge of *Guise*, by blowing a sweetmeat at him through a pea-shooter. Shakspeare would have used this incident, Dumas has done so, and we do not see why Lord Leveson Gower should have omitted it. Neither can we understand why it would have been unintelligible to an English audience: they can surely comprehend, as well as any other audience, that which they see; and this act, though frivolous in itself, would, we should think, have been respected for its historical accuracy. The incident of *Henri's* turning the tables upon *Guise*, after he has promised to grant him a boon, by naming himself chief of the League, is wholly lost in the English play. It is highly dramatic, and might have been made very effective, yet we hear nothing of it, except from *Henri* himself, who mentions, in an after-conversation with *St. Megrim*, that he has done so. The acting, like the play itself, was even and good; but the language, though, as we have before said, smooth and graceful, was not so dramatic or so forcible as the situations called for, and the consequence naturally was, an evident want of excitement in all concerned. Mr. Kemble seemed scarcely recovered from his recent illness, but he acted with much elegance, and with his wonted discrimination and good taste. Miss Kemble in the *Duchess of Guise*, was much applauded—her delineation of the character was very effective, but we think it would have been more so, if it had been less vehement in certain passages. The other principal characters were well sustained by Mr. Warde, Mr. G. Bennett, Mr. J. Mason, and Mr. Abbott. Some of the situations are extremely good, and the piece was received by a full and fashionable audience, with considerable satisfaction, and without the slightest disapprobation. We have no complaint to make of what his lordship has done, we only complain of what he has not. The play reads better than it acts, and will most likely have a considerable sale.

##### OLYMPIC THEATRE.

"Take care of your pockets," is a cry which is common outside a theatre, but "Take care of your sides," seems likely to be the common cry inside this little Temple of Momus. Madame Vestris has added another burletta, called 'He's Not A-miss,' to her laughing stock. Aided by the admirable acting of Mrs. Glover and



Mr. Liston, it has had the good fortune to prove an admitted follower of its most favourite predecessors. Mr. James Vining also plays extremely well, in this airy trifle, which we may state, on the authority of *The Times*, to be "a palpable hit." The Olympic is crowded every night, and the success of the pieces produced greater or less, the fair lessee continues to set before her brother managers a practical lesson upon the fallacy and absurdity of the puffing system, by rigidly abstaining from anything of the sort. Some people "don't know nothing, and won't be larned." The author of 'He's Not A-miss,' is Mr. Charles Dance.

#### MISCELLANEA

**Birth-day of Robert Burns.**—Our readers will see, from an advertisement in this day's paper, that it is intended to celebrate the birth-day of Robert Burns with unusual éclat. The circumstance of the Ettrick Shepherd being in London for the first time, and his birth-day falling on the same day, has suggested to the admirers of genius, to do honour to both on this occasion.

**Fossil Forest discovered at Rome.**—In the Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal, for this month, there is a description of a fossil underground forest, lately discovered by a pedestrian tourist, (Dr. Weatherhead, we believe,) above forty feet in thickness, and extending along both sides of the Tiber, for several miles. The petrific matter is a calc-sinter; and, from the layers of ligneous débris being freely intermixed with volcanic dust, the discoverer of this interesting fact in volcanic geology is of opinion, that this colossal phenomenon was occasioned by an earthquake, of which the memory is lost, probably long prior to the foundation of Rome. Not less singular than the phenomenon itself, is the circumstance, that it should have escaped the observation of the scientific for so many ages.

The story propagated by the Paris papers, on the faith of a Hamburg (or *Humburg*) correspondent, as to a German prince having left his whole fortune to the disposal of the Saint-Simonians, is wholly repudiated by their organ, *Le Globe*.

M. Geoffroy St. Hilaire has been elected Vice-president of the Paris Academy of Sciences, for the current year.

**Exhibition at the Louvre.**—The works of art for the Paris Exhibition this year, which commences 1st of April, will be received from the 1st to the 15th of March.

**French Drama.**—The Paris Theatres have produced, during the last year, 272 new pieces:—2 tragedies; 27 dramas; 19 comedies; 21 operas; 30 melo-dramas; 2 ballets; 171 vaudevilles;—172 authors have received "the honours." Scribe, always the most prolific, has produced 13 pieces.

**Alpine Phenomena.**—"Soon after six o'clock in the morning of the 14th of November (says a letter from Bruneck in the Tyrol,) a broad stream of light suddenly descended from the centre of the firmament nearly down to the ground, and was then drawn gradually up again to the middle of the sky, whence, for several seconds, it stretched itself out towards the north in a long ray of light, which first appeared in a straight, and then changed to a wavy line; after this, it gathered into a light orb, resembling a white cloud, and remained stationary in the centre of the firmament for a full quarter of an hour, when it disappeared with the break of day. The appearance was accompanied by so vivid a degree of illumination, that the smallest pebble in the road was readily distinguishable, and those who were abroad at the time, were completely panic-struck. The sky, instead of being muddy with vapour, as is customary at this season and

at this time of the morning, was clear and cloudless, and the air remarkably serene and tranquil. Between five and six o'clock, however, an unusual number of falling stars were observed in various parts of the heavens."

**The Learned Vulgar in Poland.**—As a proof that so far back as the fifteenth century, even the lowest classes in Poland were not shut out from the light of education, we may recall to mind, that three of the most eminent scholars of those times, namely, Janicki, a Latin poet, Kromer, one of the best Polish historians, and Dantiscus a Curia, the poet, were sons of mechanics or countrymen. The latter was sent as envoy to England, the States of the Church, and other countries; Kromer rose to the dignity of Prime-bishop of Warmeland; and Janicki was crowned as "Poeta Laureatus," by Pope Clement the Seventh.

**Russian Navy.**—One day, when I was on board the *Azoff*, a man fell from the main-yard into the sea, narrowly missing the admiral's barge, which was alongside. On rising to the surface, the admiral applied his cane pretty smartly to the man's shoulders; and on my expressing some commiseration for the poor fellow's misfortune, the admiral exclaimed, "Ah, the d-d rascal! he was near breaking my barge to atoms."—*MS. Journal of an Officer.*

**The Peak of Teneriffe.**—The summit of this peak (says M. Berthelot, in a letter to a friend written during a recent visit,) presents a cavity of about six hundred feet in diameter, and one hundred and twenty in breadth. The edges of this crater are going to decay; its bottom is covered with a reddish, slippery, heated substance, which appears to contain a considerable portion of oxide of iron. This species of volcanic paste hardens quickly upon removal. In some spots is a substance, which is white and less doughy, and, upon being analyzed, yields sulphate in combination with ammonia. Beneath these layers of white and red substances, lie the well-known crystals of sulphur. The bottom and sides of the crater are full of fissures, from which issue infected vapours, and the vicinity of these ducts is of so parching a temperature, that it is impossible to remain long on the same spot. It is affirmed, that the heat of the crater has been gradually increasing for several years; if this be true, how painful is the inference to which it leads, under the critical situation in which the inhabitants of Teneriffe would be placed, if the Teyde should be roused from the slumber in which it appears to be buried! Hence the remark made by a preceding naturalist, "Under these circumstances, there is not a single hour which may not be the last of a whole race!"

**Agricultural School for the Poor.**—A Mr. Vernet, of Geneva, has a large estate called Carra, on which a school of this description has existed for the last ten years. It is under the care of M. Gerhardt, who founded the school for the poor at Hofwyl. None but entirely destitute children, such as would not have received any, or, if any, the most wretched kind of instruction, are admitted into it; they are carefully educated until they reach the age of twenty, are employed constantly in various pursuits connected with agriculture and mechanics, and are thus fitted for filling the situations of workmen, domestic servants, and agricultural labourers. There are forty acres of meadow, arable-land, and garden-ground, entirely cultivated by them; and thirty of the children belonging to the school are maintained by the voluntary donations of the inhabitants of Geneva, at a cost of two hundred and fifty pounds per annum: though it should be observed, the labour of the children themselves produces as much as a moiety of that amount. Independently of the value of the food raised on the spot, the annual expense of their maintenance does not exceed eighty pounds. —*Quarterly Journal of Education.*

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

| Days of W.N.Mou. | Thermom. Max. Min. | Barometer. Noon. | Winds.     | Weather.   |
|------------------|--------------------|------------------|------------|------------|
| Th. 12           | 43 30              | 29.38            | S.W.       | Rain, P.M. |
| Fr. 13           | 34 31              | 29.50            | N.E.       | Moist.     |
| Sat. 14          | 39 26              | 29.90            | N.W. to N. | Clear.     |
| Sun. 15          | 37 23              | 30.30            | Var.       | Ditto.     |
| Mon. 16          | 37 35              | 30.35            | Var.       | Ditto.     |
| Tues. 17         | 41 33              | 30.32            | Var.       | Cloudy.    |
| Wed. 18          | 42 30              | 30.32            | S.W.       | Clear.     |

*Prevailing Clouds.*—Cirrostratus.

Nights fair, but Thursday; Mornings fair, but Friday. Mean temperature of the week, 32°. Increase of day on Wednesday, 38 min.

#### NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

We see with great pleasure that the *Gems of Sculpture*, only the First Number of which was published, is about to be continued, or rather begun *de novo*, under the editorship and entire control of Mr. T. K. Hervey.

*Forthcoming.*—Illustrations of Political Economy, by Harriet Martineau, to be published monthly, No. 1, 'Life in the Wilds.'

A Sermon on the Transitory Character of God's Temporal Blessing, by the Rev. W. Jay.

The first volume of the Georgian Era, comprising Memoirs of Persons who have flourished in Great Britain from the Accession of George I. to the demise of George IV.

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A Description of a Race of Aborigines inhabiting the Summits of the Neilgherry Hills, by Capt. M. Harkness.

A Story of Naval Life is on the eve of appearance, to be entitled *The Adventures of a Younger Son*.

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Thanks to M. M.—R. T.—YMAR.—I. B. C.—H. C. D. Martinus Scriblerus.

E. P.—We decline, although not without thanks and some doubts.

M. is rather unreasonable. We are quite sure that 1832 will provide us with more subjects than we desire.

To the correspondent who has written to us respecting *Time's Telescope*, we must observe, that more than half the errors pointed out are mere typographical errors. 'Probation, and other Tales,' next week.

## ADVERTISEMENTS

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# THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 222.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1832.

PRICE  
FOURPENCE.

In compliance with the desire of many well-informed persons, to extend as much as possible the diffusion of General Literature and Useful Knowledge, this Paper has been REDUCED IN PRICE from *Eightpence* to *FOURPENCE*, at which rate all the *previous Numbers* may now be had.

## REVIEWS

*The Member; an Autobiography.* By the Author of the 'Ayrshire Legatees,' &c. London, 1832. Fraser.

WE rejoice to see the pen of Mr. Galt dipped once more in the lively ink of imaginary biographies; for though, as is pretty generally known, he was far from pleasing us by the way in which he attired truth, few have given us greater delight in dressing up an agreeable fiction. We hold the 'Annals of the Parish' to be one of the most singular and original books in the language;—true, and yet false; substantial, and yet visionary. Mr. Galt is excelled certainly, in some of the more shining qualities of a narrative; but, who has surpassed him in communicating to an ideal story, the attractions of real and positive truth? In others, we dread imposition from the almost unnatural loftiness of their language: in him, we recognize that unadorned sincerity, and natural simplicity of manner, which gains our entire confidence;—in others, we see the artist: but Mr. Galt, we never see; he works unseen, like a silk-worm, and covers himself all over with beauty. The acuteness, and singular sagacity which we have remarked in the 'Annals of the Parish,' and the 'Ayrshire Legatees,' are shared largely by this new Autobiography of 'The Member': the work will no doubt take rank with those productions; and though, as a whole, we cannot prefer it either to the 'Annals' or to the 'Provost,' yet we are sure, from the subject, it will be one of the most popular of the author's works. It is, in fact, what Hogarth somewhere calls "a timid thing," and will be relished by all—and they cannot be few—who admire the Election prints of the great painter; we shall be disappointed, if it is not quoted by both factions, in the present momentous debates on Parliamentary Reform.

'The Member,' is neither more nor less than the story of the fluctuating fortunes of a canny Scot, a certain Archibald Jobbry, Member of Parliament for the ancient and purchaseable borough of Frailtown, in merry old England; he is a cautious, acute, and kind sort of man, does a little good, and no manner of evil, and acts upon the safe principle of giving offence to none. He is, moreover, a moderate Tory; yet he seldom appears, save on great occasions, under the banners of his party; he is a sort of waiter on Providence, and really has an art in finding little posts of profit and honour for his friends, which we cannot too much commend. He purchases his seat in the first instance—price for two years certain, 1200*l.*; secondly, he secures his re-election by clever jockeying and careful bribery; thirdly, he beats the lordly proprietor of the borough, with his court candidate, at his own weapons of fair-speaking management and manœuvring; and

lastly, the fires of Swing, and the fury of the Reform Bill, drive him from his pretty inheritance of Frailtown, in the south, to the Girlands in the north; and so ends his not uneventful history.

We shall now select a few of these parliamentary pictures, and make a little exhibition, for the sake of giving our readers a notion of the matter and manner of 'The Member.' The Scottish members have never excelled in eloquence; our friend Jobbry is therefore an indifferent speaker: he is, however, very dextrous in other matters; his début is capital:—

"No sooner had I, as it was stated in the newspapers, taken the oaths and my seat, than I lifted my eyes and looked about me; and the first and foremost resolution that I came to, was, not to take a part at first in the debates. I was above the vain pretension of making speeches; I knew that a wholesome member of Parliament was not talkative, but attended to solid business; I was also convinced, that unless I put a good price on my commodity, there would be no disposition to deal fairly by me. Accordingly, I resolved for the first week not to take my seat in any particular part of the House, but to shift from side to side with the speakers on the question, as if to hear them better; and this I managed in so discreet a manner, that I observed by the Friday night, when there was a great splore, that the ministers, from the treasury bench, pursued me with their eyes to fascinate me, wondering, no doubt, with what side I would vote,—but I voted with neither. That same evening, more than two of my friends inquired of me what I thought of the question. By this I could guess that my conduct was a matter of speculation; so I said to them that, 'really, much was to be said on both sides; but I had made up my mind not to vote the one way or the other until I got a convincing reason.'

"This was thought a good joke, and so it was circulated through the House, inasmuch as that, when we broke up at seven o'clock on the Saturday morning, one of the ministers, a young soft-headed lad, took hold of me by the arm, in the lobby, and inquired, in a jocund manner, if I had got a convincing reason. I gave him thereupon a nod and a wink, and said, 'Not yet; but I expected one soon, when I would do myself the honour of calling upon him;' which he was very well pleased to hear, and shook me by the hand with a cordiality by common when he wished me good night,—'trusting,' as he said, 'that we should soon be better acquainted.' 'It will not be my fault,' quo' I, 'if we are not.'" p. 36—8.

A convincing reason comes to hand; his second cousin, James Gled, wishes to obtain the office of Stamp Collector, about to become vacant; he waits on his young ministerial friend, and informs him that he is come for his convincing reason:—

"I could see that he was a little more starched in his office than in the lobby; but I was determined to be troubled with no diffidence, and said, 'My lord, you'll find me a man open

to conviction—a very small reason will satisfy me at this time; but, to be plain with your lordship, I must have a reason—not that I say the Government is far wrong, but I have an inclination to think that the Opposition is almost in the right.' And then I stated to his lordship, in a genteel manner, what James Gled had said to me, adding, 'It's but a small place, and maybe your lordship would think me more discreet if I would lie by for something better; but I wish to convince his Majesty's Government that I'm a moderate man, of a loyal inclination.'

"His lordship replied, 'That he had every inclination to serve an independent member, but the King's government could not be carried on without patronage; he was, however, well disposed to oblige me.'

"My lord," said I, 'if I was seeking a favour for myself, I would not ask for such a paltry place as this; but I'm a man that wants nothing: only it would be a sort of satisfaction to oblige this very meritorious man, Mr. Gled.'

"We had then some further talk; and he gave me a promise, that if the place was not given away, my friend should have it.

"I'm very much obliged to you, my lord, for this earnest of your good-will to me; and really, my lord, had I thought you were so well inclined, I would have looked for a more convincing reason: at which he laughed, and so we parted. But, two days after, when the vacancy was declared, he said to me, with a sly go, 'That I was a man very hard to be convinced, and required a powerful argument.'

"My lord," quo' I, 'I did not hope to be taunted in this manner for applying to your lordship to serve an honest man with such a bit trifling post.'

"Trifling?" he exclaimed; 'it is a thousand a-year at least!'

"Well, my lord, if it be, Mr. Gled is as well worthy of it as another; I want nothing myself; but if your lordship thinks that the Government is to be served by over-valuing small favours, my course in Parliament is very clear.'" 40—2.

Our friend Archibald makes a very sensible arrangement regarding the emoluments of this place; he contents James Gled with three hundred a year: settles another three hundred on his own natural son, an officer in the army, pensions his aunt with a hundred more, and allows the remaining three hundred to accumulate into a fund out of which he made benefactions and subscribed to charities. He found the English cormorant more difficult to appease than the Scottish raven: he attempted a similar division of the spoils of place with one of his purchased electors of the name of Spicer, and made him a stern and active enemy in all his future elections. How he outwitted the wily elector of Frailtown, manœuvred Gabblon, the opposition candidate, out of the field, and made a friend of Lord Dilldam, the patron of the borough, we have not room to relate. The friendship however of his lordship was conferred that it might do honest Archibald mischief: ministers conceived that he was



the dependent of the patron, and began to treat him accordingly: he quietly awaited the opportunity of a debate, divided against them, then waited on the minister and requested a small place for Tom Brag, one of his most useful electors. He was reproached for having voted against the government—a thing unusual with Lord Dilldam's members.

"'That,' quæ' I, 'may be very true; I am not, however, one of his, but standing on my own poekneuk: the rule does not apply to me. There is no doubt that I am naturally well-disposed towards his Majesty's ministers, but I must have a freedom of conscience in giving my votes. If you will give the lad Tom Brag this bit postie, I will not forget the favour,—giff for gaff is fair play, and you will find I observe it.'

"The Minister looked at me with a queer, comical, piercing eye, and smiled; whereupon I inquired if my young man would have the post.

"'It will be proper,' replied the Secretary, 'before I give you a definitive answer, that I should have time to investigate the matter.'

"'No doubt,' said I; 'but if the place is not promised away, will my friend get it?'

"'That's a very home question, Mr. Jobbry.'

"'It's my plain way, Mr. Secretary; and as the place is but a small matter, surely you might give me the promise without much hesitation.'

"'Yes, Mr. Jobbry, that is easily done; but do you know if it would please Lord Dilldam that we gave it to you.'

"'I'll be very evendown with you: as an honest man, Mr. Secretary, I cannot take it on me to say that the appointment of Tom Brag would give heartfelt satisfaction to his lordship; but I have set my mind on getting the place for Tom; and, really, Mr. Secretary, you must permit me to think that it's not just proper that an independent member should be refused a civil answer until my lord this or that has been consulted.'

"'I beg your pardon, Mr. Jobbry. I hope that you have no cause to think I have been uncivil: a system of conciliation and firmness belongs to Ministers on all occasions.'

"'True, true,' said I: 'so Lord Sldmouth said would be the conduct of his ministry towards France, and then he went to war with them. But even, Mr. Secretary, although you may go to war with me in your conciliation and firmness, as I consider a refusal in this matter would be, it will make no difference in the ordinary questions in Parliament; but you know that, from time to time, the Opposition make harassing motions, in which the good of the nation has no concern, though the felicity of ministers may. You understand.'

"'Really,' replied the Secretary of State, laughing, 'you are a very extraordinary man, Mr. Jobbry.'

"'I am an honest member of Parliament.'

"'I see you are,' was the reply.

"'Then if you do, Mr. Secretary, you will promise me the place.'

"'In short, from less to more, I did not leave him till I got the promise; and from that time I heard no more of my Lord Dilldam.' 119—21.

Having gained all his elections by jockeying and bribery, he has, accordingly, become acquainted with all manner of tricks and stratagems in contested matters, and cuts a very respectable figure in a committee appointed to inquire into a strong case of bribery and corruption.

This little volume abounds with passages remarkable for quaint and judicious remarks, and simple yet sagacious sayings: the following is very adroitly done:—

"It is surely a very extraordinary thing to observe at the meeting of every new Parliament how it is composed; but nothing is so much so as the fact that there is a continual increase of Scotchmen, which is most consolatory to all good subjects. Both England and Ireland have many boroughs represented by Scotchmen, but never yet has it been necessary for Scotland to bring a member out of either of these two nations. This, no doubt, is a cause of her prosperity, quite as much as the Union, of which so much is said, and proves the great utility of her excellent system of parish schools." p. 116.

We one evening heard an Irishman upbraid a Scotchman with the want of eloquence of his countrymen, and particularly with its absence among the chosen five and forty. "Very true," said the latter; "it's a melancholy truth; but I aver, and I'll prove it, that eloquence is injurious. Our Scottish members are dumb dogs, that's certain; while the Irish are all eloquent to a man: yet see how well Scotland thrives, and look at the sad condition of Ireland—in fact, man, the Scotch *act*, and the Irish *speak*; and there's the secret of national happiness or misery." We are much pleased with sallies such as that, and any reader will readily find them in the pages of Mr. Galt: nor can we avoid admiring the *naïveté* of our worthy member, who bribes and jockeys his way into the house, and then stands stoutly on his independence.

We wish Mr. Galt would do nothing but write imaginary autobiographies.

#### *How to keep House; or Comfort and Elegance on £150 to £200 a year.* Griffiths.

This is a companion to the Book of Economy—written in the same spirit of fun, and affording the same broad laugh at the expense of a narrow income. The Economist here directs a brace of housekeepers with 200*l.* a year, how to live upon 197*l.* 13*s.* 9*d.*, or 21*l.* 6*s.* 3*d.* within their means—and in doing this, you have, as usual, a proportion of Swift to swallow.

Mrs. Glasse in her directions for haredressing, begins, "first catch your hare"; and accordingly the wag slips his young couple of housekeepers after a house. It must be low, but not in a low neighbourhood—not to exceed 30*l.* a year; and, as firing off a practical joke, this is one of the author's great guns. Armed with this thirty-pounder, he directs the unfortunate house-hunter to beat about Paddington, Kensington, Kennington, Brixton, Kentish Town, Hackney, and Clapton, in the hopeless hope of bringing down a landlord to his terms. Now we happen to have asked the rent of a tenement that was advertised, in letters that absorbed the whole front, "The Cheapest House in London," and it stood at something like 200*l.* a year.

Supposing a 30*l.* house to be obtained, the Economist insists that the cellars must not be damp,—and truly his dry humour provides for the dryness of the vaults, by allowing only 3*l.* a year for wine and spirits—the "wine for Sundays, and spirits for an occasional visitor, and as medicine." Prudence would say, try a tract of the Temperance Society on a dropper-in, and as to wine, go right through your Table Bay without touching at the Cape—but that would be contrary to the mocking spirit of the author. Thus, in regard to consumption,—we mean the disease that preys on victuals, not on

vitals,—he prescribes rather a Long-ish treatment for a shortish purse; and talks to his housekeepers of the poultry, which is certainly beyond the Cheapside of an economical bill of fare. *Encore un coup.* By way of being *near*, in your marketing, he bids you send from Kensington, Brixton, or Paddington, to Covent Garden, for a cabbage; and as the servant is too old to go alone, there must be two savoyards to a savoy. "If in London—do your utmost to obtain a decent active girl, at least thirty miles from town—and never permit her to go out to *any distance* without you." What a pleasant forgetfulness of the *distance* that ought to be between mistress and maid—to say nothing of the rule at p. 13, to avoid all familiarity with a domestic. But the author, like Beatrice, always "huddles jest upon jest." What might be gained by getting your greens from four miles off, is meant, of course, to be invested along with the savings of the maid of all work. "Give her 6*d.* per annum, paying it punctually every quarter; advising her as to the best mode of expending it, partly in dress, and placing the remainder in a Savings Bank." What amount Dolly or Deborah might save out of such an income, might be ascertained by the rule of three, remembering that her master and mistress, with 200*l.* per annum, have a surplus of 21*l.* 6*s.* 3*d.* It might possibly suffice to take her for once to the Pit at Astley's at half-price—but the author has in store a pleasanter expedient for both Dame and Deborah. "For coach-hire, summer excursions, and an occasional visit to the theatre, you must, fair lady, *MAKE A PURSE.*" Many innocent persons would read "TAKE A PURSE," and suppose there was a misprint;—but they would mistake the peculiar vein of the author. The truth is, this recommendation is in ludicrous keeping with the rest. There is a notorious proverb about making a purse;—and the Economist, knowing that the fair lady possesses no other material, very gravely commends her to the sow's ear.

Such are the precepts which the Economist recommends to the "*serious study*" of small householders, at the serious price of one shilling, and to purchase which will only deprive them, according to the estimate, of all their coffee for a week.

#### PROHIBITED CORRESPONDENCE.

*Briefe aus Paris, 1830-1831. Letters from Paris.* By Lewis Börne. 2 vols. 12mo.

BÖRNE has long been known in Germany as a popular and "ready" writer; but chiefly in the department of periodical literature, to which he has contributed smart reviews, political squibs, and theatrical criticisms. His pen is like a wasp's sting; piercing and acute in its first infliction of pain, but leaving no poisoned wound behind it. If he may not lay claim to striking originality, he yet possesses the talent of giving utterance to other men's thoughts in clear and vigorous language: when he thinks for himself it is too often at the expense of taste and natural expression: in the attempt to captivate the eye, he leaves the mind unconvinced, and the heart untouched. But we have no time to spend on the merits or defects of a writer, whose productions are so little known to the English reader. His last work is now before us; it

has made a considerable sensation amongst his own countrymen; and entailed prohibitions without end on the part of their thousand and one governments. Both sensation and prohibition were indeed a natural consequence of the freedom which he has given to his anti-monarchical opinions, and the extent to which they are carried in these letters; in truth, there is scarcely a page of his correspondence into which he does not insinuate his hatred of monarchical and aristocratical institutions; and wherever his pen most overflows with gall, there you may confidently expect to find his irony or humour disporting at the expense of a crown or crownlet. But Börne shall speak for himself; and the very opening of his first letter will furnish an index to the spirit in which every succeeding one is conceived. It is dated from Strasburg, 5 September 1830.

"Some of the legion of devils, who fretted within me, have already taken their departure. The nearer I approach the French frontier, the madder I become. Aye, and I foresee what is the first thing I shall do on the bridge of the Kehl, as soon as I have turned my back on the last Baden sentry."

Two days afterwards he thus writes from Strasburg:—

"The first French cockade which came across me, gleamed from the hat of a countryman who passed by me in Kehl, on his way from Strasburg. I was in raptures at the sight. To me it wore the appearance of a modest rainbow after the deluge of these days of ours; it was like a symbol of reconciliation with the appeased divinity. Of a truth, when the tri-coloured ensign flickered before my eyes, the sight produced indescribable excitement. \* \* \* It was a varied mixture of love and hatred—joy and grief—hope and fear. Neither could resolution dispel the melancholy, nor melancholy dispel the resolution, which elung to my bosom: it was a struggle which would neither close nor be appeased. The ensign stood on the middle of the bridge; its staff being set on French soil, but a portion of the flag waving in German air. Ask the first and wisest secretary of legation you meet, whether this is not a violation of the law of nations? It was the red stripe in the ensign which flapped within the border of our mother-country, not more nor less than this; and 'twill be the only colour which we shall receive as our portion of French liberty. Scarlet and blood; aye, blood,—and that blood, alas! poured out on no battle field!"

In a subsequent letter from "Dortmans," he observes, that he had found nothing worthy of being noted in his diary, save that he "saw men ploughing in Lorraine with six horses," and "that Conrad (his valet) kept up a contest with his driver, for whole hours, on the *ordonnances* and liberty of the press, with quite as much ardour, as if they had been discussing oats and straw;" adding with bitter sarcasm, "what would my lord of Münch-Bellinghausen do were his coachman saucy enough to prate of the liberty of the press? would he not summon a confidential meeting of the Noble Diet of the Germanic Confederation, and insist upon its affiliated members sharpening the teeth of the censorship?"

Popular institutions and public liberty have already made wholesome strides in most of the minor states of Germany; the will of the sovereign has ceased to be the arbiter of national right and wrong in Bavaria, Baden, Hanover, Saxony, and Brunswick; but the "*vox regis, suprema lex*" still hangs, with a fearful dependence on the

temperament of the ruler, over the heads of the Prussian and Austrian; under their firmament, therefore, such outpourings as Börne's are considered as wholesale incendiarism.

But now to subjects which may claim more favour in the eyes of the general reader. There are few who have not heard of the St. Simonians. We like much the *naïveté* with which Börne dispatches them:—

"A religious society has of late been instituted here, whose labours tend to diffuse the principles of St. Simon. Before I came here, I never heard that this Simon existed. Preachings are held on Sundays; and, as I am told, an equal distribution of property is one of its leading principles. The society has already a number of adherents, and the son of my banker figures as one of its most zealous members. When I call upon him for money, and present him my draft, I shall naturally expect to hear him say, that there is no earthly need for paying it; '*What's thine is mine.*'"

Hence he at once brings us into contact with the only survivor of Mehemed-Ali's gifts to the three crowns of England, France, and Austria.

"Yesterday I went to see the giraffe, who roams at her ease in an inclosure. It is a most exalted creature, but withal a somewhat ridiculous one; a majesty grown top-heavy. We may kick our heels no short space before it pleases her to raise a leg and put herself in motion. She generally stands still, lolling against trees, or the wall of a building on the spot, and nibbling at the uppermost branches, or the roof. The animal has a very metaphysical look about her, and appears to touch the earth only for the purpose of treading it contemptuously under foot."

The description, which follows, of a *soirée* at Gerard's, the painter's, is touched in a pleasant, and, withal, an instructive vein:—

"On Wednesday evening I was at Gerard's, the celebrated painter's, whose *salon* has existed for these thirty years past, as a resort for the most distinguished individuals. It is, in every sense of the word, a *nocturnal assembly*, for it opens at ten o'clock, and you are admitted even after midnight. Gerard is an extremely polite host, and a man of refined manners, but there is much of the aristocrat about him. (I could not refrain from laughing at his involuntary introduction of the "*but*"). He does not appear to me as if he had ever felt the slightest touch of our Teutonic mew-and-wining after the arts. \* \* \*

Under his roof I found Delphine Gay, the poetess, Amelot, the dramatic minstrel, Humboldt, Meyerbeer, David, the sculptor, who was at Weimar last summer for the purpose of modelling Goethe's bust, young Hiller, our fellow-countryman, who stands in great repute here as a composer and piano-forte player, Vitet, the author, who writes under the fictitious name of Stendahl, and a variety of other scholars and artists. One of our poor German scholars will turn to saffron with envy and vexation of spirit when he sees how lustily the French writers thrive. Besides the full purse, which their works bring them, they are raised to office by the government. Stendahl, for instance, is on the point of taking his departure for Trieste, where he has been appointed Consul. Vitet is a writer of beautiful historical romances, such as 'Henri III.' 'Les Barricades,' and 'Les Etats de Blois.' He has obtained a situation, which I heartily envy him—that of "Conservateur des Monuments d'Antiquité de la France." This post did not exist in early days, but was created for him by Guizot, the minister, who is Vitet's patron. He has nothing more to do than to explore France once or twice in the course of the year, inspect the ancient edifices of the times of the

Romans and middle ages, the temples, aqueducts, amphitheatres, and churches, and prevent their falling to decay. For this he receives an annual stipend of fifteen thousand francs (600*l.* sterling), over and above his travelling expenses. Could there be a more delectable occupation than this for such an one as myself—a lazy dog fond of roaming?—And is it not enough to make a man beat his head against a wall, that he is German born, and may toil for ever without raising his head above indigence? Much, it must be admitted, is done for the arts and sciences in Germany, but nothing at all for artists and authors. Under this sky, the government distributes annual prizes for the best productions in painting, sculpture, lithography, music, and all other proficiencies. The chief prize consists in bestowing a yearly pension of three thousand francs (120*l.*) on the victor; this lasts for five years, and the return required of him is, that he should spend that interval in completing his schooling at Rome. A German would make himself merry at the idea of such an *infliction*, for he had much rather live at Rome than in Berlin or Carlsruhe. But the Frenchman frequently feels it as a yoke, for he does not leave Paris with a willing heart. In this way a young man of the name of Berlioz gained the first prize for musical composition last week. I know him, and like him much; he looks indeed like a genius. Did you ever hear of such a thing under our firmament? Remember poor Beethoven. What indignation lays hold upon me! For heaven's sake send me a bushel of German dust, that I may swallow it off at once! Besides, the meal is good for the digestion, and you will afford me the means of destroying and devouring that hated soil, at least figuratively."

Of the writer's knack at sketching "character," we have some pointed specimens:—

"I place great reliance on Talleyrand's services in London, and am no way inclined to allow myself to be sent on a wrong scent by the Parisian mannerists. He will not fail to carry every point; for being the only statesman, who has neither passions nor system, he has a clear perception of circumstances, as they really stand. He was always an adept at profiting by the faults of others, and, we may rest assured, there will be no want of faults on this occasion. I cannot but smile, when I cast eyes on the tribulation of the liberal papers, who predict, that Talleyrand will, as a joint-concocter of the treaty of Vienna, stand up to defend the resolves and conditions of the Holy Alliance. That's not the man to buckle his faith to earthly things!"

The minister, who launched the idea, that a citizen-king might have "subjects" like any other crowned head, is dismissed in fewer words:—

"Montalivet, the new Minister of the Interior, is not more than eight and twenty years old. He was never councillor, privy-councillor, nor cabinet-councillor; never chamberlain; never president;—yet he comes forth minister at a single breath. There's no longer a Providence on earth."

Yet Börne, in spite of his worship of the new order of things, seems to have made the notable discovery, that man is, after all, but of the flesh, fleshy:—

"Lafayette told the people, that it was possible for a king to love freedom; and the people believed him. Heaven defend me from ever handling the reigns of power! I learn here, from the best of them all, that so soon as we rise to power, we first lose our heart, and next our head, and retain only just as much of our understanding, as is requisite to keep the heart from rising up again. \* \* \* If ever I become a minister, set these democratical lines before my eyes; but—expect no answer from me. I shall smile over them, and ask you to

my next ball; and then you will smile with me. We, ministers, and you, men, are just as nature formed us both."

We take our leave of these letters, without any very favourable impression of the judgment of the writer: he is, undoubtedly, a man of genius, but wanting in discretion: he may be sincere in all the opinions advanced; but we can but think him an indifferent advocate, who rouses the prejudices of the reader against his cause. These letters, however, have made so much talk on the Continent, that we think this notice of them cannot fail to be acceptable to our readers.

*American Stories, for Children above Ten Years of Age.* 2nd Series. Selected by Miss Mitford. 3 vols. London, 1832. Whittaker, Treacher & Co.

In whatever Miss Mitford writes, there is always a trace of the gentlewoman, as well as the woman of talent; and the following passage from her preface to these little books for little people, especially delighted us:—

"With regard to the Americanisms, I have generally left them as I found them. Children, like all inexperienced persons, are fastidious and bigoted adherents to their own narrow range of language and manners; and it seems to me no mean part of an enlarged and liberal education to show them that the standard of gentility differs in different countries, and that intelligent and cultivated people may, without the slightest tincture of vulgarity, use words and idioms of which these little exclusives never heard before:—thus, in American phraseology, a shop is called a *store*, and autumn the *fall*, and children frequently address their parents with the affectionate and homely appellations of Father and Mother, instead of the colder and more infantine elegancies of Papa and Mamma. This last trait I have been careful not to expunge, because it is particularly characteristic of the country and the people."

We want more of the high-bred homeliness that tinges Miss Mitford's mind, and enables her in her writings, to describe "the common life our nature breeds," without being coarse, and to introduce more refined personages, without betraying aristocratic prejudice. She is perfectly untainted by the "Fashion-pest," that is rapidly bringing fiction to its last gasp. She is the genius of gossip, and a gossip of genius—we speak now of her prose writings, in which she chooses to do little more than gossip—but assuredly, she is capable of much more. Many clever persons overlay their tales with the expression of personal opinion; they present us with quotations gathered from all quarters of the world, and with sentiments composed at all hours of the day and night;—meanwhile, the narrative drags, and when desiring an incident, we are met by a disquisition. Miss Mitford, on the contrary, gives too little personal remark; a speculation, or a general opinion, is a rare occurrence in her pages: she tells what she sees, what she hears, and oftentimes what happens to her, but very seldom what she thinks or feels. She belongs in this respect, to an older race of authors—those who wrote for the public, and not to it. The public, like the Pope, was formerly considered a grand, mysterious abstraction, to be approached with awe, and thought of with reverence—it is, now, every writing gentleman's valet, and every writing lady's waiting-woman, before whom the writ-

ing gentleman and writing lady do not scruple to appear in undress. The "public" now enjoys all the domestic privileges of the domestic "nobody"—the friend who is always introduced as "only so-and-so"—the mute receiver general of secrets—the person whom no one is afraid of, ergo, whom no one cares for. The "public" (once terrific sound—now sublime nonentity,) is thought no more of by the majority of eloquent writers, who decoct their lives and opinions three times a year, into three three-volume-bottles, than that far-known person—the "old woman who lived in a shoe." Miss Mitford is a gossip of genius; but it is in facts and observations—not observations and reflections: she may enlarge on trifles, but she never puts those flippant egotisms into print that would be considered incorrect in real life. She may be too indiscriminate and shadowy in her sketching of character, making all too external and glossy—she may not exhibit the depth and power of some of her contemporaries—hers may not be an "introverted eye," so much as one that roves over the surface of what surrounds her;—but in her own woodland path, she is an honour to modern literature. We must, however, protest strongly against her doings and misdoings in the matter of cricketing and coursing;—against the sporting propensities of her pen. With respect to this new series of American Stories, several are well written and interesting, endowed with good morals, and marked by nationality in the cast of incident and description. We would instance the 'Sea Voyage,' the 'Canadian Travellers,' 'The New England Farm-house,' and 'The Talisman,' as favourable specimens; but the true biographies of Lucretia Davidson, and of Wilson the Ornithologist, excel all the fictions in point of writing, interest, and worth. We cannot specify any one of the tales as particularly striking—and a few are stupid—nevertheless, handsomely bound, selected by Miss Mitford, and containing incident and information of a foreign cast, we doubt not the volumes will be favourites with many young readers. We must, however, express surprise at the miserable engravings prefixed; they must have done duty in days of yore.

*Norman Abbey; a Tale of Sherwood Forest.* By a Lady. 3 vols. London, 1832. Cochran & Co.

THESE volumes are from the pen of a lady—a plea which she has put upon the title-page, and which, as gallant critics, we are bound to answer by treating her with all reasonable courtesy. We suppose we can have no right to complain that she has availed herself of one of the most ancient and unquestioned privileges of her sex, and taken advantage of her kind of *ex cathedra* position, as an authoress, to indulge in a little gossip. Assuredly, she does ramble away through these pages, chatting "*de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*," in a manner which, if the lady be young and fair (as we are bound to suppose every lady to be, till she is proved to be otherwise), may, we dare say, be graceful enough, and seem even oracular, when the priestess is in presence. At the same time, however, we do feel that we want some such aid to the due appreciation of her metaphysics, and that, in fact, her gossiping strain altogether would be none the worse for all

the advantages which it could gain from the "helps" of an intelligent eye (for an intelligent person the fair authoress undoubtedly is, though a little prosy), and a musical voice.

The work, if we read its design aright, seems intended to shadow forth, in the person of its hero, the character, and, in part, the fortunes of one who built for himself an everlasting monument, and dug for himself an early grave. The scene is laid at an ancient abbey on the borders of Sherwood Forest; and, we suppose, that for Norman, the authoress intends us to read Newstead, and for Lord Fontayne, Lord Byron. This hero, the descendant of an ancient line, is unexpectedly called from his retirement with his mother in Scotland, to succeed to a title, to which he stood not in the direct succession, and takes possession of the old abbey under circumstances closely resembling those which attended Lord Byron's advent at Newstead. We have, too, the story of his early and blighted love, and his long and haunting regrets, the "antique oratory," and the foreign travel, and some attempt at painting the progress of a mind in which all good elements seem to have been mixed, and only prevented from working to purer and nobler ends by fetters from which it was gradually struggling into freedom, and shadows which were fast clearing away. It is true that the authoress, in tracing the progress of that wayward spirit, has, with great feminine propriety, directed it, in her fiction, to holier issues, and given a brighter result to the conflict of his fortunes, than, unhappily, the original supplied her with; and, in doing so, she has, probably, endeavoured to describe either what she believed would have been the final triumph of the lofty parts of his nature, had fate not stepped in too soon, or what, in the gentleness of her woman's heart, she earnestly desired might have been so. All praise be to her, therefore! It is pleasant to find stranger hands (and gentle ones too) plucking away from the grave of genius the weeds which have been sown there by those who should have kept it clean and undefaced. It is pleasant to find pilgrims going with flowers to that tomb, beside which, love, who should be a watcher, has sent foul calumny to take her place.

Of the manner in which the authoress makes her wayward hero speak and act, we shall offer the reader the following sample—pre-mising, however, that it does certainly seem a sufficiently wayward one, and that we do not precisely see in what manner Evelyn, the Lord Fontayne, was to obtain from it the augury which he sought, touching his chance with Bertha, the "lady of his love":—

"His wounded heart, yet reeking under the pangs of a first disappointment, echoed the mistrustful sentiment; and Lord Evelyn de la Fontayne, in the prime of youth, in the dawning vigour of a gigantic intellect, and the full possession of hereditary distinction, would often, as he turned from the stormy world within, to the peaceful one around him, envy the careless mirth and brute enjoyment of the animal creation.

"His meditations at this instant rose from acuteness to desperation.

"'What shall I do?' thought he, as his mind reverted to one everlasting, but tormenting subject. 'Bertha is yet free, and I cannot leave home without a last effort. To set off with these distracting doubts were madness; for, go where I will, they pursue me, like the Furies of old. Fancy shall decide for me,' said he, whistling up his favourite spaniel. 'The cackling of geese

saved Rome—of the sibylline oracles, one volume was nevertheless spared. Who knows but fancy, who governs love, may decide for me, or that the last page in Fortune's book may be the luckiest?" Concentrating the rays of vision into one focus, that he might ascertain with more certainty the exact distance at which a small skiff lay anchored on the north side of the lake, Evelyn, with an elastic bound, hurled a large pebble, which fortunately alighted in the middle of the boat.

"That's right," cried he, exultingly, as he bent over the water, tossing back from his forehead the clustering locks which waved in negligent disorder to the passing breeze; "my part is done; and now, Fancy, for yours," addressing at the same time some words of encouraging import to the watchful animal. Fancy obeyed the summons, and plunging into the water, swam towards the opposite shore. For a length of time she kept head above, turning about to satisfy herself that her heroic exertions were not unnoticed, and answering, by renewed activity, the cheering acclamations of her master, whose whole soul seemed intent upon the result. The struggle soon became serious, for the lake was both wide and deep. The muscular powers of poor Fancy gradually relaxed, and, baffled by the current proceeding from a small river which ran into the lake, she suddenly dived under the water, and disappeared. Evelyn, regardless of anything but the danger of his faithful attendant, prepared to plunge after her; but, when a few tremulous moments were over, the poor creature raised her dripping head, and making a desperate effort, reached the boat; couched herself at the stern, tenaciously holding out her fore-paw to secure her prize, in a state of panting and breathless exhaustion. Evelyn called to the boatman to drag her out on the opposite side; but Fancy, understanding his halloos as a farther stimulant, rallied her sinking powers, jumped out of the boat, laden with the ominous pebble, and being assisted by the current, reached the shore, deposited the fatal gift at her master's feet, and, after two or three convulsive gasps, expired. Evelyn stooped to raise up her head, and gazed with heartfelt grief upon this hapless victim of a heedless frolic. The men were summoned, and restoratives tried, but in vain.

"And this is what I have gained by my folly!" thought Evelyn, as he stroked the wet silky coat of the spaniel, whose glazed eyes no longer recognised the form on which they had loved to dwell, and placed her fore-paw upon his bended knee: "Poor Fancy! thou hast paid the penalty of my rash diving into futurity—the oracle, if indeed it bode good, has been too dearly propitiated!" ii. 312—16.

*Observations on the Mussulmans of India, Descriptive of their Manners, Customs, and Habits.* By Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali.

(Second Notice.)

Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali's account of the wedding which followed the strangely-characteristic wooing described last week, is very interesting. She was herself what we should call the bridesmaid, and presented herself, to the wonder of the native ladies, (who, cooped up from infancy in the Zenana, had never seen an English woman,) in an English dress. She was welcomed by the lady-mother in the great hall, and sat down with her upon the carpet, when she received a present of a dress glittering with gold, which she forced on over her own clothes. Then came the introduction to the bride—a poor little girl sitting in a side hall, with her face resting on her knees, whom it was her duty to decorate with the jessamine garlands, and the

nuptial ring, placed on the forefinger of the right hand. The ear-rings, the gold tissue dress, and the deputtah followed; and when the money-offering—as essential as any of the other articles—was presented, Mrs. Ali fed her fair little friend (a girl of twelve years of age,) with seven pieces of sugar-candy, and retired after giving the first embrace.

After an exchange of dresses, ceremonies, and processions, the youth is at last introduced into the Zenana:—

"The ladies crowd into the centre hall to witness, through the blinds of bamboo, the important process of dressing the young bridegroom in his bride's presents. The centre purdah is let down, in which are openings to admit the hands and feet; and close to this purdah a low stool is placed. When all these preliminary preparations are made, and the ladies securely under cover, notice is sent to the male assembly that, 'Dullha is wanted;' and he then enters the zeenahnah court-yard, amidst the deafening sounds of trumpets and drums from without, and a serenade from the female singers within. He seats himself on the stool placed for him close to the purdah, and obeys the several commands he receives from the hidden females, with child-like docility. The moist mayndhie is then tied on with bandages by hands he cannot see, and, if time admits, one hour is requisite to fix the dye bright and permanent on the hands and feet. During this delay, the hour is passed in lively dialogues with the several purdah-dames, who have all the advantage of seeing, though themselves unseen; the singers occasionally lauding his praise in extempore strains, after describing the loveliness of his bride, (whom they know nothing about), and foretelling the happiness which awaits him in his marriage, but which, in the lottery, may perhaps prove a blank. The sugar-candy, broken into small lumps, is presented by the ladies whilst his hands and feet are fast bound in the bandages of mayndhie; but as he cannot help himself, and it is an omen of good to eat the bride's sweets at this ceremony, they are sure he will try to catch the morsels which they present to his mouth and then draw back, teasing the youth with their banterings, until at last he may successfully snap at the candy, and seize the fingers also with the dainty, to the general amusement of the whole party and the youth's entire satisfaction."

When all this is over—

"The dinner is introduced at twelve, amongst the bridegroom's guests, and the night passed in good-humoured conviviality, although the strongest beverage at the feast consists of sugar and water sherbet. The dancing-women's performances, the display of fireworks, the dinner, pawn, and hooka, form the chief amusements of the night, and they break up only when the dawn of morning approaches." i. 281-2.

The procession to "bring home the bride" is very magnificent; but the marriage ceremony, to which all this is only a prelude, is singularly simple. The bride, it will be remarked, has never yet been seen by her wooer.

After this weighty business is over, we turn for recreation to the amusements of the people. The children sometimes venture upon a game at marbles; but this is the most active of their sports. Instead of running and racing (like little Jack and Tom in merry England), they prefer joining their fathers and grandfathers in flying kites upon the roofs of the houses. This is an amusement not peculiar to any age in Hindostan, where, however, considerable ingenuity is exerted in the game,—it being a contest of

kites, in which each party endeavours to cut his adversary's string, and whirl him down from his "pride of place":—

"Having provided themselves with lines, previously rubbed with paste and covered with pounded glass, they raise their kites, which, when brought in contact with each other by a current of air, the topmost string cuts through the under one, when down falls the kite, to the evident amusement of the idlers in the streets or roadway, who with shouts and hurrahs seek to gain possession of the toy." ii. 14-15.

Pigeon-fancying is another great amusement; and to a people who never walk when they can possibly help it, cock-fighting, pigeon-shooting, the dumb-bells, wielding the sabre, and darting the lance, vie in attractions with a moderate ride on horse-back or on the elephant. The bow and arrow are also greatly in use; and the pellet-bow offers at once an amusement and a necessary occupation:—

"The pellet-bow is in daily use to frighten away the crows from the vicinity of man's abode; the pellets are made of clay baked in the sun, and although they do not wound they bruise most desperately. Were it not for this means of annoying these winged pests, they would prove a perfect nuisance to the inhabitants, particularly within the confines of a zeenahnah, where these impudent birds assemble at cooking-time, to the great annoyance of the cooks, watching their opportunity to pounce upon anything they incautiously leave uncovered. I have often seen women placed as watchers with the pellet-bow, to deter the marauders the whole time dinner was preparing in the kitchen. The front of these cooking-rooms are open to the zeenahnah court-yard, neither doors, windows, nor curtains being deemed necessary, where the smoke has no other vent than through the open front into the court-yard.

"The crows are so daring that they will enter the yard, where any of the children may be taking their meals (which they often do in preference to eating them under the confinement of the hall), and frequently seize the bread from the hands of the children, unless narrowly watched by the servants, or deterred by the pellet-bow. And at the season of building their nests, these birds will plunder from the habitations of man, whatever may be met with likely to make a soft lining for their nests; often, I am told, carrying off the skull-cap from the children's heads, and the women's pieces of calico or muslin from their laps when seated in the open air at work." ii. 19—21.

The Indian-Mohammedans take great pleasure in making elephants drunk, "by certain drugs mixed up with the wax from the human ear," and setting them to fight. Tigers and elephants also enter upon the arena in mortal combat, and tigers and buffaloes, or aligators; or, in the absence of such lofty excitement, it is deemed an amusing pastime to throw in a tame antelope or stag, and see it torn to pieces by a leopard. Tigers and leopards are frequently tamed and brought into the room after breakfast, as an English gentleman would exhibit a favourite spaniel.

As for the ladies, they play at dice, draughts, and cards, or listen to stories like those of the Arabian Nights till they fall asleep:—

"Persons of rank are shampooed by their slaves during the hours of sleep, whether it be by day or by night; and if through any accidental circumstance the pressure is discontinued, even for a few seconds only, the sleep is immediately broken: such is the power of habit."

Domestic slavery is represented by Mrs.

Ali as being peculiarly mild among the Mussulmans; and she tells the following characteristic anecdote of a punishment inflicted upon a female slave:—

"I have heard of a very beautiful female slave who had been fostered by a native lady of high rank, from her infancy. In the course of time this female slave had arrived to the honour of being made the companion of her young master, still, however, by her Begum's consent, residing with her lady, who was much attached to her. The freedom of intercourse, occasioned by the slave's exaltation, had the effect of lessening the young creature's former respect for her still kind mistress, to whom she evinced some ungrateful returns for the many indulgences she had through life received at her hands. . . . A stout silver chain was therefore made, by the Begum's orders, and with this the slave was linked to her bedstead a certain number of hours every day, in the view of the whole congregated family of slaves." ii. 38-9.

Among the medical recipes mentioned by Mrs. Ali, we select two for the benefit of the faculty. The first is, "Drinking the moon":

"A silver basin being filled with water, is held in such a situation, that the full moon may be reflected in it: the person to be benefited by this draught is required to look steadfastly at the moon in the basin, then shut his eyes and quaff the liquid at one draught. This remedy is advised by medical professors in nervous cases, and also for palpitations of the heart."

"I have seen this practised," adds our author; "but I am not aware of any real benefit derived by the patient from the prescription."

The next is somewhat more practical as well as practicable:—

"The usual application in India to a fresh wound, is that of slacked lime. A man in our employ was breaking wood, the head of the hatchet came off, and the sharp edge fell with considerable force on the poor creature's foot; he bled profusely and fainted, lime was unsparingly applied to the wound, the foot carefully wrapped up, and the man conveyed to his hut on a charpoy (bedstead), where he was kept quiet without disturbing the wound; at the end of a fortnight he walked about, and in another week returned to his labour." i. 299.

There is an exceedingly curious and interesting notice of the first fast of children, who are sometimes permitted, for a day or two during the month of Rumzaun, to test their powers: the trial is said to be very distressing, particularly in the hot season; and one melancholy proof is here given:—

"The children bore the trial well throughout the morning, and even until the third watch of the day had passed, their firmness would have reflected credit on people twice their age, making their first fast. After the third watch, the day was oppressively hot, and the children evinced symptoms of weariness and fatigue; they were advised to try and compose themselves to sleep; this lulled them for a short time, but their thirst was more acute when they awoke than before. The mother and her friends endeavoured to divert their attention by amusing stories, praising their perseverance, &c. The poor weak lady was anxious that they should persevere; as the day was now so far gone, she did not like her children to lose the benefit of their fast, nor the credit due to them for their forbearance. The children endeavoured to support with patience the agony that bowed them down—they fainted, and then the mother was almost frantic, blaming herself for having encouraged them to prolong their fast against their strength. Cold water was thrown over them; attempts were made to force water into

their mouths; but, alas! their tender throats were so swollen, that not a drop passed beyond their mouth. They died within a few minutes of each other." i. 188-9.

We think that young monkeys have the advantage according to the following report:

"The female monkey is remarkable for her attachment to her progeny, which she suckles until it is able to procure food for its own sustenance. When one of her young dies, the mother is observed to keep it closely encircled in her arms, moaning piteously with true maternal feelings of regret, and never parting with it from her embrace until the dead body becomes an offensive mass: and when at last she quits her hold, she lays it on the ground before her, at no great distance, watching with intense anxiety the dead body before her, which she can no longer fold in her embrace, until the work of decomposing has altered the form of the creature that claimed her tender attachment." ii. 225.

We close these volumes in the belief that no description of the manners of India can be made complete without their perusal.

*Sir Ralph Esher; or, Memoirs of a Gentleman of the Court of Charles II.* By Leigh Hunt. 3 vols.

(Second Notice.)

A few words by Mr. Hunt, in explanation of his views in writing this work, ought certainly to be read before the work itself, and as we presume our country friends are just now about to cut the leaves of his pleasant volumes, we think it well to give to his explanation the currency of our pages.

"The work is a novel, and was intended to be one; but a novel of a particular sort. The author despaired of equalling the interest excited by the admirable productions of the writer with whose name all the world is familiar; but as that interest had created a demand for as much as other writers could supply, he cast in his mind how he should render his novel as new as possible, upon some other grounds compatible with probability; and as he happens to be one of those whose studies give them a sort of passion for truth, and by consequence for verisimilitude, he determined, first, to make his work as close a resemblance of an autobiography as was compatible with a novel; and, secondly, to depart in no one instance, however small, from historical fact. He did his best to do both; and it was consequently his wish that the work, while avowedly fictitious, should bear on its face all the helps that could be given it to complete the look of a real memoir. His name was not to appear in public; and he recommended the bookseller to put nothing in the title-page that should interfere with the novelty intended. The title, if he could have had it to stand as he wished, would have been 'Memoirs of Sir Ralph Esher, a Gentleman of the Court of Charles the Second, written by himself, and including those of his friend Sir Philip Herne.' There was always a difference of opinion between the author and the bookseller on this point; the title is now given to the public in the ordinary novel shape, and it has been thought proper by the bookseller to publish the author's name. The consequence is, that the reader is apt to look for more of the novel, and less of the autobiography, than the writer intended; and there is a gratuitous air of inconsistency pervading the whole work, arising from the appearance of notes with the signature of 'Editor,' from which the announcement of the author's name has taken the least show of mystery.

"The author does not mean to be querulous on these points with his publishers, with whom he is on good terms; but simply to do himself and the book what service he can, after his own

way of thinking. Perhaps they know best what the public like, and what the reader is prepared to make allowances for; but as the author has taken pains to put forth a work upon a peculiar model, he is naturally anxious to have his design understood. He was so scrupulous in the matter of verisimilitude, that he invented an occasion for supposing the MS. to have been written in French, in order that the English, in which it is given to the world, should in no respect appear inconsistent with the times in which it is supposed to originate."

Having reverted to these volumes for the purpose of giving this explanation, we shall avail ourselves of the opportunity to extract one of those touching stories referred to in our former review, and, as best suiting our limits, shall give that of the Young Citizen who recovered from the plague by the care and generous devotion of the lady whom he loved.

"A young merchant in the city was seized with the symptoms of the disorder, just as the day had been fixed which was to unite him with his mistress. Some difficulties had been thrown in the way of the union by a crabbed guardian; and many hours had not elapsed from their removal, and every thing been settled (which the lover hastened to see done with the greatest impatience), when the terrible spots appeared that were to cut him off from communion with the uninfected. It is supposed, that the obstacles in the first instance, and the hurry afterwards, threw his blood into a ferment, which exasperated the attack. He wished to make light of the matter, and to go about his ordinary concerns; but the strangeness of his sensations, and the thought of the peril that he might bring to his mistress, soon made him give up this pretension. He said, that his horror at first inclined him to cry aloud, to tear his hair, and dash himself against the wall of the room; but the thoughts of her again controlled him, and he resolved to go through everything as patiently as might be, lest he should add to his chances of losing her. He sent her a message to that effect, bidding her be of good heart, and then in a passion of tears, which he resolved should be his last, but which, he said, seemed to give him a wonderful kind of humble support, betook himself to his prayers, and so to his bed. He was soon left alone with none but an old nurse to attend him; but as he did not sleep, and the good woman, observing him tranquil, slept a great deal, he thought next day he might as well rise and go into the garden for a little air. The garden, though in the city, was a very pretty one, and as it abutted on some grounds, belonging on one side to a church, and on the other to a field where they shot at butts, was removed both from sight and noise, and might be called even solitary. He found himself alarmingly weak; and the air, instead of relieving, seemed to bring the weight of an oven with it; but there was grass and roses; and he thought it would add to the grace of his memory with her he loved, if he died in so sweet a spot, rather than in the house. Besides, he could not bear to think of dying in what, he hoped, would have been his bridal bed. These reflections made him again shed tears in spite of himself, and he lay down on a bench under a tree, wishing he could melt away in that tender despair. The young gentleman guessed that he had lain in this way a good hour, during which he had a sleep that a little refreshed him, when he heard himself called by his name. He thought it was the nurse, and looked towards the house, but saw nobody. The name was repeated twice, the last time with the addition of an epithet of tenderness, which he knew could come from no such person. His heart began to beat; and his ear guiding him



truly to the voice, which he now recognised, he saw on the top of the wall, nearly opposite him, and under a tree which overhung it from the outside, his beloved mistress, holding with one hand on a bough, and with the other supporting herself in the posture of one who intended to come down. 'Oh, Richard!' said she, 'what a blessing to find you here, and nobody to hinder me! I have cheated them, and slunk away—my love! my life!' Our lover said, these last little words had a wonderful effect on him. With all her tenderness, his betrothed bride had never yet indulged it so far as to utter such 'conjugal' words (that was his phrase). He said, they seemed to give her a right to join him; and they filled him with such love and gratitude, that the very languor of his illness became confounded with a bewitching pleasure. He confessed, that the dread of her being infected, though it still recurred to him, was much fainter than before. However, he the more thought it was his duty to urge it, and did so. But the lady had no such dread. She had come on purpose to brave it. In vain he spoke as loudly as he could, and rose up and began to drag his steps towards her; in vain he made signs to her not to descend. 'Dearest Richard,' said she, 'if you cannot help me down, it is but an easy jump, and do you think anything will induce me to go back? I am come to nurse you, and make you happy.' 'You will die,' said the lover, in a faint voice, now arrived within hearing, and still making signs of refusal. 'Oh no! Heaven will bless us,' cried she: 'I will not go back, mark me; I will not indeed; I cannot, much less now I have seen you, and in that sick gown. But I see you cannot help me down. You are unable. Therefore I come.' With these words she made the jump, and the next minute was supporting him in her arms. She put her arms round him, and took his repelling hand into hers, and raising herself, kissed him on the mouth, saying, 'Now I belong to you. Let me seat you on the bench, and get you some drink. I am your wife now, and your dear servant, and your nurse.' Their eyes were filled with tears, and the lover could only lift his head towards heaven, as much as to say, that 'they should at all events live there.' Not being able to reach the bench, he sat down in a thicket of roses. The young lady went to get him some drink, and returned with the news that she had waked the astonished nurse, and sent her to tell her guardian where she was. Nobody expected him to venture to come and fetch her, and he did not. He told the gentleman who had these particulars from him, that this behaviour of his betrothed bride, put him in a state so new and transporting, that he conceived an alteration of his blood must have taken place very speedily after her return from the house; for though he could hardly bear his delight, he began manifestly to get better within an hour afterwards. The lady never received the infection. Their friends said she would, and that two would die instead of one. The physician prophesied otherwise. Neither the lover nor his mistress, however, would quit their retreat, till all doubt of the possibility of infecting others was more than done away. In the course of six weeks they were man and wife; and my acquaintance told me, not as many days ago, that they were still living, and a pattern of love and esteem."

*Le Livre des Cent-et-Un.* Vol. III. Paris, 1832. Ladvocat.

THE interest of this delightful work increases with every succeeding volume. The third, received last week, is full of clever papers, and, as the work advances, the genius of the several contributors seems to develop itself. In the present volume, besides Chateau-

briand, who contributed to the first, and Janin and Basin, who have furnished articles to the three volumes in succession, we have the names of Victor Ducange—a distinguished novel-writer; and the most distinguished of the French writers of melo-dramas, the literary veteran Bouilly, Desnoyers, Andrieux, Briffault, Bodin, Bousquet, Casimir Bonjour, De Villemarest, Valmore, Paulmier (the celebrated instructor of the deaf and dumb), Montigny, Mennechet, and Lamartine.

We shall, on this occasion, confine our extracts to a humorous paper by Desnoyers, which is of universal truth, and will equally apply to every capital in Europe, only changing the names of places.

#### *The Bachelors of Paris.*

"On the idle part of our Boulevards, in the beautiful walk of the Tuileries gardens, upon the pavement of the Champs Elysées, in the dust of the Bois de Boulogne, in the dress circle at the theatres, in every place, in fine, where there is time to show oneself, you must have remarked a host of spruce, elegant, and perfumed coxcombs, as extraordinary in their manners as in their dress—whose fashions are not of to-day, still less of yesterday, but of to-morrow! These individuals may be compared to the beautiful purses in shop windows—utterly empty—not an idea, not an intellectual farthing to be found.

"But before I go farther, let me define what I mean by idea, and consequently by a thinker and a non-thinker.

"I do not call ideas those ready-made conversations, that *talking matter*, which the first comer may make his own, and which is a species of stucco, serving only as a covering for folly, or to fill up the cracks of idleness. By idea, I mean a perception of the mind, not weak, fluctuating, mutilated, or fugitive—but clear, brilliant, entire, and lasting; copious enough to keep the brain in a state of turgescence, and prevent it from collapsing like an empty bladder; strong and large enough for meditation to repose upon—not a glimmering, a mere twilight, but a broad and beautiful day—a parent thought engendering a thousand others—a pivot, around which a world of secondary imaginings logically gravitate—the centre or sun of an entire intellectual universe.

"Now, how many of such suns shine under the pomatumed pates of the coxcombs you have observed? Not one. If there were only one, their glassy eyes, so like those of stuffed animals, would beam at least with a little light; their faces would have less the appearance of wax, their gait be less indolent, their words less insipid, and their cravats more twisted. At a ball, perhaps, or a play, or a concert, they would feel the same emotions as others do; and you would no longer see them in a stage-box wiping their eye-glasses or biting their walking sticks, when the pit is convulsed with laughter; nor drawing on their gloves or adjusting their whiskers, when the rest of the audience are affected to tears: no longer would they be cold, insensible, and unchangeable, amid the electrical effects of highly-wrought passion or true comic humour, as if their stupidity were a tripod, upon which they stood elevated above all sympathy with the million. \* \* \*

"We have next the great family of plagiarists, a race of dolts, who do not even think with their own faculties, but with those of others—who borrow your brains as they would borrow your hat.

"The first species among them is the man-monkey, who speaks when you speak, holds his tongue when you are silent, and would, I imagine, cut his throat if he saw you commit so rash an act. He is a mere echo. If you say, 'Peace is an excellent thing, when it does not

cost more than war,' he answers, 'cost more than war.'

"Second species—the man-parrot, who every morning collects here and there, or from the mouth of some clever man, a series of thoughts, which he retails, as long as the day lasts, in every house he enters. He is like the organ which, at the corner of every street, repeats Auber's melodies.

"Third species—the man-vulture, who fattens upon you. It matters not with him whether you be a young author, or the possessor of a celebrated name; if in his presence you utter anything good, it is like taking out your watch before a pick-pocket. You are robbed of your ideas, and you may be sure that, before the morrow, all Paris will know it by heart. If you should afterwards repeat it, you are heard with assent and considered as the plagiarist. This is pleasant! \* \* But he will rob you before your face, and you shall not have a word to say. Fancy yourself in a numerous assembly, seated near him. The conversation runs upon operadancing. Each gives his opinion, and you give yours, and say without the least pretension, 'With Taglioni's legs and Noble's arms an accomplished dancer might be made.' Unfortunately you are hoarse and your words are not heard; but they are not lost to him, for with a voice which drowns every other, he lustily exclaims, 'An accomplished dancer might be made with Taglioni's legs and Noble's arms.' A murmur of applause follows these words; and you, who alone do not applaud, are set down as a stupid fellow incapable of comprehending the point of what has been uttered. And who knows?—he may even be so obliging as to repeat to you your own idea, in order that you may be better able to understand it. \* \* \*

"We now come to the facetious man; the *Voltaire* of milliners. We shall call him the man-porcupine—an animal so covered with points that no one can touch him without being pricked. His stupid witticisms are borrowed from the *Année* of the day, or collected at the pits of the minor theatres. \* \* \*

"The droll-fellow is a variety of this species. The only difference is in the manner of action. The droll-fellow has many of the minor accomplishments; he knows Mayeux by heart—can carry a chair with his teeth—hold a heavy weight at arm's length—and walk upon his hands with his feet in the air. He is likewise a *virtuose* in face-making, and can take off admirably *My Lord Pouf*, whom the company never saw. He can use twelve different accents—can bark, mew, and imitate a saw. He is acquainted with the best traditions of *La Bourbennaise*, can recite the part of Oroonima, sing *Le point du jour*, swallow cigar smoke, and play the *flageolet* with his nostrils.

"All that I have detailed, constitutes the least of his merits. You know that the whale, the crocodile, every animal in short, has a natural enemy in some other animal, which by instinct follows, pursues, attacks, and kills it. Now, to a peaceable man the persecuting animal is the droll-fellow. His whole life is spent in embittering yours. He crushes your fingers when he shakes hands with you—trips you up as you pass—conceals the object you are looking for—draws away the chair upon which you are going to sit—strews chopped horse-hair between your sheets, and locks you in when you are in a hurry to go out. Sometimes he sketches your countenance, to which he adds ass's ears, an elephant's trunk, and stag's antlers, and then writes your name under it. He has also a trick of lining the glasses of your spectacles with paper, putting *poudre* into your snuff, decorating your back with a paper tail, and sticking a pin upright in the seat you commonly use. At the play he blows his nose during the most pathetic scene. In a crowd he pushes you, then

says in an angry tone, 'Pray, Sir, don't push so.' He takes your arm in the street, induces you to look up, and then leads you against a heap of stones, places you under a rain-spout, or makes you walk in the kennel."

*Quintus Servinton; a Tale, founded upon Incidents of Real Occurrence.* 3 vols. 1832. Hobart Town, Melville; London, Smith, Elder & Co.

*The Opera.* By the Author of 'Mothers and Daughters.' 3 vols. London, 1832. Colburn & Bentley.

*The Algerines; or, the Twins of Naples.* By W. Child Green, Author of 'Alibeg the Tempter,' &c. 3 vols. London, 1832. Newman & Co.

THE first of these works is "entrusted with some degree of confidence, to the countenance and support of the English nation;" so we learn from a preface dated Van Diemen's Land—and it certainly ought to be received with kindness and courtesy, as the first fruits of imaginative literature from the press of that colony.

A tale, "founded upon incidents of real occurrence," from Van Diemen's Land, brought to our recollection the convict histories of Barrington, and the autobiography of Hardy Vaux. Quintus Servinton, however, at least the two first volumes, might have been written here or anywhere—it is compounded after the old receipt, and is very like a hundred other novels, which it has been our misfortune to read, and good fortune to have forgotten. But, towards the close of the second volume, the brewage has a smack of the "particular"—a sprinkling of Old Bailey. The story, by names and circumstances, recalls the fate of a Bristol merchant, whose case, at the time, excited considerable interest; and, in the third volume, the scene changes from Newgate to the Hulks, and in due process of time and law, to New South Wales. This third volume is the only one worth reading, and might have been infinitely better, had there been a spice more of human infirmity, either in Newgate, the Hulks, the Transport, or in the Colony: but really we, who have not had the advantages of such society, nauseate a little at so much unadulterate virtue—it wants the seasoning of vice and error. We shall extract a short scene from on board the Hulks:—

"He descended the steps leading to his quarters, with tolerable cheerfulness: and was speedily introduced to the unfortunate soldier officer—as he had been called, and who was now to be his companion. It was certainly a relief to him to find upon entering the apartment, which was one of several, formed by divisions of the lower decks of an old seventy-four, that by the style of its principal inmates, manner and address, he was a gentleman; and Quintus, adapting himself to his circumstances with the best grace he could assume, they were soon engaged in general conversation, with as much life and energy, particularly on the part of the *ci-devant* officer, as if they had known one another for years, and had now re-met in a state of mutual prosperity.

"It was not long until Quintus discovered that, strict as were the rules and regulations of this den of misery, they were capable of being evaded; and that, notwithstanding the restraints that were imposed with the view of making it really a place of punishment, such of its experienced inmates as had the command of money, and who chose to pay the price at which connivance might be purchased, were enabled to introduce various luxuries that were positively forbidden by the authorities. Mr. Spendall presently alluded to the subject, by feeling his companion's pulse, as to his inclination for a bottle of wine; to which Quintus replied, 'I like it well enough at proper times and seasons, but

I don't at all mind going without it. I understand nothing of the sort is allowed here.'

"'Pooh! pooh! nonsense! do the rascals think a gentleman is to go without his wine because he happens to be in quod?—no, no, a d——n to the whole set of them—they fancy we are to live on bourgu, black broth, psalm singing, and a bit of carrion now and then; but I haven't served three campaigns in North America for nothing—every dog has his price, and I'll soon show you how I manage things.'

"With this he gave three raps upon the wooden partition, that divided the apartment where they were sitting from the one adjoining, and, in the course of a few minutes, one of the guards entered; a man whose duty it was to search all persons at their ingress and egress, to and from the hulk, and generally to watch the prisoners. Shutting the door with caution, and looking around him, he made a sort of half bow, and said, 'Well, my noble captain, what's your pleasure?'

"'Why, you imp of the Devil you, don't you know we have a new chum, a gentleman, a man of birth and education, eh, you rascal! and can you ask what my pleasure is? Presto, hie, begone! and let's have something fit to put before a gentleman.'

"The guard looked significantly, and answered, 'But I say, captain, is he real thoroughbred? Does he know how to treat gentlemen when they run risks for each other? Waur hawks among partridges! I know you, captain, but I don't know him.'

"'Get thee gone, thou prate-a-pace, and do as thou art bid. Have I lived so long, ate with gentlemen, drank with gentlemen, fought with gentlemen, cursed, swore, and gamed with gentlemen, and do I not know a gentleman by instinct? Begone, and take me for thy surety that 'tis all as it should be.'

"The man retired with a grin upon his countenance, and saying in an under tone, but which did not altogether escape Quintus, 'Aye, and haven't you cheated gentlemen—and will you not pluck this pigeon too, if you are able?' And, in about a quarter of an hour returned, bearing a small basket, from which he took a cold fowl, bread, butter, various *et ceteras*, and two bottles of wine, for which he was paid by Mr. Spendall one guinea and a half.

"'If you want a drop of something comfortable by and by, for a night-cap,' the fellow said, as he pocketed the money, 'I can serve you—but I say, my new friend,' addressing Quintus, 'mum's the word, or else look out for squalls.' iii. 60—66.

Of 'The Opera,' still less need be said. There is throughout evidence of the skill of a practised writer, with a sprinkling of what is called satire, and an abundant display of that pretence and assumption, which is so characteristic of the fashionable novels. The story is a gloomy extravaganza.

Mr. William Child Green, however, is a man to be pitied. Had he been one of the "book-binders or porters of our establishment," his name would have been echoed and re-echoed, "as if a double hunt were heard at once," till the critics must have noticed him; and the wit, brilliancy, satire, and interest of the 'Algerines' would have been so blazoned and placarded, that the said critics must have treated him with respect and deference, lest they should seem to contradict the universal judgment. As it is, we must report that the 'Algerines' is a novel of the old school, with Turks and Italians, priests and bandits, sonorous names and melodramatic scoundrels; but as an old actor is often welcome, out of respect to age and our early recollections, so had we rather read another such novel than another *Opera*.

#### WAVERLEY NOVELS.—VOL. XXXIII.

*St. Roman's Well.* 1832. Edinburgh, Cadell; London, Whittaker.

THIS new volume has prefixed to it, Mr. Watson Gordon's admirable portrait of Sir Walter—a treasure in itself, and worth more than the cost of the work. The Vignette also, by Leslie, deserves a good word, as full of character. The introductory chapter, though pleasant, as all writings must be, which develop the mind and feeling of such a man as Scott, hardly admits of extract, and there are but few notes—one, however, on the Building-feus in Scotland, is illustrative of Scotch laws and customs, and worth transferring here:—

"In Scotland a village is erected upon a species of landright, very different from the copyhold so frequent in England. Every alienation or sale of landed property must be made in the shape of a feudal conveyance, and the party who acquires it holds thereby an absolute and perfect right of property in the fief, while he discharges the stipulations of the vassal, and, above all, pays the feu-duties. The vassal or tenant of the site of the smallest cottage holds his possession as absolutely as the proprietor, of whose large estate it is perhaps scarce a perceptible portion. By dint of excellent laws, the sasines, or deeds of delivery of such fiefs, are placed on record in such order, that every burden affecting the property can be seen for payment of a very moderate fee; so that a person proposing to lend money upon it, knows exactly the nature and extent of his security.

"From the nature of these landrights being so explicit and secure, the Scottish people have been led to entertain a jealousy of building-leases, of however long duration. Not long ago, a great landed proprietor took the latter mode of disposing of some ground near a thriving town in the west country. The number of years in the lease was settled at nine hundred and ninety-nine. All was agreed to, and the deeds were ordered to be drawn. But the tenant, as he walked down the avenue, began to reflect that the lease, though so very long as to be almost perpetual, nevertheless had a termination; and that after the lapse of a thousand years, lacking one, the connexion of his family and representatives with the estate would cease. He took a qualm at the thought of the loss to be sustained by his posterity a thousand years hence; and going back to the house of the gentleman who feued the ground, he demanded, and readily obtained, the additional term of fifty years to be added to the lease." p. 24.

#### MEDICAL WORKS.

*The Cyclopædia of Practical Medicine.* Part I. Edited by John Forbes, M.D., Alexander Tweedie, M.D., and John Connolly, M.D. London, 1831. Sherwood & Co.

A work like this has been long wanting. The French, besides 'Le Dictionnaire des Sciences Médicales,' in sixty volumes, have a compendium of it in fifteen, another dictionary in twenty-one, and they are now publishing one of Practical Medicine. It was certainly time that something should be done in this way in England, and this first Part does honour to the profession; it contains some articles, among others we would instance the first, which could hardly be improved. As the Introduction is not published, we know nothing of the plan which the editors intend to follow; and must therefore remark, considering this first Part as a specimen, that if in the French dictionaries there are some superfluous articles, there will be, we fear, in the English some wanting, and that the length appears to have no relation to the comparative importance of the subjects, particularly in the *Materia Medica*, the few articles on which are much inferior to the rest. If we are correct,

this error should be guarded against immediately. The work however was so much wanted, that, instead of urging our objections further, we shall recommend it as deserving extensive patronage.

*The Principles and Practice of Obstetric Medicine.* By David D. Davis, M.D., Professor of Midwifery in the University of London. Parts I. & II. London, 1832. Taylor.

Few were so competent as Dr. Davis to undertake a work of this nature; he has been long known as an excellent teacher in extensive practice, and his experience cannot fail to add much to our knowledge of this branch of medical science. These first parts are necessarily occupied by anatomical descriptions, which are clear, concise, and accurate, and the accompanying lithographic plates are very excellent.

*A Series of Experiments performed for the Purpose of showing that Arteries may be obliterated without Ligature, Compression, or the Knife.* By Benjamin Phillips. London, 1832. Longman & Co.

THIS pamphlet contains a series of experiments to prove that aneurisms can be cured without the use of the knife. When we consider the dangerous nature of the disease, and how painful and uncertain is the operation necessary for its removal, we cannot but recommend Mr. Phillips's pamphlet to the attentive consideration of our eminent surgeons, and express an anxious hope that the author will repeat his experiments, and by confirming his opinions justify a claim to the high honour of so important a discovery.

*An Inquiry into the Medical Properties of Iodine partly translated from the Latin of Schroeder Van Der Kolk.* By C. J. B. Aldis. London, 1832. Published by the Author.

AN improved translation of a very excellent treatise upon the medical properties of one of the most valuable remedies lately introduced in medicine.

*Popular Lectures on the Vertebrated Animals of the British Islands.* Birmingham, 1831. Wrightson.

THIS is the first of a series of lectures delivered at Birmingham: it comprises the British mammifera, according to Blumenbach's arrangement, and is written in a clear, concise, and satisfactory manner.

*Punch and Judy.* Illustrated by George Cruikshank. 3rd edition. London, 1832. Reid.

A third edition of this popular exhibition requires no comment on the part of the critic: his lucubrations are rendered yet more unnecessary, by the lore mustered in the preface, by the author of the 'Decameron.' The sketches, by Cruikshank, are as amusing and life-like as possible—and, with the dialogue, make this Don Juan in wood, this puppet Falstaff, Mr. Punch, very laughable, if not very edifying.

*The Etymological Spelling-book and Expositor.* By Henry Butler, Author of 'Gradations in Reading and Spelling,' &c. 4th Edition. London, Simpkin & Marshall.

*Gradations in Reading and Spelling.* By H. Butler. 4th Edition. London, Whittaker, Treacher & Co.

THE acquisition of any language is much facilitated by a knowledge of the etymon of its words; but whether this facility can be taught a child, having a very imperfect knowledge of its mother tongue; and whether Mr. Butler pursues the most eligible plan, we think very questionable. The first two parts of the Spelling-book are, no doubt, improvements upon many of the old primers; but of the third, the Etymological part, we are much mistaken if it be not entirely out of place. Should it be

learned, an air of pedantry, an unmeaning show of scholarship, will be imparted to the child, by constant reference to a language, with the very characters of which he is unacquainted. Let grammar in all its branches be pursued; but let our elementary schools be preserved from etymological pretence.—To Mr. Butler's 'Gradations' we can give, and are happy in doing so, our unqualified approbation.

#### ORIGINAL PAPERS

##### DIRGE FOR A DEAD PAINTER.

*A Tribute to the Memory of the late Henry Liverseege.*

BY MISS JEWELSBURY.

DEATH, grim death, when shall we see

This broad earth no more thy city?

GRAVE, deep grave, when shall it be

Thou wilt close thy lips in pity?

When shall love's subduing prayer,

When shall genius, yet more rare,

Mind and worth in blended beauty,

Woo ye from your cold stern duty?

When shall sweetness win back one?

Never, never—he is gone!

Yet, swift hunter, couldst not give

Summons ere the hart was stricken?

Grave, that on death's prey dost live,

Could thy hungry silence quicken

Into no foreboding knell

Ere the unconscious victim fell?

Could ye not give leave to plight

Farewell, ere his day grew night?

Might not sorrow's need have one?

Ye were ruthless! He is gone!

Yesterday, scarce yesterday,

Bright dreams through his brain were flowing,

And his hand with cunning play

To the world those dreams was showing.

Yesterday—and in his eye

Fame had writ her prophecy;

Sealed it on his flexible lips,

Now in dark and mute eclipse;

Could not genius save her son?

Wherefore question? He is gone!

Speak not of his fragile form,

And his often painful pillow—

What may longer bide the storm

Than the delicate drooping willow?

He was loved, and love can do

Feats physicians never knew,

With its boundlessness of care,

Mighty hope, and fervent prayer:

Hush, O hush—love's power is none—

It is weeping! He is gone!

Dust to dust; now, dust to dust,

And we leave his dwelling lowly;

Not another sigh we must,

If it be not meek and holy;

Whose the arm that smote him down?

Whose the hand took off his crown?—

God, alone omnipotent,

Calling back what he had lent—

Come then, friends, and be each one,

Better Christians now he's gone!

#### A BRIEF HISTORICAL NOTICE OF THE POSITION OF WOMEN IN SOCIETY,

INTRODUCTORY TO A PAPER

'ON MODERN FEMALE CULTIVATION.'

THE various modes in which women have been treated, from the days of the Patriarchs to those of the Paladins, and from the days of the Paladins to these of the critics, is a subject of research at once curious, mournful, and amusing. Memorials of distinguished individuals afford but a fragmentary basis for speculation; but the history of the sex is the history of civilization. Lunar influences are

not more immediately connected with the ebb and flow of the tide, than the rational estimate and education of women marks national progress or deterioration; not in the arts, nor yet in manners,—but in the emancipation of the understanding from prejudice, in the recognition of principles, and in the desire to ameliorate the human condition.

Hitherto, civilization has been estimated rather by the diffusion of luxury, than by the progress of truth;—by those works of imagination, which gild history with brilliant names, which embellish galleries with pictures and statues, and delight the fancy with gay and gorgeous visions, rather than by those sober triumphs of reason and right feeling, which increase the comforts of many, if their trophies render few immortal. For this reason, almost all history is a work of imagination: the events dispose themselves into striking pictures, the leading characters fill the foreground; the painter becomes a partisan, so does the spectator; our sympathies are riveted on the few; the background is in shadow, and that shadow covers the multitude.

If the quantity of national comfort were made the simple test of civilization, and not the splendour of a court or the perfection of the arts, nearly all the history we have must be taken to pieces; Greece with her literary glories, Rome with her conquests from the rising to the setting sun, even Egypt with her temples, like the dreams of Titans, must resign a large proportion of their fame. But if the treatment of women, another and yet closely-connected test, were instituted, Egypt would have to resign less than any other nation of antiquity,—as, with every drawback, England would have to resign less now.

The Spartan women were brutalized by the very laws; and if this be attributed to the savage state of the men, Athens, in her palmyest state of literature and the arts, condemned the female citizens to ignorance, confinement and obscurity. Cultivation was a luxury only to be obtained by the loss of character: a courtesan might be buried amongst heroes, and have her statue placed beside those of the gods; but the virtuous wives and mothers of those heroes were kept to the distaff and the spindle. The Romans, though abundantly austere, treated women better than the more imaginative Greeks: if a less refined, they were a more rational people; they had a higher notion of female worth, had less petty jealousy, and nobly recognized the services of their matrons whenever rendered. In the East, however, where now women are most degraded, they were formerly treated with the most consideration. The Hebrews, as a people, were coarse and ignorant; what Moses emphatically called them, "rebellious and stiff-necked;" left to themselves, they would probably have treated females even worse than the brilliant Greeks and the austere Romans—it was their theocracy which lightened the feminine yoke, gave women political consideration, by allowing them to inherit property in default of sons, and practically proved that souls are equal, by making them occasionally the recipients of the prophetic spirit, and instruments of divine government: at the same time, we never in the Old Testament read of any miracle being wrought by the hand of a woman. It does not appear that they were

kept in confinement; they were allowed to assist in the construction of the tabernacle, and of their truly feminine offering (their brazen looking-glasses) was made the foot of the laver; they are mentioned by name as bound to become acquainted with the books of the law, (Deut. xxxi. 12,) which law, when first given to the Jews, comprised not only the Jewish religion, but their literature and their history. Protecting notices of the widow and the bondwoman occur perpetually; and, in after-times, whenever females, or their actions, are bound up with the Jewish chronicles, they receive just that kind of notice which is given to men and their actions;—the prophets denounce their luxury with equal severity; the historians with equal simplicity record their virtues and their crimes; and “the sweet singer of Israel” reminds them of their duty. Legal inferiority they certainly laboured under, but the pervading spirit of Hebrew history is that of tenderness and consideration towards women, the perfection of which was afterwards developed in the same land, and by the perfection of the same religion.

Leaving the Jews, none of whose merits are attributable to themselves, we find the Phenicians, Babylonians, and Carthaginians, treating their women in a superior manner, whilst the Egyptians excelled all antiquity. These were commercial nations; and it would seem that in this respect, commerce, more than conquest or the arts, humanized the feelings, and enlarged the understanding. Women were not to them mere articles of show; the Phenicians, and also the Egyptians, employed them in keeping accounts and transacting business; amongst these nations, women were eligible for the supreme authority. In Egypt, the princess kept the birthdays of their wives as well as their own; and in Babylon, they associated with men in festal meetings. In Christian Europe, woman has received every variety of treatment—having been esteemed an angel, and drudged like an ass. Lord Byron’s remark, that he would leap into a river after a woman, but not hand her out of her carriage, is on a par with the chivalric system that led knights to do battle in honour of her fair eyes, but not to make her comfortable in daily life. The times that poetry and romance have consecrated, were not really those most favourable to female happiness: the *preux chevalier* served his mistress as the heathens of old their idols, by slashing and slaying; but he spent little time in her society, and, except on grand occasions, she remained immersed in solitude. He fought for, and worshipped the species; but the individual was often coarsely treated, and was perpetually liable to the absurd charge of witchcraft.

Francis the First has a right to be called the “gallant Francis,” for he was the first who introduced ladies at court. The French have invariably claimed precedence in devotion to the sex;—in parlance and manner, the claim may be allowed; in the sober facts of female freedom and consideration, they must yield to two very sober, matter-of-fact nations (commerce again)—the Americans and the English. French gallantry is even now what their loyalty was in *le grand monarque*—an affair of honour and a matter of taste. We mean no offence to this brilliant and good-natured people; and we are not speaking of education, but of the rational treatment of women in

society, and of the customs and opinions concerning them. Our fashionable system of education is radically bad: we thank an anonymous French writer for characterising it—*nos pensionnats de demoiselles, qui font des actrices ou des artistes, mais non des mères et des épouses*—but we have not yet acquired materials for a London companion to ‘*Les Intimes*,’ a book, which French critics inform us, is a too true picture of their “*métropole de la sociabilité*,” and which English feeling cannot yet tolerate. We have no fashionable novel like *that*.

Having acknowledged that our fashionable system of education is radically bad—we shall take an early opportunity of saying a few words on this important subject.

#### REPLY TO A PASTORAL POET.

TELL us not of by-gone days!  
Tell us not of forward times!  
What’s the future—what the past—  
Save to fashion rhymes?  
Show us that the corn doth thrive!  
Show us there’s no winter weather!  
Show us we may laugh and live,—  
(Those who love,—together).

Senses have we for sweet blossoms—  
Eyes, which could admire the sun—  
Passions, blazing in our bosoms—  
Hearts, that may be won!  
But labour doth for ever press us,  
And famine grins upon our board,  
And none will help us, none will bless us,  
With one gentle word!

None, none! our birth-right, or our fate,  
Is hunger and the inclement air—  
Perpetual toil—the rich man’s hate—  
Want, scorn—the pauper’s fare:  
We fain would gaze upon the sky,  
Lie pensive by the running springs;  
But if we stay to gaze or sigh,  
We starve—though the cuckoo sings!

The moon casts cold on us below;  
The sun is not our own;  
The very winds which fragrance blow,  
But blanch us to the bone;  
The rose for us ne’er shows its bloom,  
The violet its blue eye;  
From cradle murmuring to the tomb,  
We feel no beauty—no perfume,  
But only toil—and die!

PAUPER.

#### SIR RICHARD STEELE’S PAPERS.

A lady of taste allied to Sir Richard Steele through the “prue” of his pleasing letters, has kindly permitted us to select the following “bits” of prose and verse from the correspondence of that distinguished genius. Few of the papers are from the hand of Sir Richard himself: they are chiefly the communications and letters of friends, and bear upon them the mark of the days in which they were written, in more ways than one. The first we shall select is a portion of a letter giving an account of the last years of the illustrious Duke of Marlborough: it is from the Earl of Sunderland, and addressed to Steele at Caermarthen:—

“You desire to know what the dear Duke of Marlborough did in his illness; and I will give you an account of all that I found was of any use to him, and which did preserve him six years, notwithstanding that the physicians in that time often believed he would not live so many days. His first illness was in his head, and his speech was taken from him. The first blow was recovered by purging him with hiera pira and syrup of buckthorn, and blisters. After that he went to the Bath and to Tunbridge,

but I did not think either of them did him any good. Sometimes his mouth would be drawn down on one side, and he could not swallow; and in that case blisters had always a most extraordinary good effect—especially a blister upon his head, which is less troublesome than any, and does as much good as any ten. And by that remedy, ‘tis plain his life was preserved for some time. He used to be occasionally much disordered with vapours. He could hardly breathe without going into the air; and in that case a direction of Sir Samuel Garth’s had always success, and would ease him in a quarter of an hour; which was only twenty grains of Russia castor, the powder of it grated extremely fine, and wetted in a spoon, to make it go down, with penny-royal water; and then drink only four or five spoonfuls of penny-royal water after it; and this may be taken at going to bed, or any time that you want it. He took a great deal of Sir Walter Raleigh’s cordial, which always did him good; and he had a perpetual blister on his neck for several years, which was of great service. He was always the better for going into the air, and for travelling; and though we had the advice of all the physicians in town, I don’t think he had ever any advantage by any thing but what I have set down in this paper. He was blooded at the beginning of his illness, and afterwards; but I am confident his last bleedings did him hurt: but the physicians would have it done. I wish any thing I have said may be of use to you, who am your most faithful  
SUNDERLAND.”

The above letter bears date April 2, 1728, and was written for the use of Sir Richard Steele, who was then suffering under an illness similar to that of which the victor of Blenheim died. Our next is poetical, and contains good counsel:—

Spare not, nor spend too much: be this thy care—  
Spare but to spend, and only spend to spare;  
Who spends too much may want, and so complain;  
But he spends best that spares to spend again.

Spare in thy youth, lest age should find thee poor;  
When time is past, and thou canst spare no more,  
No coupled misery is so great in either,  
As age and want when they do meet together.

There are many curious snatches of verse and clever passages of prose among the papers of Steele: when we have room and leisure we shall have recourse to them again.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ARTS.

##### DINNER TO BURNS.

LITTLE else has been talked of these ten days, in the literary world of London, but the Festival in memory of the birth-day of Burns and the visit of the Ettrick Shepherd. The names of stewards, noble and learned, were announced in the newspapers: hopes were held out that verses in honour of the occasion, written by Campbell, would be recited by Reding: and it was moreover added, that Captain Burns was to be present, and that the punch-bowl of Murray marble, filled with the liquor which his great father loved, would be smoking on the table. The Festival took place in Freemason’s Hall on Wednesday last, and though arrangements were made for two hundred and fifty guests, such was the curiosity, and such the crush, that by six o’clock, four hundred and fifty tickets were disposed of, and the like number of gentlemen sat down, amid no little confusion, about seven o’clock, to dinner. Sir John Malcolm, well known for his ‘History of Central India,’ was in the chair; on his left hand sat the eldest and youngest sons of Burns; the former like his father, the latter more resembling his mother; and on the

other hand sat James Hogg, accompanied by many gentlemen distinguished in science and literature. The punch-bowl of Burns, now the property of Mr. Hastie, stood before the chair, and beside it, a drinking quail, formed from the Wallace Oak of the Torwood, brimmed with silver, and bearing on the bottom the grim visage of the northern hero.

Sir John Malcolm having consumed some time in introductory toasts, which the company received with impatience, proceeded to propose 'the Memory of ROBERT BURNS': he dwelt less on his history than on the wide influence of his works, and recited many verses with taste and feeling. He related how deeply his fame had taken root in the East, and instanced the admiration of Byron in proof of his wonderful genius: but no such testimony is at all wanting; the songs of Burns are sung in every quarter of the globe, and his poems are treasured in millions of memories, so that his fame may set fate at defiance. All this was rapturously received; nor was the approbation of the company less coldly manifested when the chairman proposed 'the health of the ETTRICK SHEPHERD'; it appeared, however, that he was much less familiar with his works than with those of Burns, and though a native of a pastoral district, made sad work among the romances and ballads of the imaginative shepherd. This want was, however, in some degree supplied, by a most characteristic speech from Hogg himself, in which he related how the inspiration of the muse came upon him, in consequence of his being born, like Burns, on the 25th of January; how, on the evening of his birth, a man and horse were dispatched for the midwife, but the night being wild, and Ettrick deep in flood, the rider was lost; nevertheless, the familiar spirit called Brownie—the Lubber-Fiend of Milton—supplied his place, and brought the marvellous midwife in time to achieve the adventure of the future poet of Kilmeny. All this, and much more, he related in a way hovering between jest and earnest, and in a strong Ettrick tone, to the consternation of the English part of the meeting, for whom it was rather peculiar and learned. The audience evidently, one and all, regarded the Shepherd with wonder, and hundreds were on tiptoe to have a look at him as he stood on a table to relate his own varied fortunes.

But on the banks of Tweed the chairman was aware that a wizard, still more enchanting than him of Yarrow, lived, or rather, lately lived; and he accordingly gave the health of 'SIR WALTER SCOTT, and a safe return to his native country.' It is needless to say with what rapture the health of this most illustrious of all the sons of Scotland was drunk. This honour—such is the word—was acknowledged by Mr. Lockhart, in a speech worth any two chapters in the whole range of British Biography;—it was clear and concise—vigorous and picturesque—and abounding with anecdote. Of his illustrious father-in-law, he told how Burns predicted his future fame, in the house of Adam Ferguson; and of Hogg he related how Scott found him, thirty-five years ago, with his plaid and dog, watching his sheep on Ettrick Banks, with more old border ballads on his memory than any traditionary dame of the district; and with more true poetry in his heart than was usual to the lot of poets. Of

Hogg himself he said much that was amusing and instructive: one anecdote will not soon be forgotten. The Shepherd was at the dinner-table of a duchess, when her Grace said, "Mr. Hogg, were you ever here before?" "Madam," said the poet, "I have driven cattle often past your gates, but I never was within them till now."

But we must have done with this splendid Festival: we cannot, however, conclude without a remark:—the health of 'Lord Porchester and the Poets of England,' was drunk; and when his Lordship made his acknowledgments, he was interrupted by the titter of a hundred tongues, and sat down, no doubt, feeling that the spirit of nationality was a little too exclusive. We forgot to mention that neither Campbell nor his poem made their appearance, which we regretted for several reasons, and also that the memory of Burns was not drunk out of his punch-bowl. For this relique of the bard, a Jew of the name of Isaac, gave 60*l.* in pledge, and begged the key to keep, in memory of the poet, when it was bought by its present possessor; and an Irish gentleman, not long ago, sent a 300*l.* cheque for it, and threatened Mr. Hastie with the law when he refused to give him up the punch-bowl.

[We are indebted to a friend for this very pleasant notice, and must, in our predominant love of truth, say so. As far as the presence of numbers could testify general affection for the memory of Burns, and respect for the Ettrick Shepherd, the meeting was most satisfactory; in every other respect it was a failure. Our friend was among the elect, in the high places, and seems to have known little of the bear-garden scene at the lower end of the room. The managing directors, utterly regardless of the personal convenience of all but their particular friends, having secured for those friends the best places, let loose upon others, and every body who chose, even at the last moment of the last hour, to pay their five-and-twenty shillings, for "no room for standing, misallied standing room"—how else could it have been, that nearly five hundred persons were present at a dinner ordered for two hundred and fifty? This offensive neglect destroyed the good-humour of one-half the company—the miserable attempt to give a political turn to the meeting soured the temper of others—and instead of all joining in right good-will to drink to the memory of the best of poets and of good fellows, who was himself brimfull of conviviality and kind-heartedness—instead of the universal homage which ought to have been there paid to genius, the whole affair resembled a meeting in a trading borough, where the zeal of each individual is the ardour of self-interest—and pestered on every side with complainings, social and political, we walked off, with numberless others, even before the chairman took his leave.—This note, as *The Times* would say, is from "Our own Correspondent."]

## SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

### ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Jan. 20.—The first evening meeting of the season is usually distinguished by the announcement of some discovery in science or the arts, which there is good reason to expect may have birth during a recess of more than half a year. The subject chosen for this evening's lecture, was not so interesting to the general student as those we have frequently heard discussed on similar occasions in the theatre of this Institution, but some important information was nevertheless afforded, which the manufacturer may find extremely useful in the art of refining the precious metals. Mr. Brande addressed the members and their friends, on a recent process for separating gold from the silver of commerce, and silver from the gold, as commonly imported. Gold, whether brought to this country in bars or in specie, generally contains a considerable quantity of silver, and silver, a minute portion of gold. The old method of separating the one from the other, was by the use of nitric acid, but that being very expensive, sulphuric acid has of late been used for the same purpose

with great advantage. The result is, that if a pound of silver contains only 3 or 4 grains of gold, the gold may be separated with pecuniary advantage.

The gold coin of this kingdom formerly contained a large portion of silver, which accounts for the light colour of the old guineas, and the sovereigns of George III. and George IV. of 1821. In the present coinage, the silver is extracted, and the alloy consists entirely of copper.

This process of refining gold and silver, by the use of sulphuric acid, was discovered in France some years ago, and successfully practised in that country some time before it was performed in England, because the fluctuating value of silver, with respect to gold, in our own country, rendered the operation precarious as to profit. The Professor suggested an improvement worthy the attention of the manufacturer, in devising a method of condensing certain portions of sulphurous acid, which, during this process, are suffered to escape in gas.

### ROYAL SOCIETY.

Jan. 26.—John William Lubbock, Esq., Vice President and Treasurer, in the Chair.—The Rev. William Ritchie's paper was resumed, but not concluded. It was entitled 'On Voltaic Electricity.'

### ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

THE College will resume their evening meetings, for the season, on Monday the 27th of February. A meeting will be held on the last Monday of each successive month, until the end of June.

### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

|          |                                      |             |
|----------|--------------------------------------|-------------|
| MONDAY.  | Medical Society .....                | Eight, P.M. |
| TUESDAY. | Institution of Civil Engineers ..... | Eight, P.M. |
| WEDNES.  | Geological Society .....             | p. 8, P.M.  |
|          | Royal Society of Literature .....    | Three, P.M. |
| THURSD.  | Society of Arts .....                | p. 7, P.M.  |
|          | Royal Society .....                  | p. 8, P.M.  |
| FRIDAY.  | Society of Antiquaries .....         | Eight, P.M. |
|          | Zoological Society .....             | Three, P.M. |
| SATURD.  | Royal Institution .....              | p. 8, P.M.  |
|          | Royal Asiatic Society .....          | Two, P.M.   |
|          | Westminster Medical Society ..       | Eight, P.M. |

### MUSIC

*Twenty-four Progressive Solfege for a Soprano, Tenor, and Baritone Voice.* By F. Gladstones. Lea, Strand.

THESE exercises, which are not too elaborate for students, contain much variety of style, and the accompaniments are tastefully arranged to assist the singer and heighten the general effect of the music. A strange omission, however, must strike every one,—viz. that there are neither words nor syllables for the singer to pronounce; therefore, we must suppose that they are intended to be *hummed!* The monosyllable *la* is adopted by some; the names of the notes, *do, re, mi, &c.* are insisted upon as most useful by other masters; which of the two methods is approved of by Mr. Gladstones, we are unable to divine. The omission corrected, these *solfege* will be found generally useful.

*The Vacant Chair: a Ballad,* by T. H. Bayly, Esq. Keith & Co.

THE muse of Mr. T. H. Bayly is vastly prolific. Here is another sentimental ditty, poetry and music at one delivery. Of the music, it is "*la meilleure d'un genre qui n'est pas le mieux*," with only the tonic, subdominant, and dominant harmony. Poets had better trust to musicians than to their own musical skill.



## THEATRICALS

## DRURY LANE.

AN original domestic drama in two acts, from the pen and (we presume) ink of Mr. Jerrold, was acted here on Wednesday. The conception of it we consider very good, and deserving of high praise, but there are partial failures in the execution, which it is our duty to notice. Disagreeable as this duty is, when a piece has been received with acclamation by the audience, and generally praised by the papers, we proceed to it with less hesitation, because, in the present instance, the merits greatly overbalance the defects, and because Mr. Jerrold evinces sufficient power and imagination, as an original writer, to make us anxious to see his attention drawn to a more close adherence to probability. The story is founded on Wilkie's celebrated picture of 'The Rent Day,' and the piece opens with a very interesting and effective realization of that beautiful work of art; the first act closing with another, of the 'Distraint for Rent,' by the same artist. There is little to object to in this act, and a great deal of strong interest is awakened. In the second act, Mr. Jerrold seems to have been somewhat hampered with the number of characters he has introduced, and although still stronger effects are produced in it, they are brought about so suddenly, and with so little an observance of likelihood, that the charm was to us broken. For instance, the farmer, *Martin Heywood* (Mr. Wallack), who has been living for years on the best terms with his wife, and in the habit of considering her a pattern of all that is correct, casts her off at a moment's notice, and without choosing to hear one syllable of explanation from her, upon the simple assertion of a low sharper and house-breaker. She becomes in an instant all that is bad; he even seems to be in some doubt as to whether it would not be proper for him to kill her; and, at all events, he determines to leave her for ever, and takes a passage for America. Nothing occurs to shake his determination until the end, when, upon a servant stating that he overheard the aforesaid sharper admit that he had told a lie, he rushes to his injured wife and asks her pardon. This is monstrous and altogether unnatural; and it is the more to be regretted, because an effect, which is good and powerful in itself, might have been brought about in twenty better ways. We have generally seen much to commend in Mr. Jerrold's dramatic productions; his principal faults are a want of stage tact, and an affectation of the Shakspearian style of writing, by which he constantly gets out of his depth, and falls into an impenetrable obscurity. These faults were in a great measure laid aside in his late production, called 'The Bride of Ludgate,' but in 'The Rent Day,' we are sorry to observe that they are resumed. We have also some very prosy disquisitions upon the Slave Trade—Emigration—the Game Laws, and sundry other Parliamentary topics, which had better been left to be discussed "in another place." Such are our objections to 'The Rent Day,' and we lament to have them to make, because it seems to have only just missed being one of the cleverest of modern productions. If anything were wanting beside our own feeling to convince us that we are right in our estimate, it would be supplied by the acting of Mr. Wallack, in a part peculiarly suited to him. He played admirably well, but his acting was evidently forced, from his being obliged, at a moment's notice, to throw himself into extremes of feeling, without having had reason or opportunity for working himself up to them. We trust that the author will take what we have said, as it is meant, in good part; that he will ask himself if he cannot discover the reasonableness of our objections, rather than tax us with a groundless cavilling, at a piece

which has been stamped with public approbation; and that he will enable us, the next time he writes, to join, as we shall be happy to do, heart and pen in his praise. We are fully awake to the merits of his present drama, which are unquestionably numerous. The acting on all hands was good, but we are half-inclined to think Mr. Bedford's personation of the villain, *Hyssop*, the best of all. We expect and hope that 'The Rent Day' will draw money to the treasury, for which we undertake that the management will continue to find room, notwithstanding the "nightly overflows."

## COVENT GARDEN.

THERE was a mistake in the Covent Garden play-bill a few days ago, which we wish had been "no mistake." Mr. Kemble was announced for *Joseph Surface*, instead of *Joseph's* brother, and his own namesake *Charles*. "Let well alone," is an old, good, and, generally speaking, safe maxim; but, like every other rule, it has its exception, or we could never wish to disturb Mr. Kemble's excellent personation of the latter character in the 'School for Scandal.' Masterly, however, as within the period of our memory, this has ever been, we wish he would resign it, if but for a short time, to less able hands. *Charles Surface* is a very important personage in the play, but, to our apprehension, not so much so as his brother *Joseph*. We may be wrong, but, right or wrong, we always say what we think; and, therefore, in this instance we say we think so, and, moreover, we think that Sheridan thought so. Any actor, young, good-looking, gentlemanly, and with a flow of animal spirits, might give us *Charles Surface*, if not with that union of richness and delicacy which characterizes Mr. Kemble's representation, at least with good emphasis and discretion—but it is otherwise with *Joseph*, whose repulsive attributes make it the more necessary, that what few attractions he possesses should be apparent in a tenfold ratio. Mr. Warde, who plays it at one house, is a clever actor, and Mr. Macready, who represents it at the other, is a cleverer: but neither the one nor the other is more like *Joseph Surface* than I (we beg pardon, *we*.) to Hercules; while Mr. Kemble has, by nature and by art, every leading requisite for the part. Pray then, Mr. Kemble, oblige us—if, as we have already said, but for a short time—by adopting the character; and our firm conviction is, that the public will share largely in the gratification which we shall feel at the success of our appeal.

## ADELPHI THEATRE.

THE race which we announced as about to take place, between majors and minors, for the opera of 'Robert le Diable,' has been decided, as to order of priority, in favour of the Adelphi. The order of merit must stand over to be adjudged—not to the swiftest, but to the most worthy. The piece produced at this house, on Monday last, under the title of 'Robert le Diable, the Devil's Son,' is the opera of Meyerbeer, without the music, which we take to be the converse of the proposition of the Irishman's apple-pie, made of all quinces. We have had a whole row of dramas upon the same principle, as, for example, the 'Freischütz,' 'The Bottle Imp,' *cum multis aliis quæ nunc, &c.* Some gentleman, in order to gain his ends upon earth, enlists in the "Devil's Own," and takes the bounty. When the time arrives for him to serve, his heart fails him, and he is anxious to find a substitute; all his endeavours fail, and he is obliged to stand fire himself. This is the plot, and, with variations as to time, place, and persons, the pieces are all substantially the same. 'Robert le Diable' is, perhaps, the dullest of the party as to subject, as appears to us from a perusal of the original; still, Scribe and Meyerbeer are great names, and we therefore have

only to hope, that the "sweetness" of the former has not been wasted upon "desert airs." We have been told, that when this opera was first written, it was found that it would occupy seven hours in representation. Even after much cutting, it, we believe, took nearly six hours. What the music may be, we know not; but we can only say, that it must be something very extraordinary indeed if it is sufficiently good to compensate for the spinning out of so threadbare a subject to even half of the last-mentioned time. The scene which excited most attention in the original, was one which represents a church-yard, wherein are interred, or rather, whereon are laid out, the mortal remains of some fifty frail sisters. To this interesting spot comes *Duke Robert* of Normandy to gather the "mystic branch." The Duke is preceded by the Fiend, who wishes to change places with him, and who charges the bodies of the aforesaid sisters, in the event of the Duke's courage failing him, to resume for a time their earthly forms, and lure him on to his fate. This proceeding is found necessary: the grave clothes are cast aside, and the nuns appear in the only other garment which, on leaving the world, they were allowed to take with them. This might be all very well with a French audience, who are not squeamish in these matters, and who are liberal enough to make allowance for an author who is driven to such shifts; but here, after due deliberation, and, no doubt, one or two *undress* rehearsals, the project was laid aside, and the ladies' clothes were not. The dead nuns, in short, change to live Bacchantes. Those who are satisfied with powerful effects, without caring to inquire what are the causes which produce them, will be much amused by this piece as represented at the Adelphi. The scene we have spoken of is admirably managed, and concludes, after the nuns have again become dead, with a most terrific grouping of the whole ghastly party, and a general sinking of the performers and the stage. Two other scenes, consisting of *tableaux vivans*, most beautifully arranged, were generally admired, and greatly applauded. The piece is well worth seeing for these alone. The difficulties presented by the smallness of the space are cleverly surmounted, and effects are produced which must be seen to be believed. The stage takes to pieces like a child's map; and the whole, a half, a quarter, an eighth, a sixteenth, or any smaller fractional part, seems to be withdrawn and replaced at pleasure. Mr. Yates had the only good part, and he played it and looked it well; Mrs. Yates, Mr. Reeve, and the others, all did the best they had an opportunity of doing. Two pieces only of Meyerbeer's music were introduced—a glee, with a singular drum accompaniment, and a song given to Mrs. Fitzwilliam. Neither was so executed as to make it at all fair to venture upon an opinion as to its merits. The House was crowded, and general satisfaction was loudly testified.

## NEW STRAND THEATRE.

THIS little theatre, under the management of Mr. Rayner, opened on Thursday night. We hear that a licence was applied for and refused, and even that a notice was sent from the Chamberlain's Office, warning the management to open *suo periculo*. In the present state of the law, it was somewhat bold of Mr. Rayner, thus to take the bull by the horns; but, we suppose, he calculates upon taking John Bull by the horns, and if he succeeds in that, his ends may possibly be answered. We are not able to give an account of the performances, for, to say the truth, we had heard that it was intended to put a forcible stop to the proceedings of the evening; and as our business lies exclusively with theatricals, we had no mind to run the risk of being turned out of the theatre, and into a Bow Street reporter. If all should remain quiet, we

will venture in shortly, and tell our readers something about it next week. In the mean time, we are a general friend to theatres, and wish this all the success it shall be proved to deserve, hoping that the little undertaking will have no disagreeable overtaking. It is somewhat worthy of remark, by quiet and disinterested by-standers, that while Covent Garden and Drury Lane are continually complaining of the encroachments of the minors, and asserting that they are ruined by them, the bills of both houses should be daily asserting, that they are nightly crowded to overflowing. Of course neither of these statements is a what-you-may-call-em, and yet both cannot be true.

## MISCELLANEA

**Mr. Heath's Pictures and Drawings.**—This collection was sold yesterday by Mr. Sotheby, and, notwithstanding the badness of the times, there was a briskness in the bidding, which proved that our modern School of Art is justly appreciated. The principal lot was the collection of drawings by J. M. Wright, for the illustration of Shakspeare, in thirty-seven pieces, which brought 146*l.*; Miss Louisa Sharpe's 'Juliet,' brought 37*l.* 16*s.*; Chalon's drawing of 'Hotspur and his wife,' 16*l.* 5*s.* 6*d.*; Stothard's scene from 'Boccaccio,' 12*l.* 12*s.*; and his 'Alfred in the Danish Camp,' 14*l.* 14*s.*; a delightful little gem by Smirke of 'Singing,' brought 17*l.*, and another of 'Listening,' 11*l.* 11*s.*; a charming 'Sketch near Venice,' by Bonington, 22*l.*; Howard's 'Swiss Peasant and Child,' 25*l.* 10*s.* We could not stay the conclusion of the sale, and there remained a large collection of the paintings and drawings of Martin, with some lovely specimens by Stothard in oil.

**Audubon, the celebrated Ornithologist.**—We perceive, by the accounts just arrived from America, that this eminent naturalist is eagerly pursuing those researches, for the prosecution of which, with a view to the completion of his great work, 'The Birds of America,' he has revisited the United States. Our last news left him in South Carolina, where his labours had been active and successful;—from them we understand, he proceeds southward, to examine anew the vast repositories of animal life which lie on the shores of the Gulf of Mexico. The Americans seem justly proud of their distinguished countryman:—the numbers of their numerous scientific bodies, and the authorities of Washington, appear to have vied with each other, in testifying their esteem for his talents, and in furthering the objects of his visit. We hear that he will remain some months longer in America.

"That is a huge shark," exclaimed our boatswain, as not far distant from the Western Islands homeward bound, we saw one of that species called by sailors the 'bone shark'—and "must be related," he continued, "to that one we saw in the Straits of St. Bernardin, near Manila." "I know not how that may be," exclaimed another of the nautical species, who had drawn up alongside the boatswain, "but if he be at all related, the relationship is very distant."

**Wax from Poplar-flowers.**—A land-owner in Flanders is said to have succeeded in obtaining a considerable quantity of wax, by putting the flowers of the poplar-tree into bags, and submitting them to pressure. The wax is of good quality, and has an agreeable perfume. So remarkable an experiment is worth repeating.

**Population of New York in 1731 and 1831.**—A copy of the census of the city of New York, taken in the year 1731, a hundred years ago.—The rapid advance of the city in population, in the course of a century, is an interesting sub-

ject of consideration. The number of inhabitants at that time was 8,622;—it is now more than 200,000. The number of white inhabitants in 1731 was 7045 only; now there are 192,652.—Census taken by order of Rip Vandom, Esq., President of the Province of New York. Henry Beekman, Esq., Sheriff.

|                        |       |
|------------------------|-------|
| 1731—White Males . . . | 3771  |
| White Females . . .    | 3274  |
|                        | —7045 |
| Black Males . . .      | 785   |
| Black Females . . .    | 792   |
|                        | —1577 |
|                        | 8622  |

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

| Days of Week. | Thermom. Max. Min. | Barometer. Noon. | Winds. | Weather. |
|---------------|--------------------|------------------|--------|----------|
| Th. 19        | 42 27              | 30.32            | Var.   | Cloudy.  |
| Fr. 20        | 40 36              | 30.10            | S.W.   | Ditto.   |
| Sat. 21       | 44 30              | Stat.            | S.W.   | Ditto.   |
| Sun. 22       | 41 40              | Stat.            | S.W.   | Ditto.   |
| Mon. 23       | 44 32              | 30.15            | S.     | Ditto.   |
| Tues. 24      | 47 34              | 30.05            | S.W.   | Clear.   |
| Wed. 25       | 48 30              | 29.75            | S.W.   | Ditto.   |

*Prevailing Clouds.*—Cirrostratus.  
Nights fair; Mornings fair, excepting Tuesday.  
Mean temperature of the week, 37° 5'. Increase of day on Wednesday, 58 min.

## NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

**Forthcoming.**—In a few days, Rodolph, a Dramatic Fragment.

Stanzas in Continuation of Don Juan, &c.

A Treatise on the Rules of Construction of Deeds, Wills, and other Documents of Title to Lands, by Mr. R. G. Hall.

The Records of a Good Man's Life, by the Rev. Charles B. Taylor, M.A.

Picture Melodies, being Illustrations, Musical and Poetical, of several of our National Pictures.

Songs for Sunday Evenings.

Songs of the Exclusives, being a Sequel to the Songs of Almack's.

Lectures on the Dispensations of God with Adam, by the Rev. Ralph Wardle, Thatcham, Berks.

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**Just published.**—Lord Leveson Gower's Catherine of Cleves, a Tragedy, 8vo. 8*s.*—Library of Useful Knowledge, Natural Philosophy, Vol. 2, 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*—The Prophetic Blessings of Jacob and Moses respecting the Twelve Tribes of Israel, 12mo. 3*s.*—Hall on Regeneration and Baptism Considered, 12mo. 5*s.* 6*d.*—Ives's Sermons, 12mo. 6*s.*—Mure's Dissertation on the Calendar and Zodiac of Ancient Egypt, 8vo. 9*s.*—The Member, an Autobiography, by the Author of *Yareshire Legatees*, 12mo. 8*s.*—Hughes's Divines, No. 21, Fawcett & Powell complete, sm. 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*—Valpy's Classical Library, No. 26, Plutarch, Vol. 4, 18mo. 4*s.* 6*d.*—Sir Ralph Esher, 3 vols. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*—Frankland's Visit to the Courts of Russia and Sweden, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 8*s.*—Entertainment for the Nursery, 18mo. 4*s.*—Standard Novels, No. 12, *Lee's Canterbury Tales*, 12mo. 6*s.*—Morton's Monastic Annals of Teviotdale, 4to. 2*l.* 2*s.*; l. p. 3*l.* 12*s.*—Seymour on Insanity, 8vo. 5*s.*—Hincks's Sermons, 8vo. 12*s.*—Probation, and other Tales, by the Author of *Selwyn*, &c. 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*—Phillips's Guide to the Thoughtful, 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*—Cobbin's English Vocabulary, 12mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*—Morrison's Pastor and Flock, 32mo. 1*s.* 6*d.*; silk, 2*s.* 6*d.*—Cobbin's Moral Fables and Parables, 32mo. 2*s.*

## TO CORRESPONDENTS

Thanks to J. G.—E. P.—J. E.—L. M. C.—M. R. S.—P.

The letter of H. L. C. requires consideration.—We regret that it is not in our power to answer the question of J. C. Sheffield.—W. A. will see a work on the subject announced in this day's paper.

Next week, 'Living Artists, No. 12, THOMAS PHILLIPS, R.A.'

**Erratum.**—In the advertisement of the 'Journal of a Tour through Styria, &c.' inserted last week, the author's name was printed *Tobbin*, instead of 'Tobin.'

It appears we were in error, in stating that Mr. Harris, whose songs were reviewed in No. 219, was choruser-master at Drury Lane.

## ADVERTISEMENTS

D. A. Talboys, Oxford; and Whittaker and Co. London.  
**AN ADDRESS to a CHRISTIAN CONGREGATION, on the Approach of the CHOLERA MORBUS,** by the Rev. W. SEWELL, M.A. Fellow and Tutor of Exeter College, Oxford, and Chaplain of Carisbrooke Castle. 8vo. 1*s.* 6*d.*

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**THE FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW.**  
No. XVII. will be published on Monday, the 30th instant.  
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**THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.**  
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The Number for February contains a graphic Sketch of ANTI-RADICAL, with an Ode to SIR CHARLES WETHERELL. The Contents are—

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# THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 223.

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PRICE  
FOURPENCE.

In compliance with the desire of many well-informed persons, to extend as much as possible the diffusion of General Literature and Useful Knowledge, this Paper has been REDUCED IN PRICE from *Eightpence* to *FOURPENCE*, at which rate *all the previous Numbers* may now be had.

## REVIEWS

*Britain's Historical Drama: a Series of National Tragedies.* By J. F. Pennie. London, 1832. Maunder.

WE cordially agree with Mr. Pennie, that "the attempt to excite a due regard and taste for our national antiquities, and to scatter the flowers of poetry on the dark and rugged fragments of other ages, however imperfectly executed, is at least praiseworthy, and merits encouragement rather than reprehension." We as cordially sympathize in his earnest deprecation of the "old Roman affectation and shallow cant, which ignorantly pretend to cast the disgrace of savage barbarity on the ancient Britons"; and in his equally earnest estimation of the Anglo-Saxon literature and remains. We admire, too, the spirit, patience, and knowledge which Mr. Pennie has brought to his task—a task which he would not have failed in accomplishing, had he written his chronicles in prose. To illustrate "by tragedies the manners, customs, and religious institutions of different early eras in Britain," demands more than "labour of research": it would require a high degree of philosophic and poetic conception, in union with dramatic tact and talent. Copious stage directions, as to costume and position, will not stamp identity on the *dramatis personæ*; and amidst descriptions of scenery, given with antiquarian accuracy, we may feel that the characters themselves are modern; their language, prejudices, and knowledge, the growth of the present century. It is not easy to cast a character in the mould of any age but our own: the heroes of most authors are, however designated or disguised, rarely other than the author's contemporaries: it is far easier to show passions and prejudices in their essential similarity, than in the modifications which they derive from peculiar eras. A suit of splendid armour and a bald head will not present us with a Cæsar, or a plumed hat a *Henri Quatre*. To delineate strikingly the leading minds of any period, requires a well-digested knowledge of the entire period itself; and even this knowledge is not sufficient: we still want the grand power, that of poetic conception—the grasp, the vision, and the tongue of the poet—the inspiration, or, to speak less vaguely, the imagination which "draws all things to one"—which impersonates the dead oblivious past, and breathes into it the breath of life, loveliness, and truth—the

Pard-like spirit beautiful and swift.

Now, it is in this that the 'National Tragedies' are deficient: we look for evoked minds, and are met by lists of names; we desire evidence of the motives, feelings, impressions, *character*, of the mighty ones brought before us; and we have speeches

and descriptions—good speeches enough, and sufficiently well-wrought descriptions; but speeches and descriptions that, like the moveable heads of certain pasteboard toys, would suit any body. We miss the centurion spirit of the poet that treats the passions as servants; saying to this, "Come, and he cometh; and to another, Go, and he goeth; and to another, Do this, and he doeth it." We look in vain for one of those scenes, lines, or epithets, which individualize persons and places in an instant—which flash upon the "inward eye" with the bright directness of light, and cling to the memory as with roots and fibres. It is not fair to speak to any modern tragedian of Shakspeare; but we would remind Mr. Pennie of two dramas laid in one of "Britain's early eras," and in which, with very little adventitious description, the reader is made to feel that the characters lived and moved under auspices widely different from our own; in which, too, there are several splendid instances of the life-giving power of a solitary phrase. We allude to Mrs. Joanna Baillie's 'Ethwald'; and would especially specify the embryo usurper's impatient question on hearing the chief mentioned who delivered his country—

And did they crown him then?—

also, Bertha's picture of the wandering clown, who sits in the court-yard weaving osiers, as admirable instances of what we mean. But Mr. Pennie's 'Dramas' have merit, though not of the kind peculiarly desired by him. The first, 'Arixina,' is, to our taste, the best, and may be read with interest. It contains two effective points—one where the Arch-Druid discovers, and dooms to be sacrificed, the child of the high-priestess, whose relationship to the boy involves, if proved, her own sacrifice; and the other, where the British prince discovers, on his bridal day, that Claudia, to obtain him, has murdered her Roman husband. We give a specimen of the style of the book:—

*Arch Druid.* By great Bell,  
There is some fatal mystery in this!  
Th' High Priestess raves! Take her, ye virgins! hence.  
*Arixina.* No, no, I'll never leave thee while I've strength

Thus, thus to hold thee fast, till thou hast given  
That infant to these arms.

*Arch Druid.* Give him to thee!  
Wouldst thou defile the sun's most holy rites  
With earthly feelings of a mother's love?  
Shall these pure virgins see upon the bosom  
Of their high-priestess nursed, a child, and hear  
Her call him son? O, infamy accursed!  
He shall this instant die!

*Art.* O, take my life  
For his!—I'll be the bleeding sacrifice—  
I will not let thee go: thus to thy knees  
I cling for mercy—let me for him die:  
I'll be a willing victim to that god  
Before whose fire I minister, so thou  
Wilt bid that infant live.

*Arch Druid.* Thou for him die?  
*Art.* (unguardedly flinging back her veil.)  
Aye, in this bosom plunge to life's deep core  
The blood-stained knife of death!—burn me alive

Amid yon sparkling flames; but spare, O spare  
This innocent child!

*Uthyr* (shrieks at seeing Arixina).

Ah, mother! mother!  
Save me, O save me from these dreadful men!  
All the characters, with astonishment and terror.  
Mother!

*Arch Druid.* Pollution! infamy! and horror!  
*Art.* No, no! I'm not his mother! No, ye chiefs!

Ye kings! ye awful ministers of heaven!  
He is no son of mine!—torments and racks!

I know him not!—Distraction, hell, and darkness!

*Uthyr.* O! yes, you are my mother: dearest mother!  
Save me, and take me, as you used to do,  
With kisses to your bosom.

*Art.* Ah! believe him not!

'Tis false! the flames of hell are blazing round me—  
Guilt adds to guilt: these are the fruits of crime!

Where can I turn for mercy! (Aside.)

*Arch Druid* (about to give the boy to the sacrificer).

Bear him hence

To instant death!

*Art.* Off! touch him not! he is

A prince's son. Come to these arms, my child!

(Snatching Uthyr from the Arch Druid.)

Alas! my boy! thou hast declared the truth—  
I'll perish with my son.

There are in this volume many minor faults, which, apart from the general deficiency of poetry, it would require little trouble to remedy; but we do not mention them, trusting that Mr. Pennie will bring his knowledge and ability to the composition of *prose*, in which we shall be happy to meet him. Meanwhile, we are glad that the patronage of the King, and a noble list of subscribers, ensure his present laborious effort from substantial disappointment. The most poetical portions of the work are the 'Bardic Chaunts.'

*Travels in the Brazil, by Command of Maximilian Joseph, King of Bavaria, &c.* By the late Dr. J. B. Von Spix, and Dr. C. F. P. Von Martins. 3rd and last vol. Munich, 1831.

THE third volume of Spix and Martins' 'Travels in the Brazil,' which has recently left the Munich press, is replete with novelty of detail and scientific research. It is illustrated by seven charts, and two plates of miscellaneous drawings from nature, and contains the result of the travellers' voyage up the great river of Amazons, to its entrance at the borders of what has hitherto been termed the Spanish Brazil, as well as some account of partial explorings along the three tributary streams, the Yapurá, Rio Negro, and Madeira. Nearly a century has elapsed since these regions were visited by any member of the scientific world; therefore a comparison of the present volume with Condamine's report in 1743, will enable the inquiring reader to appreciate the changes, which have occurred in this quarter of the New World since his times. Having said thus much on the contents of the volume, we shall proceed to translate such passages from it, as are most likely to interest the general reader.

Whilst at Pará, the "white ant" was the occasion of a singular annoyance to the travellers—

"A feeling of unpleasant chill, which ex-

tended right across our bodies, awoke us one night. We felt about us in the dark, and discovered a cold greasy-feeling mass, swarming onwards across the bed. It was formed by a myriad train of Termites, and the linear space, which they occupied, running upon and against each other at all points, was eighteen inches wide. They followed their beat in a straight line, without suffering themselves to be disturbed by the fate of those who preceded them, and had been killed by the application of hot water. There was no end to the march of these insects until break of day, by which time the slain had accumulated to a large basket-full. Fortunately, they found nothing in the apartment which could attract their voracity; some oil-paintings only had been stripped of their colours and canvas."

Whilst in the same town, Dr. Martins enjoyed an opportunity of witnessing the "Oro-ruca," which occurs at spring-tides, and is ascribed, by the credulous Indian, to the malignity of the evil spirit.

"Thirty minutes after one o'clock, in the afternoon," says Dr. Martins, "I heard a tremendous roar, like the thunder of a mighty waterfall; I turned aside; and a quarter of an hour afterwards a lofty wave of water, fifteen feet high, made its appearance; it stretched across the entire breadth of the river, and rolled onwards with great rapidity, the waves thrown from the summit being instantly replaced by the swell behind. The tumult occasioned by its first onset had scarce subsided, when the waters again collected into a rampart, reared themselves aloft with frightful clatter, and, shaking the affrighted banks to their very foundations, rushed up the river in the shape of a wall of billows. This appearance was the operation of half-an-hour."

This phenomenon, we must observe, is not peculiar to the Amazons; it occurs in many other rivers; the *Lynn Bore* is well known; and Heber gives a similar account of the sudden rise of the Ganges. The rushing of the Oro-ruca, or Pororoca, may however deserve a few more words. It is heard at a distance of four or five miles; and the velocity with which the wave forces itself up the river causes it to overturn everything in its course: in some places large portions of the banks are seen hurried along by it, and also trees of a considerable size which have been torn up by their roots. It has been observed, that it is only in those parts of the river where the channel is narrow and impeded by sand banks that this phenomenon prevails. The ravages of the tides on this part of the South American coast, assisted, no doubt, by the current produced by the trade winds, are very great; and the coast undergoes great changes, by portions of the shore, which are matted together by mangroves, being swept away to a distant part. Instances of this are common, and may, in some degree, account for the extreme shallowness of this part of the ocean.

In ascending to the mouth of the Xingu, which flows from the south, and falls into the Amazon, the travellers "encountered heaps of floating timber, on which animals of various species had taken their seats. Here were storks reclining by the side of apes, and squirrels aside of ducks; nay, there was a trunk of cedar, on which an enormous crocodile had a tiger-cat for his neighbour; each was eyeing the other with a suspicious leer, though the crocodile appeared to make quite sure of his future prize."

It seems that the natives hunt the fish, with which this stream abounds beyond all prece-

dent, with spear and arrow. "They have likewise another weapon—the milky juice of a tree, for which the fish have a dainty palate, and with which the Indians poison the water."

The result of the most diligent inquiries, which Dr. Martins and his companions could make, has been to convince them, that all the accounts we have of the far-famed race of Amazons, are a pure invention. At Ocellana, on the Xingu, which is said to have been their chosen seat, the party were enabled to form an acquaintance with a wandering tribe of "Muras Indians":—

"In no quarter," says their narrative, "did we find the wretched condition of the American savage so melancholy and loathsome. Everything betokened, that even the first of nature's wants are satisfied in a way very little removed from that of the brute creation. Their hut, constructed of short trunks of trees, and covered with rushes and palm-leaves, is furnished with a low doorway, which serves also for window and chimney, and is scarcely longer than a swinging mat, made from the peeled bark of a tree. They had no household gear whatever: the female was quite as sparingly clad as her husband and children; the expression of their countenances was wild, fitful, and disgusting; and even a sense of freedom did not suffice to lend a smile to a breadth of features, haggard and overshadowed with heaps of flowing tresses. Every one of their women bore, both in their faces and on their bodies, the traces of brutal treatment. In person, they were broad-moulded, extremely fleshy, and of middling stature; their complexion was generally a deep brown; they had scarcely any hair except upon the head, but in the male, it was discernible on the upper lip; and he rendered his gloomy physiognomy still more terrific, by the insertion of three immense hog's-teeth into his upper and nether lips. They prepare a species of tobacco, which, on the occasion of a festival, is blown into the nostrils by means of hollowed bones, and produces temporary insanity, as well as brutal drunkenness; but this is after the men have interchanged tokens of amity, by scourging themselves in pairs with leathern straps, until their very blood gushes out. It is difficult to discover any motive for this practice. \* \* \* Whilst among these Indians, we had an opportunity of observing that the custom of eating earth really exists; clay is the substance used, in conjunction with the Mandioca or fish; it is introduced as a supplementary dish. We were told, that this custom is widely prevalent; and the only reason, which could be given for it was, that it was comfortable to the stomach."

On the Barra, that portion of the Amazons which flows above the mouth of the Rio Negro, and is known by the Portuguese under the name of the "Solimoes," settlements of the Muras Indians were again discovered. "They collected in numbers, with the hope of purchasing brandy, and, as soon as the moon had risen, began their dances and singing; for this purpose, they formed a large circle, the men placing themselves on one side, and the women and children on the other." The danso-mania equally infected the Indians who accompanied the travellers; and their bacchanalian orgies lasted till morning. There is not much of poetry in their songs; with the men it was, "I'm a handsome de'il,—who will share my weal?" To which the women responded, "You are a handsome de'il—all women will share your weal." This question and answer were reiterated, with wild monotony, for hours together."

How singular is the ingenuity, with which nature has endued some animals:—

"In the months of October and November, the tortoises collect in innumerable hosts from the adjacent lakes, for the purpose of depositing their eggs on the islands of sand, which stud the river. The site is first selected by a few individuals, who examine whether there be a sufficient depth of dry sand, and then return to the main body. When all is right, the business of laying the eggs begins. At night, and particularly when there is moonlight, one troop issues out of the stream after another. The females form a row in the middle, and their far less numerous, and more diminutive spouses walk beside them for their protection. A dark, moving mass now invests the sheet of sand, and the creatures move backwards and forwards with so much rapidity, that the rustling of their shells sounds, amidst the stillness of night, like the rattling of carriages at a considerable distance. The sandy plain is swiftly ploughed up, and the dust it occasions, obscures the horizon. Each female lays about a hundred eggs, after which operation, she covers the furrow with dry sand; and as soon as the sun is risen, the whole swarm hie back to the covert of the stream."

We here close our translations from this valuable and interesting work, safely commending it, even in these days of all-absorbing and all-devouring politics, which have nearly borne science and literature to their grave, unto the hands of the same careful translator, who has already "rendered the two preceding volumes into faithful English."

*Probation, and other Tales.* By the Author of 'Selwyn in search of a Daughter.' Edinburgh, 1832. Adam Black.

THIS is the age of Tales, and yet every new work of that nature convinces us more and more that a clear and well-put-together story is no easy affair. "To bear is to conquer our fate," says the riddling motto of this book: we have borne, but we are not sure that we have conquered; we have read, as we shall presently show, the chief story with much patience from beginning to end; yet we are far from certain of having mastered all the secrets of the narrative, or overcome all the dark spells which obscurity has cast in our way. We are concerned at this, for the volume is well written, exhibits considerable variety of character, contains many affecting and laughable incidents, and abounds in dramatic conversations.

The hero of 'Probation' is Edmund Meredith, a Londoner; and the story commences with his grandfather, a rich merchant, who, on losing his housekeeper, looks for a wife, whom he finds in the daughter of Mr. Stanley, one of the dependants on government. This lady the old man purchases by accepting her with a portion payable in yearly instalments; but her father dies off in a year or two—the annual payments perish with him—and her husband, conceiving that he died on purpose to defraud him of his daughter's portion, dislikes her accordingly, and extends his hatred to her only son, then a child. This is well and briefly related by the author:—

"The barter was concluded, and its broken-spirited victim handed over to her purchaser as coolly as the unconscious parchment ratifying the bargain. Jane had too little to lose by the change to resist when it would have availed her nothing. She guessed, if she did not wholly penetrate the compact; and when she saw her selfish father once more hold up his head in

boyish gaiety, tried to forget that her new companion was his senior.

"This poor consolation was not long afforded her. In defiance of the best calculations, Mr. Stanley died; and my grandfather, who always looked on the event as a fraudulent escape from his creditors, set himself to save off his daughter's scanty comforts the portion he had failed to realize. Jane cared little for this. She had always known privation, and habit had inured her to submission; and beside the cradle of an infant boy, she soon ceased to regret her father, or to dislike her husband.

"It was no wonder, however, if under such circumstances her whole soul centered in her child, or that she loved him all the better for resembling in no one point of feature or character his low-born and low-minded father. With the personal advantages of poor Mr. Stanley, he united, unfortunately, too much of his aristocratic improvidence of disposition; and all who saw the boy, high-spirited, bold and independent as he grew up, under even a tyrannical parent, doubted that father's power to tame the youthful spirit to his own plebeian level! 'Mr. Meredith may save himself the trouble' was the general remark; 'that boy will no more plod at a desk than a racer will grind in a mill! He is a gentleman and a soldier every inch of him, and it is a pity he should ever be anything else!'" p. 8-9.

Nor was the "general remark" far wrong. The offspring of this mercantile negotiation, when he grows up to manhood, dislikes the day-book and ledger—falls in love with, and marries, the pale, and hectic, and interesting Miss Aspinall—obtains a commission in the army—quarrels with his father, and finally sails with his wife and his son Edmund, the hero of this tale, to the East Indies. It can be guessed at once that our pale and hectic heroine is doomed to a short career. The climate of India compels her to think of England, and she embarks with her husband. On the voyage, however, on learning from an American captain—a class of men excelling in the art of spinning queer yarns—that a certain Dr. Aspinall, rich and single, resides in New York, and has no one to be his heir, she concludes that he is of her kindred, and on this supposition sails to America. A lady who undertook an expedition on such visionary grounds would be disappointed anywhere save in a novel: she has, however, an interview with the doctor—her claims to relationship are admitted by this pearl of the west—and she is entered in his will for a round sum. She then sails for England—a storm finds her near her native coast—the ship founders, and she perishes with her husband, leaving Edmund Meredith, the grandson of old seven per cent. of 'Change Alley, to the mercy of the raging sea, a hen-coop, and the kindness of Jack Norton, a sailor. The orphan boy escapes, and lives with his preserver—is compelled to become a sort of tumbling mendicant on the public road, to pick up halfpence from benevolent passengers, and is in a fair way of being regularly fed by a parish spoon, when a fortunate tumble on the road makes him acquainted with the second wife, newly become the widow, of his grandfather. This was a good sort of woman; she installs Edmund in her husband's fortune, on very indifferent testimony of his identity—introduces him to polished life, and then dies out of the way, that he may enjoy it as he chooses. He hardly knows what to do with his wealth—he gambles—turns horse-racer—and is on the point of ruin, when he sees an

advertisement for heirs to old Dr. Aspinall, the "yellow flower" of the American forests. As he is enjoying, in imagination, his good fortune, he discovers a claimant in Pauline Clitheroe, a blooming Canadian damsel—he gets into her company in the Manchester coach—saves her life at the expense of a broken arm—falls in love with her, and, after many vicissitudes of fortune, as well as hope, obtains her as his wife, through the interposition of a certain Scottish sibyl, Sydney Hume by name.

The abstract which we have made of this story is somewhat plain and straightforward; but in the original there are more loops than there are links in Forth; even the double-bowline hitch, which the wily Ulysses cast on the rope which fastened his sea-chest, is a running loop compared to the intricacies and involvements of 'Probation.' The chief charm of the story abides, in our opinion, with our old Scottish friend Mrs. Sydney Hume, who, at the age of seventy years or so, has so many attractions of person and mind and tongue, that she fairly outshines her more blooming companions. The Canadian mother of Pauline, too, has many touches of true nature in her character. We have marked many passages for quotation and praise, and a few for censure; but we must quit the book, though not without wishing to see the author again in a better-regulated story.

*The Privy Purse Expenses of King Henry the Eighth, from November 1529 to December 1532, with Introductory Remarks and Illustrative Notes.* By Nicholas Harris Nicolas, Esq. London, Pickering.

ALTHOUGH the volume before us cannot rank among the literary *novelties* of the day, we have yet no hesitation in claiming for it the reader's attention. It is the merit and advantage of works that throw light on obscure points of history, or contribute to illustrate the manners of our forefathers, that they are never out of date. As the two similar works, by Mr. Madden and the present writer, have so lately come under our notice, this volume, too, (although earlier in point of publication,) seems necessary to complete the series.

With the character of these Household Books, the reader has already, in our former reviews, been made acquainted—the volume before us yields to neither of the works lately noticed, in the light that it throws both on the general character of the times, and of the peculiar tastes and habits of the monarch. We have entries of payments for alms and for dice—pensions for priests and scholars, for jesters and court satellites—monies given "in rewarde" for taking traitors and for taking deer—for "the hermite of Deptforde, towarde the reparacion of hys chapell"—and for the keepers "of y<sup>e</sup> parke," toward making merry with their venison. We have also abundant proof in these pages how strongly attached was King Henry to all games of chance: there are innumerable entries specifying the various sums lost by the royal player, at cards, dice, shovel-board, and tennis; and these sums, although seldom very large, yet in the whole amount to 3243*l.* 5*s.* 10*d.* Henry, also, seems to have been partial to diversions, which now are confined to the lower classes: "I'm,

paied to the fellowe, w<sup>th</sup> the dauncing dogge, in rewarde," is one of the entries; and the "fellowe" received, at a period when the royal gardeners were allowed but 12*l.* per annum as their wages, the sum of twenty shillings! This "rewarde," disproportioned as it may appear, is, however, quite cast into shade by the liberality, or rather extravagance, of the following donation:—"Paied to one Dompe Peter Tremeain, *that dyd ryde two horses at once*, by waye of rewarde, C. coronas," that is, 23*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*! What might not have been Ducrow's good fortune, had he but lived three hundred years ago! The other entries consist mostly of payments for plate, jewellery, mercery, wines, and those dainties (chiefly fruits and confectionery) which, not being ranked among the general provisions for the royal table, were paid for from the privy purse.

In the former volumes, as well as in this, the entries under the last head afford much amusing information, on a subject on which singular misapprehension prevails. An anxiety to represent our forefathers, in regard to dress, furniture, and food, as little better than savages, is evident in the writings of the second and third-rate historians. Thus, the silly story that Catherine of Aragon, if she wished for a salad, was forced to send over to Flanders for one, duly finds a place in every popular history of England;—thus, too, the strange assertion, that most of the fruits now in use were not introduced here until the close of the seventeenth century, is reiterated in almost every work on horticulture. The incorrectness of both these statements is amply shown by numerous entries in each of these volumes. In the one now before us, "salad" is repeatedly mentioned as being brought by the king's gardeners from Richmond and Greenwich—lettuce is frequently mentioned—and artichokes, to which, from the numerous entries, it would appear that Henry was very partial. Many kinds of fruits are mentioned—grapes, peaches, apricots, quinces, and medlars, besides the more common sorts; and on one occasion a "rewarde" is given to the gardener at Hampton Court, for bringing to the "Kinges Grace" melons and cucumbers. As this is the only place where melons and cucumbers are mentioned, and as the date is October the 8th, it seems highly probable that they were newly introduced, and that some difficulty had been found in bringing them to perfection.

The opinion, that during the middle ages, our forefathers were almost destitute of fruit or vegetables, is very erroneous. That they were supplied to the extent, or with anything like the variety of the present day, is not to be maintained; but still, the diet of the middle and lower classes will be found not greatly to have varied from the days of the Plantagenets to the middle of the last century. In a very curious narrative of a monk, respecting the founding of (we believe) Fountain's Abbey, in the twelfth century, he tells us, that for the two or three first years, in consequence of the fewness of their cattle, they lived but badly; "still," said he, "we have bread and cheese, butter, and ale, and in time we shall have beef and mutton." This is the statement of the inmate of a *poor* convent, and his description of their provisions may therefore be well taken for that of the middle and

lower classes. He goes on to lament that the soil is too barren for a *vineyard*; but mentions that the garden is well supplied with pot-herbs. Of these he gives no description; but from nearly contemporary notices, we may place among them coleworts, onions, peas, beans, chervil, radishes, a vegetable called *poret*, which is considered to have been carrot, or perhaps beet, and the whole class of what are termed sweet herbs. There is a curious enumeration of many of these, in a passage of Pierce Plowman, where he laments that, having eaten up his old store of corn, and the present harvest being yet green, he can buy neither fowl, goose, nor pig, but must be content with curds, cream, two green cheeses, coleworts, peas, beans, and, worse than all to an Englishman, oat cakes and loaves of bean flower. An amusing paper might be written on the hatred, the absolute hatred, of our forefathers, to every species of bread, save that which was made of what they emphatically termed "clean wheat." Although Sir John Forster might boast that the courage of an Englishman was nourished by his beef and mutton, the bold yeomen of the middle ages would rather have assigned it to eating white bread; for to their minds, the old proverb of "changing the white loaf for the brown," spoke volumes of degradation and misery. The before-mentioned quotation from Pierce Plowman affords a strong illustration of the feelings, even of the lowest class, on this subject, in the reign of Edward the Third. He states, that when the new corn began to be sold, then

Woulde no beggar eat bread that in it beanes were,  
But of coket, and clemanyne, or else cleane wheate;  
Ne no halpenny ale, in no wise drynke;—

and he also tells us, that the labourers too, not merely had white bread, but that they altogether refused worts and bacon, and chose for dinner fresh meat, or else "fysh fried or baked." It is curious to observe how little, in the lapse of many centuries, the popular taste, in regard to articles of diet, has changed. White bread, *roasted* meat, rich puddings or pastry, are still as much the taste of the middle, and lower classes too, as in the days of Froissart, when he remarked, that while the French love everything in the form of potage, the Englishman thinks nothing of his meal, unless it consist of roast meat.

We have before remarked, that the common kinds of fruits were known here at a far earlier period than that commonly imagined. In a curious poem of Lydgate, called 'London Lykpeny,' he mentions strawberries and cherries as being cried about the streets. This was at the commencement of the 15th century. He also, in another poem, places, among "fruites whiche more comon be," quennings (probably quinces), peaches, costards (a general name for apples), and *wardens*—that favourite fruit of our forefathers, which was no other than our baking pear. But, however plentiful the more common kinds of fruit might be during the middle ages, still our forefathers seem to have looked upon them with a degree of suspicion, not even in the present day entirely unknown; and to have preferred fruits either dried or preserved, to those which could only be eaten in a fresh state. Thus, in the curious bills of fare, which the industry of Dr. Pegge and other antiquaries have preserved to us, we find numerous notices of quaint and elaborate

dishes, composed of warden-pears or quinces. The last-mentioned fruit, now so seldom seen, was, during the sixteenth century, so great a favourite, that quince pies, quince jelly, and quince marmalade, figure among the most common presents from the lady housewives of the court to Elizabeth of York, to Henry, and to his daughter Mary. Our limits will not admit their introduction, nor would our fair album-writing readers feel interested on the subject, else we could place before them sixteen recipes for various ways of preserving quinces only—recipes taken from that choice manual, the 'Ladies Delyghte,' and doubtless delighted in by some of the fairest dames and damsels of the court of Elizabeth. This strong partiality of our forefathers for preserved fruits, was probably the reason why, at so early a period, almonds and raisins, dates and figs, formed so extensive an article of commerce. Many a worthy housewife, when busied in preparing her Christmas pies, would be amazed to learn that her great great grandmother, of some four hundred years since, was engaged at the self-same period of the year, in the self-same occupation; yet so it was;—and in the list of "pontage dues," in 1305, for keeping in repair that bridge which in a few months longer will cease to be, we find, that for every hundred weight of almonds, a penny was to be paid; for every *frail* of figs and raisins, one halfpenny; and for every pound of dates, one farthing—dues which seem to prove that, even at that early period, these foreign fruits were far from being unattainable delicacies. Another entry in this list will awaken surprise in many of our readers—it is that of sugar. This most important article of modern domestic use, is here mentioned as subject to a duty of one penny the hundred weight; and as it is placed under the same head with liquorice, orpiment, and alum, it would seem to be no very uncommon luxury. Spices, too, were very early known, and were in great request. Cloves, cinnamon, and pepper are mentioned in the list before referred to, and are charged with the duty of two-pence on every hundred weight; mace is also mentioned; and from Chaucer we find that nutmegs were in common use. Indeed, in the culinary arrangements of our forefathers, spices held a far more prominent station than they do at the present day; while their preserves and confectionery were of the most delicate, as well as expensive kind. We need not say more on this subject to prove how little dependence can be placed on these views of the habits and manners of our ancestors during the middle ages, which find a place in the popular essays on the subject; or to show how important, as contributions towards the history of the progress of society, are volumes like the present.

*Letters of Eminent Men, addressed to Ralph Thoresby, F.R.S.; now first published from the originals. 2 vols. London, 1832. Colburn & Bentley.*

THESE volumes have come to hand too late for anything like a critical and careful examination. We shall, however, to gratify the reader's curiosity, extract one or two letters.

"From John Evelyn, Esq.

Berkley-street, December 31, 1698.

"Sir,—In acknowledgment of your courteous and instructive letter, this should sooner have

come to congratulate the recovery of your health, (for which I am heartily glad,) had not an indisposition of another nature (my often bleeding) with some other impediments, kept me from holding my head down to write so easily as I was wont to do. I have now (I thank God) been so free from that inconvenience for some days, that I take the first opportunity of writing to my friends again, among whom, give me leave to honour myself with the acquisition of one so obliging as Mr. Thoresby, to overlook and pass by the many defects of my rambling book; which, that you may no longer borrow from others, I would present you with a copy of, could I think it worth your acceptance.

"The medals which I speak of in miniature, were long since painted by a German virtuoso of Frankendale, and sent me to Paris by one who formerly kept the famous cabinet of the great Earl of Arundel, whom I mention. I have put them in frames, and covered them with glasses before them, and left them in my closet in the country, with all that I have of medals and valuables besides; but both which, either for number or consideration, come far short of what I find you are the possessor of. Those which you have relating to the English, (had I been so fortunate to have met with all here) would exceedingly have adorned and supplied those gaps which occur in that part of my book, as well as that where I mention what a curious person here has collected of heads and effigies; but which I believe is much inferior to yours. Of other prints, there are some of my acquaintance who have lately made very ample collection (since auctions have exposed the libraries of so many persons who were alike curious,) of the best masters' works; store of which, I doubt not but you must needs have found in those of my Lord Fairfax's, who, indeed, I have been told by one who was acquainted with Mr. Rushworth, (formerly his Lordship's secretary,) was a great lover of those diversions, even in the midst of his less innocent martial undertakings; and I am glad they happened to fall into your hands, before they were dissipated.

"As to letters and autographs of eminent and famous persons, I was once master of a glorious assembly by abundance of original papers, which a relation of mine, who had the disposal of the inventory of the Earl of Leicester, prime minister of state to Queen Elizabeth, made me a present of; among which were divers letters under the hands of the then Emperor, Kings of France, Spain, Denmark, Sweden; Electors, &c. and other potentates, ambassadors, &c. with sundry other original papers, relating to the weightiest matters of state then on foot; besides not a few I had gotten of most of the considerable in public employment during the reign of King James I., together with a great number of their seals; and was still augmenting, till the late Duke of Lauderdale, hearing I had some among them of the Maitlands, his ancestors, and others under the hand of Mary Queen of Scots, came to my house under pretence of a visit; but, indeed, to borrow the perusal of them for a few days, with promise to return them in a very short time; but, like a true Scotsman, never intending it: And for all the instances I could make, putting me off, till himself dying, his library was sold, and I bereaved of a treasure I greatly valued, and though I sought for them when the books were exposed, my papers would not be found. This, with what else I lost of what I lent Dr. Burnet, mentioned as received of me for his History of the Reformation (pretended to have been lost by the negligence of the printers,) did so break and interrupt my collection, that I easily parted with those few were yet left to a friend of mine in this town, who had begun to gather; but who (cautioned by my credulity) will not be so easily imposed upon. But thus, Sir, have I been de-

prived of being able to gratify that laudable design of your's, in which I wish you better success.

"The famous sculptor, Nanteuil, (celebrated by Monsieur Perrault) engraved my picture when I was a very young man; but this being now above forty years since, (*heu quanto mutatus!*) is no more me. The plate is still among my other trifles, and if there be any print of it remaining, for it is near thirty years since any were taken off, I will send you one when I come to them, which I fear I shall not be able to do till the summer, if God so long continue the life of, Sir,

"Your most humble servant,  
"J. EVELYN."

"From (Burnet) the Bishop of Salisbury.  
Salisbury, 6th June, 1690.

"Most Honoured Sir,—I am much beholding to my Lord Archbishop of York his Grace, for procuring me the acquaintance of so worthy and so ingenious person as you are, and I wish I may have opportunities given me to express the value I have for you, and my readiness to serve you. I thank you for the advertisement that you are pleased to give me concerning those Latin Bibles that you have consulted. That in octavo cannot be ancient, for it is not much above three hundred years since there were any Bibles written in that form. There are several ways of judging of the copies; by the vellum, the ink, the abbreviations, the way of pointing, the capital characters, and the point over the i, at first only a dash. So, unless the antiquity of your copies can be well fixed, no sure argument can be drawn from them. Howsoever, I thank you for your diligence and zeal. I wish I could at present gratify your desire about the writing of the blind woman;† but as yet I cannot, for I am rebuilding that part where my closet was, and by this means all my papers are now lying in much confusion. I have been seeing for it, but must let it alone at this time. Next time I come into the country, I will be more in order; and I hope I shall be able to gratify you in that small matter, but shall look for greater occasions to let you see how much I am, most honoured Sir,

"Your most humble and most obedient servant,  
"G. SARUM."

There is a pleasant conceit in the following letter.

"From Mr. Jonathan Priestley.  
Winteredge, Jan 12, 1707.

"Worthy Sir,—I write this to acquaint you that I think I can send you another parcel of papers that will please you, particularly a letter of the manner of my Lord Wharton's death, which was an euthanasia, i.e. an easy and comfortable death, which I wonder no one adds as an Appendix to the Reward of Charity in Turner, &c. It hath been my observation, that persons extraordinarily charitable, God hath frequently lengthened out their days to a great age, and vouchsafed them an easy passage out of this world: witness this worthy Lord, famous Mr. Gouge, who at eighty years of age died in his sleep; the present worthy Lady Hewly, whose life, I verily believe, the Lord continues to do good; the Lady Vere; the Lady Darcy of the north, so called,—the text at whose funeral was, 'In all places where this Gospel is preached shall be told what this woman hath done.' I could instance in many others: Bishop Usher, Sir Julius Cæsar, &c. but I shall not impose this my opinion upon any, but do think it is generally so. Charity in a twofold respect I find much commanded and commended in Scripture. Charity, that is love one to another, and charity to the distressed members of Christ, in-

somuch that the process at the great day seems to go upon it; yet little insisted upon by ministers, or practised by us, &c.

"Sir, I desire to know whether you have Dr. Sampson's and Mr. Woodcock's Collection of Remarkable Stories, which I would desire to see; and also request you to send Scarlet's epitaph, the Peterborough sexton, at large, wherein you will oblige,

"Your very friend,  
"JONATHAN PRIESTLEY."

*Geological Sketches and Glimpses of the Ancient Earth.* By Maria Hack. London, 1832. Harvey & Darton.

POSSESSED of a vigorous intellect, which has been actively employed in the acquisition of varied knowledge, and applied to the investigation of truth, Mrs. Hack might have written for educated adults, had she not modestly preferred instructing children. All her productions, from her *Stories of Animals* to the volume before us, prove her earnest devotion to the good of the rising generation—those who must be our "second selves when we are gone." By a happiness of illustration and a judicious selection of facts, she renders subjects interesting to the juvenile mind, that a common mode of treating would make dry and uninviting. There is, too, in her style a peculiar sweetness of manner, which wins the heart while the information stores the head. In 'Harry Beaufoy' Mrs. Hack manifested her facility in rendering philosophical arguments plain to the mind of a child. In the *Sketches* before us, the boy has become the youth, but still we recognize the identity of "little Harry," though he has (to quote the preface), "like the *élève* of the honest Dominie, grown much taller since the last interview." The natural curiosity of the human mind, concerning all that lies around us, has ever been most developed in youth; and works popularly exhibiting the natural sciences; their facts, and the truths deducible from them, have ever been favourites with the young. But for Geology, little that we know of has been attempted in an attractive form. Enveloped in visionary theories, the formation of the earth remained a mystery only to be speculated upon by the learned; whilst the absurd notion, that all natural truth was contained in the volume of revealed religion, checked inquiry and forbade investigation. Thus circumscribed, few materials could exist for a popular volume on the subject. Within the last few years, however, the labours of British and foreign geologists have brought to light very many facts, by which alone any approximation to the true theory of the earth can be formed; from these Mrs. Hack has selected the most striking, and has arranged them with great judgment. Her own strong mind acting upon the knowledge afforded by the best writers, has enabled her to give an enlarged view of her subject; whilst the adoption of the interlocutory style, affords her an opportunity, which she seldom neglects, of enlivening the technicalities of system by anecdotes and illustration. What is yet more important, she connects mental effort with moral and religious use, and constantly directs the youthful mind, to consider second causes but as effects of the great primary cause; she ever sets forth the great Creator, who, "in wisdom hath made all his works." The volume has a scientific value, but there is no assumption of science, and

no indulgence in speculation; facts are stated as they are found, with the authorities carefully marked; the young reader is led gradually from the exhibition of facts, to their effects—from the discovery of a fossil shell, to the climate and productions of the antediluvian world. Wedded to no system, there is no misrepresentation; nor are general inferences founded upon isolated evidence. The volume is embellished with several well executed plates, and useful geological maps and sections, of which we would specify 'Boundaries of Volcanic Regions,' as giving a synoptical view of the many volcanoes in existence, and their probable connexion with each other.

#### PROHIBITED CORRESPONDENCE.

*Briefe aus Paris, 1830-1831. Letters from Paris.* By Lewis Börne. 2 vols. 12mo.

[Second Notice.]

Nor a single volume of the least importance has been published within the last fortnight, which had not been previously reviewed in the *Athenæum*. The same strange dearth continues, and, therefore, we think our readers will be well pleased to have some further translation from this celebrated work. It may be as well to premise, that Börne is, by birth, a Jew, and a native of Frankfort on the Maine; in his youth, therefore, he suffered all the galling misery of such a position in society, and, although now more than forty years of age, and long since, by baptism, free from the restraints to which the descendants of Abraham are, even in this tolerant age, subjected in his native city, he seems still to remember this helot's collar which he once wore, and to nurse that hatred which the "wrongs of all his tribe" would almost excuse—the scowl is still on his brow, and his pen is dipped in wormwood rather than ink. But there are, as there ever must be where there is genius, touches of gentleness, and love, and humanity in his writings, that reconcile us to the man, and make us regret that his passions and his reason were not developed under more gentle and genial influences. His most bitter indignation is poured out against his own countrymen: he calls the Germans a nation of lacqueys, not slaves—and prophesies, that should they ever arouse themselves from their abject servility and baseness, they will be led on by the Jews!

"Slavery only brings unhappiness, but it does not degrade; subservency makes a man contemptible. I would rather have a Don Miguel for a master than what is called a mild and just German prince: people, at least respect power, while they fear and fetter it. We tame cattle are allowed to move about freely, because our rulers know that we regularly return to the stable at night, and come every hour in the day, when we are whistled for. But let a sheep take it into his head to play the lion, and you will speedily see our mild and just shepherd turn into a tiger. Soft pliancy renders even a cannon ball innoxious; it pierces stone and iron, but sticks fast in a dunghill."

Speaking of the exertions lately made by the Jews at Frankfort for their emancipation, Börne writes:—

"I expect nothing from a Jewish committee and their scribbling. They are Germans, like the rest. They labour under a sad delusion: they are ruined by their honesty. They still fancy that to gain their point nothing is necessary but to prove it just. They talk of liberty as a lawyer would talk for a possession—as if arguments

† "Mrs. Walker of Geneva, who 'lost her sight when but a year old.'" See Burnet to R. Boyle, Let. ū. P. S. *Travels*, (1737) p. 95."



would serve them—as if everything which could be said in favour of the freedom and the civil rights of the Jews had not been exhausted half a century ago. The tyrant knows it as well as the slave. The plunderer, who robs us, labours under no error; he knows well what he is doing. It is not to the understanding, but to the heart, we must address ourselves—to those of our opponents as well as to those of our partisans. Hearts must be touched or pierced; the word must be a sword; tyranny must be persecuted with daggers, with derision, hate, and contempt, and not waited on and reasoned with, and followed with lumbering arguments.”

Speaking of Luther, Börne writes—

“O Luther! how miserable has he made us! He robbed us of our passions, and gave us reason; he robbed us of faith, and gave us knowledge; he taught us how to calculate, and robbed us of that courage which never calculates. He gave us liberty three centuries before it was due to us, and the knavish discount has consumed nearly the whole capital. What little we received, he paid, like a genuine cashless German publisher, in books; and if now, when all other nations receive their rights, we ask for our liberty, we are told, You had it long since—here is the Bible.”

The following is strange and fanciful:—

“It must be far from heaven to earth; for if the sun could see the horrors committed among men, he would fly with terror, and never more return! A battle on land, is a game of love, compared with a fight at sea. There man dies but once, and finds rest in the bosom of his maternal earth; but here, he dies through all the elements, and no flower springs up on his grave. There, the earth drinks up the warm blood as it is shed; here, on the hard floor of the ship it stands, deep, clotted and cold—men are smashed, shivered.”

Börne scatters his sarcasms on so many sects and parties, that it is difficult to collect his own opinions. The following, however, may be read as his “confession of faith,” and we leave the reader to master its meaning:—

“Thus I think. He who is so unhappy as not to believe in a God, is not utterly miserable if he believes in a Devil; and even he who has no belief in a Devil, would be still more miserable, if he had no faith in a priest. Do but believe! What is man without trust and belief?—a fine flower in a glass of water, without root and permanence. But what is the unbelief of others to me? I have my God: it is your business to see how you can do without him. I cannot understand, why believers are so intolerant towards unbelievers. It is like the arrogance of nobles and priests. Religious people regard heaven as a kind of court, and look with contempt on all who have not the *entré* like themselves.”

Speaking of Lord Byron, of whose character and genius, he professes himself an ardent admirer, he observes—

“Byron stood in the same hostile attitude towards God, that he did towards man. The way to belief, leads through disbelief. The unbelieving, the indifferent, don't deny God; they don't think of him, and die like infants, without sin and without virtue. But the disbelieving deny God; they fight against belief before they embrace it; and their defeat is their victory. Sir Walter Scott has said of Byron, that in after-life he would turn Roman Catholic. This would certainly have happened, if Byron had lived to a greater age.”

It might have been expected, that, on a man of Börne's temperament, the Polish insurrection would make a deep impression. His exultation at the first news of the successes of this heroic people, are consequently

as electrifying, as his lamentations at their ultimate defeat are bitter and heart-rending: but he takes courage in the midst of his grief, and exclaims—

“We will not therefore despair, for liberty will lose nothing by their defeat. The heirs have been lessened, the inheritance will be the greater. Poland is laid as a seed-corn in the earth; and the seed will rise gloriously. The blood which has been spilt, cries so loud, that even deaf heaven hears it; and God will send, though too late for help, yet not too late for revenge. . . .

“Why do you always mourn only for the Poles? Are the Russians not more to be pitied? The Poles either die the enviable death of heroes, or they live for freedom. The Russian, on the contrary, placed between the cruel scythe and the disgraceful knout, fights for his own slavery, is slaughtered like a beast, or conquers, like a butcher's dog, for his master.”

But our readers may be tired of these political and passionate tirades, and therefore we shall conclude.

*Fauna Boreali-Americani, or, the Zoology of the Northern Parts of British America, Part II., Birds.* By W. Swainson, Esq., and John Richardson, M.D. 4to. London, 1832. Murray.

We think it well to announce the publication of this splendid work, although we have not had time to examine it with other than admiring eyes—the plates are quite admirable.

*A Father's New Year's Gift.* London, 1832. Cochrane & Co.

THIS little collection of Hymns and Prayers is dedicated by James Hogg to his children, as a token of assurance that they are never from his remembrance. Mr. Hogg has grown into our affections since we have had the pleasure of knowing him; even at the dinner he almost won us back to good-humour, by the confidence with which he trusted to his impulses, and laughed and talked as men only dare laugh and talk whose worst thoughts can but excite a good-humoured smile. We have always a suspicion of men who never forget themselves. We like, in this stitched sixpenny trifle, the home recollections with which it is graced—they will work upon the young heart as powerfully as either the prayers or the hymns; but we must give some specimen of the work, and shall make election of the shortest, a prayer that, for its universal sympathy, is worthy the honour of selection.

“Evening Prayer for Week Days.

“Accept of my thanks, O Lord, for thy preservation of me through this day. Pardon any sins of which I have been guilty in any part of it; and take me under thy protection through another night. Thou watchest over thy people by night and by day, so that nothing can harm those who are followers of that which is good. Bless all those who are near and dear to me. May my relations be related to Christ, my friends be the friends of the Redeemer, my benefactors partake of thy spiritual bounty, and my enemies partake of thy pardoning mercy. Sympathize, O Lord, with the poor and distressed; supply their wants and sanctify their troubles: and enable me to improve the health which thou givest me, so that, when I die, I may have the testimony of my conscience that I have lived with thee; for all that I ask is for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.”

*A Treatise on Geometry.* By R. Wallace, A.M. Glasgow: Griffin & Co.

THIS is, in many respects, the most valuable treatise on Geometry that has yet been pro-

duced for the use of schools: the author has demonstrated the elements of Euclid with equal brevity and perspicuity, and the deducible questions he has appended, will afford the young mathematician exercises equally pleasant and profitable. Some of the changes made in Euclid's system, appear to us very questionable, especially the omission of the axioms and postulates. One of the greatest advantages resulting from the study of Geometry, is the habit of accurate demonstration which it forms; but this accuracy is lost, when principles, however self-evident, are tacitly assumed as true. Mr. Wallace succeeds worse with the doctrine of parallel lines than any of his predecessors; his demonstration of Prop. 27, Book I, is a monstrous paralogism; he argues, that because all lines possessing a certain quality are parallel, that, therefore, all parallel lines possess that quality; he might just as well say, that because all equal triangles are equivalent, all equivalent triangles must be equal. Neither do we approve of his definition of proportional magnitude; that given in Elrington's edition of the Elements, is far more easy of application—namely, that four magnitudes are proportional, when a submultiple of the first is contained in the second, as often as an equi-submultiple of the third is contained in the fourth. This definition includes the case of the incommensurables, one too important to be omitted. To the deducible theorem on the first book, that the hypotenuse of a right-angled isosceles triangle is not trisected by lines trisecting the right angle, it should be added, that it will be trisected by lines joining the right angle to the remote angles of the square of the hypotenuse, and that these lines are themselves cut by the hypotenuse in a point of trisection. A few propositions such as this, illustrating the length to which Geometry can go without the aid of Proportion, would greatly enhance the value of this estimable little work.

*Christianity a Divine Revelation: a Defence of the Christian Religion against the Assaults of Infidelity.* By Robert Broadley, Curate of Eccles, Lancashire. London, Whittaker, Treacher & Arnot.

FEW subjects have been so ably discussed as the evidences of Christianity; and we cannot expect originality in any general defence: but the peculiar form which infidelity assumes in different ages, calls for a different statement of the same evidences—an altered mode of using the same weapons; and we took up Mr. Broadley's book in the hope of finding the old antidote dispensed under some new form, but we have been disappointed. He writes, to use his own words, “because he thinks a good cause cannot have too many champions, and because he thinks that he can produce something that will suit the peculiar tone of modern philosophical objections.” This hope, however, he has failed to realize. A very few of the commonplace sophisms of infidelity are quoted, and are met by assertion, tautology, and repetition. We lament this, because it gives the semblance of advantage to the opponent; and because it is a fresh proof that Christianity has been more deeply wounded by the injudiciousness of its friends than the malice of its enemies. We are glad, however, to give to Mr. Broadley the merit of sincere intention to serve the cause which he advocates, by the expression of his own deep conviction of its truth.

*Works of Lord Byron, Vol. II.*

THE second volume of Murray's new edition of Byron is fully equal to the first in the beauty of its embellishments. One of these is the palace of Ali Pacha, a strange picturesque pile; and the other is a view of Constantinople, small indeed, and limited, but exquisitely pretty.

There are some alterations and additions made to the text of the quarto, in this re-publication. It is now certain that the poet planned, and even wrote, much of his 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' before that fierce article from Jeffreys had made its appearance; his Lordship must therefore be regarded as a prophet as well as a poet.

#### STANDARD NOVELS—*Canterbury Tales*, Vol. I.

THE publishers have taken the hint given by the public, and the present volume is happily illustrated by F. P. Stephanoff;—without being extravagant in our commendation, we may say, the change is greatly for the better, and the work is now without fault. There is a neat and pleasant preface to this edition by Miss Harriet Lee, in which each tale is ascribed to its distinct author.

#### ROSCOE'S NOVELIST'S LIBRARY—Vol. VII.

*Joseph Andrews*. Vol. VIII. *Amelia*, Vol. I.

CRUIKSHANK has not often been more successful than in his illustrations of *Joseph Andrews*—Adams, indeed, is not quite to our taste, but Trulliber is inimitable.

#### *Rudiments of Latin Grammar*. By the Rev. Peter Hall, M.A. London. Whitaker & Co.

THIS is little more than a reprint of the *Eton Grammar*; the few alterations made by the editor are, however, decided improvements.

### ORIGINAL PAPERS

#### THE EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'CORN LAW RHYMES.'

ENGLAND, farewell! we quit thee, never more  
To drink thy dewy light, or hear the thrush  
Sing to thy fountain'd vales. Farewell! thy  
shore

Sinks—it is gone: and in our souls the rush  
Of billows soundeth, like the crash and crush  
Of hope and life. No land! all sky and sea!  
For ever, then, farewell! But may we blush  
To hear thy language, if thy wrongs or thee  
Our hearts forget, where screams o'er rock and  
tree

The Washingtonian eagle! In our prayers,  
If we forget thy wrongers, may we be  
Vile as their virtues, hopeless as their heirs,  
And sires of sons whom scorn shall nickname  
theirs!

And to such wolves leave we our country? Oh!  
The wretch that quits thee, even in hope,  
despairs!

Yet from our fathers' graves thy children go,  
To manless wilds, where nameless rivers flow,  
Leat, when our children pass our graves, they  
hear

The clank of chains, and shrieks of servile woe,  
From coward bones, that, ev'n though lifeless,  
fear

Cold Rapine's icy fang—cold Havock's dastard  
spear!

#### ON MODERN FEMALE CULTIVATION.—No. I.

WOMEN, like kings, are rarely spoken of impartially; adored or stigmatized, flattered or libelled, despots or puppets, we have not yet settled—they have not yet settled for themselves—what is the precise quantity of understanding they possess, and of power they should exercise. Controversy on these points ran high towards the close of the last century. Some of the disputants brought the subject to be considered a dangerous one, and, as if by general consent, it has since lain in abeyance. A casual essay in a periodical has sometimes broken the silence, but no-

thing more; there has been a long truce between claim and dispute; it has been the fashion for women to write books, the fashion for men to praise them, and the old question of equal or not equal, has been amicably waived. Latterly, there have been a few notable signs, significant of a change, and about the year —, expect, as Francis Moore says, "rain more or less heavy"; otherwise articles, chapters, dissertations, and perhaps satires, on the subject of female mind, its capacity, its limits, and its proper line of exertion. Strange to say, the relative merits of the understanding of the sexes, was a favourite controversy soon after the revival of letters; and the fifteenth and sixteenth century saw, on behalf of women, the gallantry of chivalry carried into literature. Boccaccio was the first who set the example, by writing a Latin work in honour of illustrious women; after him, more than twenty writers published eulogies on the sex, and many of these writers were monks. Brantome, a Frenchman, was the author of a volume, '*Des Vies des Dames Illustres*,' but, like a courtier, he mentioned none except queens and princesses; after Brantome, one Hilarion, of Coste, a monk, published two quarto volumes of eight hundred pages each, devoted merely to the women of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and he, like a good priest, praised none but women of the Roman Catholic church. One would have thought these writings alone must have exhausted the quarry, but Peter Paul Ribéra, an Italian, published, in that language, a work entitled '*The Immortal Triumphs and Heroic Enterprises of eight hundred and forty-five women*!'—and independent of these large volumes, many writers addressed short panegyrics to particular ladies; men of genius attached themselves to celebrated women, (whether for their intellect or their influence, the reader's bias must determine); and, at a later period, Descartes, admired by two princesses, boasted of the philosophic character of women. Amongst these panegyrics, one of the most singular was published at Venice in 1555, styled, '*The Temple of the Divine Signora Jeanne d'Arragon*, constructed to her honour by all the greatest wits, and in all the principal languages, of the world.' The Academy voting this homage, once entertained the notion of associating the Signora's sister in the honour; but, after grave deliberation, it was decided that the ladies might prefer separate shrines, and the "*Temple*" was erected to Jeanne d'Arragon alone. The most correct name for this literary monument would have been the tower of Babel; for the Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Chaldean, Italian, French, Spanish, Slavonic, Polonese, and Hungarian tongues, were employed in its construction. It might have seemed that literary gallantry "could no further go;" but, grave and reverend signors, (there were beards and black caps then,) having claimed for women equality with men, others came forward to claim for them superiority! The leading knight in this new tourney, was the celebrated Cornelius Agrippa, theologian, soldier, physician, astrologer, alchemist, courtier, and vagabond. In 1509, he published a treatise "on the superior excellence of women over men," and supported his arguments by proofs, theological, physical, historical, cabalistical, and moral. Ruscelli, a Venetian, followed on the same side, and

out-Agrippa'd Agrippa; he mixed up Platonism and theology, put Moses by the side of Petrarch, and cited in the same breath Homer and St. John: his book was a fantastic mixture of love, religion, philosophy, and paganism. Notwithstanding all these tomes, there yet remained some incredulous people; bachelors and husbands, who demurred to such large draughts on their humility—sixteenth-century-men, whom even folios could not vanquish; and new books on the old theme continued to be produced for their conversion, in Italian, Spanish, and French. John Bull seems to have been John Bull even then, for we meet with no *English* work on the subject. The women too, not satisfied with having been so lauded by men, began to laud themselves, and one published a volume at Paris, with a title, which we copy for its singular modesty:—'*The Generous Woman*, who shows that her sex is more noble, more politic, more learned, more valiant, more virtuous, and more economical than the male sex!'

Venerable cobwebs these, and spun by venerable spiders, yet not to be despised, as illustrating the fact, that female cultivation will always accord with the masculine taste predominant for the time being. When the men were chivalric savages, spending their time according to Mr. Chaimail's fancy, in "feasting, fighting, and praying," the women were Amazonian in their pursuits, embroidering scarfs to be worn in battle—in the amusements of peace stimulating the love of war, and not unfrequently acting as warriors themselves. When letters revived, and learning came into fashion amongst men, learning was cultivated by women. When political party spirit has split men into factions, women have scarcely been behind-hand, presenting petitions and patching their faces in behalf of a favourite cause—witness the times of Charles I. and of Queen Anne.

Re-asserting that female cultivation will always accord with the predominant masculine taste, the existing era cannot be passed without remark. What are the intellectual possessions now most in vogue, most marketable, and soonest recognized? General knowledge—versatility—and, both in writing and conversation, "the gift of utterance." What most strikingly characterizes our literature? Universal inquiry, and universal readiness at meeting inquiry; or, to venture description by an epithet, and that a coined one, our literature is encyclopædic—a brief description of all things—a colloquial commentary on whatsoever is, has been, or is to come. To this, female cultivation affords a precise parallel, for never were our women so—accomplished. We do not limit this term to music, dancing, and drawing: by accomplished, we mean that peculiar mental elegance which is the real or supposed result of much tuition, some travel, and great intercourse with society. Accomplishment is the intellectual shadow of an intellectual substance; it is not attainments, not science, not even knowledge in its simple form, but the combined phantasm of all; it is less a cultivation of understanding than a preparation for society, a fashioner of deportment, and a teacher of conversation. Accomplishments are the manners of the mind; and were a census taken of all the educated women under thirty, the result would justify our calling the present THE ERA OF ACCOMPLISHED WOMEN, as

distinguished from all other eras, and all the women of other eras. Beyond this we are not prepared to admit. Yet a cry is heard in some quarters that females are now over-educated, and over-education, as it is termed, bears the blame of all feminine delinquencies: over-education answers to the French Revolution, inasmuch as it can be made a grand *mot d'énigme*. Now, so far from joining in this cry, we must take the liberty of saying, that women are not educated half enough. But more on this subject next week.

#### THE FALL.

Who does not know that dreadful gulf where  
Niagara falls;  
Where eagle unto eagle screams, to vulture  
vulture calls;  
Where down beneath, Despair and Death in  
liquid darkness grope,  
And upward, on the foam there shines a rainbow  
without Hope;  
While, hung with clouds of fear and doubt, the  
unreturning wave  
Suddenly gives an awful plunge, like life into  
the grave;  
And many a hapless mortal there hath dived  
to bale or bliss;  
One—only one—hath ever lived to rise from  
that abyss!

Oh, Heav'n! it turns me now to ice with chill  
of fear extreme,  
To think of my frail bark adrift on that tumultu-  
ous stream!—  
In vain with desperate sinews, strung by love of  
life and light,  
I urged that coffin, my canoe, against the cur-  
rent's might:  
On, on—still on—direct for doom, the river  
rushed in force,  
And fearfully the stream of Time raced with it  
in its course.  
My eyes I closed—I dared not look—the way  
towards the goal;  
But still I view'd the horrid close, and dreamt  
it in my soul;—  
Plainly, as through transparent lids, I saw the  
fleeting shore,  
And lofty trees, like winged things, flit by for  
evermore;—  
Plainly—but with no prophet sense—I heard  
the sullen sound,  
The torrent's voice—and felt the mist, like  
death-sweat gathering round.  
O agony! O life! My home!—and those that  
made it sweet—  
Ere I could pray, the torrent lay beneath my  
very feet.  
With frightful whirl, more swift than thought,  
I passed the dizzy edge,  
Bound after bound, with hideous bruise, I  
dash'd from ledge to ledge,  
From crag to crag;—in speechless pain—from  
midnight deep to deep;  
I did not die—but anguish stunn'd my senses  
into sleep.  
How long entranced, or whither dived, no clue  
I have to find:  
At last the gradual light of life came dawning  
o'er my mind,  
And through my brain there thrill'd a cry—a  
cry as shrill as birds'  
Of vulture or of eagle kind, but this was set to  
words:—  
"Its Edgar Huntley in his cap and nightgown,  
I declares!  
He's been a-walking in 'his sleep, and pitch'd  
all down the stairs!"

T. HOOD.

#### LIVING ARTISTS.—No. XII.

THOMAS PHILLIPS, R.A.

THE works of Phillips are chiefly portraits; but these, from their peculiar merit, deserve particular notice. His graceful colouring and softness of touch, together with his true perception of character and poetic feeling, have raised him to a high station in art; while his good scholarship, his extensive knowledge, and his pleasing manners, render his company desirable by the witty and the accomplished. It was a sense of those qualities, which gave him the situation of Professor of Painting, on the death of Fuseli; and the honours gained by his talents, he is sure to preserve, by his winning and conciliatory manners. We are not the less disposed to mention those personal advantages, from having just read an article in the *Edinburgh Review*, claiming for Sir Thomas Lawrence a monopoly of talent and courtesy, which is neither very true to the character of that distinguished man, nor very just to his remaining brethren. In genius, he was excelled by some, and in courtesy equalled by many members of the Academy; his manners were not a little affected and artificial; and we think that the writer of the article has mistaken the French nods, and smiling, and bowing condescensions of the late President, for natural elegance and fine breeding. To return to our subject:—it is the object of Phillips to paint minds as well as persons. To endow each head with thought suitable to its character, and exalt and ennoble all that he touched, was the aim of Vandyke, and perhaps of Reynolds—it is assuredly the aim of Phillips. It is true, that, in his wish to render form subordinate to thought, he sometimes makes men of genius look too soft and fine; and more—from a desire to poetize the dress of the passing day, he occasionally approaches to affectation: yet these faults are but casual, and are forgotten when we look on his portraits of Crabbe, Blake, Chantrey, Coleridge, Byron, and many others of the distinguished men of the day.

The poetic taste of Phillips induced him to employ his pencil among the poets—a race too poor or too proud to pay; and, consequently, the labours which he performed in honour of the chief heirs of Parnassus, have been unrewarded with money, though they have been with fame. Of these songsters, in addition to Crabbe, and Byron, and Coleridge, he has painted Sir Walter Scott, Robert Southey, Thomas Campbell, and, we believe, Rogers; but no one has painted Scott so well as Chantrey has sculptured him, though Lawrence, Raeburn, Phillips, Wilkie, Newton, Leslie, and other skilful artists, have tried their hands. The look of Campbell is as changeful as a cloud, and difficult to seize; and in Southey, the natural look is lofty and epic, and certainly has not been truly caught by either Phillips or Lawrence. The Poet Gallery, however, of Phillips, is well worth a visit, were it but for the rarity of seeing so many eminent heads together; we would advise him to finish it, by admitting the portraits of Wilson, Hogg, Joanna Baillie, and Montgomery, and then it would be a purchase worthy of a British king to make. A gallery of this kind was begun by Raeburn; but the heads are chiefly those of northern luminaries; nor are they all poets, for ravens appear among the singing birds—the "toothy

critics by the score," of whom Burns wrote. The portrait of Crabbe, in the Phillips Gallery, is a vigorous and happy work; so is that of Coleridge; and his head of Byron is the only thing we ever saw resembling the great original. Yet we hold, that Blake is his masterpiece; nay, we have seen no portrait of modern times, at all to be compared to it, for a certain solemn grandeur of look, which lifts it at once into the region of poetry. Had he always painted thus, he would have ranked with the proudest masters of the calling.

His portraits of ladies are graceful and unaffected; but he seems to take their charms more as he finds them than did the politic Lawrence, who scrupled not to confer attractions, both of shape and colour, which the originals never had perhaps, save in some lucky moment. Nevertheless, we love much the female heads of Phillips; there is an air of tranquil modesty about them more captivating than the put-on-graces of the ladies of the late President: there is a domestic sort of beauty, too, in them, which justifies the saying imputed to a certain witty poet—"If I wanted my mistress painted I would go to Lawrence—if my wife, I would go to Phillips." We consider this very high praise—nay, we conceive, that, to deserve it, as we think the painter does, a genius of a finer kind is required than that which lavishes loose looks and lascivious airs on the wives and daughters of men. Be that as it may, we are sure that it will bring fame as lasting, because it is true to nature and to purity.

Of the merits of Phillips in literature we can only speak from his Lectures delivered at the Royal Academy, and certain articles imputed to him in the Encyclopædias. His style of composition is free from faults; it is easy and graceful: he uses his knowledge in a ready and agreeable way; and through the whole a fine and cultivated taste is visible, and an inborn sense of all that is noble and beautiful manifest. His acquaintance with the best works in poetry and history has opened and expanded his mind, and he has perhaps a deeper sympathy with all collateral labours of genius than any of his brethren: he looks beyond his easel. We must, however, acknowledge, that while his lectures have none of the startling atrocities of style which marked those of Fuseli, neither have they that occasional rapture and strength which distinguished the libellous harangues of the fierce and fantastic Swiss. The wish of the latter was to astonish, and the wish of the former to instruct; and this will account for their dissimilarity of style. It should be borne in mind, too, that the Lectures are addressed to a youthful and rather unlearned auditory, to whom all should be simple and plain. We shall, however, have a better opportunity of examining the literary merits of the Professor soon, for it seems he has undertaken to write some volumes on the art in which he excels for Dr. Lardner's Cyclopædia. That he will bring much skill and long experience to this task, we are certain: we know not that he will write a popular book. In truth, true art is like a wizard's wand: we can see and feel its effects;—but how these effects are produced, who can describe with pen and ink? The rod that the prophet stretched over the land of Egypt, which brought down the plague, looked probably like a mere shepherd's staff: that it wrought

through God we know—but *how* it wrought, is the question. The skill of hand, the happy delicacy of touch, the fine proprieties and unities of parts, together with the conception of the whole, cannot, we apprehend, be described in such a way as a young artist can work by: we have never yet seen what we consider true tangible descriptions of either painting or sculpture: nor have we said this without glancing again at the Childe Harold of Byron, where there is rapture enough poured over the antique statues. That Phillips will be able to fill up this want in the history of art we dare hardly predict: but we are sure that he will write a valuable and accurate book—till we see it we bid him farewell.

## A WINTER SUNRISE.

BY RICHARD HOWITT.

AROUND the east the dull retiring night  
Leaves softest clouds of silver and of grey;  
And earth is gladdened by the coming light,  
And small birds sing, though cheerless is the day.

Now on the horizon rest long crimson lines;  
And now the grey and silver glow with gold,  
As more and more the level radiance shines  
Upon the dim and comfortless and cold:  
Now through the sky broad ways of light are driven—

Paths by the feet of Seraphs only trod:  
Such glimpses of the vast are rarely given  
To mortal mover on the lowly sod:  
These, these are glimpses of the boundless heaven—

Remotest splendours of the unseen God!

## A SCENE IN THE SHADES.

Oliver Cromwell—Hyde—Prynne—Lord Rochester.

Oliver. Where is the man Charles?

Rochester. Out on leave. He hath been granted a furlough by the infernal gods, and not the least, by Henrietta, his most loving spouse. He is gone to England.

Hyde. What! head and all?

Roch. Yes; for once his wife hath granted him the loan of it. Had he gone on a visit to any other court, 'twould have been more in the present mode, to have left his head behind. In some states 'tis deemed a superfluity.

Prynne. What should he do upon the earth, poor shade?

Roch. Improve his taste: he ever loved architecture; and who knows, Noll, if Whitehall hath not still enjoyment for him. You smile, as the devil smiles when he wears a hood.

Oliver. Poor man! Charles Stuart, as the vain stage-player saith, was always "fitter for this place than earth." Why should he trouble his loosened head with the vanities of the upper world? Why, the man approaches.

Enter King Charles I.

Roch. Save your majesty!

Oliver. A goodly morning, Charles Stuart.

Hyde. How turns the world above us? How go the debates?

Roch. Is't true that vaccination hath made all the women Venuses? Downy cheeks and red lips, are they,—don't frown, Noll,—to be found in every face? Tell me, is the small-pox no longer extant?

Prynne. Is the pillory—is public whipping yet abolished?

Oliver. Is there a Long Parliament, or—  
Charles I. Peace—peace with your politics: I have in my time had enough of them. No; I went above for pleasure.

Roch. We know your majesty didn't take your wife. Pleasure! (*aside*) We shall have Pluto dancing a corant, and Cerberus, for very playfulness, turning to a lap-dog. If your majesty hath looked at Pleasure, I marvel how she kept her countenance—the glance of kings being, as they say, so terrible.

Charles. Have done with this, my lord; for though your wit seduced my virtuous and too pliant son, (*Rochester puts his hat to his face, and Cromwell growls a laugh.*) 'tis blunted upon me!

Roch. (*aside*.) Hem! "Razors cut not blocks!" But, in sober meaning, your majesty, what where the pleasures that you sought on earth?

Charles. Why, for a few days previous to my journey, I had talked with Roscius, Garrick, Barry, and Kemble, on the drama. I was suddenly seized with a desire to see a play.

Oliver (*half aside*). A Stuart still! A man of vanities and abomination! A play!—the devil's feast. (*Prynne turns up his eyes, and thinks of his 'Histriomastrix.'*)

Roch. A play! Tell me, do Nell Gwynnes sell oranges still—do the ladies dress up Kynastons—do they wear masks, and still telegraph assignments by patches?

Charles. Patience, and hear me. I arrived in London about six in the evening. I took a simple chop and pint of wine, and, wrapping my cloak about me, wended my way to Covent Garden Theatre; but there, as the republican John says, was "total eclipse." I was astounded, and asked the reason of the darkness. Was it not the season? "Certainly it was." Then why no play? Informant replied, with, I thought, a peculiar survey of my person, "It was the *thirtieth of January*." The words thrilled to my shadowy marrow, and I suddenly put my hand to my head to keep it from falling off. When I had somewhat regained my composure, I observed, "Well, what of that?"—"It was the martyrdom of Charles I., who was beheaded nearly two hundred years ago. It happened in 1649, and is a sufficient reason for closing the theatres in 1832. However, (continued my informant,) there is 'A Grand Selection of Music' at Drury Lane, in solemn honour of the occasion." Struck with the veneration paid to my memory,—my heart melting with gratitude to posterity, I went and took my seat in Drury boxes. The earlier pieces of music were of a sacred character, and lifted my soul to contemplation. It is true, this elevated feeling was somewhat checked when 'Harper's Brass Band' began to play profane tunes: however, I thought there might, as the world then ran, be some intimate connexion between brass and piety, of which I knew not. But when one vocalist sang '*The Bay of Biscay*,' and another compared his love to a "red, red rose," I could not possibly conceive how such ditties could be token a solemn mourning for my martyrdom. I left the theatre in a state of perplexity, not at all lessened by information subsequently gained, whilst supping at my tavern, that the honour paid to my memory was purely local; for, if I had been shocked with the '*Red Rose*' at Drury Lane, I might, on the same evening, have been terrified with 'The

Iron Mask' at the Coburg, 'Macbeth' at the Surrey, and 'The Dog of Montargis' at the Queen's. To my bewildered inquiries, I found that even Covent Garden would have treated the anniversary of my martyrdom with indifference, had not respect been forced upon the management by the Prelate of London, who insisted that an execution committed in 1649 should be duly mourned for in 1832! I cannot but feel deeply honoured by this tenderness of the church; but, at the same time, diffidently offer an opinion, that if the honour to *manes* must be violated on the 30th of January, by stage exhibitions,—sea-songs and amatory ditties are no jot less iniquitous than tragedy, farce, or opera; and if either of the houses be open, I beg to inform all prelates, that I would as soon have 'The School for Scandal' as 'Charlie is my darling'; and find 'Othello' no whit less objectionable than 'Meet me by moonlight alone.'

Oliver (*aside to Rochester*). How did Charles get so much good sense?

Roch. I tell you, he went to the earth without his wife! J.

## ISLAND OF ASCENSION IN 1831.

FROM THE MS. JOURNAL OF G. BENNETT, M.B.C.S.

At daylight on the 20th of February the Island of Ascension was seen, bearing N.W. about four leagues distant, and displayed a most desolate appearance. Numerous man-of-war hawks, sea-swallows, boobies, gannets, and tropic birds, flew about the ship. The coast consisted of barren rocks, without a speck of verdure. When the mountain, however, became partially developed, it relieved the barrenness of the scene around by the verdure of its declivities; the red volcanic ash prevailed, several hills entirely exhibiting that appearance.

About noon we were off the settlement situated on the N.W. side of the island, and several neatly-constructed houses appeared enlivening a little the barren scene around. A transport (St. Croix) was at anchor in the roads, having just arrived with stores; a boat came off from the settlement, with a book, in which the ship's name, &c. was inserted. I accompanied the commander on a visit to the shore; the landing is sometimes dangerous, on account of the surf, at this time it was very easily effected. The landing-place was on a flight of steps, at the extremity of a wharf; a small crane was near, to assist boats in approaching, and persons in landing. A delightful trade breeze rendered the air cool, which would otherwise have been intolerable, on account of the reflection of the sun from the sand and lava. The residences of the garrison, storehouses, &c., were neat constructions, and had been lately completed; many other buildings were in progress. The island has now been fortified at every part considered accessible; these points being few, however, not many batteries were required. The establishment consists of marines and marine artillery (about 400), under a commandant, Captain Bates. The privates are masons, carpenters, quarrymen, &c.; the houses are constructed by them, and, in fact, they undertake all the laborious work. This island is considered of great importance, being directly in the track of our homeward-bound shipping from the East Indies, &c., and would, in the event of a war, have afforded a rendezvous for the enemy's cruisers.

I was informed that excellent soil was found under the lava, at a depth of two feet; cultivation of vegetables, &c. is at present confined to the green mountain; the present object of fortifying and erecting buildings on the island being

completed, cultivation will be more attended to. The beach, at first thought to be composed of sand, was found to consist of very small fragments of shells: in some places they had become (from some cause not readily accounted for) firmly compacted together. These slabs were formed of several layers, of which the size of the fragments differs in each layer; they are used for tomb-stones, steps of doors, and are broken and burned for lime. Of the vegetable kingdom, the euphorbia only was growing in small tufts, distributed not very abundantly about the rugged lava, and at this time in flower; this simple plant was, indeed, a beautiful object among such barren scenes. There are three species of butterflies on the island, of handsome colours.

A great acquisition to the island has been a good supply of water; a shaft had just been sunk upon one of the mountains, and several tons of water had been raised daily. The only inconvenience is their being obliged to bring the water down by casks in carts, but iron pipes from England are now being laid down, to convey the water to the wharf, and the shipping will be supplied by means of hoses. Moorings are laid down in the roads. The turtle-ponds were well stocked with turtle of a large size, varying from two to eight hundred weight each; the price fixed was fifty shillings each. We were politely invited, and dined with the officers at their mess. At a place called 'The Fair,' the birds named sea-swallows, as well as numerous other aquatic birds, congregate; and the eggs of the sea-swallows, which are of a dirty white, with dark red spots, and about the size of crows' eggs, are there collected at certain seasons of the year, in thousands: several of these were given to us, and found delicate and excellent eating. It was dark before we went off to the ship, and a heavy surf rendered the embarkation very dangerous; no boats should attempt going off after dark. A marine, named James, who was a little intoxicated, fell into the water, and being overpowered by the violence of the surf and the eddy, perished. After some difficulty, we all re-embarked, and, getting safely on board, resumed our voyage.

Dysentery is the only disease experienced on the island, which is considered healthy, and the temperature of the air pleasant, being seldom higher in the shade than 83°, the constant trade breeze tending to keep the atmosphere temperate. Merchant ships in distress for supplies, may obtain them at this island, the only extra charge made by the government being the freight from England. A kind of congor eel, procured at this island, had, when brought to the table, the bones of a lilac colour.

#### THE BURNS FESTIVAL.

[The good people present on this occasion, have not yet digested the dinner; and the stewards not present, cannot digest the public commentary. We publish the following letters at the request of Mr. Redding. He, it appears, anticipated great pleasure from the meeting, and consented to be named a steward; and we wish he had stated publicly, why he did not attend.]

To the Editor of the Athenæum.

SIR,—I beg you will do me the favour to contradict a statement in your last number, namely, that it was my intention to have recited some lines of Campbell's, written for the Burns Festival. Nothing of the kind was ever dreamed about, except by some "penny-aline men" in the newspapers. True it is, I had the honour of being nominated a steward, and confess I felt pleasure at the anticipation of a meeting, where men of all shades of opinion would join, to celebrate the anniversary of a poet's birth-day, and welcome an excellent son of genius and Scotland, in the person of Mr. Hogg. I had no share, however, in making the arrangements on that occasion; nor was I at the dinner, where the lack of cheer, for some reason or other, is so much complained about. I have further to deem myself fortunate I was not there, as, from a cause unknown to myself, (as well as others of the stewards, who were not absent on that occasion,) the chairman could not resist the opportunity afforded him, of giving

the dinner as much as possible a political tone, and disturbing the harmony of a festival, purely literary.

As respects Mr. Campbell, he was nominated a steward while in Sussex, and wrote to me, expressing his regret he could not reach town to be present. His letter I transmitted to Mr. Mackinnon, a steward, who was present at the dinner, and a Member of Parliament, in opposition to the present ministers. The correspondence will explain itself, without further comment, than that every man of common sense, be his political opinions what they may, will apply to it.

I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Your most obedient servant,  
C. REDDING.

February 2, 1832.

P.S. On applying this day to Mr. Mackinnon, for my note to him, and also for Mr. Campbell's letter, that gentleman states in reply, that he could not get them back, though he repeatedly applied for them to the chairman while at table, having determined, if he could obtain them, to read Mr. Campbell's letter without further ceremony. I this day wrote to Sir John Malcolm, demanding the two notes. Sir John states, that he returned them to Mr. Mackinnon, the day after the dinner. Mr. M. had not received any such communication as late as 5 P.M. yesterday.

The following is a copy of Mr. Mackinnon's note to me the day after the festival. The fate of the two other notes is still unrevealed.

MY DEAR SIR,—In compliance with your request contained in your note of yesterday, I made application after dinner to the chairman, to be allowed to read it to the meeting. He would make no answer to my request. About half an hour after, I got up from my seat, went to him, and asked him to allow Mr. T. Campbell's health to be proposed, and that the letter should be read: his answer was, "I am in the hands of the stewards, Mr. Mackinnon, and can do nothing without their leave." Finding nothing was to be done, I went away about ten or half-past ten, quite disgusted at such proceedings. You are at liberty to state this to Campbell, or any one else.

Yours most truly,  
W. A. MACKINNON.

January 26, 1832.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ARTS.

It is with the greatest pleasure we announce that letters from Sir Walter Scott's own hand are in town, up to the middle of January, by which we are rejoiced to learn that his health is good. He had gone ashore in the middle of December, so that his detention through quarantine had either been short, or had been relinquished; he is residing for the present in Naples.

The Reviews and Magazines are extremely barren in the announcements of new works: in poetry, there is nothing from any popular name, and, saving a few novels, prose is almost confined to pamphlets on Cholera and Reform. It is true that a work in verse is promised, on the legion of living Bards and Bardesses, with something like biographical accompaniments, in which the mystic meaning of the text will be helped out by the interference of sober and intelligible prose; and it is likewise true, that the printing presses are busy, especially in London, with the manufacture of many volumes. From the poem, satire undeserved, and praises unmerited, may be dealt about among the scribbling part of creation, or it may be a work of high genius and true judgment, still it is but a volume; the other works are the monthly Libraries, and issues of reprints. One work of better promise, with the title of 'Legends and Traditions of the Castles of England,' is, we hear, in course of preparation by Mr. Thomas Roscoe and Mr. Leitch Ritchie, to be published by subscription. It is to comprise, not only a genuine narrative of the fortunes of the English Castles, but, in a more particular manner, the events of what may be termed their private history, founded upon legends and traditions; and further, picturesque sketches of the more celebrated of the castles,

made from materials collected upon the spot by Mr. Ritchie, in the manner he has adopted in the 'Picturesque Annual'; and the antiquarian, historical, biographical, legendary, and traditional notices, are, throughout, to be relieved and illustrated by romantic tales. This work is so exactly modelled on the suggestion we threw out some time since, for the consideration of others, who have allowed the opportunity to escape, that we suspect our few words must have been "parent to the thought." For reasons then given, we think it cannot fail to be eminently successful—it enlists in its favour all the becoming pride of our aristocracy—all local feelings and prejudices—and, the associated names of the writers, all the best good wishes of the informed and intelligent.

We are glad to observe, although peace is not quite established between the *New Monthly* and *Fraser's Magazine*, that they have not gone to extremities with one another; for though the latter alludes personally to the editor of the former, in the strange and amusing article on the Burns and Hogg dinner, Mr. Bulwer has no more to complain of than others; we imagined ourselves not a little severe on the mal-administration of affairs during the said dinner, but our breath was quite a zephyr compared to the stormy language of some of our contemporaries. One of them, we see, accuses the poet of Ettrick of assuming the plaid of a shepherd for the purpose of attracting the notice of the good people of London, and more than insinuates that he expects his strange attire to have some influence in the sale of his forthcoming volumes. Now, we have personally known the poet these eight-and-twenty years, and we know him to be incapable of any such conduct. He wears the shepherd plaid on Sunday, when he goes to church; for he never in his life went, on that day, without it, at least during the inclement period of the year—there is no other mystery in the shepherd's plaid. We observe that the Modern Athens announces a New Magazine, which is to advocate the cause of liberty and literature: has the editor no dread of Sir Christopher and his Crutch? and is he not fearful of being served up like a haggis in some bitter Noctes. Some of the new magazines in our south country have been anything but successful: we hope the northern one will, if worthy, strike root and flourish.

In Art we hear of little: some fears are expressed for Newton, the eminent American painter; the vessel in which he sailed has not, we are told, been heard of.

We were present on Wednesday last at the Artists and Amateurs' Conversazione, and much regret that the complaints we so lately made as to the miserable display in works of art at the meetings of a similar society, may with great truth be repeated on the present occasion. We regret to see the artists who are members, take so little trouble to contribute to the amusements of the evening; the whole strength of the display on Wednesday was brought down by a few of the amateur members, and to their uniform zeal we can bear testimony: those works with which we were best pleased were an extraordinary drawing of a shipwreck off a rocky coast, by Turner, in colours, one of his most powerful and finished productions, and a lovely Venetian Scene, by Stanfield. A very able posthumous bust of the late Royal Aca-



demician Jackson, by Barlowe, as also a model of a lady's hand, by the same artist, were generally admired.

The Garrick Club opened the doors of Probat's Hotel on the first of this month, and we must say, the alterations of the house and its decorations are skilfully and tastefully accomplished. There is an excellent dining-room, and an excellent drawing-room, and what furniture is introduced is substantial as well as showy. The members cannot write up the old dramatic motto *Veluti in Speculum* over their chimney as yet, for there is no glass to keep it in countenance. There are plenty of Members of Parliament, but no mirror. The especial patronage of the Drama is held up as the great object for which the club, which is really very select, has been established. If the encouragement of a better taste in managers, actors, and the public can be fostered, the Garrick Club will indeed be the most valuable club in London. Tom Cooke, we believe, was the first person who sprung a joke within the new establishment. It was, however, not strong on the wing, and was caught by Waiter No. 2. Mr. Winston, the Secretary, looks carefully to the economy of the club affairs.

## SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

### ROYAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 2.—Dr. W. G. Maton, Vice President, in the chair.—The Rev. W. Ritchie's paper on 'Voltaic Electricity,' was resumed and concluded. A second paper was read in part, entitled 'On the Sound of the Human Voice,' by Sir Charles Bell, F.R.S., &c.

Henry Fox Talbot, Esq. was admitted, and the following elected:—Charles Octavius Morgan, Esq., Joseph Jackson Lister, Esq., William Gravatt, Esq., the Hon. William F. Spencer Ponsonby, Capt. Sir Samuel John Brooke Pechell, R.N., Frederick Madden, Esq., John Edward Gray, Esq., and Alexander Barry, Esq.

### GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 1.—Roderick Impey Murchison, Esq., President, in the chair.—A paper on the lower portion of the new red sandstone in Cumberland, by the Rev. Adam Sedgwick, Woodwardian Professor at Cambridge, was read.

Donations were announced from the President, Sir Alexander Ritchie, M. le Vicomte Henricurt de Thury, &c.

### ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 2.—Sir Francis Shuckburgh, Bart., in the chair.—After the minutes of the last meeting had been read and confirmed, 18 candidates were balloted for and elected. The monthly report, read by the Secretary, stated the cash balance in hand on the 31st of January as 628*l*. 5*s*. 2*d*. The number of visitors to the Museum during the last month was 808, and to the Gardens 3747. It was also announced, that the whole of the animals presented by His Majesty to the Society, had been removed from the Tower to the Gardens in the Regent's Park, and this munificent donation had so far increased the general stock, as to enable the council to make an extensive presentation of duplicates to the Zoological Society of Dublin. The names of the auditors, forming a committee of accounts for the year 1832, were announced, *seriatim*, from the chair, and unanimously elected.

### WESTMINSTER MEDICAL SOCIETY.

Jan. 28.—Mr. Chinnock in the chair.—'The Anatomy Question' was this evening discussed. A Petition to the Legislature was submitted for

the Society's consideration in reference to Mr. Warburton's Bill, now before the House of Commons, which, after a very interesting debate, was adopted.

At the previous meeting of the Society, Mr. Costelloe read a paper on the Rhinoplastic Operation, or the formation of artificial noses. He very clearly proved its antiquity, by an extract from Calentius' letter to his Orpianus, who had lost his nose, in the year 1450, where he states "that Branca, a Sicilian, restored the nose, either from the arm of the patient, or the transfer of that of a slave; that he had personally witnessed it, and the effect was wonderful." The author also read an extract from the writings of Benedictus, a Professor of Padua, in the year 1490, where he not only mentions the success attending the operation, but also cautions the patient as to the danger likely to accrue from exposure of such artificial nose to severe cold.

Mr. Costelloe thus proved that Taliecotius (although he has been so identified with this operation as to give it his name, and a nose is placed in his hand, on his monument, as an emblem of his success) was not its inventor, but was entitled to great credit for his observations on the subject. Mr. Costelloe then entered into a critical examination of the modes of operating, from Taliecotius downwards, to that used at the present period. He related the case of a gentleman of Cornwall, and exhibited a drawing as well as cast of the patient before and after the operation, which was performed in November last, where complete regeneration of the nose was effected. For the details of this method he was indebted to Professor Stark, of Copenhagen, and some Prussian Physician. The learned author, at the conclusion of his highly interesting paper, pointed out the advantages attending this branch of surgery. He thought the surgeon well skilled in it could not only repair injuries which disease or accident produced, but correct, model, and beautify the external forms of nature, and thus render the science of surgery not only curative but plastic.

### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

|          |  |
|----------|--|
| MONDAY,  | { Phrenological Society ..... Eight, P.M.    |
|          | { Medical Society ..... Eight, P.M.          |
|          | { Linnæan Society ..... Eight, P.M.          |
| TUESDAY, | { Horticultural Society ..... One, P.M.      |
|          | { Institution of Civil Engineers Eight, P.M. |
| WEDNES.  | { Society of Arts ..... P. 7, P.M.           |
|          | { Royal Society ..... P. 9, P.M.             |
| THURSD.  | { Society of Antiquaries ..... Eight, P.M.   |
|          | { Royal Institution ..... P. 8, P.M.         |
| FRIDAY,  | { Astronomical Society ..... Eight, P.M.     |
| SATURD.  | { Westminster Medical Society.. Eight, P.M.  |

### UNIVERSITY OF DURHAM.

THE endowment of this University is on a scale of liberality worthy of the *olden time*. The Warden and Classical Professor will have the reversion of the first two vacant stalls in the cathedral, and (waiting the golden prebends) a handsome salary.

Twenty foundation students will have lodgings, commons, and tuition, provided for them at the expense of the Prebendaries. These appointments will be filled up, as they become vacant, by those of the applicants who most distinguish themselves at a public examination.

Among the candidates for the Professorships are some of the most distinguished members of both Universities.

The minor Canonries of the cathedral, which are of the value of 200*l*. per annum, will be appropriated to the University as Fellowships; and the whole patronage of the chapter and the see will be distributed according to a scale of merit among its members.

It is rumoured that the interest of the Chancellor has been promised to obtain for the institution the perpetual patronage of the livings in his gift beyond the Trent. Should this plan be realized, the University will offer to the com-

petition of its members greater preferment than any of the colleges of Oxford or Cambridge.

An application is immediately to be made for a charter, enabling the University to confer degrees, and it is proposed that the institution should at once claim for itself the standing and privileges of the other Universities.

The plan of an University at Durham is as old as the days of Cromwell, by whom a letter, still in existence, was addressed to the Chapter, urging its formation; and it has ever since been a favourite scheme.

The great distance of the two southern Universities, the high intellectual character of the inhabitants of the North, the great numbers of Northmen who, notwithstanding the distance and consequent expense, flock to Oxford and Cambridge, and especially to the latter University, are circumstances which have ever led men to look upon the establishment of an University in one of the northern counties as eminently desirable; and of all places in the North, Durham is that which every one would first select for its site. The situation of the city is of unequalled beauty. It is built upon the sides of a conical hill, around two-thirds of the base of which flows a wide and rapid river, and which is crowned by the old castle, the majestic cathedral, the shrine of St. Cuthbert, and the college. Along its banks, in parts thickly planted, have been cut those celebrated walks, to which our two Universities have nothing that can claim a comparison in extent or beauty, in shade or solitude.

The college presents numerous facilities for the machinery of an University. There is a most valuable library, a dormitory, and other apartments convertible into lecture-rooms; the Bishop's library, on the Castle Green, will form an admirable hall; and a row of houses forming one side of the Green, is purchased for the residence of the foundation scholars.

The Chapter have, we understand, (profiting by the experience of some other institutions,) resolved not to squander their funds upon *Architectural* embellishments to their institution. Their object is to establish permanently a seminary of sound learning and religious instruction, and to offer such remunerations and rewards as may collect about them the men who are most eminent in their respective departments to teach these, and the most numerous classes to learn them. These points being accomplished, it may become a secondary consideration whether it be consistent with the dignity of a body so constituted to surround itself with the sublimities of masonry. The University is established at a great personal sacrifice, principally made by the Prebendaries, and, to cover the expense, they are, we believe, about to part with one of their estates at South Shields. The Bishop, besides a magnificent donation, confers on the institution 1000*l*. annually.

There are other dignitaries of the church who might follow his example in *doing* something for similar institutions, in which they *profess* an equal interest.

### ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY AT ROME.

THE Institute for Archæological Correspondence at Rome, held a public sitting on the 9th of December, at which Mr. Dodwell made a report of the result of his latest researches into the Cyclopic remains of the aboriginal times of Italy. Baron de Beugust strenuously maintained, at this meeting, the perfect harmony subsisting between the contents of Grecian and Etruscan sepulchres, by comparing the Volsoian vases with those which he had discovered in Ægina. M. Kestner next exhibited originals and copies of antiques, recently added to his collection, amongst which were, a Roman lamp ornamented with dancing skeletons. He was followed by Professor Gerhard, who dwelt upon the two mural paintings found in the Etruscan tombs of

the Tarquins, which have been lately discovered at Cometo, and copies of which are about to be published by the Institute. We should have mentioned, that M. Fea, the father of the present race of antiquarians in Rome, succeeded our learned countryman, Dodwell, and gave an account of the latest discoveries of Greek remains on the eastern side of Caere, in Etruria. M. Bunsen, the secretary-general, closed the sitting with a merited panegyric on the services which the Institute had rendered to the cause of antiquarian research, and the department of the ancient arts and sciences, during the three short years of its existence.

## FINE ARTS

### BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE Exhibition of the works of British Artists will open on Monday. As the private view is announced for this day, we had hopes that we should have been permitted to take a glimpse of the collection, in order that we might report upon it to the public—but, on application at the Gallery, we were informed that such permission could not, on any account, be given; and we are therefore indebted to a friend for a brief general notice.

As a whole, the Exhibition is a pleasing one—full of variety, and in that peculiar department of the art, which has of late years distinguished our school of painting. There are some works possessing a claim to the higher character of genius: among others, HILTON's fine picture, of 'Sir Calepine rescuing Serena;' ETTY's 'Shipwrecked Sailor;' some beautiful specimens by E. LANDSEER—'A Lassie herding Sheep,' a most exquisite picture; a splendid Interior, by FRASER, marvellously executed; 'The Dream of Queen Catherine,' by HOWARD; a sweet 'Head of a Child,' by MRS. CARPENTER; 'Hunt the Slipper,' by CHALON; 'Fruit,' by G. LANCE; two pictures by poor LIVERSEEGE, (whose death we so lately lamented,) 'Don Quixote' and the 'Recruit,' full of true and unaffected feeling; two pictures by G. HAYTER; 'Covent Garden Market,' by J. F. LEWIS; 'A Bit of Courtship,' by KNIGHT; a clever picture by HART; some pleasing landscapes by LEE, BURNET, A. CLINT, STANLEY, CONNOR; a sea-piece by STANFIELD, and many others by WEBSTER, FARRIER, R. T. BONE, HOFLAND, ROGERS, INSKIPP, UWINS, &c.

Charles Whitley, Esq. Drawn from Life on the Stone, by F. W. Wilkin.

To draw from life on the stone was rather a bold and hazardous experiment. Mr. Wilkin has, however, been remarkably successful; the drawing is bold and vigorous, and the portrait will be recognized immediately by all the Cambridge men of the present day.

## MUSIC

### KING'S THEATRE.

ON Thursday evening we were present at what the auctioneers call "a view" of the King's Theatre, as decorated and lighted up for its public performances. The cleanliness of the house (of which we must first speak) was quite striking; and you could put your hand upon a cushion or a panel, without withdrawing from the touch the hand of a mulatto—we must, indeed, except the seats and railing of the pit, which were much railed at. The general appearance of the house was delightful; new curtains to the boxes—new festoonings to the drops of the chandeliers—new colours to the fronts of the boxes, and new decorations to the ceiling. The vivid green, which *streaks* each circle, is rather opposed to the general tone of the house; but there is great freshness

and neatness throughout. The drop-scene, a rich crimson curtain, gold-embroidered, and crown-surmounted, (painted by Grieve,) is splendid in the extreme; it is the best curtain-lecture that was ever given by the artist to the public. Two scenes (we presume the one of Rome, and the other of Naples,) were exhibited, and received the cordial applause of the select. The scene of Rome is boldly and finely painted; but that of Naples has the effect of a weak water-colour drawing, in which the background is struggling with the foreground for strength of colour; and the sea and the sky are fighting a deep-blue battle. The beauty of the house, however, is beyond question; and we only regret that the director did not summon a few of his orchestral and vocal artists, to give a spirit and effect to the first demi-semi-public exhibition of the theatre. Several ladies were decorated to a *concert-pitch*.

After three postponements, it is decidedly to open this evening with Donizetti's opera 'L'Esule di Roma,' one of the earliest of this young author's productions. If our memory deceives us not, it was written about five years ago at Naples, for M. Winter, (who is to sing his original part this evening,) with Tosi, for the *prima donna*, and Lablache; it had some success. It is, however, much inferior to 'Anna Bolena' by the same author, and has a strong taint of the familiar phrases of Rossini. A trio, in the finale to the first act, is considered the crowning jewel; originally there was no *scena* for the *entrée* of the *prima donna*—whether anything is substituted for this omission, we know not.

If the orchestra contains all whose names are published, and each person is employed in that situation for which he is best qualified—or as the St. Simonians have it, *chacun selon sa capacité*—the band will be a decided improvement on that of the last season. Numbers, however, do not constitute *discipline*; and since a contemporary has promised to show the musical world how, in one short week, a band can be organized to compete with one that has worked together for years, it is possible we may hereafter hazard a word or two on this subject. What we are to expect from the choruses, we do not yet know; there certainly was room for improvement. Signor D'Angeli, we are informed, is engaged as chorus master, and commenced his labours only on Tuesday last! The *corps de ballet* is said to be very numerous; Monsieur Albert has concocted something to exhibit the *troupe*, and Madame Le Compte is *première danseuse*.

We have just time to announce that a full rehearsal took place yesterday, in the presence of many of the subscribers; a MS. overture, composed by the new manager, and to be performed this evening, was very cordially applauded; and a grand *scena* by Costa, for a tenor, is introduced into the second act. The performances will begin half an hour later than formerly—at eight on Saturdays, and half-past eight on Tuesdays.

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Trois Mélodies Ecossaises. For the Piano. By Chaulieu.

Walze de l'Oiseau. Ditto. Cocks.

THESE Scotch airs are each preceded by some half-dozen bars of chords in arpeggios, &c., by way of introduction, and terminated by a fanciful variation and coda. The *tout ensemble* merely the cost of any musician's labour. For juvenile performers they may be found useful. The price is overmuch for the chirping of Mons. Chaulieu; a simple musical idea, although prettily spun out in sequences of harmony, is rather a dear purchase at two shillings, notwithstanding the etching of a bullfinch given into the bargain!

## THEATRICALS

### NEW STRAND THEATRE.

THIS Theatre still continues open, notwithstanding the notices to close it, served upon the "Direction,"—which word Mr. Rayner, in his thirst for novelty, has substituted for "management." By the bye, as the "Direction" is stated by the Lord Chamberlain's own people to be a wrong one—Query, have the notices ever reached their destination? But joking a-part (and being serious the rest), we must give it as our opinion, that the Lord Chamberlain should either bite or not bark. We know not how the law stands—and in saying so, we only confess an ignorance in which there are many to share with us;—but one of two things must be the case—either the law upon the subject is clear, or it is not. If clear, it should either be enforced or its infringement winked at. If, on the other hand, it is not clear, and the Chamberlain has "a power which he has no power to do," would not better judgment be shown by letting judgment go by default? Surely Mr. Rayner has too much Yorkshire about him to have embarked in a speculation, the failure of which must bring ruin upon himself and his partners, without having taken the best advice he could get upon the point; and, if this has told him that, at least, the case is doubtful, it was not too much for him to expect that, where doubt existed, the leaning, on the part of the authorities, would be to the side of mercy, until some new enactment should make his position intelligible. If such advice has not been given him, and if no such doubt does exist, we cannot pity him for anything that may happen; because, be the law right or wrong, while it is in existence, it should be respected. After this little introductory effusion, we shall proceed to our more immediate business, which is to report upon the house and the performances, as we find it and them. The house is small, convenient, pretty, and cheerful, but it has no feature of novelty, except the absence of a gallery. We know not what the gallery visitors may think of this new regulation;—there is something to be said on both sides, but, as what they say must be *outside*, perhaps it is not worth while to speculate upon it. As a general rule, we must say we are not so exclusive, or so aristocratic as to wish to see theatres without galleries. We know that actors cannot get on half so well without laughter and applause as with them; and we are somewhat loth to part with those grinning, grimy faces, from which, upon sufficient provocation, the best shouts are to be obtained. There is a rough honesty about the costless dogs, who, when they are pleased, don't care who knows it, much more encouraging than the silent, simpering, smiling gentility of the private and public boxes. If the presence of the former be objectionable on the ground of *equality*, their laughter is clearly desirable on the same score, for it is generally as *broad* as it is *long*.—The first piece, called 'Professionals Puzzled, or, Struggles at Starting,' is but poorly written, and the constant recurrence of clap-traps, all tending to the same point, make it somewhat tiresome. Allowance is, however, to be made; for these things, though they have all been said in different shapes before, must, we suppose, on such an occasion, be said again. In the course of the piece, we are introduced to two or three old faces, and a host of new ones. We have somebody from almost every country theatre in England—judging from the samples, there are some cases in which we should object to purchasing the lot; but, upon the whole, the selections are judicious. We shall notice them individually as occasion may hereafter be afforded us, but at present we cannot pass over Mr. Mitchell, from the Scarborough theatre—his performance of

*Sam Slouch* (conductor of a zoological establishment) is excellent. It is a portrait without being a caricature, and we augur well of him. Miss Ferguson, late of the English Opera House, is clever in some things, but we must recommend the omission of her Savoyard boy with the monkey, intended as an imitation of Madame Vestris in 'The Grenadier.' The pretty and characteristic air which, with the foreign words, is so admirably given by Madame Vestris, is turned into one of the most doleful ditties we ever went to sleep to—with drawing inappropriate English words; and the monkey is as far as the lady behind their respective originals. Should ill health, or any other unforeseen circumstance oblige Mr. Jocko, of the Olympic, to quit the profession, Mr. J. of the Strand must not hope to succeed him. The second entertainment, a musical comedieta, in two acts, entitled, 'Mystification,' is lively and agreeable enough. Of this Mrs. Waylett is the principal attraction, and she sang three ballads in such way as to entitle her to be so considered. There is but little in her acting at any time, but that little goes much further in this small theatre than it did at Drury Lane. We have a second commendation to bestow on Mr. Mitchell, who, by his personation of a servant, seemed determined to convince us that our first estimate of him was a just one. Mr. Rayner himself was the hero of the last piece, called, 'Love's Frailties;' his acting is well known, and will be better liked the better known. The house was well attended, though not full, and satisfaction seemed to be the order of the evening.

It is a curious fact, that in the piece called 'Robert le Diable, the Devil's Brother,' now performing with so much applause at the Adelphi Theatre, the greatest excitement upon the audience should be produced by a *sinking of spirits*.

We are glad to find that the Great Theatres have been better attended lately, and can assure our readers that this is true, although their own bills say so. The puffing system, our old favourite topic, which we have too long neglected, is carried on with unblushing rivalry by both parties. For "unprecedented" extravagance, and "a complete overflow" of bad English, we should say that Drury Lane has it; but, if time will permit, we will enter a little more fully into the matter next week.

#### MISCELLANEA

As a matter appertaining to the Arts, we are happy to hear, that, at a special meeting of the Committee of the Athenæum, Mr. Stanfield was elected a Member of that now select body. He was proposed by Sir Martin Archer Shee, and seconded by Lord Farnborough. When the fact of there being some hundreds of names in the lists of candidates, is considered, it affords us a pleasure to find genius taking precedence of both rank and fortune—the persons elected on the same occasion as the painter, were Prince Talleyrand, the Speaker of the House of Commons, and Sir James Scarlett.

*King's College, Strand.*—Among the recent donations made to this Institution, are a collection of minerals, &c. brought by Captain Parry, from Repulse Bay and Melville Island, and a copy of the 'Statutes at Large;' both the gift of Lord Bexley. The Commissioners of Public Records have also presented to the library a complete copy of their printed reports and papers, consisting of above fifty volumes—The Society for promoting Christian Knowledge, a collection of all their bound publications—and Professor Brande, a regular series of the Journals of the Royal Institution. The Museum has been, likewise, enriched by some thousands of specimens in botany, together with several hun-

dred botanical drawings, &c., collected and presented by Professor Burnett, as well as by a donation from Mr. Alex. Kerr, of a considerable collection of specimens of the reptile tribe, from the Island of Penang.

*Cuvier's Animal Kingdom.*—The original designs illustrating this work, by M. Guérin, the distinguished naturalist, have just been published by him in Paris—the highest success is anticipated in the undertaking.

The Pope has just created a new order of knighthood, styled the order of St. Gregory the Great—the officers of the Austrian army in Italy, it should seem, are "the puppets" for whom the decorative ribands are to serve as "strings," and, it is said, they have been most liberally distributed among them.

*Persecutions of the St. Simonians.*—The French authorities have at last taken the surest step to render popular the followers of St. Simon, by sending a posse comitatus and a body of troops on Sunday the 23rd inst., to prevent their public preaching, and surround the house of the *Père Suprême*. The papers and correspondence of the leading parties were seized, and the congregation assembled at their place of meeting unceremoniously dismissed—the doors being closed and officially sealed. The *père suprême*, Enfantin, and the *père* Olinda Rodrigues, underwent an examination before the Judge of Instruction; but the inquiry elicited nothing on which to found any charge, and their papers were afterwards restored. Such a measure was exactly what *La Famille* desired—they bless the hand that strikes, being assured, that the publicity thus given to their doctrines, and the sympathy that will naturally arise, even among their brethren of the press, who have hitherto ridiculed them, will give currency to their financial scheme, and strength to their cause.

*The Reform Bill.*—A wag complains to us bitterly of the delay in passing the Bill,—as impeding not only public but private business, even to household affairs. One of his female servants, he says, neglected her duties for weeks, to look out of window, till the mistress was obliged to remonstrate. "If you please, ma'am," said the girl, "it's to see the Reform Bill. I heard as how it was going to pass,—and I thought it might pass our way."

The present month, February, short as it is, contains five Wednesdays,—a circumstance that cannot happen again for the next forty-nine years.

*New Zealand Cookery.*—In New Zealand they dress their food by steaming it in native ovens after the following manner. A pit is dug in the ground, in which some stones are placed, and a fire lighted upon them, and suffered to remain until they are well heated; after the fire is removed, water is thrown over the stones, and damp leaves placed also upon them, which causes much steam to arise; the meat, potatoes, &c. are then placed into this oven, covered with leaves, and the whole entirely covered over with earth, &c.; it remains for nearly an hour, when the cooking process is found completed.—*MS. Journal.*

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

| Days of W. & Mon. | Thermom. Max. Min. | Barometer. Noon. | Winds. | Weather.    |
|-------------------|--------------------|------------------|--------|-------------|
| Th. 26            | 45 32              | 29.75            | S.     | Rain, P.M.  |
| Fr. 27            | 39 27              | 29.90            | N.W.   | Sleet, A.M. |
| Sat. 28           | 40 33              | 30.05            | S.W.   | Clear.      |
| Sun. 29           | 46 37              | 30.05            | N.E.   | Cloudy.     |
| Mon. 30           | 40 37              | 30.20            | W.     | Ditto.      |
| Tues. 31          | 47 34              | 29.90            | S.E.   | Ditto.      |
| Wed. 1            | 47 34              | 29.30            | S.E.   | Rain, A.M.  |

*Prevailing Clouds.*—Cirrostratus, Cymoid-cirrostratus, Cirro-cumulus.

Mean temperature of the week, 36°.

Nights and Mornings for the greater part fair.

Day increased on Wednesday, 1 h. 20 min.

#### NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

*Forthcoming.*—Legends and Traditions of the Castles of England, by Mr. Thomas Roscoe and Mr. Leitch Ritchie. It is to be published by subscription, in twelve parts, at 3s. 6d. each part, and the work has been taken under the special patronage of the King, to whom it is to be dedicated.

The Portraits for illustrating the fifth volume of Allan Cunningham's *Lives of the Eminent British Painters* are finished, and in a manner every way worthy of the best heads of the preceding volumes. They consist of Raeburn, Romney, Copley, Hoppner, and Owen, and are all from the graver of W. C. Edwards, whose clear, solid, and manly style of workmanship is well known.

A Dictionary, Practical, Theoretical, and Historical, of Commerce and Commercial Navigation, by J. R. McCulloch, Esq.

Ten Sermons upon the Nature and Effects of Faith, by the Rev. James Thomas O'Brien, Fellow, T.C.D. Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Library, Vol. IX. Memoirs of the Duke of Wellington, Vol. II.

Illustrations of the Christian Faith and Christian Virtues; drawn from the Bible, by M. S. Haynes, Author of *Scenes and Thoughts*, &c.

Lady Charlotte Bury will shortly present to the public a Poem, entitled, *Some Account of the Three Great Sanctuaries of Tuscany, Valombrosa, Camaldoli, and Laverna*.

A new work on the Gender of the French Nouns, by Mr. Thurgar.

A new edition of Mr. Payne's *Exposition of Jacotot's Method*.

A volume of *Elementary Exercises*, by Mr. Payne.

A Narrative of a Nine Months' Residence in New Zealand, in 1827: together with a Journal of a Residence in Tristan d'A Cunha, by Augustus Earle. With Engravings.

A Dictionary of Practical Medicine, by J. Copland, M.D.

Tales and Conversations for Children of all Ages, by Mrs. Markham, Authoress of the *History of England*.

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#### TO CORRESPONDENTS

Some of our Dublin friends have enviable tempers, and we forgive even those who did not pay the postage of their letters, for their kind forbearance. It appears, that many did not receive either the Supplemental Sheet of the first number, or the Title-page and Index given with the second; and we could not have traced out the occasion of such extraordinary omissions, but for the accidental mention of the name of their News Agent. We believe copies have now been sent. We think it necessary, however, to inform all persons, that we have nothing to do with forwarding copies—they are purchased by London Booksellers and News Agents, and we know not to whom they are forwarded.

\* \* We regret exceedingly, that it has been out of our power to supply the demand for the last year's volume, the first number being out of print; and though every exertion has been made to hunt out copies, and many have been purchased, this supply has been wholly unequal to the demand. The proprietors have therefore resolved to reprint the number, which will enable them to complete about fifty more sets. Such subscribers as have been heretofore disappointed, will have the kindness to direct their bookseller or newsman to forward their orders to our office, and the earliest applications shall have the preference. They will be ready for delivery early in the week after next.

Many thanks to H. C. D.—but we have later and better information.

The Friend, who inclosed two papers, must favour us with his name.

Mr. M. Thomas should have paid the postage of his letter—it was by mere accident that it was received.

Thanks to W. T.—M. M.—J. B.—A Constant Reader—Theta.

We thank F. G. S., but cannot again refer to the subject. Strange as it will appear to him, our notice was not satisfactory.

Many Advertisements are unavoidably omitted.

## ADVERTISEMENTS

On the 1st of March will be published, price 6s.  
**SONGS OF THE SEASONS.**  
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**THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE,**  
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The Number for February contains a graphic sketch of ANTI-RADICAL, with an ode to SIR CHARLES WETHERELL. The Contents are—  
 I. A Project for the Diffusion of Useful Ignorance—II. Opening of Parliament—III. A Ramble with the Travellers—IV. Ode to Sir C. Wetherell; with the Portrait of Anti-Radical—V. Specimens of Latin Comedy: The Captives—*Plautus*—VI. Calumnies of Carving—VII. A Modest Defence of Literary Puffing—VIII. The Parisian Newspaper Press—IX. Rivers—X. The Currency and the Bank of England—XI. Ellison and the Ass's Head—XII. A Legend of the Egean—XIII. Souci, from Petrarch—XIV. Sketch of a Home, No. II.: a Dialogue with John Walter, the Widow to her Son—XV. Titles *versus* Real, No. 2—XVII. Parliamentary Pastoral, No. 1, by Corinna Croker; No. 2, by the Damon of Newcastle—XVIII. Dramatic Monopoly—XIX. Brevelles—XX. The Lay of the Last Minstrel—XXI. Notes of the Month on Affairs General—XXII. Review of Books, The Drama. Fine Arts. Literary. Agricultural Report, &c. &c.  
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**BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,** Nos. CXC. and CXCII. For February 1837.

Contents of Part I.  
 I. Sathely's Homer: Critique 5; Acadies, Part 2. II. A Letter to the Lord Chancellor on the Present State of the Established Church. III. Tom Cringle's Log. IV. The Horse, by the Rev. F. W. Maury. V. Geography of Africa—Quarterly Review; Letter from James M'Queen, Esq. VI. The Swan and the Stylar, by Mrs. Hemans. VII. Let us Depart, by the same. VIII. The Flower of the Desert, by the same. IX. The Painter's Last Work, a Scene, by the same. X. French Memoirs, No. 2, Revelations d'une Femme de Qualité. XI. The Moonlight Churchyard, by Delta. XII. The Age of the Janissaries. XIII. Notes Ambrosiennes, No. 69.  
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On 31st March will be published, No. 1. price 2s. 6d. of  
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We do not offer to the public a Journal fashioned after the manner of those with which it is at present familiar. We undertake which we intend to advocate, and the objects to the accomplishment of which all our exertions shall be devoted, are of a kind which Magazine Writers have hitherto, for the most part, neglected or shunned. Drawing-room and holiday literature is well enough in its own place, and we are by no means disposed to quarrel with it. But a change has come over the spirit of the time; mighty questions have been stirred; deep interests have been created; vast masses of men, formerly inert and passive, have suddenly begun to heave to and fro with the force of a newly inspired animation; old things are passing away—and while probably on the eve of great events, it has appeared to us not only desirable, but necessary, to provide an organ of vehicle through which the voice of a renovated people may be heard.

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FOURPENCE.

In compliance with the desire of many well-informed persons, to extend as much as possible the diffusion of General Literature and Useful Knowledge, this Paper has been REDUCED IN PRICE from Eightpence to FOURPENCE, at which rate all the previous Numbers may now be had.

## REVIEWS

*Fauna Boreali-Americani, or, the Zoology of the Northern Parts of British America, Part II., Birds.* By W. Swainson, Esq., and John Richardson, M.D. 4to. London, 1832. Murray.

THIS splendid volume, the publication of which we announced in our paper of last week, forms the second part of the first zoological work ever published under the immediate authority of the British government, and reflects the highest credit on all those who have either interested themselves in the production of it, or laboured in the execution.

Dr. Richardson, it will be recollected, was the surgeon and naturalist on the late northern land expeditions under the command of Capt. Sir John Franklin, R.N.; and such was the indefatigable zeal directed even to the minor objects of the undertaking, notwithstanding all the difficulties encountered, and so great the extent and value of the collections made, and information obtained, in various departments of natural history, that his late Majesty's government was induced to aid an extensive and scientific form of publication. On an application, which had the approval of the Secretary of State for Colonial Affairs, the Treasury granted the sum of one thousand pounds to be applied towards defraying the expense of numerous engravings: a portion to be devoted to each of the different parts. The volumes on Mammalia and Birds are now before the public; the Entomology, by the Rev. William Kirby, and the Botany, by Professor Hooker, are in progress.

Science is indebted to the exertions of the Hudson's Bay Company for almost all that was previously known of the ornithology of the American fur-countries, north of the 48th parallel of latitude. The first collections of Hudson's Bay birds were brought to England about the year 1745, and many of the species were accurately described and figured by Mr. George Edwards, in the early volumes of his well known 'Natural History of Birds,' previous to 1750. Edwards presented a copy of this work, in seven quarto volumes, coloured by his own hand, to the Royal Society; and another copy, which he sent to Linnaeus, returning to England again when Sir James Smith acquired the invaluable museum and library of that prince of naturalists, is now in the possession of the Linnaean Society.

The authors of the present volume have judiciously availed themselves of all that has been hitherto gleaned of the ornithology of an immense district, more than equal to the whole of the European continent, north of the same parallel of latitude; and it is remarkable, that the species distributed over the two countries are nearly equal in num-

ber, of which about eighty are common to both. Of the plates, amounting to fifty, the whole are admirable: the drawing and colouring are of first-rate excellence, and the effect produced at once striking and beautiful. The various tables of species, and their temporary localities, are interesting and valuable: and the numerous wood-cuts distributed throughout the work are an important acquisition to the ornithologist.

The effects of climate and soil, as influencing migration, are particularly noticed: we select only two or three detached portions:—

"Birds are usually divided into migratory and resident, though comparatively few in the fur-countries are strictly entitled to the latter appellation. The raven, and Canadian, and short-billed jays, are, indeed, the only species which we recognized as being equally numerous at their breeding places in winter as in summer; and they pair and begin to lay eggs in the month of March, nearly three months earlier than any other bird in those quarters.

"A number of species, which rear two or more broods within the United States, raise only one in the fur-countries, the shortness of the summer not admitting of their doing more. The passenger pigeons do not visit the fur-countries, where they breed, until after they have reared a brood, and quitted the breeding-places in Kentucky.

"The nature of the country, whether prairie or wooded, rocky and barren, or marshy, must also be taken into account in all speculations on the distribution of the feathered tribes. Several of the wading-birds, for instance, that feed by thrusting their bills into soft marshy soil, frequent the Saskatchewan prairies only in spring, and as soon as the warm and comparatively early summer renders the soil dry and unfit to yield them support, they retire to their breeding quarters in the Arctic lands. There, the frozen subsoil, acted upon by the rays of a sun constantly above the horizon, keeps the surface wet and spongy during the two short summer months, which suffice these birds for rearing their young. This office performed, they depart to the southward, and halt in the autumn on the flat shores of Hudson's Bay, which, owing to accumulations of ice drifted into the Bay from the northward, are kept in a low temperature all the summer, and are not thawed to the same extent with the more interior Arctic lands, before the beginning of autumn. They quit these haunts on the setting in of the September frosts, and passing along the coasts of the United States, retire within the Tropics in the winter."

The high scientific attainments of both the gentlemen who have so successfully united their powers for the production of this work, are too well known and appreciated to require any eulogium on our part. Throughout the volume the detail of systematic arrangement is by Mr. Swainson; the habits of the species are principally described by Dr. Richardson, and from these last we shall make a selection, as more interesting to the general reader.

## "Golden Eagle."

"This powerful bird breeds in the recesses of the sub-alpine country, which skirts the rocky mountains, and is seldom seen farther to the eastward. It is held by the aborigines of America, as it is by almost every other people, to be an emblem of might and courage; and the young Indian warrior glories in his eagle plume as the most honourable ornament with which he can adorn himself. Its feathers are attached to the calumets or smoking-pipes, used by the Indians in the celebration of their solemn festivals, which has obtained for it the name of the calumet eagle. Indeed, so highly are these ornaments prized, that a warrior will often exchange a valuable horse for the tail feathers of a single eagle. The strength of vision of this bird must almost exceed conception, for it can discover its prey and pounce upon it from a height at which it is itself, with its expanded wings, scarcely visible to the human eye. When looking for its prey, it sails in large circles, with its tail spread out, but with little motion of its wings; and it often soars aloft in a spiral manner, its gyrations becoming gradually less and less perceptible, until it dwindles to a mere speck, and is at length entirely lost to the view. A story is current on the plains of the Saskatchewan, of a half-bred Indian, who was vaunting his prowess before a band of his countrymen, and wishing to impress them with a belief in his supernatural powers. In the midst of his harangue, an eagle was observed suspended, as it were, in the air, directly over his head, upon which, pointing aloft with his dagger, which glistened brightly in the sun, he called upon the royal bird to come down. To his own amazement, no less than to the consternation of the surrounding Indians, the eagle seemed to obey the charm, for, instantly shooting down with the velocity of an arrow, it impaled itself on the point of his weapon."

"We saw the Yerfalcon often during our journeys over the barren grounds, where its habitual prey is the ptarmigan, but where it also destroys plover, ducks, and geese. In the middle of June 1821, a pair of these birds attacked me as I was climbing in the vicinity of their nest, which was built on a lofty precipice on the borders of Point Lake, in latitude 65½°. They flew in circles, uttering loud and harsh screams, and alternately stooping with such velocity, that their motion through the air produced a loud rushing noise; they struck their claws within an inch or two of my head. I endeavoured, by keeping the barrel of my gun close to my cheek, and suddenly elevating its muzzle when they were in the act of striking, to ascertain whether they had the power of instantaneously changing the direction of their rapid course, and found that they invariably rose above the obstacle with the quickness of thought, showing equal acuteness of vision and power of motion. Although their flight was much more rapid, they bore considerable resemblance to the snowy owl. At the period at which I saw them, the ground was still partially clothed with snow, and the lakes covered with ice; but the Yerfalcon, like the *Strix nyctea* of the same districts, is well calculated, from the whiteness of its plumage, for traversing a snowy

waste, without alarming the birds on which it preys. As the Ptarmigan partially migrate southwards in the winter, some of the Yerfalcons follow them, and when one pounces down upon a flock, the Ptarmigan endeavour to save themselves by diving instantly into the loose snow, and making their way beneath it to a considerable distance."

From the Falcons we proceed to the Owls. Our next extract is of a different character.

"The Virginian horned owl is found in almost every quarter of the United States, and occurs in all parts of the fur-countries where the timber is of a large size. Its loud and full nocturnal cry, issuing from the gloomy recesses of the forest, bears some resemblance to the human voice, uttered in a hollow sepulchral tone, and has been frequently productive of alarm to the traveller, of which an instance occurred within my own knowledge. A party of Scottish Highlanders, in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, happened, in a winter journey, to encamp after nightfall in a dense clump of trees, whose dark tops and lofty stems, the growth of centuries, gave a solemnity to the scene that strongly tended to excite the superstitious feelings of the Highlanders. The effect was heightened by the discovery of a tomb, which, with a natural taste often exhibited by the Indians, had been placed in this secluded spot. Our travellers, having finished their supper, were trimming their fire preparatory to retiring to rest, when the slow and dismal notes of the horned owl fell on the ear with a startling nearness. None of them being acquainted with the sound, they at once concluded that so unearthly a voice must be the moaning of the spirit of the departed, whose repose they supposed they had disturbed by inadvertently making a fire of some of the wood of which his tomb had been constructed. They passed a tedious night of fear, and with the first dawn of day hastily quitted the ill-omened spot."

Our last extract breathes the true spirit of the naturalist. We are now among the birds of song.

"Within the arctic circle the woods are silent in the bright light of noon-day, but towards midnight, when the sun travels near the horizon, and the shades of the forest are lengthened, the concert commences, and continues till six or seven in the morning. Even in these remote regions, the mistake of those naturalists who have asserted that the feathered tribes of America are void of harmony, might be fully disproved. Indeed, the transition is so sudden from the perfect repose, the death-like silence of an arctic winter, to the animated bustle of summer; the trees spread their foliage with such magical rapidity, and every succeeding morning opens with such agreeable accessions of feathered songsters to swell the chorus—their plumage as gay and unimpaired as when they enlivened the deep-green forests of tropical climes, that the return of a northern spring excites in the mind a deep feeling of the beauties of the season, a sense of the bounty and providence of the Supreme Being, which is cheaply purchased by the tedium of nine months of winter. The most verdant lawns and cultivated glades of Europe, the most beautiful productions of art, fail in producing that exhilaration and joyous buoyancy of mind which we have experienced in treading the wilds of Arctic America, when their snowy covering has been just replaced by an infant but vigorous vegetation. It is impossible for the traveller to refrain, at such moments, from joining his aspirations to the song which every creature around is pouring forth to the great Creator."

*Journal of a Tour made in the Years 1828-29 through Styria, Carniola, and Italy, whilst accompanying the late Sir Humphry Davy.* By J. J. Tobin, M.D. London, 1832. W. S. Orr.

This volume is so small, that it might have run some risk of escaping our notice, had it not been for the very attractive name of Sir Humphry Davy on the title-page. We opened it, however, with a great many pleasant anticipations—preparing for a peep, in his night-gown and slippers, at the mighty master of fly-fishing and physics. Dr. Tobin assumed in our eyes all the dignity of a Boswell; and we absolutely trembled with eagerness as we read the first lines of the preface—"The following pages were originally intended for the perusal only of my own family and immediate friends."

The advice of those friends to "print it," was given on the judicious grounds, that "a detail of circumstances connected with the last recreations and pursuits of Sir Humphry Davy, must be interesting to the public." No one can deny this *postulatum*; no one can deny that such a detail is given by Dr. Tobin: and no one, therefore, who is in the habit of buying interesting books, can refuse to indulge himself on the present occasion.

The admirers of the philosopher will be glad to learn that on the 23rd of April he mounted a pony and rode down to fish in the Vöckla. They will feel concern, however, that he caught but little fish. The next day, they will be glad again, as Dr. Tobin assures us *he was*, "to see Sir Humphry return in the afternoon bringing with him a few fish, which were dressed for his dinner." On the 26th, the philosopher was so fortunate as to catch some "fine trout, which proved excellent;" and although on the following morning he was "in despair" on account of the rain, yet, about eleven o'clock, it cleared up, and he and the Doctor set off, the former "armed with all his fishing-tackle." The result of this expedition, however, we regret to add, was that "the fish would not bite." After some days' travelling, the adventurers reached a stream of an emerald green colour, where Sir Humphry stopped to fish. The next day he caught fish enough to furnish a dinner; after which they were entertained with a rainbow, and Sir Humphry, with great good-humour, remarked, that "he had never seen such a one before." On the following day he "went out to fish again;" and on the one after, was so successful as to catch "a few trout." Then follows a whole week, in which "Sir Humphry has been fishing every day from eight in the morning till three or four, about which time he usually dines."

But we feel that further specimens of the information given by the Doctor, connected with the last recreations of Sir Humphry, would bring the amount to something very unfair. We have no wish to interfere with the just profits of an author, by filching out the marrow of a book, under pretence of merely reviewing it. After adding, therefore, that in the evenings the two travellers played cards, the Doctor read aloud the 'Tales of the Genii,' the 'Bravo of Venice,' or some such work, and Sir Humphry dictated a treatise, perhaps, "on the existence of a greater quantity of carbon in the ancient world," we shall turn to the personal adventures and opinions of the author.

The Doctor is a connoisseur in architecture, and has pointed out a resemblance, which, we confess with shame, escaped ourselves, between the cathedrals of Antwerp and Strasburgh. It is caused in part, he thinks, by their both having the left tower in an unfinished state. His approbation of the "light and cheerful appearance" of the interior of the former venerable structure, caused by "its having been newly white-washed," is conclusive with regard to his taste. But, perhaps after all, the most interesting part of the volume relates to the vicissitudes and hardships of a traveller's life. On one occasion, they were unable to get even hot water to make their tea; and on another, they had nothing in the world for dinner but pigeon and sausage. The latter circumstance occurred at Neumarkt, on the 20th of April, 1828. On the preceding day, however, they had fallen in with an adventure fully as surprising as this was lamentable. "We had hardly entered the inn," says our author, "when we were visited by a heavy thunderstorm, accompanied by tremendous hail." A pretty pair of visitors indeed! What a devil of a rat-tat-tat they would give! Did they send up their names, or announce themselves?

Another incident, more agreeable, whether more surprising or not, was the Doctor's being suspected, by some ladies, of possessing the capacity to write poetry:

"The conversation one day turned upon the following lines, which were found written upon a table in the garden:

Espérance d'un meilleur sort  
Toujours renaisante et trahie,  
Voilà l'histoire de ma vie;  
Il n'est rien de vrai que la mort!

Various were the discussions upon them, and the ladies took great pains to discover the author. Who could he be? Who was there in Ischl whose character at all answered to this description? No one could be hit upon with any certainty."

But at last it was determined that it could be no other than the young Englishman who played cards in the evening with Sir Humphry Davy. It was in vain that he denied the fact: it was in vain even that he produced, in evidence, four lines of his own manufacture as stupid as could be—the charge was still persisted in; and, we regret to add, no light has been thrown upon the mysterious circumstance to this day.

The visit to the Grotto of Corneale is well described, and connected also with a personal adventure:—

"I left Trieste early this morning, with a guide, to visit the grotto. After a three hours' walk over two very long and steep hills, from which, however, the view over the Adriatic, with numberless white sails flitting across its waves, the two coasts, the harbour with its shipping, the town and the gardens surrounding it planted with cypresses and olives, was magnificent, we reached Corneale, a small and dirty village, and having here provided ourselves with a man carrying a large lamp, and some boys with candles, proceeded over some very rough and stony fields to the grotto. The entrance was not, as I had expected, in the side of a hill, but in the open fields, and surrounded by a wall. Having lighted our lamp and candles, I took off my coat, and we began the descent down some very slight wooden stairs, the steps and railing of which were, as I afterwards found to my cost, not only slippery, but quite rotten from the continual dripping. The entrance, or hall, is a fine

lofty dark vault, supported in the middle by one enormous stalactite column. Beyond this the cave becomes narrower, and the numberless stalactites of all sizes present a greater variety of forms than it is possible to describe: immense cauliflowers, trunks of trees, fruits; rounds and ovals of all sizes, from that of a marble to globes of many feet in diameter; pyramids rising up from below, and whose bases are lost in profound darkness; myriads of peaks hanging from the roof, often invisible to the eye, are seen at every step.

"These different forms, the deathlike stillness of the cave, the total darkness, except in those points where the guides placed themselves so as to illuminate the most striking objects; deep precipices before and around me, from out of which here and there a single snow-white column rose, formed, and still forming, by the water which falls in measured time from the unseen roof; the flickering lights of our candles,—all this, and the thought of where I should roll to were I to slip from the frail steps into one of those dark abysses, produced an indescribable feeling of awe and fear. Descending further into the cavern, we passed by the *Lion's head*, the *Melon*, the *Death's head*, and two magnificent single pillars, the one plain, the other beautifully fluted, both of which upon being struck by the hand emit a loud sonorous sound, that thrills mournfully through the surrounding silence. Beyond these we came to the *Waterfall*, one of the finest specimens of stalactites in the cavern; other pillars and pyramids, and last of all to the *Baldachin*, or canopy formed of beautifully fluted hanging stalactites. Beyond this point the cave had not been explored, as the precipices are very dangerous. Even the descent to this spot is not very safe, being often along very narrow slippery paths and rotten stairs, or rather ladders." p. 152—154.

The Doctor, unfortunately, was given to sketching, in season and out of season; and, little aware that he was himself about to form a prominent and extraordinary figure in the view, he sat down to his favourite occupation,—not upon the ground, as an ordinary man of this world would have done, but upon the wooden hand-rail which separates the visitable region from the *terra incognita* beyond. In this situation, says he, "I heard a sudden crack, and felt that I was falling backwards." Has the reader nerve enough to go on?—

"Not being able to recover myself, I slipped from rock to rock, turning twice head over heels, but without injury, and with perfect presence of mind, although I expected every instant to be dashed over the edge of a precipice. As soon as I felt my fall become slower, I stopped myself with my hands, with my head downwards, and my heels in the air."

If another sketcher had been by, this would have been a situation worth any money; and as the Doctor did not dare to move hand or foot, being only too happy to remain stationary anywhere, there would have been ample time. At length,

"The guide came down through the rocks with his lamp to my assistance; with his help I regained my feet, and found that I had been lying on the very verge of a smooth rock, beneath which was a dark and impenetrable abyss. My next fall would probably have been into eternity." p. 155.

An account of the death of Sir Humphry Davy may seem to be somewhat out of keeping with the general tone of this article—but such is the way of the world: smiles and tears succeed each other in natural succession; and after having indulged in a little

good-humoured quizzing, we turn to, perhaps, the only passage in the book which could be read with unaltered gravity:—

"I quitted Sir Humphry yesterday evening, after having read to him as usual, since we left Rome, till about ten o'clock. Our book was Smollett's 'Humphrey Clinker,' and little did I think it was the last book he would ever listen to. He seemed in tolerable spirits, but upon going to bed was seized with spasms, which, however, were not violent, and soon ceased. I left him when in bed, and bidding me 'Good night,' he said I should see him better in the morning.

"Lady Davy and the Doctor also quitted him, and George went to bed in his master's room, as he always had done since Sir Humphry's illness at Rome. At six o'clock this morning, Lady Davy's man-servant came to my room, and told me that Sir Humphry Davy was no more. I replied that it was impossible, and that he probably only lay in a torpor; but I went down to his room instantly, when I found that the servant's words were, alas! but too true. I asked George why he had not called me, when he said that he had sent up, but now found that it had been to a wrong room. He told me that Sir Humphry went to sleep after we had left him, but that he had twice waked, and that at half-past one, hearing him get out of bed, he went to him, when Sir Humphry said he did not want his assistance, and poured some solution of acetate of morphine into a wine glass of water; but this still remained untouched upon his table. George then helped him into bed, where he says he lay quite still till a little after two o'clock, when, hearing him groan, he went to him, and found that he was senseless and expiring. He instantly called up Lady Davy and the Doctor, and sent up, as he believed, to me; but Sir Humphry, he says, never spoke again, and expired without a sigh.

"I had so often, whilst at Rome, seen Sir Humphry lie for hours together in a state of torpor, and to all appearance dead, that it was difficult for me to persuade myself of the truth; but the delusion at length vanished, and it became too evident that all that remained before me of this great philosopher, was merely the cold and senseless frame with which he had worked." p. 240—42.

*On Popular Discontent in Ireland.* By Philip Molloy, Esq. 1832. Dublin, Milliken & Son; London, Ridgway.

POPULAR discontent, is a phrase but feebly descriptive of the wild and reckless spirit of insurrection, that pervades the peasantry in the south and west of Ireland, though it may be sufficiently applicable to the growing feelings of dissatisfaction, now rapidly increasing in the towns and cities. The pamphlet before us is an able and a temperate production; proposing some remedies for acknowledged evils with becoming modesty, and discussing them in a tone of moderation, by no means common among the writers on Irish subjects. Unfortunately, the author takes it for granted, that his readers are acquainted with the nature and history of the several agrarian insurrections that annually occur in his ill-fated country, and naturally enough accounts for this error by saying, that all these ferocious ebullitions of rustic insanity are perfectly alike in all their features, originate in the same causes, and lead to the same melancholy consequences. But we know not that any single Irish *Jaquerie* has ever been described in print; and as we have, in the course of a life not very long, witnessed some dozen of these rustic

rebellions, we shall endeavour to furnish our readers with a brief sketch of that most extraordinary of all things, "a Rockite campaign."

The Irish parliament, during the period of its mischievous existence, passed some scores of acts regulating the law between landlord and tenant; every one of which added to the power of the proprietors, and no one of which provided any protection for the cultivators. From a variety of other causes, there is in that country little community of feeling between the owner and tiller of the soil; both have long been habituated to consider their interests as mutually hostile, and both are consequently in a perpetual state of warfare, more or less declared. The rents in Ireland are so extravagantly high, that the landlord knows well, that the sums he demands cannot be paid; so that, in estimating the real value of an Irish rent-roll, you must sometimes deduct three-fourths, frequently one half, but seldom less than a third. This practice has arisen partly from the idle pride of making the boast of a large income, and partly from the desire of preserving a despotic power over the tenantry. Another circumstance deserves to be noticed: by immemorial usage, the Irish tenant always owes the rent of the back half-year, in other words, the rent due at March is not claimed until September; and this arrear, significantly termed the *hanging-gale*, is suspended in *terrorem* over the heads of those who may in anywise prove refractory. This system, of course, never works well; but its derangement is usually accelerated by some such circumstances as the following:—A new agent is appointed to an absentee's property; he is at once surrounded by a host of starving wretches, eager to obtain on any terms a bit of ground, and offering the most extravagant remuneration to secure his favour. If the occupying tenants tender "a consideration" of sufficient magnitude, the offers of the claimants are rejected; but if they are unable or unwilling to make up the proper sum, actions are at once brought for arrears, summary processes of ejectment served, and the inhabitants of an entire district unhoused, with little delay. The same thing occurs just as frequently on the estate of the resident landlord, if he be distressed for the payment of a mortgage, a daughter's portion, a debt of honour, or any other inconvenient demand, to which country gentlemen are liable. The law of the land has provided no remedy for the ejected tenants, and they therefore have recourse to the legislation of Captain Rock. Some wise philosopher defines tyranny to be the union in the same person or persons of the legislative and executive functions of government: if so, Captain Rock is the most perfect of tyrants, for he is at once law-giver, judge, and executioner. The Captain summons a council, the complaints are heard, an edict drawn up, forbidding any person under dreadful penalties, of which death is the least formidable, to take the land in question; and at the same time, the gallant Captain takes the opportunity of publishing his *tariff*, regulating the rent of land, the price of provisions, the composition for tithes, and the priest's dues. Having thus provided regulations for the state, and support for the rival church establishments of England and Rome, Rock descends to minor cares, and publishes a proscriptio list, containing the names of those

personally obnoxious to himself or his friends, whom he orders to quit the country within a specified time, under penalty of life and limb.

The appearance of these multifarious proclamations fills the country with alarm; agents, landlords, and clergymen, meet to petition the government for new police, an additional military force, or perhaps the insurrection act: the Catholic priest denounces Rock from the altar, and the next Sunday celebrates mass to the empty walls. This is a hint too broad to be misunderstood; he knocks under to the Captain, "eats, not his pudding, but his potato," and holds his tongue. The terror of the agents and landlords does not long continue: some Bobadil amongst them, makes a ludicrous demonstration of valour, and, with the fatuity of a boaster, insults the irritated peasantry, by threatening to change his whips for scorpions. Well and wisely saith the Rev. Sidney Smith, "Dullness turned up with temerity, is a livery all the worse for its facings; and the most tremendous of all things, is the magnanimity of a fool." The peasants accept his threats as a declaration of war: Rock opens his campaign; the boaster is the very first victim; houses are burned, cattle houghed, new tenants tortured or even murdered; famine, fire, and slaughter, work their way in modes that outstrip the powerful descriptions in Coleridge's Eclogue. After due deliberation, the government at length interferes; a king's counsel, with a brace of crown solicitors, a troop of dragoons, a large body of police, and three reporters, are sent into the district. The coroner is then summoned to assemble a court of inquest on the last victim; the jury is composed of two, three or perhaps a dozen parties; one half are for a verdict of "wilful murder," the remainder stand out for "justifiable homicide": at length, some one, wiser than the rest, proposes a compromise; all concur in the indisputable fact, that the murdered man has been "found dead," and, having with due gravity recorded this important declaration, the jurors are dismissed, after receiving thanks from the coroner, and a pretty severe lecture from the king's counsel.

Rock's army, meantime, cannot be idle; Lieutenant Starlight or Ensign Moonshine engages in some robbery or burglary, and is taken prisoner; to save his neck and gain a reward he informs against his accomplices in the former murder: they are speedily arrested, and a special commission issued for their trial. The judges come to the assize town with all the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war,"—dragoons, Peelers, and javelin-men, surround the carriages—an asthmatic trumpeter blows some nondescript notes before—half the gentry of the county follow behind. From the latter circumstance, the peasants sagaciously conclude, that the law is the friend of the gentlemen, and, consequently, their enemy. The trials soon commence; the counsel for the crown reads his brief and Aristotle's ethics: the counsel for the prisoner diligently studies Joe Miller and Lord Norbury's last joke; some preparatory evidence is given, the witnesses answer the questions with fear and trembling, knowing that Rock's code denounces death not only against all witnesses, but against all their relations: and the fate of the Maras is a well-remembered proof that this sanguinary enactment will not be allowed to remain a dead

letter. Then comes the informer, of course the greatest ruffian of the gang; his direct evidence is pithy and decisive; the counsel for the prisoner rises to cross-examine him; preparatory smiles wrinkle the faces of the audience, for now *the fun* is about to begin. He confesses to a whole host of felonies, and enlivens them with a few supplemental; your hair would stand on end at the black catalogue of enormities, only that they are detailed in such a style of quaint humour that you are convulsed with laughter, and have the whole auditory, judge, jury, and prisoners included, as your companions. The defence is, of course, an *alibi*, or, probably, half a dozen *alibis*, it being enough, in the opinion of the witnesses, to place the prisoners anywhere but on the spot where the crime was perpetrated: the jurors retire, and in a few minutes return with a fatal verdict; sentence is passed, but the protestations of innocence uttered by the prisoners drown the judge's voice, and, as he concludes, the shrieks of female and the curses of male relatives arise with the sound and fury of the tempest.

The day of execution arrives; it is considered a compliment to the sufferers to attend, and, accordingly, the crowd is enormous. The circle round the drop is formed by two companies of foot; cavalry and artillery are posted in reserve: a few of the more violent country gentlemen appear and seem to regard the execution as their triumph; note is taken of their glances of exultation, and their names are recorded in Rock's black book. A week after news arrives that half-a-dozen of the witnesses, or their relations, and two or three active magistrates have been immolated; then come new inquests and commissions, until at length the landlords yield the conflict in despair, the tenants retain their holdings, and Rock departs to the next parish cursed by processes and ejectments.

The principal remedies proposed by Mr. Molloy, are emigration and loans, both obviously insufficient to rectify the system we have described. But the author sanguinely anticipates the most beneficial results from the adoption of his proposals, and his reasoning is sufficiently powerful to deserve the notice of all interested in the fate of Ireland.

*The Population Returns of 1831; as printed for the House of Commons, &c. &c.: to which is added, an Appendix containing a detailed Description of the Effects of the Cholera Morbus in England, in the 14th Century. With Maps and Plans. London, 1832. E. Moxon.*

We need not say one word of the great value of these Returns; but we must, in justice to Mr. Rickman, express our admiration of their excellent arrangement. We speculated last week on the possibility of giving in our paper some of the interesting results; but, finding the difficulties all but insurmountable, we must refer the curious in statistics to the volume itself, and confine ourselves to the mere summary of the several returns in 1801, 1811, 1821, and 1831, by which it appears that

The whole population in England,

Wales, and Scotland, was

|                   |            |
|-------------------|------------|
| In 1801 . . . . . | 10,942,646 |
| In 1811 . . . . . | 12,609,864 |
| In 1821 . . . . . | 14,391,631 |
| In 1831 . . . . . | 16,537,398 |

The Appendix contains an account of the great plague which devastated Europe in the fourteenth century, extracted from a History of Edward the Third. The persecutions of the Jews, consequent on it, are bitterly humiliating to us Christian gentlemen:—

"And yet to all these evils there was added one more; for there arose a certain rumour, that there were many poisoners, and especially the Jews, who infected the waters and fountains: from whence the aforesaid pestilence began. Wherefore in many places thousands of Jews and some Christians also, though innocent and blameless, were burnt, slain, and cruelly handled: Whereas, indeed, it was the hand of God which wrought all this for the sins of the world. To resist which unreasonable fury of the Christians against the Jews, Pope Clement twice wrote his Encyclical letters to all archbishops, bishops, and other prelates of the church to stop this fury of the people. But all his endeavours could not prevent the unjust prosecution of this miserable nation; for everywhere, except in the province of Venaisin and about Avignon, the Jews were sought out on all hands to be put to death for poisoners. And particularly this year in Germany, where the plague then reigned, this false rumour made them so odious, that, as Rebdorf witnesses, 12,000 of them were put to death in the city of Mentz. And Albert of Strasburgh writes, that from this rage of the people against them, they were reduced to such despair and madness, that, locking themselves up, they consumed themselves and all that they had with fire."

*Letters of Eminent Men, addressed to Ralph Thoresby, F.R.S.; now first published from the originals. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1832. Colburn & Bentley.*

It was the practice of Pope, the poet, to give copies of his satires before published, to sundry of his most sarcastic friends, that they might commit themselves so much with present praise, as to prevent them from indulging in future censure. Some of our book-sellers, barring the wit, resemble the poet not a little; when they find a book on their hands, more than usually dull, they pack up a few copies very neatly, and with the publishers' best respects, drop them in before such critics as they dread the most, in the hope of at least escaping without very severe censure, for such an act of friendliness. It is in this way, we greatly fear, that the Correspondence of Ralph Thoresby has been sent so early to us; but it won't do: we have proved the work, and found it wanting, and nothing shall hinder us from saying, that it cannot miss but be exceedingly uninteresting to all save the most resolute antiquarians. In all these numerous letters, there is no allusion to the literature, to the art, to the politics, nay, not even to the gossip, of the day; they are all concerning old roads, old camps, old stocks and old stones; nor are the eminent men, whom the title-page says wrote them, men of any eminence, with the exception of John Evelyn, Bishop Burnet, and Dr. Priestly; the names of the other correspondents are seldom heard of on the earth. To all such men as take delight in reading of things of no use, these volumes will be welcome—they will get new lights to go wrong by—they will see ridiculous theories started for the sake of being ingeniously hunted down; and see that their brethren, an hundred years ago and odd, would pour out their classic and Celtic lore among the



chipped stones and mole-hills of the land, as useless as we can do in these more enlightened days. We had intended to collect a few of these antiquarian crumbs, and spread them before such of our readers as can digest dry pickings, and had made selection of a specimen by Dr. Thomas Gale; but, on consideration, we give insertion to one of a different stamp, from another reverend gentleman—a sort of Katterfelto epistle. It grieves us much to say, that a man who felt so strongly in matters of church and state, died without a bishoprick. Only see how fearfully he writes, February 25, 1695-6:—

*From Rev. Richard Stretton.*

"DEAR SIR,—These bring you the most amazing, surprising news of God's gracious care over us, and goodness to us, in the discovering, and thereby preventing an hellish cursed plot, as deeply and cunningly laid, and as near to execution, as the Powder-plot was. There were, some say fifty, others say three hundred, ruffians in a conspiracy, under an oath of secrecy and fidelity, to assassinate the King; and it was to have been executed last Saturday at Richmond, as he was shooting; or if that failed, (for he did not go as he was wont,) then on the Lord's-day, as he went to chapel; and the Duke of Berwick, it is said, is in town, ready to have headed the insurrection upon the news of the blow being given; and King James lay at Calais, where Boufflers was ready with twenty thousand men to embark (upon three or four hundred transport ships they had ready, and Du Bart's fleet to be their guard,) as soon as they heard of the King's death. But God hath detected, and thereby, we hope, disappointed their villainous wickedness, and caused their own tongues to fall upon themselves. It is said one of the conspirators discovered it to the King on Wednesday was se'night; and the King had two expresses from Flanders last week, one on Wednesday, and the other on Saturday, giving him an account of Boufflers' march to King James at Calais, and the Duke of Berwick and others being here, and wishing the King to take care of his own person; they came from the Duke of Bavaria, or Wittenburgh, or both; and they had drawn down twenty thousand men towards Ostend, to be ready to embark if others did. On Saturday there was a great council sate, and warrants issued out to apprehend the conspirators, several of which are seized. It was said yesterday there were fourteen in Newgate, and the Lord Moon sent to the Tower: they are in a close search for the Duke of Berwick, the Lord Powis, Middleton, and Parker, (that escaped out of the Tower,) and others, that they say are in town. On the Lord's-day, my Lord Mayor and his brethren were sent for to Kensington, and they have ordered the raising of the trained-bands; and auxiliaries to be ready. Yesterday, his Majesty came to the House, and made a speech to both Houses, (which is printed,) acquainting them with the discovery of this hellish conspiracy; both Houses agreed on an address, wherein they acknowledge him the only rightful King of England, and congratulate his deliverance, and assure him they will stand by him with their lives and fortunes to secure his person and support his government, against King James, and all his enemies, at home or abroad; and if he should die an untimely death, (which God forbid!) they will revenge his death upon his enemies. The Commons ordered an association to be drawn up to the same purpose, which they agreed to, and were to subscribe this day; and have ordered a Bill to be brought in, that if anything happen to his Majesty, the Parliament in being shall not be dissolved till the next rightful heir shall do it. They have addressed the King to take care of his sacred person, and to secure all them that he may sus-

pect will disturb his government; and have ordered a Bill to be brought in to suspend the Habeas Corpus Bill, that he may secure them: and several other good things they did; the best day's work that ever they yet made. They sate till seven, and then went both Houses in a body with their address to Kensington. Our Common Council met twice this day to finish their address. The Earl of Romney is sent down into Kent to raise their militia, and the Earl of Scarborough into Sussex, to do the like. Admiral Russel is gone into the Downs, and all the men-of-war sent to sail with him. It is hoped there are forty or fifty men-of-war rendezvoused there by this time: we have good hopes their mischievous designs will be prevented. My hearty love and service to you and your's, and to all friends. I commit you to God, and rest, in haste, your's,

"R. S."

Anything from the hand of such a man as John Evelyn is welcome: the following passage is very curious, the date is 1699:—

"The narrative of the wonderful cures done by the famous Stroker is very particular, and worth recording for the strange operation and power of the animal spirits, so vigorous in his constitution, as by a certain sanative virtue to be able to vanquish and put to flight such troublesome distempers; especially where the imagination entertains a confidence in the agent applying and pursuing the affected part with his warm and balsamic touch. But concerning the extraordinary effects of such masterly apophœa, I have given some instances in my Discourse of Physiognomy; and by a print which I somewhere have of Mr. Grotorex, he seemed to have a very remarkable countenance, which denoted some [thing] extraordinary. But to my observation, the cures he commonly pretended to were most effectually on tumours, aches, rheumatism, and other wandering distempers; but did not extend to fevers, agues, pleurisies, &c. where the habit is vitiated. However, I say, the history is by no means to be slighted. He was some time with Mr. Digby, (son to the late famous Sir Kenelm,) in Rutlandshire, where he was much followed; but what you report of his doing cures by laying his glove on, and using spittle to the ears of the deaf, looks towards miracle,—the handkerchiefs and aprons brought from St. Paul, and our blessed Saviour's cure, Mark vii., on the deaf man; to which I can say nothing, only that the Saludadores in Spain are reported to do the like stupendous cures by their breath alone. But these particulars belong to further inquiry. Worthy Sir,

"I remain your very humble and obliged  
Servant,

"J. EVELYN."

As an appendix to these letters, there is a sort of a tour in Scotland in 1677, by one Thomas Kirk, a relation of Thoresby's: the man, by his own account, was continually tippling, and sometimes drunk, which is reason sufficient for his having seen not only trees, but whole groves and forests of grown timber: we are afraid that the northern woods wandered like those of Dunsinane. We shall select a few characteristic scraps from the joltings of this southron roisterer. Look at the modern Athens and its people of the year 1677:—

"In our way to Edinburgh we saw many fine seats: every half mile we saw a fine house in a grove of trees. We went through North Barwick, where the forementioned high hill stands. It is almost like a sugar-loaf: it goes up very steep on every side into a sharp point, and is very high upon a narrow bottom. It is to be seen at a very great distance. Thence to Aberlady, to Preston Pans, a very long town; thence

to Musselborough, where alighted, to see my Lord Twadall's house; the gardens are in good order, the house is unfurnished, but the rooms have good roofs, some painted, some plastered. From hence to Edinburgh. The streets were almost melted with bonfires, and full of tradesmen and apprentices, every one straightly imprisoned in stiff new clothes, and so feathered with ribbons, that they would all have flown like birds of Paradise, had they not been fast tied to cold iron, a musket and a sword to secure them. The continual noise of the great guns from the Castle, and the flame that enclosed them on every side hardened them so much, that they attempted to fire their own engines, which they then did with so much freedom and carelessness, that they could fire one way and look another. We lighted at the foot of the Canny-gate; and, after we had drunk as much as we thought would secure us from the flame, we ventured to run the gauntlet of fire, swords, pikes, and guns: with much ado we passed it once with safety; but in our return, we escaped very narrowly, the smoke having like to overcome us. Such a confusion, I must needs say, I never saw before, every day while we stayed here. We frequently met here a sword, therœa pike or gun walking home to their own masters, and the poor holiday heroes were as much deplumed as Æsop's jay, having no feathers remaining, but a knot of red and yellow, or blue, hanging loosely on the cock side of their bonnets, which, if they hold together, must be worn till this time twelvemonth, whereby they are to challenge their places. We washed ourselves with wine, for fear some sparks should remain to destroy, and ventured to bed: the bottom of my bed was loose boards, one laid over another, with sharp edges, and a thin bed upon it. I ken I got but little sleep that night." ii. 416-17.

In old Aberdeen, a scholar of Mareschal College quizzed the tippling stranger:—

"Thursday 14th, we went to the old town, about a mile more north, on the River Don; here is the Principal College, much exceeding the other; there is one piece of new building in it, seven stories high, and four rooms and studies on a floor. We were treated by Mr. Middleton, the master of the college. We saw the cathedral church, not far from the college; it has been built in form of our churches, the steeple in the middle, and two small steeples on the west end, but the choir is all pulled down to spoil the form of the cross from the church to the tavern. A scholar that was with us showed us a smooth black stone, like a ring; it was two inches over, and as thick as one's little finger; he said it was found in a raven's nest; and if one take a raven's eggs and boil them and lay them in the nest again, she will fetch such a stone as this to recover them again." ii. 428.

The following is at once curious and characteristic: the traveller is at Dunrobin, the seat of the Earl of Sutherland:—

"On Thursday the 5th, before we were well ready, the Laird of Gordon, an ingenious young gentleman, and Sheriff of the Shire, come to us from the Earl's house and invited us up thither. The house stands, as many others here, on the top of a round hill; the Earl is retired, and reads and prays much: we dined with him, and had a scraping fiddler with us all the time. After dinner we mounted for Dorno, but not one of our men were sober to go along with us: for our groom had pretended he was of the same name as my Lord's butler, and they cannot make too much of one of their own name. We had Sir Robert Gordon's (the aforementioned Laird of Gordonstown) company to Dorno. A little before we entered the town, we observed a stone pillar about three yards high, the top not unlike a catherine-wheel, in memory of a battle fought there by the Danes. In the town are the

walls of an old house of the Earl's, and a pretty church, miserably ruinous; there is scarce any roof left upon it; we were told, that about sixty years ago happened a great earthquake under the church, which raised up all the pillars on the north side thereof, and threw them over the wall without harming it. There was a court kept this day in the house where we lodged, and some of the best of the company came to us to wait of the Sheriff; they entertained us with several discourses of their own country; they told us of a sort of people that dwelt amongst them that had a foresight of things to come, that could see dangers that should befall men sometime beforehand; several stories were told us to confirm the truth thereof. One gentleman in the company, who had been an excellent gunner, told us that he went to a house whither he had made a train to draw foxes, and he intended (unknown to the house) to watch them and shoot them; a little child in the house cried out that he saw strange flashes of fire several times; the gentleman understood this, and took this as a good omen; in short, he fired as many times as the child cried out, and killed as many foxes. They foresee sad accidents that befall men whom they never saw, and can describe them but with great deal of terror to themselves, for they would gladly be quit of this faculty. The gentleman told us that they believed their ancestors had been witches, and got that boon of the devil: that such and such of their posterity should have that particular favour from him, to be tormented with a foresight of horrible spectacles, &c. We were told by the same gentleman, that a great rock in Stranarvorn into the sea, upon a place thereof (above twenty or thirty years ago), in the dark, was seen a shining light, and the seamen have often endeavoured to mark the place where they saw it, but could never find the place by daylight, the place being inaccessible. They supposed it to be some carbuncle which was now overgrown with reeds." ii. 441-2.

Had these letters been from the pen of persons truly eminent—some, nay, perhaps all of them, would have been read with pleasure: but we care little about the lucubrations of the little known or the nameless. Anything from the mind of a man of genius is made welcome, not for its own value, but because it bears the stamp of a spirit which excelled in other things. A letter from the pen of an obscure writer, which we read and throw away, we would treasure up as a sacred thing, did it come from one of the great heirs of fame. We need say no more; these volumes will read a lesson in stronger language than ours to the publishers, else we are greatly deceived.

*Le Livre des Cent-et-Un.* Vol. III. Paris, 1832. Ladvocat.

[Second Notice.]

The following translations are from Paulmier's interesting and curious paper, entitled, 'Une Séance de Sourds-Muets.'

*A Public Day at the Deaf and Dumb Institution.*

"On a fine spring morning, in the season of roses and of lilacs, you may see crowds from every part of Paris, hastening to this institution through the beautiful gardens of the Palais Royal, the Tuileries, the Luxembourg, and the Jardin des Plantes. Parents with deaf and dumb children, boys and girls from the boarding-schools, parties of foreigners and of natives; citizens, nobles, ambassadors, bishops, deputies, cardinals, peers, princes, and even kings, form, in the great hall of the institution, a motley assembly. On the right hand side of this vast apartment are seated the female deaf and dumb pupils, from the ages of five to eighteen, in

dressess of pure white, with sashes of sky blue; on the left are placed the males, in grey uniforms, with sky blue facings.

"What serenity appears in those young and lovely features! What vivacity and rapidly-varying expression in the countenances! The happiness of innocence beams from their looks as they use those gestures, rapid as lightning, to which they are forced to have recourse as a substitute for words. Poor children! destined never to hear the accents of a brother, of a kind and tender mother, or a voice still sweeter, which sends a thrill of delight through the heart! Never will they enjoy the delights of harmony—for them valleys have no echo—for them there is no soft murmur of the brook. They never will feel agitation at the sound of a falling leaf, or the rustling of a silk gown upon the outskirts of a wood. In vain does the nightingale chaunt its vernal lay—in vain do the feathered songsters of summer utter their hymns of joy—all is lost to them. The distant and religious sound of bells, which seems to ascend as it grows fainter, and to carry its last harmonies to heaven—all the voices and treasures of melody—all the beauties and delights of sound—are to these interesting children as if they did not exist.

"Here are the twin brothers, Martin, born at Marseilles, both deaf and dumb; alike in stature, countenance, and even in habits. So perfect, indeed, is their resemblance to each other that it is impossible to distinguish them. They are artists, and are well known at Paris as gaining their livelihood by portrait-painting. \* \* \*

"These amiable twins have the most polished manners, and what is still better, honest and upright minds. They are accompanying, with the most respectful attention, as you perceive, that tall and handsome woman. She is their countrywoman, and, although advanced in years, retains many of the graces of youth. She is a mother, and her retinue is composed of twelve children, six of either sex, grouped around her. The ages of the latter, born in pairs, are six, eight, ten, twelve, sixteen, and eighteen, and by a strange freak of nature they speak, or are deaf and dumb, in alternate pairs. \* \* \*

"How marvellous is our alphabet! It would seem the very last effort of human genius! That beautiful conception of reducing the elements of speech to a very small number, and representing them by as many characters or letters, is a master-piece of the human mind. \* \* \* With the organ of speech, man has received from the Deity, voice, accent, song, and words,—which he can exercise either separately or together. He can lament with the mourner, rejoice with the light-hearted, roar with the lion, coo with the dove, sing with the morning bird, whistle with the winds, sigh with his beloved, and speak with man. \* \* \* The language of action, or gesture, by giving a body to thought, and speaking as it were by things, brings abstract ideas under the dominion of the imagination and of the senses. This principle of natural mnemonics renders the abstract and the concrete inseparable.

"Ask a pupil, without giving him time for reflection, to show you *one*. He will immediately present his *stick*, his *hat*, or any other object. Observe to him that he is showing you *an object*, and not the number *one* alone, and separated from every object; and he will hold up his finger, to which you will make the same objection. He will next try a line in the air; but this line leaves no trace; and even if it were imprinted, permanent and visible, it would only show him the impossibility of designating the number *one* distinct from any physical object. Hence he becomes convinced that he cannot separate the abstract from the concrete, and that such separation is perhaps impossible to be conceived. \* \* \*

"It is, in our country, one of the defects of the age, to separate instruction from education.

How absurd and foolish is it to consider the mind of an unfortunate child as a repository into which everything may be crammed, without paying any attention to his heart, to the direction of his inclinations, or to the cultivation of those dispositions upon which his future happiness depends.

"Education and instruction ought to be inseparable. If it be impossible to give to infancy a clear conception of the greatness of man's destiny, of the immortality of his soul, and the eternity of his future life—let us at least attempt to give him some notion of these things."

We shall close this paper with the extraordinary answers to questions proposed to some of the elder pupils on the public day, to which M. Paulmier's article refers.

"Q. 'What is eternity?'

"Answer by Massieu. 'It has neither birth, death, youth, infancy, nor old age. It is to-day, without either yesterday or to-morrow; the circular day without succession, the *non-age*.'

"Q. 'What is a difficulty?'

"Answer by the same. 'A possibility with an obstacle.'

"Q. 'What is ingenuousness?'

"Answer by Clerc. 'Ingenuousness is being natural, frank, and candid, without cunning or disguise, and free from subterfuge in word or action. Peasants and country people are generally *simple*, because their mind is not cultivated; children and youths of good family, who have been well educated, are ingenuous, because their hearts are not corrupt.'

"Q. 'What do you understand by *idea*, *thought*, *judgment*, *reasoning*, and *method*?'

"Answer by Berthier. '*Idea* is the result of attention, and paints the object to the mind; *thought* unites two or more ideas in comparison; *judgment* decides upon their value; *reasoning* connects these comparisons and judgments, and deduces one from the other; and *method* is the art of doing anything according to rule.'

"Q. 'What is grace?'

"Answer by Gazan. '*Grace* is something divine diffused over the whole body, and apparent in motion and gesture.

"'Grace is a gift—a favour.'

"'Grace is the aid of divine inspiration.'

"Q. 'What is modesty?'

"Answer by the same. '*Modesty*, the most interesting of virtues, colours the brow of an honest man, or that of a young virgin, with a delightful carnation. It is a legitimate antipathy, evinced by an amiable blush, at the sight of anything repugnant to chastity.'

"Q. 'What is clemency?'

"Answer by Berthier. '*A magnificent pardon*.'

"Q. 'What is the difference between a *handsome* woman and a *pretty* one?'

"Answer by Gazan. '*A handsome woman* has a powerful charm which excites our admiration. She strikes us by the noble and regular proportions of her body, and by the roses and lilies of her complexion. *A pretty woman* pleases and interests us by the delicacy of her features and the grace of her manners. She is like a jewel which we love more than we admire. *A handsome woman* is handsome only in one way; *a pretty* one is pretty in a thousand.'

"Q. 'What is the difference betwixt *fine* and *magnificent*?'

"Answer by the same. '*For works of art or productions of the mind to be fine*, they must have regularity, a noble simplicity and grandeur; but *magnificence* adds to them an extraordinary splendour arising from an assemblage of perfections and proportions, which we cannot help admiring. A union of the *fine* and the *magnificent*, produces the *sublime*, which elevates, ravishes, and transports us. The sublime is always natural.'

"Q. 'What is happiness?'"

"Answer by the same. To taste of the enjoyments of life, is only pleasure. Happiness is the peace of conscience."

*The Mythology of Ancient Greece and Italy.* By T. Keightley. London, 1832. Whittaker, Treacher & Arnot.

THE works on Mythology hitherto used in English schools, were perfectly disgraceful to literature; they combined the several demerits of stupidity, absurdity, and indelicacy; badly planned and worse executed, they rendered a pleasing study the most painful of tasks; and useful, almost necessary, information, at once idle and dangerous. Thus the subject remained full half a century after the researches of distinguished scholars, both in Germany and France, had shown that the classical legends, independent of their poetic merit, were essentially connected with the history of the human mind, and the progress of civilization. Mr. Keightley's octavo, of which the little work before us is an abridgment, was the first effort made to furnish English students with a manual of mythology at once complete and unobjectionable: unlike most first efforts, it left little or nothing to be done by those who may follow in the same track. We bestowed on it our meed of approbation in our 180th number, and can only now add, that this smaller work fully maintains the character of its predecessor, and deserves universal adoption in all places of education. To the softer sex this treatise is a boon of no small magnitude and merit; for it details all the legends to which poets so constantly refer, without raising an image that would sully the most pure, or using a phrase that would offend the most fastidious.

The embellishments have been designed by Brooke, and display all the spirit and vitality for which the works of that artist are so conspicuous. We were particularly struck with the sly humour in the delineation of Pan, and the mingled grace and majesty of Apollo driving the solar chariot.

From Mr. Keightley we expect another work, some thoughts of which, from the first sentence of his preface, appear to have floated vaguely through his mind;—we mean an English Mythology,—a collection of the nursery legends that delighted ourselves and our ancestors, when there were literary "giants in the land." These are now fast disappearing from the eyes of the rising generation; Whittington, Hickathrift, Tom Thumb, Griselda, are names scarcely known to the children of the present day; yet are these tales an essential part of our literature, and in every respect superior to the trumpery *nouvellettes* for which they have been laid aside. A little volume, about the size of that before us, on our English legends, would be a valuable acquisition, and we know of no person better able to supply it, than the author of 'The Fairy Mythology.' There may be some who would deem the compilation of these legends a task beneath them; Mr. Keightley is not among the number—no one knows better than he does, that though the difficulties and merits of such a work "may want interpreters to the multitude, they will be thoroughly appreciated by the initiated."

*The French Poetical Gift, or, Cours Élémentaire de Littérature, from Malherbe to Voltaire.* London, 1831. Fenwick de Porquet.

AN elegant little volume, intended to introduce the young student of French literature to some knowledge of the earlier and less known French Poets, as well as those more familiar to the English reader. The selections are prefaced with a slight introductory sketch of each author. The medallion portraits we cannot praise; they

are grim ugly things; otherwise the book is elegantly got up. The suggestion relative to the publication of Voltaire's works is worth attention. On the whole, 'The French Poetical Gift' is a pleasant, useful little book.

*Anatomical Atlas.* By Doctor Weber, of Bonn; with the text translated into English. Parts I. to IV. London, Schloss.

WHEN a childish prejudice, and the dreadful consequences of it, make dissection more and more costly and difficult every day, we cannot but feel great pleasure at the publication of plates so excellent as these. They are large as life; and in consequence, the minute parts, which in other plates are imperfectly developed, are here accurately shown. They will, we are persuaded, be found most valuable, and we strongly recommend them as useful to the young student.

*Illustrations of Political Economy, No. I. Life in the Wilds; a Tale.* By Harriet Martineau. London, 1832. Fox.

Harriet Martineau is undoubtedly a very sensible woman—she belongs, we suspect, to a very sensible, though not a very imaginative sect. She is undoubtedly of this age, and the utilitarian school. How far these illustrations will instruct young people in political economy, we have not yet determined; neither have we at all decided on the value of such information. The way in which the necessities and comforts of life may be best procured, seems to us—but we speak at a venture—a becoming study for parents, to enjoy them is the especial happiness of childhood. This work is, however, likely to be popular; for the instruction, if gleaned, is sound and healthful, and the stories extremely interesting, whether the instruction be gleaned or not.

#### ORIGINAL PAPERS

##### A THOUGHT.

It is not in the quality of Love  
To be relieved from human error *quite*:  
Nor *quite* unswayed is yon Orb above,  
That fills the o'er-hanging heavens with youthful light,  
And, from its vast and ever-burning fountains,  
Sheds on the slumbering earth those fruitful showers,  
Which bid her burst forth in a dream of flowers,  
And clothe her meads with green, and from her mountains  
Shoot forests forth, in joy. And yet, O Love!  
O Sun!  
What worlds were ours (of matter and of mind),  
Did ye not both your radiant journeys run,  
And touch us with your brightness pure and kind!

##### B.

#### ON MODERN FEMALE CULTIVATION.—No. II.

WE concluded last week with declaring our opinion, that women are so far from being over-educated, that they are not educated half enough. Over-accomplished they may be; but the boasted *education* they now receive, is meagre and contemptible, if the intent of education be a perfect development of mind and character, in accordance with the native bias of both—if every human being ought to consider the SPIRIT within him in the light of a kingdom he is to rule over, a domain he is to cultivate, a trust of which he is to give account—if the educator and the educated ought to consider themselves fellow-workers in the great business of becoming wise in order to be useful. Where there is mind, no such thing is possible as over-education, in the high meaning of the

term. What we really labour under in practice, is the prevalence of inappropriate education—one that has no reference to difference of intellect or station. What we labour under in theory, is the prevalence of mean or inflated notions relative to the nature of education, its power, effects, and instruments; and, as subordination is the complexion of female life, women suffer most, alike from the practice and the theory. The worth of all instruction which can be bought and sold, which books and professors can impart, is exaggerated; that instruction which would nurture the faculties and encourage them to act vigorously for themselves, is feared and disliked. There is Mahomedanism in our system; memory answers to the Koran, manner to the Prophet, and society to Mecca: these are sanctioned, cultivated, and worshipped; but of anything beyond these there is intolerance. Of what is styled *over-education*, how much has reference to aught beyond making the pupil pleasing and prosperous? In what is called our excessive cultivation, of what is the portion of *mind* really cultivated? Amongst the highly-finished young women who have spent eight or nine years as the recipients of tuition, how many shall we find who have thought out for themselves a single thought, or have any notion of the value of knowledge beyond the mere credit of possessing it? how many are acquainted with the responsibility involved by the possession of an understanding—be it great or be it small? There is Mahomedanism in our system, and faithful answers to these queries would prove it: a faithful answer would prove, that we cultivate our women to the highest pitch that can make them fascinating, with a careful abstinence from that which would make them wise. We overlay the idol with gold, but should grieve if a Prometheus gave it life. We deprive the nightingale of sight, in order that it may sing us sweeter songs; we render the captive weak, and demand him to be strong as the free; we stimulate his feelings to madness, and expect from him the exercise of reason; we spread our treasures before him, and mock if he ask to share them; we deprive him of liberty and bid him rejoice in his prison. This may be a metaphorical way of putting the case, but is it very far from the truth? Is the painted, gilded, varnished thing which we call education, and which some call over-education, worth presenting to the minds and hearts of a race of beings as influential as women?—and, remembering the conventional morality in which, for the most part, a female is reared—the veil that is kept between herself and the knowledge of her true position in society—the little truth that she hears whilst hearing it might avail her—the enervating treatment she habitually receives even from the nursery, till at least half way towards the grave,—remembering this, and much more, are we justified in attributing her faults and follies primarily to herself?—There are many to divide the blame amongst; we will begin with the poets and novelists, who, like the enchanters of old times, can effect more mischief in a few minutes than may be undone with long and weary toil. Women, and the influence of women, have been to them such fertile themes, that, if all their descriptions were fairly copied out, we might cover the world with them; the globe would be an

entire sheet of foolscap—the real “Ladies’ Magazine.” But amidst all the bevy of angels they have drawn, how passing few of them have been rational creatures; their heroines have mainly become such personifications of tears, love, death, poetry, and helplessness, that an honest man, linked to such in real life, would surely be at his wits’ ends before the end of the honey-moon. They have mainly erected the standard of feminine excellence, and their motto has been, “*La vertu—c’est le dévouement*,”—as false and fatal a one as may well be found. Yet in various applications of this sentiment consist the ethics of imagination. Therein, the two great duties of womanhood are, being beautiful, and being devoted; the two great occupations, loving and dying; and the exceeding great reward consists in every self-willed exhibition of impassioned feeling being made a decoy for sympathy and admiration. Examine the whole range of imaginative literature, and, considering its matchless sway over human sensibility, and the matchless power and beauty of mind employed in its construction, has it done, or has it failed in, its duty?—has it thrown its influence into the scale of sacred right, or of pleasing wrong?—has it seduced or strengthened—has it done justice to, has it benefited WOMEN? We trow not. They have received from poetry and fiction lip homage and knee reverence, adulation, incense, every concomitant of idol-worship, with *only* the absence of fervent rational respect. The process of degradation has taken the semblance of adoration; compliments to their love has veiled contempt of their understanding—for one female portrait that society would be benefited by its having life, how many hundreds have we who would only be less intensely, ethereally useless than the ghost of a rose or the phantasm of a lily. Earth is too gross for these essences of womanhood. This is only one point in which poetry and fiction may be arraigned on behalf of the female character: over against the land of sentiment lies the kingdom of heartlessness, and the topographers of this kingdom, otherwise fashionable novelists, have assuredly done *their* best to erect a low standard of womanly excellence. The bowl-and-dagger-and-wrap-ping-gown ladies were bad enough, but all good angels keep us from the nether millstones of quality!—Enough on this subject until next week.

#### MUNDEN, THE COMEDIAN.

A brief Memoir in a paper like the *Athenæum*, is due to departed genius, and would certainly have been paid to Munden, whose fame is so interwoven with all our early and pleasant recollections, even though we had nothing to add to the poor detail of dates and facts already registered in the daily papers. The memory of a player, it has been said, is limited to one generation; he

—struts and frets his hour upon the stage,  
And then is heard no more!

But this cannot be true, seeing that many whose fame will soon be counted by centuries, yet live to delight us in Cibber; and that others, of our latter days, have been embalmed, in all their vital spirit, by Elia himself; in whose unrivalled volume *Cockletoe* is preserved as in amber, and where Munden will live for aye, making mouths at Time and Oblivion. We were thus apologizing to ourselves for the unworthy epitaph we were about to scratch on perishable paper to this

inimitable actor, when we received the following letter, which our readers will agree with us is worth a whole volume of bald biographies.

To the Editor of the *Athenæum*.

DEAR SIR,—Your communication to me of the death of Munden made me weep. Now, Sir, I am not of the melting mood. But, in these serious times, the loss of half the world’s fun is no trivial deprivation. It was my loss (or *gain* shall I call it?) in the early time of my play-going, to have missed all Munden’s acting. There was only he, and Lewis at Covent Garden, while Drury Lane was exuberant with Parsons, Dodd, &c., such a comic company as, I suppose, the stage never showed. Thence, in the evening of my life, I had Munden all to myself, more mellowed, richer perhaps than ever. I cannot say what his change of faces produced in me. It was not acting. He was not one of my “old actors.” It might be better. His power was extravagant. I saw him one evening in three drunken characters. Three Farces were played. One part was *Dosey*—I forget the rest:—but they were so discriminated, that a stranger might have seen them all, and not have dreamed that he was seeing the same actor. I am jealous for the actors who pleased my youth. He was not a Parsons or a Dodd, but he was more wonderful. He seemed as if he could *do* anything. He was not an actor, but something *better*, if you please. Shall I instance *Old Foresight*, in ‘Love for Love,’ in which Parsons was at once the old man, the astrologer, &c. Munden dropped the old man, the doater—which makes the character—but he substituted for it a moon-struck character, a perfect abstraction from this earth, that looked as if he had newly come down from the planets. Now, *that* is not what I call *acting*. It might be better. He was imaginative; he could impress upon an audience an *idea*—the low one perhaps of a leg of mutton and turnips; but such was the grandeur and singleness of his expressions, that that single expression would convey to all his auditory a notion of all the pleasures they had all received from all the legs of mutton and turnips they had ever eaten in their lives. Now, this is not *acting*, nor do I set down Munden amongst my old actors. He was only a wonderful man, exerting his vivid impressions through the agency of the stage. In one only thing did I see him *act*—that is, support a character; it was in a wretched farce, called ‘Johnny Gilpin,’ for Downton’s benefit, in which he did a cockney; the thing ran but one night; but when I say that Liston’s *Lubin Log* was nothing to it, I say little; it was transcendent. And here, let me say of actors—*envious* actors—that of Munden, Liston was used to speak, almost with the enthusiasm due to the dead, in terms of such allowed superiority to every actor on the stage, and this at a time when Munden was gone by in the world’s estimation, that it convinced me that *artists* (in which term I include poets, painters, &c.), are not so envious as the world think. I have little time, and therefore enclose a criticism on Munden’s *Old Dosey* and his general acting, by a gentleman, who attends less to these things than formerly, but whose criticism I think masterly.

C. LAMB.

“Mr. Munden appears to us to be the most classical of actors. He is that in high farce,

which Kemble was in high tragedy. The lines of these great artists are, it must be admitted, sufficiently distinct—but the same elements are in both—the same directness of purpose, the same singleness of aim, the same concentration of power, the same iron casing of inflexible manner, the same statue-like precision of gesture, movement and attitude. The hero of farce is as little affected with impulses from without, as the retired Prince of Tragedians. There is something solid, sterling, almost adamantine in the building up of his most grotesque characters. When he fixes his wonder-working face in any of its most amazing varieties, it looks as if the picture were carved out from a rock, by Nature in a sportive vein, and might last for ever. It is like what we can imagine a mask of the old Grecian Comedy to have been, only that it lives, and breathes, and changes.—His most fantastical gestures are the grand ideal of farce. He seems as though he belonged to the earliest and the stateliest age of Comedy, when instead of superficial foibles and the airy varieties of fashion, she had the grand asperities of man to work on, when her grotesque images had something romantic about them, and when humour and parody were themselves heroic. His expressions of feeling and bursts of enthusiasm are among the most genuine which we have ever felt. They seem to come up from a depth of emotion in the heart, and burst through the sturdy casing of manner with a strength which seems increased ten-fold by its real and hearty obstacle. The workings of his spirit seem to expand his frame, till we can scarcely believe that by measure it is small; for the space which he fills in the imagination is so real that we almost mistake it for that of corporal dimensions. His *Old Dosey*, in the excellent farce of ‘Past Ten o’Clock,’ is his grandest effort of this kind—and we know of nothing finer. He seems to have a “heart of oak” indeed! His description of a sea-fight is the most noble and triumphant piece of enthusiasm which we remember. It is as if the spirits of a whole crew of nameless heroes “were swelling in his bosom.” We never felt so ardent and proud a sympathy with the valour of England as when we heard it. May health long be his, thus to do our hearts good—for we never saw any actor whose merits have the least resemblance to his even in species: and when his genius is withdrawn from the stage, we shall not have left even a term by which we can fitly describe it.

T. N. T.”

#### AFRICAN DISCOVERY.

THIS subject has of late years excited so much interest and curiosity, that scarcely a year has elapsed, without an attempt having been made, either by our own countrymen, or by some of our scientific neighbours (the French), to explore a country which has yet much left for the ardent spirit of enterprising discovery to adventure in; and before the travels of our gallant countryman Lander are yet even issued from the press, two gentlemen, as we mentioned some time since, not sent out by government, but at their own expense, are upon the point of setting off from this country, with the hopes of making further important discoveries. We are now enabled to state, that the projected plan of this expedition is to land at Benin on the Western Coast, and prosecute from thence the route to Funda:—from that place to proceed in a north-easterly direction, until they shall meet with the Bahr el Abiad, and to follow the course of that river from its rise to its termination. From what we can collect from Lord Prudhoe’s statement, the Turks have already reached as far as 27° western longitude (from Greenwich); and Funda being in 8° northern latitude and 9° western longitude, the adventurous travellers will have 1200 miles of terra incognita, through which they must

make good their perilous way as best they can. Should they be successful in penetrating across this unknown tract of country, they will have accomplished what is wanting to complete the geographical knowledge of this long-hidden quarter of the globe; for the late travels of the adventurous Richard Lander, in the direction which he pursued, and also the interesting discoveries made by Mons. Douville in Southern Africa, have left, we may venture to say, the proposed object of the present expedition, as the only desideratum now required to satisfy the minds of the scientific upon this subject of geographical inquiry. From such discovery, we are naturally led to hope for results not only satisfactory to the scientific and curious, but also beneficial to the cause of commerce in general and moral improvement; for could those two mighty streams, the Niger and the Nile, which have hitherto been but as sealed waters, be found serviceable for the purposes of intercourse and commerce, the benighted continent of Africa might then eventually hope to receive the blessings of civilization and Christianity.

It might perhaps not be uninteresting or unacceptable to our readers, to be informed, who are the individuals who have undertaken this arduous and perilous enterprise;—their names, as we have stated before, are Coulthurst and Tyrwhitt—the former a gentleman educated at Eton and Oxford, (at which University he took a very honourable degree,) and was afterwards called to the bar, but had from his boyhood imbibed a love of enterprise and geographical discovery, particularly for that part of the world which he has now selected as the field of his exertions. The latter is a gentleman also brought up to the legal profession, and whose turn of mind had led him to the same object. Through an introduction to the Geographical Society, and by its representation to government, these gentlemen have met with every encouragement their intrepidity and zeal have entitled them to, by having received from His Majesty's government some valuable scientific instruments, and by being furnished with open letters to all the Governors on the coast, with recommendations and letters also to many of the native Chiefs of the interior, and to the Pasha of Egypt, through which country they must necessarily return, should they succeed in accomplishing the object of their wishes.

#### MEMOIR OF A SUICIDE.

It is only a short time since Henry Neele, the author of the English series of the 'Romance of History,' closed his career by self-murder, at a time when the vista had just opened sufficiently to present a fair prospect of success. We are now appalled by another suicide, in the same profession and rank of life, the perpetrator of which was a still younger man—indeed, a mere youth—whose introduction to the public seemed, like Neele's, to be full of good omen.

Mr. Fletcher—the circumstances of whose death our readers have been made acquainted with by the newspapers—was educated at Cambridge, and passed through his studies, the proximate object of which was a wranglership, with credit. When just about to receive the reward of his labours, he was guilty of one of those imprudences so frequent in College life, and so seldom attended with any permanent or disastrous effect. He was absent at the meeting of the council, and it was discovered that he had not been in his apartment the whole night. He had gone on a pleasure party the day before, and was accidentally detained beyond the moment when his appearance would have passed unquestioned. Expulsion stared him in the face on one hand; and, on the other, the as dreadful fate of being thrown back from the object of his ambition for a space of time equal to that which he had already spent in

efforts to obtain it. Between this Scylla and Charybdis he was lost. He left College, abandoned all his plans and pursuits in life, and came to London, a friendless and almost aimless adventurer.

It is probable, that in the whole of this proceeding, he acted contrary to the advice of his relations, and that, in consequence, they left the young man to his fate; but, on so painful and delicate a subject, it is only fair to say, that this is little more than a surmise. Shortly after his arrival in London, he was so fortunate as to obtain the situation of assistant in a respectable school, where he continued for two years, and up to last Christmas. During this interval of two years, he published a poem, which displayed at least the evidences of an elegant mind, and contributed to some of the periodicals. But it was to the impression made upon his imagination by the glorious struggles of the Poles, that he owed any literary distinction, attained by his name. He produced a 'History of Poland,' which met with almost universal approbation; and few persons, on reading its manly and impressive pages, could have supposed that the author was a shy and retiring youth of one-and-twenty.

At this time the bookselling trade appeared to be on the brink of ruin. A panic, whether connected with real or imaginary danger, had been spread abroad in the literary world and its dependent professions. Booksellers were afraid to sell their commodity to one another, and afraid, therefore, to buy the materials of which it is manufactured. In the department of imaginative writing, more especially, a depression prevailed which threatened to recall the days when garrets and hunger were the portion of the Muses' sons. One extensive house, celebrated both for its good and bad novels, declared that it had utterly ceased to purchase manuscripts on speculation, and, either terrified or cramped in means by its losses, refused to entertain any offer proposed with other views than prospective and eventual remuneration. If any payments were made at all, they were in bills, which the holder, if unprovided with monied friends, could no more get discounted than he could live upon the paper.

At this period, Mr. Fletcher, with characteristic imprudence, gave up his situation, and attached himself to the precarious, and now desperate trade of authorship! This was only last Christmas—and we hurry to the result.

He was employed to write a work on India for the 'Entertaining Knowledge,'—a portion of which is completed; and he also contributed, we believe, to several of the Magazines. He became involved in difficulties notwithstanding; but to so trifling an amount, that it is said his last days were embittered chiefly by the dread of an approaching demand upon him for twenty-five pounds, the amount of a bill accepted by his publisher, which he feared would remain unpaid, and consequently fall back upon him; but the gentleman in question asserts, that the bill had been given as a friendly accommodation to Mr. Fletcher.

Another enemy, still more fatal, was the disorder which appears to be "the badge of all our tribe"—indigestion. The sedentary habits of authors are generally supposed to be the predisposing cause of the disease: but this we deny. Exercise, without amusement, is nothing. The state of the mind, more than that of the body, we hold to be the predisposing cause. The disease again re-acts upon the mind; and this action and re-action, if long continued, produces a nervous excitement, which sometimes ends in madness.

Mr. Fletcher, like many others who are afraid of the excitement of wine, or unable to afford the means of indulgence in it, had recourse to opium in his fits of despondence. This drug is

as bad, although not quite so speedy, as arsenic, to a literary man; for it exasperates the disease which sits preying like a vulture upon his life. The hero of this sad tale sunk at last into melancholy and despair. One whole day, till late in the afternoon, he lay in bed without being able to muster energy enough to rise. He at length took his place, mechanically, as it were, at the dinner-table. He did not eat: he shrunk from conversation; but when the time of parting came, he bade farewell, with a strong pressure of the hand.

The next morning the unhappy young man was found dead upon the floor. He was surrounded with blood, and a pistol lay near the sacrilegious hand of the suicide.

#### THE NEWLY-DISCOVERED MOSAIC AT POMPEII.

"At last," writes a correspondent from Naples, "I have been fortunate enough to obtain a sight of the noble Mosaic at Pompeii. It surpasses every expectation which even the encomiums of others had led me to entertain of it. I was least satisfied with Alexander's head; and it is a subject of deep regret, that the head of the dying youth has been seriously injured. We are, however, greatly compensated for this loss by the head of the warrior who is preparing to mount his horse, as well by the animal itself, which is bending its neck, and is represented in a fore-shortened attitude. The heads of Darius and his charioteer also; nor less those of the two Persian commanders, who are conjuring the king to fly instantly from the spot, with an eloquence of expression which is perfectly wonderful, are beyond all praise. It is greatly to be lamented, that, with the exception of Alexander and the section of the head, which is supposed to be Parmenio's, scarcely any of the Greek figures are to be recognized. This is the part of the mosaic which has suffered most."

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

Our gossip on literature and art for this week must needs be brief, unless we indulge a little in the universal lamentation which we hear from the lips of all men who live by mental labour. Though we have no apprehensions that the time is at hand when, for want of literary light, gross darkness will cover the people, yet we confess that we hear of little that is new being undertaken; and, further, we are told, that some of those speculations in hand are anything but prosperous. Constable's Miscellany is either sold, or to be sold. Lardner, giving way to these economical times, has clipped the wings of his Cyclopædia advertisements; and Murray hesitates to issue more of his Family Library till he sees the result of the new reform measure. Galt, it is true, has written a new novel; Leitch Ritchie and Roscoe are about to describe all the old Castles of England; and the Society of Friends have announced a new Annual under the flashy name of 'The Aurora Borealis'; yet what are these compared to the works which lately kept the printing presses groaning?—Sir Walter Scott, we observe, is welcomed cordially by the people of Naples: he is invited to a grand spectacle, in which the chief personages in his unrivalled romances will be the actors.

A very clever drawing of the Ettrick Shepherd has just been completed by Mr. Fox, well known for his fine engraving of the head of Burnet: it bears the true stamp and impress of the poet, and will form a characteristic frontispiece to the forthcoming edition of his works. Jones, we hear, has made



much progress in his picture of the Opening of London Bridge, for Sir John Soane: there will be many portraits.

Our musical friends will hear with delight, and not perhaps without surprise, that the new conductor of the Ancient Concerts has overcome the long-existing prejudices of the noble directors, and prevailed on them to permit the works of the immortal Haydn to be performed at those Concerts. And we have great pleasure in announcing that the Philharmonic Society have made the *amende honorable* to Moschelles, by unanimously electing him a member, after he had been, to the disgrace of the Society and the profession, twice black-balled.

Our present number threatens to be a sombre paper, for, in addition to the melancholy memoirs already written, we have at this last moment to announce the death of the Rev. George Crabbe. Few men of his fame were so little known personally in the literary world—of simple and studious habits, he confined himself to the retirement of his rectory, to the unambitious fulfilment of his duties, and the education of his family. Mr. Crabbe was born in 1754, at Aldborough, in Suffolk, where his father held some appointment in the Customs. It is said, that he was originally intended for the medical profession, and that he served an apprenticeship to a provincial apothecary. He, however, was early won over to the Muses. He came to London at the age of twenty-four, gained the friendship of Burke, at whose recommendation he published, in 1781, his poem of 'The Library.' This was quickly followed by 'The Village,' which gained for his genius the high and enviable approbation of Dr. Johnson. In the meantime Crabbe had entered himself at Cambridge, had taken orders, and now accompanied the Duke of Rutland, as chaplain, upon his appointment to the Vice-regal government of Ireland. Through the same patronage he afterwards obtained some small church preferment. Notwithstanding the success which had attended his earlier works, it was more than twenty years before he again ventured on publication, and we remember the no small surprise with which, in 1807, we read a collection of Poems, then wet from the press, by one who, in his associations with Burke and Johnson, seemed to belong to a past age. This work also was eminently successful, and 'The Borough' followed in 1810—'Tales' in 1815—and 'Tales of the Hall' in 1819. The catalogue might have been enlarged had public encouragement tempted the publishers, for, we believe, a MS. poem has been for many years in the hands of Mr. Murray. We have neither time nor space to offer a critical opinion on Crabbe's merits as a writer, but trust to do him justice next week.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

##### ROYAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 9.—His Royal Highness the President, in the chair.—The following papers were read: 'On the Volcanic Island, in the Mediterranean,' by Captain English, R.N., F.R.S.; 'Researches in Physical Astronomy,' by John William Lubbock, Esq., Vice President and Treasurer of the Royal Society; Sir Charles Bell's paper 'On the Human Voice,' was resumed, but

not concluded.—John Edward Gray, Esq., was admitted a Fellow, and Lord Henry John Spencer Churchill, and the Hon. George Charles Agar, were proposed.

##### HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 7.—A paper on the cultivation and subsequent preparation of the tobacco of Shiraz, was read. It was drawn up by Dr. Riach, of Shiraz, a medical officer in the service of the Honourable East India Company, and communicated to the Society through Sir Henry Willock, whose long residence at the Court of Persia eminently qualifies him to judge of the facts detailed. It excited some interest among the Members present, not only from the account being furnished by a gentleman who had inspected the various processes described, but also from the knowledge of the advantages which may result from the successful cultivation of the variety in our own colonies, whose climates are sufficiently favourable for the experiment. With this view, the Society (through the liberality of Sir H. Willock) has lost no time in despatching a quantity of the seed to the government garden in Van Dieman's Land, and will now be enabled, by transmitting a copy of the above paper, to put additional power within the reach of those to whose care the seeds have been consigned.

We observed flowers of the *Eukianthus reticulatus*, and *E. quinquefolius*, from the garden of William Wells, Esq., of Redleaf, among the articles exhibited; together with a flower of the *Astropæa Wallichii*, from Mrs. Marryatt. Some beautiful *carnellias* were also on the table, from Mr. Chandler's collection, at Vauxhall; and two fine pine-apples, the *Euville* and the *Queen*, grown by a Mr. Fielder. The exhibition was a good one for the time of year, and the attendance of Members numerous. Cuttings of the *Elton* and *Belle de Choisy* cherries were distributed; both varieties remarkable for their rich and sweet qualities.

##### LINNÆAN SOCIETY.

Feb. 7.—A. B. Lambert, Esq. in the chair.—Three members, previously balloted for, were admitted Fellows of the Society, and three new candidates were nominated. The Secretary read a portion of Mr. Ogilby's paper, in continuation. A collection of dried plants, presented by the Hon. East India Company, and various other donations of books and birds, were on the table. The meeting was numerously attended.

##### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

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|----------|--|
| MONDAY,  | { Royal Geographical Society .. Nine, P.M.<br>Medical Society ..... Eight, P.M.<br>Medico-Botanical Society ..... Eight, P.M.<br>Medico-Chirurgical Society ..... } p. 8, P.M.<br>Institution of Civil Engineers Eight, P.M. |
| TUESDAY, | { Society of Arts (Evening Illustrations) ..... Eight, P.M.<br>Geological Society ..... } p. 8, P.M.<br>Royal Society of Literature .. Three, P.M.<br>Society of Arts ..... } p. 7, P.M.                                     |
| WEDNES.  | { Royal Society ..... } p. 8, P.M.<br>Society of Antiquaries ..... Eight, P.M.   |
| THURSD.  | { Royal Institution ..... } p. 8, P.M.   |
| FRIDAY,  | { Royal Asiatic Society ..... Two, P.M.<br>Westminster Medical Society .. Eight, P.M.  |
| SATURD.  |  |

##### GIFT OF HIS MAJESTY TO KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.

A very admirable model of the human frame, of the size of life, has been lately exhibited in London, by Dr. Anzoux. It admits of being taken to pieces, each portion representing a muscle, with its attachments exactly figured, and with the vessels and nerves in relief upon it in their natural order. In this manner the exact superposition and relative situation of the different parts of the frame is displayed. The material of which the model is constructed, resembles *papier maché*. It will admit of very rude

handling without receiving injury; so that it not merely forms a curious cabinet specimen, but is capable of being advantageously used in anatomical lectures.

Sir Henry Halford submitted to the consideration of his Majesty, the practical utility of such models, as accessory means of instruction in our schools of medicine; and the King has munificently commanded that one should be prepared by Dr. Anzoux, as a gift to King's College.

Some points that are less exact in the model now exhibiting, are to be altered under the direction of Mr. Mayo, the Professor of Anatomy in King's College. The model commanded by his Majesty will be completed by June ensuing, when it will be placed in the Museum of King's College. In the meantime, Dr. Anzoux's present model will be deposited there.

#### FINE ARTS

##### BRITISH INSTITUTION.

##### Exhibition of Paintings for 1882.

Six hundred works of art, executed by three hundred artists! When Reynolds founded the Royal Academy, he predicted that a golden time of British art would come, when compared with his own day—there would be thrice the number of painters, and six times the amount of excellence. The first part of the prediction is more than fulfilled; but the accomplishment of the latter seems as remote as ever. The number of living artists surpasses the sum total of living poets;—in truth, it is as easy to learn to draw legs and arms, and do a bit of history or landscape, as it is to measure out quantities of words in the order of verse; nor is it more difficult to acquire a certain portion of skill, and even dash, in the mystery of light and shade, than it is to learn the language of the muse, and utter "as brave words as a man would wish to hear on a summer's day." The living spirit of the poet or the painter is another thing: it is, in truth, an extremely rare gift, and cannot be claimed by a tithe of the swarms who infest the patrimony of the muses. Of the justice of these remarks, the walls of the British Institution bear sufficient evidence—three hundred of the six hundred works are such as a speedy forgetfulness awaits: a moiety of the remainder have something here and there in the conception or the handling, which detains the eye for a moment's space or so; while out of the hundred and fifty in reserve, some score or two are of that character that deserve notice; nay, not a few of them will live in our memories, and be ornaments, we have no doubt, to public and private galleries. This Exhibition is worthy of a visit: the distribution of the works is very creditable to the Committee; and though some good paintings have indifferent places, and middling pictures good ones, let those who imagine they could do justice to all claims, and at the same time preserve the true harmony of arrangement, make the experiment—they would find that quaring the circle is but a proverb compared to it. Of these pictures we shall but notice such as remained on our minds after we left the rooms, and set them down, too, in the order of the catalogue, accompanied by the painter's name.

STANFIELD. 'Portsmouth from the King's Bastion,' is it seems, painted by command of his Majesty; and without question there is considerable talent visible in it, particularly in the agitation of the water; it is not, however, the happiest of the artist's works: we wish kings and princes would desist from commanding works of genius to be executed: it would be better were they to leave the matter wholly with the painter. Had our friend Stanfield wrought at a scene of his own fancy, he would have made a sea worthy of Neptune or of Nelson, and a

shore to match: as it is, he has made a good, but not a great picture.

ETTY. '*Sabrina, from Milton's Masque of Comus*,' is too lengthy a lady for our taste, and also too extravagant. The painter should study more attentively the dignified sobriety of style which characterizes Milton: the old Puritan bard has none of those startling, unsavoury postures in all his works. There is, nevertheless, great talent in the group: there is much ease amid the extravagance, and a subdued tone of colouring, which contrasts strongly with the more glaring hues in which this artist once indulged. We suspect the painter has twisted the common white lily of the field among the amber locks of the lady, instead of the lily which grows "on the cool translucent wave." The rank odour—to speak gently—of the former flower would suffocate ten such nymphs. The same artist has a picture of a scene in Robinson Crusoe, in which a tempestuous sea has ejected him upon the beach: it is a very gloomy, but a very touching work, and recalls to our memory the '*Man's Footstep in the Sand*,' by Stothard.

ROBERTS. We wish we could purchase the '*Cathedral of St. Lawrence, in Rotterdam*,' by Roberts. It measures but one foot ten by one foot seven; but in that small space the artist has wrought wonders. It is a real scene, and intensely architectural; yet the very pinnacles and gateways speak: cannot he do as much for some of our own noble old abbeys?

MRS. CARPENTER. '*A study from Nature*,' is a child's head, free, natural, and lovely. This lady has a fine poetic feeling, and no little skill, and usually unites them in her productions. No painter of the present day seizes the character of a scene or a subject with greater beauty or truth.

COPLEY FIELDING. '*Eneas meeting Venus disguised as a Huntress*,' ought not to have been the name of this picture. In fact, it has nothing at all to do with the wandering Prince of Troy. It is a charming landscape, in which the eye looks over fifty miles of the fairest fields. We have seldom seen any scene in art so beautiful, or more true to nature in its unities or in its hues; the sky resembles the real heavens, and the earth wears the fresh tender green of nature. It is true that figures may be observed in the foreground—they are, however, only figures: they go for nothing—the landscape swallows them up. The same artist has more pictures worthy of notice in the Institution; but we must move on, for other names that merit much praise are on our list.

HOWARD, R.A. '*The Dream of Queen Katherine*' is from the page of Shakspeare.

— Saw you not even now a blessed troop  
Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces  
Cast thousand beams upon me like the sun?  
They promised me eternal happiness.

In embodying these lines the artist has given natural form and visible expression to the words of the muse; there is, to be sure, a certain air of constraint or stiffness in the figures; but the fine harmony of the scene, the natural elegance, and the poetic dignity of the whole, triumph over minor blemishes. '*The Morning*,' too, by the same eminent artist, from '*Paradise Regained*,' is a meet companion for the other—these are the words on which he has reared the superstructure of this fine work:

Thus passed the night so foul, till morning fair  
Came forth with pilgrim steps in amice gray:  
Who with her radiant finger stilled the roar  
Of thunder, chased the clouds, and laid the winds  
And gaily spectators which the fiend had raised.

E. LANDSEER. '*The Interior of a Highlander's House*,'— '*The Auld Gaid Wife*,'—and '*The Lassie herding Sheep*,' are all capital copies of nature—fresh, vivid, and original. '*The Auld Gaid Wife*' is most to our taste; this is a hardy, smoke-dried, upland dame, who has survived her husband, evidently a Sherrismuir man, and

sits contemplating by turns his claymore, where it hangs on the cabin wall, and a well-thumbed household Bible, laid before her on the table. She seems the connecting link between time and eternity, and all around her wears the same staid, stern hue as herself. '*The Interior of a Highlander's House*,' has cost the artist much more labour than its humbler companion; and certainly the exact truth and fine grouping of the whole, together with the very natural colouring, merit high praise; yet it pleases us less, because there is more of animal life and less of sentiment.

BURNET. '*The Salmon Weir on the Leem, Devon*,' and '*The Halt of a Waggon*,' are both from the pencil of our eminent engraver, and not unworthy of taking place with productions by names of academic note. The sunshine trembling through among the shafts of the trees, and touching the foaming surface of the water in the former, and the clownish activity of the carrier boy transferring a coop of chickens from a cottage to his waggon, are both different, and both natural, and so unlike in the handling, that they seem the work of two men. '*The Salmon Weir*' itself is a fine scene: the river is swollen a little with rain, and there is a tawny foam on its surface such as Scott compared to the mane of a chestnut steed.

CLATER. '*The Return from a Masked Ball*,' deserves notice, were it only for the back view of a tall, fair girl, who is about to transfer her masking attire to her waiting-maid. She has an ensnaring shape, and, if her face at all corresponds with the elegant dropping of the shoulders and the symmetry of her limbs, woe to the sons of men when she turns round. The picture has other merits—we have noticed the attraction.

BOXALL. '*Cordelia receiving the account of her Father's sufferings*,' is, in our opinion, the most poetical work in these rooms. It won, it seems, the premium at the Liverpool Exhibition, yet did not find a purchaser; we hope it will be more fortunate here. The pathetic expression and finely-sustained dignity of the head, is equal to any work of the present day; and if the artist would condescend to colour a little more clearly, and make his outlines more defined, he would add materially to the attractions of his works.—We hear that he is about to paint a Mary Queen of Scots; it is a perilous subject: the world has already made an image of its own, which, though shaped out of air, will cost the painter no little study to surpass. There are works in these rooms which seem hung up as a warning to shun all attempts at limning traditional beauties. We wish Boxall great success in his undertaking—certainly '*Cordelia*' entitles us to expect much, and not to be very fearful.

MORTON. '*Austerlitz*,' shows the Child of Destiny directing the charge of his cuirassiers, on that victorious field. The battle was fought on the 2nd of December; and there stands Napoleon, his grey surcoat powdered with new-fallen snow, his glass in one hand and the other extended towards the point of attack—we have seldom seen any work of fancy on which reality was more sternly stamped. We could find fault with one or two minor matters, but they belong more to the handling than to the sentiment.

KIDD. '*A Scene from Rob Roy*,'—it is no such thing; it is a scene from the Rob Roy of the stage, but not from the living page of the great novelist. Has the painter ever read the romance? he would there see it written down that Bailie Jarvie, instead of fighting with a handsome piker, as he is doing here, fought with the red-hot coulter of a plough, like a wild Indian, as his antagonist Allan Iverach averred. Why should an artist dispense with a weapon so picturesque, and, withal, the proper weapon?

The truth is, we believe, many clever artists, and Kidd is undoubtedly one, are mere Thebans in learning. The other day, in turning over this same artist's illustrations of Burns, we found, in the '*Address to the De'il*,' a douse motherly old woman praying very comfortably in her chamber, instead of beside the bower-tree hedge of her kale-yard—as a pious woman would—on the other side of which she heard old Satan humming past on errand of evil. The Dougal creature of this picture is truly capital; the raised look, too, of the Bailie is happy, and, on the whole, it is nearly worthy of the page of Scott, were it not for the poker, which is far from classic, whatever learned men may say. '*The Gipsies' Encampment*,' is likewise natural, and recalls many scenes which we have witnessed wherein those vagrants were actors—sheep disappeared from the fold, linen from the hedge, and hens from their roosts.

WEBSTER. '*The Love Letter*,' by this artist, attracts much notice. A young woman has opened her chamber window, and, by the light which bursts in upon her, is reading a love-letter, with a kind of quiet rapture worthy of deep and modest love. This is an honest labourer in the field of sentiment and nature.

DANIELL, R.A. '*The Indian Fruit-seller*,' and other pictures of an Eastern character, by the same painter, are quiet and beautiful bits of art. They bring strange scenes, strange faces, and strange hues before us, and these are ever welcome.

ROTHWELL. '*The Village Morning*,' is a beautiful girl, with looks like Aurora—we have seldom seen Rothwell happier either in his colours or in his character.

LINTON. One of the best landscapes in the collection is the well known '*Civita Castellana*,' by Linton; the perspective is capital, and the whole scene is clear and distinct: all is made out with the accuracy of nature; yet all is elegant and harmonious. We might say that some of the lines are too hard, and that the picture is made up from the fac-simile style of Canaletti, and the dash and freedom of later painters; these are other men's remarks, not ours. The performance is a fine one, no matter how produced.

CLINT. '*Falstaff, Pistol, and Mrs. Quickly, at the Garter Inn*,' is certainly not the happiest of Clint's dramatic paintings. The fault is in the excellence of the subject, for who can paint a Falstaff, who was not only witty himself, but the cause of it in others; or limn a Pistol, with his swaggering gait and ten pound weight words?

We must, however, have done, at least for the present, although conscious of having left many clever pictures unnoticed.

*The Fall of Babylon.* Painted and engraved by John Martin.

THIS is one of the earlier works of the distinguished painter, and its merits are of a high order. There is all the supernatural light and superhuman architecture—the terror and the dismay of his latter pictures; yet it is scarcely so sublime as the '*Handwriting on the Wall*,' nor so magnificent as the '*Fall of Nineveh*.' We have heard even artists argue that there is a want of making out of limb and lineament in the historic actors in these solemn scenes, and that a nicely resembling miniature portrait-painting was required. We hold no such opinion; in truth, the rush and the tumult of the besiegers and the besieged enter but little into our thoughts—the grandeur of the lightning-illuminated landscape is the chief attraction; and we feel sure that were the forms of the agitated masses more distinctly drawn, not a little of the interest would decrease; for many men can paint human beings as well as Martin, but who besides can give an interest, not of this world, to cities and palaces.

and clouds, and make us look with terror on towns doomed to destruction? The engraving is from his own hand, and this, we conceive, enhances materially the value of it.

## MUSIC

### KING'S THEATRE.

AFTER the usual delays incident to a new and inexperienced management, this theatre opened on Saturday last, with 'L'Esule di Roma,'—performed for the first time in this country. As we have before stated, this opera is one of the early productions of Donizetti, whose compositions, of an inferior kind, are numerous enough, and have been principally admired by the musical cognoscenti at Naples, where he has always resided. Having, some short time since, like most of our contemporaries, built up our expectation to Mozart's 'Idomeneo,' we heard, with more regret than astonishment, that the *dernière d'un petit genre* was substituted for the *première d'un grand genre*. Mr. Mason, however, is not the first manager who has been compelled to bow to circumstances.

The whole of the music of this opera is quite à la Rossini;—here we have a snatch of an *agitato* from 'Otello'—there a phrase of a chorus in 'Semiramide'; indeed, except that it wants a scena for the *entrée* of the *prima donna*, "la coupe" as our neighbours have it, is like most modern Italian operas. The most striking melodies are the last movements of two scenas for soprano in the second act,—one of which Donizetti afterwards converted to a *larghetto*, in his subsequent 'Anna Bolena'; and into which Pasta threw all her thrilling pathos with so much effect during the glorious days of last season—it is the 'Ah dolce guidami,' so well known and deservedly popular. In the second act there is now introduced a long, half-military, demi-choral scena, by Costa, tolerably well written, and suitably adapted for the powers of Winter, to whose singing its success ought to be attributed. We disapprove of this system of Pasticcio. Critics are generally severe on our native composers when they venture to take such liberties with an author; and, indeed, it is only to be tolerated when a composition by the same author can be introduced of a character corresponding to the scene for which it is required. Before we quit the subject of the music, we must do justice to Mr. Monck Mason's Overture. The critics, generally, have spoken slightly of it; the subject of the allegro is evidently Mozart's fugue in the overture to 'Zauberflöte'; still it is extremely well put together—is well relieved by some happy melodies—and we do not hesitate to say that it is a composition not unworthy the reputation of a good musician. Now for a word or two on the new singers.

Mad. de Meric is a middle-aged French lady, who has, from late experience, acquired the Italian style of singing. We rather think that we heard her, as Mdle. Demeri, at the Italian Opera in Paris, in 1824-5. She has a thin *voce di testa*, of an agreeable quality, extending to c and d in *alt.*: her intonation is beautifully just; and, in the absence of much flexibility, she successfully indulges in staccato passages of intervals in thirds, sixths, and octaves, at the close of an *aria*, which, from their novelty and perfect execution, elicited much applause. The scene of detached recitativo, in which she made her *début* on Saturday, was rather unfavourable to the developement of her powers; but a grand scena, in the second act of the opera, gave her an opportunity of display, of which she availed herself, and met with success. But we must observe that this lady's taste is not purely classical: at the close of a pathetic movement, otherwise sufficiently well executed, she darted a rapid screaming cadenza, by no means in keep-

ing with its character; and further pained our feeling by failing to reach the upper note.

The *primo tenore*, Signor Winter, is about thirty-five years of age, and a native of Italy. He sang his part in an unostentatious and irreproachable manner; but he will not, we fear, obtain enthusiastic admiration from our fashionable musical amateurs, whose favour is won, more or less, by the disguise of simple melodies, with an excess of *florimenti*, even though at the sacrifice of time and tune—(the success of Signor David, to wit!) The voice of Signor Winter, although not very flexible, is equal, and reaches to A, in its natural compass—the upper notes rather nasal. His intonation is usually correct, and his *ad libitum* passages rarely intrusive—qualities certain of a musician's applause.

Signor Mariani has a powerful bass voice—he sings correctly, but his style is rather coarse. The trio in the finale to the first act was a vulgar exhibition of noise—a little *chiaroscuro* might have rendered it, what it usually has been, the most successful composition in the opera.

Signor Calveri is a second-rate tenor, and an excellent substitute for the long worn-out Signor Deville, of ancient memory.

The choruses are rather more numerous than before; yet we do not find them vastly improved—in fact, there wants, in each class of voices, one thoroughly good musician, who will attack the points, and give confidence to all: they ought also to be made to participate, by acting with some degree of intelligence, in sentiments in unison with the hero or heroine; whereas they are still, what they have ever been at this theatre, mere walking-sticks, clustering without grouping, and singing without motion. Mr. Monck Mason could here effect improvement. There is nothing which more astonishes the English traveller when he visits the German and French theatres, than the vigour, intelligence, and power of the chorus singers.

A direct comparison has been hazarded by the friends of the new manager, between the organization and discipline of the band of the King's Theatre and that of the Académie de Musique at Paris. Now, in the orchestra of the latter theatre, there are upwards of eighty performers, and all efficient;—at the King's Theatre there are, perhaps, fifty! In Berlin, the band is equally numerous as at Paris; and those best acquainted with the subject have often assured us, that it will take two or three years for a band to attain perfect discipline! Now this is the first week of the first season of our Opera band,—for there are many entirely new members in it;—so that, according to the judgment of others, it will be about the time that Mr. Mason retires from the management that the Opera band will have attained to perfect discipline, and it may then, probably, be again disorganized by his successor:—such has been the case. As a proof of the advantage of keeping the same band together, we may instance the superiority of the Philharmonic orchestra. Yet there is another obstacle which will always prevent our bands attaining the discipline of those on the Continent. We have too many *chefs d'orchestra*, so that the *repienti*, instead of obeying only one, are distracted by so many authorities, that they have recourse to their own intelligence, and follow their own imagination, to the utter destruction of all general effect. A distinguished composer, who visited us some few seasons ago, being asked what he thought of the aristocracy of the opera, replied, "in the orchestra it was monstrously *ferè*." Praise, however, is due to Mr. Mason for some improvements;—for having a greater number of basses in the centre of the orchestra, which contribute much to steady the band—also, for increasing the number of violas to six—but the violins ought, we think, to be more numerous, for we only counted sixteen,

exclusive of leaders! We are also glad to observe that Dragonetti, Mori, and others of their rank, remain to play in the ballets.—We have heard, that out of friendship for his friend Spagnoletti, Mr. Mason has denied to himself the honour of introducing the system of leading with the *Baton*—here is one reason why the German and French bands surpass ours; the sight of this magic little wand, in efficient hands, controls a band more quietly and effectively than all the beating, stamping, and ejaculations of "My Got, go vit de singer," which we are doomed occasionally to hear at the King's Theatre; and we must observe, that in the general execution of the music on Saturday, there were inaccuracies, and a want of "chiaroscuro."

The ballet, called 'Une Heure à Naples,' is a bagatelle concocted as a "pis aller." Madame Le Comte danced a *pas deux* with Monsieur Albert—they are both reputed great artists, and were well received. A *pas quatre* was also danced by some second rates, and there was a prettily-grouped quadrille, and the whole performances passed off satisfactorily. The music of the ballet is by Costa; the introductory movement, and some of the dances are inferior; but the pantomime was characteristic and good.

## THEATRICALS

### ADELPHI THEATRE.

ON Thursday, a new burletta made its first appearance at this house. It is called 'Chalk Farm,' and the idea is from a one-act French trifle, entitled 'Le Tire au Pistolet.' How much more than the idea is borrowed, we know not—neither do we care, as our business, as well as our pleasure, lies with that which is put before us, and not with that which has been put before other people—or, as we may say, in seemingly bad English, *an* other people. We always feel some diffidence in speaking of a new production at this theatre, because those who are naturally modest, (and modest we pledge our anonymous honour that we are, though, to our readers, who cannot see us, we may not look so,) are sure to hesitate at giving an opinion, where it is not asked. It is the custom here, to announce a new piece for such a night, "and during the week." In doing this, "the management" can have no other object than that of saving audiences the trouble of thinking for themselves: and, seeing how many subjects of more importance the public constantly have to think of, perhaps a more considerate arrangement for a thinking people could not be made. If, after so many years of successful catering, the management does not know what is good for its audiences, who should? There can be but little doubt, that the doctor knows better than the patient; and we therefore recommend the management to persevere in the system, and the public to be patient, under a conviction, that although that which is prescribed for them, may sometimes be a little unpalatable at first, it will ultimately, if duly swallowed, do them good. These observations apply in some degree to the new piece of Thursday. There were parts of it, at which certain portions of the audience expressed impatience and disapprobation, but the majority approved, and if those who did not, will follow the usual prescription, "Repetatur haustus novissime prescriptus," and take themselves there again in a few nights, they will doubtless find such trifling alterations made, as their constitutions may have been found to require, and their sides "when taken," will, we venture to predict, be "well shaken." The plot may be told in even less space than we usually assign to such matters. Two lawyer's clerks (Messrs. Buckstone and Reeve,) leave their lawful employment and their lawful wives, and arrive at the Chalk Farm tea-gardens, to spend

the day in the unlawful society of two ladies of questionable propriety. The wives (Mrs. Fitzwilliam and Miss Daly,) discover the plot, and follow to torment and expose them—Mrs. Fitzwilliam disguised as a little man, and Miss Daly in the capacity of his *chère amie*. Each husband recognizes his own wife, but neither knows his friend's, and they are both threatened into secrecy. The whole party partake together of an elegant dinner of tripe. Occasion is taken by the little female man to pick a quarrel with Mr. Reeve, and an adjournment to the shooting ground, with a view of Primrose Hill, and to a duel, follows. Here Mr. Reeve, who proves to be a large man with little courage, and who has more stomach for tripe than gunpowder, without waiting for his adversary to fire, falls down, upon the accidental explosion of a pistol in the hand of a person near him. Being, of course, laughed at by all present, and being considered to be thereby sufficiently punished for his frolic, a general reconciliation takes place, and the piece goes off almost as unexpectedly as the other did. These materials are slight—but Mr. Reeve bustling—Mrs. Fitzwilliam clustered—Mr. Buckstone a-aw-aw as usual, with much comicality—Mr. Wilkinson, (whom we had forgotten to mention,) was as dry and quaint as circumstances permitted, and the audience laughed. Nothing then seems to be required, but the omission of one or two gross allusions from Mr. Reeve, which, we hope, for his sake, were the author's, and which we hope, for the author's sake, were *his*, to enable 'Chalk Farm' to have its fair share of custom.

## MISCELLANEA

*The Lady's Chapel, St. Saviour's.*—Our readers will probably have read enough of the threatened demolition of this ancient building in the daily papers. We have therefore great pleasure in contradicting the report, that Mr. Smirke had lent the sanction of his name to the removal of this building. We are enabled to state, from the best authority, that the reverse is the fact; the London Bridge committee, however desirous they may now be of relieving themselves from the imputation of being partners with the Borough vandals in this barbarous act, certainly consulted that gentleman, as to what was best to be done to support the church when the chapel was removed; and on Mr. Smirke's remonstrating with them, they said they had decided upon the removal, and all they required was his help in propping up the tower.

*Polish Society.*—The Poles, who have been forced to seek an asylum in France, have instituted a Society at Paris, under the name of the "Literary Society of the Polish Refugees;" under the presidency of the celebrated Lewel. Its object is to bring the rest of Europe better acquainted with the beauties and value of Polish literature, the ancient and modern history of Poland, and whatever may bear upon the arts and sciences, so far as that country is concerned. On the list of the first founders of this Society, we observe the names of Chodzko, Slowacki, Casimir Dobrowski, Niewicz, Wodzinski, and many others, as eminent for their patriotism as their scientific attainments. A somewhat similar Society is, we believe, about to be established in London.

*The Cholera.*—It has been remarked in Bohemia, that the animal kingdom has suffered great mortality since the prevalence of the cholera in that quarter. Vast numbers of fish and hares, in particular, have been found dead, and these species have consequently been banished from all Bohemian tables.

*The Law Paramount.*—It has been observed, that, since the never-to-be-forgotten month of August, 1830, the loaves and fishes of the civic-monarchy of the French have been par-

celled out amongst fifteen hundred and sixty-three limbs of the law! They have doffed the gown, to put on the paraphernalia of cabinet ministers, attorneys-general, king's advocates, advocates-substitute, prefects, and deputy prefects, &c. "Out of the which premises," observes one of their faculty, "it appeareth, that our government is neither an aristocracy, nor a democracy, but to all intents and purposes, an absolute advocacry."

*Steam Ice-breaker.*—The *Baltimore American* mentions, that an experiment was made lately with a steam-boat, for the purpose of testing the strength and efficiency of her fixtures for breaking through the ice; and that, although the ice was at least twelve inches thick, and of a flinty hardness, she went through it for a distance of two or three hundred yards.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

| Days of W. | Thermom. Mon. Max. Min. | Barometer. Noon. | Winds.     | Weather.    |
|------------|-------------------------|------------------|------------|-------------|
| Th.        | 2 49 30                 | 29.90            | S.W.       | Moist, P.M. |
| Fr.        | 3 48 36                 | 29.90            | S.W.       | Clear.      |
| Sat.       | 4 54 43                 | 29.50            | W.         | Cloudy.     |
| Sun.       | 5 55 45                 | 29.70            | S.W.       | Ditto.      |
| Mon.       | 6 54 36                 | 29.60            | S. to S.W. | Moist, P.M. |
| Tues.      | 7 48 28                 | 29.80            | W. to N.W. | Clear.      |
| Wed.       | 8 49 36                 | 30.10            | S.W.       | Ditto.      |

*Prevailing Clouds.*—Cirrostratus, Cumulus, Cumulostratus.

Mean temperature of the week, 38°.

Nights fair. Mornings fair, except on Saturday.

Day increased on Wednesday, 1 h. 44 min.

## NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

*Forthcoming.*—Bibliographia Inedita, or, a Catalogue of Books not printed for Sale, with some Account of them, by John Martin.

A new and improved edition of Lawrence on the Horse, with a Portrait of the Author.

A Letter to the Right Hon. Lord Althorp, Chancellor of the Exchequer, &c. on the State of the Currency, by Henry Lambert, Esq., M.P.

Kidd's Guide to the Surrey Zoological Gardens, with illustrative Engravings, by G. W. Bonner.

The Stranger's Pocket Directory to the Amusements of the Metropolis, with Engravings, by G. W. Bonner.

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The British Magazine, and Monthly Register of Religious and Ecclesiastical Information, Parochial History, Documents respecting the State of the Poor, Progress of Education, &c., No. I. will appear on the 1st of March.

*Just published.*—Rev. Robert Hall's Reminiscences, by Greene, 8vo. 9s.—Stevens's Life of John Bradford, 8vo. 16s.—Larom's Bow of Strength, or History of Joseph, 3s. 6d.—New Family Cookery Book, 12mo. 4s. 6d.—Tobin's Journal of a Tour through Styria, Carniola, and Italy, 8vo. 5s. 6d.—Murray's History of Galloway, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Chapman's Atlas of Surgery, 8vo. 18s.—General Delusion of Christians, 8vo. 12s.—Selections from Southey's Prose Works, 12mo. 5s.—Phenomena of Nature familiarly explained, 12mo. 4s. 6d.—Bowring's Cheekian Anthology, 8vo. 7s.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS

Thanks to W. G. A.—B.—J. Kender.—W. T.—A constant reader.

M. appears to have stopped short in the middle of the sentence.

G. O. I. is wrong from first to last. The receipt was acknowledged January 28. The intimation "at divers times," is all a dream.

Zeta is right, but it is only at rare intervals that we can touch on such subjects.

M. P. must send us his name, as security that the papers are genuine.

Other correspondents next week.

The Georgian Era, next week.

The number wanting to complete last year's volume, is now reprinting, and sets may be had on Thursday next. We must, however, intimate that they will positively be delivered in the order that names are received, and that not more than three or four and twenty copies remain to be disposed of.

We have again to apologise to our advertising friends for many omissions.

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# THE ATHENÆUM

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## REVIEWS

*Briefe eines Verstorbenen, &c.—Tour in Germany, Holland, and England, in the years 1826, 1827, and 1828.* By a German Prince. Vols. III. & IV. Stuttgart, 1831.

THE remaining volumes of this work have been received from Germany, and though it might have saved us cost and labour, had we waited until the London publishers brought out their translation, we, thinking only how to gratify the readers of the *Athenæum*, shall perform that labour of love ourselves.

In our notice of the two volumes of this 'Tour,' which have been so widely read, and so diversely criticized, we took the view since taken by the *Edinburgh*, rather than that adopted by the *Quarterly*, of the spirit and tendency of Prince Puckler Muskau's work. To us, there appeared an all-redeeming tone of natural and manly feeling throughout the book; and we were willing to ascribe the occasional inaccuracies and harsh judgments, into which the author was betrayed, to a necessarily imperfect knowledge of our social laws and institutions, as also of those components, which, separately taken, may seem incongruous enough, but which, combined, go to the constitution of what we must take leave to call a noble national character. At present, however, we regret to state, that a further acquaintance with the Prince, as he shows himself in the two untranslated volumes of his Tour, has convinced us that there is at the bottom of his false estimate, a petty, and indeed puerile, jealousy of England, and everything English. In the volumes which we have now the pleasure of presenting to our readers, the proofs of his jealousy are often expressed with much of the dignity wherewith a child demurs at the unequal distribution of an orange. He bitterly complains of the courtesy extended by his countrymen to ours in Germany—and says, that an obscure individual, or mere private gentleman from England, is as well received, and as much *flêted* by Germans, as a man with two names and a princely prefix, is by us. Yet this complaint is surely rather odd, when coming from one who, in the translated volumes, delivers himself with an indignation, which, we remember, pleased us much, against the slavish reverence with which his "Highness" was everywhere received. He unmercifully comments on the impertinence of an English lady, at whose house he visited during the race-week at Newmarket—and for what? He was seated next to her at dinner, and, in reply to her question, "Do you know the Queen of —?" answered in the affirmative; the fair questioner observed—"She is a great friend of mine." Not to mention the variety of shades of meaning, which this phrase

conveys, we really cannot see anything so vastly irreverent—let the words have been employed in what sense they will. But the Prince is absolutely furious with the lady in question. "Is it not," he exclaims, "in the highest degree surprising, that our German great ones, who are pretty well provided with pride and *morgue* towards their countrymen, should treat every English person as their equal, let him be ever so undistinguished in mind, merely because he is English, without making the least inquiry as to whether the said person has, at home, any station which could justify such condescension?" All this may be richly merited by the royal and noble persons of Germany, for aught we know; but, really, there does appear to us, no earthly cause for so much wrath; and, least of all, should the Prince have been so precise in his indication of the *when* and the *where* this conversation occurred. His sermon to his too-condescending countrymen, would have lost none of its effect, from a little consideration for the feelings of a family, where he had been hospitably entertained, and to whom this exposure, in print, detailing, as it does, a daughter's somewhat ostentatious display of a letter from some German Princess, with whom she corresponded, can hardly fail to prove a source of vexatious annoyance. And upon this point we may just remark, that, on the appearance of the two first published volumes of the 'Tour,' which were in fact the last written, it was stated, that the editor of the 'Posthumous Letters,' (that was their title,) was unwilling to send them forth in their natural order, as the two first written contained remarks on persons and things, which might be displeasing to parties still living. No sooner, however, are the published volumes bought up with an avidity, promising wonders for the sale of those having the spice of additional personality, than the editor—or in plain English, Prince Puckler Muskau—magnanimously resolves to offer up the feelings of all parties at the shrine of prurient curiosity, and, it may be, not without some views of individual profit. Well—what has been written cannot be recalled; and it forms part of our duty to point out where we conceive the Prince to be the victim of prejudice, (to use no stronger term,) which we shall accordingly do, leaving him to speak for himself, and, at the same time, feeling no apprehension, that our hasty version will in any degree interfere with the labours of the accomplished lady, to whom the public are indebted for the two volumes already before them, and at whose hands they look for the remainder of the Tour. If the lucubrations of Prince Puckler Muskau had no other merit—and this we by no means wish to convey—than the having furnished an occasion for so triumphant a version from the German, they would still be worthy, on this

account, alone, of our acknowledgments; though, at the same time, we cannot but join in the regrets of the *Edinburgh Review*, that talents and acquirements like those of the lady alluded to, should be applied to such an ephemeral work as this, from a conviction that the time is not yet come, when national prejudices and a vitiated literary taste would give way before the vigorous beauty of German genius, so as to reward the toil of the translator.

We open our extracts with some account of the "Travellers' Club," into which the Prince was received as a visitor—and which he treats just as well as any of the private families who opened their doors to him:—

"In the absence of society, the several clubs, to which foreigners have now the privilege of admission, are a great convenience. The Ambassador has procured me the *entrée* to two of these, 'The United Service Club,' where, excepting members of the Embassy, only military men, and, indeed, among these, none but field officers are admitted; and the 'Travellers' Club,' in which every respectable foreigner, provided with a proper introduction, is received; but the mortifying rule, by which the admission must be applied for at the expiration of three months, and this with the most rigid adherence to the day appointed, can hardly be reconciled to one's notions of courtesy.

"In Germany, we have as little idea of the elegance and comfort, as of the strict administration of the law in these clubs."

The Prince then goes on to give an account of the wonderful luxury of stairs and chambers "adorned" with carpets and "rugs," which he parenthetically observes, are "various-coloured preparations of sheepskin and wool." The marble chimney-pieces, the splendid mirrors, "all of one piece, so peculiar to English luxury," and the profusion of furniture, are enthusiastically eulogized, as together making a room "*höchst comfortable*"—by which His Highness means "particularly snug." He is no less eloquent on the arrangements of the library, where "a person is always at hand to bring any book required;" while the peculiar ingenuity, whereby maps on rollers have been provided with a string, "which," says the Prince, "you have only to pull, and down comes the map for your inspection!" absolutely transports him. But now we come to the "*unco guid*"—the *cuisine* of the Travellers: And here we shall find our author a most vinous critic:—

"The table, I mean the eating—with most men, the great business of life, and by no means the least with me—is, generally speaking, good—thanks to French cookery—and as cheap as, in London, it can possibly be. As the Club buys its own wines, and sells them again at prime cost, they are drinkable enough, and not dear. That in London, even among the first houses, a *connoisseur* can rarely meet with the best wines, may be accounted for, by the singular custom, (and this people cling to customs, as closely as an oyster to its shell,) that the

English will only purchase their wines of London wine-merchants, instead of procuring them from the countries where they are grown, as is the custom with us. Now these wine-merchants adulterate the wine to such an astounding degree, that, not long since, when one of them was charged with having so many thousand bottles of claret and port in his cellars, for which he had not paid the duty, he proved, that all the wine in question was of his own brewing, and thus evaded the fine. Of course, under such a system, you may easily conceive what sort of compound a man is often doomed to drink, under the well-sounding names of Champagne, Lafitte, and so forth. Indeed, the merchants seldom think of buying the best wine produced by a country, for the very manifest reason, that they would make little or no profit by it—or, if they do venture on such a purchase, they only use it to pass off any other wretched stuff they may have by them."

"Pardon this wine-digression!" cries the Prince to his beloved Julia. To us it appears unpardonable. In no degree doubting, that more unjustifiable fluid is swallowed by our worthy countrymen, than by any other nation, still, we must say, that in "the first houses," even of our own circle—and we pretend not to princely potations—there is as good wine to be met with, as any we expect to drink, should we pay, as we intend to do, a visit to the Puckler Muskau property. But "back to our clubs," says His Highness—so say we:—

"Nothing surprises a foreigner more than the pitch of refined ease to which the English have carried the art of sitting—and he who knows not the genial form of English chairs for every stage of weariness, sickness, or constitutional peculiarity, must be pronounced ignorant of an important part of mortal life's enjoyment. It is, in fact, a real delight to see an Englishman sitting, or rather, lying in one of these bedlike chairs, before a chimney fire. A contrivance, at the arm of the chair, somewhat resembling a writing-desk, and furnished with a light, is drawn before him, so that with the slightest touch, he can bring it nearer to him or remove it at pleasure. In addition to this, a peculiar machine, of which there are several near the fire-place, receives one or both of his feet, and now, a hat on his head, and the delightfully pleasing picture is complete."

"The custom of half-lying down, instead of sitting, with one leg crossed over the other, so that you hold your foot in your hand, or with the thumbs fixed in the arm-holes of the waistcoat, &c. &c.—these are all things which, in the largest companies, and the most exclusive circles, are overlooked. It is, therefore, likely enough, that hat-wearing is one of this dignified list, the rather, as it prevails in Parisian society, which, contrary to its ancient custom of giving models to the apes of Europe, now—ludicrously enough at times—condescends itself to ape the English, and, as usually occurs in such cases, the copy out—Herods the original."

"In the Travellers' Club I was much amused in this respect, by a distinguished foreigner from the South, who, probably as a satire on these licences of manner, and fashionable rudeness in externals, like the Chinese, took it all very easily, and frequently at play gave open-mouthed vent to certain sounds, which formerly would scarce have been tolerated in a pot-house."

"Travellers see strange things," says the adage, and so will the Travellers of Pall-mall exclaim when this number of the *Athenæum* falls under their wondering gaze. The distinguished foreigner just mentioned as being

such a fragrant or flagrant practical satirist, is, we shrewdly suspect, no other than Prince Puckler Muskau himself—and to prove that this supposition is not wholly groundless, we will give the Prince an opportunity of stating a grievance.

"Of all the outrages against English habits which a man can possibly commit, and which would in all probability pronounce his sentence of banishment—the three following are the principal: to eat with a knife instead of a fork; to take sugar or asparagus with your hand; or, beyond all, to spit upon the floor of a room. This is all right enough—and well-bred people in all countries avoid such actions; though, by the way, in these respects, as in all others, customs are liable to change, for the Marshal Richelieu detected an adventurer who represented himself as a nobleman, by the simple fact of his eating olives with a fork and not with his fingers. But it is the extraordinary importance attached to such matters which is laughable. For instance, the last-mentioned crime (spitting on the floor) is, in England, so pedantically prohibited, that one would vainly search all the shops of London for such a piece of furniture as a spitting-box. A Dutchman, who felt this want very severely while in London, declared, in high dudgeon, that an Englishman's only spitting-box was his maw."

"These are, I repeat, less than trifles, but the best rules of conduct in a foreign country, have reference almost exclusively to trifles. For example, were I to give some few general rules to a youthful traveller, I should most gravely counsel him as follows: In Naples behave brutally, in Rome be natural, in Austria eschew politics, in France give yourself no airs, in Germany as many as you please, and in England never spit. On this plan, my young friend would go on pretty well through the world."

Now, we think, that the querulous tone of His Highness's complaint of our unwillingness to adopt the Teutonic mode of painting the carpet's lily, and throwing a perfume on its violet, is pretty conclusive as to the possibility of his having been himself the "distinguished foreigner" who brought the cast-off customs of the pot-house into the card-room of the Travellers' Club. But before we proceed further, we must do the Prince the justice to place his other recorded grievances before our readers, so that a fair estimate may be formed of what he had to endure at this club, as also of the spirit, manly or otherwise, in which he met what his countrymen would call "the unavoidable."

"A foreigner will give great offence in the dining-room—which after all is but an elegant restaurateur, where each one pays for his meal when it is finished—if when a servant waits badly or brings one thing in place of another, he should venture to complain or to speak in a loud commanding tone, though the English themselves do this often enough at home, and especially in Germany. And again, it is not merely a mistake, but an unpardonable fault, to read during dinner; for in England it is not the fashion, and I, who am addicted to this bad habit, soon perceived sundry satirical marks of displeasure thereat, from divers of these islanders, who shook their heads as they passed me."

"Le vrai n'est pas toujours le vraisemblable" is a saying, the full benefit of which we are willing to give the Prince; and shall therefore content ourselves with the remark, that though his last statement may be true, it looks considerably "like a whale." Nor can we accord any more positive credence to

the charge brought against the members of the 'Travellers' Club,' when His Highness affirms that their rule of play, which requires the loser of 100*l.* and upwards, to 'pay up' on the following morning, is most rigidly enforced against foreigners, while Englishmen are, with the *tacit consent* of the committee, suffered to defer such payments for weeks and months. He is, however, kind enough to admit, that, in this respect, "the Travellers" (where he was a guest, well treated, he concedes, save and except that he could not scold the servants as he wished,) forms a bad exception among the London clubs, and therefore deserves this public reprehension." We suspect that this "public reprehension" will go far towards closing the door of the Travellers' against "distinguished foreigners" of the eaves-dropping and tour-publishing class. As to the ire of Prince Puckler Muskau against the Travellers' Club, it may, without much difficulty, be accounted for, when we consider that Baron Bulow found all his influence necessary to spare his friend the disgrace of expulsion—for what, we know not, but certainly, as the ancient gentlemen would say, *not for his good behaviour.*

Leaving the clubs, let us now accompany the Prince in a very profound and original analogy, which he has drawn between the personal character of Punch, and the national character of Englishmen. Of all the speculations it has been our fortune to fall in or out with, this we think the most peculiar—and we can conceive the face of the Prince presenting much of the appearance so felicitously hit off by him, when he tells us of Goethe: "O you are too kind," said he, with his *South-German manner*, but at the same time with a *North-German satirical smile.*"

After some well-merited execration of our barrel-organs, His Highness says—

"But there is another species of street-play, more amusing than the above, a genuine national comedy, which deserves some closer attention, and which has to-day afforded me real diversion beneath my window."

"This is the English Punch (perfectly distinct from the Italian Punchinello), whose true picture I am about to give you, not omitting how he killed his wife, for he is the most reprobate dog I have ever met with, having no more conscience than the wood out of which he is carved, or the mass of the nation whom he represents."

"Punch, like his namesake, has something of the properties of arrack, lemon, and sugar, in his composition—strong, sour, and sweet—and, consequently, of a character not unlike the inebriate mind caused by the beverage. He is, furthermore, the most consummate egotist on earth, *et ne doute jamais de rien.* And by this unrestrainable recklessness and humour he conquers everything, laughs at laws, men, and at the devil himself, in which representation he shows, in part, what the Englishman is, and, in part, what he *might become*—namely, one made up of selfishness, endurance, courage, and, where necessary, a reckless decision on the side of his country, with a disregard and ridicule of every other;—but allow me to continue my sketch of Punch, as it were, in his own words, supplying some little additional information from his biography."

"As a descendant of Punchinello, he is beyond doubt an ancient nobleman, nearly related to Harlequin, Clown, &c., but by his undaunted boldness he is best entitled to be 'the head of the family.' Virtuous he cannot be called, but, like a good Englishman, he doubtless goes to church on a Sunday, though immediately after



he kills a parson who bothers him too much with attempts at conversion. It must be admitted that Punch is a wild fellow, no very moral personage, and not in vain created of wood. For example, no one can box to better purpose, for he feels not the blows of others, while his own are irresistible. Thus, he is a perfect Turk in his disregard of human life, suffers no contradiction, and fears not the devil himself. In many other respects, on the contrary, his great qualities command our admiration. His wonderful insensibility of heart, and his constant good humour, already mentioned with praise, his imperturbable self-satisfaction, his invincible wit, and the consummate cunning with which he extricates himself from every *mauvais pas*, and contrives at last to triumph victoriously over all antagonists, throw a dazzling lustre round the little freedoms which he occasionally permits himself to take with human life. He has been not inaptly pronounced a blending of Richard III. and Falstaff—and, indeed, his appearance combines the crooked legs and the double hump of Richard, with the pleasing corpulence of Falstaff, to which add the Italian length of his nose and the fire of his flashing black eyes.

"His abode is a sort of box supported on four poles, with appropriate internal decorations,—a theatre, which, in a few seconds, can be thrown up at any spot you please."

The Prince then enters on details so very minute of the soliloquies and colloquies of the *dramatis personæ*, that we must refuse ourselves the pleasure of quoting an account of mysteries so well understood by our readers, old and young. We shall therefore proceed to the concluding remark of the narrator, to the following effect:—

"I leave it to you, dear Julia, to make all the philosophical reflections, of which not a few are attached to the career of Punch: it would be an especially interesting investigation to inquire how far this favourite and daily-acted popular play may, in the course of so many years, have influenced the *morale* of the ordinary man."

Interesting indeed! but we cannot undertake it, and therefore we accompany our author to another national representation, which, being of a graver character, moved him, he says, to a lively sense of the ludicrous,—even as the exploits of Punch had plunged him in philosophical abstractions as to our national character. He attended at the opening of Parliament by His late Majesty:—

"About half-past two appeared the King, the only one present in full dress, and, indeed, from head to foot arrayed in the ancient regal costume, wearing the crown, and holding the sceptre in his hand. He looked pale and bloated, and was obliged to sit for a long while on the throne before he could gain sufficient breath to read his speech. During this time he gave some kindly looks and condescending greetings to certain of the most favoured among the ladies present. On one side stood Lord Liverpool with the Sword of State, and on the other the Duke of Wellington. All three appeared so miserable, ash-grey, and superannuated, that mortal greatness had never before seemed so truly little in my eyes—indeed, the tragic side of all the comedies we are playing here below, fell heavily on my heart! Yet a lively feeling of the ludicrous also rose within me to see the mightiest monarch of the earth thus forced to stand forward as the principal actor before a public, in his own opinion so immeasurably below him. In truth, the entire scene of the entrance and exit, with the costume of the King, forcibly reminded one of the style in which historical dramas are here produced; and it only wanted the obligatory flourish of trumpets, which invariably accom-

pany the coming and going of the Shakspearian kings, to render the illusion complete."

For the present we must close our extracts with one giving proof of that graphic skill which the author is known to possess, and which, when he is in a good humour, he employs with admirable effect. After mentioning his presentation at the levee, he says—

"The King, owing to indisposition, was obliged to continue seated. All those who had received any appointment, knelt before His Majesty and kissed his hand, at which the American Envoy, near to whom I accidentally found myself, smiled sarcastically. The Clerical and Judicial personages cut a singular figure in their black gowns and short or flowing wigs; and one of them became the object of almost general and ill-repressed laughter. This person knelt down to be 'knighted,' as the English call it, and in this position, with the flowing fleece about his head, looked very much like a wether led to the butcher's block. His Majesty motioned to the Grand Functionary for his sword. But, for the first time, perhaps, the sword refused to obey the warrior's hand, and leave the scabbard—he pulled—pushed—but all in vain. The King waiting with out-stretched arm, the Duke straining all his strength without effect, the luckless martyr bowing with silent resignation, as though his end were approaching; and all around the dazzling court in anxious expectation—formed together a group well worthy of Gillray's pencil. At length, like a lightning flash, the sword came forth. His Majesty took it impatiently, for to all appearance his arm had gone to sleep with so long waiting, so that the first blow fell, not upon the new knight, but on his old wig, which, for about a moment left King and subject concealed in one cloud of hair powder."

*Memoirs of Great Commanders.* By G. P. R. James, Esq., author of 'Darnley,' &c. 3 vols. London, 1832. Colburn & Bentley.

On what principle Mr. James has made his selection of the Great Commanders, it is rather difficult to determine, and is not perhaps worth inquiring. We have *Memoirs* of Henry V., King of England; John Plantagenet, Duke of Bedford; Gonzalves de Cordova; the Duke of Alva; Oliver Cromwell; George Monk, Duke of Albemarle; Marshal Turenne; the Great Condé; John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough; Prince Eugene, of Savoy; Earl of Peterborough; John Manners, Marquis of Granby; and General Wolfe.

We might, indeed, inquire further, why the title of *Memoirs* is given to the work at all—for a memoir seems to us to promise a light gossiping, anecdotal private history, where the reader is admitted behind the scenes, and into the Green Room, and is introduced to the actors in their undress—something, indeed, of even less pretence than biography; whereas, these *Memoirs* are as free from all such familiar fascinations as history itself. But Mr. James has anticipated the objection, and states in the preface, that they are called *Memoirs*, "perhaps erroneously, as having a more confined meaning than *Lives*."

We say this not in the way of censure,—for, upon the whole, we are satisfied with the work,—but to save some disappointment to the reader. We must, however, observe, that it is one of very unequal merit. On first opening the volumes, we turned to the memoir of the Duke of Alva, and found a mere

skeleton of a biography—to that of the Earl of Peterborough, (whose life, properly written, would be more delightful than a romance,—literally romance and reality,) and found it as bald of all strange incidents, as a parish register, or Burke's Peerage. These were sad disappointments; but Wolfe, and Turenne, and Gonzalves de Cordoba, won us back again to good humour—indeed, it was impossible to read the brief memoir of Peterborough, without acknowledging the power and discrimination with which Mr. James has sketched in his character—we shall at once extract it:—

"The character of Lord Peterborough, like that of every other man that ever lived, has been differently estimated according to the character itself of those who have spoken of him. Some have seen nothing in him but a passion for notoriety, and a mania of being talked of: but in general a man who is actuated by such motives does not content himself with performing deeds worthy of mention, but rather strives to call attention to his deeds, whether they be worthy or not. I can conceive no man to be absolutely indifferent to the commendation of his fellows, for such a state of feeling would imply a want of all sympathy with human nature, which I believe seldom exists, even in the most depraved heart, though it may sometimes be assumed by a diseased brain. Yet in Lord Peterborough we do not discover any of those mean arts, by which persons, whose whole object is the uncertain meed of popular applause, and still more those who are indifferent to the better part of fame, and only covet attention, are accustomed to strive for the gaze and babble of the multitude. It is much more probable that the original conformation of his mind caused him naturally to form singular combinations of ideas; and that a peculiarly ardent temperament acting upon great corporeal powers, hurried him from excitement to excitement, while the habit of indulgence induced wilfulness of purpose, and native excellence of impulse directed his efforts in general to great and worthy objects.

"Those who had the most immediate opportunities of judging of his character—and they were men in whom the investigation of motives, and the scrutiny of human nature, became a fault—who applied microscopes to man's mind, and magnified the fine tissue of feelings and actions till it became a web so coarse that the smallest thread was discernible—even they judged nobly of the character of Lord Peterborough. Nor do his recorded actions show any cause for impugning their opinion. As a general he was bold, decisive, persevering, successful, full of just views and great resources, active in enterprise, calm in conduct, and resolute in execution. As a politician and diplomatist, he appears to have possessed the great qualities of frankness and sincerity, joined to the fine ones of a clear insight into the characters of others, a just appreciation of their motives, a correct estimation of measures, and a great fertility of means." iii. 239—241.

The memoir of Wolfe, is a pleasant piece of biography, and Mr. James has used skillfully the few materials which cotemporary writers had left to him. We shall extract an account of his death, and again, Mr. James's summary of his character:—

"The enemy approached steadily and quickly, firing as they came up; but according to the general order the British troops reserved their fire till the distance between the armies was narrowed to forty yards, when pouring it rapidly into the French line, they threw the advancing columns into some confusion. At that moment Wolfe gave the order to charge, and was leading on the Louisbourg Grenadiers to attack the



enemy with the bayonet, when he received a wound in his wrist, to which he paid no farther attention than by wrapping his handkerchief round it. An instant after, however, a second shot passed through his body; and before he fell, a third entered his right breast. He dropped immediately, and was carried insensible to the rear. The troops still pressed on, and General Monkton, the second in command, who was leading on another regiment of Grenadiers, fell severely wounded a moment after. The French wavered; and while their officers were making immense exertions to keep them to their ground, Montcalm was killed in the centre of the line. Nearly at the same moment each of the British regiments closed with their adversaries. The bayonets of the Grenadiers drove the enemy in confusion down the slope; the Scotch regiments threw away their muskets and drew their broadswords; the French dispersed in every direction, and the cry, 'They run! They run!' echoed over the field.

"Wolfe had lain without speech, and though he apparently revived from time to time, yet he never raised his head, and scarcely had animation returned for an instant before he again fainted away. At the moment when the French were finally put to flight, however, he was lying seemingly insensible: but at that cry 'They run! they run!' his eyes opened, and looking up, he demanded eagerly, 'Who run?'"

"The French!" was the reply; 'they are in full flight down the hill.' 'Then, I thank God,' said the General, 'I die contented;' and with those words upon his lips General Wolfe expired." iii. 341—3.

"It rarely indeed happens that so short a life,—not four and thirty years—has been able to comprise such great actions, and to acquire such a mighty name; but Wolfe died in the happy moment of success: and the consequences of his achievements, proved the best comment on their importance. Nor was the voice of a great orator and noble-minded man wanting to do full justice to the merits of the dead officer. Lord Chatham, then Mr. Pitt, in moving an address to the King, to petition that a monument might be erected to Wolfe in Westminster Abbey, pronounced a splendid panegyric upon the man by whose courage, perseverance, skill, and talent one of his own greatest schemes had been conducted to complete success. The voice of the whole nation seconded the appeal of the minister; and bright—amidst the immensity of lying epitaphs and vain mausoleums, which in all ages and all countries, have attributed supposititious virtues to the dead—the marble to Wolfe is a true monument of national applause, recording qualities that existed, triumphed, and were valued as they deserved. Contemporary praise paid every tribute to his memory, and passing years—those tell-tale discoverers of hidden frailties—have detected no flaw in his noble reputation. Had he lived longer, fortune it is true might have changed, his schemes might have failed, his exertions proved ineffectual, but still Wolfe would have been a great man. As it was, kind, generous, liberal, brave, talented, enthusiastic, he lived beloved and admired for his short space of being, went on through existence from success to success, and then, like the setting sun of a summer's day, he sunk with the blaze of his glory all about him." iii. 348—350.

The memoirs of Turenne and the Great Condé are both well written, and the distinction between their characters very ably shown.

"The characters of Turenne and Condé were as opposite as that of any two great generals can be. Turenne, prudent, cautious, and skillful, was never bold but as an effect of calculation, and avoided difficulties rather than surmount them. Condé, bold, ardent, and impetuous, was a great general by nature rather than education, and thought that heaven threw

difficulties in his way only that he might triumph in overcoming them. It may easily be seen therefore that no two men could be less fitted to act the one under the other. Nothing could have been more painful than for Turenne to be commanded by Condé, except for Condé to have been commanded by Turenne, and yet Turenne served under his great rival without a murmur, aided in his bold projects, and contributed to his success. Such is true greatness." ii. 180—81.

In these memoirs, anecdotes are a little more abundant:—

"Though Turenne suffered his troops to pillage with somewhat of licentious good humour, and laid the conquered countries under contribution with far more consideration for the victors than the vanquished, personal cupidity had no share in his conduct. He loved his soldiers as a father, overlooked their faults with a partial eye, and did more for them than he would have done for himself; but no share of the plunder ever found its way to his hands. Two anecdotes of his disinterestedness are attached to the campaign we have just described. On one occasion an officer of rank came to propose to him a plan for gaining four hundred thousand francs in a few days, without the possibility of the transaction being known. Turenne heard him with his usual mildness, and then replied: 'I am much obliged to you, but having often found similar opportunities without taken advantage of them, I do not think it would be worth while to change my conduct at my time of life.'" ii. 202—3.

"Another anecdote is told of Turenne, which may as well be repeated in this place, as it shows that grand and honourable candour which is one of the noblest qualities of the noblest minds. During the time that Louis XIV., abandoned by all his allies, had to struggle alone against the united power of Europe, he employed Turenne to carry on a secret negotiation with Charles II. of England, for the purpose of detaching that monarch from the famous triple alliance. This transaction was conducted through the intervention of the Princess Henrietta of England, who had married the Duke of Orleans. In the suite of that Princess was a lady, of whom Turenne, in the course of frequent and continued intercourse, became enamoured, and with a culpable weakness he revealed to her the object of his negotiations with her mistress. The lady, of course, in turn confided the secret of her ancient lover to a younger one, and he betrayed it to the Duke of Orleans, from whom it had been kept studiously concealed. The Duke reproached his brother, Louis XIV., with want of confidence; and Louis who had only entrusted the knowledge of his plan to Louvois and Turenne, doubting the discretion of the minister, but firmly confident in the general, complained bitterly to Turenne of the supposed misconduct of Louvois. Without a moment's hesitation, Turenne acknowledged his fault, and shielded his enemy from the wrath he had not deserved, by calling it upon his own head. Louis appreciated his magnanimity, and received his confession as full compensation for his offence; but Turenne himself never ceased to regret the event, and to redden whenever the subject was approached. It is said that in after years the Chevalier de Lorraine, to whom the secret had been betrayed by Turenne's frail confidante, happened to mention the circumstance to the great general. 'Stop, stop a moment!' Turenne exclaimed as the other began, 'let me first put out the candles!'" ii. 205—6.

The life of the Great Captain, Gonzalves de Cordova, must, we presume, be considered as the crowning jewel of the work; and we are willing to believe that it has cost Mr. James far greater labour than the others—yet we doubt if he be very certain of his

authorities, or if he has ever seen Quintana's celebrated work: we doubt, for instance, whether Gonzalves was born at Cordova, in 1443, and rather think it was at Montilla, in 1453—but we speak from recollection, and shall not, therefore, trust ourselves with commentary. On the whole, these volumes will repay the reader—it is not a work of much authority, but sufficiently instructive, and will be found pleasant reading.

*The Georgian Era.* Vol. I. London, 1832. Vizetelly & Co.

THIS is the first volume of a work, which is to contain the Memoirs of the most eminent Persons who have flourished in Great Britain, from the accession of George I. to the death of George IV., so classed, as to give something like a history of the age, in the pleasant form of biography. The present volume contains—The Royal Family, The Pretenders and their Adherents, Churchmen, Dissenters and Statesmen. The idea is certainly excellent, and the work is got up with great taste. It contains nearly six hundred pages, and one hundred and fifty neat little portraits on wood, and is to be bought for ten shillings and sixpence! The memoirs we have read, are compiled with care, and the summaries written with impartiality. If the editor has not taken a very enlarged and philosophical view of the subject, he has generally contrived to make it entertaining, and the whole volume abounds in anecdote. It will be a delightful work for a country fire-side—and we have not lately seen one we could more cordially recommend to those who are obliged to economize in their library purchases.

*The Records of a Good Man's Life.* By the Rev. Charles B. Tayler, M.A., Author of 'May you like it, &c.' Vol. I. London, 1832. Smith, Elder & Co.

WE have known Mr. Tayler for some time as a man most pious and most worthy. He has written pretty books full of good sense and sound morality—nay, made occasional excursions into the regions of fancy, or tried his hand on human character, and we thought his flights not far amiss, though neither very high nor very long. The present volumes will bear us out in this opinion: they abound with virtues and in deeds charitable and humane; they likewise contain many dialogues, amusing or instructive, and scenes of very considerable beauty. The work is ostensibly made up from the memorandums, which the good man of the story was so thoughtful as to preserve, of his actions, motives, and sayings: he is a clergyman, and Singleton by name, as pure, too, as pure can well be—perfection obtained by the deduction of vice. It was necessary, indeed, to make the hero the echo of the title-page; yet we are not so sure that the author has concocted him from a very natural receipt: of this, however, our readers shall judge, as the key to his character will be found in the following little scene, which took place after his funeral:

"The evening after the funeral of my revered friend was over, I observed a person walking up and down the broad walk which crosses the churchyard of Kirkstone. He continued there for some time, and frequently, when he approached the spot where the body of Mr. Single-

ton had been buried, he stopped, and seemed to stand in thoughtful silence. I joined him there with a sort of listless curiosity, feeling disposed at that moment to love any one who had loved my venerable friend. I went forth from the now desolate study which overlooks the churchyard, and spoke with the man.

"You were acquainted with the good old minister, who is no longer among us," I said. The man touched his hat respectfully.

"I was, indeed, Sir," he replied. "I learned from him what Christian forgiveness really is. I was at one time his most insulting and bitter enemy. I wish I could have told him before he died how very sorry I have long felt for my wickedness, but I put it off from time to time, from false shame, and the kind, good old gentleman cannot hear me now."

"When I learned the man's name, I remembered that I had heard him mentioned several times by Mr. Singleton, but always in terms of peculiar kindness. This was ever his way: there seemed to be a watchful anxiety about him to feel kindly towards those persons who had displayed anything like ill-will towards him. He never lost an opportunity of doing them a good turn, and with so sweet a grace, that you could see no resentment found harbour in his breast." i. 9-10.

We are of opinion that the defunct was a descendant of the renowned Worldly Wiseman; and we consider it next to incredible that he turned out a worthy member of society. If he did always a good turn to his enemies, with a peculiar grace, how did he acquit himself to his friends? We set him down in our hearts for a bit of a hypocrite the moment we read this; and we are certain, that nowhere else, save in the pages of a novel, could a man of Mr. Singleton's nature have grown into a truly good man. There are other little blemishes of the same nature in these volumes, yet, on the whole, we have read them with considerable pleasure, and recommend them to the old and the young for their piety and fervour. Some of the lesser stories are very good:—of these, 'Anne of Cleves' is historically accurate; so are the 'Lady Lisle' and 'Joan of Kent.' We wish, however, the author to strew fewer paste pearls and artificial flowers over the foregrounds of his pictures; and, above all, tell a plain, straightforward story, without ten thousand dashes and unnecessary halts in the narrative.

#### REMINISCENCES OF MIRABEAU, BY DUMONT, OF GENEVA.

*Souvenirs sur Mirabeau et sur les deux premières Assemblées Législatives.* Par Etienne Dumont (de Genève). Ouvrage posthume, publié par M. J. L. Duval, Membre du Conseil Représentatif de Genève. Paris, 1832. Charles Gosselin.

THE French revolution forms one of those extraordinary epochs in the history of mankind, when the moral character and peculiar habits of a whole nation undergo a sudden and total change. The light-hearted inconsistency, so peculiar to the French people under the régime of feodality and oppression, gave way, at the revolution, to serious habits and consistency of purpose; and our lively neighbours (as some writers still absurdly call them,) became a grave, reflecting, and speculative people. A developement of energy and talent, of the highest order, was one of the remarkable effects of this generous struggle for political freedom;—and among the many

extraordinary men acted upon by this exciting cause, was the Count de Mirabeau, who, but for such stimulus, would probably have wasted the energies of a master-mind in the pursuit of low and sensual enjoyment.

The talents of Mirabeau were of the highest order—his eloquence quite unrivalled. The effect of his oratory was magical: he exercised the most irresistible sway over the minds of his hearers—excited or controlled at pleasure their feelings and passions—and could influence them to what he "liked or loathed" with a power unequalled, and almost unknown, in the annals of modern eloquence.

Another, and perhaps a more remarkable faculty, was his extraordinary sagacity and political foresight. His predictions seemed like prophecy; and there were but few of his anticipations, which his friends and enemies treasured up as ominous, or ridiculed as absurd, that did not turn out prophetic. He alone—and this has been admitted by historians of all parties—could have controlled the revolutionary excesses which produced the Reign of Terror; and, had he lived, it is not unreasonable to hope and believe, that the bright page of French political regeneration had never been sullied with the blood of a million victims, nor the altars of liberty polluted by the crimes of sanguinary demagogues.

Of such a man, all authentic information is valuable; and, in this posthumous work of his friend Dumont, we find materials with which no other individual could have supplied us. The name of Dumont, the juriconsult of Geneva,—a man of distinguished celebrity, and known not only to have lived in the closest intimacy with Mirabeau, but to have supplied him with the subject-matter and arguments of many of his most powerful speeches,—is of itself sufficient to give a stamp of high authority to these Reminiscences. Dumont, when an exile from his country, resided many years in England. He was the friend and companion of Fox, Sheridan, Lord Holland, of Romilly and Bentham; and the latter is indebted to him for much of his popularity in foreign countries.

We feel, therefore, something like a national interest in this work; and, believing that our readers will feel with us, we had great pleasure in receiving an early copy, and shall be liberal in our translations from it.

These 'Souvenirs' are written in a very simple and unpretending style, and were evidently not intended for publication—at least in their present form: they were probably the materials for a History of the early part of the French Revolution. The editor, M. Duval, has very judiciously given them without the slightest alteration, or any attempts to supply omissions.

The following extracts are selected, not because they are the best parts of the work, but as best suiting our limits, and our wish to give variety and anecdote:—

"When we arrived at Paris in 1788, the character of the Count de Mirabeau was in the lowest state of degradation. He been employed at Berlin by M. de Calonne—was connected with all the enemies of Necker, against whom he had several times exercised his pen—and was considered as a dangerous enemy and a slippery friend. His lawsuits with his family—his elope-

ments—his imprisonments—and his morals, could not be overlooked, even in a city so lax as Paris; and his name was pronounced with detestation at the houses of some of our most intimate friends. Romilly, almost ashamed of his former friendship for Mirabeau, determined not to renew acquaintance with him. But Mirabeau was not a man of etiquette; and having learned our address from Target, at whose house we had dined, he determined to call upon us. The noise of a carriage at the door made Romilly retire to his room, desiring me, should it be a visitor on a call of ceremony, to say that he was out. When Mirabeau was announced, I did not send word to Romilly, because I thought he wished to avoid seeing the Count; and as his room was only separated by a thin partition from the one we were in, I supposed that he could distinguish the voice of our visitor, and make his appearance if he pleased. Mirabeau began the conversation by talking of our mutual friends in London: he then spoke of Geneva—for he well knew that a Genevese was never tired of talking of his country. He said many flattering things of a city which, by producing so many distinguished men, had contributed to the general mass so large a share of genius and knowledge; and he concluded by declaring, that he should never be happy until he was able to free that city from the fetters imposed upon it by the revolution of 1782. Two hours seemed but a moment; and Mirabeau was, in my eyes, the most interesting object in Paris. The visit ended by my promising to dine with him the same day, and he was to return and fetch me in his carriage.

"With whom were you talking so long?" said Romilly, on leaving his room, to which this long visit had confined him.—"Did not you recognize the voice?" inquired I.—"No."—And yet you well know the person; and I even think you must have heard a panegyric on yourself, which would have made a superb funeral oration.—"What! was it Mirabeau?"—"It was; and may I be a fool all my life, if I allow the scruples of our friends to prevent me from enjoying his company. I belong neither to Calonne's party, nor to Necker's, but to his whose conversation animates and delights me. As a commencement, I am going to dine with him to-day." Mirabeau soon returned, took us both with him, and soon overcame our prejudices. We visited him often, and, taking advantage of the fine weather, made many excursions into the country. We dined with him in the Bois de Boulogne, at St. Cloud, and at Vincennes; at which latter place he showed us the dungeon in which he had been confined three years." 9—12.

The account of Mirabeau's first triumph at the assembly of the *tiers-état*, is interesting:—

"I ought, before I related this circumstance, to have mentioned Mirabeau's first triumph at the assembly of the *tiers-état*. I was the more affected by it, because it concerned Duroverai,† and never was the most dreadful state of anxiety succeeded by more intense joy than on this occasion. Duroverai was seated in the *salle* with some deputies of his acquaintance. He had occasion to pass to Mirabeau a note written with a pencil. M——, who was already one of the most terrible speechifiers of the assembly, saw this, and asked the member next him, who that stranger was, who was passing notes and interfering with their proceedings. The answer he received was a stimulus to his zeal. He rose, and in a voice of thunder stated, that a foreigner, banished from his native country, and residing in England, from whose government he received a pension, was seated among them, assisting at their debates, and transmitting notes and observations to deputies of their assembly. The

† Also a Genevese juriconsult, and a fellow-exile of Dumont's.

agitation which, on every side of the hall, succeeded this denunciation would have appeared to me less sinister, had it been the forerunner of an earthquake. Confused cries were heard of 'Who is he?—Where is he?—Let him be pointed out!' Fifty members spoke at once, but Mirabeau's powerful voice soon obtained silence. He declared that he would himself point out the foreigner, and denounce him to the assembly. 'This exile,' said he, 'in the pay of England, is M. Duroverai of Geneva; and know that this respectable man, whom you have so wantonly insulted, is a martyr of liberty;—that, as attorney-general of the republic of Geneva, he incurred, by his zealous defence of his fellow-citizens, the indignation of our vairs;—that, as *lettre de cachet*, issued by M. de Vergennes, deprived him of the office he had but too honourably filled; and that when his native city was brought under the yoke of the aristocracy, he obtained the honour of exile. Know, further, that the crime of this enlightened and virtuous citizen consisted in having prepared a code of laws, in which he had abolished odious privileges.'

"The impression produced by this speech, of which this is only an abstract, was electrical. It was succeeded by a universal burst of applause. Nothing that resembled this force and dignity of elocution had ever before been heard in the tumultuous assembly of the *tiers-état*. Mirabeau was deeply moved at this first success. Duroverai was immediately surrounded by deputies, who, by their kind attentions, endeavoured to atone for the insult they had offered. Thus, an accusation, which had at first filled me with dread, terminated so much the more to my satisfaction, that the knowledge of this scene at Geneva could not fail to promote the recall of her exiled citizens." p. 54—9.

This anecdote is succeeded by one which we insert here, as it brings before us a man, of whose character no writer appears, to us, to have yet formed a correct estimate:—

"I have not many recollections of these early proceedings of the assembly; but I cannot forget the occasion on which a man, who afterwards acquired a fatal celebrity, first brought himself into notice. The clergy were endeavouring, by a subterfuge, to obtain a meeting of the orders; and for this purpose deputed to the commons the Archbishop of Aix, who expatiated very pathetically upon the distresses of the people and the poverty of the country parishes. He produced a piece of black bread, which a dog would have rejected, and which the poor were obliged to eat, or starve. He besought the commons to depute some members to confer with those deputed by the clergy and the noblesse, upon the means of bettering the condition of the indigent classes. The commons saw the snare, but dared not openly reject the proposal, as it would render them unpopular with the lower classes, when a deputy rose, and, after professing sentiments in favour of the poor, still stronger than those of the prelate, he adroitly threw doubts upon the sincerity of the intentions avowed by the clergy.

"Go," said he to the Archbishop, 'and tell your colleagues, that if they are so impatient to assist the suffering poor, they had better come to this place and join the friends of the people. Tell them no longer to embarrass our proceedings by affected delays—tell them no longer to endeavour, by unworthy means, to make us swerve from the resolutions we have taken;—but, as ministers of religion—as worthy imitators of their master—let them forego that luxury which surrounds them, and that splendour which puts indigence to the blush. Let them resume the modesty of their origin—discharge the proud lackeys by whom they are escorted—sell their superb equipages, and convert all their superfluous wealth into food for the indigent.'

"This speech, which coincided so well with the passions of the time, did not elicit loud applause, which would have been a bravado, but was succeeded by a confused murmur much more flattering. Everybody inquired the name of the orator: he was unknown; and it was not until some time had elapsed that a name was circulated, which three years later made France tremble. The speaker was Robespierre." 59—61.

The following is an excellent parallel between the French and English character; but it was more applicable, perhaps, at the close of the last century than at the present day:—

"Few of the speeches made in the assembly were written by the parties who pronounced them. A Frenchman made no scruple of using the composition of another, and acquiring honour by a species of public imposture. No Englishman of character would consent to play such a part. A Frenchman would put himself forward and make any motion suggested to him, without once troubling himself about the consequences; whilst an Englishman would be afraid of exposing himself, if he had not sufficiently studied his subject, to be able to answer every reasonable objection and support the opinion he had advanced. A Frenchman affirms very lightly; an assertion costs him but little;—an Englishman is in no haste to believe, and before he publicly advances a fact, he traces it to its source, weighs his authorities, and makes himself master of particulars. A Frenchman believes that with a little wit he can stem a torrent of difficulties. He is ready to undertake things the most foreign to his studies and habits, and it was thus that Mirabeau made himself reporter to the Committee of Mines, without having the slightest knowledge concerning mines. An Englishman would expose himself to eternal ridicule, if he dared invade a department of which he knew nothing; and he is more disposed to refuse undertaking that which he is able to perform, than to be ambitious of doing what is beyond his power. The Frenchman believes that wit supplies the place of everything; the Englishman is persuaded that nothing can be properly done without both knowledge and practice. A French gentleman, being asked if he could play upon the harpsichord, replied, 'I do not know, for I never tried, but I will go and see.' Now this is badinage, but make it serious: for harpsichord, substitute government, and for music, legislation; and instead of one French gentleman you would find twelve hundred." p. 162—164.

Of Mirabeau's celebrated speech on national bankruptcy, M. Dumont observes—

"Mirabeau was not well acquainted with the subject, although he had published several papers on it, such as '*The Bank of St. Charles*,' '*The Denunciation of Stock-jobbing*,' &c. But he had two able coadjutors in Panchaud and Clavière, the former of whom said, that Mirabeau was the first man in the world to speak on a question he knew nothing about. A ready conception and the happiest expressions enabled him easily to lead superficial minds astray. M. Necker, unable to keep in motion an immense machine, whose moving power was nearly annihilated, proposed to the assembly a loan, to which he had endeavoured to give a very seductive form. He wanted, for this purpose, to make use of the credit of the *Caisse d'escompte*. Clavière who, I believe, had some personal dislike towards the company of the *Caisse d'escompte*, engaged Mirabeau to oppose the measure. The assembly attempted to organize the loan, and proceeded with as little intelligence as on many other occasions. The consequence was, that the measure was unsuccessful, and the national credit, about which so much had been said, became entirely null. M. Necker was soon after

forced to present another project, a species of patriotic loan, something like an income-tax. This time Mirabeau determined to support the minister, to whom, however, he was personally opposed. There had been no intercourse between them; for the intimacy which Duroverai and Mallouet had attempted to bring about, had failed. Some persons suspected that Mirabeau's support was given in order to fix the responsibility of the certain failure of the measure upon Necker. Several stupid members, who thought that the assembly would be wanting in dignity, if it adopted ministerial measures without altering something within, proposed several modifications. Mirabeau was of opinion that the plan might be adopted without alteration. His principal argument was the ill success of the last loan, which the friends of the minister attributed to the assembly, who, by ill-judged modifications, had altered its nature. Thence proceeding to remark upon the dangerous state of credit, and the failure of the public revenue, he represented a national bankruptcy as the probable consequence of the rejection of this project. The force with which he presented so commonplace a subject, was miraculous; he elevated it to sublimity. They who heard this speech will never forget it; it excited every gradation of terror, and a devouring gulph with the groans of the victims it swallowed, of which the speaker gave a very appalling description, seemed pictured to the senses of the audience.

"The triumph was complete; not an attempt was made to reply. The assembly were subjugated by that power of a superior and energetic mind, which acts upon the multitude as if it were only a single individual, and the project was admitted without a dissenting voice. From that day, Mirabeau was considered as a being superior to other men. He had no rival. There were, indeed, other orators, but he alone was eloquent; and this impression was stronger, because his speech on this question was a sudden reply, and could not have been prepared.

"Molé, the celebrated actor, was present. The force and dramatic effect of Mirabeau's eloquence, and the sublimity of his voice, had made a deep impression upon this distinguished comedian, who, with visible emotion, approached the orator to offer his compliments. 'Ah! Monsieur le Comte,' said he, in a pathetic tone of voice, 'what a speech! and with what an accent did you deliver it! You have surely missed your vocation!' Molé smiled on perceiving the singularity of the compliment which his dramatic enthusiasm had led him to utter, but Mirabeau was much flattered by it." p. 187—192.

The plan of a counter-revolution by Mirabeau, is a fact so new to history, that we think it well to insert it here.

"Mirabeau called on me one morning, and said he had a most important communication to make. He began by representing in the blackest colours the complete disorganization of the kingdom, expatiated on the impossibility of doing any good with the national assembly as then constituted, and at length drew from his portfolio a paper in his own hand-writing, of seven or eight pages. 'Here,' said he, 'is a plan by which France may yet be saved and her liberty secured; for you know me too well, my friend, to suppose that I would co-operate in any plan of which liberty was not the basis. Read it through without interruption. I will then talk to you about the means of execution, and you will see that they are commensurate with the greatness of the project. I cannot, however, tell you all, or name the parties concerned. It is a secret of honour—a solemn engagement.'

"I here have occasion to regret the imperfection of my memory, and the lapse of time which has effaced from my recollection most of the details of this project. It was founded upon

the intended departure of the king, who could no longer support his captivity at Paris. He was to proceed to Metz, or some other fortified city containing troops and officers of known fidelity. On his arrival, he was to appeal, by proclamation, to all France. He was to remind the country of his benefactions and denounce the crimes of the metropolis. He was to declare the decrees of the national assembly null and void, as contrary to law, and founded upon a manifest usurpation of power. He was to dissolve the assembly itself, and order an immediate convocation of the *baillages* to elect other deputies. He was, at the same time, to order all the commandants to resume their authority, and the parliaments their functions, and to act jointly against the rebels. He was to summon all the *noblesse*, to rally round him for the defence of the monarch and the throne. Mirabeau was to remain at Paris and watch the motions of the assembly. So soon as the royal proclamation should appear, all the *côté droit* and the moderates of the *côté gauche* were to vote, if my memory serves me correctly, that they should immediately follow the King and separate from those who were of a contrary opinion. If Paris persevered in its disobedience, all communication with it was to be stopped, and it was to be reduced by famine. It was certain that, in support of this plan, the clergy, who had been despoiled of their riches by the national assembly, would employ all their religious influence upon the people; and the Bishops were to meet and protest, in the name of religion, against the sacrilegious usurpations of the assembly. There were four or five pages in this strain. The project appeared arranged with much art, and all its parts seemed destined to work well in conjunction.

"I cannot describe my emotion, or rather my alarm, on reading this paper. After a silence of a few minutes, I told Mirabeau that I saw, in this confidence, the strongest proof of his friendship for me; that I had no observations to make; that such projects were above my skill; that I was not competent to decide upon the fate of the monarchy, nor to give an opinion upon the differences between the King and the assembly: but that my resolution was taken, and I should quit Paris in two days." p. 206—210.

It suffices to add, that, after a conversation of two or three hours, during which they had some reason to fear having been overheard, Dumont convinced Mirabeau that he was but a tool of the court in this affair, and prevailed upon him to abandon the project.

The following are a few scattered but pithy sentences:—

"When Louis XVI. held the famous *séance royale* to annul the decree of the commons, who had voted themselves a national assembly, Mirabeau, in pointing out the dangers of such a measure, said—'It is thus that Kings are led to the scaffold!' Of Necker, he said, 'He is a clock that always goes too slow. Mallebranche saw everything in God, but Necker sees everything in Necker.' Of the national assembly, 'It has Hannibals enough, it only wants a 'Fabius.' Speaking of the illusions which, having once governed men, were for ever destroyed, he said, 'We have long been looking with a magic-lantern, but the glass is now broken.' 'When a pond is full,' he observed, in reference to the new political event, 'a single mole, by piercing the bank, may cause an inundation.'"

A *bon mot* of Talleyrand is characteristic.

"The dearth which kept the people in a state of effervescence, and the scene at the chateau appeared, at the time, sufficiently to account for the insurrection at Versailles.

"It was not till afterwards that a plot was imagined and attributed to the Duke of Orleans. This suspicion acquired consistency, when it

was known that Lafayette had insisted upon the Duke leaving Paris and going to England. The secret of this intrigue has never transpired, but I recollect that, two years after, in a confidential conversation with the Bishop of Autun, that prelate (M. de Talleyrand) uttered these remarkable words: '*The Duke of Orleans is the stop-pail into which is thrown all the filth of the revolution!*'" p. 178—179.

The following may be read with profit, and may a little enliven the melancholy drudgery of the Irish Tithe Committee.

"'Tithes,' said the Archbishop of Aix, in a whining tone, '*that voluntary offering made by the devout faithful*——' 'Tithes,' interrupted the Duke de La Rochefoucauld, in his quiet and modest way, which rendered the *trait* more piquant, '*that voluntary offering of the devout faithful, concerning which there are now forty thousand lawsuits in the kingdom.*'" p. 21.

*Poetical Ephemeras.* By James Pennycook Brown. Aberdeen, Brown & Co.; London, Smith, Elder & Co.

THIS little volume (which, in its printing and getting up, does great credit to the Aberdeen press,) shows rather strikingly how much poetry is now written, because much poetry has been read. Here are amiable feelings and imaginative phraseology employed on picturesque subjects; and yet there is scarcely a line that seems the spontaneous growth of the author's own mind. It is a volume of poetical words, and made us cry out with Jean Jacques, "*Les choses! les choses! Je ne répéterai jamais assez que nous donnons trop de pouvoir aux mots: avec notre éducation babillarde nous ne faisons que des babillards.*" However, Mr. Brown has done no worse than many who make greater pretensions; and if his '*Ephemeras*' have no value as *poetry*—assuming that much-abused word to mean the melodious expression of original thought, deep feeling, and accurate observation of mind, man and nature,—it is but fair to acknowledge that his volume contains some pleasing verses. If Mr. Brown determine to write again, we would seriously advise him, when he does so, to lock up every modern poet in his possession, and turn an especially deaf ear to the syrens among them. At present, without any intention on his own part, he writes

As if his whole vocation  
Were endless imitation.

He will also do well to avoid taking so many steps in that hop, skip, and jump measure—

Tell me, O mother! when I grow old,  
Will my hair, which my sisters say is like gold, &c.  
p. 88.

the said measure generally proving fatal to young versifiers, and often overpowering the strength of old ones. He will also do well to make sparing use of another metre, which is a great seducer of the inexperienced, because, if the most difficult to write well, it is the easiest to write after a fashion, and has a light-horse-gallop grandeur, often mistaken for real power:—

The poison cup is in his hand, and in his heart despair,  
For wildly back upon the earth he flings his weight of  
care, &c.—p. 94.

It is, after all, both a mortifying and mollyfying reflection, that the carelessness of old writers occasion the faults of young ones. On this score Mr. Brown has a claim to mercy; and we give a pretty extract:—

*Stanzas.*

Oh! methinks it were sweet to die  
While love's luck tide in my breast is high  
Ere the quick bright feelings of youth are worn,  
Or the heart of its golden sunbeams shorn;  
Ere the world is stript of the mask of truth  
It wears in the days of effulgent youth;  
Ere its glowing hopes, and its fairy hours,  
Have died in their beauty—like broken flowers!  
And, oh! methinks it were sweet to be laid  
'Neath the leafy bower, by yon elm trees made,  
And grass, that's with daisies bespangled bright,  
Like the silver stars on the robe of night!  
'Tis my own churchyard—my fathers sleep there;  
And it may be soon in their rest I'll share!—  
Oh! bright be my life, and as quickly pass  
As the glistening dew from the emerald grass!

*Illustrations of the Vaudois, in a Series of Views.*

Engraved by Edward Finden, from drawings by Hugh Dyke Acland, Esq., accompanied with Descriptions. London, 1832. Tilt.

Charles Tilt has some skill in producing a pretty book; this is a very handsome one; it contains some dozen or so of engravings, of the romantic scenes of a most romantic country; and the letter-press connects scene with scene, and ties the whole up like a chaplet of flowers. We wonder how travellers find out new scenes for the pencil, in a land through which our painters of the picturesque have frequently wandered; but we wonder more, how these same Findens find time to work at so many undertakings. Why don't they contract for all the graver work of the metropolis, build a factory on the plan of Owen, and reduce all other engravers to the condition of journeymen?

*Facilis, Celeris, Certa.* London, 1832. Sherwood & Co.

THIS is declared to be an attempt to render short-hand writing more easy, and of more ready application, by the use of simple characters, for all simple sounds, and by determinate modes of abbreviations, according to the principles of the English language. We certainly believe the writer of this work to be master of the subject, for he has compressed the whole essay—theory, alphabet, abbreviations, examples, and exercises, into seven pages! Those, therefore, who desire to be informed on the subject, will not lose much time by studying his work; and though we are not ourselves friendly to the use of short-hand, except professionally, we know that many persons are desirous of studying it—having had no less than three letters within this month, requesting information on the subject.

*Important Facts, proving the great Utility and very great Superiority of Captain Jekyll's Patent Portable Vapour Bath.* By J. Jekyll. London, Saunders.

THIS pamphlet contains facts and observations relating to the use of vapour baths in general; but, of course, has particular reference to Capt. Jekyll's patent portable bath. We have examined not only the pamphlet but the bath itself, and the latter appears to us a very useful invention; but twelve guineas is a price out of all reason; and, till they are manufactured at a much cheaper rate, the patent will neither benefit the patentee nor the public.

*Essay on the Right of Hindoos over Ancestral Property.* By Rajah Rammohun Roy. London, 1832. Smith, Elder & Co.

A legal question very ably argued, but of no general interest to the English reader. One of the prohibitions of the Hindoo law on the subject of marriage, incidentally mentioned, is strange enough to be worth quoting:—

"Let him not marry a girl with reddish hair, nor with any deformed limb, nor one troubled with habitual sickness, nor one either with no hair or with too much, nor one immoderately talkative, nor one with inflamed eyes." p. 33.

## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

IN the days of our youth when we first lifted a fowling-piece, and began our career as a sportsman, to us the game-laws were as a book sealed; gamekeepers were heard of only besouth the Trent, and over the scene of our exploits, lords of the manor and squires of low degree existed, but at the rate of one to the ten miles square. We had not the fear of any one before our eyes, and blazed away right and left and straightforward, always bringing down some winged inhabitant of the air, and sparing neither the little nor the large, the savoury nor the unwholesome. In this unsparing mood we heaped our hall table with all and sundry—the black, the white, the mottled, and the brown. There were ptarmigans and teal, blackcocks and hooded crows, moor-hens and kites—in short, everything from the raven down to the wren. Our hall table was but the type or symbol of our library table on this eventful evening: here are books of all shapes and sizes, in all styles and in all moods; the lofty and the low; the inspired and the dull; the practised veteran and the raw recruit, whom those seductive gipsies, the Muses, have wiled away from some worthy trade to pursue their will-o'-wisp vocation. We shall treat them as we did the aforesaid victims of the fowling-piece, some of which were plucked and roasted, and eaten with a savoury sauce, and baptized in their passage by the choicest wine; while others again were sent with compliments to some distant friend, or consigned at once to oblivion, from being rank and unpalatable. So now to our task.

1. The first work which comes to hand is the second volume of Pickering's *Milton*, pertaining to the 'Aldine Poets'; a beautiful book, containing a large portion of that divinely of all poems, the *Paradise Lost*. It is needless to say more of such a work than that it maintains its high character for accuracy and elegance, and that some of the notes are new and valuable.

2. The second is a little wren of a book, called '*Cobbins' Moral Fables*,' a thing fit for a child in size, but in value suitable for age. It contains many valuable fables and parables, such as influence life and lead it to virtue: nor is the preface unworthy of perusal; the ridiculous ascription of Rousseau, that all fables which ascribe reason and speech to animals should be withheld from children, as being only vehicles of deception, is very pithily dissected and confronted with the Scripture and Addison and Cowper.

3. What volumes are these? Things of shreds and patches! verse and prose of all kinds, and on all subjects. It is the '*Album*,' with one hundred engravings, in two volumes, printed for Strange, in Paternoster-row. There are tales, verses, sketches, memoirs, and anecdotes, worthy of better company than they have found. Here the battered contributor puts forth his dull strength, and the youth just begun his infatuated dalliance with the muse finds a place open for his first hispings: of course, there is much that deserves the speedy oblivion which swallows up more worthy things; but there are here and there bits and scraps meriting a better fate. We cannot stay to particularize them.

4. Mary Kerr Hart Key's '*Enigmettes, or Flora's Offering to the Young*,' published by Robins, in Ivy-lane, is a pretty little book, yet, verily, it puzzles us sorely. There is much that is amiable, and sensible, and elegant; little that is vigorous or original. Some useful lessons are reduced to the limits of rhyme; and, on the whole, we have seen as indifferent verses obtain high praise; but we are in a fastidious mood just now, and coy and hard to please.

5. '*Herbert's Country Parson, Church Porch, &c.*' is a very little volume, which contains

thirty-seven different images of the duties which a good pastor performs who has the welfare of his flock at heart. We dislike nothing about the book but the name. Parson is rather a word of reproach than of holiness and endearment. We wish it to be widely circulated among the people and acted upon by the clergymen, so that scoffing might be abated, and the church filled with a devout populace listening to a preacher zealous in his duties. It is printed for Henry Washbourne, in Salisbury-square.

6. '*The Phenomena of Nature Familiarly Explained*,' is a book, valuable in education, containing much in small compass, and well arranged for instruction. It is translated from the German of 'Wilhelm von Türk,' and is published by Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange.

7. '*The Poems*' of Henry Ingleton Johns, are addressed by a Father to his Children; they are moral and kind, and affectionate, and in some places tender. They contain several pleasing pictures of nature, and much that we can commend rather for purity than vigour—for softness than for strength. The book is printed at Devonport, and is very neatly executed.

8. '*The Arcana of Science and Art*,' from the prolific house of Limbird, contains a vast deal of information of an useful kind. There is much, indeed, that might have been expressed in language more elegant and compact; but we shall not be fastidious with those who tell us what is worthy of being known.

9. '*The Daughter of Jephtha*,' by a Gentleman of Stoke, is printed at Devonport. The verse is well constructed: many of the sentiments are just, and some are new; and for the character of Azor, the author claims, and justly, the merit of truth and instructiveness. We could find some very pretty passages in this poem, had we room to insert them.

10. '*Catherine of Cleves*,' published by Mr. Andrews, is a translation from the hand of Lord Francis Leveson Gower; and we learn, from those who have compared it with the original, that it owes some of its present attractions to his taste and fancy. There are very natural and powerful scenes, certainly, in the drama; and it could not well be otherwise; for if the foreign work did not contain them, the noble translator has genius enough to create them in the necessary spirit.

11. Of the '*Sermons*' by the Rev. Cornelius Ives, we can give but a brief account. They are twenty-five in number, and pious and earnest, rather than eloquent; while they can startle few by the boldness of their speculations, they will gain the attention of many by their learning and their moderation.

12. '*The Tour in Westmorland, and Remarks on Grouse Shooting*,' by Gideon Michael Angelo Maude, is a singular book, full of pleasing egotism, embarrassments about nothing, adventures in bad inns, and mishaps on dreary moors—embellished with wild and prodigal-looking prints, which suit well with the harum-scarum nature of the writing. Whenever the author is at a loss for a subject, he speaks about himself; when he wishes for an adventure, he hastens to an inn; and when he lacks words for his descriptions, he has recourse to the poetry of Sir Walter Scott. He gives a good reason for the size of his book: "My stay in Westmorland," says Gideon, "was certainly short, and the reading of my book is short; if my stay had been longer, my book would have been longer." Of the contents of the volume we can give no better account in words than we have done, and we have no room for extracts.

13. We have also to notice the '*Introductory Lectures read at King's College*,' by Professor Bernays. The Professor gives a rapid sketch of the history of German literature, and of the

advantages to be derived from a study of the language; and the first part is more than usually interesting.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS

TO SPENCER PERCEVAL, ESQ. M.P.

Oh, Mr. Spencer!—  
I mean no offence, Sir—  
Retrencher of each trencher, man or woman's;  
Maker of days of ember,  
Eloquent Member  
Of the House of Com—I mean to say, Short  
Commons—  
Thou long Tom Coffin singing out, 'Hold Fast'—  
Avast!

Oh, Mr. Perceval! I'll bet a dollar, a  
Great growth of Cholera,  
And new deaths reckon'd,  
Will mark thy Lenten Twenty-first and second.  
The best of our physicians, when they con it,  
Depose the malady is in the air:  
Oh, Mr. Spencer!—if the ill is there—  
Why should you bid the people live upon it?

Why should you make discourses against  
courses;  
While doctors, tho' they bid us rub and chafe,  
Declare, of all resources,  
The man is safest who gets in the safe?—  
And yet you bid poor suicidal sinners  
Discard their dinners,  
Thoughtless how Heav'n above will look upon't,  
For man to die so wantonly of want!

By way of a variety,  
Think of the ineffectual piety  
Of London's Bishop, at St. Faith's or Bride's,  
Lecturing such chameleon insides,  
Only to find  
He's preaching to the wind.

Whatever others do, or don't,  
I cannot—dare not—must not fast, and won't,  
Unless by night your day you let me keep,  
And fast asleep;  
My constitution can't obey such censors:  
I must have meat  
Three times a day to eat;  
My health's of such a sort,—  
To say the truth, in short,  
The coats of my stomach are not Spencers!

T. HOOD.

## THE REV. GEORGE CRABBE.

George Crabbe was a preacher and a poet, but though, no doubt, a good and laborious divine, he owes his fame in this world to his intercourse with the Muse. Of the style of his *Sermons* we know little, nor know we anything of the people to whom they were addressed; but if they partook of the stern and unsocial spirit of his verse, then wo! say we, to those over whose unfortunate heads they were poured; and if his flock at all resembled the men and women of his poetry, then God be merciful to the preacher, for his people were past redemption. For the space of fifty years and odd, it was his pleasure to delineate the features of the people around him, and to report in verse the state of rustic society in manners and in morals. The spies of old, who cried out, that the water was naught and the ground barren, seem to have been of the tribe of Crabbe: yet they differed from the divine in this respect, that they believed not what they said, whereas, there can be no doubt of the perfect sincerity of the bard. He saw nothing in humble life but want and crime; the homes of his people he considered as upper stories to the pest-house and the work-



house, and the inhabitants themselves as the predestined heirs of sin and sorrow, whose chief employment was to cheat, and swear, and lie, and exhibit "Their Maker's image more than half defaced." This picture of mental and personal degradation he has repeated through almost all his works: we find it in the city, in the field, in the workhouse, and the cottage: he is, in verse, one of Job's comforters to the people, he consoles them with the healing doctrine that hell was not made for dogs: for the rich we know not that he opened, in imagination, the doors of Paradise; but the poor and the needy he has represented worthy of nothing but "penal fire," and fit only for taking refuge within the jaws of that inexorable pit, which, like the public workhouse, stands open for the husbandman and the mechanic.

Now, this "Come curse me, Jacob, and come defy me, Israel" sort of style, is anything but to our liking: and, were it ever so much so, we cannot conceal from ourselves that it is a view of humble society at once unjust and unpoetic. The rustic population of the land are neither so wretched nor so depraved as the reverend bard describes them; there is no want of worth and talent among the poor; and, though we acknowledge that sin abounds, and that the manners of many are shameless, we hold it to be bad taste in the Muse to close the right eye on all the virtues, and open the left on all the wretchedness of the peasantry, and, pitching her voice to a tone sarcastic and dolorous, sing of the cureless sores and feculence of the land. There is, no doubt, something wrong in the internal construction of that poet who considers that every man with a ragged coat and every woman with uncombed locks is fallen and reprobate, and who dipping his brush in the lake of darkness paints in merry old England as a vagrant and a strumpet. If we, however, dislike the foundation on which this distinguished poet raised the superstructure of his verse, and condemn the principles on which he wrote as unnatural, we cannot for the soul of us be insensible to the matchless skill and rough ready vigour of his dark delineations. In inanimate nature he sternly refuses to avail himself of the advantages which his subject presents, of waving woods, pebbly shores, purling streams, and flowery fields: he takes a cast of nature homely, forbidding and barren, and compels us to like it by the force of his colour and by the stern fidelity of his outline: while in living nature he seems resolutely to have proscribed all things mentally or externally lovely, that he might indulge in the dry hard detail of whatsoever we dislike to contemplate, and triumph over our prejudices and feelings by the resistless vigour of his language and sentiments, and the terrific fidelity of his representations. On him who refuses to give to the world his full sympathy, the world usually retaliates sevenfold: Crabbe is by no means so popular as his genius deserves: of late there has been a woful coldness on the part of the admirers of him, who has not been inaptly termed "The Hogarth of Poets;" and his works, in spite of the intense laudations of all manner of reviews, remain undisturbed on the bookseller's shelf. The critic who first perceived the true character of Crabbe's poetry and pronounced it untrue to nature, was that Anarch old, Gifford, of the *Quarterly*. "In common life, (he observes,) every man instinctively

acquires the habit of diverting his attention from unpleasing objects, and fixing it on those that are more agreeable: and all that we ask is, that this practical rule should be adopted in poetry. The face of nature under its daily and periodical varieties, the honest gaiety of rustic mirth, the flow of health and spirits, which is inspired by the country, the delights which it brings to every sense—such are the pleasing topics which strike the most superficial observer. But a closer inspection will give us more sacred gratifications. Wherever the relations of civilized society exist, particularly where a high standard of morals, however imperfectly acted upon, is yet publicly recognized, a ground-work is laid for the exercise of all the charities, social and domestic. In the midst of profligacy and corruption, some trace of these charities still lingers: there is some spot which shelters domestic happiness—some undiscovered cleft in which the seeds of the best affections have been cherished and are bearing fruit in silence. Poverty, however blighting in general, has graces which are peculiarly its own—the highest order of virtues can be developed only in a state of habitual suffering." With these sentiments we cordially concur; and from them we turn to the genius which the poet displayed in spite of the most forbidding and unpoetic subjects: we must previously, however, give a glance at the history of his productions.

When 'The Borough,' a poem, was published, in 1810, the public had forgotten that, in 1783, the author had made his first appearance as a poet, and that, too, with the applause of such men as Burke, Reynolds, and Johnson. He was not insensible (who could be?) of the influence of such men, and claiming their approval for what he had in youth done, he sheltered his new poem under the name of Fox, who, it seems, perused it and praised it in manuscript, before his lamented death. All this, no doubt, paved the way to more universal admiration; the death-bed approbation of Fox secured a favourable notice in the *Edinburgh*, and the sarcastic spirit of the poem, so much akin to that of Gifford, favoured its reception in the *Quarterly*, while the singular merit of the work gave it a currency everywhere. All this, and much more, the reverend poet has himself related in the preface to his collected works, to which we refer the reader for an ample explanation. In the 'Parish Register,' published before the 'Borough,' the author had a limited range of subject, and it was imagined that his muse, deprived of room for flight, had been obliged to droop her wings and keep nigh the ground. The 'Borough' presented space enough: but it was soon seen that her plumes were not of the soaring kind. It has been the pleasure of many poets to paint a sea life in rather romantic colours: there is much truth, much homeliness, and no romance, in Crabbe's delineation of his Mariner's Club, at the sign of the Anchor.

The Anchor, too, affords the seamen joys,  
In small smoked room, all clamour, crowd, and noise;  
Where a carved settle half surrounds the fire,  
Where fifty voices purl and punch require;  
They come for pleasure in their leisure hour,  
And they enjoy it in their utmost power;  
Standing they drink, they swearing smoke, while all  
Call, or make ready for a second call.  
There is no time for trifling "Do you see,  
We drink and drub the French extempore."  
See round the room, on every beam and balk,  
Are mingled scrolls of hieroglyphic chalk;

Yet, nothing heeded, would one stroke suffice  
To blot out all—here honour is too nice—  
"Let knavish landmen think such dirty things,  
We're British tars—and British tars are kings."

Of another stamp is the following—it is the picture of a loose liver fallen into misfortune and the vale of years.

And now we saw him on the beach reclined,  
Or causeless walking in the wintry wind;  
And when it raised a loud and angry sea,  
He stood and gazed, in wretched reverie;  
He heeded not the frost, the rain, the snow,  
Close by the sea he walked alone, and slow;  
Sometimes his frame through many an hour he spread  
Upon a tombstone, moveless as the dead;  
And was there found a sad and silent place,  
There would he creep, with slow and measured pace;  
Then would he wander by the river side,  
And fix his eyes upon the falling tide;  
The deep dry ditch—the rushes in the fen—  
And mossy crag-pits, were his lodgings then;  
There, to his discontented thoughts a prey,  
The melancholy mortal pined away.

The sorrowful softness of the following passage will go to many hearts:—

Yes, there are real mourners—I have seen  
A fair sad girl, mild, suffering and serene—  
Attention through the day her duties claimed,  
And to be useful, as resigned, she aimed;  
Neatly she dressed, nor vainly seemed to expect  
Pity for grief, or pardon for neglect;  
But when her wearied parents sunk to sleep,  
She sought her place to meditate and weep;  
Then to her mind was all the past displayed,  
That faithful memory brings to sorrow's aid;  
For then she thought on one regretted youth,  
Her tender trust, and his unquestioned truth:  
In every place she wandered where they'd been,  
And sadly sacred held the parting scene,  
Where last for sea he took his leave—that place,  
With double interest, she would nightly trace.

That he who made these three delineations was a man of deep observation, and a poet of a high order, no one can fail to perceive; in every page which he has written may be found passages lighter or darker, but all breathing the same sort of spirit, and all wearing, too truly, the sombre livery of a dolorous muse. It must not be inferred from what we have said, that Crabbe never deviates into the paths of peace, and happiness, and virtue: he indulges us with many beautiful snatches of that nature; yet they are generally as brief as they are brilliant, and may be compared to a few stars in a tempestuous night, which only aggravate the general gloom. Of his 'Tales of the Hall' we shall say nothing; nor of the manuscript poem which lies in the hands of Mr. Murray;—that his works will be offered to us in a cheap form, and in a monthly issue, we have little doubt, yet we are not among the advisers of such a step. The poems of Crabbe appeal not largely enough to the sympathy of mankind to be popular. There is little imagination and much truth—it is the happy union of both which promises success first, and fame after.

The stern poet we have attempted to delineate—the man was of a milder mood: in truth, Crabbe was one of the meekest and gentlest of mankind. He had a soft, low voice, and an insinuating ease of address, which won upon the most unsocial—if a friend desired him to shake a stranger by the hand, he did it, and not without a well-turned compliment. He was a scholar, and a ripe one; a preacher too, we have heard said, of much attraction, and a poet of no common kind; he nevertheless failed to find preferment in the church—he contrived, however, to support himself by his pen and a small living which he enjoyed at Trowbridge, through the patronage of the Duke of Rutland. He was of Aldborough, in Suffolk, where he was born in the spring of 1754; he owed his education

to Cambridge, and his success to himself. His health was generally good: he sometimes visited London, but preferred his own home, where he expired, after a short illness, on the 8th of February, in the 78th year of his age. Of his kindness of nature, and of his continued possession of his powers, we are enabled, by the kindness of a friend, to give ample proof. He had been applied to in behalf of Mr. Leigh Hunt, for whose fate many men of genius have expressed a deep sympathy; and the answer which he returned may be considered as one of the last letters that the hand which traced the 'Parish Rigger' and the 'Borough,' wrote:

Trowbridge, 24 Jan. 1832.

"SIR,—It would ill become one who has been so much indebted to the kindness of his friends as I have been, to disregard the application which you are so good as to make in behalf of Mr. Leigh Hunt. My influence indeed is small, residing, as I do, in a place wherein little except cloth is made, and little except newspapers read; yet there are a more liberal class of readers, though I am afraid they are not among the wealthy portion of our inhabitants. I consider that I am doing myself honour by uniting, for the purpose you mention, with those persons whose titles and names are annexed to the printed paper intended for general circulation.

"I am, Sir, respectfully, &c.

"GEORGE CRABBE."

"To John Foster, Esq.  
"Burton-street, Burton-crescent, London."

The clothiers of Trowbridge expressed a sense of their loss by shutting up their shops when the poet died—it will likely be long before they are honoured with the company of such a poet again.

#### ANSWER TO PAUPER.

[Vide No. 222, of the *Athenæum*.]

Don't tell me of buds and blossoms,  
Or with rose and vi'let wheedle—  
Nosegays grow for other bosoms,  
Churchwarden and Beadle.  
What have you to do with streams?  
What with sunny skies, or garish  
Cuckoo-song, or pensive dreams?—  
Nature's not your Parish!

What right have such as you to dun  
For sun or moon-beams, warm or bright?  
Before you talk about the sun,  
Pay for window-light!  
Talk of passions—amorous fancies?  
While your betters' flames miscarry—  
If you love your Dolls and Nancys,  
Don't we make you marry?

Talk of wintry chill and storm,  
Fragrant winds, that blanch your bones!  
You poor can always keep you warm,—  
An't there breaking stones?  
Suppose you don't enjoy the spring,  
Roses fair and vi'lets meek—  
You cannot look for everything  
On eighteen-pence a week!

With seasons what have you to do?—  
If corn doth thrive, or wheat is harm'd?—  
What's weather to the crows? You  
Don't farm—but you are farm'd!  
Why everlasting murmurs hurl'd,  
With hardship for the text?—  
If such as you don't like this world—  
We'll pass you to the next.

OVERSEER.

#### THE POETICAL WORKS OF MR. LEIGH HUNT.

THERE are circumstances which of themselves apologize for little deviations from established forms; and we are sure we shall stand excused for going out of our ordinary course to announce this work. Mr. Leigh Hunt, a labourer in the fields of literature, who has toiled on cheerfully and with good heart and hope under all the changing influences of a quarter of a century, is now, in "the sere and yellow" time of life, struggling against great difficulties, with failing health, and a numerous family dependent on his exertions. This fact having become known, some friends have kindly taken upon themselves to propose the publication of his Poetical Works by subscription, and thus endeavour to anticipate many more anxious months and many another illness—in a word, to put him in advance of his difficulties.

It is the anxious wish of those who differ or agree with Mr. Hunt in opinion, that minor circumstances should on this occasion be forgotten, and that all should unite as in a common cause to testify respect for genius; and whatever may be the issue of this appeal, it must ever be to Mr. Hunt a pleasant and consolatory recollection, that the honoured of all parties have given to it the sanction of their name, as will be seen by the following note which accompanies the prospectus:—

Several of the friends of literature, having been made acquainted with the pressing difficulties under which a man of genius is unhappily sinking, are anxious to unite in one common purpose of justice and benevolence towards him, that they may testify their respect for intellectual exertion, and rescue the cause of letters from an unworthy reproach. They approve of the annexed plan, proposed with a view to a general subscription. They invite every friend of genius in the community to join with them in promoting its success; so as to secure, by their united exertions, a solid testimony to Mr. LEIGH HUNT, of their desire to see a man of letters, of his standing and reputation, not only rescued from the immediate danger of necessity, but put in possession of such a security of means, as would no longer leave him to the chance of repeated illnesses, and all the anxieties they produce, in a man of sensibility and a father.

Dover—F. Leveson Gower—Vassall Holland—Mulgrave—John Russell—John Edward Swinburne—Edward Lytton Bulwer—John H. Hawkins—Thomas Babington Macaulay—Richard L. Sheil—Thomas Barnes—John Bowring—Thomas Campbell—Samuel Taylor Coleridge—Walter Coulson—Allan Cunningham—Charles Wentworth Dilke—William Godwin—Joseph Hine—James Hogg—Thomas Hood—J. D'Israeli—Joseph Jekyll—William Jerdan—James Sheridan Knowles—Charles Lamb—Walter Savage Landor—Henry Luttrell—Frederick Marriott—Thomas Pringle—Bryan Waller Proctor—Leitch Ritchie—Samuel Rogers—Thomas Roscoe—Horatio Smith—Robert Southey—Sharon Turner—William Wordsworth.

The works are to be selected by Mr. Hunt (with corrections and emendations), accompanied by notes and a preface, and printed in one handsome volume, price one guinea; and, to add to the value, it will contain an original poem, the first, of any length, that he has written for many years.

The names of those, who are disposed to assist the present undertaking, will be received by Mr. Edward Moxon, 64, New Bond Street, Mr. Charles Tilt, 86, Fleet Street, and Mr. Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

THE many literary papers which monthly, weekly, and almost hourly, start into existence, is one of the signs of the times. We have them of all shapes, from octavo to folio, and of all prices, from 'love,' as the whist-players phrase it, to one shilling. One of the last speculations is the *Literary Gleaner*, which contains selected extracts from the new works published in Burlington Street. This, we understand, is sent free to all the newspapers in the kingdom; and the fact will explain to our country readers the many little stars of intelligence which brighten the dull pages of some of our provincials. Among other novelties on our table is the *Literary Test*, the *New Entertaining Press*, *Punchinello*, the *English Figaro*, *Figaro in London*, *Punch in London*, the *Weekly Visitor*, the *Critical Figaro*, and numberless others, to say nothing of political papers, the more curious of which are, one printed on cotton, and another on wood!—the ingenious speculators idly hoping thus to escape the stamp on news-papers. Some are said to be prosperous, and we hope all are that deserve to be; but we have but little confidence in any permanent success, when we see that Leigh Hunt has abandoned *The Tatler*, from which, for all his weary and laborious exertion, he never benefited one solitary fifty pounds:—his leave-taking is truly painful!

"I commenced it in ill health, and quit it in worse. It was the necessity of going to the theatre night after night, and of writing the criticisms before I went to bed, that broke me down; to say nothing of other anxieties which are apt to accompany most men of letters, who live by their pen."

But we must not omit to mention, that a new threepenny, called *The Spectator*, has started at Edinburgh, which contains some fair articles; but then the *Literary Journal* is defunct. We are also shortly to receive, from the same goodly city, the first number of *Tait's Magazine*, which has promised much in the way of vigour and originality; and on the same day, Regent Street is to furnish us with novelty, and a first number of the *British*. A third monthly, of which we hear good promise, is a *Nautical Magazine*, which is to contain a register of maritime discovery in all parts of the world.

Of more enduring works we hear little. The first volume of the collected and embellished edition of the Works of the Ettrick Shepherd, is in progress. The first tale will be preceded by a Life of the Author, from his own pen, brought down to the present day.

The Royal Academy have elected Briggs and Newton, as Academicians, in the room of Jackson and Northcote. We have been asked, and by good judges, what pictures either have painted, which surpass the 'Sale of Circassian Slaves'—the 'Death of Archbishop Sharpe'—or, 'Knox admonishing Queen Mary,' by Allan; but we hear, in the way of explanation, that the latter suffers considerably from a complaint in his eyes; and that the Academy are at this moment in actual want of members who can assist in the business of the Institution; and that this weighed with them in their decision. There are now two vacancies to fill up amongst the associates, and, we believe, about fifty candidates. Stanfield, Fraser, Web-

ster, Hart, Rothwell (who is about to visit Italy), and so many other men of talent, that we had rather reserve ourselves for unquestioned comment, and cavil at the election, fall on whom it may—so becoming in critics,—than have the onerous privilege of a vote on the occasion. Before we take leave of art, we may add, that Pickersgill has a whole-length picture of Lady Coote, and a portrait (for Mr. Peel's gallery) of Mr. Goulburn, nearly finished, for the ensuing exhibition.

The meeting last Saturday at the Artists' Conversazione was very numerously attended, and, what is of more importance, there was a very splendid assemblage of works of art—in fact, it is allowed by all to have been the richest treat of the kind that has yet been seen at any of these meetings. Mr. Landseer contributed many sketches—most admirable and vigorous specimens of his fertile pencil. The unfinished Portrait of a Lady, said to be a scion of a noble family, will long be remembered; and the studies of Highland Sports were the theme of general admiration. Too much praise cannot be given to Mr. Landseer for his very kind exertions on this occasion, and we hope his example will not be thrown away upon his professional brethren. Mr. Robson also contributed a portfolio of drawings, all choice specimens, including two which were generally admired—a marine subject by Callcott, drawn with all that truth and fidelity which distinguishes the pictures of this admirable artist: and a drawing—a very rare thing—Caliban, Trinculo, and Stephano in the horse-pond, by Mr. Mulready: it was a very spirited representation; and although it did not realize the too fastidious taste of the artist himself, it met with the well-deserved encomiums of the rest of the company;—nor must we omit to mention a drawing, done in his younger days, by that glorious old man Stothard, of the 'Children in the Wood taking leave of their Parents.' We cannot take our leave of this meeting, without congratulating the members of the Society on the successful exertions which they have made to redeem the credit, which they had lost by the previous meetings; and we persuade ourselves, that a hint given in kindness in this paper, was not without its spirit-stirring influence.

The début of La Contessa Lazise this evening, at the King's Theatre, in the character of *Deidamia*, being "her first appearance on any stage," has been referred to by a contemporary journalist as a subject of interest from its novelty: we trust our nobility will feel it as one deserving commiseration and indulgence—that they will show a generous sympathy with the sad fortunes of this noble lady—and that the musical world will waive for once, and it may be for one night only, the privilege of expressing any feeling of disapprobation, should the performance not equal their hopes and former experience. Curioni, we hear, is engaged to play *Iago* to Winter's *Otello*, with Signor Calveri as *Roderigo*; and a Signora Albertini is the change for Castelli of respected memory. The silly friends of the management are quite in raptures with the condescending debutante, and are awaiting with anxiety her appearance in some character which will admit of the full development of those mental and physical powers which for this night are to be hid under the bushel of her amiabilities: for ourselves,

we await the display with more philosophy. Literary puffing is bad, but theatrical puffing is detestable. It is also reported that Mad. Puzzi is engaged.

An Opera Buffa, by Donizetti, is the next to be produced; 'Vestale,' by Spontini, is to follow; and we hear that, to gratify some meddling patrons, Mr. Mason has promised to bring out 'Giulietta e Romeo,' by Vaccai, who is now in London. With the present company, a good Opera Buffa may succeed; but Pasta and Rubini are too fresh in our memory, to leave us content with second-rate singing, music, or acting, in an Opera Seria. The grand ballet of 'Cendrillon,' is in rehearsal—is this novelty?

Gühr, from Frankfort, we are told, is likely to be engaged as conductor of the German operas—we hope this may prove true; even in Germany, he is considered a marvellous fellow. He was sent for to Cassel, where he reproduced operas of Spohr, with the greatest success, after they had failed even under the direction of the author himself! He, indeed, might teach us musical organization and discipline.

'Robert le Diable' is now ready at both our Great National Theatres. Rophino Lacy has adapted the words for Covent Garden, and the music has been scored from a piano-forte copy. The silent industry of the Covent Garden people has astonished their rivals at the other house.

Mr. Bishop, it is said, reluctantly undertook his task. We have seen some of the music, which does not satisfy our expectations; bereft of stage and scenic effect, and the novelty in Meyerbeer's scoring, the music alone will not command success.

## SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

### ROYAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 16.—His Royal Highness, the President, in the chair.—Sir Charles Bell's paper 'On the Human Voice,' was resumed and concluded.—Alexander Barry, Esq., was admitted a Fellow, and John Disney, Esq., proposed.

[Erratum.—In last week's report, the name of Capt. Smyth, was misprinted English.]

### ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 13.—G. W. Hamilton, Esq., Vice President, in the chair.—Some extracts were read from a Journal of Lieut.-Col. Monteith, kept on a tour through Azerdijan, and on the shores of the Caspian Sea. He ascended the lofty summit of Sahend, between Tabreez and Maraga, the height of which he found to be 9,000 feet. In the course of his tour, Colonel Monteith received the utmost attention, both on visiting any places he chose, and from the guides with which he was furnished. Several maps illustrative of the country through which he passed, were laid before the Society.

### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

|          |   |
|----------|---|
| MONDAY,  | { Phrenological Society ..... Eight, P.M.     |
|          | { Medical Society ..... Eight, P.M.           |
|          | { Linnæan Society ..... Eight, P.M.           |
| TUESDAY, | { Horticultural Society ..... One, P.M.       |
|          | { Institution of Civil Engineers. Eight, P.M. |
| WEDNES.  | { Society of Arts ..... ½ p. 7, P.M.          |
|          | { Royal Society ..... ½ p. 8, P.M.            |
| THURSD.  | { Society of Antiquaries ..... Eight, P.M.    |
| FRIDAY,  | { Royal Institution ..... ½ p. 8, P.M.        |
| SATURD.  | { Westminster Medical Society. Eight, P.M.    |

## FINE ARTS

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The 'Illustrations of the Poems of Burns,' are painted by Kidd, engraved by Shury, published by Hearne, and amount in all to a dozen. Some have appeared heretofore in the Royal Lady's Magazine. They are selected from favourite passages of the great poet, and some of them, such as the 'Poor Man's Wine,' and 'The Farmer's address to his auld Mare,' are worthy of the verse. There are others, however, which we like less. No man mad with tooth-ache ever gapes so tremendously as the sufferer in Kidd's sketch; he knows that to open his mouth lets in cold, and aggravates the pain. The one we like least, is 'The Death of Poor Mallie'; a shepherd's surprise is of a more subdued kind than the painter imagines.

The third part of the 'Anecdotes of Hogarth,' accompanied by twelve engravings from his works, has just been published by Nichols & Son, and we have no doubt will be acceptable to the public. Don Quixote meditating, and Simon Frazer Lord Lovat, are capital things, and Sancho's Feast in his Island is still better. To the anecdotes of Nichols and Stevens, Walpole, Ireland, and Charles Lamb, are added some dozen or so of passages from 'Cunningham's Life of Hogarth.' The text from so many paintings by all sorts of hands, resembles a tartan-plaid—very opposite in the hues of its bars, yet blending well together and forming a pleasing whole.

Number 6. of the 'Select Views of the Lakes of Scotland,' contains 'Loch Erich,' in Perthshire—a solitary and gloomy scene, such as the eagles and wild deer love; 'Loch Lydon,' in the same picturesque county—a sheet of water lying on the dreary Moor of Rannock, a thousand feet above the level of the sea; and Loch Rannock itself, the inhabitant, as a highlander would say, of a very lonely and beautiful valley, some three miles broad and twenty miles long. These landscapes are accompanied by descriptions in prose, containing many curious and characteristic anecdotes of the place and people.

'Love me, love my Dog,' is a very pretty group of children, designed and drawn on stone by F. Wilkin, whose portraits we have so often commended, both for beauty and accuracy of drawing.

'The New Church of St. Dunstan in the West,' is a Gothic building of considerable beauty, with a very handsome tower, which is neither so long nor so tapering as some we have seen, nor so short and abridged of fair aerial loftiness as others. The print before us has no architect's name, but, we believe, it is the work of Mr. Shaw; it is printed by Engelmann, and sold by Walker.

'Lord Amherst,' engraved after Reynolds, by H. S. Ryall, though scarcely soft enough in some of its lines, is a clever work, and gives much of the fine light and shade of the original. We have seen nothing better in that style of art since the last work by the inimitable Cousins.

'Saul,' from the original of Varley, by Linnel, recalls that very noble painting to our recollection. It is conceived from that affecting passage in Scripture, "The beauty of Israel is slain on the high places." The painter imagined that the body of the king had reached the gate of Jerusalem—mourners followed buried in grief—the very trees on the way side looked sad, and the towers were peopled with sorrowful faces. Not a little of this has found its way to the engraving now before us: it is published for Albert Varley, No. 47, Edgware-road. We cannot take leave of this subject without inquiring, at the request of more than one artist, why it is that this fine original picture is placed, at the British Gallery, in such a situation that it is impossible to make out any of its beautiful

details? The artist has thrown a funeral gloom over the picture, that wonderfully heightens the effect; but which, from the position in which it is placed, makes it serve as a dark mirror to reflect the tawdry works of more favoured artists: and why is it that the name of the painter is altogether omitted in the catalogue? We direct the attention of the noble patrons of this Institution to these facts: they are illustrative of the system of favouritism which marks the whole management; but if they desire a specific proof of that favouritism, we are prepared to show that a courtesy was refused to one person, and granted on the same day to another, although the parties were known to apply for the same purpose, and that the favour would be an unjust advantage to one if refused to the other. When we drew attention to the treatment of Mr. Hall, of Salisbury, more than one nobleman asked for proof; this, in a question of taste, is rather difficult, but *proof of favouritism* we now offer to any noble director who shall think it worth while to desire it.

## MUSIC

## KING'S THEATRE.

THE opera of 'L'Esule di Roma' has been thrice repeated to very poor houses. The remarks we made from our first impression are strengthened in their justness on a rehearing. The trio is still a vulgar exhibition of mistaken feeling and acting—and Mad. De Meric still persists in closing a pathetic andante with a misplaced cadenza. Is there no 'gran-maestro' to correct these violations of taste and feeling? On viewing the orchestra from the boxes, we are convinced that the centre six or eight stalls in the front row, might be added to great advantage, it would draw out the tone of the band, which is now more noisy than brilliant. We were also amused on Tuesday with a triple authority of beating time. The prompter with a small crayon, with evidently an entire controul over the chorists—the gran-maestro, Signor Costa, with arm uplifted, urging the singers to sing faster than necessary; and, lastly, the leader, with his long-bow moving in the air like the telegraph at the Admiralty. We notice all this particularly, to bear us out in the truth of the observations of our notice on the opening of the theatre. Here are three persons assuming the same authority:—in the midst of all this distraction, Dragonetti comes in for a fourth, and with one of his powerful forzandos cements the whole tottering fabric. Let Monsieur Habineck, or Vallottino, from the Academie de Musique; or Mr. Gühr, from Frankfort, be engaged for one little month to give us an idea of a "conductor's" duties, and the band would be fifty years advanced in discipline.

We are sorry to hear that Mons. Albert sprained his ankle on Tuesday, an accident the more to be regretted, as he is the sole male dancer in the ballet.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Exercises in Harmony; designed to facilitate the study of the Theory of Music and the Practice of Thorough Bass.* By James Clarke. Nos. 1, 2, 3. Cocks.

The above Exercises in Harmony will be found serviceable with the assistance of a master; and without, none ever published can convey a thorough knowledge of the laws and application of harmony. In treatises on harmony, we meet with endless synonymous expressions, which often puzzle the student to no purpose, in fact it is generally necessary to have a musical dictionary at hand; this objection, we are happy to say, does not apply here—Mr. Clarke has carefully chosen those terms most generally received, and we recommend his work to all amateurs.

*Vital Spark:* newly arranged by J. Ashton, Liverpool. Balls & Son.

In lieu of a figured bass, originally by Harwood to Pope's beautiful ode, Mr. Ashton has filled up the harmony in two parts, for a piano-forte accompaniment, and rendered it more intelligible to the million. An introductory adagio is also added, consisting of a diversity of harmony in the eighth bar, of which, the resolution of the fifth and sixth, in a chord of the augmented sixth, both rise to the same note, which is offensive to the eye, and naked even to the ear. Musicians should sparingly use figurative accompaniments to sacred music; with a few exceptions, this arrangement is appropriate to the subject.

*The Passion Flower:* a ballad, by Blewit. Preston.

A simple expressive melody to pleasing words, which Braham has lately sung at the Melodists' Club.

## THEATRICALS

## DRURY LANE.

'The Self-Tormentor, or Whims and Fancies,' a farce in two acts, was played here for the first time on Thursday. Its reception was not so good as "green-room report" had led us to look for, or as our respect for Mr. Kenney, its reputed author, had made us hope that it would be. From certain inequalities in it, we are inclined to infer that it is not all Mr. Kenney's—that he has been playing the part of "Mons. Scribe" to some other person's "Mons. Somebody-else;" and that the good is his, and the inferior his partner's; in short, that the 'Self-Tormentor,' a well-imagined and well-drawn character, belongs to him, and the 'Whims and Fancies' to his *worser* half.—Mr. Crotchet (Mr. Farren), a middle aged gentleman, inclining to the elderly, being so circumstanced as to be free from any real causes of annoyance, sets about generating them for his own consuming. In this he is very successful. His principal feat is disguising himself and personating a money-lender, in which character he visits a young gentleman who was to have married his daughter, but whom he has discarded under pretence of his being a rake, a wine-bibber, and a gambler. The young gentleman is let into the secret of the disguise and its object, and, assisted by his companions and servants, entraps old Crotchet, first into kissing the maid, then into drinking, and finally into gambling. The exposure thus prepared for, is made complete by the concerted arrival of the members of his family; the tables are turned upon him, and he confesses himself caught and cured. Mr. Kenney's drawing of this character is pleasant and clever; and Mr. Farren's acting was all that either author or audience could have wished. But, although the character is by no means a decided copy from any other, there is yet too much likeness about parts of it to several in which Mr. Farren is already familiar to the town, for that gentleman to succeed in establishing his usual broad line of distinction between a new part and all that he has done before.

Mrs. Orger enacted a raw country lass with her usual intelligent stupidity—and Mr. Harley was excessively droll in a man-servant to *correspond* with her. His exertions were rewarded by repeated shouts of laughter; but why did he begin the part in a country accent, and, after a few sentences, change to that of a cockney? Did his heart or his dialect fail him? There was some disapprobation expressed at different times, during the progress of the second act, and also at the end, but the applause overpowered it. We should say that the piece is hardly strong enough for two acts, but, that keeping

the good, and rejecting that which has proved to be uninteresting, it would do capitally in one. When Mr. Farren, in giving out the piece for repetition, spoke of its having afforded the audience an hour's diversion, one gentleman in the boxes roared out "No! no!" most vociferously. Whatever this gentleman's opinion of the work may have been, we must suggest to him that time, place, and manner were all badly chosen for its publication.

We have been taken to task by a correspondent for not having, as he considers, done justice to Mr. Jerrold, in our notice of his clever production called 'The Rent Day,' now acting with so much applause at Drury Lane Theatre. We have only to say that we desired and sought to do justice to this, as to every other piece which it becomes our duty to give an opinion upon. We gave ample praise to all those parts which we thought deserving of it, stating them, in so many words, to be numerous, and we pointed out, in no ill feeling, those which seemed to us to be defective. It would be childish to retract an opinion which was deliberately given, and which we still hold; but it appears that we were mistaken, when charging the author with certain prosy disquisitions, on subjects which we considered more parliamentary than dramatic, in including the "Game Laws;" and for this, if it is of any sort of moment, we readily apologize. The drama has great merits. This we said before—this we say again—and more than this, we shall be cheerfully ready to say of the author's next production, if, as we hope and expect, it shall bear us out in so doing.

## MISCELLANEA

*Le Livre des Cent-et-Un.*—We regret to learn from *Le Globe*, that the praiseworthy object contemplated by the generous contributors to the above work,—that of relieving the publisher M. Ladvocat from the embarrassments his liberality had entailed on him,—has been entirely frustrated; the publication has rather tended to hasten his ruin, in awakening the ill-will of his enemies to accomplish his bankruptcy. It is to be hoped, however, he will be thus sooner relieved from misfortune, and that the publication of *Le Livre*, if suspended, will be renewed as soon as possible. The spirit in which the work was conceived, and the talent displayed in the volumes already published, cannot fail to do honour to the literature of France. We have been the first to give our English readers a taste of its beauties—and shall look anxiously for the appearance of the next volume, to increase their gratification: it is with regret, that we have passed over several excellent contributions, which, from their length, could not be given entire, and of which an abridgment would fail to give a just idea.

*The late Mr. Fletcher.*—It appears we were in error, in stating that the work on India, on which this unfortunate youth was engaged, was for the Entertaining Knowledge Society.

*Frame Tablets.*—These very beautiful ornaments were introduced some few years since; but Messrs. Vizetelly & Branston have lately submitted to us a tasty variety, intended for mounting drawings, paintings, &c.; and so designed as to harmonize with, and seemingly to form a part of, the drawing itself. As the surface is not raised, they will lie flat in the portfolio or album; and we recommend our lady friends to look at them.

*New kind of Cannon.*—An inhabitant of Boulogne, near Paris, has, as the Paris papers report, without even the aid of a furnace, or any, but some simple instruments of his own invention, constructed a cannon of the size of a four-pounder. It is of the thickness and length of a twelve-pounder. The shape is *elegant*, and the work-

manship of a very superior class. The expense also is said to be five times less than that of any artillery now in use. It underwent a trial on the 20th of this month, in the plain of Longchamp; four loadings, with a pound and a half of powder to each, were discharged with entire success; nor did the touch-hole appear to be affected in the slightest degree. It was minutely inspected by the Central Board of Ordnance, on the 1st instant.

*Discovery of H. Stephens' Notes on Cicero.*—A few weeks ago we noticed the discovery of a valuable Greek commentary by Stephens, in the Vienna Library. Another discovery, equally interesting to the literary world, has been made in a library at Orleans, where a folio edition of Cicero, (that printed by Charles Stephens in 1655,) with a broad margin, full of notes, signed by Henry Stephens, has been brought to light. On one of its leaves appears the name of "John," which is conjectured to be the handwriting of John Scapula, the faithless clerk in H. Stephens' service, who plundered his employer of the 'Treasury of the Greek Tongue.' This curious book was obviously destined for a reprint of a complete edition of Cicero's works; the same of which Stephens makes mention in the preface to his 'Castigationes in quamplurimos locos Ciceronis,'—a work which, however, was never brought before the public. Sixty pounds have been already offered for the Cicero in question; but the owner demands ninety-six (2400 francs), and intends to present a tithe of that sum to the hospital at Lyons, where Henry Stephens closed his eyes.

*The Chinese Insolvent Debtors Law.*—The Chinese observe but few holidays, and, in fact, the five days preceding a new year are the only ones they keep. These five days are an incessant round of festivity; but there is a custom prevalent at this period which would, perhaps, not be much relished in England. Creditors dun their debtors in China as well as elsewhere, and during these holidays become unusually importunate; and if their demands are not discharged on the last night of the old year, repair to the houses of their debtors, where, taking a seat, they observe the most profound silence. As soon as midnight is passed, the creditor rises, congratulates his debtor on the new year, and retires. But woe to his host; for the debtor, according to the custom of China, has then *lost his face*, and no person will trust him afterwards.

*How to secure Treasure.*—It is, perhaps needless to observe, that the late robbery of the gold coins from the cabinets of the National Collection at Paris, is such, that no cost or time can replace. They were the acquisitions of centuries, collected by men enthusiastically devoted to the object; and obtained only by the purchase of the entire collections of distinguished antiquaries. With many, there are curious interesting *notitia* connected, but none that will more interest the uninitiated, than the following, which is related by Spon, in his *Voyages*:—Vaillant, the celebrated numismatic antiquary, who wrote the History of the Syrian Kings, returning from the Archipelago, where he had been collecting various coins and remains of times long passed by, was pursued by an Algerine Corsair; fears for his unique and rare specimens instantly possessed him, and in his tremor, he actually swallowed twenty of them. A sudden change of wind enabled the vessel he was on board to elude the rover, and Vaillant got to land with the coins within him. On his road to Avignon he met with two physicians, of whom he required assistance; but doctors will differ as to treatment; and, uncertain how to determine between two contradictory counsels, he adopted neither, but pursued his course to Lyons, where he met his old friend and physician, Doctor Du Four, as ardent an antiquary as himself, and to whom he related his adven-

ture. Du Four, absorbed in the rapturous idea of beholding some new numismatic rarity, without thinking for a moment of the uneasy symptoms which might necessarily be occasioned by the unnatural burden which his patient bore about him, first asked him, in the true spirit of a zealot, whether the coins were of the higher or lower empire: and, on being assured they were of the higher empire, Du Four was delighted with the hopes of obtaining such rarities, and actually bargained with Vaillant, on the spot, for certain coins—one part of the agreement being, that he was to recover them at his own expense, which he accordingly did. Du Four's collection was, after his decease, purchased by the curators for the Royal Museum; it has escaped the writer's recollection, whether Vaillant's passed into the French or Swedish museums.

*Schiller.*—Gustavus Feuerlein has just published a Latin version of the whole of Schiller's lyrical poems, at Stuttgart: and we select from some of the happiest of his efforts, which are given in a recent German periodical, the subjoined translation of his "Hymn to Joy."

Demiis summo Letitia ex polo,  
O flamma splendens, colitibus sata!  
En! igne contactus superno  
Nos penetrare tum petentes.  
Injuriis vincula seculo  
Dirupta mitis vi magica ligas.  
Omnes beas fraternitate,  
Quo tua grata moratur ala.  
CHORUS.  
Amplectimur vos, innumerales!  
Sint universis hæc data suavia!  
Fratres, supra stellas supremas,  
Est adamans pater atque amatus!

*A Kentucky Steam-boat.*—The following specimen of the western superlative, is said to be from the mouth of a Kentucky steam-boat captain. While dilating, in a strain of exuberant commendation, on the excellence of his craft, he says, "She trots off like a horse—all boiler—full pressure—it's hard work to hold her in, at the wharves and landings. I could run her up a cataract. She draws eight inches of water—goes at three knots a minute—and jumps all the snags and sand-banks."

*Tatauing.*—The New Zealanders tatau their faces in a very singular but elegant style. The operation is thus performed: the instrument being dipped in the Ngarahu, or black pigment (which, being kept in hard balls, has been previously moistened with water), is placed on the skin, and smartly struck with a piece of wood; the blood which flows is wiped away with a piece of muka or flax, so that it might not impede the view of the operator, and cause him to form the lines or figures irregularly. After the operation the parts swell; and if the tatauing has been in the vicinity of the eye, the integuments around become so much tumefied as to impede vision for the space of nearly four days, and the tatau part festers: on account of the great irritation attendant on this operation, a small portion of the figures can only be done at one time. The custom of ornamenting, by puncturing the skin and inserting a colouring matter, is widely diffused over the globe; it is found existing at most of the Polynesian Islands; among some of the South American tribes, &c. a difference of the manner in which the tatau figures are formed, is found existing among them. The New Zealanders tatau the face in circular or curved lines; the figures over the face of the Marquesians were more varied; at Tongatabu and the Island of Rotuma, the face is not tatau, but the arms, legs, and thighs, and also the abdomen, are tatau in straight, angular, and waved lines; but at Tahiti the figures formed over the body in stars, trees, &c. surpassed all productions of the art I had seen at other islands of the Polynesian Archipelago; the females at most of the islands are tatau, but in a very slight degree.—*Bennett's MS. Journal.*

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

| Days of W. & M. | Thermom. Max. Min. | Barometer. Noon. | Winds.     | Weather. |
|-----------------|--------------------|------------------|------------|----------|
| Th. 9           | 50 29              | 30.20            | S.W.       | Cloudy.  |
| Fr. 10          | 45 30              | 30.45            | N. to N.E. | Clear.   |
| Sat. 11         | 43 31              | 30.40            | N.E.       | Cloudy.  |
| Sun. 12         | 43 33              | 30.20            | N.E.       | Ditto.   |
| Mon. 13         | 43 33              | 30.10            | N.E.       | Ditto.   |
| Tues. 14        | 38 23              | 30.00            | N.E.       | Ditto.   |
| Wed. 15         | 33 24              | 30.00            | N.E.       | Ditto.   |

*Prevailing Clouds.*—Cumulostratus, Cirrostratus.  
Mean temperature of the week, 36° 5'.  
Nights and mornings fair. Day increased on Wednesday, 2h. 10min.

## Athenæum Advertisement.

## NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

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Among other announcements is a new periodical, to be called the Nautical Magazine, a work intended to be a Register of Maritime Discoveries in all parts of the World, with Reviews of interesting Voyages and Works relating to Hydrography.

Principles of Astronomy, by William Brett, M.A. Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge.

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E. P. must excuse us.

Thanks to Alpha, but we have not room.

Chantilly—Mr. Macfarlane's Seven Apocalyptic Churches—next week.

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## REVIEWS

*Chantilly*. 3 vols. London, 1832. Bull.

THIS is said to be the production of a lady, and a very young one; and if so, it is a work of better promise than we have fallen in with for some time. It exhibits, it is true, an occasional want of tact, in dove-tailing the incidents—a greater facility (especially in the first narrative,) in calling spirits from the vasty deep, than in employing them when they come—a constraint, sometimes amounting to awkwardness, in the management of that most difficult portion of a story, the dialogue—and in short, a participation, greater or less, in almost all the sins of inexperience.

But, on the other hand, there is freshness, and vigour, and originality—a distrust of the wise saws and modern instances of the gossip of literature, and a confidence arising from the consciousness of power. The writer appears to us to be a person of unquestionable genius; and the appearance of '*Chantilly*' will excite the curiosity of all who watch with interest the progress of this delightful branch of author-craft.

Let not the debutante, however, deceive herself: we are of a sect more inclined to lecture than compliment;—we are no regarders of sex in authorship;—we turn away calmly—it may be contemptuously—from the glistening eyes and glowing cheek, with which a young woman hears or reads her praises. The snows of age are on our temples, and their coldness in our veins; and Miss Georgina Alicia L— is nothing more to us than Mr. Frederick Augustus Maximilian Stubbs.

The name *Chantilly* has nothing to do with the contents of the book; but, as we ascribe the honour of its invention to Mr. Bull—to whose ear it doubtless sounded pretty, and novel-like, and young-lady-ish,—we suppose it must pass. The first tale in the series, and in pretension—but perhaps the last in merit,—is called '*D'Espignac*,' and relates to the time of the coalition between Henry of Navarre and Henry of Valois—that is to say, (for our author gives no dates,) to the year 1589. The character of the latter prince is either not well understood, or not well explained. He is here represented as a mere fop and milk-sop—haunted, occasionally, by the idea of a necessary murder, to which he had been accessory. Henry III. was, in reality, one of the most detestable villains of his time—cruel and treacherous, yet devout—sunk in low debauchery, and lost alike to shame and honour. As for Henri Quatre, he is one of those "spirits" to whom we have alluded, summoned, apparently, for no other purpose than to form a *figure* in the piece—in which he certainly cuts no figure.

But although we think there is room for

improvement in the historical parts of this historical romance, the romantic are managed so ably and interestingly, that we are ready to forgive all the rest. The hero D'Espignac has a good deal of the gloomy dignity of Ravenswood; and, altogether, the tale reminds us touchingly of one of the most admirable fictions in the language, '*The Bride of Lammermuir*.'

The second tale, called '*The Page*,' belongs to a more remote era, in which history is a dark shadow, where the phantasms of the imagination may reign undisturbed by facts, or other "stubborn things." We are carried back to the time of Charlemagne, and hear anew

—the blast of that dread horn  
On Fontarabi n' echors borne,  
Which to King Charles did tell,  
That Roland brave and Oliver,  
With every paladin and peer,  
On Roncesvalles fell.

Clodomir the Brave, and his cousin Robert the Red, are returning home, after a long absence, from the unsuccessful wars of the great Charles. As they approach the castle of the former, a black banner is observed streaming from the tower, surmounted by a bleeding heart, the cognizance of Robert, who is supposed by the family to be dead; and our travellers enter the gates, somewhat startled by the omen. Among their retinue, is a Saracen page, who appears to have drawn upon himself, the deadly hatred of Robert,—a fierce, reckless, and desperate adventurer, to whom his cousin Clodomir is blindly attached by the chains of habit, consanguinity, and early association. The page returns the scowl of the knight, with a sturdy and observant glance, under which the eyes of the latter seem to quail.

The habitual gloom of Robert deepens, after his return, into sullenness; and Blanche, the wife of Clodomir, as she gazes on his ominous brow, feels reviving within her certain dark suspicions, which are carefully fostered by the page. Blanche at length is terrified, even for the life of her lord; and when he goes forth to hunt in the forest, passes the interval, till his return, in an agony of apprehension.

One day, she sees him as usual, sally out with his retinue to the chase—but Robert is not of the party. While speculating on this circumstance with the page, as they stand at the window, the gloomy knight is observed riding out of the court alone, and unarmed, except with his dagger—recognized by the young Saracen, as one of great value, by the flashing in the sun of an immense ruby, with which the hilt is ornamented. Neither Robert nor his cousin return at the usual time, and Blanche is almost distracted with alarm; but at length, the former knight is seen re-entering the gate, his steed covered with foam, and himself in strange agitation. At this sight, the caution of the lady deserts

her, and she taxes him with the murder of her lord. The charge is heard with indignation; Robert assures her that his cousin is near at hand; and the lady, with her young son, whom she dares not trust out of her sight, and accompanied by the page, rides forth to meet her husband.

She meets him not; she is attacked by the banditti of the forest, and robbed of her child. The page gallantly rides in pursuit, and, favoured by the inequalities of the ground, comes up with the ruffian, who is in possession of the prize—engages him—rescues the boy—and, by a feat of dexterity, gets possession of his enemy's dagger. This weapon turns out to be the dagger, that, in the morning, had attracted his observation, as it glittered in the hand of Robert!

Mighty was the rage of Clodomir, when, on his return, he heard of the outrage that had been attempted. He himself had been detained by a scuffle with the banditti; and his indignation had been increased tenfold, by the resemblance which one of them had dared to exhibit, as he fled, to his cousin Robert! No remarks upon this circumstance could awaken suspicion in his generous breast; but when he heard the story of the dagger, he determined, for the sake of his cousin's honour, that the affair should be publicly investigated.

Robert meets the charge with calmness, and rolls back suspicion upon the head of the page by a counter-charge of theft;—for the ruby of the dagger is wanting. This is the more probable charge of the two—the Saracen youth having long pined in expectation of his ransom; and he is finally committed to a dungeon till he should produce the jewel. The place of his imprisonment is near Robert's apartment, and the Lady Blanche trembles for the safety of the deliverer of her child. As the night advances she becomes more nervous; and at length prevails upon Clodomir to accompany her to the spot and set the youth free.

"They had almost gained the chamber where slumbered the Red Knight, when Clodomir suddenly paused and listened intently, for he fancied that he had heard other footsteps than those of the fairy being by his side, and, but that he would not give way to what he deemed womanish fears, a noise like the closing of a door had grated harshly upon his ears. Now again all was silent, and after waiting for a few moments, he proceeded. \* \* \*

"As they stopped at the prison door, the Lady Blanche, whose impatience had been gradually increasing, unable longer to control it, eagerly sprang up to look through the small grating through which prisoners had received their food in former times, and with more ruthless gaolers than Clodomir. Her heart beat almost audibly as she strained her aching sight to discern the figure of the Moor in the apartment. But she saw him not. Although the moonbeams shone brightly through the high

loop-hole, the low pallet prepared for his repose was beyond its influence, and the eye in vain sought a distinct outline amid the broad mass of shadow thrown by a projection of the wall over the corner in which it was placed. . . . What would she not have given but to hear him breathe?—but no! in vain did she check her own respiration to listen,—the deepest silence reigned around, and only served to heighten her dread and apprehension." iii. 91—4.

They at length enter the prison, and the page is discovered asleep, and smiling in his sleep. He awakens; and Clodomir proposes that Blanche shall remain for an instant in the prison, while he himself passes stealthily the chamber of Robert and sets the youth free.

"Thus saying, he gently closed the door, and the Lady Blanche heard the key turn in the lock with a feeling of security, which was increased when, casting her eyes round the apartment, she discovered that every crevice and corner was rendered distinctly visible by the brightness of the moonbeams through the loop-hole. For a while she paced to and fro, and at length, exhausted by long-continued watching, after looking around for a seat, she sank on the couch from which the Moor had so lately arisen.

"Here she buried her face amid the ample folds of the dark mantle in which she was enveloped, and while thus lying in comparative ease and security, she soon began to smile at the silly fears which had so wellnigh overcome her courage. Clodomir had spoken truth, the owl was heard no more, and thus Clotilde's ballad, with all its evil omens, was fast fading from her mind. The apartment was small and low—one glance could take in its whole extent; nor was there the smallest recess to which the most superstitious fancy could affix any idea of mystery or importance: each object stood in bold and distinct outline, and removed all those fearful impressions which absolute darkness might otherwise have produced. The door was made fast; La Morlaye had possession of the key, and could she be more safe than under his charge? She was now at the summit of her wishes: the Moor was free; no stain could attach to the name of La Morlaye; it would still descend a fair and spotless heritage to Claron; and above all, what most contributed to her returning peace of mind, was the reflection that ere long Robert the Red would seek another home, and his absence restore to her bosom that serenity to which she would ever be a stranger while he remained an inmate of the castle.

"While musing thus, the loneliness of her situation was soon forgotten, and all remembrance of danger banished from her mind, until at last, screened from the chill night air by the heavy-furred mantle, and lulled by the gentle rippling of the distant waters below, her ideas began to crowd hurriedly and confusedly through her brain, while each impression became less and less vivid. Events which had so recently taken place seemed to fade from her memory, and she finally sank into a sound slumber, rendered doubly deep by the fatigue which she had previously undergone." iii. 101-2.

She has a frightful dream, and—

"Suddenly awoke, with a painful sense of suffocation, as of some heavy weight upon her bosom.

"She made an effort to rise, but in vain; it seemed as though she were held down to the pallet by force: she at first imagined herself to be still under the influence of the dream, and it was not till after repeated endeavours to rise that she became conscious of the presence of another person in the chamber. She now too perceived with horror that the cloak must be purposely held down, or how should she be thus restrained from moving? Her heart beat, as

though it would have burst from her bosom—she essayed to scream—in an instant the weight which had hung upon her chest, flew to her mouth, and proved to be the firm and heavy pressure of an enormous hand.

"She lay paralysed with terror, while a hundred ideas floated through her mind: it was some idle jest of the Baron's to alarm her—it was the Moor—it was the Jew;—ah, no, her husband's hand would never press thus rudely, nor the Moor, nor the Jew, would dare to be thus familiar! If neither of these, oh God! who was it then? and why spoke they not? She did not long remain in doubt of the dreadful truth; and no language can describe the sensation of horror which ran through her frame." iii. 105-6.

The assassin is Robert: he mistakes his prey in the dark for the hated page, and, before finishing the murder with his dagger, gratifies his revenge by whispering his plans in the victim's ear. The banditti, of whom he is the chief, are to be admitted forthwith, he says, into the castle—Clodomir and his child are to be destroyed—and Blanche forced into a horrid union with the destroyer.

"Such is my revenge!" said he. "And now thy hour is come! hie thee down to darkness and perdition, thou accursed one! and shouldst thou there meet Otho the Saxon, it were needless telling him who sent thee there, full well must he remember the death-blow of Robert's dagger! and may his ghost and thine for ever haunt me, if it strike not home!"

"The hapless Lady breathed a silent prayer to Heaven as Robert raised his hand. For a moment he poised the dagger at arm's length, as if to take sure and certain aim. Already was it descending straight to the throbbing heart of the unresisting victim, when suddenly a deadly shriek, shrill and piercing, as of one in all the agonies of torture, rang through the dark corridor. Long ere its echo had died away the door was burst open, and scarcely were the murderers conscious of intrusion, when the dagger was wrenched from Red Robert's hand, and flashed, as it flew with the quickness of lightning to the further end of the chamber."

Robert escapes by a secret door, pursued by the page—he mounts his horse—he dashes through the postern—but is overtaken by a poisoned arrow. A brief period of suspense ensues; but soon the horse of the red knight returns masterless—

And his bridle is red with the sign of despair!

Such is a brief outline of the leading incidents of this well-conceived tale; and, together with the extracts, it will impress our readers, we have no doubt, with a high respect for the power and talent of the authoress.

We have left ourselves little room to talk of 'Ash-Wednesday,' the third and concluding tale. It is a historical picture, of which Cardinal Richelieu is the prominent figure. The story is happily conceived, the grouping good, and the characters well marked, and strongly contrasted.

We must now take leave of our fair debutante; but, in spite of all the pretty things we have said (in the midst of our rudeness), we almost fear we shall not be so well satisfied at our next meeting. Like other promising writers whom we know, she will probably be satisfied with the progress she has already made, and henceforward try rather to write much than to write better. This would be a pity. 'Chantilly' will be popular, but not permanent. But let her only believe herself to be still a scholar in the art—and a high and difficult art it is;—let her study and

compare the best models; let her look earnestly into society, and into her own heart; and, at length, after musing, and thinking, and reading, and seeing, and weighing, let her sit down again to another romance, and we promise, on our critical credit, that Miss Georgina Alicia L— will have no cause to be dissatisfied with the verdict of all true admirers of taste and genius.

*Briefe eines Verstorbenen, &c.—Tour in Germany, Holland, and England, in the years 1826, 1827, and 1828. By a German Prince. Vols. III. & IV. Stuttgart.*

[Second Notice.]

We shall resume our translations from these volumes without preface.

*Mrs. Fitzherbert.*—"A very worthy and amiable woman, formerly, they say, married to the King, but at present wholly without influence in that quarter, but no less beloved and respected, *d'un excellent ton et sans pretension.*"

*Her Majesty.*—"The Duchess of Clarence honoured the feast with her presence; and all pressed forward to see her, for she is one of those rare Princesses whose personal qualities obtain for them much more respect than their rank, and whose unceasing benevolence and highly amiable character, have obtained for her a popularity in England, of which we Germans may well be proud—the more so, since in all probability she is destined to be one day the Queen of that country."

*The King.*—"I had the honour of dining with the Duke of Clarence, where I also met the Princess Augusta, the Duchess of Kent and her daughter, and the Duchess of Gloucester. The Duke makes a most friendly host, and is kind enough to retain a recollection of the different times and places where he has before seen me. He has much of the English national character, in the best sense of the word, and also the English love of domestic arrangement. The daughters of the Duke are *d'un beau sang*, all extraordinarily handsome, though in different styles of beauty. Among the sons, Colonel Fitzclarence is, in many respects, the most distinguished. Rarely, indeed, do we meet with a young officer of such various accomplishments."

*The Duchess of St. A.*—"According to the earliest recollections of her Grace, she found herself a forsaken, starving, frozen child, in an outshut of an English village. She was taken thence by a gipsy-crew, whom she afterwards left for a company of strolling players. In this profession, she obtained some reputation by a pleasing exterior, a constant flow of spirits, and a certain originality—till by degrees she gained several friends, who magnanimously provided for her wants. She long lived in undisturbed connexion with the rich banker C—, who, at length married her, and, at his death, left her a fortune of £70,000 a year. By this colossal inheritance, she afterwards became the wife of the Duke of St. A—, the third English Duke in point of rank, and, what is a somewhat singular coincidence, the descendant of the well-known actress Nell Gwynn, to whose charms the Duke is indebted for his title, in much the same way (though a hundred years earlier) as his wife is now for hers.

"She is a very good sort of woman, who has no hesitation in speaking of the past—on the contrary, is rather too frequent in her reminiscences. Thus she entertained us the whole evening, with various representations of her former dramatic characters. The drollest part of the affair was, that she had taught her husband, a very young man, thirty years under her own age—to play the lover's part, which he did badly enough. Malicious tongues were naturally very busy, and the more so, as many of the recited



passages gave room for the most piquant applications."

*Don Miguel.*—"The young Prince is not ill-looking, somewhat like Napoleon, but rather embarrassed in his demeanor. His complexion resembles the olive of his country, and the expression of his countenance seems more melancholy than otherwise. . . .

"The Prince appears to be a general favourite; yet you cannot but believe, that more than one *arrière pensée* is concealed behind his excessive affability. The Portuguese etiquette is so strict that our friend, the Marquis Palmella, is obliged to drop down on his knees every morning, when first he appears before the Prince.

"The popular feeling here, with regard to Miguel, is changed from horror to love; and he is everywhere received with enthusiasm. He had been represented as a tyrannical ultra, and now the terrible monster turns out to be a polite and handsome young man. To-day at the theatre he was rapturously welcomed. He immediately rose with his Portuguese and English suite, and most courteously acknowledged the compliment. Shortly after the curtain drew up, and a fresh round of applause from the people, testified their admiration of the beautiful scenery. Miguel rose a second time and bowed his thanks most gracefully; though astonished at this, the audience good-naturedly overlooked the mistake and renewed their *vivas*. The favourite clown now made his appearance on the stage, in the figure of a huge ourang-outang, with the agility of Mazurier. Louder than ever was the applause for this actor; when Miguel again rose and repeated his acknowledgments. This was too much. His bows were only returned by shouts of laughter—till one of his English attendants seized the Infant by the arm without ceremony, and pulled him to his seat. No doubt, the Don and the clown long remained identified in the mind of the audience."

*Sir Walter Scott.*—"I was yesterday again invited to the Duchess of St. A.—'s, where a pleasing surprise awaited me. I came late, and was placed between the hostess and an elderly man, tall, and of simple exterior, but of a most amiable and kindly aspect, who spoke in broad Scotch, (no very pleasant dialect,) and yet would probably not have struck me as a remarkable person, had I not found after a few minutes, that I was sitting next to the famous Unknown. Many a dry sharp witticism fell from his lips, as also sundry anecdotes, most unpretendingly told, which, without appearing brilliant, never failed to strike. Whenever he became animated, his eyes glanced so brightly and kindly, and with an expression of such true-hearted goodness and nature, that you could not but be won by him.

"He afterwards recited an original ancient inscription, which he had shortly before found at Melrose Abbey. It ran as follows:—

The earth goes on the earth, glittering in gold;  
The earth goes to the earth sooner than it would;  
The earth builds on the earth castles and towers;  
The earth says to the earth—"All this is ours!"

"A little concert concluded the evening, in which, the very handsome daughter of the great bard, a healthful Highland beauty, took part, and Miss Stephens sang Scotch ballads only. It was late before I reached London, having enriched my journey with a most striking sketch of Sir Walter, for which I am indebted to the kindness of my hostess. As all the engravings I have seen, by no means resemble the original, I shall send a careful copy with this letter."

The "careful copy" is published in the German volumes, and we shrewdly suspect, that, by mistake, the sketch so published is a representation of the Prince himself. To Sir Walter Scott it certainly bears no resemblance whatever; and the only face to

which we can compare it, is that of Liston, when unexcited or displeased with his part.

Can it be to Luttrell, that the following refers?—

R. Park.

"I am here with a numerous society, in the house of a very fashionable lady. The mansion is as splendid and tasteful as possible, but too beautiful and grandiose to be pleasing—at least to me. Add to this, the presence of one L—, a patentee of puns, whose every word the *debonnaire* assemblage believe themselves bound to admire, though they only pretend a liking for him, out of fear of his malicious tongue. I have a mortal hate for the whole tribe of such wits, especially when, like this person, they combine a repulsive exterior with a gall and sarcasm unredeemed by grace of any kind. In human society, they appear as poisonous insects, whom people, out of a pitiful weakness, help to nourish with the blood of others, to save their own."

*The Earl of W—l—d.*—"The caricaturists of the ex-ministers are especially hard on the Earl of W—, a singular old man, possessed by a monstrous aristocratic pride, and, having the outward appearance of a mummy, who, notwithstanding his eighty years, may be daily seen riding through St. James's Park, with the swiftness of a bird. This is the moment chosen by the caricaturist, with the malicious inscription,

'The Flying Privy.'

He held the *Privy Seal* under the late Premier, and this, and the other insignia, are seen flying about him on the heads of the people, who turn away with all the marks of extreme disgust, as may be guessed from the second signification of the word."

*A Lord Mayor's Dinner.*—"This feast lasted full six hours, and was attended by 600 persons. The Lord Mayor delivered himself of no less than six and twenty speeches—an art, in which one of the foreign diplomatists ventured to try his skill, with very indifferent success, for had not his audience been so indulgent, as to exclaim *hear, hear*, whenever he had nothing to say, thus giving him time to recover his scattered wits, he must have fairly broken down.

"At each health proposed by the Lord Mayor, a master of ceremonies behind his chair, exclaimed, '*My lords and gentlemen, fill your glasses!*' The Lady Mayoress and her friends were present in horrible dresses—perhaps those best suited to the wearers. On the following morning, I read the above-mentioned speech of my diplomatic friend, in the papers—just as it should have been, but by no means such as it was."

*Bishops' Aprons.*—"I dined to-day with Lord Darnley, where, among others, I met Lord Bloomfield, once a favourite with the King, *du temps de ses fredaines*, and the Archbishop of York, a majestic old man, who began life as a tutor, and by the protection of his pupils reached his exalted dignity. Nothing can be more detestable, and at the same time more ridiculous, than the demi-costume of the English Archbishops. It consists of a short schoolmaster's wig badly powdered, a black coat, and a small black silk lady's apron in front, over the inexpressibles. Lord D. laughed heartily, when I asked him *si ce tablier faisait allusion au vœu de chasteté*. At the moment, I forgot that the English Archbishops, in all other respects so genuinely Catholic, have reserved to themselves the right of marriage. Yet their wives are, it is true, treated much like mistresses, for they dare not take the name of their husbands."

Who can this be?

"There is a dinner at Lady P—'s, the greatest female gourmand in London."

*Fortune-telling.*—"I dined to-day with Lady F. Her husband was formerly Governor in the

Isle of France, and she had there purchased from a negress, the pretended prophesying book of the Empress Josephine, who is said to have read therein her future greatness and fall, before she sailed for France. Lady F. produced it at tea, and invited the company to question fate, according to the prescribed forms. Now, listen to the answers, which are really remarkable enough. Mrs. Rothschild was the first—and she asked if her wishes would be fulfilled. Answer: 'Weary not fate with wishes—one who has obtained so much, may well be satisfied.' Next came Mr. Spring Rice, a celebrated parliamentary speaker, and one of the most zealous champions of the Catholic Question. He asked, whether on the following day when the question was to be brought forward in the upper house, it would pass. I should here remark, that it is well known here that it will not pass—but that in all probability in the next session it will. The laconic answer of the book ran thus:—'You will have no success *this time*.' They then made a young American lady ask if she should soon be married. 'Not in this part of the world,' was the answer."

*English Women.*—"A drawing-room and court presentation are always here as ridiculous as the levee of a burgomaster; and all the pride and wealth of the aristocracy are lost sight of in the awkward embarrassment of these fair ones, not adorned, but burdened with diamonds and ornaments. In dishabille, and when they are moving in their domestic circle, young English women very often appear to great advantage, but in large societies hardly ever—for an unconquerable timidity so thoroughly paralyzes even their intellects, that a rational conversation with them is out of the question. Of all the European women, I take them to be the most pleasing and comfortable wives, as also the most unfit for display and society—a judgment in which the praise is greater than the blame."

*A Curious Fact.*—"A gentleman in ball-dress wears pumps—a word signifying shoes as light as paper, which are every day fresh polished." !!!

We had marked the long history about Mad. Buonaparte Wyse—the Horticultural Garden, and the Serpentine River—but have not space for it this week.

*Note.*—Since writing the above, we have received a copy of the third volume of the translation, about to be published by Mr. Effingham Wilson. The fourth is promised in a few days, and, therefore, the public may calculate on the publication forthwith.

*Selections from Southey: Prose.* London, 1832. Edward Moxon.

*Essays Moral and Political.* By Robert Southey, Esq., LL.D.; now first collected. 2 vols. London, 1832. Murray.

To print a pretty book from the prose works of Southey, could be no difficult task, for we know of no modern author in whom fine passages are more abundant. When we noticed the Selections from his poetry, we took occasion to speak of his genius generally as a writer; we shall not now repeat our praise but may be allowed to justify it by one short extract—the character of Whitefield: the portrait is complete, and so true to nature that a sculptor might mould from it, both externally and mentally.

"He was something above the middle stature, well proportioned, though at that time slender, and remarkable for a native gracefulness of manner. His complexion was very fair, his features regular, his eyes small and lively, of a dark blue colour; in recovering from the measles he had contracted a squint with one of them; but this peculiarity rather rendered the expression of his countenance more memorable, than in

any degree lessened the effect of its uncommon sweetness. His voice excelled both in melody and compass, and its fine modulations were happily accompanied by that grace of action which he possessed in an eminent degree, and which has been said to be the chief requisite of an orator. An ignorant man described his eloquence oddly but strikingly, when he said, that Mr. Whitefield preached like a lion. So strange a comparison conveyed no unapt notion of the force and vehemence and passion of that oratory which awed the hearers, and made them tremble like Felix before the apostle. For believing himself to be the messenger of God, commissioned to call sinners to repentance, he spoke as one conscious of his high credentials, with authority and power; yet in all his discourses there was a fervent and melting charity, an earnestness of persuasion, an outpouring of redundant love, partaking the virtue of that faith from which it flowed, inasmuch as it seemed to enter the heart which it pierced, and to heal it as with balm. \* \* \*

The theatrical talent which he displayed in boyhood manifested itself strongly in his oratory. When he was about to preach, whether it was from a pulpit, or a table in the streets, or a rising ground, he appeared with a solemnity of manner, and an anxious expression of countenance, that seemed to show how deeply he was impressed with a sense of the importance of what he was about to say. His elocution was perfect. They who heard him most frequently could not remember that he ever stumbled at a word, or hesitated for want of one. He never faltered, unless the feeling to which he had wrought himself overcame him, and then his speech was interrupted by a flow of tears. Sometimes he would appear to lose all self-command, and weep exceedingly, and stamp loudly and passionately; and sometimes the emotion of his mind exhausted him, and the beholders felt a momentary apprehension even for his life. And, indeed, it is said, that the effect of this vehemence upon his bodily frame was tremendous; that he usually vomited after he had preached, and sometimes discharged in this manner, a considerable quantity of blood. But this was when the effort was over, and nature was left at leisure to relieve herself. While he was on duty, he controlled all sense of infirmity or pain, and made his advantage of the passion to which he had given way, 'You blame me for weeping,' he would say, 'but how can I help it, when you will not weep for yourselves, though your immortal souls are upon the verge of destruction, and, for aught I know, you are hearing your last sermon, and may never more have an opportunity to have Christ offered to you!' " p. 233—236.

From neither the Life of Nelson, the History of Brazil, the Book of the Church, nor the Colloquies, have we an opportunity of inserting extracts, and we regret it the less, as those works are very popular. A friend of ours, lately from Brazil, told us that Southey's History was held up to him by a venerable Spaniard, who said, "Look, Sir! that is our boast—and it should be yours also, for it is the work of an Englishman."

Since writing the above, we have received the Essays Moral and Political. We take no part in politics, and it is our pride and boast, that no political feeling influences us in the holier task of estimating men's genius—but we have strong feelings on the subject, and are, therefore, willing to leave these volumes to share in that admiration we have so often expressed, equally for the prose and poetry of the writer.

## FAMILY LIBRARY, No. XXVII.

*The Lives of the most eminent British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects.* By Allan Cunningham. Vol. V. London, 1832. Murray.

A fifth volume of the Lives of the Painters requires little in the way of criticism. If public judgment had not spoken very intelligibly, Jamesone and the other worthies here noticed, must have remained unhonoured—the truth we know to be, that this work has been eminently, and we may conscientiously add, most deservedly successful. Mr. Cunningham is one who spares neither time nor labour; he gleans far and near—from biography, history, and tradition; and he weaves his collected facts and anecdotes together into a narrative of great simplicity and beauty—in some instances, as in the life of Blake, of almost unrivalled beauty. The present volume contains Memoirs of Jamesone, whom Walpole called the Vandyke of Scotland—Ramsay—Romney—Runciman—Copley, the father of Lord Lyndhurst—Mortimer—Raeburn—Hopner—Owen—Harlow, and Bonington—all good men and true!

So little is known of the life of Jamesone, that the Memoir, though very interesting and full of curious information, is rather historical than biographical; and we shall content ourselves with one extract:—

"Jamesone, when he returned from foreign study, found painting a not unhonoured profession among the northern presbyterians, and was employed to execute many portraits of distinguished covenanters as well as cavaliers.

"It has been said, sarcastically, that in this, nationality overcame the aversion to a profane art, and that the natural love of all men for what is strange and first seen was too strong for the discipline of the kirk; but foreign artists had formerly been employed to do what a native was able to perform now; and those who have acquainted themselves with the antiquities of the North need not be told that works of art, rivalling at least those with which catholic architecture had adorned itself in England, were largely diffused over Scotland, both main land and isle. The church of Rome, the mother of much that is useful and elegant, had from early ages captivated the people by her carved processions of saints and her painted miracles and legends. The kings, too, had not only patronized works of genius, but some of them excelled personally in poetry, music, and architecture; tapestry, representing passages from Scripture or from the poets, abounded; sculptured tombs in freestone or in marble were to be found in every church; and even the wildest of the Western Isles show, in the present day, such relics of old magnificence as excite the admiration of travellers. That the sculptures of the most splendid abbeys, and the paintings in the castles of the nobles, were altogether unworthy of being classed among finished works of art no one questions: yet, at the same time, the conception often showed true poetic feeling; and we cannot deny that, in selecting the subjects from Scripture, Scottish history, and poetry, the men of that day showed a taste which might be a lesson in the present. Some have seen—and I think there is truth in the remark—more of those formal shapes and attitudes, than of the fine freedom and natural ease of Rubens, in the works of Jamesone. It is seldom that a style acquired by much study and hard labour, as his must have been in the absence of all instruction, can be relinquished even when a better offers itself: the old man with his deeds is too hard for regeneration; and

neither hand nor mind willingly undertakes a new task. He learned the light and shade of colours in the company of Vandyke; but it is more than probable that he grounded his style upon the older and ruder models of his own country." p. 3—5.

Ramsay has quite as much merit given to him as we think either his fame or works can well carry; Runciman is not sufficiently known to awaken much interest; and of Romney we ourselves discoursed largely not long since, although some anecdotes here mentioned we do not remember to have read before. A scene at Earham is admirably dramatic.

"To recruit his exhausted powers, Romney now retired annually for a summer month or so to the residence of Hayley at Earham. Here he supped full with flattery, served up in prose as well as verse. Lifting the curtain of this little stage, we find ourselves in the midst of a select coterie of poets, poetesses, painters, and wits,—Hayley himself, Miss Seward, Charlotte Smith, Eliza Heron, Romney, and Cowper, besides others with or without name, not less willing to admire the liberality of their entertainer, and all on marvellous good terms with themselves and with each other. \* \* \*

"This coterie, among but not of whom was sometimes Cowper, lived in—I might say upon—the mutual interchange of the most ludicrous flattery. When they gathered together at the breakfast table, the ordinary greetings were Sappho, and Pindar, and Raphael; they asked for bread and butter in quotations, and 'still their speech was song.' They then separated for some hours: poetasters, male and female, retired, big with undelivered verse; and Romney proceeded to sketch from the lines of Hayley, or make designs as he had suggested. When the hour appointed for taking the air came, the painter went softly to the door of the poetess—opened it gently, and if he found her

With looks all staring from Parnassian dreams, he shut it and retreated: if, on the contrary, she was unemployed, he said, 'Come, Muse;' and she answered, 'Coming, Raphael;' and so the time flew by. Romney, on hearing Miss Seward speak affectionately of her father, painted her portrait, and desired it might be given to the parent she loved so much. The poetess was eager, in concert with Hayley, to make some return; and truly the painter must have been a simple man if he failed to be astonished with the result of their joint efforts. Of the eighty and eight lines called 'Coming to Earham,' and 'Leaving Earham,' there are only two which have reference to the subject, and full fifty-six which refer to no subject at all. They are big with Eolus, Orion, Muse, Boreas, Auster, Zephyr, Eurus,—(I take them down as they come)—Famine, and Ceres. It happened to rain when the poetess of Lichfield arrived, and hence all these demons of tempest and storm." p. 105—7.

The life of Copley is more interesting, not only in its connexion with the illustrious son, but because little was heretofore really known of the Painter himself. There appears to be little doubt that he was born in America; it is certain that he was there educated, and it is noteworthy, says Mr. Cunningham, "that, almost at the same hour, America produced, amid her deserts and her trading villages, two distinguished painters, West and Copley, who, unknown to each other, were schooling themselves in the rudiments of art, attempting portraits of their friends one day, and historical composition the other; studying nature from the naked Apollos of the wilderness, as some one called

the native warriors; and making experiments on all manner of colours, primitive and compound; in short, groping, through inspiration, the right way to eminence and fame." p. 163.

A curious anecdote is mentioned of the artist's first fame in England:—

"A painting of a 'Boy and a tame Squirrel,' which came without any letter or artist's name, to one of the Exhibitions of the Royal Academy; and when its natural action and the deep vivid colouring made the Academicians anxious to give it a good place, they were at a loss what to say about it in the catalogue, but, from the frame on which it was stretched being American pine, they called the work American. The surmise was just; it was a portrait by Copley of his half-brother, Harry Pelham, and of such excellence as naturally raised high expectations." p. 164.

There are several other interesting anecdotes, and one we must extract, as highly illustrative of the capricious ignorance to which a portrait-painter is often subjected:—

"A certain man came to Copley, and had himself, his wife, and seven children, all included in a family piece:—'It wants but one thing,' said he, 'and that is the portrait of my first wife—for this one is my second.'—'But,' said the artist, 'she is dead, you know, sir: what can I do? she is only to be admitted as an angel.'—'Oh, no! not at all,' answered the other; 'she must come in as a woman—no angels for me.' The portrait was added, but some time elapsed before the person came back: when he returned he had a stranger lady on his arm. 'I must have another cast of your hand, Copley,' he said: 'an accident befell my second wife; this lady is my third, and she is come to have her likeness included in the family picture.' The painter complied—the likeness was introduced—and the husband looked with a glance of satisfaction on his three spouses: not so the lady; she remonstrated; never was such a thing heard of—out her predecessors must go. The artist painted them out accordingly; and had to bring an action at law to obtain payment for the portraits which he had obliterated." p. 179.

In proof of the more liberal dealing between the nobility and our historical painters, we quote the following letter from Earl Ferrers, relating to the famous picture of the Arrest of the Five Members.

"Lord Ferrers' compliments to Mr. Copley; he cannot form any judgment of the picture; but, as money is scarce, and any one may make eight per cent. of their money in the funds, and particularly in navy bills, and there is so much gaming, he hopes he'll excuse his valuing his picture in conformity to the times, and not think he depreciates in the least from Mr. Copley's just merit; but if he reckons fifty-seven figures, there are not above one third that are capital, but are only heads or a little more; and therefore he thinks, according to the present times, if he gets nine hundred pounds for the picture, with the frame, after the three other figures are put in, and it is completely finished, and he has the power of taking a copy, it is pretty near the value: that is what very few people can afford to give for a picture. However, if Mr. Copley would undertake to do a family piece for him with about six figures, about the size of the picture he has of Mr. Wright's, with frame and all, he would agree to give him a thousand guineas for the two pictures." p. 181-2.

With the summary of the character of Copley we conclude for the present, leaving a rich harvest of anecdote for another occasion:—

"Those who desire to know the modes of

study, the peculiar habits, the feelings and opinions, likings and dislikings, of Copley, cannot, I fear, be gratified. No one lives now who could tell us of his early days, when the boy, on the wild shores of America, achieved works of surpassing beauty; he is but remembered in his declining years, when the world had sobered down his mood, and the ecstasy of the blood was departed. He has been represented to me by some as a peevish and peremptory man, while others describe him as mild and unassuming. Man has many moods, and they have all, I doubt not, spoken the truth of their impressions. I can depend more upon the authority which says, he was fond of books, a lover of history, and well acquainted with poetry, especially the divine works of Milton. These he preferred to exercise either on foot or on horseback, when labour at the easel was over—and this bookish turn has been talked of as injurious to his health; but no one has much right to complain of shortness of years, who lives to see out three-score and eighteen.

"He sometimes made experiments in colours: the methods of the Greeks, the elder Italians, and the schools of Florence and Venice, he was long in quest of; and he wrote out receipts for composing those lustrous hues in which Titian and Correggio excelled. For the worth of his discoveries read not his receipts, but look at his works; of all that he ever painted, nothing surpasses his 'Boy and Squirrel' for fine depth and beauty of colour; and this was done, I presume, before he had heard the name of Titian pronounced. His 'Samuel reproving Saul for sparing the People of Amalek,' is likewise a fine bit of colouring, with good feeling and good drawing too. I have only this to add to what has been already said of his works; he shares with West the reproach of want of natural warmth—and uniting much stateliness with little passion. As to his personal character, it seems to have been, in all essential respects, that of an honourable and accomplished gentleman." p. 184-5.

#### REMINISCENCES OF MIRABEAU, BY DUMONT, OF GENEVA.

*Souvenirs sur Mirabeau et sur les deux premières Assemblées Législatives.* Par Etienne Dumont (de Genève). Ouvrage posthume, publié par M. J. L. Duval, Membre du Conseil Représentatif de Genève. Paris, 1832. Charles Gosselin.

[Second Notice.]

We continue our translations from this entertaining volume, which contains more matter than four of the customary volumes of contemporary memoirs, set off, as they generally are, with all the factitious aids of modern book-making. M. Dumont's work is good standard gold; it contains little alloy and no dross.

The following sketch of Romilly must be highly interesting to every admirer of that great and good man.

"The two months we spent at Paris were so well filled, the company we saw so varied, the whole of our time so well employed, the objects we beheld so interesting, and the scene so constantly changing, that I lived more in this short period than during whole years of my subsequent life. I was chiefly indebted to my fellow-traveller for the flattering reception I met with. I was under his auspices, and as his society was much courted, I did not encounter neglect. I was proud of his merit, and when I saw that he was understood and appreciated, my heart warmed with the exultation of friendship, at the consideration he enjoyed without perceiving it. I cannot now conceive how, in so short a time, we managed to get through all we performed. Romilly, always so quiet and measured in his

motions, is yet a man of incessant activity. He does not lose even minutes. He devotes himself in earnest to whatever he is doing, and like the hand of a clock, he never stops, although his motions are so equal as to be scarcely perceptible."

"I fancy I see him now before me, overwhelmed with business, in the most laborious of professions. Although he finds leisure to read every important book that appears, he recurs often to his classics, receives much company, and yet never appears pressed for time. Economy of time is a virtue I never possessed, and my days often pass without leaving any trace. Romilly communicated his activity to me, and taught me an art which unfortunately I shall never be able to make available." p. 24-25.

Of the celebrated Abbé Sieyès, that fanciful constitution framer of the French revolution, Dumont says—

"I became acquainted with several deputies, and I often dined with the Bishop of Chartres, to whom I had been introduced by Brissot and Clavière. I used to meet, at the Bishop's, his grand vicar, the Abbé Sieyès, but did not form any intimacy with him. He was a very absent man, did not encourage familiarity, and was by no means of an open disposition. He gave his opinion, but without discussion; if any one raised an objection, he made no reply. His works had earned him a high reputation; he was considered the oracle of the Tiers-Etat, and the most formidable enemy of privileges. He was easily moved to anger, and seemed to entertain the most profound contempt for the present order of society. I thought this friend of liberty must of course like the English, and I sounded him on the subject; but with surprise I discovered that he deemed the English constitution a mere piece of quackery, got up to impose upon the lower classes. He seemed to listen to me, as if I were uttering absurdities, when I detailed the divers modifications of this system, and the disguised though real checks upon the three estates composing the legislature. All influence possessed by the crown was, in his eyes, venality, and opposition was a mere trick. The only thing in England that he admired was trial by jury, but he badly understood it, as does every Frenchman, and had formed very erroneous notions on the subject. In a word, he considered the English as tyros in framing constitutions, and that he could give a much better one than theirs to France." p. 62-63.

The following is an interesting anecdote of the Bishop of Chartres, who, at the breaking out of the revolution, had embraced the popular side of the question.

"During the first insurrections, he was depicted by the assembly to proceed to a village near Versailles, and endeavour to save the life of an unfortunate baker, called Thomassin, against whom the people were furious. The venerable bishop had exhausted, without effect, all means of reason and persuasion. He said the ferocious savages seized the unhappy wretch to tear him to pieces. He had not an instant to lose. Without hesitation, he threw himself on his knees in a deep mire, and called upon the assassins to kill him also, rather than make him witness so atrocious a crime. The frenzied multitude of men and women, struck with respect at this action, drew back an instant, and gave the bishop time to help the wounded and bleeding Thomassin into his carriage." 67-68.

Speaking of Lafayette, our author says—"Lafayette was in the meridian of his power. He was master of the chateau, and the national guard was entirely devoted to him. But he bore his honours meekly, his intentions were pure, and his personal character elicited general esteem. His house, under the direction of his virtuous wife, was distinguished by that decorum

of manners which the French nobility had too much neglected. \* \* I was invited to dine with him, to meet Mirabeau, M. de la Rochefoucauld, M. De Liancourt, and many others." 197.

We may add the following to the parallel between the French and English character, which we quoted in our last.

"I have been able to compare the English and French of the same rank in life, and I have attended assiduously the sittings of the English parliament and those of the national assembly. There is no point of opposition in the character of the two nations more striking, than the reserve, approaching timidity, of the Englishman, and the confidence in himself displayed by the Frenchman. I often used to think, that if a hundred persons indiscriminately were stopped in the streets of London, and the same number in the streets of Paris, and a proposal made to each individual to undertake the government of his country, ninety-nine would accept the offer at Paris, and ninety-nine refuse it in London." 161.

In this work, Dumont has given short and pithy sketches of some leading individuals of the day. He calls them *memoranda*. We insert those relating to Barrère, Volney, and Robespierre.

"I sometimes met Barrère de Vieusac at a *table d'hôte*, where several deputies used to dine. I considered him of a mild and amiable temper. He was very well-bred, and seemed to love the revolution from a sentiment of benevolence. I am persuaded that his association with Robespierre, and the court he paid to the different parties he successively joined and afterwards deserted, were less the effect of a bad disposition, than of a timid and versatile character, and a conceit which made him think it incumbent upon him to be a public man. His talents, as an orator, were by no means of the first order; there were fifty speakers in the assembly superior to him. He was afterwards surnamed the Anacreon of the guillotine; but when I knew him he was only the Anacreon of the revolution, upon which, in his '*Point du jour*,' he wrote some very amorous strains." p. 246-7.

"Volney, a tall, lathy, splenetic man, was in a course of reciprocal flattery with Mirabeau. He had exaggeration, and much dryness, but he was not one of the working members of the assembly. It was deemed necessary one day to order the galleries to be silent. 'What!' said Volney, 'are we to impose silence upon our masters?'" p. 250.

"I had twice occasion to converse with Robespierre. He had a sinister expression of countenance, never looked you in the face, and had a continual and unpleasant winking of the eyes. Having once asked me for some explanation relative to Geneva, I pressed him to speak upon the subject; but he told me that he was a prey to the most childish timidity, that he never approached the tribune without trembling, and that when he began to speak, his faculties were entirely absorbed by fear." p. 250-1.

Mirabeau was almost idolized by his servants; and of this we here insert a singular instance:—

"He had a *valet de chambre* whose name was Teutch. This man had been a smuggler, and had performed prodigies of valour without even suspecting that he had done anything extraordinary. 'How these freebooters debate courage,' once observed Mirabeau: 'the greatest intrepidity belongs to the basest of men!' Teutch's personal service lasted a long time, for Mirabeau was very *recherché* in his toilet, and, moreover, amused himself sometimes with kicking and thumping Teutch, who considered these rough caresses as marks of friendship. When, from occupation, or some other cause, several days had elapsed without any such tokens being given, poor Teutch was very sad, and his service ap-

peared to weigh heavily upon him. 'What is the matter, Teutch?' said his master one day; 'you look very melancholy.'—'Monsieur le Comte neglects me quite.'—'How! what do you mean?' said Mirabeau.—'Monsieur le Comte has not taken any notice of me for this week past.' Thus it was really a necessary act of humanity to give him now and then a good blow in the stomach; and if he were knocked down he laughed heartily, and was quite delighted. The despair of this man at Mirabeau's death is inconceivable." p. 305-6.

In his last illness Mirabeau evinced much firmness of mind, and his end was worthy of an ancient stoic:—

"The Bishop of Autun, who saw much of him during his last illness, which lasted only four or five days, told me, that as soon as the fits of dreadfully-acute pain were over, he would resume his serenity, his mildness, and amiable attentions to those around him; and he was the same to the last moment. He saw that he was an object of general interest, and did not for a moment cease speaking and acting as if he were a great and noble actor performing his part. *He dramatised his death*, was the happy expression of the Bishop of Autun. In the extreme agony of convulsions, and covered with a chilly perspiration, there were moments when it required more than the force of a philosopher to support life. 'I shall suffer,' he would mildly say, 'so long as you have the least hope of my cure; but if you have no longer any, have the humanity to put an end to my sufferings, of which you cannot form any idea.'" p. 308-9.

We have heard that Napoleon used to term the word *impossible*, the *adjective of fools*; but Mirabeau was beforehand with him in this idea, so characteristic of a great and daring mind;—

"'Monsieur le Comte,' said his secretary to him one day, 'the thing you require is impossible.'—'Impossible!' replied Mirabeau, starting from his chair; 'never again use that foolish word in my presence.'" p. 311-12.

The following account of Paine will be read with interest:—

"I remained at Paris but a few days after the king's return. In my journey to London, I had, as fellow-travellers, the celebrated Paine and Lord Daer, a young Scotchman, mad after liberty and republicanism—an honest and virtuous enthusiast, who conceived that, by transplanting the principles of the French revolution into his country, he should be rendering it the greatest service. I had met Paine five or six times before, and I could easily excuse, in an American, his prejudices against England. But his egregious conceit and presumptuous self-sufficiency quite disgusted me. He was drunk with vanity. If you believed him, it was he who had done everything in America. He was an absolute caricature of the vainest of Frenchmen. He fancied that his book upon the Rights of Man ought to replace every other book in the world; and he told us roundly, that if it were in his power to exterminate every library in existence, he would do so without hesitation, in order to eradicate the errors they contained, and begin, with the Rights of Man, a new chain of ideas and principles. He knew all his own writings by heart, but he knew nothing else. He repeated to us even love letters of his composition, written in the most fantastic style. They were, indeed, the effusions of his youth, and were worthy of Mascarillo. Yet Paine was a man of talent, full of imagination, gifted with popular eloquence, and wielded, not without skill, the weapon of irony. My curiosity concerning this celebrated writer was more than satisfied during this journey, and I did not see him again." p. 331-2.

We shall conclude with some interesting

details concerning that veteran diplomatist, Prince Talleyrand:—

"I had formed no intimacy with the Bishop of Autun at Paris, but we were acquainted, and he had not been long in London before he made me such advances as, from our relative situations, ought to come from him, if he were desirous of a closer acquaintance. He had particular letters of introduction to Lord Lansdowne; and his distinguished reputation, which opened to him the road to the highest political honours, caused his society to be courted by such as had not already imbibed strong prejudices against all who were connected with the French revolution.

"M. de Talleyrand is descended from a family of sovereign counts, one of the most ancient houses in France. He was the eldest of three brothers; but being lame from infancy, he had been thought unworthy of figuring in the world, and was destined for the church, although he possessed not one of the qualifications which, in the Roman communion, can render this profession even tolerable. I have often heard him say, that, despised by his parents as a being disgraced by nature and fit for nothing, he had, from his earliest youth, contracted a sombre and taciturn habit. Having been obliged to yield his rights of primogeniture to a younger brother, he had never slept under the same roof with his parents. At the seminary he had but few intimate associates; and from his habitual chagrin, which rendered him unsociable, he was considered very proud. Being condemned to the church, he did not imbibe sacerdotal sentiments and opinions any more than Cardinal Retz, and many others. He even exceeded the limits of indulgence granted to youth and noble birth; and his morals were anything but clerical. But he knew how to preserve appearances, and, whatever were his habits, no one knew better when to speak and when to be silent.

"I am not sure that he was not somewhat too ambitious to produce effect by an air of reserve and reflection. He was always at first very cold, spoke little, and listened with great attention. His features, a little bloated, seemed to indicate effeminacy; but his manly and grave voice formed a strong contrast to this expression. He was, in society, always distant and reserved, and never exposed himself to familiarity. The English, who entertain the most absurd prejudices against the French, were surprised at finding in him neither vivacity, familiarity, indiscretion, nor national gaiety. A sententious manner, frigid politeness, and an air of observation, formed an impenetrable shield around his diplomatic character.

"When among his intimate friends he was quite a different being. He was particularly fond of social conversation, which he usually prolonged to a very late hour. Familiar, affectionate, and attentive to the means of pleasing, he gave way to a species of intellectual epicurism, and became amusing that he might himself be amused. He was never in a hurry to speak, but selected his expressions with much care. The points of his wit were so acute, that to appreciate them fully required an ear accustomed to hear him speak. He is the author of the *bon mot*, quoted somewhere by Champfort, where Bullière said, 'I know not why I am called a wicked man, for I never committed, in the whole course of my life, but one act of wickedness.' The Bishop of Autun, who had not previously taken part in the conversation, immediately exclaimed, with his sonorous voice and significant tone, '*But when will this act be at an end?*' One evening at whist, whilst he was in London, a lady of sixty was mentioned, who had just married a footman. Several persons expressed their surprise at such a choice. '*When you are nine,*' said the Bishop of Autun, dryly, '*honours are not counted.*' This kind of

wit belonged peculiarly to him. He had it from Fontenelle, of whom he was a great admirer.

"Talleyrand's manner of story-telling was peculiarly graceful; and he was a model of good taste in conversation. Indolent, voluptuous, born to grandeur and wealth, he had, however, accustomed himself, during his exile, to a life of privation; and he liberally shared with his friends the only resources he had left, arising from the sale of the wreck of his superb library, which fetched a very low price, because, even in London, party spirit prevented a competition of purchasers.

"Talleyrand did not come to London for nothing. He had a long conference with Lord Grenville, of which I have read his written account. Its object was to point out the advantages which might result to England, from France having a constitutional king, and to form a close connexion between the two courts. For, although the British cabinet appeared determined, in the event of war, to preserve a strict neutrality, it was extremely reserved with regard to France, because it neither sympathized with the French government, nor believed in the stability of the French constitution. This coldness gave great uneasiness to the cabinet of the Tuileries, and Talleyrand's object was to bring them closer together, even if he could not unite them, and thus make sure that, at all events, France had nothing to fear from England. Lord Grenville was dry and laconic; nor did he lend himself in any way to the furtherance of Talleyrand's views, notwithstanding the advantages they held out to England. It is known that Lord Grenville afterwards represented the Bishop of Autun as a clever, but dangerous man. Talleyrand had known Mr. Pitt in France, when the latter, then a very young man, was on a visit to his uncle, the Archbishop of Rheims. They had spent several weeks together in friendly familiarity; but, in the only interview they had in England, Talleyrand thought it was Pitt's place to recall this circumstance, and therefore did not mention it. Pitt, who was decidedly opposed to the object of Talleyrand's mission, took care not to remember the uncle, that he might not be obliged to show some civility to the nephew.

"On Talleyrand's presentation at court, the king took but little notice of him, and the queen turned her back upon him with marked contempt, which she subsequently imputed to his immoral character. From that period he was excluded from the higher circles of society, as a dangerous man, and the agent of a faction, who could not be actually turned out of doors, but whom it was improper to receive well."

#### WAVERLEY NOVELS.—VOL. XXXIV.

*St. Roman's Well.* Edinburgh, Cadell: London, Whittaker.

THE vignette, by Wood, is but indifferent, but the illustrative plate, by Mulready, and engraved by R. Graves, is capital; it is genuine nature. There are but few notes to the volume, and those of little importance. A touch however of the fine discriminating humanity of Sir Walter peeps out when incidentally speaking of the poor laws; the passage reminds us of a very fine paper, by Charles Lamb, on Charity.

"The system of compulsory charity by poor's rates, of which the absolute necessity can hardly be questioned, has connected with it on both sides some of the most odious and malevolent feelings that can agitate humanity. The quality of true charity is not strained. Like that of mercy, of which, in a large sense, it may be accounted a sister virtue, it blesses him that gives and him that takes. It awakens kindly feelings both in the mind of the donor and in that of the relieved object. The giver and receiver are recommended to each other by mutual feelings of good-will, and the pleasurable

emotions connected with the consciousness of a good action fix the deed in recollection of the one, while a sense of gratitude renders it holy to the other. In the legal and compulsory assessment for the proclaimed parish pauper, there is nothing of all this. The alms are extorted from an unwilling hand, and a heart which desires the annihilation, rather than the relief, of the distressed object. The object of charity, sensible of the ill-will with which the pittance is bestowed, seizes on it as his right, not as a favour. The manner of conferring it being directly calculated to hurt and disgust his feelings, he revenges himself by becoming impudent and clamorous. A more odious picture, or more likely to deprave the feelings of those exposed to its influence, can hardly be imagined; and yet to such a point have we been brought by an artificial system of society, that we must either deny altogether the right of the poor to their just proportion of the fruits of the earth, or afford them some means of subsistence out of them by the institution of positive law."

*Whims and Oddities.* 1st & 2nd series. By Thomas Hood, Esq. Fourth Edition. London, 1832. Tilt.

It was only last week that we commended Mr. Tilt for his skill in getting up a pretty book, and here we have the fourth edition of the inimitable 'Whims and Oddities,' compressed into one beautiful volume. We cannot but consider such a publication, at such a time, as among the charities and humanities, and deserving our best thanks; but though we have liberty to laugh at, we must not quote from a fourth edition, and shall therefore confine ourselves to the new preface.

"When I last made my best bow in this book, I imagined that the public, to use a nautical phrase, had 'parted from their best bower;' but it was an agreeable mistake. The First and Second Series, being now, like Colman's 'Two Single Gentlemen rolled into one,' a request is made to me, to furnish the two-act piece with a new prologue. Possibly, as I have declared the near relationship of this work to the Comic Annual, the Publisher wishes, by this unusual number of Prefaces, to connect it also with the Odes and Addresses. At all events, I accede to his humour, in spite of a reasonable fear that, at this rate, my Sayings will soon exceed my Doings.

"To tell the truth, an Author does not much disrelish the call for these 'more last words,' and I confess at once that I affix this preliminary postscript, with some pride and pleasure. A modern book, like a modern race-horse, is apt to be reckoned aged at six years old; and an Olympiad and half have nearly elapsed since the birth of my first edition. It is pleasant, therefore, to find, that what was done in black and white has not become quite grey in the interval;—to say nothing of the comfort, at such an advanced age, of still finding friends in public, as well as in private, to put up with one's Whims and Oddities.

"Seriously, I feel very grateful for the kindness which has exhausted three impressions of this work, and now invites another. Come what may, this little book will now leave four imprints behind it,—and a horse could do no more.

Winchmore Hill,  
January, 1832.

T. HOOD.

#### WORKS ON CHOLERA.

*Observations on the Pestilential Cholera, as it appeared at Sunderland, and on the Measures taken for its Prevention and Cure.* By William Ainsworth, Esq. London, 1832. Ebers.

*Essay on Cholera, founded on Observation of the Disease in various parts of India, and in Sunderland, Newcastle, and Gateshead.* By James Adair Lawrie, M.D. Glasgow, 1832. Smith.

*Observations on Cholera, made during a Visit to Sunderland.* By George Parsons. Birmingham, 1832. Belcher.

*Substance of a Lecture on Cholera, read before a Meeting of the Medical Profession of Liverpool.* By D. Baird, M.D. Liverpool, 1832. Grapel.

*Official Reports made to Government by Drs. Russell and Barry on the Disease called Cholera Spasmodica, as observed by them during their Mission to Russia in 1831.* London, 1832. Winchester.

*Cholera, its Character and Treatment; with Remarks on the Identity of the Indian and English.* By Charles Turner Thackrah. Leeds, 1832. Baines.

*Epidemia, Contagion, and Infection, with their Remedies, with an Inquiry into the Nature of the Modes by which Cholera is propagated.* By Benjamin Phillips. London, 1832. Longman.

*Letters on the Cholera.* By Whitelaw Ainslie, M.D. London, 1832. Wilson.

*Traité du Choléra Morbus.* Par P. A. Prost, D.M.P. Paris, 1832. Compere Jeune.

*Rapport sur le Choléra Morbus, fait à la Société de Médecine de Lyons.* Lyons, 1832. Perrin.

FROM the first moment that the cholera made its appearance at Sunderland, we hoped that the opportunity of studying the disease, which was thus presented to our medical men, would not be lost, and we are well pleased to observe that several of the above works are written by men who have stood at the bed-side of the patient; and, though we do not find in them any new or very important therapeutical observations, the many facts brought forward as to the appearance of the disease, and the effects of the remedies employed, are of great value. We recommend particularly Mr. Ainsworth's work, and we hope that the picture he draws of the errors committed at Sunderland will be a warning to other towns. Mr. Ainsworth is a staunch contagionist; we were therefore well content to read at page 163—

"I think that the progress of the Indian pestilence in this country, as well as on the continent, marks it out as one of the most controllable diseases that ever assumed the character of a pestilence, both from the short time which apparently the virus can remain latent in the human system, or active in apparel, and from the few, except the imtemperate, who appear exposed to its morbid influence."

This last fact we have never ceased to inculcate since we first drew attention to the subject. There cannot be a doubt, that, of all the pestilential diseases, there is not one which attacks so few people as the cholera—indeed, with temperate men, the probability of being attacked is so small as hardly to shake the nerves of any well-informed on the subject. We think it highly useful to impress this on the minds of our readers; it is one of the few points on which all the writers upon cholera are agreed.

The three pamphlets by Drs. Laurie, Baird, and Mr. Parsons, contain observations made by the several writers in the north of England. After so many speculative works written only upon the report of what others have observed, it is certainly refreshing to find facts and observations collected at the bed-side, and there are many in these works.

The greater part of the official reports made to government by Drs. Russell and Barry was published some months ago, but the new matter in this volume makes it altogether one of the most valuable works which has yet appeared. It contains not only the highly valuable reports themselves, but an appendix of papers, letters, and communications received from the continent.

Mr. Thackrah's pamphlet is well written. The author attempts to prove the identity of the English and Indian cholera: while Dr. Baird ob-



serves, that till he had seen some suffering patients he was of the same opinion, but that the first case that came under his observation convinced him that the two diseases were of a totally opposite nature. We believe that such has been the case with almost all the medical men who have carefully observed both diseases. It is unfortunate, indeed, that the disease was ever called cholera; for in all sciences names have great influence, but in medicine they are all powerful.

Mr. Phillips's pamphlet is interesting, equally for the number of facts collected relating to epidemics and contagion, and for the original observations of the author. The subject is one of great interest, but involved in greater obscurity. Until something more is known of the nature of infection, and of its mode of propagation, it is impossible to fix rules of quarantine or sanitary restrictions: and the prosperity of England, founded upon commerce, is too vitally interested in those laws not to make us most anxious on the subject.

Dr. Ainslie is already advantageously known as the author of a work on the Indian Cholera, published in 1825. His letters are therefore well worth perusal.

Dr. Prost's *Traité* is an extraordinary one. Those who are acquainted with the progress of medicine in France, know the reputation which this gentleman has enjoyed for many years for the use he has made of morbid anatomy in elucidating the nature and seat of disease. His treatise upon the cholera is an application of the same doctrine, and we think his work deserving attentive consideration.

The Report of the Medical Society of Lyons is little better than waste paper.

#### ORIGINAL PAPERS

##### THE PARTING SPEECH OF THE CELESTIAL MESSENGER TO THE POET.

(From the Latin of Palladius, in the *Zodiacus Vitæ*).

BUT now time warns (my mission at an end)  
That to Jove's starry court I re-ascend;  
From whose high battlements I take delight  
To scan your earth, diminish'd to the sight,  
Pendant, and round, and, as an apple, small;  
Self-propt, self-balanced, and secure from fall  
By her own weight: and how with liquid robe  
Blue ocean girdles round her tiny globe,  
While lesser Nereus, gliding like a snake,  
Betwixt her lands his flexile course doth take,  
Shrunk to a rivulet; and how the Po,  
The mighty Ganges, Tanais, Ister, show  
No bigger than a ditch which rains have swell'd.  
Old Nilus' seven proud mouths I late beheld,  
And mock'd the watery puddles. Hosts steel-clad

Ofttimes I thence behold; and how the sad  
Peoples are punish'd by the fault of kings,  
Which from the purple fiend Ambition springs.  
Forgetful of mortality, they live  
In hot strife for possessions fugitive,  
At which the angels grieve. Sometimes I trace  
Of fountains, rivers, seas, the change of place;  
By ever-shifting course, and Time's unrest,  
The vale exalted, and the mount deprest  
To an inglorious valley; plough-shares going  
Where tall trees rear'd their tops; and fresh  
trees growing

In antique pastures. Cities lose their site.  
Old things was new. O what a rare delight  
To him, who from this vantage can survey  
At once stern Afric, and soft Asia,  
With Europe's cultured plains; and in their turns

Their scatter'd tribes: those whom the hot Crab  
burns,

The tawny Ethiops; Orient Indians;  
Getulians; ever-wandering Scythians;

Swift Tartar hordes; Cilicians rapacious,  
And Parthians with back-bended bow pugnacious;

Sabeans incense-bringing, men of Thrace,  
Italian, Spaniard, Gaul, and that rough race  
Of Britons, rigid as their native colds;  
With all the rest the circling sun beholds!  
But clouds, and elemental mists, deny  
These visions blest to any fleshly eye.

C. LAMB.

#### STATE OF LITERATURE IN GERMANY.

SEVERAL of the German governments appear to be in a state of fearful alarm, at the progress of public opinion. The revolution of July, and the subsequent editions of the same at Brussels, Brunswick, Dresden, and Cassel, and, above all, the revolution in Poland, have made them jealous of their own shadows. Nothing is now heard of, but restrictions on the press, suppressions of newspapers, and prohibitions of books. The liberal and poetical King of Bavaria has successively banished five authors, on his own authority; and the censorship in Prussia has become so severe, that Herr von Raumer, the celebrated writer of the History of the House of Hohenstauffen, a staunch prerogative man, and a member of the Board of Censors, ashamed of his connexion with so unpopular a body, has recently resigned his situation, and published an apologetical letter, in which he boldly assigns his reasons.

"Instead of gradually training the writing and reading public," he observes, "for an enlarged and genuine liberty, for a literary emancipation, he severity and restriction of the superintendence has been gradually increased; so that Prussia—once, in this respect, the most liberal of governments, and evincing the greatest confidence in the fidelity and good sense of its subjects—is now behind almost all others. The number of prohibitions of books and periodicals is augmenting, although such a mental cordon will be still less efficacious in keeping off pernicious doctrines, than the renowned medical and military cordon proved, with regard to the cholera. But the consequences are, that foreign booksellers get the profit from which the native publisher is debarred; and works are printed abroad, (as I have been obliged to do with some of my own,) which are refused the *imprimatur* at home. Prussia, on which all Germany looks as on its polar star, has thereby lost much of its popularity; and this, by measures, however insignificant in themselves, which act more prejudicially on the general feeling of Germany, than can be believed by those who have no foreign connexions. Nay, even the rude attacks which are made on Prussia, cannot be properly refuted here, since the government will not allow an apologist to admit such defects as notoriously exist."

It has, indeed, been insinuated, that Von Raumer did not discover the injustice and impolicy of the system, till a historical almanack, published at Leipzig, was prohibited in Prussia, on account of an article written by him, on the late revolution in Poland. But, be this as it may, his manifesto is published, and will, no doubt, do good.

It is true, that the poor governments are sadly worried; they sincerely believe, that, if the people are left for a moment to themselves, they will cut each other's throats, and the throats of their rulers and friends. Accordingly, they govern and rule, and order and prohibit, till their subjects are fairly worn out, and a spirit of resistance is engendered, which in the end they will be wholly

unable to control. Happily for Germany, the country is so divided and subdivided, and there is so much jealousy and ill-will among the different governments, that a book or paper which is prohibited in one, is generally allowed in another, notwithstanding the wholesale resolutions against the liberty of the press, promulgated by the diet at Francfort; and if once printed, prohibitions prove only a premium to their propagation. This has been the case with Borne's Letters, which, owing to their fierce and angry spirit, at first found no favour with any party: indeed, a poem by one Moritz Schlegel is, I perceive, recommended by the publisher at Fribourg, as having been refused the *imprimatur* in Saxony! A very spirited and well-written newspaper, published at Munich, called *Die Deutsche Tribune* (German Tribunal), leaves all the passages blank, which have been erased by the censor, thus allowing free scope to the imagination of the reader, to supply the facts or opinions which those in authority have considered too dangerous for promulgation. Moreover, politics, so cramped and cabined in newspapers, has taken refuge in literary journals; and, whoever desires to know the political state of Germany, will learn more from the *Morgenblatt*, and especially the *Literaturblatt*, than from the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, the *Austrian Observer*, and the *Berlin State Gazette* together.

It is, too, worthy of observation, that a royalist paper lately projected at Berlin, (in which the readers were to be entertained with a defence of the legitimacy of Don Miguel, the right of the Emperor Nicholas to annihilate the Polish constitution, and other similar pleasantries,) not only met with no subscribers, but not a single respectable publisher would undertake to circulate it, even on commission! All this must be mortifying enough to the Prussian government, which is, moreover, compelled by the long established rules of academic liberty, to allow Professor Gans to lecture in its capital, on the history of the present day, in a most liberal spirit, and to see these lectures so well attended even by officers of the garrison, that the Professor has been obliged to remove from his own lecture-room, which holds 300 people, to the great university-hall, which will contain 1500. If the German people did not rise in favour of the oppressed Poles, it was not from want of sympathy. There was scarcely a journal in the whole country, except those which are the immediate organs of governments, which was not loud and ardent in wishing them success in their glorious struggle, and which does not now lament their fall. Nor was this sympathy confined to words, as in England: everywhere, even in Prussia, societies were formed, and comparatively large funds raised for the relief of the sick and wounded; and medical assistance, surgical instruments, wine, and other serviceable things, were abundantly forwarded to them, even from the banks of the Rhine. And now that the struggle is over—now that hundreds of noble exiles are journeying on their melancholy march through Germany to hospitable France, they are everywhere received with marked respect, and assisted to the utmost ability of the inhabitants of the places of their transitory sojourn. Indeed, this sympathy is both so loud and deep, that the Austrian and Prussian governments feel themselves under the necessity of treating

these heroes with courtesy, and even with kindness.

A letter from Moravia, written in December, says—

"When we see the Polish exiles proceeding from east to west, grave and silent, their unsubdued courage and noble martial bearing, assures us that Poland is not lost. All the inns at Brunn are full of them. After a few days' rest, they are conveyed farther in waggons under a military escort, receiving a daily stipend from the Austrian government. They are for the most part officers of the corps of Romarino, and among them are many Germans, French, and natives of Posen. They generally wear their uniforms, orders, and arms, which they have been allowed to retain; but the generality are wretchedly poor, having been plundered of their baggage by the pursuing Cossacks. They still hope for their country; but their hope is fixed on an event, which, although it may restore their noble nation, is likely to overthrow many states now existing in proud security—a general war. \* \* Our public functionaries are extremely reserved towards them, and an Austrian officer is never seen to address a Pole; but there is little doubt, that, in their progress through Germany, their hearts will often be gladdened by the generous welcome of their military comrades."

#### ON MODERN FEMALE CULTIVATION.—No. III.

THE next on the list of those who have troubled the waters of education generally, but of woman in particular, are the systematizers—teachers and writers who think that nothing is to be learned except out of "a prent buik"—who take the universe of knowledge and cut it "into little stars"—stitch the elements into catechisms—teach nothing old but on new principles (as if principles were ever new)—intellectual Pucks, who will put a girdle round any science "in forty minutes"—or pages;—systematizers, who make love to unsuspecting fathers and mothers, causing them to believe, that mind, like mahogany, may be carved into anything, and that mahogany, like mind, will very soon inlay itself with brass inventors of teaching-schemes,

Cold as their hearts, and barren as their brains;—marrers of the health of the early, and therefore most sacred happiness of girlhood, removing it from the hands of those teachers of God's own appointing, for the first years of existence—fresh air—natural play—buoyant spirits and affections—fields—flowers—Bible stories, and "the mother's knee."

To give amusements a learned air, to besiege with information the senses of mere babes, and stiffen with premature accomplishments minds and bodies yet "in the gristle"—well may there be a superabounding of crooked spines, pale faces, and precocious performances, almost rivalling dancing dogs and piping bullfinches. With regard to the boasted result of this immense machinery of tuition, we shall say a word by-and-bye—meanwhile, those ruthless children of Anak who dwell in the cities of system, great and strong, and walled up to Heaven, so that the light of the sun never penetrates, will be so good as shoot no arrows at us; for, in the love of Goody Two Shoes we mean to live and die.

There remains yet a third party in this question, on whom blame must fall—the race of ambitious parents; who, not sordid, but infatuated worshippers of talent, would, at

every risk, have their children clever, or at least reputed to be so; who expend cheerfully on a daughter's schooling what would formerly have sufficed for her dower. The commencement of a simpler, and yet far deeper style of instruction lies with them; it is *their money, their anxiety, their expectations*, that call forth promises and professors of wonders; *they* are the real authors of the systems, theories, and treatises, that "darken counsel by words without knowledge;" *they* really keep those splendid establishments where mind and manner are forced as in a hot bed; *they* require, *they* remunerate, and with them it lies to regenerate. We have said that the present is *par excellence* the era of accomplished women; herein, ambitious parents have their reward, but it is one that might not perhaps satisfy them, did they recognize the fact, that, with all the modern means of facilitating study, with the triple aid of books, time, and fashion, we have no females so remarkable for their attainments as some who graced an earlier and a darker period! To name but a few proofs. The young creature who was queen only to mount a scaffold, solaced some of her last hours with Plato in Greek: the three Seymours, nieces to a queen and daughters to a regent, were all celebrated for their science and for Latin verses, which were translated all over Europe; the daughter of Lord Chancellor More translated from the Greek the ecclesiastical history of Eusebius; the three daughters of Sir Anthony Cooke (one of whom was governess to Edward VI.) were all celebrated for their learning; the beautiful Mary Stuart wrote and spoke six languages; Aloysia Sigéa, of Toledo, besides Latin and Greek, understood Hebrew, Arabic, and Syriac, and wrote in each of these languages a letter to Pope Paul the Third; Isabella de Cordaud was mistress of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, Cassandra Fidele wrote well in the three languages of Homer, Virgil, and Dante, and frequently gave public lessons in Padua. Madame Seturman seems to have been a female Crichton, since, independent of other acquirements, she spoke nine different languages. But it is neither interesting nor needful to accumulate all the names of those females who in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries assisted in controversies, harangued in Latin, wrote Greek, studied Hebrew, gave lectures in philosophy and even theology. The question is not one of taste, but of facts: we may prefer, if we choose, the female mind in a state of greater feminineness, but such preference has nothing to do with the quantity of real and unusual attainment possessed by women less preferred. In adverting to these facts, we wish not to see the revival of lady doctors—if we did, it would not be possible. That which we now call society, was then much less known; habits of life were more simple; fashion had not established her multitudinous claims on time; literature was not an adjunct to luxury, it was a luxury in itself. We should regret to see a pedantic system supersede even the accomplishing one; but when a girl manifests real intellect, why should the intervention of prejudice prevent her studies, conducted privately as they may, being in some degree sound, masculine, invigorating, and comprehensive? Why, as in a famine, is *she* to pay dearly for inferior food? why is *she* to give her "fourscore pieces of silver for an ass's head"? An early intercourse with those works

which prove their authors to have been "only a little lower than the angels"—with those grave and lofty thinkers who flood the understanding with light without heating the sensibility, who love the beautiful, the holy, and the true—the *great* writers of and for all ages, "to whom as to the mountains and the stars the soul feels passive and submiss"—this, more than anything besides, would render mind, what to woman it too often is not, a source of tranquil enjoyment. On this subject, we could, time and space permitting, enlarge much more; we prefer, however, on closing, to refer the reader to a very admirable paper by the late Mrs. Barbauld, on the Education of Circumstances. Ostensibly relating to the care of a son, the principle is transferable to that of a daughter; and we commend the whole essay to the earnest attention of all over-anxious parents.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

Sir Walter Scott, in a note on "Nora's Vow," says, the only thing he knows unfavourable to the constancy of the lady, is the violence of her protestations. We know not how it may be with the new Edinburgh Magazine, but we think that "the lady protests a little too much," or, at least, her friends do it for her. The preliminary praise will lead the world to expect a work which few men can write.—Sir Walter Scott, we are glad to hear, is in good health and strength at Naples, where the king offers to dig the rubbish from Pompeii, to show the poet the buried city; and Sir F. Adam promises him a steam-packet to convey him to Greece, that he may see old Athens and Mount Parnassus.—The Highland Society of London have been feasting high with Hogg: Sir George Murray presided—made short and pleasing speeches—conferred the distinction of Honorary Member of the Society upon him—and hung round his neck a splendid silver medal, as a token of admiration.—Lieut. Lister Maw, who acted as naval aide-de-camp to General Campbell at Rangoon, is about to publish his Memorandums of the early part of the campaign against the Burman empire. The Narrative of Snodgrass relates but to the operations by land; and this publication is expected to supply the deficiency and correct some mistakes. The author followed the course of the Maranon, or Amazons, in South America, from its source to the sea, and printed an account of his journey;—notwithstanding some critical objections to the work, the soundings and measurements in that volume are a treasure.

In Art we hear of little stirring. The members of the Academy and its regular exhibitors are busied against the 9th of April—the day on which their works must be sent to Somerset House.—Among other offences, the British Institution is accused of having accepted a group in marble, and then exposed it as a rejected production in the hall on the private view day. This, the sculptor very truly says, depreciates the value of his work; and, it is reported, that he proposes to try if the law can afford a remedy for such treatment.—We observe, from a paragraph in one of the papers, that the Royal Academy has refused to allow the editor of the *Library of the Fine Arts* to

make engravings from the presentation pictures of members which are hung in their rooms. No reason for the refusal is assigned. When we learn the cause, we may hazard a remark or two on the subject.

Notwithstanding the artifice by which the rival managers at Drury Lane and Covent Garden have thought to gull poor John Bull into a belief that the music, in their version of 'Robert le Diable,' was like the original, we can assure our readers that not less than a dozen pieces are altogether omitted; and what was performed had not the slightest resemblance to that in Paris, as to the extraordinary effects of the author's instrumentation. This will explain any seeming difference between our judgment and the dramatic criticism in another part of this paper. Mr. Mason may feel annoyed on being thus forestalled, but he may rest assured that, under the direction of Meyerbeer himself, the attraction will prove sufficiently in favour of the original, and will induce many to visit the Italian Opera, for the mere sake of forming a comparison. The spirit and liberality of Mr. Mason, we are confident, will not be wanting on the occasion. The band must be under the control of the author, the choruses must be well drilled and taught to act. The principal singers are already perfect—Nourrit, Levasseur, and the charming Madame Cinti, being engaged to sing the parts originally composed for them; and we have the best hopes that there will be discriminating judgment enough in the public to fill the theatre and the treasury.

Madame Puzzi is, we hear, to make her début in Spontini's opera of 'La Vestale,' in which the original ballets are to be introduced; and the opera thus given, is to form the entertainment for the evening.

The first rehearsal of the Philharmonic Concerts, for this season, takes place this day. Field, the pianiste, who has for many years resided in Russia, and Mons. Bohrer, the violinist, each play a solo.

Mr. William Knyvett has been actively employed in selecting compositions for the ensuing performances at the Ancient Concerts, also in restoring the choir to its once effective state, by substituting young and fresh voices for the old and decayed.

An oratorio, by a Mr. Perry, was performed on Monday last at the Hanover Square Rooms. The subject is the Fall of Jerusalem; it is a composition which reflects great credit on the author, and partakes, in many parts, of the highest order of writing.

THE GRESHAM PRIZE MEDAL, for the best composition in sacred vocal music, has been awarded by Dr. Crotch, professor of music in the University of Oxford, and R. J. S. Stevens, Esq., professor of music in Gresham College, to Mr. Charles Hart, organist of St. Dunstan's, Stepney. The composition, a Jubilate for four voices, we understand, will be performed in the course of the ensuing spring, in St. Helen's Church, where the founder of Gresham College was buried.

## SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

### ROYAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 23.—His Royal Highness, the President, in the chair.—The following papers were read, 'On the Connexion between the Quadrature of the Circle and the Geometrical Trisection of

the Angle,' by Lord Visct. Mahon, F.R.S., and 'On the Ratio which subsists between Respiration and Irritability in the Animal Kingdom; and on Hybernation,' by Dr. Marshall Hall, F.R.S.E., &c.

The undermentioned were admitted into the Society: Joseph Jackson Lister, and Frederick Madden, Esqs.

### LINNEAN SOCIETY.

Feb. 21.—A. B. Lambert, Esq., in the chair.—Henry Spearman, Esq., Recorder of Durham, Gilbert Burnett, Esq., Professor of Botany at the King's College, John Ridout, Esq., and George C. Kenrick, Esq., were elected Fellows of the Society, and Mr. John Denson was elected an Associate.—A further portion of Mr. Ogilby's paper on the 'Marsupial animals of New Holland,' was read in continuation. A small collection of rare plants from Lima, the Transactions of the Manchester Philosophical Society, and some other donations, were upon the table. A beautifully-prepared specimen of a portion of the lace-bark tree was exhibited.

### GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THE anniversary meeting of this Society was held at its apartments in Somerset House, on Friday the 17th instant. The chair was taken by the President, Roderick Impey Murchison, Esq., at one o'clock, and the business of the day commenced by the Secretaries and Treasurer reading the annual reports of the council, on the state of the Society, and the accounts for the past year. By these documents it appeared, that the Society's numbers had been increased by thirty-five resident and non-resident Fellows, and two foreign members, Von Hopf and Eilert Mitscherlich.

From the Auditors' report, it likewise appeared, that the state of the Society was prosperous, the receipts for the year just terminated having considerably exceeded the expenses. The list of donations to the museum and library was also read, and the acquisitions to both were shown to have been very considerable. The Fellows present, then proceeded to ballot for the officers and council for the ensuing year; and, the glasses having been duly closed and the lists examined, the scrutineers announced that the undermentioned had been unanimously elected:

President—Roderick Impey Murchison, Esq.  
Vice Presidents—Rev. Dr. Buckland, Rev. William Daniel Conybeare, Dr. Fitton, and Rev. Professor Sedgwick.

Secretaries—William John Hamilton, Esq. and Edward Turner, M.D.

Foreign Secretary—Charles Lyell, Esq.

Treasurer—John Taylor, Esq.

Council—W. J. Broderip, Esq., W. Clift, Esq., Viscount Cole, M.P., H. T. de la Beche, Esq., Sir P. Egerton, Bart., D. Gilbert, Esq., M.P., Dr. Grant, G. B. Greenough, Esq., Capt. Basil Hall, Dr. Somerville, C. Stokes, Esq., H. Warburton, Esq., M.P., Rev. W. Whewell, and Rev. James Yates.

In the evening the Fellows and their friends, to the amount of 120, dined at the Crown and Anchor, and afterwards reassembled at their apartments in Somerset House, where the President delivered his anniversary address on the progress of geology during the past year.

In the course of the day, the gratifying intelligence was announced, that government had granted, on the application of Lord Morpeth, to William Smith, a pension of 100*l.* a year, as a reward for his long and valuable services to geology; and the President further announced, that the Master-General and Board of Ordnance, seeing the importance of the Trigonometrical Survey to geology, had liberally supplied the Society with the published sheets of the Ordnance Survey.

### HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 21.—Descriptions were read of the various modes of heating hothouses, conservatories, and similar buildings by steam; pursued, and apparently with the greatest success, by Mr. Stothert, of the Newark Foundry, Bath, and by whom the details were communicated to the Society. The accounts were accompanied by plans and by testimonials, confirming the efficiency of the method, from Mr. Miller, of Bristol, 17 of whose houses, containing together upwards of 12,000 superficial feet of glass, are heated so satisfactorily by the apparatus, that the assistance of mats in the severest weather, is dispensed with, and the economy of it is such, that a saving is effected by Mr. M., of more than one-third in the quantity of fuel formerly employed.

Grafts of the Washington and purple gage plums, and of Knight's early black cherry, were distributed among the Fellows.

In the exhibition, flowers of streptizias and camellias were the most conspicuous. There were also some clever contrivances for the preservation of fruit on walls, by the means both of glasses and netting, brought by a Mr. Griffin-hoofe.

### WESTMINSTER MEDICAL SOCIETY.

At the sitting of the 4th of February, the splendid model, by Dr. Auzoux, was exhibited to the members.

On Saturday last, Cholera was again the subject of discussion. After a discursive debate in a very crowded room, it was resolved, that the next meeting be held at the Hunterian Museum, when (this evening) Dr. Epps will open the adjourned debate on that pestilential disease.

### INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

Jan. 24.—The President, Thomas Telford, Esq., in the chair.—The comparative advantages of hot water, air, and steam, for heating purposes, being taken into consideration—

Mr. Turrell said, that where steam was employed, it was requisite that a strong heat should be kept up under the boiler in order to have a continued flow through the pipes; for as soon as the fire fell low, the steam was condensed, and they, becoming empty, were no longer serviceable for heating. With water, on the contrary, so long as there remained the smallest heat in the boiler, that temperature would be equally distributed over the whole house: the water still continuing to circulate, until it cooled down to the temperature of the atmosphere.

Mr. Hawkins observed, that a gentleman was at present engaged in fitting up an apparatus for warming a room by means of the circulation of hot water, in pipes of only one inch diameter; these he proposes to subject to a great pressure, and obtain a very high degree of heat. Mr. Hawkins also stated, that he had seen hothouses in the botanical gardens at Brussels, which were warmed by a pipe of hot water of a rectangular section, thirty inches deep, and three inches in width.

Mr. Simpson said, that the method of heating rooms by warm water, possessed a decided superiority over any other, from the comparative security it afforded against accidents by fire; he had known instances of hot water pipes being introduced into bankers' houses (where they are extremely fearful of fire,) after they had objected to the use of flues, or pipes conveying heated air, or steam.

The new Coal Act being mentioned, Mr. Simpson said, he thought the practice of fixing the prices of coal by its weight, objectionable; on account of different kinds of coal possessing different specific gravities. He had found from a succession of trials, that five chaldrons and one quarter of Wylan Moor, which is a heavy description of coal, weighed on an ave-

rage seven tons; which is nearly equal to eighty-three pounds per bushel.

Mr. John Donkin stated, that a coal-merchant had sent a supply, which on measuring was found to afford only seventy-three and one-third pounds to the bushel; on being informed of this, he sent an additional quantity to make up seventy-nine pounds to the bushel; under the impression of that being the proportion fixed by the act. Mr. J. Donkin had seen a quantity of Bean coals weighed, and the proportion amounted to sixty-six pounds per bushel.

Jan. 31.—The President in the chair.—The comparative advantages of hot water, air, and steam for heating purposes, being again taken into consideration—

Mr. Cottam said, that no experiments had been tried hitherto, by which could be ascertained the quantity of fuel necessary to produce a given temperature on the pipe, or in the atmosphere of a room which was heated by its means. He thought it very desirable that a statement of the relative consumption of fuel should be obtained, as, in some observations on the performance of a hot-water apparatus attached to a pinery, that consideration was overlooked. He could state one instance of a house that he had fitted up with a set of hot water pipes, by which a saving of one third was effected in the consumption of fuel; here, however, the flue, which was in use previously, had been of faulty construction; this, therefore, ought not to be considered as decisive. He stated, that no beneficial effect was produced by leading the flue from the fire, along the brick-wall; there was no apparent increase of temperature in the house.

Mr. Sibley described a hot-water apparatus he had fitted up, which warms several rooms, boils a cistern, and heats a bath on the top of his house; this is managed by a boiler being placed behind the kitchen fire, and which, in fact, forms the back of the kitchen range; from this, a common two inch gas pipe is conducted round the rooms to the top of the house, a height of fifty feet, and returned to the boiler. He stated, that although considerable heat must be withdrawn from the fire by this apparatus, and the consumption of fuel probably increased, yet no inconvenience was felt from its operation.

Mr. Walker mentioned a circumstance which he thought worthy of consideration as an important use of steam, which might be made applicable in some situations. A large cotton mill having taken fire, a steam pipe was cut through by mistake, under the expectation of finding water; and the rush of steam, filling the room, had the effect of completely extinguishing the flames.

Mr. Walker also observed, that the first who made use of water for heating purposes, was the ingenious Mr. Murdoch, many years foreman to Messrs. Bolton & Watt, of Soho. Among the many inventions of this excellent mechanic, he thought one, which he brought into practical use, very characteristic. Having been sent into Cornwall by Mr. Watt many years ago, to superintend the erection of some steam-engines, he invented a kind of lantern to lighten his way homewards in the dark nights, of a very novel construction at that time. He collected in a bladder a quantity of gas from the engine fire, and the bladder being provided with a stop-cock and nozzle, he was in the habit of walking home with it under his arm, and by a slight pressure emitted sufficient to afford him a brilliant light all the way—to the great terror of the country people, who attributed his invention to an intercourse with the powers of the other world.

The strength of cast iron, being taken into consideration, Mr. Walker stated, that in order to prove the quality of the cast iron chairs, now

being furnished from Staffordshire, by Messrs. Walker & Yates for a railway, he had a few of them recast into straight bars. The bars were intended to be inch square, but one of them was rather more; say about one and one-sixteenth by one: the other was exactly an inch square. The trial was made at Messrs. Fenton & Co.'s Foundry, at Leeds, by suspending the bars in the middle from a steelyard, their ends being held down, and moving out the weight along the arm of the steelyard. A length of three feet (between the fulcrum) of the larger bar, bent one inch with ten hundred, and broke with eleven hundred one quarter and fourteen pounds; if an allowance be made for the one-sixteenth, the breaking weight was ten hundred two quarters and eighteen pounds per inch square. The same length (three feet) of the inch square bar, broke with ten hundred two quarters. An eighteen inch length of the first bar, broke with twenty-one hundred three-quarters.

The maximum strength of the iron one inch square and three feet long, was therefore ten hundred two quarters. The eighteen inch experiment showed the strength to be inversely as the length very nearly.

Feb. 7.—The President in the chair.—Mr. William Billinton was elected an Associate.

The comparative advantages of hot water, air, and steam, for heating purposes, being again taken into consideration—

Mr. Turrell observed, that he had been in the practice for many years, of heating his office with a hot-air stove; it was found to create an unpleasant smell, and the atmosphere of the room eventually proved extremely hurtful to the lungs. He adopted a plan of evaporating a portion of water during the whole of the time the stove was in operation, thereby keeping up a proper degree of moisture in the atmospheric air: this removed every injurious effect which was before observable.

Mr. Field said, his offices were heated by means of steam pipes, and that it created a most unpleasant smell, accompanied by a feeling of oppression on the lungs. He thought the hot water pipes preferable, on account of the greater uniformity of temperature which was afforded, and always of a very moderate degree: that from steam pipes, on the contrary, was always high, and more difficult to regulate.

Mr. Clegg has been employed to correct the unpleasant smell, created by the air in coming in contact with the red-hot surface of iron stoves. He adopted a method of covering the stove with a kind of glazed tiles, which was found to be very effective.

Mr. Hawkins had known an instance of a cotton-mill, in which it was found impracticable to spin any fine description of thread, on account of the state of the atmosphere, produced by the artificial heat. A scientific man gave as his opinion, that a deficiency of moisture affected the electrical condition of the atmosphere, and was the cause of the difficulty of working the cotton into fine thread. Mr. Hawkins was of opinion that the oppressive feeling spoken of, was more to be attributed to the circumstance of a supply of moisture being necessary for conducting the electricity from the human body, than to the fact of the air being burnt or decomposed.

The limits of the mechanical force exerted by cast iron, when expanded by heat, being taken into consideration—

Mr. Palmer observed, that his attention had been drawn of late to the very great extent to which cast iron is made applicable to bridge building; but more particularly to the fact of its sustaining the weight of large heavy buildings, on a small extent of bearing surface. He thought it worthy of inquiry, whether the expansion and contraction of the metal, caused a

rising and falling in the mass of such buildings as rested upon cast-iron pillars.

Mr. Walker observed, as an answer in a general way to the question, that the limits of the force exerted by cast iron, when expanded by heat, is just the absolute force which is required to crush the material.

Mr. Cubitt added, that cast iron expands with a much greater force than the cohesion of its particles.

#### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

|          |   |
|----------|---|
| MONDAY,  | Royal College of Physicians... Nine, P.M.                       |
|          | Royal Geographical Society... Nine, P.M.                        |
|          | Medical Society... Eight, P.M.                                  |
| TUESDAY, | Medico-Botanical Society... Eight, P.M.                         |
|          | Medico-Chirurgical Society... p. 8, P.M.                        |
|          | Institution of Civil Engineers... Eight, P.M.                   |
| WEDNES.  | Society of Arts ( <i>Evening Illustrations</i> )... Eight, P.M. |
|          | Geological Society... p. 8, P.M.                                |
|          | Society of Arts... p. 7, P.M.                                   |
| THURSD.  | Royal Society... p. 8, P.M.                                     |
|          | Society of Antiquaries... Eight, P.M.                           |
|          | Zoological Society... Three, P.M.                               |
| FRIDAY,  | Royal Institution... p. 8, P.M.                                 |
| SATURD.  | Westminster Medical Society... Eight, P.M.                      |
|          | Royal Asiatic Society... Two, P.M.                              |

#### OPENING OF THE ARCHEOLOGICAL ACADEMY. SOCIETY OF VIRTUOSI.

Rome, 19th January.

THE Pontifical Academy of Archæology was opened here this day week, in the great hall of the Università dell Sapienza. The ceremony began with an admirable discourse on the uses of Archæology, as subordinate to human learning, both sacred and profane, delivered by N. M. Nicolai, the President of the Academy. He divided his discourse into two portions;—the first, tracing the history of the Roman Academy of Antiquities, which was set on foot by the celebrated Pomponio Leto, and inaugurated by Pope Benedict the Fourteenth, and bringing its progress down to modern times, when it was cemented by an annual endowment bestowed by the immortal Canova, and subsequently by the munificence of Popes Pius the Seventh and Leo the Twelfth, as well as the present Pontiff, who has provided suitable accommodation for its meetings and museum in the Archi-gymnasium of this city. In the second portion of his discourses he enlarged on the intimate connexion which subsists between sacred and profane learning, and the study of antiquities, as well as the arts of design. Some of the most distinguished personages in this capital were present; amongst others, Cardinal Giustiniani and Cardinal Zurla.

The Society of Virtuosi, held at the Pantheon, which was instituted during the pontificate of Paul the Third, have just elected Camuccini, (considered the best Roman painter of the present day,) as their president, and the Cav. Folchi, as vice-president. A new edition of their Statutes, to which is prefixed a plate from the graver of Fontana, one of the members of the society, was distributed on this occasion.

#### MUSIC

##### KING'S THEATRE.

ON Saturday last Madame la Contessa Lazise made her début in 'Otello.' It would be unreasonable to expect that any lady, however highly gifted, could, on a first attempt, sing and act the part of *Desdemona* to the entire satisfaction of an audience accustomed to witness Pasta, Malibran, or Sontag in the same character. The audience, however, frequently evinced their sympathy, and courteously bestowed their applause on every possible opportunity. The Contessa's person is dignified and graceful, and her manner lady-like and most interesting. Her voice is thin but flexible, and harsh in the upper notes. Altogether, her

singing was better than we expected; but, for her own sake, as well as for the interest of the manager, La Contessa should not again venture "nella prima sfera d'una prima donna," where amusement is so dearly paid for as at the King's Theatre. To our taste, Signor Winter sang and played the part of *Otello* better than either Donzelli or Curioni—with less apathy than the latter, and more equality than the former, and twice the musical skill of both. Signor Calveri, the new second tenor, was a very respectable *Iago*; with a weak voice, this Signor, like Winter, in natural compass, pounces most vigorously on A, or B flat, and gave effect to many beauties which had hitherto escaped us: both singers were warmly applauded in the tender and expressive andante of the duetto "Non m'inganni." Signor Curioni's was, as usual, good, bad, and indifferent in turns. It would be improper to judge the amiable Signora Albertini, who condescended to appear in a second-rate part, although some of our contemporaries think the character quite equal to her ability: to-night she makes, what the Opera folks call, her "début proper."—Fudge!

Mariani vociferated most lustily. This bass singer might be softened down to good effect; for the quality of his voice is rich, he sings correctly in time and tune, and has sufficient flexibility to be generally useful. We shrewdly suspect that this is the identical person we once met at the San Carlo, who, in a conversation on musical taste, satirically remarked that, "Gl'Inglese amano la voce forte," meaning thereby, that the English like bellowing; and he seems inclined to test his own theory.

In the finale of the first act, where *Desdemona* is cursed by her father and falls prostrate and insensible at his feet, we had evidence of the truth of our former remarks on the absence of all unity of sentiment between the singers and the chorus—"Ah! che giorno d'orrore!" was given with much the same feeling as the opening chorus in 'La Gazza Ladra,' "Ah che giorno fortunato!" However, on the whole, the opera was well performed, and the stage decorations and dresses were better than we ever remember to have seen them.

We regret to say, that no sooner had we complimented Mr. Mason on what we thought a great improvement, than we have occasion to observe a departure from it; and Mori, Lindley, Dragonetti, and others, already quit the orchestra after the Opera—this is returning to the old and absurd English musical aristocratic distinction.

### THEATRICALS

#### MUSICAL TRIALS.

|                  |                         |
|------------------|-------------------------|
| France           | versus England.         |
| Meyerbeer        | .. Bishop.              |
| Same             | .. Lacy.                |
| Robert le Diable | .. The Dæmon & another. |
| Covent Garden    | .. Drury Lane.          |
| Drury Lane       | .. Covent Garden.       |

ALL these causes have been tried during the present week, and it has become our duty to report on the effects. Comparisons are said to be odious, and physic is known to be disagreeable, yet the one must sometimes be made, and the other must occasionally be taken. It appears that, in consequence of Meyerbeer's opera of 'Robert le Diable' having been "received with the greatest success" (as the Drury Lane bills would say) in Paris, ambassadors were sent from the two royal houses of England to treat with the composer for his copyright. Mr. Monck Mason, however, the lessee of the Opera House, was before-hand, or rather before-foot, with both, and they, failing to procure a copyright, returned to try what they could do with a copy-right. The squabbles thus produced between

Mr. Mason and his brother lessees we must leave to be tried elsewhere. What we have to consider is, not *who* has been done, or *what* has been done, but *how* it has been done. We are inclined to suspect that the amount, whatever it may be, given by Mr. Mason for the copyright of the opera, will not come back to him over and above the expenses of getting it out; but Time, the great showman, will, we suppose, explain this to us, for there can be no doubt that the more Mr. Mason has been done himself the more anxious will he be to *do* the opera. In making our little jokes about do and done, we beg to guard against being supposed to disparage the music of Meyerbeer, which has evidently much merit, and which may prove to have more when it shall be heard fairly with his own accompaniments at the Opera House. To this final ordeal we commend 'Robert le Diable,' merely observing generally, in the meantime, that we think that a *leelle* too much noise has been made about it, that the puff-trumpet preliminary has been somewhat too freely blown, and that (as the Jew said in the thunder-storm) "too much fuss" has been made about that which, after all, is but a moderate sized "piece of pork."

#### DRURY LANE.

The title here chosen, is 'The Dæmon; or, the Mystic Branch.' The plot (such as it is) is too well known, to need detailing, and, besides, we said all that it was necessary to say, some time since, when speaking of the Adelphi. The piece, as here done, does not call for any particular comment. Restricted by the succession of the music, to a close adherence to the dull original, the author, or rather, we believe, authors, have attempted little more than a translation, and, therefore, the result is only what might have been expected. The extreme difficulty of fitting English words to foreign music, has not been very felicitously surmounted, but great allowances ought always to be made in such cases, and those who think otherwise, had better take a long German or French scena, and try their pen at it. We undertake to say, that conviction will precede translation. The first chorus of knights carousing, is lively and spirited, and starts one with expectations, which are not afterwards realized. The historical ballad which follows, was correctly sung by Mr. Templeton, and a good effect is produced, by the burthen being repeated in chorus by the surrounding knights. We cannot follow the music step by step, without taking our readers a much longer walk than they would enjoy. There are ever and anon, pleasing bits of melody, and clever modulations, but the individual pieces are generally too long, and there is not, upon the whole, to our thinking, sufficient novelty, to justify the talk which has been raised. Mrs. Wood was in excellent voice, and the brilliancy and precision of her execution, threw a charm, and even an interest over very many passages, which, in themselves, are much more distinguished by difficulty than meaning. Mr. Wood appeared to labour not only under a cold, but under his music. It does not suit him. He is a very delightful ballad-singer, but at present, his knowledge of music is not sufficient, to enable him to grapple with, and subdue such as belongs to his part in this opera. Mr. H. Phillips played the Dæmon very fairly, and his singing was as usual, correct and pure. It is a great point both for managers and audience, to have him in the part, and we have only to wish, that he was rewarded, by having some one song in it, which it would be pleasant and profitable to himself to sing. We much regret the impossibility of according any praise to Miss Ayton. At the same time, we wish we could teach English audiences, that hissing, which is the capital punishment of the theatrical code, ought never to be inflicted

for any offence, short of one against public decency. Absence of applause, is at once more manly, and more effectual—for where the punishment is disproportioned to the crime, the feelings of the considerate are sure to be enlisted on the side of the offender. We know not in what terms to speak of Mr. Stanfield's two scenes, 'The Rocks of St. Irenius,' and 'The ruined Abbey of St. Rosalie.' The first is a magnificent painting, and the effects produced in the second, are equal to anything we remember to have seen at the Diorama. In short, these two works of art, and the singing of Mrs. Wood, are, perhaps, the only stage exhibitions, which set even Drury Lane puffing at defiance. The tableaux at the end of the first and third acts, are not so good, nor is the lighting them so well managed, as at the Adelphi. In the Abbey scene even, we have nothing to praise, but Mr. Stanfield's part of the work. We were not aware, until we read the silly puff in the bills next day, that this gentleman painted 'The Resuscitation of the Nuns.' This resuscitation is described in the said puff, as "appalling." If this is true, we think that the audience were extremely thoughtless to laugh as they did. As a whole, the opera was lengthy and heavy, and considerable disapprobation was expressed; the applause, however, predominated, and it will doubtless run for a time, though not perhaps for long. Its best chance is, in the curiosity to be excited, by the rivalry with other houses.

#### COVENT GARDEN.

"Talk of the Devil," and he seems sure to appear at every house in London. While Drury Lane was making its regular approaches amidst the roar of heavy puffing on all sides—Covent Garden was silently and carefully undermining, and no sooner had the one, as it imagined, carried the town, than the other sprung its mine, and threw all into confusion. The opinion which we had formed of the music, was confirmed by a rehearsing at this house on Tuesday. More noise has been made about it than it deserves; but it is impossible to deny that, with the exceptions of Mrs. Wood and Mr. Stanfield, Covent Garden has decidedly the best of the struggle. The plot is better made out—the music quite as judiciously arranged, (and considering that Mr. Bishop did it for Drury Lane, this is highly complimentary to Mr. Lacy)—the scenery taken altogether, is more dramatic and effective—the singing more equal—the acting better—and, the properties and appointments more splendid and more correct. The assemblage of the knights of different nations with their attendants, was the most martial and most chivalric exhibition we ever remember on the stage. Then the clever and equal singing of Miss Inverarity and Miss Shireff, gave the house a decided advantage over the other, where the surpassing excellence of Mrs. Wood only served to make Miss Ayton's deficiencies more painfully conspicuous—and finally, we had here the great advantage of Mr. Braham's presence and exertions. Mr. Reynoldson acted the part of the Fiend very well, though his performance is unequal. He seemed not to have quite made up his mind as to the course he would take. He cannot now fail to know which of the two styles in which he indulged was the most effective, and if he will adhere to that throughout, he will most probably find his account in it. The singing would, perhaps, have been better in the hands (or rather throat) of Mr. Morley. The opera at this house was much better received by the audience than at Drury Lane, though here also, some disapprobation was occasionally expressed at Mr. Keeley's part, which did not come out so comically as the author intended, or as Mr. Keeley would have been sure to make it, if opportunity had been afforded him. This



must be curtailed, and so must a great deal of the music. The scene of the 'Cloisters of St. Rosalie,' cannot, as a painting, be compared to that at Drury Lane, but all the business-part of it was managed better, and the scene itself was very effective. We cannot, however, even here accord the epithet of "appalling," which belongs exclusively to the Adelphi, where the hurried, huddling, and excellent grouping of the dead nuns, as the stage sank with them, was, to our eyes, truly so. We should not omit to notice in terms of warm commendation, the appearance through the stage of the *Spirit of Fire*. It was at once novel and ingenious. We take our leave of the Devil at both houses, hoping, but doubting, that it will repay them for the outlay.

## OLYMPIC THEATRE.

A new burletta was produced here on Wednesday, called 'The Proof of the Pudding.' We are not accustomed to look for much plot in these trifles, and though they are always the better for having it, they will frequently, if smartly written, and well acted, pass off pleasantly enough without it. In the present instance the deficiency of the one is not compensated for by the efficiency of the other, and the result is, a piece which is free from offence, but equally free from recommendation. The fun is but chill fun, and the audience had some difficulty in getting their laughing tackle in motion. A French cook is to get an appointment if he succeeds in producing the best dish at the ambassador's table. His art is, consequently, brought to bear upon a ragout. A young girl, between whom and the cook's son a marriage is on the tapis, makes a pudding for the use of herself and her friends. By some means the ragout is carried off, and the pudding, which the cook has christened a dirt pie, because he did not understand how to make it, is sent to the ambassador instead. The ambassador's palate is tickled, and directions given that a similar pudding should be sent to table next day. The cook is in a dilemma, he cannot make the pudding, and rather than lose his appointment, he is obliged to forego his family pride, and consent to his son's marriage with a girl who brings no dowry with her but a good receipt for a pudding. Now, really, can we be said to be unreasonable in expecting something more than this for the foundation of even a one act burletta? The cook, an ultra enthusiast in his art, was cleverly played by Mr. J. Bland, who enlivened the part with a good imitation of Mr. Macready. Miss Pincott did what little she had to do very well, but much cannot be made of a part which only consists in making a pudding; and Mrs. Glover said the few words allotted to her as well as they could be said. The audience did not seem to relish the pudding so much as they were informed the ambassador did, but they swallowed it, and we don't think it was heavy enough to disagree with them.

## MISCELLANEA

**Burns' Anniversary.**—"They manage things better"—everywhere. We see by the New York papers, that our American friends did honour to the memory of Burns, and the meeting seems only to have been right social and becoming—there was neither jobbing nor politics to spoil men's temper. A song was written for the occasion, and if not perfect, it must have been pleasanter than having just complaints drowned by the noise of a bag-pipe.—We rejoice to say, that the stewards, who thought only to look on and play the patrons, are now called on to make good a whip of one hundred pounds!

**Greece.**—The National Congress, which opened its session at Argos, on the 18th of December, has decreed the erection of three funeral pyramids in honour of Capo d'Istria, the late

President of Greece. They are to bear an inscription, handing down "the murderers of the father of his country to the execration of after-ages." The sites on which they are to be raised are Egina, Tyrinth, and Missolonghi; and for one hundred years to come the anniversary of his assassination is to be observed as a day of public mourning.

**State of Crime in France.**—It is computed that one in every 4460 individuals, is annually brought to trial in France for some criminal act; and that, out of 101 persons tried, 61 are on the average condemned. The murders committed in France during four years, were as follows:—241 in 1826; 234 in 1827; 227 in 1828; and, 231 in 1829. The tendency to crime is greatest, in the male sex, at the age of five and twenty; but, in the female, it is said to prevail most at the more advanced period of thirty.

A seat in the French Academy has become vacant by the death of M. L'Abbé de Montesquieu; no less than fifteen persons, it is said, wish to fill it.

**Algiers.**—The French are rapidly taking root in this colony:—the commercial intercourse with Marseilles has increased tenfold since the beginning of last year; a weekly paper is just started, entitled the *Moniteur Algerien*, French and Arabic—and the merchants have just given a grand ball to the civil and military colonial authorities, in which the French were flattered by the whole affair being got up quite in their own style—even the Moorish edifice was converted into French with becoming splendour for the occasion, and the ladies in French costume contrasted strikingly with the fair Jewesses in their peculiar dress.

**The Icelandic Code of Laws.**—Europe is indebted to Raske, Rafu, Oehlenschläger, and other Danish scholars, for much interesting information relating to Scandinavian literature and northern mythology, and latterly for a notice of "The Grágás," or Gray Goose. The "Grágás," or Gray Goose, is a collection of traditional laws compiled by Bergthor, Lögsömdr, or supreme judge of the island, in the beginning of the eleventh century; though this code was subsequently revised and enriched with additional institutes, Bergthor's labours form its corner stone. It contains intrinsic evidence of a high antiquity, as witness the very headings of some of its sections, amongst which we may quote that "of whales or white bears, such as are tamed and supply the services of dogs." There is much of a heathen origin too in the marriage code, and especially where ceremonies are in question; the bride, for instance, is purchased at a price, and, in accordance with the ancient practice of the East, the wife, where she is suspected of going astray, is called upon to undergo the ordeal of red-hot iron. Independently of pecuniary mulcts, the customary punishments are exile, for short or long periods, incarceration, and proscription. The exile's life was at every man's mercy, though he might, as was customary among heathen nations, purchase remission of his sentence by slaying three brother exiles of desperate character. The offender's property was confiscated, his marriage was dissolved, and even his children were accounted illegitimate. The severity of the punishment was glaringly aggravated by the comparative insignificance of the offences against which it was directed; for instance, a man was liable to be banished if he played at dice or any other game of chance for the sake of gain; if he cut off another person's hair; if he bit or struck a fellow creature, so as to raise blue spots on his skin; if he composed amatory strains on a married female; if he tore off his neighbour's bonnet, when fastened to his head; and if he treated him in a peculiarly gross manner, he became an utter cast-away,

liable to be hunted down and dependent for his existence on the forbearance of his fellow-creatures.

**Charity covereth, &c.**—Barlette, a Neapolitan monk, who stood in high vogue at the beginning of the fifteenth century, and was father to the new Italian word "Varlettare," as parent to the cant saying, "Non sa predicare chi non sa barlettare,"—favoured his auditory on one occasion with the following extraordinary admonition to the discharge of their Christian obligations:—"Vos queritis à me, fratres carissimi, quomodo itur ad paradysum? Hoc dicunt vobis campanæ monasterii—Dando! Dando! Dando!"

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

| Days of W. Mon. | Thermom. Max. Min. | Barometer. Noon. | Winds.     | Weather.    |
|-----------------|--------------------|------------------|------------|-------------|
| Th. 16          | 40 33              | 29.70            | Var.       | Cloudy.     |
| Fr. 17          | 43 33              | 29.60            | N.         | Rain, A.M.  |
| Sat. 18         | 40 33              | 29.98            | N.E.       | Moist, A.M. |
| Sun. 19         | 41 28              | 30.10            | N.E.       | Cloudy.     |
| Mon. 20         | 44 30              | 30.10            | N.E.       | Dirty.      |
| Tues. 21        | 48 28              | 30.12            | N.E. to N. | Clear.      |
| Wed. 22         | 48 28              | 30.12            | Var.       | Cloudy.     |

**Prevailing Clouds.**—Cumulostratus, Stratus, Cumulus.

Nights fair; mornings fair, except Saturday. Mean temperature of the week, 38°. Day increased on Wednesday, 3h. 38min.

## NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

**Forthcoming.**—A Pamphlet on the Nature and Treatment of Cholera, by Sir A. Carlile, adapted for general circulation, by the simplicity of its details.

Sir R. Phillips has just completed a work to be called a Million of Facts.

On the 1st of March a new Monthly Periodical for Flute players, entitled, *The Flutist*.

Mr. J. Arrowsmith has nearly ready the London Atlas of Universal Geography, comprised in fifty Maps, constructed from original MSS., and other materials.

A second edition of the Divarication of the New Testament, by Thomas Virgman, Esq.

Bibliophobia. Remarks on the Present State of Literature and the Book-Trade, by Mercurius Rusticus, with Notes, by Cato Parvus.

Mr. Medwin is preparing for publication a *Life of Lord Byron*.

Poland, and Other Poems.

History Philosophically Illustrated, from the Fall of the Roman Empire to the Revolution of France, by George Miller, D.D.

Illustrations of the Christian Faith, and Christian Virtues, drawn from the Bible, by M. S. Haynes.

A Pocket Dictionary of the French Language, with English Interpretations.

A History of the Highlands and Highland Clans of Scotland, by James Browne, LL.D.

Travels and Researches of Eminent English Missionaries. 2nd edition.

A new edition, with several additional Engravings, by R. Cruikshank, of the Devil's Walk.

**Just published.**—Lloyd's Sermons, translated by the Rev. T. Jones, 12mo. 6s.—Deuorche's Curate's Book, 3s.—Marsh's Translation of the Psalms, 8vo. 12s.—Attila, a Tragedy, and other Poems, sm. 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Hints to a Clergyman's Wife, 12mo. 4s.—Ainsworth's Observations on the Pestilential Cholera, 8vo. 7s. 6d.—Serle's Charis, 32mo. 1s. 6d.—Phænomena of Nature Displayed, from the German of Von Turk, 12mo. 4s. 6d.—Ackermann's Numismatic Manual, 8vo. 8s.—Adventures of a Younger Son, 3 vols. 14. 11s. 6d.—Fennell's Treatise on Algebra, 8vo. 9s.—Cabinet Annual Register, for 1831, fc. 8vo. 8s.; in morocco, 10s. 6d.—Braddock's Memoir on Gunpowder, 8vo. 5s.—Lardner's Cabinet Library, Vol. 8, Memoirs of George IV., Vol. 3, 12mo. 5s.—Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia, Vol. 23, 12mo. 6s.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS

Thanks to A. C.—E. L.—A Pastor—Exchange no Robbery—W. Barnes.

We are obliged by the suggestions of O. J., but the subject has been well considered. The advice was acted on last year and found to occupy too much room.

Next week, *Living Artists*, No. XI. Henry Bone, R.A.; and an Ode to Admiral Lord Gambier on the Temperance Societies, by Thomas Hood.

In stating that Mr. Hunt had not benefited a single fifty pounds by the *Tatler*, it appears, that we were some fractional trifle in error, and the Proprietor requests us to say so.

## ADVERTISEMENTS

**CONSTABLE'S MISCELLANY.**  
The STOCK of this VALUABLE LITERARY PROPERTY, together with the TITLE, COPYRIGHTS, STEREOTYPE, and other PLATES, will be SOLD by PUBLIC AUCTION at RADLEY'S, New London Hotel, Bridge-street, Blackfriars, on FRIDAY, the 2nd of MARCH, at One o'Clock precisely.—Catalogues may be had of Hunt, Chance, and Co. 65, St. Paul's Churchyard; and of Mr. Hodgson, 101, Fleet-street.

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION, by Mr. HODGSON, at his Great Room, 101, Fleet-street, near Chancery-lane, (removed from No. 29,) on Tuesday, February 25th, 1832, and 4 following days, at half-past Twelve o'Clock precisely,

**A VALUABLE COLLECTION OF BOOKS**  
IN HISTORY, ANTIQUITIES, CLASSICS, TOPOGRAPHY, BIOGRAPHY, DIVINITY, TYPOGRAPHY, NUMISMATA, the DRAMA, DICTIONARIES, and MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE; the LIBRARY of a GENTLEMAN, removed into the Country. Among which are,

FOLIO—Manning and Bray's Surrey, 3 vols—Macklin's Bible, 4 vols—Stow's Chronicle, 1615—Morland's Churches of Somerset—Scott's Border Antiquities, 2 vols—Dugdale's Origines Juridicæ—Boydell's Shakespeare, 9 vols, with the large plates, proofs and etchings—Musée Français, 4 vols—Du Cange's Glossary and Supplement, 10 vols—Knymer's Fæderes, by Holmes, 20 vols—Guizot's Dictionnaire Chinois—Aristotle Opera, 4 vols—Robson's Grammatical Scenery, coloured—Rapiu and Kennedy's England—Pictorial Ceremonies and Customs—Religieuses de Tous les Peuples—Chalmers's Biographical Dictionary, 20 vols—Atkies—Records and Parliamentary Publications, including Statutes of the Realm, Acts of the Parliaments of Scotland, Catalogues of the Harleian, Lansdowne, and Cottonian MSS., Parliamentary Writs and Summons, Calendars, Records of the Kingdom, &c. &c.

QUARTO—Nichols's Progresses of James I. 4 vols—Hawkins and Barne's History of Music—Wood's Athenæ Oxoniensis, by Bliss, 4 vols—Lysons's Engravings of London and Magna Britanniæ—D'Orléans & Mont and Scott's Bibles—Bibliothèque's Encyclopédie de Antiquités, 2 vols—Borel's Monumental Remains, large paper, proofs—Jortin's Life of Erasmus, 2 vols—Brand's Popular Antiquities, 2 vols—Cook's Voyages and Life, 9 vols—Aristophanes, (Burmans), 2 vols—Connolly's Spanish Dictionary, 4 vols—Cook's Memoirs of Walpole, 3 vols—Garin's Histoires et Châtelain Lexicon and Grammar, 4 vols—Wilson's Mountains, 3 vols, with Riddell's Picturesque View—Hindostanee, Malay, Turkish, and Chinese Grammars—Ruding, Suetling, Ducarel, Cardonne, Pinkerton, Simon, Pegge, Pyle, and Clarke, on Coins and Medals.

OCTAVO, &c.—Gentleman's Magazine, 153 vols—Brydges's Censura Literaria, Rediviva, Cinella, and Polygraphia Librorum, &c.—Vaughan's Royal and Noble Authors, by Park, 5 vols—Chalmers's Biographical Dictionary, 20 vols—Clarendon's Rebellion, portraits—Dionodorus Siculus, Wesselingh, 11 vols—Ireland's Hierarchy, 3 vols—Ritson's Works—Christian Guardian Magazine, 21 vols—Goldoni's Comedie, 17 vols—Hume Smollett, and Beisham's England, 21 vols—Scrype's Ecclesiastical Memorials and Lives, 16 vols—Bernet's Reformation, 6 vols, large paper—Edinburgh Quarterly, and Retrospective Reviews; &c. &c. in good preservation, and many in russia, morocco, and calf bindings.

To be viewed, and Catalogues had.

On the 1st of March will be published, price 2s. 6d.  
**THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE,**  
No. 11.  
Edited by THOMAS CAMPBELL, Esq. Author of 'The Pleasures of Hope'.

Assisted by the leading talent of the day.  
The ensuing Number will contain a great variety of Original Articles, on subjects of striking interest, among which are—Lives, by T. Campbell, Esq.: Benediction on Children—A Good Story of a Glasgow Tailor, by the Euxine Shepherd—Irish Sketches, No. 4: Malbribe Castle, by Lady Morgan—Present State of Trade in the Metropolis—The Simple Papers: Perceval and the Tory Salute, Irving Correspondence, &c.—Oswald the Blighted, a Tale of Ayrshire, Chapter I.—And reformist's Guide: Ulra Popinjay to his Uncle Barnabas—Dialogues of the Deck, No. 2.—The March of Mind, by the Author of 'Tales of the Fair'—Finance and the Currency—Recent Facts respecting Cholera—Gibb's Scottish Songs, reviewed by the Euxine Shepherd; &c. Printed for James Cochrane and Co. No. 11, Waterloo-place; and to be had of every Bookseller in the Kingdom.  
The preceding Numbers of this established periodical contain admired Poems by Thomas Campbell, Esq.; James Montgomery, Esq. of Sheffield; Allan Cunningham, Esq.; with valuable papers, by the Author of 'Newton Forster,' by Lady Morgan, by the Author of the 'Naval Sketch Book,' the Author of the 'Kurzilbash,' &c.

March 1, price 1s. 6d. No. 63, of  
**THE MONTHLY REPOSITORY,**

CONTAINING,  
1. The Fast Day and the Cholera. 2. Lise, or the Progress of Worship, a Tale. 3. Sunday School Education. 4. The Philosophy of the History of Manhood, Art. III. 5. War, a Poem, translated by Dr. Bowring. 6. The Trinitarian Investigator. 7. The Light of Nature. 8. On Refinement of Character. 9. The Poor and their Poetry. 10. The Irish Title Question. 11. Critical Notices of various Publications, &c. &c.  
Also, price 1s. 6d.

Illustrations of Political Economy, in a Series of Tales, by Harriet Martineau. No. 2. THE HILL AND THE VALLEY.  
Charles Fox, 67, Paternoster-row.

On the 1st of March, price 2s. 6d., with a splendidly coloured engraving of a fine variety of Hyacinths, a View of an Island Lake at Tahiti, with Illustration of Burns's Poems, and four full-length portraits, the Third Number for 1832, of

**THE ROYAL LADY'S MAGAZINE,** and  
Archives of the Court of St. James's.  
W. Sans, Bookseller to the King, 1, St. James's-street, and S. Robinson, St. Paul's. Sold by all Booksellers.

"When we enquire among the contributors to this work the names of Sir Walter Scott, Lord Morpeth, Hogg, Misses Milford, Porter, and Parnes, the notable reviewer of the 'Keepsake,' the author of the 'Five Nights at St. Albans,' &c. &c. we think the female who knows there is such a work, and is not among the readers, deserves the reproach which has long been cast upon their sex, by the insulting assumption that they are in mind and education inferior to man."—*Country Paper.*

41. The first number was published in January 1831, and dedicated, by permission, to the Queen.

On the 1st of March will be published, price 2s. No. 1, of the  
**BRITISH MAGAZINE,**  
AND  
MONTHLY REGISTER  
OF  
RELIGIOUS & ECCLESIASTICAL INFORMATION,  
PAROCHIAL HISTORY,  
AND  
DOCUMENTS RESPECTING THE STATE OF THE POOR,  
PROGRESS OF EDUCATION, ETC.

The Magazine now presented to the notice of the public, differs, in some important respects, FROM ANY AT PRESENT IN EXISTENCE. While its chief aim will be undoubtedly to diffuse sound religious and moral information, it does NOT seek to be exclusively THEOLOGICAL; but will embrace other topics connected directly with public improvement. The education of the poor, their moral and religious condition, and their temporal wants, are objects of paramount interest, at present, both to the religious man and the politician. The Magazine will, therefore, embrace accounts of the plans devised for the improvement of both the spiritual and temporal condition of the poor, whether by societies (with reports of their proceedings) or by individuals, and will be open to communication on these important points. On all these subjects, as well as on religious matters,—OF THE STATE OF THE CHURCH AND CLERGY, as well as of other religious bodies,—it will seek to present FACTS and DOCUMENTS. And on this ground it will hope for the patronage of the lovers of truth in all parties, political and religious. For TRUTH, in most of the points here alluded to, is only to be known by the careful collection, and careful examination of DOCUMENTS. All, therefore, who wish to know the truth, must wish for documents; and no one, whatever be his party, can wish to shrink from the inferences to which he may be conducted by them, or fear that these faithful guides—if rightly used—will ever mislead him.

With respect to the PRINCIPLES adopted in the Magazine, the Proprietors feel that they could not gain credit with reasonable men by professing that the management is entrusted to persons having no fixed opinions on matters so important as those which will be treated of; they have, therefore, no hesitation in stating, that the Magazine is in the hands of persons who are known to the CHURCH OF ENGLAND, and in avowing their conviction, that while almost every sect has its journal, great advantage and convenience would arise to the members of the Church of England, if they, too, had theirs; that is to say, if they had a journal which should NOT seek for discussion of matters where churchmen differ; but rather give them a point of union on matters where they agree, and a means of promoting their common cause. But having said this, the Proprietors must add, that the Magazine will always be open to those who may wish to explain or defend themselves against any charges or accusations conveyed in its pages.

They trust that the CLERGY may find this Magazine an useful medium of communication on PROFESSIONAL matters, a medium which seems to them at present to be much wanted. They will endeavour, as far as possible, to give full accounts of all Meetings held on Religious Matters, as well as of those for Benevolent purposes, reserving to the Editor the right of making brief comments on any points which he may deem of consequence in the speeches reported.

For the ORIGINAL matter, they can only say that they are prepared to spare no expense for the purpose of engaging able Contributors, and they take this opportunity of inviting Contributions. In addition to the points already adverted to, they hope very frequently to present their readers with Biographies of Remarkable Religious Characters; and also with Records of the Manners, Feelings, and Habits of Students and Scholars, as well as of Divines and Religious Ministers of past times. In conclusion, they invite notice to the following list of subjects, which they intend to comprehend in their Miscellaneous Department.

## MISCELLANEOUS DEPARTMENT.

1. Notices of the *olden time*, in extracts from Original Letters, or curious and scarce Works.
2. Reviews of new Books.
3. Events of the Month, arranged under Counties, confined to matters relating to the Clergy, the Church, and the Poor.
4. Acts of Parliament respecting Church or Poor—or moral and religious state of the Country, whole or abstracted.
5. State of *Importance*, referring to the various Topics.
6. Reports of Religious Meetings, with Editor's Remarks.
7. Reports of Meetings for bettering the condition of the Poor.
8. Documents of all kinds respecting Church Revenues, Poor's Rates, Emigration, Population, Religious and Benevolent Societies.
9. University News.
10. Clerical News—Clergy Deceased, Married, Ordained, Preferred.
11. List of New Books and announcements.
12. State of the Markets for the Month, with prices.
13. State of the Funds—List of Patents.
14. Gardener's Calendar for ensuing month.
15. Meteorological Register for past Month.

The Magazine will contain about SIX SHEETS of Letter-press, with a Wood-cut by a superior Artist; and will be published on the 1st of MARCH, and be continued Monthly, price 2s.

Published by John Farrill, 250, Regent-street, London; where Communications for the Editor (post paid), Books for Review, and Advertisements, are requested to be forwarded.

Orders received by all Booksellers, Newsmen, and Postmasters in the United Kingdom.

## AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS JUST RECEIVED.

**THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW,**  
No. LXXIV. for JANUARY. Price 6s. 6d.

CONTENTS:  
1. Anderson's Observations in Greece—II. Reform in England III. Defence of Poetry—IV. Silberman's History—V. Croker's Recollections—VI. Grafton's Remains—VII. Mary Queen of Scots—VIII. The Two Conventions—IX. Popular Superstitions—X. Effects of Machinery—XI. Military Academy—XII. Encyclopedia Americana.

The American Christian Examiner and General Review, No. XLVII. for November, and No. XLVIII. for January. Price 3s. 6d.

The American Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge, for 1832, pp. 324. Price 5s.

Views in New York. Parts I. II. and III. containing Four Views each. 4to. Price 2s.; proofs on India paper, 3s.

Just published, price 2s.

The Progress of Reform in England, by the Author of the 'Prospect of Reform in Europe,' from the January Number of the North American Review.

O. Rich, 12, Red Lion-square.

## DIAMOND MAGAZINE.

Price 6d.  
The forthcoming Number of this spirited Periodical will be embellished with a very striking View of SURREY TERRACE, REGENT'S PARK; and will contain, among other Articles, The Agricultural Poor—Stoke and the Poet Gray—the Art of publishing One's-self—Charles Selby, an Original Tale—American Artists, No. 2, &c. &c.

41. The Number for April will contain, No. 1, of a Series of Full-length Pen-and-Ink Drawings of Public Characters, with a Biographical Sketch of their public Life.

W. S. Orr, 14, Paternoster-row, London; and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen in Town and Country.

## CHOLERA.

This day is published, price 6s. 6d.

**A SUPPLEMENTARY NUMBER** of the  
EDINBURGH MEDICAL AND SURGICAL JOURNAL,  
the whole of which is devoted to the Discussion of the Epidemic Cholera; including the Official Documents of the Russian, British, and other Governments, with an Account of the Advance of the Malady through Europe and Asia, accompanied by Charts illustrative of its Progress; containing also, Analyses of the Principal Publications on the Subject, with the Arrangements of the Edinburgh Board of Health, preparatory to the arrival of Cholera in that City.  
Adam Black, Edinburgh; and Longman and Co. London.

No. CXI. will appear on the 1st of April.

## NEW WORK.

**MELODIES** by Mrs. ALEXANDER KERR.

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"Mrs. Kerr has established her claim to taste as a composer—and to delicacy and feeling as a poetess."—*Weekly Times.*

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Rudall and Rose's splendid Flutes.

N.B. Four Second-hand Flutes (of their make) to be sold a bargain.

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1. (including Ireland,) with a Statement of Progress in the Industry, Agriculture, and Commerce of Great Britain, and the Duration of Life; an Historic and Descriptive Account of London, Westminster, and other parts of the Metropolis; a Comparative Account of the Population of Great Britain, in 1801, 1811, 1821, 1831; a Table of Mortality, calculated upon the Ages of 92,333 Persons buried in the county of Essex, during eighteen years, from 1812 to 1830; and a Summary of the Population of Great Britain, in 1801, 1811, 1821, and 1831.

By JOHN RICKMAN, Esq.

"A very valuable body of statistical facts."—*Times.*

Published by E. Moxon, 64, New Bond-street; Ridgway and Son Piccadilly; and S. Wilson, Royal Exchange.

## ON THE 1st of February was published,

**PICKERING'S ALDINE EDITION** of

THE BRITISH POETS, Vol. XVIII. price 6s. containing

THE POEMS OF MILTON, Vol. II.

With Notes, &c. by the Rev. JOHN MITFORD.

"This is a very well-arranged and well-printed work. The editor and bookeller have united in rendering the text worthy of public approbation; and if it is presented in this spirit with the eminent poets of the land, we shall have a body of song, such as no nation can equal, and printed with an elegance and accuracy of which we see too few examples."—*Athenæum.*

"The life of Milton, which occupies half the first volume, is written by the Rev. John Mitford, who has spared no pains in the collation of facts, and whose writings bear evidence of having looked more closely into the controversial works of Milton, and generally the theological and political discussion of his time, than any other modern biographer."—*Examiner.*

The following have already appeared, and may be purchased separately.

THE POEMS OF BURNS ..... Vols. I. II.

THE POEMS OF THOMSON ..... III. IV.

THE POEMS OF COLLINS ..... V.

THE POEMS OF KIRKE WHITE ..... VI.

THE POEMS OF COWPER ..... VII. VIII. IX.

THE POEMS OF SOUTHWELL ..... X.

THE POEMS OF BEATTIE ..... XI.

THE POEMS OF POPE ..... XII. XIII. XIV.

THE POEMS OF GOLDSMITH ..... XV.

THE POEMS OF MILTON, Vol. I. .... XVI.

Volume XIX. containing the POEMS OF MILTON, Vol. III. will be published early in March.

William Pickering, 27, Chancery-lane, London.

On Monday will be published, in 8vo. by C. Chapple, the King's appointed Bookseller, Royal Library, 69, Pall Mall, facing Marlborough House,

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Printed for James Cochran and Co. 11, Waterloo-place.

**PROFESSOR SCHOLEFIELD'S ÆSCHYLUS.** This day is published, in 8vo. price 12s. in boards, the Second Edition.

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Coll. S.S. Trin. auper Socius, et Græcarum Literarum Professor Regius. Cambridge: Printed for J. and J. J. Deighton; and J. G. and F. Rivington, London.

Of whom may be had,

*Euripidis Tragediæ priores quatuor.* Editit Ricardus Porson, A.M. Recensuit J. Scholefield. Editio secunda. 8vo. 14s.

This day is published, in 12mo. price 7s. 6d. boards, **A FAMILIAR INTRODUCTION TO THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION**, in a Series of Letters from a Father to his Sons.

By A. SENIOR.

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Printed for J. G. and F. Rivington, St. Paul's Churchyard, and Waterloo-place, Pall Mall.

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VI.

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**REMARKS ON EAST INDIA AFFAIRS;** Comprising the Evidence to the Committee of the House of Commons on the Judicial and Revenue Systems of India; with a Dissertation on the Ancient Boundaries, and its Civil and Religious Divisions; also, Suggestions for the future Government of the Country.

VII.

**RICKARDS ON THE TRADE WITH INDIA.** Early in March will be published, Part IV. of

INDIA;

Or, Facts submitted to illustrate the Character and Condition of the Native Inhabitants, the Causes which have for Ages obstructed the Improvement of the Country; with Suggestions for reforming the present System, and the Measures to be adopted for its future Government at the Expiration (in 1834) of the present Charter of the East India Company. By Robert Rickards, Esq.—This Part will complete the Work.

VIII.

In the course of this month will appear, the 6th edition, with considerable additions, of

**THE RECTORY OF VALHEAD.** By the Rev. R. W. Evans, M.A. Folio, cap 8vo. price 6s. bound in cloth; or 7s. 6d. neatly bound in silk, with gilt edges; Morocco extra, 9s.

IX.

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XIII.

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"In June, July, and August, the weather is excessively hot, sometimes as hot as in the West Indies, the mercury being 90° to 100° Fahrenheit. Showers from the south-west, sometimes accompanied with thunder and lightning, occur during these months about once a-week, or every ten days, which generally shift the wind to the north-west, and produce for a short time an agreeable coolness.

"The nights at this season exceed in splendour the most beautiful ones in Europe. To pourtray them in their true colours, would require more than any language can accomplish, or any pencil, but that of imagination, can execute. The air, notwithstanding the heat of the preceding day, is always pure; the sea generally unruffled, and its surface one vast mirror,

reflecting with precision every visible object, either in the heavens or on the earth. The moon shines with a soft, silverlike brilliancy, and, during her retirement, the stars are seen in their utmost effulgence. Fishes of various species sport on the water; the singular note of whip-poor-will is heard from the woods; the fire-fly floats on the air, oscillating its vivid sparks; and, where the hand of man has subdued the forest, and laid the ground under the control of husbandry, may be heard the voice of the milkmaid, or the 'drowsy tinkling of the distant fold.' In another direction may often be seen the light of the birch torch, which the Mick-mack Indian uses in the prow of his canoe, while engaged with his spear in fishing." i. 124-5.

The winter is likewise correctly described—suffice it to say, that the snow lies deep, the frost is such as to make men, as Cobbett said, skip and jump, and that summer succeeds without the medium of more than a day or so of spring. We shall leave, too, the trees, both fruitful and barren, for the present undescribed; nor say one word about the wild fowl, which sometimes darken the air with their numbers; nor allude to the birds which make those magnificent forests vocal with song; nor shall we be tempted into a disquisition on those beautiful animals which bear furs for no other purpose but to make themselves acceptable to the British ladies. We prefer quoting part of the account which these volumes contain, of the great fishery at Newfoundland—for, after all, the beautiful must permit something to be said about the useful. We are concerned, however, to say, that not more than eight or ten British vessels are employed in the Bank fishery; formerly there were six or seven hundred; this valuable nursery for seamen, and the source once of much wealth, is abandoned, we know not for what reason, to the Americans and French.

"The boats used for the shore fishery are of different sizes; some requiring only two hands, while others have four, which is the general number. It is not uncommon to observe boys and girls, when cod is plentiful, fishing in these boats. Every fisherman is provided with two lines, having to each two hooks; both lines are thrown over at the same time, one on each side of the boat, to which one man attends. The kind of bait in season used, is such as herring, mackerel, caplins, squid, clams, and, when none of these are to be had, the flesh of birds. The entrails of fish taken with jiggers, and what is found within them, is also used for bait. A jigger is a piece of lead made into the form of a small fish, with two hooks fixed into its mouth, and turned outwards in opposite directions. It is made fast to a line, which is thrown over into the sea, and by jerking it up and down, the hooks frequently fasten into the cod or other fish; the cod, which is probably the most voracious fish we know, also darts at, and swallows, the artificial fish with the hooks fastened to it. By these methods vast quantities of cod are



caught. Seines are also used to catch cod; and vast numbers are hauled ashore on the coast of Labrador in this manner.

"When the boats are stationed on the fishing ground, which is sometimes within the harbour, and, in the first of the season, near the shore, the men sit or stand at equal distances from the gunwales, and each attends to his own lines. So abundant are the fish at times, that a couple of cod are hooked on each line before the lead reaches the bottom; and while the one line is running out, the fisherman has only to turn round and pull in the other, with a fish on each hook. In this way they fill the boat in a very short time. If the cod be very large, it is lifted into the boat, as soon as it comes to the water's edge, by a strong iron hook fixed on the end of a short pole, called a gaff. As soon as the boat is loaded, they proceed to the stage on the shore with the fish, when the operations of splitting and salting succeed. Fish should be brought to the shore within forty-eight hours at farthest after it is caught. When plentiful, the boats often return in two or three hours, and push away again immediately after the fish is thrown on the stage." i. 226-8.

We must leave industry at sea to examine industry on shore: and here we may as well say at once, that to the carelessly idle, or the man unacquainted with labour, Canada is an untillable and unfruitful desert; whereas to him who has strength of body and skill of hand, it is capable of becoming something of a paradise. Fish swarm in the rivers as well as in the lakes and seas; the wood is of the finest quality, and grows in vast quantities; the ground produces all sorts of grain, and all kinds of useful vegetables, and land can be had for a few shillings the acre. Children are there a blessing—in England they are but too often regarded as an incumbrance. Listen to what a well-informed man says on the subject:—

"As to the classes to which British America offers inducements to emigrate, much will depend upon individual character; but it may, however, be observed, that in consequence of the high price of labour, gentlemen farmers do not generally succeed, and the condition of new countries does not admit of new establishments. The settlers who thrive soonest, are men of steady habits, and accustomed to labour.

"Practical farmers, possessing from 200*l.* to 600*l.*, may purchase, in any of the colonies, farms with from twenty to thirty acres cleared, which may be cultivated agreeably to the system of husbandry practised in the United Kingdom. The embarrassed circumstances of many of the old settlers, brought on by improvidence, or by having engaged in the timber business, will compel them to sell their farms, and commence again on woodlands.

"Joiners, stone-masons, saddlers, shoemakers, tailors, blacksmiths, cart, mill, and wheelwrights, and (in the seaports) coopers, may always find employment. Brewers may succeed; but in a few years there will be more encouragement for them. Butchers generally do well. For spinners, weavers, or those engaged in manufactures, there is not the smallest encouragement.

"Active labouring men and women may always secure employment, kind treatment, and good wages.

"To gentlemen educated for the professions of law, divinity, or physic, British America offers no flattering prospects. There are already too many lawyers, as they are admitted as attorneys and barristers on serving an apprenticeship of four or five years in the colonies. There are, of the Established Church, notwithstanding the astounding statement made some time ago by Archdeacon Strachan, to the Secretary of State

for the Colonies, fully more clergymen, in proportion to the members of the church, than in England. The members of the Kirk of Scotland, as soon as a sufficient number to support a clergyman settle within a reasonable distance of each other, generally send for a minister to Scotland. Antiburghers, Baptists, and Methodists, have preachers in every settlement where they have members, or can gain hearers. The Roman Catholic Church is respectably established—its clergy well supported; and no class interferes less with other persuasions than they do, or are more peaceable, or better members of society." i. 454-6.

We must, for the present, quit these volumes; we shall, however, find time next week to speak of the line of defence between the United States and Canada—of the canals and other public works which have been planned or are in progress—of our trade, and of our prospects, and all such matters as are of importance to the country, and to emigrants in particular.

*The Phenomena of Dreams, and other Transient Illusions.* By Walter C. Dendy. Whittaker & Co.

A plague upon philosophers and philosophy! Hourly the progress of knowledge deprives us of some sweet illusion, and transfers new provinces from the delightful dominions of Fancy, to the dull, cold, and dreary republic of Facts. The last stronghold of the "Faery-Goddess" has been assaulted, her best and most faithful subjects violently torn from their allegiance; ghosts, spectres, visions of the night, the unsubstantial forms of darkness, have at length submitted to the rule and square of classification, and have been driven into categories, there to repose like mummies in their catacombs—objects of curiosity to all, but of exciting interest to none. Time was, when the entire science of mind submitted to the sway of Fancy; when a work on Metaphysics was as amusing and readable as a modern novel; and when the student was enlivened by such descriptions as the following, which, if not very accurate, is at least sufficiently humorous:

"Whence we may compare the powers of the mind to a court of judicature; the outward senses being as the solicitors that bring the causes; the common sense as the master of requests, who receives all their informations; the phantasy, (or imagination,) like the lawyers and advocates, that bandy the business to and fro in several forms, with a deal of noise and bustle; reason as the judge, that, having calmly heard each party's pretensions, pronounces an upright sentence; and memory, as the clerk, records the whole proceedings."—*General History of Dreams*, 1707.

But such general and lively descriptions will not satisfy an acute and accurate observer like Mr. Dendy; he must find out the causes of all the airy forms that flutter round our pillows, and trace their origin in the physical world. His philosophy grates on the mind of him who has indulged in fitful fancies, full as much as the Quaker's coarse description of Paganini's melody would on an enthusiastic lover of music—"He," said the unimpassioned friend, "has a curious skill in drawing the tail of a horse over the bowels of a cat, and making a sound which people call music." In like manner Mr. Dendy derives those scenes, which restore to us the joys of happy childhood, when hope was young, and life so joyous that mere existence was felt to be a pleasure—simply,

From rising fumes of undigested food,  
And noxious humours that disturb the blood.

It is not our purpose to enter into a long and grave metaphysical or physical discussion of this theory; we shall rather make some few desultory remarks on the subjects of dreams, to which we think sufficient attention has not been paid.

The power of composition in a dream, of which Coleridge's 'Kubla Khan' is so curious an example, seems to be regarded as rarely manifested. But there are few students who do not remember instances of it in their own experience. The first recorded verses composed in sleep that we have seen, have, what in these days may be probably be deemed the additional recommendation of being produced by an uneducated poetess. "They were," says the author, "written down from the mouth of a servant-maid, who used to talk in her sleep, and frequently spoke sensible speeches and songs."

You may go home and wash your hose,  
And wipe the dew-drops from your nose,  
And mock no maidens here;  
For you tread down grass, and need not  
Wear your shoes and speed not;  
And clout-leather's very dear;  
But I need not care, for my sweet-heart  
Is a cobbler.

*General History of Dreams*, 1707.

But we have known the stranger instance of a person's dreaming the right solution of a geometrical problem, which he had given up in despair when awake; and what is more remarkable, the mode of solution was essentially different from all the methods he had tried before going to bed; nor had he any recollection of any previous steps leading him to the discovery. This fact we think scarcely consistent with the assertion, that dreaming is always attended by a suspension of the judgment.

To what has been said, by Mr. Dendy and others, on the inaccurate measure of time in dreaming, may be added the result of an experiment which we have seen tried. If a person dreaming be suddenly roused by a loud noise, the pricking of a pin, or a violent shake, and asked the subject of his dream, you will find him detail a series of occurrences all connected with the cause by which his sleep was broken, but spreading over many days and sometimes years, though the operation of the cause was instantaneous. This psychological fact appears first to have been observed by the Arabians, and it is the subject of some of their most curious tales.

To somnambulism and insanity, is supposed to belong the curious affection of the memory being continuous from fit to fit, and taking no heed of intervening occurrences. But that this belongs also to dreams, in some instances, may be observed in that very extraordinary composition, Archbishop Laud's Journal; for that weak-minded man regularly recorded his "visions of the night," while he took no heed of the more boding portents of coming events that were manifest by day. We have ourselves known instances of dreams being continued after the lapse of several months, without any consciousness of the interval.

Before we take leave, we must, we suppose, say a word or two on Mr. Dendy's work; it is occupied by the opinions of various philosophers, collected from Aristotle to Hume, from Pyrrho to Berkeley, on the nature and cause of dreams; diversified with poetical descriptions of sleep from ancient and

modern poets. The conclusion to which the writer comes, concerning visions in sleep, is, that "the dream consists in a want of balance between the representative faculties and the judgment." On the whole, the volume affords a compendious, well-arranged view of mental illusion; but the author has displayed more reading than original thought, and his use of the terms of philosophy is not always accompanied with grammatical elegance. Should the work, as we hope, reach a second edition, the author should erase the sentence which he has *en passant* pronounced on Lambert and Ireton—he calls these great men "presbyterian rebels"; the veriest sycophant of the degraded Stuarts would scarcely have been guilty of such gross injustice.

*Adventures of a Younger Son.* 3 vols. cr. 8vo. London, 1831. Colburn & Bentley.

THIS is said to be a piece of genuine autobiography. It comes before us, however, in the guise of a novel, and we must examine it as such, without any personal reference to the author. If the character of the hero is faithfully drawn, it is an original in literature, although common enough, heaven knows, in real life. It is a striking specimen of man in his class of *animal*—of matter endowed with life, instincts, and passions, but uninformed by soul.

The outline may be given in a single sentence. The Younger Son is a kind of ruffian from his birth, and is treated by his father with great harshness. At school he learns to fight, beats the usher, knocks down the master, and, instead of being whipped within an inch of his life, and fed upon bread and water for a month, is sent to sea. In the navy, he runs the gauntlet of tyranny and oppression in the usual ways—rebels at last—attempts, when in India, to murder a lieutenant—and deserts the service. He enlists under the banners of another practical philosopher, called De Ruyter, who evinces his love for freedom, by robbing on the high seas, under a French *lettre de marque*. He turns against his own countrymen, because, as he says, "bull dogs fight against their own kind and kin," and assists with infinite glee at sundry butcheries; in the midst of one of which, with his arms red up to the shoulders in the blood of women and children, he is brought down himself by a shaft from the quiver of Cupid. He marries. His wife is poisoned by a rival; and, overwhelmed with grief at the event, as well as convinced that the English were too strong for him on the Indian seas, he returns to Europe.

This outline, however, will give no idea of the book, which is, in reality, full of interest and amusement. The scene is laid for the most part on new ground, and the action of the piece carried on with great animation. There is no danger to the young in the perusal of such a work, for the errors and crimes of the hero are those of a savage, and described with the hardy ingenuousness of a savage, ignorant of the laws, and unable to comprehend the feelings of civilized life. Courage is the chief virtue he lays claim to; but, on his own showing, his courage is merely an animal instinct. Even of this there is too much—he says too much about it. The quality, indeed, which man possesses in common with the brutes, is not worth a

high price; and of this fact the brave are so conscious, that we usually find it accompanied, and sometimes cloaked, by extreme modesty. His love of freedom, is nothing more than a hatred of every kind of control, whether salutary or otherwise. With him, justice and revenge are the same thing. The religion of Christians, he opines, is going to church—a practice of which he disapproves, there being no conveniences for sleeping while the parson spins his yarn. He loathes the "drunkenly-inspired, mawkish, moral papers of Addison."

But to leave opinions, sometimes odious, but fortunately always absurd, and come to "circumstance—that unspiritual God and miscreator." The first murder and first revenge of our hero, was perpetrated on a raven, and is described with admirable effect. It forms, indeed, the best passage in the book:

"My father had a fancy for a raven, that with ragged wings, and a grave antique aspect, used to wander solitarily about the garden. He abhorred children; and whenever he saw any of us, he used to chase us out of his walks. I was then five years old. Had the raven pitched on any other spot than the one he selected, the fruit-garden, I certainly should never have disputed his right of possession. As it was, we had all, from the time we could walk, considered him and my father the two most powerful, awful, and tyrannical persons on earth. The raven was getting into years; he had a grey and grisly look; he halted on one leg; his joints were stiff; his legs rough as the bark of a cork-tree, and he was covered with large warts: his eyes had a bleared and sinister expression; and he passed most of his time idling in the sun under a south wall, against which grew the delicious plums of the garden." i. 9—10.

This person was as sleepless as a dragon, and the child in vain "sought for redress." One day, when he and a little girl were stealing fruit, the enemy came up and attacked him with bill and talon:—

"I got hold of him by the neck, and, heavily lifting him up, struck his body against the tree and the ground; but nothing seemed to hurt him. He was hard as a rock. Thus we struggled, I evidently the weaker party. The little girl, who was my favourite, said, 'I'll go and call the gardener!'"

"I said, 'No; he will tell my father; I will hang the old fellow,' (meaning the raven, not my father); 'give me your sash!'"

"She did so, and with great exertion I succeeded, though I was dreadfully mauled, in fastening one end round the old tyrant's neck; I then climbed the cherry-tree, and, holding one end of the sash, I put it round a horizontal branch, when, jumping on the ground, I fairly succeeded in suspending my foe." i. 11-12.

They then stoned the old witch to death as they imagined; but when they had let him down, and, to make sure of him, were belabouring his head with a stake—

"He sprung up with a hoarse scream, and caught hold of me. Our first impulse was to run; but he withheld me, so I again fell on him, calling to my brother for assistance, and bidding him lay fast hold of the ribbon, and to climb the tree. I attempted to prevent his escape. His look was now most terrifying: one eye was hanging out of his head, the blood coming from his mouth, his wings flapping the earth in disorder, and with a ragged tail, which I had half plucked by pulling at him during his first execution. He made a horrible struggle for existence, and I was bleeding all over. Now, with the aid of my brother, and as the raven was exhausted by exertion and wounds, we succeeded in gibbeting

him again; and then with sticks we cudgelled him to death, beating his head to pieces. Afterwards we tied a stone to him, and sunk him in a duck-pond." i. 12-13.

This was his first taste of blood. A few years after, having committed a robbery at the instigation of a companion, he went out with the latter to shoot. They had agreed to use the gun alternately; but the comrade, when once in possession of so formidable an instrument, had no mind to give it up. He carried his petty tyranny so far, as to order our hero to put up his hat for a mark, which being done, he graciously condescended to allow him a shot in turn:—

"The instant the gun was in my hand I pointed it, not at my hat, but at the hat on his head, exclaiming, 'Hat for hat!' and pulled the trigger. He looked aghast, and screamed out, 'You will shoot me!' I told him I intended as much, and snapped again. It was not primed. Luckily his cunning for once saved his life. He ran off; I primed the gun and followed him; he had got forty or fifty yards a-head; when, as he was jumping a hedge, I stopped and fired. He fell." i. 57.

When fourteen years of age, being overpowered in a scuffle with an older lad, he attempted to assassinate him with a pen-knife. At seventeen, having determined to desert the service, he revenged himself on one of the "tyrants," in the following manly and sailor-like manner:—

"He attempted to pass, muttering, 'What do you mean?—are you in your senses?' Seizing him by the collar, I swung him into the middle of the room, and said: 'There is no escape! Defend your life!'"

"He then went towards De Ruyter, and appealed to him for protection, swearing he was ignorant of what I meant, or what I wanted. De Ruyter continued calmly smoking, and answered: 'Why, it seems pretty clear what he wants. I have nothing to do with your quarrel. You had better draw and fight it out; he is but a boy, and you should be a man by your beard.'"

"The lieutenant, whose fears then took entire possession of his mind, humbled himself to me; he protested he had never intended me any wrong; that if I thought so, he was sorry, and asked my pardon; he intreated I would put up my sword, and go on board with him, promising, with an oath, that he would never take advantage of what had passed. Disgusted at his meanness, I struck him from me, and spitting at him, vociferated, 'Remember Walter! cowardly, malignant ruffian! What! you white-livered scoundrel, can no words move you?—then blows shall!' and I struck him with the hilt of my sword in his mouth, and kicked him, and trampled on him. I tore his coat off, I rent it to fragments, saying, 'This is the first time such a poltroon has disgraced this true colour!' His screams and protestations, while they increased my contempt, added fuel to my anger, for I was furious that such a pitiful wretch should have lorded it over me so long. I roared out, 'For the wrongs you have done me, I am satisfied. Yet nothing but your curish blood can atone for your atrocities to Walter!'"

"Having broken my own sword at the onset, I drew his from beneath his prostrate carcass, and should inevitably have despatched him on the spot, had not a stronger hand gripped hold of my arm. It was De Ruyter's; and he said, in a low, quiet voice, 'Come, no killing. Here!' (giving me a broken billiard cue), 'a stick is a fitter weapon to chastise a coward with. Don't rust good steel.'"

"It was useless to gainsay him, for he had taken the sword out of my hand. I therefore

belaboured the rascal: his yells were dreadful; he was wild with terror, and looked like a maniac. I never ceased till I had broken the butt-end of the cue over him, and till he was motionless." i. 124—126.

Our hero having succeeded in making his escape, he says—

"I gave vent to my joy, and played as many antics as a madman broke loose from his chains. I spurred my willing horse on to the centre of the sandy waste, hallooing and screaming myself hoarse with rapture. I drew the sabre De Ruyter had given me, and flourished it about, regardless of my horse's head and ears. As I lost sight of the town gate, I pulled in my foaming steed; then looking around, and seeing nothing human, I dismounted, when patting the horse's reeking neck, I exclaimed: 'Here we are, thou only honest creature, free at last! The spell of my bondage is broken! Who shall command me now? I will obey no one; I will have no other guide than my instinct; no one's will shall be mine; I am for my own free impulses! Who dare attempt to replace the yoke around my neck? Let him come here! I'll not move from this spot, though pursued by all the men in the fleet and garrison!' i. 132-3.

In the evening, he arrived at a village inhabited by public women, entered one of the huts, drank himself into a phrensy, and set fire to the habitation.

At sea with his friend De Ruyter, they fell in with a Malay vessel, and attacked her. The Malays made a noble defence, which elicited the exclamation from De Ruyter of, "Damn their impudence—they shall have enough of it!" Our hero boarded, but "with rage and disappointment" returned unsuccessful:—

"At daylight, De Ruyter came to the determination of sinking her; which we reluctantly did, by opening a fire with our largest guns, and red-hot shot, which had been prepared during the night. Symptoms of fire from below soon made their appearance; smoke slowly arose; several explosions of powder took place; the smoke arose darker, and in masses; at last we saw the savages themselves crawling up on all-fours upon deck. Their guns having been thrown overboard by us, they could make no defence. Streams of fire now burst out of her hatchways and port-holes. On the balls going through her, our Arabs swore they saw the gold-dust, and pearls, and rubies, fly out of her on the opposite side. I cannot say I did; nor could I smell the otto of roses, which they affirmed was running out of her scuppers like a fountain. I saw nothing but the dense flames and smoke, and the poor devils swarming up and jumping into the waves, preferring death by water to fire and balls,—for they had no other choice. Though we lowered our boats to pick them up, not one approached them; and the boats did not near the vessel, fearing her blowing up. She appeared to have an immense number of men; not less than two hundred and fifty to three hundred.

"Having given over firing, we lay at some distance, intently gazing at her. After an explosion, louder than the loudest thunder, which vibrated through the air, we could see nothing but a black cloud on the waters, enveloping all around, like a pall, and darkening the heavens; and where the pirate had been was only to be distinguished by the bubbling commotion and dashing ripple of the sea, like the meeting of the tides, or where a whale has been harpooned, and sunk. Huge fragments of the ship, masts, tackling, and men, all shattered and rent, lay mingled around in a wide circle. Some dark heads still above the surface, awaiting, as it were, the utmost of our malice, faintly yelled their last war-cry in defiance; then a few bubbles

shewed where they had been. Her hull was driven down stern-foremost, and her grave filled up on the instant." i. 233—235.

We had marked for extract another passage of a similar nature, in which the victims are stated to have been chiefly women and children; but the cowardly atrocity of the whole affair, is too revolting.

Where is the utility, it may be asked, of drawing a character of this kind, in which there is not a single redeeming point? We do not know. It appears to us, that the author, in imagining a fictitious autobiography, (for we now perceive it can be nothing else,) has been misled by sheer ignorance and want of taste. He is a writer, nevertheless, of considerable natural power, and a little education might have done wonders with him. The fashionable public, we apprehend, are rather fond than otherwise of extravagance; and, perhaps, the greatest bar in the way of a rapid sale for the books, is in the extreme grossness of the language. Lord Byron, for instance, may awaken only a smile, when he tells us that he "hates a dumpy woman!" but when the Younger Son, in expressing the same thing, says that he "loathes greasy and haunchy brutes, as Moses and Mahomet loathe swine," we shrink with disgust. By way of contrast, we quote one of the very few passages in the book, that can awaken a kindly feeling towards the writer. His young Indian wife had found accidentally an ugly fetid flower, which she kissed with rapture, on which he made some ill-mannered remarks:—

"I suppose I was instigated to make this rude speech by her fondling and kissing it. Her dark eyes expanded; and she seemed, for an instant, to view me with astonishment, then with sorrow; as they closed, I perceived that their brightness was gone, and the long jetty fringe, which arched upwards as it pressed her cheek, was covered with little pearly dew-drops. The branch fell from her hand under my feet, her sprightly form drooped, and the tones of her voice reminded me of the time when she hung over her dying parent, as she said—'Pardon me, stranger! I had forgotten you are not of my father's land. This tree covered my father's tent, sheltered us from the sun, and kept away the flies, when we slept in the day. Our virgins wreath it in their hair, and, if they die, it is strewn over their graves. So, I can't help loving it better than any thing. But, since you say it makes you sick, I won't love it, or gather it any more.' Then her words became almost inarticulate from sobbing, as she added,—'Why should I wear it now? I belong to a stranger! My father is gone!'" ii. 101-2.

We have devoted a little more space to these volumes than they fairly deserve; but, the eccentricities of the reputed author, will probably attract a good deal of attention to the work, and we have thought it our duty to give the reader some notion of what he may really expect.

*The Mother's Book.* By Mrs. Child. 1832. Glasgow, Griffin; London, Tegg.

We owe an apology to the publishers of 'The Mother's Book' for having so long delayed to notice it, but as the subject is neither local nor ephemeral, the little volume is as well worth perusal and purchase to-day, as it was six weeks ago. We think most highly of Mrs. Child† as an acute, judicious, well-affec-

† 'The Little Girl's Own Book' by Mrs. Child, was reviewed in the *Athenæum*, No. 185, and spoken of

tioned writer on that difficult science, the instruction and amusement of the young. She writes from experience; she does not theorize; she does not attempt to make education a bulky, intricate, expensive *system*; she does not sacrifice the entire time and comfort of elderhood to youth;—there is a wise admixture of passive with active agency recommended, and a spirit of truthful dealing and affectionate honesty upheld, which cannot be too highly praised. Indeed, the great merit of 'The Mother's Book' is, that it does not give strings of injunctions and prohibitions, but leads the reader to imply the great axiom—that the main instruments in education are the looks, words, and actions of parents, not as instructors, but as characters. "Love your children, and make yourself worthy of their love," would make no bad household motto, in the place of a hundred theories and systems of management. It is less talent that is wanted than temper, self-control, good sense, and single-heartedness. One great source of misery and mischief is to be sought in the insane vanity which leads many "pastors and masters" to determine peremptorily what a child shall or shall not be—shall or shall not attain; thus making themselves guide-posts to some particular goal, instead of remembering that it is the birthright of every child to have his natural bias consulted. One teacher does not allow fiction—another objects to history; one dreads enterprise—another pedantry; one is dying to see the *protégé* clever—another would be terrified at such a result: preconceived notions and arbitrary intentions make education too often a mere game of cross purposes, and instead of *Dieu dispose*, it is papa, and mama, and the governess—or some grave dealer in *Memoria Technica*, who regards the mind as the late Mr. Chesshyre did the body—as something which, if inclined to one side, must be twisted and screwed to the other. Now, we would remind such arbitrators of intellect, that all dispositions, all talents, all modes of mental energy, are, when perfectly developed, and rightly applied, means of individual and extensive good: that when cultivated in accordance with nature, every mind is honourable; and only when wrested from the intent of nature is any mind contemptible. "There are diversities of gifts, but the same spirit." But these remarks are leading us astray from 'The Mother's Book,' which mainly considers education in its earliest stages. Mrs. Child begins with babyhood, and leaves off before matrimony: between the teeth, however, and the teens lies an extensive sphere; and her remarks on the chief subjects that intervene we highly approve of in the main. Those that we do not agree with, we cannot particularize, because it would betray us into controversy. As a whole, 'The Mother's Book,' without laying claim to any original views or profound remarks on human nature, has the great merit of being condensed, sensible, and gentle-hearted. The two first chapters, in reference to infancy, are particularly worthy maternal attention. There are one or two peculiarities which mark the book to be American; and we could have wished that, with no less

with the warmest commendation. It appears, by our answer to correspondents, on the 4th of June, that several applications were shortly after unsuccessfully made to us to know where the book could be purchased; and we now recur to the subject, merely to say, that copies have lately been received from America, by Mr. Kennett, 59, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

sedulous inculcation of self-exertion, as regards *action*—there had been a hint given with respect to self-distrust in the formation of *opinion*. We know enough of American children to know that this hint is needful; but, indeed, clever youth needs it all over the world. In conclusion, we conscientiously and warmly recommend 'The Mother's Book' to all who have the superintendence of young children. We wish we were little again, that Mrs. Child might nurse us in the manner that she recommends in a case of infantine sorrow—"Seat him in your lap, encourage him to tell you all about his troubles, comb his hair gently in the meantime, and in a few minutes the vexation of his little spirit will be entirely soothed." We should like to know when the World will treat *her* children in this sweet spirit!

*Briefe eines Verstorbenen, &c.—Tour in Germany, Holland, and England, in the years 1826, 1827, and 1828.* By a German Prince. Vol. IV. Stuttgart.

[Third Notice.]

We think it right to say, that our extracts of this and last week, from 'the Tour,' are taken from the volume not yet translated;—only the first volume of the translation having as yet appeared.

*Crockford's*.—"This genius may be called a Fisher of Men. From the station of a poor fishmonger, he has succeeded in raising himself to the rank of scourge, and, at the same time, of favourite, of the wealthy and fashionable world. He is a player who has won millions, with which he has built a palace for play, in the style of the Parisian *Salon*, but with an Asiatic splendour, almost eclipsing even royal state. It is, in the now prevailing style of Louis XIV., adorned with all those tasteless flourishes, a superabundance of gilding, a heaped-up jumbling of stucco-work and painting, &c.—a tendency in fashion which is extremely natural, inasmuch as the English nobility are gradually increasing in resemblance to the noblesse of Louis XIV.

"Crockford's cook is the celebrated Ude, practically, as well as theoretically, the first in Europe. The entertainments and attendance are in the highest degree of perfection, together with a *jeu d'enfer*, at which frequently 20,000*l.* and more, change hands in the course of the evening. The society constitutes a club, to which it is extremely difficult to obtain admittance; and though the game of Hazard is criminal in England, the greater part of the ministers are members of this club; and the Premier, the Duke of Wellington, is one of the committee!"

*London Concerts*.—"For some weeks my ears have been ringing with three or four concerts every evening, or rather every night, as one would here call it. These concerts have suddenly become the rage, from the most exalted and select down to the veriest Nobodies in town. Meadames Pasta, Caradori, Sontag, Brambilla; Signors Zuchelli, Pellegrini, and Curioni, sing everlastingly the same airs and duets, which, however, seem not to tire the auditors. Often, indeed, the *artistes* themselves, wearied by the perpetual monotony, sing somewhat carelessly; but this makes no difference to the ears which hear them, for these are rarely of a very musical organization, but merely inspired by the fashion. Indeed, some of the last comers can hardly distinguish whether the Basso or the Prima Donna is singing—which, however, does not prevent their being transported with delight. For the *artistes* the affair is extremely profitable: Sontag, for instance, receives 40*l.*, and sometimes 100*l.*, in every society in which she is heard; and there are often three or four in an

evening. Pasta, whose singing is to me still more delightful, grand, and touching, competes with her; the others, though also playing a profitable game, must be reckoned in the second rank.

"In addition to all this, you have Moscheles, Pixis, the Brothers Bohrer—in fine, a swarm of virtuosos, who, like moths towards the light, all fly buzzing about the English gold without ever being burned; but, on the contrary, as far as regards the women, often kindle new flames right and left, and thus gain more by the devotion of the 'fire-worshippers' than by the exercise of their art."

*London Fashionable Crowds*.—"I went to a party given by the Duke of Clarence, where the crowd was so truly English, that I, in common with many others, after half an hour of fruitless effort, was obliged to relinquish my object, and seek my indemnification at some other ball. Such was the pressure in the first room, that several gentlemen put on their hats in order to employ their arms the more effectively. Ladies bedecked with jewels were thrust down, and lay, or rather half stood, swooning with exhaustion. Screams, groans, curses, and sighs, were the only sounds heard. Some few merely laughed at the scene; and, however inhuman this may have been, I must reproach myself with having formed one of the laughers, for it was really too ridiculous to hear such an affair called by the name of *society*."

*English Republicanism*.—"Foreigners always form to themselves a more or less republican idea of English Society. In public life this principle is certainly remarkable, and is daily becoming more so; the same may be said of their domestic habits, in which an extreme egotism will be found to prevail. Grown-up children suddenly become estranged from their parents; and what we call domestic life, is here applicable only to husband and wife and little children, so long as these latter continue in immediate dependence on their father. As soon as they grow up, a republican coldness and separation comes between them and their parents. And hence has an English Poet said, that "the love of grandparents for their grandchildren arises solely from this cause—that they behold in their sons nothing more than covetous and inimical heirs, but in their grandsons the future foes of these foes." Such a thought could only have had birth in an English brain!

"In the social relations, on the other hand, we meet not with a single trace of the republican element from the highest grade to the lowest. Here, everything is more than aristocratic in the extreme; it resembles the Indian castes. A different constitution of what is here called the great world would doubtless have ere this been formed, had England possessed a court, in the continental acceptance of the word, to give a tone and direction in the highest sense.

"Such a court is not here to be found. The English kings live as private individuals, the greater part of the offices about the court being nearly nominal, and their holders assembled only on great occasions. But, as, somewhere in society, a focus must be organized, whence the highest light and highest influence were to stream forth, the wealthy aristocracy seemed called upon to assume this station. But, with all its power and riches, it was not in a condition to maintain such a station adequately. The English nobility, proud as it is, cannot, as to antiquity and purity of descent, if value is to be attached to such matters, call itself exclusive—nor, indeed, compare with the French, certainly not with the higher German nobles, who, for the greater part, have remained intact. It dazzles only by the ancient historic names so wisely preserved, which, as perpetual masks, pervade the whole of English history, though new families, often springing from very obscure people, mistresses,

&c. &c. are hidden behind them. The nobility of England has indeed the most solid advantage over that of other countries through its real wealth, and still more through the participation in legislative power accorded to it by the constitution; but when not on these grounds, but by a pretension to nobler blood, and higher extraction, it indulges and justifies its overbearing haughtiness, then, indeed, the assumption is doubly laughable."

*Fashion*.—"But it is felt almost instinctively, and tacitly agreed to on all hands, that the universal queen is not aristocracy, nor wealth, but a power entirely new. This is Fashion, an enthroned goddess, who, in England alone, personally, if I may so express myself, rules with a despotic and inexorable sway, but is always represented in the manifest form of some skillful usurpers of both sexes.

"The spirit of *castes*, which extends from her downwards, through all grades of society, has here attained an unexampled perfection. It is sufficient to have visited intimately in a lower circle, you are immediately either not received at all, or with the greatest coldness in that immediately above it on the ladder—and no Bramin ever shrunk from a Paria with greater horror than an acknowledged Exclusive does from a Nobody. Each degree in society is, like the English fields, separated from the other by thorn-hedges. Each has its peculiar manner, and expressions, its *cant*, as it is called, and, above all, a consummate contempt for all beneath it. One perceives at a glance that the nature of such a society must be consummately mean and narrow in its particular coterie—and herein lies the distinction from Parisian society."

*Fashion in Princes*.—"It is almost ridiculous, but not less true, that the present King George IV. is highly fashionable; his predecessor was not at all so, and neither of his brothers is so; which, by the way, redounds to their praise, for a truly distinguished man can never be sufficiently frivolous to be able or willing to maintain himself in this category."

*Dandies*.—"A modern London Exclusive is, in point of fact, nothing but a copy, and a wretched copy, both of the former *roués* of the Regency, and of the courtiers of Louis XIV. The same qualities are common to both: selfishness, frivolity, unbounded vanity, and an utter want of heart; both think themselves entitled to regard all things with haughtiness and scorn, while they crawl in the dust before one idol—the former Frenchmen did so before their king—the modern English do so before the acknowledged ruler in the realm of fashion. But what a difference in the more remote results! In France, the absence of morality and honesty was, at least as far as might be, supplied by the minutest refinement of manners—the want of mind, by wit and amiability—the impertinence of self-exaltation was rendered endurable by a polished elegance and pleasingness of demeanour—and a selfish vanity was counterbalanced, or at least palliated, by the splendour of an imposing court, the perfect art of conversation, a winning ease, and an intercourse which enchaind by its wit and graceful ease. What, on the contrary, does an English dandy offer us? Instead of a noble ease, he casts aside every *gêne* of good demeanour; he inverts the order of intercourse with women, so that these seem the wooers and he the wooed; he uses his best friends, if they be not of the fashion, according to his humour, as though he knew them not—he '*cuts them*,' as the term of art expresses it; he has by heart the inexpressible *fade* jargon, and all the affectations of his '*set*'; always knows what is 'the thing'—and, with these constituents, stands forward a '*Lion*' in the world of fashion. If, besides, he keep a particularly handsome mistress, and have further succeeded in seducing some poor trusting fool who was silly enough to

offer herself up to the fashion, abandoning husband and children for his sake, then his reputation will, of course, be all the higher. And if, in addition to all this, he squander plenty of cash, if he be young and have a name in the peerage book, he can want but little more, at all events to play a distinguished part, and he possesses, in the highest degree, all the ingredients that go to the making a Richelieu of our day. That his conversation should consist solely of trivial jests and slander, which, amidst a large society, he whispers in a lady's ear, without deigning to know that any one but she and himself are in the apartment—that to men he can only talk of gambling and sports—that beyond the routine of certain fashionable phrases, generally the boast of the shallowest brains, he is unsurpassably ignorant—that his awkward style should not surpass the nonchalance of a ploughboy stretched on a stone bench—and that his gracefulness should much resemble that of a bear—all this leaves not a gem the less in the fashionable crown."

In all this we see nothing to quarrel with the Prince about. The *genus* he has a right to lash, and few will sympathize with the sufferers. But we are not so sure of the privilege, which any foreigner, however "distinguished," (this is the author's favourite adjective, when alluding to himself and his German friends,) can lay claim to, of accepting invitations and receiving repeated attentions, without being subject to the social and moral obligation of respecting the secrecy of private life, and of being silent with regard to individual foibles, of which he could have known nothing, had he not been admitted to the most confidential intercourse. Such considerations, however, have little weight with His Highness of Puckler Muskau; on the contrary, the only effect of a feast with him, seems to be a fit of indigestion; and never does he appear to feel himself so much at home, as when abusing his host and ridiculing the whole company, who have the "distinguished" honour of meeting his princely mustachios. The poor spirit and bad taste of this, is evident enough when men are the objects of his sarcasm; but when the innocent frivolities of our fair countrywomen are subjected to his philosophical dissection and bilious estimate, we cannot but wonder that he who so vigorously and justly inveighs against whispering slanders somewhat loudly into a lady's ear before company, should not have hesitated in proclaiming what, if not slanders, are little better, in a studied form, and before the world. But to proceed.

After sketching two distinguished noblemen, in a style which has already tempted politicians to turn translators, he thus delivers himself on—

*The Earl of Ch—st—f—d—*—"The young heir to a celebrated name and large possessions, appears also inclined to advance his claim as a leader of *ton*: but as the excellent lessons of life, contained in the Letters of his ancestor, have fallen on a very barren soil, and other circumstances have not as yet sufficiently favoured him, he has hitherto been fain to content himself with a very second-rate sort of leadership, and with the mere acknowledgment of his beautiful equipages and horses, together with the charms of his celebrated mistress."

He then praises an English Countess at the expense of all her countrywomen—abuses a Viscountess from "the land of the mountains and the flood," and laments that another lady, when she holds court in her old castle,

which once belonged to Queen Elizabeth, appears really to indulge the *douce illusion* that she is actually Elizabeth,—while of a fourth, he predicates, that she is neither "fish nor flesh." We have then two male characters, which are drawn well enough, but not labelled.

"They who are intimately acquainted with English society, will not be surprised, nor think me guilty of exaggeration, when saying that the fashionable hero of whom I speak, a young man of good family, but without means, and at bottom nothing but a skilful *Chevalier d'Industrie*, feels himself both justly characterized and highly flattered by the name *sweet mischief*, which is given him. The Marchioness seems hitherto only to be attracted by the *sweet*, which consists in a conversation of softly-whispered slander—she may probably hereafter become also acquainted with the *mischief*."

"The *bel esprit*, whose caustic power is so much feared, that people court him as savages do the devil, that he may not bite them, has one of the most revolting exteriors I have ever encountered. He is above fifty years of age, and has all the appearance of a pomegranate embittered in gall—a grey and greenish old sinner, who cannot eat at dinner till he has robbed two or three men of their good name, and said as many more ill-natured things, often anything rather than witty, but which nevertheless are instantly hailed by all near him with loud applause and convulsive laughter. . . . But the man is the fashion. His sayings are oracles, his wit must be exquisite, since he holds his privilege to exercise it from fashionable society; and when fashion speaks, then, as I have said before, the free Englishman is a slave."

But we must conclude for the present; whether the Prince's book is good or bad, it is very certain the people of England are anxious to read his report of them, and we shall probably give a few more extracts.

#### *The Wanderer's Romaunt: Canto First.* London, Cochrane & Co.

If we believe the preface, the author of this fragment expects little praise for what he has done. "It was," he says, "written at random, published at random, and a random sale is all that is required to complete the wish of its novice author." We shall not stop to question the propriety of hurrying a work before the public, when the writer himself is, as Milton was, nothing satisfied with what he hath done: we shall rather address ourselves to the poet—for poet he is, in spite of his bad preface—on the manner and matter of his poem. The whole, from beginning to end, is one prolonged lamentation: now, other poets have written dolorous things; but then there was a cause and an aim in their lamentations—whereas this young bard has nothing that we can see to complain of. He says he is young: it is plain he has been educated: it is certain he has leisure on his hands and some money in his pocket, else he could neither have written nor travelled. What, in the fiend's name, ails him? He may depend upon it, that so far from having any cause of quarrel with the innocent world, he has many reasons for being glad; and we advise, him, therefore, as he seems acquainted with the sea, to cast care o'erside, bring up his leeway, and have done with all this affectation. He has been jilted, we dare say, by some broomstick of a damsel, on whose unworthy person he hung the choicest garlands of his verse: he has

also most likely been refused admission into some of the Annuals—not for want of merit, but for want of name;—and it is also most probable, that some splenetic friend has smiled as he read to him, in confidence, his most touching stanzas;—but what of all that?—a man must live long after he has been jilted and laughed at. As there is some true poetry about this author, we shall be glad to see him again, and hear his voice in a more natural strain.

#### *Frederick Wilding; or, the Ways of the World. A Novel. 3 vols. London, 1832.* Baldwin & Cradock.

HAD the author of 'Frederick Wilding' taken a tithe of the pains in forming his narrative, and taming down his language, which he ascribes to himself in an amusing preface; he would have written a much better book. He seems well acquainted with the world and its ways, and in communicating this knowledge, he indulges in a sort of hardihood of detail, which gives an aspect of positive reality to his scenes and his narratives. All those who prefer an ounce of fact to a pound of fiction, will rub their hands when they open the adventures of this Kentish Wilding. The characters are one and all of that common race of mortals, who may be classed under the unamiable names of hunting squires, choleric justices of the peace, canting hypocrites, fashionable speculators, and well-bred fellows, who hover between the gambler and swindler, or partake of the nature of both. But they are frequently redeemed from the crime of common-place, not by their actions, for these are ordinary, according to their natures, but, from a certain dramatic tact, and sharp sagacity, which groupe the figures well, and put vigorous language into their mouths, and dissect motives till the ribs are laid bare. There is little of the intellectual exhibited: boxing-bouts, hunting-matches, scenes in club-rooms, games at cricket, visits to the green-room, keen drinking, ordinary gambling, pluckings in hells, scandal over the tea-cup, love-making, and duels abound. With regard to the story, it is the early years of a young Kentishman, who, with strong passions, and something like an equal leaning to good and evil, is let loose, at twenty, on the world, and runs a sort of crooked career—now flourishing in virtue, then sunk in dissipation; acting like a hero one moment, like a fool another; undermined for a time in love by a canting hypocrite, and cheated out of his fortune by a combination of swindlers. At last Fortune relents—the course of his true-love runs smooth; the hypocrite is unmasked; the swindler is shot; the virtuous are rewarded; and Frederick Wilding becomes on a sudden sober and wise, and marries a sensible and lovely woman, to aid him in maintaining his unwonted dignity of character. The true aim and scope of the author's undertaking may be read in the following letter, from a sharp shrewd swindler, when the hero of the story becomes settled and sedate:—

"My Dear Sir,—I esteem you the best, possibly the only friend I have ever had. You have been the cause, Sir, of my discarding many of those maxims which tend to degrade our nature, and make those who nourish them, unhappy. I have not thrown Mandeville into the fire; but, will you believe me; yes, I think you will, when I tell you that I preferred *selling* him?"



"I have scanned your life, Sir (I am fond, I delight, in wishing to be thought wiser than others—but that you know already); well, Sir, I have scanned your life, and by it I am convinced a man may be honest without being at the same time a fool—that upright conduct divested of selfishness, may procure friends, and that it will keep them firm.

"At your first entry into life, you indulged your imagination in notions which mislead the young; you were willing to rest content with errors, consoling yourself that there was more of good and true wisdom in them, than in the cold and severe virtues. In this spirit you termed prodigality liberality, and frugality parsimony and mean thrift. You were then unacquainted with the maxim, *that a warm heart requires a cool head; that knowledge is a treasure, but that judgment is the treasure of the wise; that Fortune is an almost universal mistress, but that Prudence is the mistress of her.*

"If it be true that he alone can enjoy the sweets of prosperity who has been made to taste the bitterness of adversity, that chance is your's: you once conceived it your destiny to have outlived your fortune, your health, your friends, and your love, and, what was still worse than all these—your spirits; but you then saw that the worst affliction is that with which man afflicts himself.

"Many cry out that all is barren—you can deny it; you have had two friends—friends willing to assist you, not with their advice, (which, Heaven knows, is on all occasions most lavishly bestowed on the unfortunate,) but with their persons, their time, and their purses; and you have had a mistress beautiful, kind, and good—the girl of your heart, and a noble-minded lady she is; she forgot you not, Sir, in your adversity; she deserted you not in your days of error; she forsook you not in your hours of shame and sorrow.

"The price of a virtuous woman is far above rubies; rejoice with the wife of thy youth; may thy fountain be blessed: I cannot conclude better than by wishing you many years the enjoyment of so much beauty, good sense, and good disposition. Adieu;

"JOHN ARNOLD."

We shall make no regular selection of passages from this work, for the sake of letting our readers into the intricacies of the story, for, in truth, there are parts which are anything but clear to ourselves; they are "sort mysterious," as the Frenchman says of something which he did not understand in 'Roderick Random.' We prefer exhibiting the author in a few detached scenes—the first which comes to hand is of a gentle and rather moving kind:—

"The younger sister was at this time little more than a child, but she was thus early noted, as one likely to possess, not only the outward form as fair as her sisters, but in addition, there were discoverable in her, the first principles of a fine intellect. She was from her youth of a melancholy turn of mind, and her picture, taken in one of those her serious hours, bears resemblance to that of Mrs. Siddons and the Kemble family. When quite a child there appeared a fondness for her on the part of Sydney, the husband of the younger sister. He appeared to contemplate with the delight of a father, the expanding genius of Gertrude, and became her master, (dangerous occupation) in teaching her music, and the rudiments of painting. She was about seventeen, when he discovered, from an unpleasant sensation akin to jealousy, which he experienced at some attention paid her by a young gentleman of her own age, that he entertained for her an affection different from a father's or brother's love. Sydney might have been tinged with vices incident to young men of

generous natures, but they had not corrupted him, nor had they contaminated a mind peculiarly alive to sentiments of honour. He had a sensibility unpossessed by the husbands of the other sisters; he could share in her feelings, in her hours of romance and melancholy. In doing this, he flattered himself that he indulged no gentler feeling than a concern for the welfare of one whom he conceived to be worthy of far greater attention than she received from her family, and whose mind, he observed, and perhaps truly observed, was above the family's comprehension. He viewed her as one also, who, from her romantic ideas and youth, stood in need of an adviser. She was oftentimes heard to express a determination to retire from the world, and end her days in solitude. She would then say, that she was assured all hopes of happiness were to her lost for ever, and it became evident, that there was some secret almost bursting from her heart, or some lingering, half-smothered affection for an object, the attachment to which shame or fear hindered her from avowing, and the concealment fed on her cheek—her pallid appearance, and her dejection was now visible to her friends, and affected the family with a sorrow hitherto unexpressed by them on her account. Her disposition was sufficiently known to them, to be one not liable to be disturbed by common occurrences. It was not like those waters which are ruffled and put into agitation by every breeze. She was nearly eighteen, Sydney was flushed with wine, he pressed her passionately to his bosom, and kissed her with an ardour, which, how much soever it might have surprised her, she showed no disposition to resent. 'Heavens,' said he, 'what is this? It cannot be levity in Gertrude, is it love, then? No, no; it was considered a liberty from one whom she had ever seen willing to act kindly towards her; she resented it not, viewing me as one privileged by situation and connexion; as one who claimed a favour sanctioned by custom, for have I not from her childhood given her the kiss of friendship, and she was aware of my disordered state, and seeing it, passed it over as the rudeness of one not strictly himself.' But whatever were her sensations towards him, he was now fully sensible of the extent of a passion, which till then he had been anxious to consider powerless and pardonable. The reflection caused a shuddering in him: as for seduction, he degraded her not for a moment by the thought. But allied to her as he was, the sister of his wife, the criminality of his meditations, for her image was now at all times present to him, nearly maddened him. 'I will subdue the vile passion,' said he; 'I will tear it from my heart.' But now the parting kiss became as customary as the farewell at parting. There was to him an indescribable charm in her society. Their meetings were now more frequent, and their partings became more fond, but nothing on her part had as yet transpired, to furnish him with the slightest ground of suspicion that she considered him more than a beloved brother and her only friend." i. 88—93.

The following is by a rougher hand; the picture is vigorous and coarse:—

"A tradesman's or a farmer's wife is up in the morning. She has to scold her servants, to wash and whip the children, and to have the breakfast comfortable for the good man. She has to look to the baking and cookery, and she has to see that there is no waste or useless expenditure (within the house), of that property, which she is aware is all that she has to regard as the support of the credit of her husband, of herself, and family.

"When she has a holiday, the husband drives her out, or a least is driven out with her.

"When she receives company, and they have a party, everything is regular. The dinner, the

apologies, the retirement with the female part of her visitors after a few glasses of wine, the sending in word to the gentlemen, 'if you please tea is ready,' the cards, the cross looks at them, the cold beef, the relics of the feast, the custards and tarts which have survived the dinner, the grog, the pipe or cigar, the song, the story, and the departure home—all is regular. Each man retires to his home with the partner of his affections, and each one is happy in the bosom of his family; and they possibly experience a negative kind of happiness, unknown to those in higher circumstances. The purity, as to conjugal faith, among the lower classes, we will say nothing about. The innocence of shepherds and shepherdesses, of ploughmen and milkmaids, is about as it always was, I believe. Their goddess is nature, and its dictates they obey. They confuse not themselves with reflections on the past or future." i. 270—272.

There are many shrewd sayings, pithy remarks, flashes of wit, and passages full of observation in these volumes; nevertheless, there is too much about hypocrisy, and seduction, and swindling, to suit our taste, or to make 'Frederick Wilding' welcome to a community at all circumspect in matters of purity of speech, or propriety of behaviour. We are sorry at being obliged to say this, because we are disposed to like many of his scenes; we thought him not more bold than just, in hunting down a hypocrite who eternally talked of spiritual impulses, and growth in grace, and rejoiced when he saved the hangman a job, in shooting off the Hon. Thomas Decker, by hands a degree less impure than his own.

*Poems by William Cullen Bryant, an American Poet.* Edited by Washington Irving. London, 1832. Andrews.

We have done our best to make English readers acquainted with the literature of America, and among other works which we thought especially deserving their attention, were the *Poems of Bryant*, reviewed some months since in this paper.† It was, therefore, with no common feeling of satisfaction, that we received this beautiful volume, in which his scattered treasures are collected and recommended to the attention of Englishmen, by one whose name and fame are dear to them as the honoured of their own country. We have only room at this last hour for the Dedication—next week we shall cull our samples.

"To Samuel Rogers, Esq.

"My Dear Sir,—During an intimacy of some years standing, I have uniformly remarked a liberal interest on your part in the rising character and fortunes of my country, and a kind disposition to promote the success of American talent, whether engaged in literature or the arts. I am induced, therefore, as a tribute of gratitude, as well as a general testimonial of respect and friendship, to lay before you the present volume, in which, for the first time, are collected together the fugitive productions of one of our living poets, whose writings are deservedly popular throughout the United States.

"Many of these poems have appeared at various times in periodical publications; and some of them, I am aware, have met your eye, and received the stamp of your approbation. They could scarcely fail to do so, characterized as they are by a purity of moral, an elevation and refinement of thought, and a terseness and elegance of diction, congenial to the bent of your

† See *Athenæum*, No. 215, p. 795.

own genius and to your cultivated taste. They appear to me to belong to the best school of English poetry, and to be entitled to rank among the highest of their class.

"The British public has already expressed its delight at the graphic descriptions of American scenery and wild woodland characters, contained in the works of our national novelist, Cooper. The same keen eye and fresh feeling for nature, the same indigenous style of thinking and local peculiarity of imagery, which give such novelty and interest to the pages of that gifted writer, will be found to characterize this volume, condensed into a narrower compass and sublimated into poetry.

"The descriptive writings of Mr. Bryant are essentially American. They transport us into the depths of the solemn primeval forest—to the shores of the lonely lake—the banks of the wild nameless stream, or the brow of the rocky upland rising like a promontory from amidst a wide ocean of foliage; while they shed around us the glories of a climate fierce in its extremes, but splendid in all its vicissitudes. His close observation of the phenomena of nature, and the graphic felicity of his details, prevent his descriptions from ever becoming general and common-place; while he has the gift of shedding over them a pensive grace that blends them all into harmony, and of clothing them with moral associations that make them speak to the heart. Neither, I am convinced, will it be the least of his merits in your eyes, that his writings are imbued with the independent spirit, and the buoyant aspirations incident to a youthful, a free, and a rising country.

"It is not my intention, however, to enter into any critical comments on these poems, but merely to introduce them, through your sanction, to the British public. They must then depend for success on their own merits; though I cannot help flattering myself that they will be received as pure gems, which, though produced in a foreign clime, are worthy of being carefully preserved in the common treasury of the language.

"I am, my dear Sir,

"Ever most faithfully yours,

"WASHINGTON IRVING."

"London, March 1832."

*The Seven Apocalyptic Churches.* London, 1832. Bull.

THIS we look upon as a very elegant and valuable little work; well worth hundreds of those flashy publications which have nothing but rocks and sea and sky to recommend them. The drawings of these Seven Churches, or rather the sites where some of them stood, were made by the pencil of Charles Macfarlane, and the historical illustrations are from his pen; and both do him credit. The first is Smyrna, with ruins on the brows of her hills and her walls joining the sea—the second, Pergamus, a picturesque city surrounded by ruins, and overlooked by a hill, where Greek temples stood of old—the third is Sardes, two massy Ionic columns, a crumbling arch, and a ruin-crowned rock, tell from what the place has fallen—the fourth is Thyatira, a very beautiful spot, where all is flourishing and fair—the fifth is Philadelphia, a city beautiful in her ruins—the sixth is Laodicea; here the desolation is complete; lines of broken columns, and heaps of shapeless ruins, speak of an extensive city: the seventh and last, is Ephesus: here the church is seen through a massive arch, of that elegant and enduring architecture, which has rendered Greece famous in all lands. These sketches with the pencil and pen, should be

viewed and read by all who desire a more intimate acquaintance with places which will ever be dear to the feelings of true christians.

*The Shakespearean Dictionary.* By T. Dolby. London, 1832. Smith & Elder.

THIS handsome volume is a proof, were proof wanting, of the general estimation of the works of the illustrious Shakespeare. It is neither more nor less than an index to all the popular expressions and most striking passages of the works of the dramatist, from a few words to fifty or more lines. The author of this volume has shown no little sympathy with the poetic qualities of Shakespeare, and his booksellers have aided him in giving an elegant outward form and pressure to a book which cannot be otherwise than useful and acceptable to many.

*History and Description of Woburn and its Abbey, &c.* By J. D. Parry, M.A. London, 1832. Longman & Co.

A volume dedicated by permission to the Duke and Duchess of Bedford, and of which their Majesties have honoured the author with their gracious commands for four copies, can stand in no need of praise from critics, and has as little to dread from their condemnation. We shall, therefore, briefly say, that all who desire to know the history of the house of Russell, or the house of Gordon; who wish to be well acquainted with Woburn House and Abbey; who would fain know how many paintings and how many statues the gallery contains—how many deer are in the park, or even how much butter in the dairy, will find ample information in the pages of Mr. Parry.

*A new and complete Grammar of the French Language, &c.* By M. de la Claverie. London, 1831. Fellowes.

*Models of Modern French Conversation.* By M. de la Claverie. London, 1831. Whittaker.

ASSUREDLY it rains French Grammars, and snows French Vocabularies!—however, if competition induce improved methods of teaching and learning—*tant mieux*. M. de la Claverie's Grammar is exactly on the plan of the theoretic exercises traced out by Wanostrucht and Levizac, and deserves to occupy a middle station between the two, being superior to the first, and less valuable than the latter. M. de la C.'s Grammar is not equal to the progress made, of late years, in the art of teaching living languages; the author says nothing about pronunciation—the philosophy of the preposition is not at all pointed out, and, in the verbs, conjugations are uselessly multiplied, and the formation of tenses not even alluded to. If, however, we cannot rate M. de la C.'s Grammar as highly as might be agreeable, we can heartily commend his 'Models of Modern French Conversation.' These are published with the English translation, and are certainly the best of the kind we have ever seen. The reader will immediately perceive that the author has been accustomed to good society; and these 'Models' are not only superior to all Madame de Genlis's trash, but are preferable even to Le Gros's. It will, or ought to, become a standard school-book.

*A Catechism of French Grammar.* By James Longmoor. London, 1831. Simpkin & Marshall.

STUDENTS will find this catechism a valuable pocket companion; it is a real *multum in parvo*, teaching the accidentence of the various parts of speech in the French language, on the system of question and answer.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS

### ODE

TO ADMIRAL LORD GAMBIER, G.C.B.

"Well, if you reclaim such as Hood, your Society will deserve the thanks of the country."  
*Temperance Society's Herald*, Vol. I. No. 1, p. 2.

#### I.

Oh! Admiral Gam—I will not mention *bier*  
In such a temperate ear,—  
Oh! Admiral Gam—an Admiral of Blue,  
Of course, to read the Navy List aright,  
For strictly shunning wine of either hue,  
You can't be Admiral of the Red or White!—  
Oh, Admiral Gam! consider, ere you call  
On merry Englishmen to wash their throattles  
With water only; and to break their bottles  
To stick, for fear of trespass, on the wall  
Of Exeter Hall!

#### II.

Consider, I beseech, the contrariety  
Of cutting off our brandy, gin, and rum,  
And then, by tracts, inviting us to come  
And "mix in your Society!"  
In giving rules to dine, or sup, or lunch,  
Consider Nature's ends before you league us  
To strip the Isle of Rum of all its punch—  
To dock the Isle of Mull of all its negus—  
Or doom,—to suit your milk-and-water view,—  
The Isle of Sky to nothing but sky-blue!

#### III.

Consider—for appearance' sake—consider  
The sorry figure of a spirit-ridden  
Going on this crusade against the suttler,  
A sort of Hudibras—without a Butler!

#### IV.

Consider—ere you break the ardent spirits  
Of father, mother, brother, sister, daughter—  
What are your beverage's washy merits?—  
Gin may be low—but I have known low-water!

#### V.

Consider well—before you thus deliver,  
With such authority, your sloppy canon,—  
Should British Tars taste nothing but the river,  
Because the *Chesapeake* once fought the *Shannon*?

#### VI.

Consider, too—before all eau-de-vie,  
Schedam, or other drinkers, you rebut—  
To bite a bitten dog all curs agree;  
But who would cut a man, because he's cut?

#### VII.

Consider—ere you bid the poor to fill  
Their murmuring stomachs with the "murmur-  
ing rill,"  
Consider that their streams are not like ours,  
Reflecting heav'n, and margined by sweet  
flow'rs;—  
On their dark pools by day no sun reclines,  
By night no Jupiter, no Venus shines;—  
Consider life's sour taste that bids them mix  
Rum with their Acheron, or gin with Styx:  
If you must pour out water to the poor—Oh,  
Let it be *acqua d'oro*!

#### VIII.

Consider—ere, as furious as a griffin,  
Against a glass of grog you make such work,  
A man may like a stiff'un,  
And yet not be a Burke!

#### IX.

Consider—if to vote Reform's arrears,  
His Majesty should please to make you Peers,  
Your titles would be very far from trumps,  
To figure in a Book of Blue or Red:—  
The Duke of Draw-well—what a name to dread!  
Marquis of Mainpipe! Earl New-River-Head!  
And Temperance's chief—the Prince of Pumps!

## LIVING ARTISTS.—No. XIII.

HENRY BONE, R.A.

Those who desire to live for three or four centuries in all the splendour of oil colours, may go to Phillips or Pickersgill; but those who wish to have a lease of their looks while woods grow and water runs, should go to Henry Bone. He is unequalled in Europe for the perfect truth and enduring brilliancy of his productions: other artists work coldly, and trust to the permanence of fleeting and unstable colours for the fame that belongs to hereafter;—but Bone works in a warmer element and with more glowing materials: he trusts nothing to chance, or to the caprice of oil mixtures: he considers that he has accomplished nothing till his portraits have passed, like the three children, through a burning fiery furnace, and come forth from the ordeal unharmed. In other words, he is a most skilful enamelist, and has brought his art to such perfection, that neither fire nor water can injure his performances: they would come forth from a blazing pile as bricks come from a kiln, more conformed in their colours; and those accidents which rob art of so many treasures—which make oil paintings ashes, and sculpture lime—would but increase the worth without diminishing the lustre of the enamel portraits of this distinguished artist. By what chance, or rather by what process of study and experiment, he has been able to achieve all this, it would be unfair to relate, even if we were acquainted with the secret: we can only say, that it is the offspring of many years' labour and research, and that it first dawned on him when, in his youth, he wrought, as Flaxman did, for the Potteries. As we set some value upon our person, and wish not to look quite horrid when we are dead, we purpose to have our portrait passed through the fire of immortality which burns in Clarendon Square; and we would advise all those who, without any effort of their own, desire to live after death in this world, to do the same.

If they hesitate to do this, let them, at all events, go and look at the magnificent collection of portraits which the artist has in his gallery. For noble and intellectual heads it has no rival: all who have rendered England a word of fear, or of admiration, are there—more particularly the heroes and heroines of the golden days of Elizabeth and James, and the stormy times of Charles and Cromwell. Though these heads are of miniature size, nothing can surpass their fidelity of resemblance to the portraits whence they are copied; and nothing can equal the deep brilliancy of their hue, unless it be the singular skill with which it is made proof against destruction. We shall attempt no catalogue of these portraits—suffice it to say, that all the chief beauties of ages, in which beauty was frequently allied with talent; and all the chief men of three reigns, in which England produced her best statesmen, best poets, and best warriors, both by sea and land—all are there: puritans and high churchmen—cavaliers and round-heads. The heads of Sir Philip Sidney, Ben Jonson, Shakspeare, Inigo Jones, Milton, Blake, Sir Harry Vane, and Cromwell, we remember as particularly fine; but all are excellent; and when we look at them, we are struck with the truth of the saying, that the true historical paintings are the portraits of distinguished

men. Nor is the collection entirely confined to heads of the olden time: many eminent men of our present day have resorted to the artist; and we hope that more will go, for it cannot be otherwise than gratifying, to think that the portraits of those who have made or are making old England famous in all lands, are ensured against destruction, and will be as fresh and unfaded a thousand years hence as they are now. When we first had the pleasure of visiting this fine collection, it was in the days when an introduction was necessary: it is otherwise now—it is opened to the curious like any public gallery. As we stood, catalogue in hand, gazing upon the mighty of the days of old, we were suddenly joined by the artist himself, with all the marks of studying in the fire upon him. His brow was flushed, his hands begrimed, and his dress a little disordered. He welcomed us with that cordiality which comes from the heart—pointed out a few accessions which he had lately made to his ranks of heroes and heroines—and then whispered that he must return to his fire, in which he had left the head of Mary of Scotland—the third one of that princess which had passed through his crucible. An acquaintanceship of sixteen years has but confirmed the impression which Bone made on us during that brief interview: he is mild and unassuming; and though waxing old, and, we are concerned to add, somewhat infirm of body, he has all the cheerfulness of youth and the placidity of happy old age about him. We know not that he has ever consigned his own likeness to the custody of eternal colours: his head, by Chantrey, is very like, and is in the keeping of Bone himself, and he probably thinks it sufficient.

Some years ago, when our king stirred a little in matters of art, and our government did not absolutely discourage it, the purchase of Bone's Gallery of Enamels was talked of, catalogues made out, and a price spoken of: it was the intention then to add them to the national collection. We never heard of any proposition respecting art so much to our own mind. A collection such as this should belong to the nation—and that nation is wanting in a proper feeling of its own dignity, which neglects to make such a purchase. There is no gallery where the portraits of our great men—we do not mean titled men—may be seen: the heads of the "illustrious" are scattered over the island, and pilgrimages must be made to widely-distant parts by those who wish to see them. Moreover, the painting of Vandyke, or Lely, or Jamesone, is no security against fire; and scarce a year passes without some warning concerning the mutability of all such things;—but the enamels of Bone are matters beyond the power of fire to harm. These are times, it is true, of economy and curtailment; but it is a bastard sort of economy which takes sixteen thousand pounds into consideration, when such an acquisition as this can be made. We have lately heard reproachful language uttered against the public for its coldness respecting the collection which Lawrence left as a legacy to the nation, to be redeemed by twenty thousand pounds. Now, though we think Sir Thomas's drawings and sketches by the great masters might be valuable to an academy desirous of the proficiency of its students, we by no means think that the nation would care one

pitch of a quoit for them, or regard them as better than so much old paper curiously lined and stained; and the reason is obvious—those things exhibit but the rudiments of the art—the first gropings in the dark, as it were, of the gigantic genius of Angelo or Raphael; it is only with full and finished works—and not always with these—that the world has any sympathy. The collection of Henry Bone owes none of its attractions to imported sympathy or affection, which must arise from knowledge in the details of art: the works which compose it are in themselves complete: they lay hold of our regard by the strong ties of nationality and talent: the glory which the illustrious originals of these portraits shed on their own age, continues to give light to ours; and if the country could but *see*, we are sure they would *feel*, how honourable—nay, how wise it would be to make the gallery of Bone the property of the nation.

## TRANSLATION FROM THE POLISH OF NIEMCEWITZ.

THIS life is but a dream at best,  
Where shadows pass, but nought remains;  
Some seem with wealth and honours blest,  
Some, bow'd by misery and chains.

A few there are, before whose eyes  
A crown will flit, in mock'ry sent;  
To others darker visions rise,  
Of country lost, and banishment.

And, oh! what bitter cause to weep  
The boon of life thus hardly given,  
If, after all this troublous sleep,  
We wake—but not to taste of Heaven.

J. H. U.

## JESTS FROM THE ANTIQUE.—No. III.

APOPHTHEGMS OF ARISTIPPUS.

1. Being asked why philosophers frequented the rich, he replied, "They know their necessities better than the others do."

2. A rich man came to offer his son as a pupil; Aristippus demanded five hundred drachmas: "Why," said the parent, "I could purchase a slave for that sum."—"Do so," replied Aristippus, "and then you will have two."

3. When asked by Dionysius, why he left Athens to visit Syracuse, he replied, "When I wanted wisdom I went to Socrates; now I want money, and come to thee."

[From Athenæus.]

APOPHTHEGMS OF STRATONICUS.

1. The musician Stratoniscus adorned his school with statues of the Muses and Apollo; being asked how many pupils he had, he replied, "Twelve, with the aid of the gods!" He had really but two.

2. Finding, at Mylassa, more temples than inhabitants, Stratoniscus commenced his speech with "Hear me, *steeples*," instead of *people*, (*yaot* for *laot*.)

3. A friend asked him, whether long or round vessels were the safer, he answered, "The safest vessel is she that has gained her port."

4. King Ptolemy having spoken more warmly than wisely to Stratoniscus on the subject of music, he replied, "Sire, the management of the sceptre is different from that of the plectre."<sup>†</sup>

5. Stratoniscus was once listening to a bad harper, who sung as wretchedly as he played: turning to a friend, he quoted from Homer—

One thing the Gods have given and one denied.

Being asked to explain, he answered, "The Gods have given him the art of playing badly, and denied that of singing well."

6. He said that the mother of Satyrus was

<sup>†</sup> The plectre was the quill with which the harp was played.

the most wonderful being in creation, for she bore the scoundrel nine months, and no other place or person could bear him nine days.

7. He said that cold weather prevailed at *Enos* nine months of the year, and winter the other three.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

OUR country is becoming fertile in Magazines; the old are prospering, we hear, and others are starting into life; but those who read them cannot fail to observe and lament the stern political tone which some of them have assumed. *Blackwood* seems to have abdicated the throne of poetic literature, on which he sat these ten years, laurel-crowned, that he might enter the lists of political warfare; *Fraser* has a modicum too of politics; so has the *New Monthly*; so has the *Metropolitan*; and we must say the same of *The Monthly*. *The Gentleman's Magazine* keeps on the ancient tenor of its way. The *Royal Lady's Magazine* assumes a higher tone than has been usual with the class, and, not content with dictating a tucker, or regulating the dimensions of a patch, has enlisted Hogg, and Miss Jane Porter and others, under its banners. Notwithstanding this bitter infusion of politics, there is considerable spirit of a better kind visible among the monthly works which we have named. *Blackwood* has a clever lampoon on 'Catherine of Cleves,' and a sensible article on Chateaubriand; the *Monthly* abounds in pleasing papers; it has changed hands lately, is come over to the right tone in politics, and is altogether very greatly improved; *Fraser* has, it seems, enlisted the once wise and eloquent Edward Irving among its contributors, and, leaving quarrels with Bulwer, and disputes with all and sundry to "folks less divine," has grown courteous, yet lost none of his learning nor his mirth; the *New Monthly*, too, has abated a certain tone of unbecoming haughtiness, and is kindly, companionable, and instructive; nor ought we to forget the *Metropolitan*, a magazine which never fails to contain something witty or wise. We have spoken before of the *Royal Lady's*, and the merit of the other *Ladies' Magazines* we must leave to be guessed at, for we are not very profound in matters of dress and ceremony; nor can we say anything for the *Sporting Magazines*, either Old or New, for we are only acquainted with the rougher pastimes of Norway or the north of Scotland, and never coursed a hare, nor shot a pheasant, in a preserve, in our life; we hope, however, that both works, like Mr. Phillips's hounds, will have "a brilliant run."

The *British Magazine* is the first of the monthly novelties that we shall notice. It has arrived late, and we have only had time to dip into it. It professes not to be exclusively theological, but the appearance contradicts the profession; it contains a great deal of useful information for the clergy, but has little that is attractive for the general reader. The *Monthly Repository* is a Unitarian Magazine, which has lately passed into new hands, and is all the better for the change; the leading article on the 'Fast Day' is excellent—it is one of the very best articles we have read for some time, and a capital prose comment on Hood's 'Ode to Perceval,' which appeared in this paper. The *Nautical Magazine* is a sure hit: we had

our misgivings—but it is got up in a style that will ensure success. A little inexperience is evident in this first number, but the material is good—it will be invaluable to naval men, and one shilling will pass it current from the Land's End to John-o'-Groat's.

A few literary speculations are in the market. Barry Cornwall is collecting his lyrics, many of which are of great beauty, into a volume; Galt has on hand an Autobiography of a Reformer, dedicated to Lord Brougham and Vaux—a fit companion for the Autobiography of Archibald Jobbry, Esq.—his Lordship and "honest Bauldy" sat long for rotten boroughs. Horace Smith promises stories collected from the four winds of heaven—the Holy Land, Greece, Egypt, Scandinavia, and England. If he succeeds, he will be the greatest conqueror that ever fought under the banners of Romance.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

##### ROYAL SOCIETY.

March 1.—His Royal Highness the President in the chair.—Dr. Marshall Hall's paper, 'On the Ratio which subsists between Respiration and Irritability in the Animal Kingdom; and on Hybernation,' was resumed, but not concluded. Lord Cole, and Charles Octavius Morgan, Esq. were admitted into the Society; and the Venerable George Glover, M.A., Dr. James Clark, and Dr. Hope, were proposed.

##### ROYAL INSTITUTION.

THE lecture on Friday on the art of Improvising, by an expatriated Italian nobleman, was extremely interesting, from the specimen with which the subject was illustrated. The lecturer gave a hasty historical notice of the more celebrated improvisators of all ages, from the Hebrews down to our own times. He considered that the art was practised among the Hebrews, Carthaginians, Phœnicians, Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans, and referred to authorities;—among almost all the modern nations of Europe; and he mentioned incidentally that, in his presence, Byron pronounced an extemporaneous poem over the tomb of a child in the Campo Santo, at Pisa. When he touched on Italy, the lecturer was sensibly affected, and the whole audience seemed to sympathize with him. He made honourable mention of the more celebrated among his countrymen, and then of some less known; and stated that the art was practised even by the uneducated, and mentioned a humorous poetical reply of one of the lazzarone, on being asked the difference between an assassin and a physician—"that the assassin first killed the man and then robbed him, whereas the physician first robbed and then killed him." A word and a subject being now given, the lecturer gave some specimens of his own skill: he afterwards sang extemporaneously, and then recited an Ode on Poland, which was received with rapturous approbation, and drew tears from Niemcewicz, the Polish poet, who happened to be present on the occasion.

##### ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 27.—G. B. Greenough, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—Part of a paper, communicated by P. Cunningham, Esq., was read, entitled, 'A Brief View of the Progress of Interior Discovery in New South Wales.' Mr. Cunningham takes a comprehensive retrospect of the state of this country at different periods from the first settlement of Port Jackson, and enumerates the various individuals who have successfully made discoveries in various parts of Australia. In noticing the progress of discovery in other parts

of the world, Mr. Cunningham observed, that, "Amidst the ardour with which geographical research has been patronized and prosecuted in almost every other portion of the globe, it is, indeed, a subject of surprise and regret, that so little anxiety should have been shown by geographers, and even by men of science in general, to increase our knowledge of the central parts of the Australian continent. But so it is, that land of anomalies may still be said to be almost a *terra incognita*." The services of Lieutenant Oxley, R.N., the surveyor-general to the colony, are among the first of those which extended the bounds of our knowledge of that country; and, on the return of this gentleman from his examination of the Lachlan river in 1817, he commenced his journey homeward within twenty miles of the Murrumbidgee river, at that time not known in any part of its course, and only recently ascertained (although long supposed) to receive the drainings of the Lachlan marshes. In retracing his steps over those wet unhealthy levels to the hills, by skirting them on their eastern side, Mr. Oxley and his party, in the morning, before the sun had risen many degrees above the horizon, repeatedly witnessed the singular effect of the *mirage*. At one place a few straggling trees, the line of which separated one expanse of plain from another, were seen with their round heads suspended in the air, apparently separated from their trunks. At another, an outline of hills was distinctly observed, with pointed summits. These were but the effect of refraction, and as the day advanced the whole disappeared.

Mr. Cunningham, we understand, is preparing for publication the account of a journey he made in 1827, from the upper branch of Hunter's River in a northerly direction through a forest country skirting Liverpool plains. A sketch of this journey was given with the present paper.

##### ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

THE first evening meeting for the season was held at the College on Monday last. Sir Henry Hallford, Bart., President, in the chair. A paper, by Dr. Ireland, the Dean of Westminster, was read, 'On the Plague of Athens in comparison with those of Marseilles, Malta, and the Levant.'

##### GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 29.—Roderick Impey Murchison, Esq., President, in the chair.

The Earl of Kerry, and William Smith, Esq., of Blandford-square, were elected Fellows of this Society.

A paper was first read on the Titterstone Cleve Hill Coal Field, and on the old red sandstone and transition formations to the westward of it; by T. R. Wright, Esq., employed on the Trigonometrical Survey, and communicated by Colonel Colby. This memoir was accompanied by a portion of the ordnance map, including about 165 square miles, coloured geologically, and by illustrative sections.

A letter from Sir John Herschel to the President was then read, explanatory of a paper laid before the Society during the last session, on certain subterranean sounds heard near Nakooa, in Arabia.

Among the donors to the museum and library were Viscount Cole, M.P., M. Lepold de Bueh, Baron Alexander Humboldt, Dr. Daubeny, Sir John Herschel, H. T. De la Beche, Esq., M. Vander Maelen, and T. H. Holdsworth, Esq.

##### ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

March 1.—Sir Robert Heron, Bart., in the chair, succeeded by the Very Rev. the Dean of Carlisle.—Thirteen candidates were balloted for and elected. The monthly report, read by the secretary, stated the number of visitors to the

museum to have been 536, and to the garden 3,844. The balance in hand, after the usual receipts and payments, 567l. 11s. 6d. An outline of the plan proposed by the committee for awarding premiums on the introduction and exhibition of rare and valuable animals from various countries, was submitted to the members. An entire Egyptian mummy, two collections of birds'-skins from India and America, with a variety of other subjects in zoology, formed the list of donations.

## MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

|            |   |
|------------|---|
| MONDAY,    | { Phrenological Society ..... Eight, P.M.<br>Medical Society ..... Eight, P.M.  |
| TUESDAY,   | { Linnean Society ..... Eight, P.M.<br>Horticultural Society ..... One, P.M.<br>Institution of Civil Engineers. Eight, P.M. |
| WEDNESDAY, | { Royal Society of Literature .. Three, P.M.<br>Society of Arts ..... p. 7, P.M.  |
| THURSDAY,  | { Royal Society ..... p. 8, P.M.<br>Society of Antiquaries ..... Eight, P.M.  |
| FRIDAY,    | { Royal Institution ..... p. 8, P.M.<br>Astronomical Society ..... Eight, P.M.  |
| SATURDAY,  | Westminster Medical Society .. Eight, P.M.  |

## PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

At the meeting of this Academy, held on the 6th instant, Desnoyers, the Secretary of the Geological Society, entered into a variety of interesting details, tending to show, that the human bones and remains of human skill, which have been found in certain caves, especially those in the south of France, had been deposited there subsequently to the last cataclysm, notwithstanding they have been met with, conjointly with the bones of extinct species of the mammiferous tribe. It should be remarked, that the various beds of gravel and slimy matter containing bony substances, have been deposited in strongly undulated layers, but not simultaneously; and that the cavities, left by those undulations, have been filled up by deposits formed, or by bodies accidentally deposited, in the caves, during the present period of the world. At the period of the Roman conquest, it was still customary among the tribes of Celtic descent to preserve their grain underground, and seek for shelter in subterranean hiding-places, when danger impended;—nay, even to reside habitually in them, as Tacitus records of the ancient Germans. But still more positive evidence to this effect is borne by Florus, who wrote at the close of the first century; he expressly says, (in the 10th chapter of the 3rd book of his Roman History,) that, “when Cæsar was carrying on war in Gaul, the Morini dispersed themselves in the forests, which Cæsar directed to be set on fire; the crafty Aquitani concealed themselves in caves, and the general caused them to be closed up.” Now, from the age of Augustus, consequently, nearly a century and a half before the time of Florus, the term “Aquitania,” originally a province comprised between the Garonne and Pyrenees, embraced a much more extensive portion of Gaul, including such districts as Le Périgord, Le Sarladais, Guyenne, &c. where the major part of the caves, containing human bones, are found. The remaining provinces, particularly Upper and Lower Languedoc, in which those caverns are situate, which have most been dwelt upon, were peopled by a race of Belgian extraction, who derived their customs from their native home in the North; and those customs were not abruptly changed by the Roman conquest. M. Desnoyers, then went on to prove, that the ornaments, utensils, and human bones, which have been discovered in these receptacles of bones of extinct animals, are in every respect similar to those which are met with upon opening the tumuli, dolmens, and oppida, or the burial-places, altars, and dwellings of the aborigines, who peopled Gaul, Britain, and Germany, at a period, if not contemporary with, at least, very

little anterior to that of the conquest. There is, indeed, nothing observable in the bones or shells in question, which may not be explained by the practice prevalent amongst those nations, of burying articles, which were used as weapons, ornaments, or even for culinary purposes, with their dead. Nothing, in fact, is more common than to find marine shells and the bones of savage or domestic animals, especially horses, stags, and wild boars, in the tumuli of the Gaul and Briton; and more than a solitary instance can be adduced to prove, that the caves which were used as places of refuge, were also used as places for burial. This two-fold use of them continued even later than the Roman conquest; and hence there have been found in one of the caves, near Anduze, a little figure, a lamp and bracelets, which attest the decay of Roman taste. If, then, they be investigated, under this novel point of view, M. Desnoyers expressed his confidence, that the numerous caves known by the name of *châteaux*, in Périgord, Languedoc, &c. would establish the historical fact advanced by Florus, and prove, at least, so far as France is concerned, that human kind and these mammiferous animals were not contemporaneous.

## FINE ARTS

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Scenery of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland.*

Lithographed by S. Leith, Banff, from Drawings in Outline by Lieut.-Col. W. Murray: with Descriptive Letter-press. No. 1. Perth, Morison, Jun. & Co.

*Views of the City of New York and its Environs.*

From Drawings by Dakin; engraved on Steel by Barnard & Dick; with Historical, &c. Illustrations by Theodore S. Fay. Nos. 1, 2, and 3. New York, Peabody & Co.; London, O. Rich.

*The Wounded Leopard.* Drawn from Nature, and on Stone, by S. Mountjoy Smith. London, Smith & Son.*South-east View of the Lady Chapel of St. Saviour's Church.* Drawn on Stone by J. Harria.*Views Exhibiting the Exterior and Interior and Principal Monuments of St. Dunstan's in the West.* With an Historical Account by the Rev. J. F. Denham, B.A. London, Walker.*Views in the Pyrenees.* With Descriptions by the Author of the Sketches. No. 1. London, H. Leggatt.

THE first number of outlines of Scenes in the Highlands and Isles of Scotland, is entitled to some notice, even though more expensive and elaborate works of the same nature are in the market. The pencil of Col. Murray is at once bold and faithful; and truly it requires both to delineate Loch Maree, Loch Awe, the Scuir of Eigg, and other scenes, as beautiful as they are wild;—the descriptions, too, of Mr. Morison, are in keeping with the labours of the pencil. This cheap and handsome work is most creditable to

Boonie St. Johnston—now the town of Perth; and we have some hopes that the publisher is a descendant of that enterprising Morison, who, in the days of our youth, sent forth many elegant and interesting volumes from the press of Perth.

Three numbers of ‘Views of the City of New York and its Environs’ lie before us, and are so creditable to American taste and talent, that we hope the design of the work will be extended so as to take in views of the great rivers, and mountains and vales—not omitting snatches of the vast deserts. The ‘View of New York,’ drawn by Dakin, is worthy of our own Stanfield. But we must hint to the publishers, that the vignette view, ‘Hudson River Scenery,’ is very like the illustration of May-Talbot.

‘The Wounded Leopard’ has spirit and nature: an arrow strikes him as he has sprung on a deer; and he is turning his head with a savage growl to see whence the missile came. The action, however, is rather extravagant.

The ‘Lady Chapel of St. Saviour’s Church,’ drawn on stone by Harria, shows us that, even in our own enlightened age, works of antique beauty are not safe, when “Churchwardens and Beadles” set up for judges. The proceedings at the meetings which have taken place, with documents illustrative of the subject, have been published, in aid of the subscription for the restoration, by Nichols & Son, of Parliament Street.

The Views of the Old Monuments in the ancient Church of St. Dunstan’s in the West, are drawn by Bury, and illustrated with descriptions by the Rev. Mr. Denham. The most remarkable of these monumental reliques are the effigies of King Lud and his son—they formerly occupied niches on the gate of Lud, at the foot of Ludgate Hill: on the demolition of the gate they found a sanctuary in the Church of St. Dunstan, till the Reformation brought against them a regiment of image-breakers, and the heads of the British princes were taken from their shoulders: they were afterwards replaced by modern skill, and in other stone, and painted to conceal the joints. The costume seems a mixture of the Roman and the barbarian. Some of the other works are well worth examination; and the historical descriptions may be read with advantage by all who wish to know a little of old London, with its customs and its inhabitants.

Of the ‘Views in the Pyrenees’ there are five in all; but as this is the first number, we may expect more to complete the series, which will set the picturesque villages and wild hills of that romantic district fully before us. The warfare which the British waged with the French among the passes and peaks of the Pyrenees, must render this publication doubly acceptable to lovers of the picturesque. The engravings are well executed, and the letter-press description seems written by one to whom the places are familiar.

## MUSIC

## KING’S THEATRE.

‘La prova seria d’un opera buffa’ is the best and briefest report we can make on the performance of ‘Il Barbiere’ on Saturday. It is indeed becoming painfully evident that something must be done by the management at this theatre, and forthwith, or the subscribers will express their dissatisfaction in a way not to be misunderstood. We hinted at the outset that there was too much of promise; we foresaw and foretold difficulties that could not be overcome—but we confess that performance halts most lamentably, and even behind our worst fears. When the curtain fell, a hearty hiss spoke intelligibly the general feeling—and, as critics, we are only undecided as to what most to censure—the omission of the balcony scene, the levity and blunders of the band, or the floundering of the incompetent singers!

The *Rosina* of the evening, Signora Albertini, has a voice, which is quite incapable of expressing passion, or of creating emotion—save that of pain, when she sings out of tune! Of this we were convinced the moment she opened her mouth, in the second-rate character which she condescended to take in ‘Otello.’ Signor Galli was as merry a *Figaro* as an inexpressive face permitted, and sang his part creditably. This Signor is not what is termed a “basso-cantante,” and his want of success here three years ago, was, it is said, owing to the ignorance or necessities of the manager in giving him a rôle not suited to his powers. Curioni’s



singing and acting as *Il Conte* is familiar to the public.

On Tuesday Mercadante's opera, 'Elisa è Claudio,' was revived with better success than attended 'Il Barbiere.' Mad. De Meric's singing confirmed our previous opinion of her agreeable powers, as did La Signora Albertini's of her inability to do justice to a first-rate part: La Signora did not succeed with a first-rate *aria*, in even a second-rate *rolé*, whilst De Meric gained additional ground in the favour of the audience by her earnest and successful efforts. Galli had a part suited to his capacity; he is the only vocalist in the *troupe* that pronounces the language intelligibly when singing. The verdict we have passed on Mariani's singing was fully confirmed by that of the Philharmonic audience, where this singer's coarse style was not mistaken for energy. Curioni was throughout more than usually successful; his languid and sentimental style well suited the character. A "first appearance" was announced, but, as the gentleman had nothing to sing, it is extremely difficult to report on his merits; we think this introductory trumpet should not have been sounded. As to the "discipline" of the band, we had a tolerable specimen on Tuesday, when the numberless blunders committed drove the conductor to the piano, in the hope of taming down their wild irregularities.

The pretty "novelty" of the 'Somnambule' has been twice given, and the dancing of Le Compte greatly admired: her style occasionally reminds us of the grace of Taglioni, but more frequently of the agility and execution of Montessu. The theatre is but thinly attended.

A grand ballet is announced to be shortly produced by Albert.

#### PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

It may not be uninteresting to our readers to know something of the origin, progress, and present state, of the only Society of Musicians, in this vast metropolis, professedly associated for the purpose of promulgating a knowledge of one of the highest branches of musical compositions. The first law is as follows: "The primary object, is the encouragement of the superior branches of music, by the establishment of a Concert, and combining therein the highest talents that can be procured, for the purpose of forming a full and complete orchestra."

It is now twenty years since the Philharmonic Society was first formed; at that time, the works of Mozart and Beethoven had scarcely been heard, and had never been properly performed in England. The store of novelty and of classical music thus opened to the public—the sincerity and unity of feeling which actuated the Members—their eagerness to foster and protect genius—their indefatigable exertions to establish the Society on a firm and permanent basis, by strictly adhering to the very letter of their laws, and enlisting under their honourable banners, the talented professors of all classes—their electing Members and Associates for their merit only—and, to crown all, the gratuitous performance of the Members for several seasons—obtained for the Society the fullest confidence of the amateur, and the profession at large; and subscriptions poured in from all quarters. Thus patronized, the Society flourished, and soon accumulated a surplus of wealth; but, in proportion as it has grown rich, so have its virtues degenerated. The associated Members are now disinclined and factious—the original purpose of the Society is constantly frustrated by some mean and mercenary motive in individuals; and of late the whole Society has been disgraced, by rejecting without distinction, in the most painful manner, candidates, whose talents ought to have ensured their election, and whose genius would have been serviceable to the best interests of the Society. A case in point,

is the blackballing of Moschelles—thus insulted, what was the consequence? He refused to perform at their Concerts, or permit his Sinfonia to be executed. Shortly after, by chicanery and juggle, an "illustrious obscure" got smuggled into the Society as an Associate. This was too absurdly inconsistent to be passed over; and Moschelles was again proposed by his friends, and the *amende honorable* made, by an unanimous vote in his favour; as we noticed a fortnight ago.

In more than one sense, this Society exercises an influence over music and musicians, little differing from that of the Royal Academy over painting and painters: the honours of the Royal Academy are perhaps distributed with more discrimination; and pecuniary benefit has never yet been thought of by the members; whereas, the Philharmonic members vote themselves appointments to places of emolument in the orchestra. Thus what was once merely an honorary distinction, is now perverted and sunk into a mercenary privilege; and a member is, or was lately, entitled to bequeath to his family his share of the general funds of the Society! For the honour of the Society, we hope that this law will be repealed, and that hereafter liberality, combined with an impartial election, will restore that high character, which selfishness and partiality have terribly shaken.

Eight Concerts take place annually, the subscription to which is four guineas; members and associates pay but one guinea, and are entitled to be present at rehearsals and trials of new compositions. A sinfonia, a vocal piece, a concerto, a second vocal piece and an overture—is the arrangement of the concert bill for each act. The performances commence punctually at eight o'clock, and generally finish at eleven. The social intercourse of the mixed audience of professors and amateurs, the interchange of mutual courtesy between performer and subscriber, master and pupil, during the interval between the acts, greatly tend to create a unity of feeling and respect for the art.

The first Concert, for this year, was given on Monday, in the Opera Concert Room. The removal of the elevated amphitheatre, and the addition of another row of boxes, have greatly improved the appearance of the room.

Having devoted so much space to this historical notice of the Society, we must limit our criticism to the two concerto performances; merely observing, *en passant*, that Mozart's sinfonia, No. 1, and Beethoven's, No. 4; Weber's overture, 'Beherrscher der Geister,' and Cherubini's, 'Les Abencerages,' were played with the accustomed accuracy of the Philharmonic band; and Mrs. Wood, Signori Winter and Mariani, sang with their wonted and known skill. An Englishman, Mr. John Field, from St. Petersburg, executed a concerto of his own composition on the pianoforte in a masterly manner: the style of his playing is unlike the flippant and noisy display which we are too often accustomed to hear; his music, like his touch, charms without astonishing; he was encoored in a pastorale slow movement. We have heard that he was a pupil of Clementi's, and contemporary student with J. B. Cramer, whose touch Mr. Field's resembles in a great degree. A violin concerto was performed by Mr. Bohrer: his tone was weak, but his playing comprised all other excellencies of a finished performance. This gentleman is said to be in treaty with Mr. Mason as leader of the German operas; we hope, however, that it is not true, and that we may see a *conducteur* with a score before him, a small baton in his hand, and every performer, without distinction, subservient to one general law. It is probable that we may hereafter publish a letter on this subject, from a German musician, who was some time in this country; his views perfectly coincide with our own,

and his suggestions are applicable to all orchestras. Before we close our notice, we think it may be well to mention, that the individual whom we lately heard play so tastefully the corno-inglese at the Opera, would be an invaluable acquisition to the Philharmonic band.

#### THEATRICALS

##### OLYMPIC THEATRE.

"You're a good-natured man, Mr. Sulky, though you don't look so"—and we are good-natured, although the very name of critic is too apt to be considered as implying the reverse. We are often blamed by sensitive authors for finding fault, when they have nobody but themselves to thank for our doing so. If they did not put fault in their works, how could we find it? Last week it was our unpleasant, as well as unusual, duty to speak slightly of a burletta produced at this theatre. The bump of justice which compelled us to do so, (and we affirm ourselves, on the authority of the celebrated Mr. Deville, to possess this bump in a very prominent degree,) now calls on us to make amends, by noticing, in terms of high commendation, a burletta brought out on Monday last, called 'Woman's Revenge.' In this case, duty and inclination go hand in hand, and the pleasure with which we set about our task, convinces us, if it convinces no one else, that we were right in calling ourselves good-natured, though good-nature is not generally supposed to belong to our calling. The piece in question is understood to be by Mr. Howard Payne; we hope we are correct in the name of the author, because, where there is so much praise to bestow, we should be as sorry to give it to a wrong person, as to withhold it from the right. The plot, although disposed of in one act, has so many pleasing windings and turnings, and possesses so many sparkling little satellites in the shape of incidents, that we cannot afford room to detail it—but if we could, we would not. We shall say quite enough, in speaking of the characters, to convince our theatrical readers that the piece is well worth their seeing, and when we can honestly do this, we hold it the best compliment we can pay to an author, to do no more. The principal character, *Miss Flashington*, is sustained by Mrs. Glover. It is that of an elderly spinster, who, having been deserted in early life, by a man with whom she was on the point of marriage, has become irritable in point of temper. This irritation, acting upon an excellent heart and liberal disposition, has produced eccentricity instead of misanthropy. Though she is constantly finding fault with everybody, she is constantly doing good to everybody; and while her actions are of the most noble and munificent description, her temper makes her impatient even of the expressions of gratitude and admiration which they naturally excite. The character is extremely well drawn, and it is acted by Mrs. Glover in her best style. It is a performance worthy of any stage and any period. As a contrast, we have her sister, who is constantly with her; this sister is of a quiet, deep, and slow habit, both of mind and body—she thinks slowly, and acts slowly—is, to appearance, little moved by outward occurrences—is a widow for the third time, and is never excited until she fancies she sees a chance of becoming a wife for the fourth. This character is not quite so well drawn as the other, but it is good, and it is well performed by Mrs. Knight. A sort of village factotum, called *Fag*, who meddles in everybody's business, because he has none of his own—who admits that he once wrote in a lawyer's office, though he spurns the imputation of having been a lawyer's clerk—who makes himself a necessary evil, and who is made, by force of circumstances, an active agent in the general

furtherance of the plot, is particularly well represented by Mr. James Vining. We were rather at a loss to understand him at first, and it is somewhat late before he explains himself, but when he did, we enjoyed him much. Miss A. Crawford, in the young lady, looked, as she is, pretty and interesting, and did the little she had to do besides with sufficient propriety and feeling. Mr. J. Bland, who has gained himself much credit lately, by his performance of a soldier in 'He's not A-miss,' has another little sketch of a part here to fill up. In the present instance he is a farmer—"many small articles make up a sum," and Mr. Bland has shown, by his spirited and characteristic acting in these two little bits, that he may be trusted in longer parts with safety and advantage. Mr. W. Vining displayed his usual good sense in *Farmer Gregory*, and the Messieurs Raymond did all that was required from them. To sum up, this is a well-imagined and well-written piece, well-acted throughout. There is little or nothing in it overstrained. It comes home to our everyday feelings; and the best testimony we perhaps can bear to its general merit, is to say, that, hackneyed as our eyes and ears are in the service, we gave it—or rather, we should say, it exacted from us, strict attention from beginning to end.

The success of Monday was well followed up by another on Tuesday. The piece we have now to notice is a burletta by Mr. Thomas Haynes Bayly, called 'My Eleventh Day.' It is evidently arranged to display to advantage Madame Vestris's powers both of singing and acting; and when opportunity is offered her for so doing, she is not in the habit of failing to avail herself of it. The plot is simple:—Mr. Long Singleton (Mr. Liston), heretofore a bachelor, has married, somewhat late in life, a fascinating girl considerably younger than himself. He mistakes some trifling gaieties of hers for substantial grounds of jealousy, and becomes the Othello of farce. As "skilful surgeons cut beyond the wound to make the cure complete," Mrs. Long Singleton, assisted by her relations, makes him believe that she has actually eloped with a young exquisite—a Mr. Lavender Rose. To the supposed residence of this supposed seducer comes Mr. Long Singleton, to demand his wife. He is received by his wife, first in the disguise of the exquisite in question, and afterwards in that of a French girl, who states herself to be the mistress of Monsieur Rose, basely neglected by him for his new conquest. As the dandy in his morning habiliments Madame Vestris acted with great truth and spirit, and gave something much more like a portrait than a caricature of the butterfly species to which Mr. Rose belongs. As the French girl she sang an Italian bravura in good imitation of Madame Pasta, and a well-known French air, 'Depuis long temps j'aimois Adèle.' These, together with a new English song, composed by Mr. Horn, and introduced in the first act, were so given as to show Madame Vestris's admirable command of the three languages and the three styles; and her exertions were rewarded by great and hearty applause. Mr. Liston's part, as written, is a secondary one; but a part must be a long way indeed behind, if his talent does not fetch it up to at least an equality with the rest. In the end, Mr. Singleton is made to see his folly and the injustice of his mistrust: and the piece concludes with his promising to be a better (old) boy for the future. Without any thing calling for particular remark, either one way or the other, in the writing, it is lively and agreeable. The situations are amusing, no matter how brought about; and though 'My Eleventh Day' would, perhaps, be more effective if condensed into one act: it is free from objection as it is, and possesses much to warrant the applause and laughter with which it was received.

## NEW STRAND THEATRE.

ON Wednesday evening we paid another visit to this trim-built little free trader. We have not been there for some time, owing partly to our being taken up elsewhere, and partly to our fear of being taken up there. Rumours are still (and yet moving) abroad (and at home), of a rod or rods in pickle for the management; but we know nothing, "of our own knowledge," as the lawyers say, as to what either can or will be done. We have before said our say upon this subject, and have only to add a hope, that, if any severe steps are taken, timely notice will be given, as we for one (a singular plural) would prefer going to the Devil at either of the great houses, to going to prison from this small one. Should the clearance of the theatre be effected by any sweeping clause, we trust also, that the "Public Press" will, as usual, "be excepted."

Now, to the performances of Wednesday evening. Imprimis, a well-written piece called 'The Four Sisters,' concocted, as we imagine, to give Mrs. Waylett an opportunity of showing her talent, in what is technically denominated a part of assumption. Mrs. Waylett is not, either in acting, singing, or appearance, Madame Vestris—any more than "les petits animaux qui piquent" are lobsters; but it is possible to be a very pleasant, aye, and a clever actress too, without being equal to the Olympic Goddess, and this, Mrs. Waylett knows and is. Her portraiture of the Four Sisters, is a good family picture; and the other parts were, upon the whole, well played—particularly that of a jockey, by Mr. Mitchell, of whom we had before to make favourable mention, and whom we strongly suspect to be capable of higher flights than he has yet attempted. Mr. Forrester is by no means wanting in humour of the broader cast; but we wish he would pay particular attention to that part of Hamlet's instructions, which draws the indispensable line between familiarity and vulgarity. We much liked Mr. Bernard's last piece, called 'The Dumb Belle,' and he has not lowered his reputation in his present effort. A production intended to be lively, although called 'The Automaton,' closed the evening's entertainment; but ours, we confess, came to a conclusion with the 'Four Sisters.' We saw nothing to remark in it, except some droll acting by Mr. Forrester, in a part quite broad enough, and rather too long. The author of this piece is undoubtedly a good sportsman, for he makes the actor say, "Bless you, I scented him as a greyhound does a hare." We should have thought any Forrester would have known better than to let such a mistake about a greyhound's nose come out of his mouth.

## MISCELLANEA

*Astronomical Lectures.*—We have read an advertisement, by which it appears that four Lectures on Astronomy are to be delivered by Mr. Charles Henry Adams, of Edmonton, on the Wednesdays and Fridays of the two first weeks in Lent, at the Opera Concert Room. We had the pleasure of hearing this gentleman two years since, and can bear testimony to his having then shown himself a perfect master of his deeply-interesting subject, to the well-blended modesty and zeal with which he entered upon and pursued it, and to the excellence of the apparatus used by him in its illustration. We wish him every success, and cordially recommend heads of families and schools to let their young people profit by the opportunities thus offered for their improvement.

General Remorino, who excited so much admiration by his skill and daring during the late struggle in Poland, is engaged in writing his *Recollections of the Campaign*. We may expect to derive some new and very interesting details of its glories and disasters from the gallant general's pen.

*A name wrong spelt in the Gazette.*—"That is fame," said Byron. Well then, what is it to have articles taken from the *Athenæum* and circulated all over the country as extracted from the *Literary Gazette*? A twelvemonth since, some very valuable LETTERS ON SPAIN appeared in this paper, and, shortly after, a comprehensive passage relating to the Schools and Universities, was copied without acknowledgment into the *Journal of Education*. The editor of the *Literary Gazette* meeting lately with the same *Journal of Education*, copies the whole passage, and publishes it as "original"; and we have had the satisfaction of seeing it circulated through the daily papers, to the credit of the *Literary Gazette*, whence it is acknowledged to have been taken!

*New German Paper.*—Professors Von Rotteck and Welcker, two of the most distinguished leaders of scientific and literary studies in the University of Freiburg, in Baden, have formed an association for the purpose of establishing a political journal, of which the first number was to appear on Thursday last. Its title is *The Liberal*, implying a rational advocacy of constitutional principles, and of civil and religious liberty. This enterprise has excited no little apprehension among the un-constitutional governments of Germany.

*New Church Bells.*—Another church-bell of glass has been cast in Sweden; its diameter is six feet, and its tone is said to be beyond comparison finer than that of any metal bell.

*Life against Living.*—A young clergyman who found it impossible to provide for his family, with his very slender income, wrote to his friend, "Dear Frank, I must part with my living to save my life."

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

| Days of W. & Mon. | Thermom. Max. Min. | Barometer. Noon. | Winds. | Weather. |
|-------------------|--------------------|------------------|--------|----------|
| Th. 23            | 42 27              | 30.14            | Var.   | Foggy.   |
| Fr. 24            | 39 26              | Stat.            | Var.   | Ditto.   |
| Sat. 25           | 34 34              | 29.90            | Var.   | Ditto.   |
| Sun. 26           | 43 35              | 30.00            | N.E.   | Cloudy.  |
| Mon. 27           | 42 34              | Stat.            | N.E.   | Ditto.   |
| Tues. 28          | 37 34              | Stat.            | N.E.   | Ditto.   |
| Wed. 29           | 39 33              | Stat.            | N.E.   | Ditto.   |

*Prevailing Clouds.*—Cumulostratus, Cirrostratus. Nights and Mornings fair. Dense fog r.m. on Thursday, Friday, Saturday.  
Mean temperature of the week, 39°. Day increased on Wednesday, 3h. 4min.

## NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

*Just published.*—McGregor's British America, 2 vols. 11. 8s.—Caractacus, a Poem, 12mo. 7s.—Kidd's New Guide to the Lions of London, Royal 8mo. 4s. 6d.—Kidd's Pilgrim's Progress, with Engravings by Bonner, royal 18mo. 9s.—Rosetti sul Spirito Anti-papale dei Classici Antichi d'Italia, 8vo. 16s.—Petrone's Pensamenti, &c. 18mo. 7s. 6d.—Hughes's Divines, No. 22, Ogden complete, sm. 8vo. 7s. 6d.—Valpy's Classical Library, No. 27, Plutarch, Vol. 6, 18mo. 4s. 6d.—National Library, Vol. 14, Medwin's Conversations of Byron, 12mo. 6s.—Bishop Mant on the Gospel Miracles, 12mo. 5s. 6d.—Travels in Switzerland, North and South America, 18mo. each 2s.—Herodotus, with English Notes, by Stocker, Vol. 2, 8vo. 8s. 6d.—Theobald's Treatise on the Law of Principal and Surety, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Cromwell's Druid, a Tragedy, with Notes, 8vo. 5s.—My Old Portfolio, by Bell, 8vo. 9s.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS

We are again compelled to omit many advertisements.

Notwithstanding the great increase in the weekly impression to meet the supposed possible demand of the New Year, the MONTHLY PART for January is already OUT OF PRINT. No time will be lost in REPRINTING, when the numerous orders already received, and daily coming in, shall be duly executed, and new Subscribers will thus be enabled to complete their sets. The reprinting of four Numbers within two months is perhaps unprecedented in the History of Periodical Literature. We are deeply sensible of this distinguished success, and neither exertion nor cost shall be spared to prove that we have deserved it.

The first Number of last year's volume has been reprinted, and complete sets may now be had.

Correspondents next week.

## ADVERTISEMENTS

# ARCHITECTURAL WORKS, By Mr. CHARLES WILD, No. 35, Albemarle-street.

## 1. TWELVE SELECT EXAMPLES of the ECCLIASTICAL ARCHITECTURE of the MIDDLE AGES, CHIEFLY IN FRANCE.

COMPRISING  
The West Front of the Cathedral of Amiens.  
The Nave of the Cathedral of Amiens.  
The Choir of the Cathedral of Amiens.  
The West Front of the Cathedral of Reims.  
The Choir of the Cathedral of Reims.  
The West Front of the Cathedral of Chartres.  
The Choir of the Cathedral of Chartres.  
South-East View of the Abbey Church of St. Omer, at Rouen.  
Interior of the Transept of Digne, Digne.  
South End of the Transept of the Cathedral of Ratis.  
The West Front of the Cathedral of Strasbourg; and  
The Choir of the Cathedral of Cologne.

These Prints, each in size 11 by 15 inches, are carefully engraved and coloured, in imitation of the original Drawings made on the spot, and are uniformly more than 100 times the size of the original.  
The Price, collectively, Ten Guineas; or separately, One Guinea each.

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Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 228.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1832.

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## REVIEWS

*Eliot, Hampden, and Pym; or, a Reply of "the Author of a Book" entitled, "Commentaries on the Life and Reign of Charles the First," to "the Author of a Book" entitled, "Some Memorials of John Hampden, his Party, and his Times."* London, 1832. Colburn & Bentley.

It appears, from the confessions of a venerable contemporary, that the public do not expect him to "enter into the various points at issue between this ingenious writer and his noble antagonist," but will be content to leave the reputation of these great men, whose fame is the best birthright and inheritance of Englishmen, to be scorned and trampled on, so the critic permit them, through an "illustrative extract," to witness a little of the gladiatorial display of the combatants. The readers of the *Athenæum* are not, we trust, of such an amiable difference.

Under the imposing title of 'Eliot, Hampden, and Pym,' Mr. D'Israeli has thought it necessary to make a reply to the animadversions on his 'Commentaries,' contained in a late work by Lord Nugent; and we shall occupy a short space with a few facts, that may serve, with impartial men, to countervail the dangerous imputations it is calculated to convey, (and from its accessible shape, to convey so extensively) against the characters and motives of the illustrious men whose names are prefixed to its pages. We entertain much respect for Mr. D'Israeli's writings, and for the interesting literary researches to which he has so unremittingly devoted himself;—but, on some particulars, we must take leave to tell him, he suffers the doubts of the historical inquirer to be solved by violent prejudices and passions, and partialities to suborn integrity. The present is one of them. It is unnecessary to say, that we disclaim all partizanship, either for or against Lord Nugent, who seems, indeed, on the whole, to have been deficient in courtesy to the author of the 'Commentaries.' Our only object is to clear away doubts which would make liberty itself distrusted, and to free the characters of some of the great founders of English freedom from imputations which go far to assail the foundations on which freedom itself is built.

What does Mr. D'Israeli mean by saying that, "before he wrote, the name of Sir John Eliot was as a blank in our history," and that all that was recorded of this eminent character was the "vigorous eloquence of his speeches against the minister"? What! did the reputation of Eliot only extend so far? Was he not known, before the appearance of the 'Commentaries,' as one of the greatest

men of his time: as one who could speak against corruption unconnected with a particular minister: as one who had raised among the people high and elevated notions of their liberties,—who, on three several occasions, preferred imprisonment to dishonourable freedom,—and, at last, offered himself up as a sacrifice to arbitrary power, rather than let the privilege of parliament be surrendered in his person? Surely all this was known—and more. Even the abominable story, to which Mr. D'Israeli still adheres with such obstinate pertinacity, was published long before his volume; and we can only smile at his forgetfulness in saying, "I ascertained that Eliot had been the companion in the travels of the minister he impeached"—when we recollect that Echard published this upwards of a hundred years ago. It is true that he may claim the merit of having first published the letters which describe the affecting details of Eliot's heroic fortitude in the last hours of his imprisonment, when his petitions for healthy air were rejected with scorn; but we must remind him, that Dr. Birch discovered, and had arranged those letters, amongst others, for publication; and that May had told us on that subject all it seemed necessary to know, in saying that "Eliot died by the harshness of his imprisonment, which would admit of no relaxation, though for health's sake: he petitioned for it often, and his physician gave testimony for the same purport, but in vain."

Frequent allusion has been made of late years to a painful incident in Sir John Eliot's life. While yet very young, and in a moment of passionate dispute with a Mr. Moyle, he drew his sword and wounded him. Advantage was taken of this rash conduct to fix on the patriot a charge of treacherous murder. This came from Echard, a violent political enemy, and was adopted by D'Israeli. Lord Nugent fortunately is able to discriminate between acts of hasty passion and of deliberate murder. He admits the former, and calls the charge of the latter "a preposterous calumny." But Mr. D'Israeli knows no distinction between these, and, on that admission, tries to convict Lord Nugent of self-contradiction. To what deplorable inconsistencies are men driven who undertake to defend a bad cause! For, look to the contradictions of Mr. D'Israeli. On the reassertion of this charge in his 'Commentaries,' a paper was handed to him written by Sir John Eliot, which might have served to explain this unfortunate matter. It was an "apology" addressed to Mr. Moyle for the "greatest injury" he had done him:—it was the atonement which, with the characteristic impulse of a generous mind, Eliot had hastened to offer for an unpremeditated wrong. What said Mr. D'Israeli to this?—"Oh! this is all very true—this apology was

accepted; but the treacherous blow was struck, nevertheless, in the hour of reconciliation!" and he refers to Echard. But he forgets that even that historian fails in bearing him out, and that the words "greatest injury" in the apology, could never have applied to what Echard calls the "slight occasion" of their previous "grudge." "I would not," says the author of this pamphlet, "have implicitly adopted the tale on the telling of Echard. That historian received it from the learned Dean Prideaux, and published it during the lifetime of the Dean—a circumstance which is itself confirmatory of the incident." I do not stop to smile with the reader at the last inconsequential assertion, but we appeal to Echard himself, who does not distinctly bear its author out in resting on the undeniable authority of a reverend dean; for he leaves it doubtful from whom he received it, by saying, that the story was told "to Dr. Prideaux, and other relations, from whom I had this particular account."—Certainly we expected to hear nothing further of these gross insinuations, after the publication of Lord Nugent, who offers testimony to prove that the wound was given in a fit of hasty passion, after some irritating words: yet, in the face of all this, Mr. D'Israeli chooses to persist in dark insinuations—strives to prove that there were no words—hints that the blow must therefore have been treacherous,—and, driven from the ground of direct charge, deals in insidious questions: "Would the father, in his narrative, often repeated, have omitted some notice of the intemperate discussion, the prelude of this terrible explosion of passion? Was there, then, no previous discussion?" &c.:—thus clinging to the slander with a pertinacity nothing can relax, though he had said in his volumes, that he "could not imagine, that, after such a revolting incident, any approximation to a renewal of intercourse would have been possible"—and Lord Nugent offers him proof undeniable, (and which he does not attempt to deny,) that Moyle and Eliot were corresponding in the most friendly way many years afterwards.

The next charge in which Mr. D'Israeli persists in this pamphlet, is that of Eliot's being a complimentary admirer of the Duke of Buckingham, in 1623, and of attacking him bitterly from his place in the House of Commons in 1625—accounting, therefore, for his public patriotism, by suggesting private and interested motives. Let the reader pause before he allows such suggestions to influence his judgment. They rest on no better authority than the last. The facts on which they are founded are easily accounted for, without "dimming the glory" of a great patriot—an offence of which Mr. D'Israeli seems proud. During his travels on the Continent, in early youth, Eliot met Buck-

ingham, then plain George Villiers, a private gentleman, remarkable only for his beld address and sprightliness of temper. As might have been expected from the similarity of their years, and the gaiety of their dispositions, an intimacy ensued; and the year 1618, which marked the rapid rise of Villiers to the station of Lord High Admiral, saw Eliot knighted and made Vice Admiral of Devonshire. The duties of this office were attended with much trouble, and seem to have involved its possessor in difficulties, about which we find him writing to the Lord Admiral in 1623. This letter is preserved in the "Cabala," and on it Mr. D'Israeli principally grounds his charge. I request the reader to notice, however, that it is Mr. D'Israeli's ingenuity alone that would give its expressions of duty a *personal* turn, and that, in reality, they relate only to his *official* conduct. Taken in that sense, (and in no other can it plausibly be taken,) the letter is in the mere courteous style of the day, and is rather expostulatory than otherwise. Be it remembered, also, that at the time it was addressed to Buckingham, that wily favourite was deeply engaged in keeping up a deceitful appearance with the parliament, and, by forging false statements, had prevailed on them to approve of his conduct. He had not yet wholly thrown aside the mask, or burst out the determined oppressor of the people, steeling the King against their just demands, and laughing at the spirit of resistance which had shown itself in the Commons. When that day came, Eliot stood forward in the great position of a public leader, who knew but too well that in the power of the pampered minister was involved the great question of the existence of his country's liberties. These are the facts, and this their true construction. Ever afterwards he challenged public view into his character and conduct; he took his stand openly, and in the face of his countrymen—no insinuations met him:—before the King, in the House of Lords—before the weak and timid Speaker of the House of Commons—before the Council-board, to which he had been dragged—and in the prison, of which he was thrice a lonely inhabitant, and wherein at last he died,—in all places, and before all authorities, he maintained the ancient privileges of Englishmen. After the death of Buckingham, the cringing divine, Williams, in vain endeavoured to bring him over to the King; and the historian, Rapin, tells us that "When Sir John Eliot was tampered with, he was found proof against all temptations." Let posterity see, then, that violence be not done to the fair memory of this illustrious person. In concluding this part of the subject, we have only space to remark, that Mr. D'Israeli, while professing to instruct Lord Nugent, seems to have committed an odd mistake in his pamphlet, by himself misquoting the source from which the letter about Eliot's property was derived. We believe that the letter alluded to is *not* in the Harleian MSS., number 7000, but must have been copied from Dr. Birch's collection. It is one of Mead's letters.

We shall dispose more summarily of Mr. D'Israeli's charge in this pamphlet, against Hampden and Pym, which are easily disproved by means of information in the possession of all. Readers will be greatly amused by the ingenious way in which the author

strives to maintain, that Hampden refused to pay ship-money, out of pique at a certain magistrate, his neighbour—who, it appears, used to vent his spleen in a Diary, where (we are told on the authority of a person unknown, who once glanced over this memorable manuscript, since vanished,) the sulky fellow had written an account of Hampden lifting his whip at him, and sundry other indignities. Then we are favoured with an attempt to prove that Hampden's patriotism was insurrection, which is inferred and stoutly maintained, on the ground of 4000 men having come up to London from his native county, on the monstrous occasion of his attempted arrest in the house, to petition for his release; and who, in the opinion of the author, must have been *incited* by the patriot himself. Lord Nugent had stated in answer to this, the simple and satisfactory proof, that he could not have done so, as he then lay concealed, guarded by the citizens against Charles. This, however, does not satisfy the scrupulous "commentator", who, boldly declaring that to him "the fact stands on the solid ground of historical evidence," adduces, by way of historical evidence, some political squibs of the time!—written—as all of them were—without regard to decency and truth; and with an impudent effrontery nothing could abash. And why—the reader asks—is all this fuss made about a petition?—Simply because Clarendon, for reasons too well known, took on himself to say, that, from the day of its presentation, war had been begun against the King. His followers and disciples, as a matter of course, reiterate the cry, and attempt to convert the patriot Hampden into an insurgent. As if anything could be more natural than that the inhabitants of Buckinghamshire (in which county, even before ship-money, Hampden was of the greatest repute,) should hasten to London with a petition, on seeing their beloved countryman oppressed with unheard of violence, and their only solid hope, in the wisdom and patriotism of their representative, cut off by his imprisonment. Of that part of the pamphlet, which relates to the patriot's alleged visit to Scotland, we shall say nothing, believing the author to be right, and Lord Nugent wrong, and thinking, at the same time, that those visits redound to Hampden's credit, and are a strong testimony to his energetic and determined zeal in the popular cause. We have only to protest, in leaving this part of the subject, against Mr. D'Israeli's monstrous assertion, that Clarendon and Hume are to be considered the "solemn arbiters of the fate of Hampden." Thank heaven, his actions have not been lost, nor their record kept in vain! His life—and that which De Stael has said gives its great interest to life, his death—was for us and ours. Freedom of speech and freedom of person—the security of our household hearths—these are the arbiters of the fate of Hampden; so long as these remain, there will be faith in what is good, and blessings for those who have planted for us the seeds of happiness and freedom.

We now come to the last charge aimed by Mr. D'Israeli at the popular cause, through the side of one of its best supporters—John Pym—who has largely divided with his illustrious friends what must be called the honour of Mr. D'Israeli's reproaches. It is a grateful thing to consider, however, that no hurt can

ensue to the fame of that illustrious individual, from the vague and monstrous charges adduced against him, on authorities which can only provoke laughter;—though it is difficult to suppress indignation at the conduct of him who dares openly adduce them. This "immoveable author of the Commentaries," still persists in attempting to fix on Pym the abominable charge of having taken a heavy bribe from the French minister, saying, that it rests on "other authority" than that of Clarendon, who, in giving the story himself, discredits it. Whose authority, then? the reader asks—and is referred to sources the most profligate and corrupt, choaked up with lies and filth—the political squibs of the day! And those are the evidences of the historian! In vain is Mr. D'Israeli met with the fact undeniable, that that great patriot had taken so little care for his worldly interest, as, with a vast fund at his disposal, to die (shortly after, being charged with receiving this heavy bribe,) so poor, that his debts were paid by the country. The commentator easily disposes of this, by assuring us, on authority as immaculate as the former—namely, political panders in the shape of squibs,—that he indulged in the most profligate expenditure, and in the most dissolute habits. Votes of the House of Commons, heaping honours on their great leader, are as nothing compared to the historical evidence of a lampoon; and we are told to trust rather to the rhyme of a filthy satire, than to the solemnly recorded decision of the House of Commons, that all such charges were false and malicious, and scandalous—which was the result of an investigation which Pym had solemnly demanded, on a trifling charge having accidentally reached his ear. As to the charge again raked up by Mr. D'Israeli, of Pym's having intrigued for place, why does he attempt to throw a false colour on that transaction? The simple fact, as stated by Clarendon, rather reflects honour on the patriot. Place was offered to him, under his patriotic friend, the Earl of Bedford: he would not accept it—conscious though he was, that it would enable him the more effectually to serve his country—except on the stipulation, that the change should not be partial, but complete; and he was, as Clarendon says, "not very solicitous to take his promotion, before some other accommodations were provided for some of the rest of his chief companions." In the meantime Bedford died, and the negotiations were thrown up. Clarendon thinks, "it is a great pity, that this intrigue for preferments was not fully executed, that the King might have had some able men to have advised or assisted him;"—and we leave the reader to compare even the statements of that partial, though eminent person, with those of Mr. D'Israeli. On the last charge hurled against the patriot, of having established, during the last year of his life, "a reign of terror" in London, let the reader only appeal to impartial records—they will tell him of the arduous duties that able man had to sustain in that stormy and untoward year,—when to his sleepless vigilance alone the popular cause owed its ascendancy in the senate, while it waned in the field. They will tell him, too, that the statesman, whom Mr. D'Israeli eloquently compares to "a French Lieutenant of Police," was beloved by the citizens whom he was told he persecuted—that, when he spoke among them, he was "so highly ad-

aired, that, at the end of every period, the acclamations were so loud that he was often silenced." He will learn further, that this popularity only suffered, at least from the lowest of the rabble, who could not bear patiently the privations attendant on the measures which Pym's high duties imposed on him. The eminent and illustrious man only suffered then, because he would not march along with popular passion, or abandon his exalted sentiments of concern for the happiness of mankind, to further the little individual interests of the time. In conclusion, we can only afford to pity him who seeks to prove, that "baffled and mortified ambition" must have been the cause of the death of a man, who, during his latter years, labouring—as we learn from contemporary documents—"from three of the clock in the morning to the evening, and from evening to midnight"—sunk at last, under the wearying exertions, which for fifty years he had so devoted to the service of the commonwealth.

We are now content to leave the characters of those great men to the truest test—the records of their actions and suffering. They are of the "stuff that can never die;" and Mr. D'Israeli may rest assured, that his doubts and insinuations will find no permanent resting-place in the minds of men, until the day shall have arrived which is to see liberty itself reviled, as a thing disgusting.

*Poems by William Cullen Bryant, an American Poet.* Edited by Washington Irving.

[Second Notice.]

It remains for us, upon the present occasion, to make selections from this pleasant volume; and our own difficulty is, how to give such variety, in our limited space, as shall do justice to the genius of the writer. The following is, in our judgment, beautiful; and not the less so, that the fruit bears with it the fragrance of its native clime.

#### *The Indian Girl's Lament.*

An Indian girl was sitting where  
Her lover, slain in battle, slept;  
Her maiden veil, her own black hair,  
Came down o'er eyes that wept;  
And wildly, in her woodland tongue,  
This sad and simple lay she sung:—  
I've pulled away the shrubs that grew  
Yod close above thy sleeping head,  
And broke the forest boughs that threw  
Their shadows o'er thy bed,  
That, shining from the sweet south-west,  
The sunbeams might rejoice thy rest.  
It was a weary, weary road  
That led thee to the pleasant coast,  
Where thou, in his serene abode,  
Hast met thy father's ghost;  
Where overlasting autumn lies  
On yellow woods and sunny skies.  
'Twas I the broidered moccas made,  
That shod thee for that distant land;  
'Twas I thy bow and arrows laid  
Beside thy still cold hand—  
Thy bow in many a battle bent,  
Thy arrows never vainly sent.  
With wampum belts I crossed thy breast,  
And wrapped thee in thy bison's hide,  
And laid the food that pleased thee best  
In plenty by thy side,  
And decked thee bravely, as became  
A warrior of illustrious name.  
Thou'rt happy now, for thou hast past  
The long dark journey of the grave,  
And in the land of light, at last,  
Hast joined the good and brave—  
Amid the flushed and balmy air,  
The bravest and the loveliest there.  
Yet oft, thine own dear Indian maid,  
Even there, thy thoughts will earthward stray—  
To her who sits where thou wert laid,  
And weeps the hours away,  
Yet almost can her grief forget  
To think that thou dost love her yet.

And thou by one of those still lakes  
That in a shining cluster lie,  
On which the south wind scarcely breaks  
The image of the sky,  
A bower for thee and me hast made  
Beneath the many-coloured shade.

And thou dost wait and watch to meet  
My spirit sent to join the blest,  
And, wondering what detains my feet  
From the bright land of rest,  
Dost seem, in every sound, to hear  
The rustling of my footsteps near.

Another favourite with us, is the address

#### *To the Evening Wind.*

Spirit that breathest through my lattice—thou  
That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day—  
Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow.  
Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,  
Riding all day the wild blue wave till now,  
Roughening their crests, and scattering high their spray,

And swelling the white sail. I welcome thee  
To the scorched land, thou wanderer of the sea!

Nor I alone: a thousand bosoms round  
Inhale thee in the fulness of delight,  
And languid forms rise up, and pulses bound  
Livelier, at coming of the wind of night;  
And, languishing to hear thy grateful sound,  
Lies the vast inland, stretched beyond the sight.  
Go forth into the gathering shade—go forth,  
God's blessing breathed upon the fainting earth!

Go, rock the little wood-bird in his nest,  
Curl the still waters, bright with stars, and rouse  
The wide old wood from his majestic rest,  
Summoning from the innumerable boughs  
The strange, deep harmonies that haunt his breast:  
Pleasant shall be thy way where meekly bows  
The shutting flower, and darkling waters pass,  
And 'twixt the o'ershadowing branches and the grass.

The faint old man shall lean his silver head  
To feel thee: thou shalt kiss the child asleep,  
And dry the moisture'd curls that overspread  
His temples, while his breathing grows more deep;  
And they who stand about the sick man's bed  
Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep,  
And softly part his curtains to allow  
Thy visit, grateful to his burning brow.

Go; but the circle of eternal change,  
Which is the life of nature, shall restore,  
With sounds and scenes from all thy mighty range,  
Thee to thy birth-place of the deep once more;  
Sweet odours in the sea-air, sweet and strange,  
Shall tell the home-sick mariner of the shore;  
And, listening to thy murmur, he shall deem  
He hears the rustling leaf and running stream.

The following is of a higher tone, and, is perhaps finer, than either of the preceding:—

#### *To the Past.*

Thou unrelenting Past!  
Strong are the barriers round thy dark domain,  
And fetters sure and fast,  
Hold all that enter thy unbreatheing reign.

Far in thy realm withdrawn  
Old empires sit in sullenness and gloom,  
And glorious ages gone  
Lie deep within the shadow of thy womb.

Childhood, with all its mirth,  
Youth, Manhood, Age, that draws us to the ground,  
And hast man's life on earth,  
Glide to thy dim dominions, and are bound.

Thou hast my better years,  
Thou hast my earlier friends—the good, the kind,  
Yielded to thee with tears—  
The venerable form—the exalted mind.

My spirit yearns to bring  
The lost ones back—yearns with desire intense,  
And struggles hard to bring  
Thy bolts apart, and pluck thy captives thence.

In vain;—thy gates decay  
All passage, save to those who hence depart;  
Nor to the streaming eye  
Thou givest them back, nor to the broken heart.

In thy abysses hide  
Beauty and excellence unknown—to thee  
Earth's wonder and her pride  
Are gathered, as the waters to the sea.

Labours of good to man,  
Unpublished charity, unbroken faith,—  
Love that 'midst grief began,  
And grew with years, and faltered not in death.

Full many a mighty name  
Lurks in thy depths, unuttered, unrevered—  
With thee are silent fame,  
Forgotten arts, and wisdom disappeared.

Thine for a space are they—  
Yet shalt thou yield thy treasures up at last;—  
Thy gates shall yet give way,  
Thy bolts shall fall, inexorable Past!

All that of good and fair  
Has gone into thy womb from earliest time,  
Shall then come forth, to wear  
The glory and the beauty of its prime.

They have not perished—no!  
Kind words—remembered voices, once so sweet—  
Smiles, radiant long ago—  
And features, the great soul's apparent seat—

All shall come back—each tie  
Of pure affection shall be knit again;  
Alone shall Evil die,  
And Sorrow dwell a prisoner in thy reign.

And then shall I behold  
Him by whose kind paternal side I sprung,  
And her who, still and cold,  
Fills the next grave—the beautiful and young.

With one other pleasant, joyous trifle, and  
our hearty recommendation of the volume,  
we must conclude.

#### *The Gladness of Nature.*

Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,  
When our mother Nature laughs around;  
When even the deep-blue heavens look glad,  
And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground?

There are notes of joy from the bang-bird and wren,  
And the gossip of swallows through all the sky;  
The ground-squirrel gaily chirps by his den,  
And the wilding bee hums merrily by.

The clouds are at play in the azure space,  
And their shadows at play on the bright green vale,  
And here they stretch to the frolic chase,  
And there they roll on the easy gale.

There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower,  
There's a stir of winds in that beechen tree,  
There's a smile on the fruit, and a smile on the flower,  
And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.

And look at the broad-faced sun how he smiles  
On the dewy earth that smiles in his ray,  
On the leaping waters and gay young lakes,  
Ay, look, and he'll smile thy gloom away.

#### THE CABINET CYCLOPEDIA.—No. XXVII.

*Italian Republics; or, the Origin, Progress, and Fall of Italian Freedom.* By J. C. L. De Sismondi. London, 1832. Longman, & Co.

This belongs to a class of publications which should be watched more narrowly than any other, by those who have the good of literature, and the cultivation of the public mind at heart. Such abstracts of history are meant for the many, who have not time to study and investigate, and for the young, who are unable to sift multitudinous facts, and follow the historian in his reasonings, and deductions. They are meant, indeed, for the great bulk of society; and if unsound principles are permitted to pass in them, it matters little, for the real interests of the commonwealth, how ably executed may be the larger works, whose readers are the studious and the idle. Abridgments of history are of the same importance to the reading English of the present day, as were the ballads of the people to their ruder ancestors. They enter imperceptibly into the formation of our character and opinions, and act, through these, even upon our public institutions and political destinies.

We have little objection to the work now before us, on the score of principle, and none at all on that of talent; but still, we doubt if it will answer the purpose intended, of giving a popular idea of Italian history. The question of Dr. Lardner to the author—"Would it be possible to comprise the history of the Italian Republics in a single volume?" should have been answered in the negative, since it related to an English publication. In this country, too little is known of the subject, to make it understood by means of hints. Few English readers will be able to follow, with the same glance, the

destinies of more than two hundred petty states, mingling and struggling, in so small a compass. At the same time, we readily admit, that, to a good Italian scholar, the volume will be invaluable, were it only as an index to the great work of Sismondi.

The early part, in which the author describes, in a few masterly pages, the clearing of the chaos, which followed the destruction of the Roman empire, and the gradual rise of the modern Italian nation, is to us the most interesting. Even here, however, we think, he has been in some measure misled by the instinctive affection which a writer is apt to conceive for his subject. Italy, Mr. Sismondi, in common with some other writers, makes the centre, from which knowledge and civilization radiated over the rest of Europe in the middle ages. This, in our opinion, is not philosophically true. Italy was merely the great field of combat and robbery for the French, Germans, Spaniards, and other people, more or less barbarous; and all history shows the natural process of improvement, which takes place on simple collision among the races of mankind. The civilization of Italy itself was made by barbarism; and the Goth, the Lombard, the Frank, and the German, were the fathers of the modern Italian. The very same process took place all over Europe, which Sismondi describes as applying peculiarly to Italy. First came the inroads of the barbarians and the enslavement of the people—then the introduction of the feudal system—then the warring of cities and the establishment of communes—then the enfranchisement of the serfs by the nobles who needed them as soldiers. Then chivalry arose, with its fantastic honour and barbarous refinement; till, crumbling in turn, in the course of years it fertilized the earth with its dust, from whence sprung liberty and civilization.

But, in addition to the natural instincts, common to all nations, the Italians, it must be confessed, had a finer stimulus in their ancient recollections, which still survived in history and monuments. Its effect, however, was the greatest upon those poetical temperaments which are unfit to withstand the "shock of men." The account of Cola di Rienzo, the dreaming restorer of the Roman empire, speaks eloquently on the subject, and we should certainly have made our extracts from this part of the work, but that the history of Rienzo is become comparatively familiar to the English reader, since the publication of Miss Mitford's tragedy drew attention to the subject.

The following example of the passionate attachment of the Venetians to their country, is interesting:—

"Jacopo Foscari, the son of the doge, was accused, in 1445, of having received money from the duke of Milan. The informer was a Florentine exile of bad repute: nevertheless, as it was the rule of Venice to act upon every suspicion, however slight, in matters concerning the safety of the state, the son of the doge was put to the torture. His sufferings forced from him an avowal; and he was condemned to exile. A confession thus extorted leaves the guilt of the accused uncertain, while the barbarous means by which such evidence is obtained places beyond doubt the criminality of the judges. Jacopo Foscari was, probably, as guiltless on this occasion as he was five years later, when he was again tortured and condemned. One of the judges who presided at his first trial

was assassinated in 1450, and it was suspected that the murderer was an emissary of Jacopo. Jacopo was accordingly declared guilty, and the period of his exile prolonged. His innocence, however, was soon afterwards proved, the assassination having been acknowledged by another person, who declared that Jacopo had no share in the murder. On receiving the news of this disclosure, the son of the doge, in exile at Canea, entreated his judges to allow him to return to Venice. He preserved for a country, where he had twice been put to the torture, and twice branded with infamy, the passionate attachment so characteristic of the Venetians. He had only one wish, one hope,—that of carrying back to Venice his bones broken by the executioner, and dying beside his aged father, his mother, his wife, and children, on the spot which had given him birth. Unable to soften his judges, he wrote to beg the duke of Milan to intercede for him: the letter was intercepted, and transferred to the council of ten. He declared, that this was what he expected; that he wished to awaken fresh suspicion, as the only means of being restored to home. He was brought back to Venice as he desired. His third criminal prosecution began, like the two others, with torture; and it was at this terrible price that he purchased the happiness of once more embracing his parents, wife, and children. He was again sent back to die at Canea." 242-43.

We shall add an account of the punishment inflicted on a foreign general in the service of Venice, for being guilty of losing a battle:

"The senate of Venice, which made it a rule never to defend the republic but by foreign arms,—never to enlist its citizens under its banners either as generals or soldiers,—further observed that of governing with extreme rigour those foreign adventurers of whom its armies were composed, and of never believing in the virtue of men who trafficked in their own blood. The Venetians distrusted them: they supposed them ever disposed to treachery; and if they were unfortunate, though only from imprudence, they rendered them responsible. The condottieri were made fully to understand that they were not to lose the armies of the republic without answering for the event with their lives. The senate joined to this rigour the perfidy and mystery which characterize an aristocracy. Having decided on punishing Carmagnola for the late disasters, it began by deceiving him. He was loaded with marks of deference and confidence: he was invited to come to Venice in the month of April, 1432, to fix with the signoria the plan of the ensuing campaign. The most distinguished senators went to meet him, and conduct him in pomp to the palace of the doge. Carmagnola, introduced into the senate, was placed in the chair of honour: he was pressed to speak; and his discourse applauded. The day began to close: lights were not yet called for; and the general could no longer distinguish the faces of those who surrounded him; when suddenly the *sbirri*, or soldiers of police, threw themselves on him, loaded him with chains, and dragged him to the prison of the palace. He was next day put to the torture,—rendered still more painful by the wounds which he had received in the service of this ungrateful republic. Both the accusations made against him, and his answers to the questions, are buried in the profound secrecy with which the Venetian senate covered all its acts. On the 5th of May, 1432, Francesco Carmagnola, twenty days after his arrest, was led out,—his mouth gagged to prevent any protestation of innocence,—and placed between the two columns on the square of St. Mark: he was there beheaded, amidst a trembling people, whom the senate of Venice was resolved to govern only by terror." 218-19.

The following amusements of a Duke of

Milan, equal anything we read of in the history of the ancient Emperors:—

"All that Gian Maria Visconti preserved of sovereign power was an unbounded indulgence in every vice. His libertinism would hardly have been remarked; he was chiefly signalized by the frightful pleasure which he sought in the practice of cruelty. He was passionately devoted to the chase; but such sports soon failed to quench his thirst for cruelty. The tortures inflicted on mute animals, not finding expression by speech, did not come up to his ferocious ideas of enjoyment. He therefore resolved to substitute men for brute animals; and caused all the criminals condemned by the tribunals to be given up to him as objects of this inhuman sport. He had his bounds fed with human flesh, in order to render them more ferocious in tearing the victims; and, when ordinary convicts were scarce, he denounced to the tribunals even the crimes in which he had participated, to obtain the condemnation of his accomplices: after which he delivered them to his huntsman, Squarcia Giramo, charged with providing for the ducal chase. He was at last, on the 16th of May, 1412, assassinated by some Milanese nobles." p. 201-2.

With these short extracts, taken almost at random, we shall close our notice of a work, which is decidedly one of the best, in a series of publications, that as yet, from some cause or other, has produced (as a series) only surprise and disappointment.

#### FAMILY LIBRARY, No. XXVII.

*The Lives of the most eminent British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects.* By Allan Cunningham. Vol. V.

[Second Notice.]

Our former hasty notice ended with Copley, and we come now to Mortimer. His introduction to royal favour was a singular one, and we doubt whether prudence would recommend the same course to a young painter. He, says Mr. Cunningham, painted the state-coach of George III. so successfully, that "the people who crowded to see the young sovereign, bestowed equal attention on the Battle of Agincourt, painted on the carriage." The King was so pleased, that he caused the panel to be taken out and preserved, and, greatly to his honour, afterwards extended his patronage to Mortimer:—with many kings and painters, this carriage would have proved a mis-carriage. Poor Mortimer, we are told, like a bad good Samaritan, was apt to mix wine with his oil, and when allowed a day's fishing, to indulge in an angle that was far from a right angle:—

"He was employed by Lord Melbourne to paint a ceiling at his seat of Bricket Hall, Herts; and taking advantage of permission to angle in the fish-pond, he rose from a carousal at midnight, and seeking a net, and calling on an assistant painter for help, dragged the preserve, and left the whole fish gasping on the bank in rows. Nor was this the worst: when reproved mildly, and with smiles, by Lady Melbourne, he had the audacity to declare, that her beauty had so bewitched him he knew not what he was about." p. 193.

Raeburn was a sort of Scottish Lawrence. An early incident in the life of the young artist, is pleasantly told:—

"Sitters began to wax numerous. One day a young lady presented herself at his studio, and desired to sit for her portrait: he instantly remembered having seen her in some of his excursions, when, with his sketch-book in his hand, he was noting down fine snatches of sce-

nery; and as the appearance of anything living and lovely gives an additional charm to a landscape, the painter, like Gainsborough in similar circumstances, had admitted her readily, into his drawing. This circumstance, it is said, had had its influence: on farther acquaintance, he found that, besides personal charms, she had sensibility and wit: his respect for her did not affect his skill of hand, but rather inspired it, and he succeeded in making a fine portrait. The lady, Ann Edgar, the daughter of Peter Edgar, Esquire, of Bridgeland, was much pleased with the skill and likewise with the manners of the artist; and within a month or so after the adventure of the studio she gave him her hand in marriage; bestowing at once a most affectionate wife and a handsome fortune. This was in the twenty-second year of his age." 211-12.

Availing himself of this good fortune, the painter determined on visiting Italy—on his return to Edinburgh, he soon eclipsed all his former rivals, and the ample walls of his gallery were graced with the best and brightest faces of Caledonia. Amongst these, was a portrait of Sir Walter Scott—and it appears, that Molyneux, the famous black boxer, though he could not floor Cribb, was able to knock down the great Unknown:—

"The resemblance was great; and the picture excited so much attention at the London Exhibition, that an engraver was tempted to speculate upon a mezzotint print from it. The success of this attempt was told me by the artist in these words, on the day the print was published:—'The thing is damned, sir—gone—sunk: nothing could be more unfortunate: when I put up my Scott for sale, another man put up his Molyneux. You know the taste of our London beer-suckers: one black bruiser is worth one thousand bright poets; the African sells in thousands, and the Caledonian won't move;—a dead loss, sir—gone, damned; won't do.' " p. 225-6.

There is one objection pleasantly urged against Raeburn's mode of proceeding, in which we heartily concur. He stuck his eminent sitters on an eminence—"he hoisted people up when they sat to him, on a high platform, which always shortens the features, and gives a pigeon-hole view of the nostrils." We remember the late Wm. Hazlitt made a similar complaint against a living artist. He could bear to be drawn, he said, but did not like to be mounted.

A brief summary of the character and pursuits of Raeburn, is worth extracting:—

"Raeburn was an adventurer in experiments both by water and land. He had considerable skill in gardening. He was a learned and enthusiastic florist, and to the mysteries of hot-houses and flues, &c., he dedicated many experiments. To his love for maritime architecture we have more than once alluded. He made many models with his own hands,—neat, clean-built, ingenious things, all about three feet long in the keel; and it was his pleasure to try their merits frequently in Wariston Pond. On one occasion, not long before his death, he had pushed his model from the side, where the water was deep; and on stretching out his hands to adjust a rope, he fell forward in the pond, and Cameron his servant rescued him with difficulty. I must not omit that he was one of those sanguine experimentalists who imagine there is an undiscovered power called the Perpetual Motion; and to a search for this he devoted in vain many an evening hour. To conclude, Raeburn was a scientific and skilful angler, and went often at trouting in his native streams: he loved to refresh his eyes, too, with the sight of nature, and inclined to wander by himself on the banks of brooks, and by the

wooded hill. He loved to make long excursions among the distant glens and romantic woods of his native land, and sometimes did not return for weeks: his son Henry, on such occasions, accompanied him. Sketches of landscapes for his back-grounds were the offspring of those summer rambles." p. 234-5.

The memoir of Hoppner is brief, but lively, pleasant, and full of graphic touches. One anecdote is characteristic. This artist had much of the well-bred courtliness of Lawrence—but Sir Thomas wore it like a skin, and Hoppner could throw it off with his coat at a country wake:—

"He and Edridge and two other artists once went into the country; quartered themselves at an inn where the ale was good; and as a fair was held in the neighbourhood, they walked out about sunset, when merriment begins, and mingled in the crowd. There was much din and drollery. Hoppner addressed his companions: 'Listen: you have always seen me in good company, and playing the courtier, and in fine took me for a damned well-bred fellow, and genteel withal. A mistake, I assure you I love low company, and am a bit of a ready-made blackguard,—see!' He gave his coat a queer pull; his neckcloth a twitch; knocked his hat awry; and putting on a face of indescribable devilry, started into the midst of a mob of reeling rustics, and in a moment was 'hail fellow, well met!' with the wildest of them. But rough gambols and homespun wit seemed not enough for his new character; he edged himself into a quarrel with a brawny waggoner, and had a capital set-to with the fists, in which the latter, though a powerful boor and withal a practised boxer, was roughly handled. He gave his antagonist half-a-guinea, set his hat and neckcloth right, and retired amid the applause of the crowd." p. 249-50.

The following sketch of his character is brief and good, and therefore we extract it:—

"Those who merely consider Hoppner as a limner of men and women's heads, who dashed them off at a few sittings, pocketed the price, replenished his palette, and prepared himself for any new comer, do his memory injustice. He was a fine free-spirited manly fellow, overflowing with wit and humour, inconsiderate in speech, open-hearted, and as well acquainted with the poetry and history of his native country as the most gifted of her sons. The fame of his conversational powers survives among his companions. He was considered one of the best-informed painters of his time; and in the company of the learned, not less than among the gay and the noble of that day, he was easy and unembarrassed. Amongst his brethren of the easel, he was still more at home, and made himself welcome by his ready wit and various knowledge. It was sometimes his pleasure, in the midst of a serious discussion, to start aside into the whimsical or the humorous; and, in the midst of boisterous mirth, he would as suddenly return to seriousness. Few could be quite sure when they had his sympathy; except, indeed, in the hour when it was really wanted—for then it failed not." p. 248-9.

The life of Owen afforded little material to the biographer. He rose to eminence, by dint of merit, and brushed the heads which Lawrence, Hoppner, and Beechey, had not time for.

Harlow's course ran rougher—for he did some things in oil, and others in vinegar. He was for some time a pupil of Lawrence's, but could not cordially make his vanity humble itself to authority:—

"In the portrait of Mrs. Angerstein, Lawrence had introduced a Newfoundland dog, painted with such skill as brought praises in

showers; and Harlow, who had at least drawn the animal in dead-colour, fancied that some of the drops of approbation might have fallen on him. Had his share been greater than this, as it perhaps was, still he could never have been justified in claiming it as his own work, or in intruding on the Angersteins, and repeating his accusation. 'All that Sir Thomas Lawrence did, in a case,' says one of his biographers, 'which would have justified strong resentment, was to say to him, 'As the animal you claim is among the best things I ever painted, of course you have no need of farther instructions from me. You must leave my house immediately.' Harlow did this without hesitation, and he repaired to the Queen's Head at Epsom; where his style of living having incurred a bill which he could not discharge, he proposed, like Morland under similar circumstances, to paint a sign-board in liquidation of his score. This was accepted—he painted both sides: the one presented a front view of her Majesty, in a sort of clever dashing caricature of Sir Thomas's style; the other represented the back view of the Queen's person, as if looking into the sign-board; and underneath was painted, 'T. L., Greek Street, Soho.' When Sir Thomas met him, he addressed him with, 'I have seen your additional act of perfidy at Epsom; and if you were not a scoundrel, I would kick you from one end of the street to the other.'—'There is some privilege in being a scoundrel, for the street is very long,' replied Harlow, unabashed, but moving out of reach of the threatened vengeance. Such is the current story; but there must be some error either in the facts or their date. Harlow was but a youth eighteen years old when he left Lawrence, and too young therefore for a man's resentment; neither had his conduct, a mere trickery slip, been such as to call forth fierce language in a person habitually so cautious and guarded as Lawrence. On the other hand, had Harlow arrived at manhood when it happened, he would not have allowed the 'scoundrel' and 'perfidy' to pass with impunity. However all this may have been, the pupil quarrelled with Lawrence, and resolving to be master of his own movements in future, commenced working for himself." p. 278-9.

The following is so much to the honour of Fuseli, that we quote it—and recommend the Professor's sentence most earnestly to the consideration of all dealers in blacking-balls:—

"The youthful aspirant who despised all regular studies, and who quarrelled with Lawrence, was not likely to be a successful candidate for the honours of the Royal Academy. Accordingly, on his offering himself for the rank of Associate, there was but one vote in his favour; and when Fuseli was accused of having bestowed the solitary suffrage, he vindicated himself by saying, 'I voted for the talent—not for the man!' " p. 280-1.

Harlow's first work of public note was the 'Hubert and Prince Arthur,'—and the historian of the decline and fall of historical painting, Mr. Haydon, will no doubt thank Mr. Cunningham very heartily for the following little story, and the commentary. The 'Hubert' was painted for a Mr. Leader, and too many fathers and mothers have followed this leader in their patronage of art:—

"The force of character and splendour of colours, had more influence with the public than with the proprietor, who liked his historical effort so little, that he had it exchanged for portraits of his daughters. We have no wish to be sarcastic upon the amiable vanity of one, who prefers his own children to the heroes of history. Taste which arises from domestic affection deserves to be cherished; and if we may estimate private happiness from the mul-



titude of portraits of the nameless and unknown, our own nation enjoys more fireside tranquillity than any other in the universe." p. 282.

We have not yet touched on the life of Bonington, and may therefore once again return to the volume.

*Living Poets and Poetesses; a Biographical and Critical Poem.* By Nicholas Michell, London, 1832. Kidd.

YESTERDAY, as we chanced to pass along Regent Street, we saw a rather good-looking young man pacing to and fro before No. 228; at first, we thought him a poet, whose last and best poem had been just rejected by the remorseless and ungentle Mr. Kidd; but, a man who carried a placard before him, and moved as he moved, stood as he stood, threw some light upon the matter, for on his board was written in red,

I walk not vizarded, and dare confront  
Those who may chafe at plainly-spoken truth;  
I'm not a Dardan Hector, given to vaunt—  
Yet I'll not shrink, but calmly keep the field.

*Vide Living Poets and Poetesses, 110-111.*

The truth instantly flashed on us; this was the great satiric poet, Nicholas Michell; and here, like a paladin of old, he was abiding the hostility of all the sons of song and ballad, whose wrath his bitter and biting poem might chance to rouse. Ah, said we, here is "this right valiant Cornish man," ready to do battle with the whole host of false enchanters, who have enslaved us with their songs and spells; and he is now standing, armed like Jack, his fore-runner, at the Mount of Cornwall, and woe to him who first answers the challenge. Even More, of Morehall, who slew the Dragon of Wantley, had a gentle task, compared to what the author of this critical poem has set himself. We wish him well through with it: there is a spice of the devil, we have heard, in all men; and we are sure all the sterner parts of the natures of those writers whom he has satirized, will be up in arms against him. Wordsworth, whom he charges with "dullness," will cease registering stamper, and select a cudgel of Westmorland wood—Scott, who is "all tameness, sameness, and who deals in puny numbers," will draw one of those old two-edged blades, which shone at Ancram, and turn towards London—Coleridge, whose 'Christabel' is "shameful," and whose 'Ancient Mariner' is "such as Bedlamites might blush to claim," will set down the opium cup, and give him a four hours speech, such as will send him to sleep with his fathers—and even Campbell, whom he lauds chiefly for his 'Pleasures of Hope,' will prime his pistols and begin to measure him for a shot. Alas, he will have few to take his part, save Hogg and Atherstone; now the former has been long engaged in pastoral pursuits, and has no warlike propensities; and, though the latter has written largely of guns and wounds, it is plainly seen that he is without practice. But, Nicholas Michell is enough of himself; his confidence is unbounded—he has talked as boldly and familiarly of the merits of the first men on earth,

As maids of fifteen do of puppy dogs;

and there is no doubt that he is ready, according to the words which we have quoted from his poem, to keep the field and maintain it.

The pleasure we have received, as our readers may see, in the perusal of this poem,

has been very great. The author has unthroned the princes of song, and cleared the summit of Parnassus of those intruders, whom the bad taste of the nation had allowed to occupy it. All the duller followers of the muse will now find "ample room and verge enough," for their many-coloured songs; and all who thought that Scott, and Wordsworth, and others, had ruled and reigned too long, will clap their hands, and cry—Down they go. To whom are we obliged for all this? Why, to Nicholas Michell, author of 'Constantinople,' a poem; nor does he mean to stop at this: "Should the author live another autumn, (these are his words,) probably he may put in his sickle, small and blunt though it be, amidst a few contemporary novelists." We hope his life will be so far prolonged; he has done the state some service, in opening their eyes to the dullness of our poets; and, in the same taste, we expect to see him unsphere the author of Waverley, and Miss Edgeworth. We have only two faults to find with his present poem: by conferring Kennedy, of the 'Fifful Fancies,' on Scotland, he has wronged the Sister Isle; and by depriving the *Quarterly* of the superintendence of Lockhart, he has not only hurt the Review, but has alarmed Mr. Murray, who declares he never heard of such a thing.

*British America.* By John Macgregor. 2 vols. 1832. Edinburgh, Blackwood; London, Cadell.

[Second Notice.]

We have heard sensible men say, that, on the very first war between Britain and the United States, the latter would add at one swoop all our colonies in America to their empire. We are of a different opinion. Any one who takes up the map of the new world and runs his finger along the line of the national boundaries, will observe, that the great river St. Lawrence, with the mighty lakes of Ontario, Erie, Huron, and Superior, unite in forming a natural barrier, such as no other country possesses; and, by reading the history of the land, he will see, that this almost impassable fortification is guarded on the land side by the very *élite* almost of the rugged and dauntless peasantry of England, Scotland, and Ireland, while, on its bosom, on the first signal of hostilities, would ride a navy which has yet to find its match in battle. No one can fail to observe how strongly our colonies are guarded by nature, and likewise the precautions which our government has taken to secure and strengthen such defences. To say nothing of the disciplined troops which the mother island would speedily pour in—the chain of fortified posts which extend along the frontiers—the firmness and proven intrepidity of the colonial militias,—we shall only observe, that the deep and noble canals which we have constructed along the unnavigable parts of the St. Lawrence will enable us to supply the whole extended line of defence with the living sinews and munitions of war without let or molestation. We are not, therefore, of those who feel any alarm in this quarter: moreover, we confide in the friendly feeling of the two countries towards each other: all those who speak the language of England should be as brothers, and enter into a mutual bond of peace and affection. Respecting the subject to which we have alluded, Mr. Macgregor says little or nothing:

we have, however, placed it in a fair point of view, and shall now proceed to pick some useful information from the work.

The productions of British America are partly natural and partly cultivated, and the exports are very great. During the year 1830 no less than 571 vessels, amounting in all to 169,046 tons, and navigated by 7460 seamen, cleared out from the port of Quebec for Great Britain alone. Their cargoes consisted chiefly of oak, pine, ash, and elm, of very fine quality; of staves for barrels and puncheons, &c., deals, planks, handspikes, pot-ashes, pearl-ashes, flour, wheat, fish-oil, and furs. Of these latter there were 533 bear skins, 13,162 martens, 2,800 minx, 10,650 beaver, 1,869 fox, 1,538 otter, 34,403 musk rat, and 430 lynx. "The trade of Canada," says Macgregor, "employs about 1000 ships, registering about 220,000 tons, and navigated by 11,000 seamen. The imports of the Canadas were, in 1830, according to the Customs entries, 1,771,345*l.*, and the exports to all quarters amounted to nearly two millions sterling. The value of the whole property in British America, consisting of 128,000 horses, 785,000 horned cattle, 723,000 hogs, 918,000 sheep; 5,635,000 acres of land; together with the fixed capital in mills, fisheries, and buildings, exclusive of fortifications, have been estimated at the sum of 42,563,000*l.* Of the country which produces, and the people who enjoy all those treasures, it is the object of our historian to speak; and no one can open his volumes without finding at once something amusing or valuable. For a general description of the South Coast we may recommend the following passage; nor shall we curtail it of that part which adds the happy descendants of the old French settlers to the picture:—

"The River St. Lawrence, and the whole country, from the lowest parishes to Quebec, unfold scenery, the magnificence of which, in combination with the most delightful picturesque beauty, is considered by the most intelligent travellers who have visited this part of Canada, to be unequalled in America, and probably in the world. Niagara comprehends only a few miles of sublimity. The great lakes resemble seas; and the prospects which their shores, like those of the coasts of the ocean, afford to our limited visual powers, although on a grand scale, fall infinitely short of the sublime views on the St. Lawrence, below Quebec.

"Here we have frequently, as we ascend the eminences over which the post-road passes, or as we sail up or down the St. Lawrence, prospects which open a view of 50 to 100 miles of a river, from ten to twenty miles in breadth. The imposing features of these vast landscapes exhibit lofty mountains, wide valleys, bold headlands, luxuriant forests, cultivated fields, pretty villages and settlements, some of them stretching up along the mountains; fertile islands with neat white cottages; rich pastures and well-fed flocks; rocky islets; tributary rivers, some of them rolling over precipices, and one of them, the Saguenay, bursting through an apparently perpendicular chasm of the northern mountains; and, on the surface of the St. Lawrence, majestic ships, brigs, and schooners, either under sail or at anchor, with pilot boats and river craft in active motion.

"This beautiful appearance, however, changes to a very different character in winter; and, late in the fall of the year, a dark stormy night in the River and Gulf of St. Lawrence presents the most terrific, wild, and formidable dangers.

"In winter the river and gulf are choked up with broken fields of ice, exhibiting the most

varied and fantastic appearances; and the whole country on each side is covered with snow; and all the trees, except the stern fir tribes, are denuded of their foliage.

"The south shores of the St. Lawrence are thickly settled by the descendants of the French, who at different times emigrated to Canada; and the manners and customs of their ancestors are tenaciously and religiously preserved by the Canadians, or *habitans*, more particularly in this part of Canada, where they have held little intercourse with the English. The villages and parishes have a general similarity of appearance; and although some of them are more extensive, and much more populous than others, yet one description is sufficient for all.

"We cannot but be pleased and happy while travelling through them. They assuredly seem to be the very abodes of simplicity, virtue, and happiness. We pass along delighted through a beautiful rural country, with clumps of wood interspersed, amidst cultivated farms, pastures and herds; decent parish churches, and neat white houses or cottages. The inhabitants are always not only civil, but polite and hospitable; and the absence of beggary, and of the squalid beings whose misery harrows our feelings in the United Kingdom, is the best proof that they are in comfortable circumstances. Thefts are rare, and doors are as rarely locked. You never meet a Canadian but he puts his hand to his hat or *bonnet rouge*; and he is always ready to inform you, or to receive you in his house; and if you be hungry, the best he has is at your service.

"The manners of the women and children have nothing of the awkward bashfulness which prevails among the peasants of Scotland, nor the boorish rudeness of those of England. While we know that each may be equally correct in heart, yet we cannot help being pleased with the manners that smooth our journeys; and often have I compared the easy obliging manners of the Canadian *habitans* with the rough 'What d'ye want?' of the English boor, or the wondering 'What's your will?' of the Scotch cotter." ii. 456—8.

Over the whole surface of British America the mother isles continue to pour a hardy and laborious race of adventurers, who take root like seeds wafted by the winds in all manner of places, and generally succeed in laying the foundation of a property for their descendants to inherit. The thick of the swarm wing their way to Upper Canada, where the soil is rich and deep, and where the Canada Company, still guided by the plans of the sagacious Galt, encourage all who are hardy and enterprising. Of such settlers our historian draws the following character: and we cannot but think that it is accurate:

"In the English farmer we observe the dialect of his county, the honest John Bull bluntness of his style, and other peculiarities that mark his character. His house or cottage is distinguished by cleanliness and neatness, his agricultural implements and utensils are always in order; and wherever we find that an English farmer has perseverance, for he seldom wants industry, he is sure to do well. He does not, however, reconcile himself so readily as the Scotch settler does to the privations necessarily connected, for the first few years, with being set down in a new country, where the habits of those around him, and almost everything else attached to his situation, are somewhat different from what he has been accustomed to; and it is not until he is sensibly assured of succeeding and bettering his condition, that he becomes fully reconciled to the country.

"There are, indeed, in the very face of a wood farm, a thousand seeming, and, it must be ad-

mitted, many real difficulties to encounter, sufficient to stagger people of more than ordinary resolution, but more particularly an English farmer, who has all his life been accustomed to cultivate land subjected for centuries to the plough. It is not therefore to be wondered at that he feels discouraged at the sight of wilderness lands, covered with heavy forest trees, which he must cut down and destroy. He is not acquainted with the use of the axe; and if he were, the very piling and burning of the wood, after the trees are felled, is a most disagreeable piece of labour. He has, besides, to make a fence of the logs, to keep off the cattle, sheep, and hogs, which range at large; and when all this is done, he must not only submit to the hard toil of hoeing in grain or potatoes, but often to live on coarse diet. Were it not for the example which he has before him of others, who had to undergo similar hardships before they attained the means which yield them independence, he might indeed give up in despair, and be forgiven for doing so.

"The Scotchman, habituated to greater privations in his native country, has probably left it with the full determination of undergoing any hardships that may lead to the acquisition of solid advantages: He therefore acts with great caution and industry, subjects himself to many inconveniences, neglects the comforts for some time which the Englishman considers indispensable, and in time certainly succeeds in surmounting all difficulties, and then, and not till then, does he willingly enjoy the comforts of life.

"The Irish peasant is soon distinguished by his brogue, his confident manner, readiness of reply, seeming happiness, although often describing his situation as worse than it is. The Irish emigrants are more anxious, in general, to gain a temporary advantage, by working some time for others, than by beginning immediately on a piece of land for themselves; and this, by procuring the means, leads them too frequently into the habit of drinking—a vice to which a great number of English and Scotch become also unfortunately addicted.

"The farmers and labourers born and brought up in America, possess, in an eminent degree, a quickness of expedients where anything is required that can be supplied by the use of edge-tools; and, as carpenters and joiners, they are not only expert, but ingenious workmen.

"Almost every farmer, particularly in the thinly settled districts of America, has a loom in his house, and their wives and daughters not only spin the yarn, but weave the cloth. The quantity, however, manufactured among the farmers, is not more than half what is required for domestic use.

"The houses of the American loyalists residing in the colonies are better constructed, and more convenient and clean within, than those of the Highland Scotch and Irish, or indeed those of any other settlers who have not lived some years in America. Although the house of an English farmer who settles on a new farm is, from his awkward acquaintance with edge-tools, usually very clumsy in its construction; yet that comfortable neatness, which is so peculiar to England, prevails within doors, and shows that the virtue of cleanliness is one that few Englishwomen, let them go where they may, ever forget.

"The Highland Scotch, unless intermixed with other settlers, are not only careless, in many particulars, of cleanliness within their houses, but are also regardless of neatness and convenience in their agricultural implements and arrangements. All this arises from the force of habit, and the long prevalence of the make-shift system; for whenever a Scotch Highlander is planted among a promiscuous population, no one is more anxious than he to

rival the more respectable establishment of his neighbour.

"The Scotch settlers from the Lowland counties, although they generally know much better, yet remain, from a determination first to accumulate property, for some years regardless of comfort or convenience in their dwellings; but they at last build respectable houses, and enjoy the fruits of their industry.

"The lower classes of Irish, familiarised from their birth to a miserable subsistence and wretched residences, are, particularly if they have emigrated after the prime of life, perfectly reconciled to any condition which places them above want, although by no means free of that characteristic habit of complaining which poverty at first created." ii. 180—3.

Mr. Macgregor is no admirer of the Americans of the United States: he speaks, too, with some contempt of the children of the settlers: he believes that the people who find themselves most at their ease are the Highland Scotch; and he agrees with Howison, in averring, that "the *ne plus ultra* of impudence, rascality, and villany, is comprehended in the epithet of Scotch Yankee." There is a pretty considerable deal of what we may call *Highlandism* about this same John Macgregor: he cannot but know that the killed portion of Scotland is by far the least intelligent and industrious, and that a settler from the Lowlands is well worth any couple of Macs that ever descended from the mountains of Morven. We intended to have discoursed a little upon the extensive plans which Mr. Galt laid down for less gifted hands to execute—and, moreover, upon the undertakings of that singular and unfortunate adventurer John Macgregor. This latter gentleman was employed by the government in the construction of the Rideau Canal: he carried a vigorous constitution to the swamps and deserts of Canada, with some knowledge in mathematics and mechanics: and, such was the good-natured obstinacy of the man, or such the love of military etiquette among his martial companions, that he assured us, he was tried no less than nine times by courts-martial for alleged faults; and, of these trials, said he, four were for the offence of daring to think. This could not last: after a residence of three years he came or was sent home—published a singular work relating what he saw and heard—retired to his native Galloway, where he now rests in the kirkyard, secure alike against courts-martial and critics.

*Souvenirs sur Mirabeau, et sur les deux premières Assemblées Législatives.* Par Etienne Dumont (de Genève). Ouvrage posthume, publié par M. J. L. Duval, Membre du Conseil Représentatif de Genève.

[Taillé Notice.]

The following sketch of Mirabeau is drawn with a masterly pencil:—

"Mirabeau had a confidence in his own power, which supported him in difficulties under which another would have sunk. His imagination loved whatever was great, and his mind had extraordinary powers of discrimination. He had natural good taste, which he had cultivated by reading the best authors of several nations. He had no great depth of information, but made good use of the little he knew. In the turmoil of his stormy life, he had wanted leisure, for study; but, in his prison at Vincennes, he went through a course of general reading, made translations, and formed a collection of extracts from many great writers. All this, however,

scarcely amounted to the stock of knowledge belonging to the most ordinary man of letters, and when Mirabeau spoke with the open confidence of friendship, he was by no means vain of his acquirements. But what he possessed beyond other men, was, an eloquent and impassioned soul, which, the instant it was excited, animated every feature of his countenance: and nothing was so easy as to bring on the requisite degree of excitement. He had been accustomed from his youth to consider the great questions of politics and government; but he could not go deep into them. The work of discussion, examination and doubt, was beyond his means. He had too much warmth and effervescence of mind for didactic method or laborious application. His mind proceeded by starts and leaps, but its conceptions were bold and vigorous. He abounded in forcible expressions, of which he made a particular study. He was peculiarly qualified to shine in a popular assembly, at a stormy period, when force and audacity were essential requisites.

"As an author he cannot rank high, for all his productions, without exception, are pieces of patchwork of which very little would be left, if each contributor took back his own. But he gave splendour to whatever he touched, by introducing here and there luminous ideas, original expressions, and apostrophes full of fire and eloquence. It was a singular faculty, that of discovering obscure talents, applying to each the degree of encouragement necessary to its peculiar character, and animating those who possessed them with his own zeal, so as to make them eagerly co-operate in a work of which he was to reap all the credit.

"He felt himself absolutely incapable of writing upon any subject, except he were guided and supported by the work of another. His style, naturally strained, degenerated into turgescence, and he was soon disgusted with the emptiness and incoherence of his own ideas. But when he had materials to work upon, he could prune and connect, communicate a greater degree of life and force, and imprint upon the whole the stamp of eloquence. • • •

"As a political orator, Mirabeau, in certain points, was superior to all other men. He had a rapid *coup-d'œil*, a quick and sure perception of the spirit of an assembly, and of applying his entire strength to the point of resistance, without exhausting his means. No other orator ever did so much with a single word, nor hit the mark with so sure an aim; none but Mirabeau ever forced the general opinion either by a happy insinuation, or by a strong expression which intimidated his adversaries. In the tribune he was immovable. They who have seen him, well know that no agitation in the assembly had the least effect upon him, and he remained master of his temper even in personal attacks. I once recollect to have heard him make a report upon the city of Marseilles. Each sentence was interrupted from the *côté droit* with low abuse; the words calumniator, liar, assassin, and rascal, were very prodigally bestowed upon him. On a sudden he stopped, and, with a honied accent, as if what he said had been most favourably received, 'I am waiting, gentlemen,' said he, 'until the fine compliments you are paying me are exhausted.'

"What was wanting to Mirabeau to make a perfect speaker was the power of discussion. His mind could not embrace a chain of reasoning or of proof, nor could he refute methodically; and in these respects he was very inferior to many of those intellectual giants whom I had heard in the English parliament. • • •

"Mirabeau's voice was full, manly, and sonorous; it filled and flattered the ear. Always powerful, yet flexible, it could be heard as distinctly when he lowered as when he raised it. He could go through all its notes with the same ease and

distinctness, and he pronounced his finals with so much care, that the last syllable was never lost. His ordinary manner was very slow. He commenced with the appearance of a little embarrassment, hesitated often, but in a way to excite interest, and until he became animated, he seemed as if he were selecting the most agreeable expressions. In his most impetuous moments, the feeling which made him dwell upon certain words to give them emphasis, prevented him from ever speaking rapidly. He had the greatest contempt for French volubility and false warmth, which he termed the thunders and tempests of the opera. He never lost the gravity of a senator, and it was a defect, perhaps, that, when he commenced a speech, there was always a little appearance of preparation and pretension. What seems incredible, is, that little notes written in pencil were often handed to him in the tribune, and he had the art of reading them, whilst he was speaking, and embodying their contents in his speech with the greatest facility. Garat compared him to one of those jugglers who tear a piece of paper into twenty pieces, swallow each bit separately, and bring forth the original piece whole. He had a most miraculous faculty of appropriating whatever he heard. A word, a point of history, or a quotation, uttered in his presence, instantly became his own. One day when Barnave, who was very vain of his extemporaneous oratory, had just replied without preparation to a prepared speech, Chamfort, who was talking to Mirabeau on the steps of the tribune, observed, that facility was a fine talent, if it were not made an improper use of. Mirabeau immediately took this expression for his exordium, and thus began: 'I have often said, that facility was one of the finest gifts of nature, if it were not made an improper use of; and what I have just heard does not induce me to alter my opinion,' &c.

"Mirabeau may be called, not a great, but an extraordinary man. As a writer, he does not belong to the first class; as an orator, he cannot stand so high as Cicero, Demosthenes, Pitt, or Fox. Most of his writings are already forgotten, and his speeches, with few exceptions, have no longer any interest. The characteristic trait of his genius consists in his political sagacity, in his anticipation of events, and in his knowledge of mankind; all which he appears to me to have displayed in a more remarkable degree than any other power of his vigorous mind. There were moments in which he declared that he felt himself a prophet; and, in truth, he seemed to have inspirations of futurity. He was not believed, because others could not see so far, and because his forebodings were attributed to disappointed ambition; but I know that, at the very period when he prognosticated the downfall of the monarchy, he had the most glorious anticipations of the future destiny of his country. • • •

"Much has been said of his venality; and, if some of his detractors are worthy of credit, his talents were actually put up to the highest bidder. 'Since I have been in the habit of selling myself,' he would sometimes observe, 'I ought to have gained sufficient to purchase a kingdom; but I know not how it happens that I have always been poor, having at my command so many kings, with their treasures.' It may be admitted that he was not over delicate in money matters; but his pride held him in the stead of honesty, and he would have thrown out of the window any one who had dared to make a humiliating proposal to him. He received a pension from Monsieur, and afterwards one from the King; but he considered himself as an agent entrusted with their affairs, and he took these pensions not to be governed by, but to govern them. M. de Narbonne told me, that he once heard him say, 'A man like me might accept a hundred thousand crowns, but I am

not to be bought for a hundred thousand crowns.' It is possible, however, that this speech was nothing more than the effect of the same kind of vanity which makes an opera dancer find a charm in the high price at which her favours are valued. If Spain and England did really bribe him, what became of the sums he received? how happens it that he died insolvent? Although the expenses of his house were considerable in proportion to his fortune, yet he did not live in the style of a man of even ordinary opulence; and if he distributed, for the King's service, the monies he received, he can no longer be accused of cupidity, for in that case he was nothing more than the King's banker."

Before closing this notice, we add an anecdote or two kindly sent us by a correspondent:—

On one occasion, when Mirabeau wanted cash, he wrote the following burlesque letter to his father:—

Ni poisson, ni oiseau,  
Je ne vis ni d'air ni d'eau;  
De l'argent donc bienôt,  
Père Mirabeau.

To which his father sent the following reply:—

Sois poisson ou oiseau,  
Vis d'air ou d'eau,  
Je te f— au cachot.  
—Père Mirabeau.

I'm neither bird, nor am I fish,  
Water or air is not my dish;  
Some money quickly 's what I wish—  
My Father Mirabeau.

Answer.

Take either element you wish;  
Live with the birds, or with the fish;  
To prison you may straightway go—  
For what cares Father Mirabeau.

Count Mirabeau's brother and he were always at variance. I knew the Viscount intimately; he was a great gastronome, and a very hard drinker—so much so, that he once forgot himself in the National Assembly: his eldest brother rebuked him for it; to which he replied,—"I have that only fault—you have all the other vices of human nature; and I keep mine, that it may be said of our family, that we are complete in vice." The Viscount was very witty—enormous in his rotundity—his countenance much resembled the late Charles Fox.

We shall conclude our translations from this work, which we strongly recommend to our readers, with a sketch of the celebrated Madame Roland, who fell a victim to the guillotine during the reign of terror, and whose end was worthy of Socrates.

"Madame Roland, to a very beautiful person, united great powers of intellect; her reputation stood very high, and her friends never spoke of her but with the most profound respect. She was in character a Cornelia, and, if she had had sons, would have brought them up in the same manner as the Gracchi. I saw, at her house, several committees of ministers and the principal Girondists. A female at such meetings appeared rather out of place, but she took no part in the discussions. She was generally at her desk, writing letters, and seemed not to notice what was going on,—of which, however, she did not lose a word. The simplicity of her dress did not detract from her natural grace and elegance, and though her pursuits were more adapted to the other sex, she adorned them with all the charms of her own. I reproach myself with not having personally known all her good qualities; but I had imbibed a prejudice against female politicians; and I found in her, besides, too much of that tendency to mistrust which results from ignorance of the world.

"Clavière and Roland, after seeing the King, had abandoned their prejudices, and gave him credit for sincerity; but she did not cease warning them against the illusions of the court; she

could not believe in the good faith of a prince educated with the opinion that he was superior to other men. She maintained that they were dupes, and the most satisfactory assurances were, with her, only snares. Servan, who had a sombre character, and the most splenetic pride, appeared to her energetic and incorruptible; she mistook his passions for elevation of mind, and his hatred of the court for republican virtue. Louvet, who had the same prejudices, became her hero. He had, it is true, wit, courage, and vivacity; but I am surprised how a virtuous woman could look upon the author of 'Faublas' as a severe republican. Madame Roland excused every fault in those who de-claimed against courtiers, and believed that virtue was confined to hovels. She exalted very mediocre personages, such as Lanthenas and Pache, merely because they were of this opinion. I confess that all this was anything but attractive in my estimation; and it prevented me from cultivating an intimacy, which I should have sought with eagerness, had I then known her as well as I did after her death.

"Her personal memoirs are admirable. They are an imitation of Rousseau's Confessions, and often worthy of the original. She exposes her innermost thoughts, and describes herself with a truth and force not to be found in any other work of the same description. A more extensive knowledge of the world was wanting to her intellectual development, and perhaps a more intimate acquaintance with men of sounder judgment than her own. None of those who visited her were raised above vulgar prejudices; she was always, therefore, encouraged in a disbelief of the possibility of an alliance between monarchy and freedom. She looked upon a king with the same horror as Mrs. Macaulay, whom she considered as a being superior to her sex. Had Madame Roland been able to communicate to her party her own intrepidity and strength of mind, royalty would have been overthrown, but the Jacobins would not have triumphed."

*Memoir of the early Operations of the Burmese War.* By H. Lister Maw, Lieut. R.N. Formerly Naval Aide-de-Camp to Major-General Sir Archibald Campbell. London, 1832. Smith, Elder & Co.

Lieutenant Maw says, that "his statements are true, and the intention not evil";—an avowment scarcely necessary, for a clear, modest, and unpretending narrative could not well come from one who wished to mislead or misrepresent. His chief object is to correct the erroneous impressions made by those who described the attack on the Burman empire, but neglected to combine the labours of the army and the navy in one narrative; and it seems equally his desire to reply to an article on that subject in the *United Service Journal*, which he regards as alike unjust to the navy and to Col. Snodgrass. In this, we think, so far as we remember the writings in question, he has not been unsuccessful. Lieut. Maw was largely employed both on water and on land;—now aiding in a naval attack on the entrenched positions of the enemy—then foremost in a land march against fortified stockades;—at one time cheering on Bengalee troops, who had little desire to fight, and yet could not run away—and at another boldly grappling with the fire-rafts directed by the enemy against a squadron packed closely in a narrow river. From the 11th of May, when the British expedition entered the river at Rangoon, till the 8th of August, when he was severely wounded by a shot in the mouth, at the

storming of a stockade nigh the Dalla Creek, he gives us an account of the united operations of fleet and army; and, as he seems a brave and candid man, we put faith in his narrative, and recommend it to the attention of our readers.

To many the corrections which he gives, and the lights which he lets in on the darkness of other accounts, will be recommendation enough: we will leave these as we find them, and direct the reader's regard to the descriptions which Mr. Maw gives of the country which he helped to invade—the character of the enemy, and their resources, both by water and land. All who know aught of warfare in the East have heard of stockades—a kind of rude fortress formed of palisades, often raised by the Burmans during a single night, and from which it required both skill and valour to dislodge them; but perhaps few have heard in what manner, and by what means, they were constructed:—

"The Burmese stockades, respecting which so much has been said, whilst so little appears generally to be known, varied from little more than breastworks to fortifications fifteen feet high, and which our shot frequently could not breach.

"When a bamboo stockade was to be erected, the space intended to be enclosed was marked out, and a small trench dug, in which bamboos, eight or ten inches in diameter, and nine or ten feet high, were placed vertically, and close together. The small trench was then filled up, and the bamboo work strengthened by lashing others that were split, and placed lengthways to those that were vertical. Outside of this row more bamboos, as stout as could be got, were placed upright in a similar manner, excepting that, instead of a continued close line, about three were placed together, a space, which would have admitted three more, left, and again three others placed, and so proceeding along, or round the works. The vacant spaces in the higher row, thus forming port holes above the lower row, through which the garrison could fire, standing under cover of the higher bamboos. On the top of the higher bamboos, some that were slightly split were placed lengthways over the vertical ends, and the whole additionally secured by lashings and inclined supports from the inside.

"When the bamboo work was finished, or rather, perhaps, whilst it was going on, for the Burmans were not people who lost time on such occasions, a broad deep trench was dug a few feet inside of the wall, and the earth thrown up, so as to form an embankment against the wall, generally in the shape of two high steps or small terraces; the upper part of this embankment was usually five or six feet high, and it formed not only effective shelter against artillery, but was the platform on which the jingals and great guns were mounted, and on which the musqueteers or matchlock-men stood, to fire as the British troops advanced. Barracks, built of the smaller parts of bamboos, and thatched with their leaves, were built round the stockade inside the trench, so that the men lived at their posts. A Pagoda was frequently enclosed, and the Burman engineers generally took care to have a jungle in the rear of their positions, so as to cover a retreat, which was easily effected by means of the embankment on the inside, although it was not so easy for the British forces to get in from the outside. Heavy pieces of timber—trunks of trees—were frequently suspended from the top of the works, in order to cut away upon assailants in attempts to storm:—rows of posts and rails, and abattis, were placed outside." p. 93—95.

We can afford no more room, else we

would have given Mr. Maw's account of the Burman fire-rafts, and of the country round Rangoon, with its wild productions, both animal and human.

*Remarks on the Use and Abuse of some Political Terms.* By George Cornewall Lewis, Esq., Student of Christchurch, Oxford. London, 1832. Fellowes.

Mr. Lewis is already favourably known to the public, by his translations from the German of Müller and Boekh. The present work is an attempt to do for politics in general, what Mr. Malthus some time since attempted for political economy—to fix and illustrate the meaning of the principal terms, which we are daily employing in controversy; from the vague use or abuse of which, as the author justly observes, no trifling portion of that controversy proceeds. Accordingly, he has not merely defined the terms in question to the best of his abilities, but collected from writers of eminence, of all parties and in almost all languages, examples of the many meanings attached to them; and has thus succeeded in forming a very interesting and instructive publication, occupying a middle place between a political vocabulary, and a scientific treatise on government. Amongst the most prominent articles are—Government, Constitution, Monarchy, Representation, Liberty, Law, Property, &c. Amongst the authors most freely commented upon are—Blackstone, Locke, Bentham, Whately, Rousseau, Montesquieu, Heeren, Hume, Mill, Macaulay, and Mackintosh. We despair of being able to convey a correct notion of this book by short quotations, and we cannot afford space enough for long. Suffice it, therefore, to say, that it shows a sound judgment, varied and extensive reading, with considerable skill in composition; and that we recommend it to the perusal of all who conceive themselves called upon to mingle in political discussion, a description which—now that Lord Londonderry is bringing the 'prentice-boys into play—bids fair to include all the men, women, and children, of these realms. Considering, that one main object of the book is, "to soften the anger and direct the efforts of disputants, by suggesting an explanation of their differences,"—the motto strikes us as very happily chosen:—

"Seal up the mouth of outrage for awhile,  
Till we can clear these ambiguities,  
And know their spring, their head, their true descent."  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act 3, Scene 3.

*The Philological Museum, Nos. I. and II.* 1832. Cambridge, Deightons; London, Rivingtons; Oxford, Parker.

THE application of philology to the discussion of controverted historical topics, though not a novel discovery, was of little practical value until within the last few years. Wolff, Niebuhr, and Müller, have taken the lead in exhibiting the great assistance of philology to the historical critic; and their example has stimulated the German scholars to similar exertions, and has not been wholly uninfluential in this country. But at the present moment, when schedules A and Bare of more importance than all the letters of all the ancient alphabets, it is scarcely possible to abstract our minds sufficiently from the turmoil around us, and enter into such minute dis-

quisitions about vowels, consonants, and accents, as require the sombre tranquillity of a college chamber or monastic cell. The two numbers that have appeared of the 'Philological Museum,' contain much valuable matter, and the series deserves the support of all anxious to maintain the classical fame of England. We could wish, however, that the editor had withheld his innovations on established orthography: they give the work an appearance of pedantic affectation, which greatly weaken the effect of its general merits.

*History of the Jews in all Ages.* By the Author of 'History in all Ages.' London, Hamilton & Adams: Leeds, Knight.

THIS work is "printed for the proprietors of publications on Christian Principles," and seems a calm and considerate compilation from Scripture and other works, authentic, if not inspired. We are not sure of the propriety of commencing the history of the chosen people sooner than the call of Abraham, for we hold that any of the heathen nations of old have an equal claim with the Jews in placing Adam and his immediate descendants at the head of their annals. This is at all events to begin with the beginning: and if it be right to commence so early, there can be no doubt of the propriety of coming down to the present time: for, though scattered abroad in all countries, the broken remnant of Israel is numerous and wealthy, and may become a great nation yet. We will not pretend to say, that we have gone carefully and circumspectly through this work, comparing it as we went with the authorities on which it is founded: we have, however, examined the author's narrative of many of the material events, and can report him faithful and prudent. We wish, however, that he had taken the simplicity of Scripture more for his model.

*Questions on Adam's Roman Antiquities.* Oxford; Slatter. London; Whittaker & Co.

THE 'Roman Antiquities,' like the other works of Dr. Adam, contains an immense mass of valuable information, wretchedly arranged, and related in a harsh and inelegant style. But, as it is the best book on the subject in our language, it holds a distinguished place in the library of every classical student. These Questions must be useful to those who wish to ascertain the extent of their information, on the topics discussed by Dr. Adam; they are drawn up with great care, and show that the author is well acquainted with the subject.

*A Concise and Comprehensive Grammar of the French Language.* By J. R. L. Rubattel. London, 1861. Westley & Davis.

Six years ago, Messrs. Noel and Chaptal's 'Concise French Grammar,' an elementary work used by order of the French University in most schools in France, was introduced into England. It was successful; but, being written in French, was troublesome to the English student. Since then, a compilation, accompanied with some good exercises, has been made by M. de Porquet, and this little work is now in its fourth edition. M. Rubattel's Grammar is meant to serve the same purpose, but is inferior in point of clearness and classification. It may, however be useful in the hands of teachers who do not dislike the subdivisions; and there are some good lessons on pronunciation, and a selection of exercises on all the rules in the Grammar.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS

## AN ELEGY

## ON THE DEATH OF THE POET KEATS.

PALE poet, in the solemn Roman earth,  
Cold as the clay, thou lay'st thine aching head!

Ah! what avails thy genius—what thy worth,—  
Or what the golden fame above thee spread?  
Thou art dead,—dead!

Too early banished from thy place of birth,  
By tyrant Pain, thy too bright Spirit fled!  
Too late came Love to show the world thy worth!  
Too late came Glory for thy youthful head!

Mourn, poets! mourn;—he's lost! O minstrels,  
grieve!

And with your music let his fame be fed!  
True lovers! round his verse your sorrows  
weave!

And, maidens! mourn, at last, a poet dead!  
He is dead,—dead,—dead!

B.

ANECDOTE OF THE EARLY LIFE OF THE  
LATE REV. GEORGE CRABBE.

## To the Editor of the Athenæum.

SIR,—In addition to the notice given in one of your late numbers, of the Rev. George Crabbe, I shall transcribe for your information an account of his first coming to London, "full of youth and hope," and the distress in which he was involved in consequence of it, from a work of merit, Prior's 'Life of Burke.' It is rather singular that this book itself gives no clue to those not conversant in literary history, who is meant in relating the anecdote: delicacy to a living person was, I presume, the motive; but having heard some of the circumstances more than thirty years ago, I knew at once the nameless individual aimed at, though there is nothing discreditable, it is to be hoped, in his having once been poor. The letter which he wrote to Mr. Burke on that occasion was still in existence at the time of which I speak, and seems, from the minuteness of the details, which were then familiar to me, to have been seen by Mr. Prior.

"It was about this period (1781) that the kindly feelings of Mr. Burke were appealed to by a young and friendless literary adventurer, subsequently an eminent poet, whose name on the present occasion it is unnecessary to mention, who, buoyed up with the praises his verses had received in the country, and the hope of bettering his fortune by them in London, had adventured on the journey thither, with scarcely a friend or even acquaintance who could be useful to him, and with no more than three pounds in his pocket. This trifle being soon expended, the deepest distress awaited him. Of all hopes from literature he was speedily disabused: there was no imposing name to recommend his little volume, and an attempt to bring it out himself only involved him more deeply in difficulties. The printer, it appeared, had deceived him, and the press was at a stand from the want of that potent stimulus to action which puts so much of the world in motion.

"Hearing, however, or knowing something of an opulent peer, then in London, who had a summer residence in his native county, he proposed to dedicate to him this little volume, and the offer was accepted; but, on requesting a very small sum of money to enable him to usher it into the world, received no answer to his application. His situation became now most painful; he was not merely in want, but in debt; he had applied to his friends in the country, but they could render him no assistance. His poverty had become obvious, he said, to the persons with whom he resided, and no further indulgence

could be expected from them; he had given a bill for part of his debt, which if not paid within the following week, he was threatened with a prison; he had not a friend in the world to whom he could apply; despair, he added, awaited him whichever way he turned.

"In this extremity of destitution, Providence directed him to venture on an application to Mr. Burke. He had not the slightest knowledge of that gentleman other than common fame bestowed—no introduction but his own letter stating these circumstances:—no recommendation but his distress; but, in the words he used in the letter, "hearing that he was a good man, and presuming to think him a great one," he applied to him, and, as it proved, with a degree of success far beyond any possible expectations he could form. Mr. Burke, with scanty means himself, and unbribed by a dedication, did that which the opulent peer declined to do with it; but this was not all; for he gave the young poet his friendship, criticism, and advice, sent some part of his family round to their friends to collect subscriptions for his work, introduced him to some of the first men in the country, and very speedily became the means of pushing him on to fame and fortune."

In addition to this account, it may be stated, that through Burke he became known to Fox, Reynolds, and, by the recommendation of the former, to Johnson; by Mr. Burke also it was recommended to him to quit the medical profession and study for the Church; advice which, it is unnecessary here to say, he adopted. I have heard something like ingratitude laid to his charge, in the fact, that he never, from 1781 to 1810, or thereabouts, paid any tribute to the memory of Burke in any of his works, in dread of giving offence to the ultra whig party, and that then he gave loose to his feelings when Fox was no longer alive. This is a very illiberal, and, I believe, unjust, interpretation of his silence. The fact, I imagine, is, but in this you can correct me if wrong, that he published no work between the dates in question (or at least between 1783 and 1810), or none in which the tribute of gratitude could properly be introduced.—I am, Sir,

A SUBSCRIBER.

Purney, March 2, 1832.

On reading the Motto upon the Funeral Achievement of a *Mitigens, troublesome Fellow.*

"In Cælo Quies!"  
Ne verò si es  
In Cælo—Quies.

Another on the same.  
Si "in Cælo Quies"  
Tu minime scies;—  
At certè jam cernis  
Si Quies in Infernis,  
In Infernis qui es.

ALUMNI.

King's College.

## FRANCONIAN PROVERBS.

[FROM THE GERMAN.]

Nor Huen, maid, or money try,  
Unless there's daylight in the sky.  
Mishap rides up in spur and boot,  
And always elinks away on foot.

Be the diamond e'er so fine,  
It may not without tinsel shine.

In culprit's house, thou shalt not hope,  
To win thy suit, by talk of rope.

Much cumbers us a sowing draw;  
Much cumbers wealth our happiness.

Who far away from wife shall roam,  
Or starts a cheat, or brings one home.



He, that's a good roof o'er his head,  
Is a sad fool to leave his bed.  
He, that is prompt to pay a bill,  
Shall find his coffers promptly fill.  
Break not your egg, and you are wise,  
Before your salt beadle it lies.  
If you would gently sink to rest,  
Mount guard on tongue, and eye, and breast.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

WHAT! more of Byron? No poet of these latter days has been so bewritten and be-painted; we have him in memoirs and conversations, and criticisms and sermons; and we have the scenes which he describes and the glowing images in which his muse deals, embodied by the pencil and secured by the graver, in all styles and shapes and sizes. We imagined that the monthly volumes and embellishments, now issuing from Albemarle Street, together with the Illustrations manufacturing by the Findens, would have appeased, at least, the public appetite: it is not thought so, for we have a promise of a series of Historic Embellishments from Messrs. Smith & Elder, of Cornhill, in the following words:—

"The glorious 'imaginings,' which the mind of Byron alone could conceive, are yet to be embodied to the eye of his admirers, by the aid of graphical illustrations.

"It is the confessedly ambitious design of the Proprietors of the present work, to supply a deficiency which is alike the occasion of surprise and concern. They boldly declare their conviction of the inadequacy of all previous attempts to depict the characters which the Muse of Byron has summoned into existence; and they invite the patronage of the Public to a proposed connected Series of Illustrations of the Works of Lord Byron, which shall be worthy of the fame of the Poet, and which shall challenge the admiration of the refined and fastidious taste of the present age."

It will be no easy matter, we fear, to find artists who can work up to the promise of such a prospectus—it would have been as well to have given the names of the painters: to paint in the spirit of Byron's poetry, will be found no easy thing to the most accomplished.

A. W. Schlegel, perhaps the most illustrious of living critics—whose name must be interesting to all Englishmen, as the only worthy translator of Shakspeare, and doubly interesting to us, as a very large portion of his literary influence was exercised through the *Athenæum*—has just arrived in England, with the view of publishing a short Essay, in the shape of a Letter to Sir James Mackintosh, on the present state and best mode of promoting the study of the languages and literature of the East. It is written in French, but, we believe, a translation is meditated, unless some publisher should be found spirited enough to venture an edition of the original.

The monumental groupe by Chantrey, in memory of Bishop Heber, has arrived at Madras. The same artist has just finished a statue of Canning for the city of Liverpool; it is a work of much elegance and ease, and the likeness is perfect; it will probably be

exhibited in Somerset House. Another statue of the same statesman, by the same artist, has been for some time modelled; it is to be placed in Westminster Abbey; the public will, therefore, be enabled to compare the work of Chantrey with that of Westmacott, whose statue of Canning will soon, we hear, be on its pedestal in Palace Yard. Wilkie has completed his portrait of William IV. in his coronation robes—it is reckoned the most successful of all his works of that class.

Stanfield and Roberts have received commissions to paint a series of subjects to illustrate a new and splendid edition of the Bible. The text is to be printed at the Cambridge Press; and the work is the speculation of an enterprising publisher, to whom, for his liberal spirit in engaging such artists, we wish success.

The eldest son of Mr. George Cooke, whose Views on the Thames we some time since noticed, is, we hear, occupied in taking sketches of Old London Bridge, and a series of etchings of the more interesting subjects will shortly appear.

It was gratifying to us to observe, at the Artists and Amateurs' Conversazione, on Wednesday last, that the hints we threw out to the professional members had not been without the desired effect—for seldom has there been a more rich or brilliant display of works than on that evening. Especial thanks are due to Mr. F. C. Lewis, Mr. Holland, Mr. Bass, and Mr. Ince, for portfolios of clever works—nor less to Mr. Boxall, for a beautiful head of a Young Girl smelling at a jessamine flower—full of simplicity and truth, and most beautifully coloured. A picture by Mr. J. W. Wright was also greatly admired, not less for the composition than its powerful colouring. Poor Bonington's last production of 'Henry III. receiving the Spanish Ambassador,' was also in the room, and this single specimen was thought by many as sufficient to stamp him an historical painter. There was also a small portfolio of his sketches in pencil, from statues and antiquities in Normandy, of equal interest and beauty. Mr. Hart, Mr. David Roberts, Mrs. Carpenter, and many others, kindly sent works for exhibition.

The anniversary dinner of the Royal Society of Musicians, at the Freemasons' Tavern, on Monday, went off with éclat. Lord Burghersh presided, and presented a handsome donation from the Duchess of Kent.

We have heard favourable mention of a MS. Catholic Mass, composed by Monsieur Guynemer, pupil of Cherubini, and for many years a resident professor in this metropolis:—and the MS. opera, to which we alluded several weeks ago, has been noticed in some of the daily papers, as the production of a Monsieur Rousselet. Instead of disguising and patching up imperfect operas, the managers of our national theatres would do much better by giving an original one; at all events, here is in London a composer unemployed, capable, it is said, of writing fine music to an original drama, at a moment they are seeking abroad for novelty!

Mad. Puzzi re-appears this evening in 'Pietro l'Eremita,' alias 'Mosé in Egitto.' The whole of the first scene in this fine opera leaves Rossini's imitators at an immeasurable distance! We have never yet heard the recitative of L'Eremita, in the introduction, properly accompanied in England; for horns

and trombones, it is rather difficult; and these instruments are not *all* of them in efficient hands!

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

##### ROYAL SOCIETY.

March 8.—Dr. W. G. Maton, Vice President, in the chair.—Dr. Marshall Hall's paper 'On the Ratio which subsists between Respiration and Irritability, in the Animal Kingdom, and on Hybernation,' was concluded. The Honourable William Francis Spencer Ponsonby was admitted a Fellow.

##### LINNEAN SOCIETY.

March 6th.—A. B. Lambert, Esq., in the chair.—The minutes of the last meeting were read and confirmed. Don Beneto Ordaz, of Albany Street, Regent's Park, Francis Walker, Esq., of Southgate, and Mr. Jacob Bell, of Oxford Street, were elected Fellows of the Society. A paper, by Mr. David Don, librarian, on various new species of Composite, was read by the Secretary. These descriptions were intended as supplementary to a former paper on the same subject, already printed in the Transactions of the Linnean Society. The new species had been supplied to the author from the collection of Dr. Gillies, made during his residence near the Chilian Andes; and in part also by Hugh Cuming, Esq., who has lately returned to this country from South America, with a very large and valuable collection in several departments of Natural History.

##### HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

March 6.—The method pursued in the garden of the Society, in the cultivation of tobacco, for the purposes for which so much is consumed, in large garden establishments, formed the subject of the paper read this day. Specimens of the tobacco were exhibited, and bore evidence of the great success which had attended the process of curing it. A very large-leaved variety of the Virginian, obtained from the Sandwich Islands, was the sort subjected to the experiment, and was described as being equally as good as that imported from America.

In the exhibition, we observed, flowers of *Gloxinia candida*, and of *Echeveria gibbiflora*. There was also some remarkably good coffee, in all its states, from the fruit on the tree, to its ultimate preparation; and some fruit of the allspice (*myrtus pimenta*), apparently of excellent quality, from the stoves at Combe Abbey, near Coventry.

Cuttings of esteemed pears, and of a very sweet red currant, were distributed among the members.

##### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

|          |  |
|----------|--|
| MONDAY,  | { Royal Geographical Society... Nine, P.M.<br>Medical Society..... Eight, P.M.   |
| TUESDAY, | { Medico-Botanical Society .... Eight, P.M.<br>Medico-Chirurgical Society... } P. 8, P.M.<br>Society of Arts, (Evening Illustrations)..... Eight, P.M.<br>Institution of Civil Engineers.. Eight, P.M. |
| WEDNES.  | { Geological Society ..... } P. 8, P.M.<br>Society of Arts ..... } P. 7, P.M.  |
| THURSD.  | { Royal Society ..... } P. 8, P.M.<br>Society of Antiquaries..... Eight, P.M.  |
| FRIDAY,  | { Royal Institution ..... } P. 8, P.M.   |
| SATURD.  | { Royal Asiatic Society ..... Two, P.M.<br>Westminster Medical Society.. Eight, P.M.   |

##### LONDON UNIVERSITY.

We regret we were prevented by accident from attending the Annual General Meeting of the proprietors. The report read is considered more than usually satisfactory; the most rigid economy has been introduced into every department, and the calculated annual receipts are now, within a few pounds, equal to the annual

expenditure. The meeting adjourned until the following Saturday, when the new plan of management was submitted to the proprietors, and it was unanimously resolved that the Council, on their election, shall forthwith choose seven out of their body, who shall form a Committee of Management, and of whom three shall be a *quorum*—and, further, after some conversation, "that a *senatus academicus* is desirable, and that the Council, in conjunction with the Professors, be empowered to form one." The Council were further empowered to raise 7000*l.*, by mortgage, for the erection of an hospital.

### FINE ARTS

*Select Specimens of the Edifices of Palladio; consisting of Plans, Sections, and Elevations; with Details of Four of his most admired Buildings at Vicenza. From Drawings and Measurements by F. Arundale. Published by the Author; and sold by J. Taylor.*

THIS is at once an elegant and useful work, as well deserving the attention of the professional part of the public, and of the students and admirers of Palladio, as to ornament the cabinet and the library. It embraces a life of the celebrated architect, from the Italian of Milizia, and twelve views of his most popular and highly-finished works, with ground plans, and a description of each edifice. These buildings consist of the far-famed Olympic Theatre, the Palazzo Chiericati, the Screen of the Sala della Ragione, and the Villa Capra.

In a very interesting introduction to his work, Mr. Arundale takes occasion to explain the particular object and utility of the present work, and to refer to the most distinguished of our English architects, who have been all more or less indebted to a study of Palladian architecture for the pre-eminence and reputation which they subsequently attained. He traces, likewise, the progress of architecture in Italy, from its earliest stage to the period of its meridian splendour, in the age of Michael Angelo; and, in the whole of his remarks, Mr. Arundale evinces both the spirit of the enthusiast for his art, and the sedulous and active inquirer into every branch connected with his profession.

In the eyes of that profession, as well as of all admirers of the works of Palladio, the style and manner in which he has produced the specimens before us, must tend to create a very favourable idea of his talents, and of the laudable way in which he employed his time and attention, during several years' residence on the continent.

*Gallery of the Society of Painters in Water-colours.*

Under the Patronage of His Majesty. Part II. Tilt; Colnaghi & Son; Arch.

THE contents of this number are, 'The Bachelor,' painted by LEWIS, and engraved by J. H. ROBINSON;—'Calais Pier,' painted by D. COX, engraved by W. J. COOKE;—and 'Llyn Idwal,' painted by ROBSON, engraved by W. R. SMITH. The first of these is of singular truth and beauty: the Bachelor has finished a luxurious breakfast, and, still seated at the table, prepares himself for an excursion with dog and gun: all that man can covet is there, save a lady to preside; his double-barrelled gun, his shooting gear, and his impatient dog, are to him as a wife; it is plain, that he could not have the enjoyment of all.—Calais Pier is crowded with impatient travellers, and the agitation of the sea seems to hold out a threat that storms await them on the passage.—Llyn Idwal, is a lake near Penryn Castle, in the vicinity of Bangor; tradition says, that a Prince was murdered on its waters, since which, they have been fatal to all fowls of the air. This seems not exactly true, for, in this very beautiful and solemn painting, Robson has introduced a heron watch-

ing for his prey. We consider the Water-colour Gallery to be one of the best of this kind of publication.

*Kate is Crazed.* Painted by R. Westall, R.A., and drawn on stone by Henry Wilkin.

WE wish Mr. Wilkin would copy a more natural painter than Westall; and the reason we wish this is, he copies with elegance and accuracy. The mad girl of this lithograph, is not the gentle creature drawn so exquisitely by Cowper, but one crazed on the Westall principle—still, as Westall is admired, we think the beauty of the lithograph, and the fame of the artist, may help the work to a deservedly extensive sale.

*Lady George Booth.* Engraved by J. Thomson, from a miniature by A. Robertson, Esq., for 'La Belle Assemblée.'

ROBERTSON stands at the head of our miniature painters, and the general air, and gentle and dignified look of this lady, will bear out our assertion. The hair, of which she has a profusion, is much too sharp and wiry for our taste; and, though we never saw the living original, we are quite sure, that eyes such as these before us, could never be coupled with such whalebone tresses as find their way about her waist and shoulders.

### MUSIC

#### KING'S THEATRE.

'Elisa e Claudio' was repeated on Saturday, in a very mutilated state. 'L'Esule di Roma,' a *pasticcio*, by Donizetti, Costa, Pacini, preceded by a good but inappropriate Overture, by Monck Mason, was on Tuesday night consigned to the care of the Neapolitan ambassador, to be sent home in the first bag, as unprofitable material.

#### CONCERTS OF ANTIENT MUSIC.

IT was early in the reign, and under the especial patronage, of George the Third, that these Concerts were first established; and such was the zeal of his Majesty, that he scarcely ever failed to be present, accompanied by the Queen, the royal family, and the whole *cortège* of the court. Influenced by the noble example of royalty, the list of subscribers soon included the names of the more illustrious of our country; and the tone and feeling thus given has continued to the present hour.

Of the great musical establishments—the Opera, the Philharmonic, and the Antiient Concerts—the latter has the singular advantage of receiving the sanction and support of the episcopal and wealthy clergy—many of whom are among the most ardent admirers of that Music, which, though wanting perhaps something of external rites and pompous ceremonies for the full effect of its powers, yet cannot fail, even in the concert-room, to awaken deep and religious feelings.

We are of opinion that these Concerts have had a more extensive and beneficial influence than may at first be imagined; and possibly to their establishment we may trace the many noble and philanthropical Festivals, which are now held regularly in different parts of the kingdom, for charitable purposes.

The once flourishing Vocal Concerts afforded the amateur the opportunity of hearing choral music of modern masters—the novelty of which soon found its admirers; but since those Concerts failed, the subscribers have taken refuge at the Antiient Concerts, where, however, the everlasting monotony of the pieces selected soon occasioned strange murmurings of discontent and treasonable whisperings—louder demonstrations of disapprobation not being considered decorous. The late respected and talented conduc-

tor, Mr. Grestorex, could not have been ignorant of this state of public feeling; but he was one of those least willing to yield anything to the spirit of the age, or to presume to influence the opinions of the noble directors, and exert himself to obtain a partial repeal of those statutes which forbade the performance of any work not sanctioned by the venerable authority of our forgotten grandfathers. At length, however, at the suggestion of the subscribers, or, what might be more influential still, a falling off in the subscriptions, the directors have wisely relaxed, and the names of Mozart and Haydn are now permitted to adorn the Programme, and be associated with those of Handel, Leo, Purcell, Jomelli, Pergolesi, Gluck, Cimarosa, Palestrina, Sarti, Corelli, &c.

The sole management is vested in seven directors, viz., Their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of Cumberland and Cambridge, the Archbishop of York, Earls Derby, Fortescue, Cawdor, and Lord Burghersh. The Concerts take place every Wednesday, six weeks before and six after Easter. The subscription (eight guineas) entitles the subscriber to be present at the rehearsal, on the Monday preceding the Concert. The music to be performed is selected by one of the seven directors, who usually gives a dinner to his colleagues on the day of the concert, and to which the conductor has the honour of being invited. In the evening, the directors occupy a large space in front of the orchestra, devoted exclusively to their accommodation, and that of their friends. The aristocratic assumption of the whole management—the rigid observance of order and respect in the orchestra—the courteous, but formal dignity of the audience—have an imposing effect, which is also heightened by the spiritual and sublime grandeur of the music.

On account of Ash-Wednesday, the first Concert of the present season was given on Thursday last. In musical as well as political matters, his Highness the Duke of Cumberland thinks that the "ancient system works best"; therefore the Programme of the Concert, under his directorship, did not exhibit the "dawn of that new light" which is promised. Miss Stephens, Mrs. Knyvett, Mrs. Bishop, Mad. Puzzi; Messrs. Braham, Vaughan, Sale, Terrail, and H. Phillips, were the principal vocalists, and the performance began with Calcott's Funeral Monody, in compliment to the memory of the deceased conductor. The choir is much stronger in tone, and the choruses were sung with point. The band always goes well, and is the best-disciplined orchestra in London. Of Mr. Knyvett, the conductor, more at a future time.

The musical profession has just lost a worthy and talented member, in Mr. Eley, a man little known, except to his musical brethren. He retired from the situation of second violoncello player at the Opera, about ten years ago—but retained, until his death, a similar rank at the Philharmonic and Antiient Concerts. He published many useful exercises, studies, and trifling compositions, for various instruments—among the latter was the well-known 'Duke of York's March.' He was a tolerable performer on several instruments, a thorough musician, and an honourable man.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Select Organ Pieces from the Sacred Works of Mozart, Beethoven, Cherubini, Hummel, Palestrina, Carissimi, Clari, Steffani, Leo, Durante, Jomelli, Pergolesi, and other German and Italian Composers.* Arranged by V. Novello, No. 18. J. A. Novello.

WHAT a title-page! The precocious youths of the Royal Academy of Music ought to feel indebted to Mr. Novello for reminding them that such musicians once lived. It is seldom, indeed, that such a work dignifies the columns of our musical review; and our ordinary, and often wearisome

labour, grows graceful and honourable even in our own sight. These sacred compositions lift up the worldly spirit to the contemplation of those

— sung before the sapphire-colour'd throne  
To Him that sits thereon,  
With sanctity about and solemn jubilee.

This number opens with a well-worked Fugue by Adams, on a subject from Mozart's 'Die Entführung aus dem Serail': this is followed by a 'Cum sancto spiritu,' from Mozart's 12th Mass—a majestic Fugue, treated with extraordinary skill, and an abundance of rich harmony and florid counterpoint. The effect of that splendid pedal harmony, page 42, we have often felt at an Oratorio: it is a noble specimen of the resources of science within the power of a Mozart! A biographical notice of Adams, our talented English organist, written by Mr. Novello, is added, and it is equally honourable to both parties. To all admirers of music as a science and an art, we recommend Mr. Novello's 'Selections,' wherein are exhibited the flowing melodies of genius and the skill of learned contrapuntists.

*The Favourite Shawl Dance*, from Auber's 'La Bayadere,' as a Rondo. By H. Herz.

*La Gaité*. A brilliant Rondo. By Moscheles. Chappell & Co.

As a pianoforte writer, adapter, arranger, or deranger, Herz is the most popular of the day, and no other ever pocketed lucre with such easy grace as Mein Herr. Sixty pounds have been given him for a set of quadrilles à quatre mains! In an inverse ratio, as the character of the music is high, so the pay is low; and Herz, being a reputed-talented-parsimonious-Deutsche, prefers siller and light labour to empty fame and empty pockets. The above bagatelle is not so difficult as many by the same author; it requires a finger "leggiero assai," is showy, and suited to the taste of young ladies wishing to exhibit a moderate talent on the pianoforte.—The rondo of Moscheles is an original composition of greater labour, the subject of which is not one of his happiest melodies for the expression of *la gaité*—it is, like many of the quaint productions of this learned theorist, wanting in that sprightliness which the title promises. In compositions of a higher order, the resources of this clever musician are more advantageously developed. 'La Gaité,' to a pupil somewhat advanced, will be found more serviceable as a lesson, than captivating as a composition.

*Soft and bright the gems of night*. H. Smart.  
*Ellen Tree*. G. Linley.

*Number One*. A Ballad, written by Thomas Hood. The Music composed by Blewitt.

*Ditto. Ditto*. Sola. Chappell.

THE first of these three ballads is extremely pretty, with a pleasing variety of harmony well put together: it is adapted for voices of ordinary compass, and will doubtless be a general favourite.

Mr. Linley's ballad is too personal to become popular: it would indeed be rather awkward for a swain to declare in the presence of his love, "Oh! my heart, my heart's with charming Ellen Tree!" If Mr. Linley has really expressed his own sentiments, we supplicate 'The Youthful Queen' to take pity on him "and accept his gems and gold." The music is *très ordinaire*.

We have, it appears, two Number One's. It was the popularity of the words that suggested the idea of setting them to music, and the good word of a critic would be thrown away upon them now. The music is of course a secondary consideration, and should be written for the general compass of all voices, and the simpler the better; for the latter reason we prefer Mr. Blewitt's arrangement.

## THEATRICALS

No new battle has taken place between the rival houses, since our last report. Both have been reposing on the "mystic" laurels they have gathered. There has, however, been some smart puff-skirmishing—with paper-bullets in the bills. In the little affairs between those of Drury Lane and the English, we are sorry to report, the English have suffered severely, although the bills have decidedly *had the worst of it*. Two shots have been fired from the Adelphi, and both, we believe with effect.

## ADELPHI THEATRE.

ON Monday last, a new domestic drama in three acts, called 'Forgery; or, the Reading of the Will,' was produced here. Press of other matter drives us into a corner, and we have no space to say more than that, following the example of 'The Brigand,' 'The Rent Day,' &c.; one of its attractions consists in clever realizations of well-known pictures—that it has a good story, and some powerful situations, well relieved by the broad comicalities of Mr. Reeve and Mr. Buckstone—that the acting on all hands was excellent, and that the piece wanted nothing but curtailment, which it has since had. At its conclusion, Mr. Buckstone was trotted out to receive the well-meant but senseless clamour of certain weak individuals who mistook themselves for his friends. We trust this fire will be smothered where it broke out. Sensitive persons of talent have already plenty to induce them not to write for the stage, if they can avoid it; and it would be rather too much, if, in addition to the existing annoyances and the mire of insult, through which their feelings too frequently have to be previously dragged, they should find that one of the rewards of success is being every night "left till called for" by the Galleries.

Last night, Mr. Yates, who seems to have discovered, that time is money, and to have wisely resolved not to lose either, and who, at all events, thinks Lent money better than money lent, commenced giving an entertainment, which he proposes repeating on the ensuing Wednesdays and Fridays. Part of the dialogue is old, and part not, and that which is not old, strange to say, is new. The introduction of "tableaux vivants," (encore des tableaux!) formed a pleasing variety to this sort of entertainment. The house was well attended, and Mr. Yates's exertions were rewarded by great applause.

After asserting the above with the usual gravity, perhaps our readers will hardly believe that we were not present, and know nothing about it. Nay, more, at the time this article is being read, Mr. Yates may, for all we know to the contrary, have been taken ill, and not have appeared at all. Well, what of that? If he acted, we will venture fourpence (the price of an *Athenæum*), that our remarks have been verified; and if not, we are only in the ridiculous situation in which we have more than once seen *The* —, *The* —, and *The* —, all papers remarkable for veracity in their *lines*. Indeed, it was only on Thursday last, that a morning paper made mention of Madame Puzzi's appearance at the Antient Concert, which Concert did not take place until many hours after we had read the criticism; and last week one of the weekly minors condemned a new piece at the Queen's Theatre, which was not performed until three days after the condemnatory criticism was published.

## MISCELLANEA

*General Wolfe*.—SIR,—Having seen in a late number of the *Athenæum* mention made of the late General Wolfe, the following circumstances may not be unwelcome. The General was well known to my mother when quartered at Winchester, he was a favourite and dancing partner of hers, a good dancer, and very fond of that amusement; he was well made, and most particularly upright in his carriage, so much so, that it was said of him, that, when dressed, he never saw his shoe buckles; his hair was red, curled so much in the neck, that he was obliged to *drill* it into a queue, or what is vulgarly called a pig-tail, by the means of a bit of whalebone. He was much beloved by his men, and affable to a degree with them; he was also on very companionable terms with his brother officers, and sung a good song, witness that one of his own composing, 'How stands the glass around?' and another called 'The Men of Kent,' of which county he was; and was very proud of calling himself "a man of Kent"—not a "Kentish man." Yours, &c.

A volume of poems, entitled '*Poesies*,' by Hyppolite Tampusci—a French "uneducated poet"—has just appeared at Paris, and is spoken of with commendation.

*Soup extraordinary*.—Over the mantle-piece at the Guildhall Coffee House in King Street, Cheapside, is to be seen, in a large gilt frame, a portrait of his present Majesty, surrounded by a very elaborate copper-plate inscription, expressive of the gratitude of the English nation to a patriotic and reforming sovereign; by the side of it hangs a placard, on which is written (by the tavern-keeper of course),—"A plate of this Engraving only Ten shillings."

It is really cheering to observe the French, amidst all their political and financial embarrassments, preserving and zealously fostering the national taste for the Fine and Useful Arts. Even at such a period as the present, when the public expenditure has risen from forty to sixty millions, and the Chamber of Deputies contest every stage in ministerial extravagance inch by inch, they pass such votes as the following, almost *unanimous*—

|   |        |
|---|--------|
| For the completion of the Paris Observatory       | £2,700 |
| Ordinary Public Works                             | 12,000 |
| Completing Public Edifices                        | 24,000 |
| New and Special Works                             | 31,000 |
| The New Chamber of Deputies (this year's labours) | 24,000 |
| Literary and Scientific Institutions              | 61,000 |
| Establishments connected with the Fine Arts       | 15,200 |
| The Encouragement of Public Skill and Industry    | 16,000 |

These items concern the French capital alone, and are independent of the votes for the provinces and government buildings.

*Natural History of New Zealand*.—The Ornithology of New Zealand is limited; but specimens even of those known are rare in our public collections. There is a large species of parrot, the *Psittacus meridionalis* of Gmellin, the southern brown parrot of Latham, specimens of which are in the British Museum; I have also seen (but rarely), at the Bay of Islands, a green species of parrot; also an Alcedo sp., named by the natives, from its note, the *Hoteratera*, the Poë bird or Tui-tui, the Poë honey-eater of Latham, *Meliphaga cinctinatta*, Temm. A large brown-coloured pigeon, named *Kukupu* by the natives, and several other birds of beautiful plumage.—The fish consist principally of the Snapper (a kind of bream) several flat fish, and occasionally the John Dory; that beautiful fish the Flying Gurnard was also captured; it is the *Trigla Kumou* of Cuvier's recent work on fishes, the *Kumu-kumu* of the natives, and has large olive-green pectoral fins, with a narrow band at the edges, of a light blue colour, and an irregular black spot at the inner part (which is sometimes deficient), and a few bluish white spots are scattered over other parts of the fin;

the colour of the upper part of the fish is a bright red, underneath, a silvery white; it is found more commonly in caves, harbours, &c.; in taste it is very dry.—Among reptiles, I only observed a few small species of lizards and a guana; a specimen of the latter, which was brought to me, measured in length eighteen and a half inches; it was named *Tua-tara* by the natives, from the resemblance of thorny processes on the ridge of the back; the word *tua-tara* signifying thorn or prong-back (*tua*, back; *tara*, a thorn, spine or prong); the animal was, above, of a reddish yellow, and underneath, of a greyish colour.—Among the minerals they have a beautiful green jasper stone, which is highly valued. From the pieces that I have seen cut into various forms, and used for the mari, axes, &c. they must be found of large size; how they are imbedded in the earth, or in what particular strata, I could not ascertain; some pieces are of a dark, and others of a light colour, the latter are most esteemed by the natives.—*Bennett's MS. Journal.*

### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

| Days of W. & M. | Thermom. Max. Min. | Barometer. Noon. | Winds.     | Weather.   |
|-----------------|--------------------|------------------|------------|------------|
| Th. 1           | 44 33              | 30.10            | S.         | Cloudy.    |
| Fr. 2           | 50 35              | 30.15            | S. to S.E. | Ditto.     |
| Sat. 3          | 46 35              | 30.15            | S.E.       | Ditto.     |
| Sun. 4          | 52 35              | 29.60            | S.W.       | Rain, r.m. |
| Mon. 5          | 53 30              | 29.00            | S.W.       | Cloudy.    |
| Tues. 6         | 48 33              | 29.40            | S.W.       | Rain, r.m. |
| Wed. 7          | 49 30              | 29.10            | S.W.       | Showers.   |

*Prevailing Clouds.*—Cumulustratus. Cirrostratus. Nights and Mornings fair, till towards the end of week.

Mean temperature of the week, 40°. Increase of day on Wednesday, 3h. 22m.

### NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

*Forthcoming.*—The Girl's Own Book, by Mrs. Child. Reprinted from the American Edition, with Notes and Additions by a Lady, and illustrative wood-cuts. Filial Solitude; a mezzotint by S. Angell, from a painting by Lesco.

No. 1. of a New Musical Periodical, entitled The Apolloniad, will be published on the 1st of April. The Western Garland; a Collection of Original Melodies, composed and arranged for the Pianoforte, by the leading Professors of the West of Scotland. The words by the author of The Chameleon.

Flowers of Fable, culled from the works of Epictetus, Croxall, Dodsley, Gay, Cowper, Pope, Moore, Merrick, Denis, and Tappan; with Original Translations from La Fontaine, Krasicki, Herder, Gellert, Pignotti, Lessing, and others: the whole selected for the instruction of youth, and pruned of all objectionable matter; embellished with 150 Engravings on Wood.

Memoirs of William Sampson, an Irish Exile, written by himself.

The Juvenile Philosopher. By T. Keyworth. Church History through all Ages, from the first promise of a Saviour to the year 1830, by T. Timpson.

*Just published.*—Sharon Turner's Sacred History, 8vo. 14s.—Haynes on Christian Faith, 12mo. 3s.—Marshall's Naval Biography, Vol. 3. Part II. 8vo. 15s.—Lewis on the Use and Abuse of Political Terms, 8vo. 9s.—Davies on the Ordinances of Religion, &c. 7s. 6d.—Hints to Grown Sportsmen, 12mo. 2s.—Blunt's Lectures on St. Paul, Part I. 12mo. 5s. 6d.—Reports of the Commissioners on the Ecclesiastical Courts, 12mo. 5s. 6d.—Fox's History of Godmanchester, 16. 1s.; 1 p. 11. 1s. 6d.—Cuvier's Animal Kingdom, translated from the French, with notes by Mr. M. Murtrie, 4 vols. 8vo. 37. 12s.—Williams's Art and Science Anticipated, 18mo. 4s. 6d.—Colton's History and Character of American Revivals, 12mo. 5s.—Richards's India, Vol. I. 16s. 6d.; Vol. II. 12. 1s.; Part 4. 12s.—Questions on Tytler's Elements of History, 8vo. 5s.—Willson's Afflicted Man's Companion, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—Tennemann's Manual of Philosophy, translated by Johnson, 8vo. 16s. 6d.—Hind's Examples in the Differential Calculus, 8vo. 8s.—Lyon's Analysis of the Seven Parts of Speech, 12mo. 3s.—Fenton's Child's First Latin Book, 12mo. 2s.—Livesey's Life of Tillotson, 32mo. 2s. 6d.—Bryant's Poems, edited by Washington Irving, sm. 8vo. 9s.—Meadows's French and English Pronouncing Dictionary, 18mo. 7s.—Collins's Emigrant's Guide to America, 18mo. 2s. 2d.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS

The announcement requested by one of "Albion's suffering sons" would, we are sure, be useless, and might subject all parties to ridicule.

Thanks to X.—F. J. E. F.—A Subscriber.

The press of New Works has induced us to allow more space than usual to our Reviews.

The MONTHLY PART for JANUARY (now reprinting) will be ready for delivery on Saturday next.

### ADVERTISEMENTS

#### TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS.

A MEDICAL GENTLEMAN, practising the three branches of the Profession, and living in a healthy part of the West End of Town, has a VACANCY for an APPRENTICE. He will have every opportunity of gaining a thorough knowledge of the Profession, and be treated as a member of the family.

For particulars address (post paid) to C. A. at Messrs. Swale's Library, 21, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury.

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No. 229.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1832.

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## REVIEWS

*The Rise and Progress of the English Commonwealth. Anglo-Saxon Period. Containing the Anglo-Saxon Policy, and the Institutions arising out of Laws and Usages, which prevailed before the Conquest.* By Francis Palgrave, F.R.S. & F.S.A. Parts I. & II. 4to. London, 1832. Murray.

We have long thought that the history of the English law, from its earliest period of Anglo-Saxon administration, would afford the most satisfactory clue to the political history of England. We had little hope, however, of meeting with a writer who would be content to leave the more fascinating details of political events and institutions, that he might examine for us the repulsive records of an obsolete jurisprudence,—or guide us up, by the feeble and scattered light of dusty rolls and mildewed charters, through the early administration of laws—to learn, in their gradual development, the formation of a political constitution. Yet, here is that wished-for writer in the person of Mr. Palgrave, a gentleman not unequal to his undertaking, either in intelligence or learning. We have not for some time fallen in with such extent and variety of information, such industry of research into original authorities, such laborious accumulation, compressed at the same time with such admirable precision and severity of reasoning,—as we find in the volumes before us. They remind us of the better and severer days of English study, and will certainly fill up a chasm in our historical literature, which the unmanageable folios of Saville, and Twysden, and Warton, and Wilkins, and even the more recent work of the learned and patient Mr. Turner, have in vain endeavoured to supply.

Anglo-Saxon history is anything but familiar to the majority of English readers, and this must be attributed, we fear, to the unpopular way in which it has hitherto been treated. Modern writers seem to have always entered on it as on a perilous field of remote and uncertain inquiry, and to have pursued their way without the slightest reference to existing circumstances, and with the chill technicality of the mere antiquary. For any elucidation of the progress of our jurisprudential institutions, we might as well have turned to the Saxon Chronicle itself, or to Gildas, with his pompous rhapsodies and querulous declamation, or to Nennius, with all his legendary tales of Trojan antiquity, magical delusion, and miraculous exploits of Saint Germain and Saint Patrick, to say nothing of those of the valiant Arthur, who was often wont to fell to the ground in one day, single-handed, eight hundred and forty Saxons. But Mr. Palgrave has removed this reproach from us, and restored to their legitimate use those substantial muniments and memorials of the

early history of England, which her Saxon sons have kept for her. Indeed, we were not prepared for the very singular and valuable elucidation he has been enabled to give us, in the investigation of the form of our political government, and of our civil and criminal jurisprudence. We did not fancy that there existed in Anglo-Saxon history such a mine of precious materials yet unwrought.

The secret of Mr. Palgrave's great advantage, in point of utility and practical good, over Mr. Turner and other historians, consists in his having determined that the first station in the pages of the historian should be occupied, not by political events or political institutions, but by the examination of judicial policy and jurisprudence. Certainly, the character of a people depends mainly upon their laws, and nothing could be more felicitous than such a mode of inquiry, in illustrating the dark annals of the Anglo-Saxons; for by thus tracing up the spirit of the institutions which pervaded them, and regulated their daily actings and doings, he has given us a correct view of their general administration of the state, and has done much to render their history popular, by giving us in this way, some definite and familiar idea of the otherwise obscure and shadowy personages who figure in its pages. In the consciousness of having effected this, we trust he feels his own reward for the labour it must have occasioned him. His duties have therein become higher and more valuable than those of the mere archæologist or historian. In displaying thus the moral development of the institutions, under whose protection we hold, at this day, the possession of every worldly good, and even of our lives, he has furnished valuable materials for the history of human nature. For it is from such remote periods, that the register of political experience becomes indeed valuable; when we can judge of the original nature of ancient institutions, and of the first impulse that prompted them, independent of any particular form of civil polity, to which chance or the unvarying instincts of humanity may have subsequently given birth. A remarkable example of this suggests itself to us, in the instance of the trial by jury. We seldom consider that institution in the present day, except in its relation to our judicial system. And yet, with the assistance of such a guide as Mr. Palgrave, what a view is opened to us, of its original power and functions. We discern in it the probable groundwork of all our present constitutional forms of government, and of the assemblies in which the powers of government are now constitutionally vested. "Cui bono?" may be asked to all this, in the indolence and levity of modern reading. But with the leave of the inquirer, much good may result from such researches

—and much evil has resulted from our "incurious negligence" on such points, of which Spelman so bitterly complained. We need not seek for precedents in the Doom-books of Alfred or Ina, but assuredly those books will teach us the spirit of ancient legislation, as an assistance to the exposition and renovation of our own.

We have some objections to make to some of Mr. Palgrave's opinions, and some fault to find, in all humility, with parts of his arrangement and execution—but we defer these, with a further account of the work, until next week. We can only now express our regret, that so many sound and liberal views, as are presented in this work, and dwelt on with heartfelt earnestness, should be obscured by a too evident leaning to the side of power, and that, as we fear, a page of the volume (page 5,) has been cancelled, for the purpose of introducing a temporary political allusion, unworthy of the philosophic historian. In the meantime we give the following extract, illustrative as much of the finer and sounder views of policy—which are, we suspect, the natural bent of Mr. Palgrave—as of the vigour and graces of his mind, and his power of indignant declamation.

"Theft was an offence of a deep and disgraceful dye. All the Germanic Tribes held this crime in great abhorrence. A thief, in the language of the Capitularies, was 'unfaithful to the Kingdom of the Franks.' Nearly the same expression occurs in the Anglo-Saxon laws, in which he is said to be 'untrue to the Hundred,' or 'untrue to the people.' At one period, wife and child, and every inmate, above the age of ten years, passed into slavery, if they assisted in the concealment of any stolen property; for the Anglo-Saxon law of larceny included two degrees of offence: the act of 'open theft' or rapine, which, as has been before observed, was irremissible; and the offence incurred by the individual who was found in possession of the stolen property,—in which case, however, whether he was the thief or the receiver, his crime might be pardoned by the payment of a penalty. Under Canute, the law, which had been modified from time to time, sustained further alterations. For the first offence, compensation was to be made to the injured party by restoring twice the value of the stolen property, besides the 'Were' to the Lord; and if the theft had been committed by a Serf, he was branded with a hot iron but for the second offence, the 'Theow' suffered death; the Freeman or Ceorl was to lose his hand or his foot, or both, according to the magnitude of the crime; and if these mutilations were not adequate to appease the vengeance of the law, the eyes of the wretched culprit were to be plucked out, or his nose and lips cut off, or he was to be scalped; punishments which form a singular contrast to the merciful sentiments evinced by the same code, and expressed with the most energetic simplicity. 'He who has the power of judgment, should earnestly think on that, which he implores for himself

when he prays 'forgive us, Lord, our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us;' and we forbid that Christian men be put to death for trivial causes; nor should we rashly destroy the Lord's creation 'which, He redeemed so dearly.' The sentences threatened by the law were worse than death; but in countries thinly peopled, chequered with wastes and wilds, affording the ready means of escape and concealment, and where the rude and solitary habitations and sequestered domains of the landholder were extremely liable to the attack of the robber, it might be deemed necessary to protect the rights of property by punishments which, to us, appear grievous and disproportionate beyond all measure; and there are some who may think that even our present civilized Criminal Code retains more of its ancient barbaric severity than is warranted by the general state of society. The Anglo-Saxon law was mitigated, by allowing the offender, if he could, to make compensation; otherwise, his services as a slave were to be accepted by the injured party. A justification for inflicting the punishment of death may be conceded to the legislator, in those cases where the probable consequences of the crime will lead to bloodshed. And, as the resistance to open violence, or the struggles made by the robber to retain his spoil, were most frequently followed by the mutual fray, the ancient law, which authorized the summary decapitation of the criminal, may be reprobated as harsh, though not altogether stigmatized for its barbarity: it proceeded by military execution, sudden, appalling, and effective. The fearful mutilations which rendered the maimed and miserable offender a ghastly spectre, visiting the haunts of living men, have long ceased to be the terror and warning of the wicked; but it is hardly a paradox to assert, that humanity has not gained greatly by the abolition of these cruel and revolting punishments; and that by adopting a code, apparently more mild, we have not diminished the mass of suffering and pain. It is one of the evils resulting from a polished and refined state of society, and by which many of its advantages are dearly purchased, that the higher classes become insensible to the afflictions of their inferiors, when concealed from their view. Let us assume the existence of a statute enacting that any person suspected of petty larceny should forthwith have his right hand struck off in Court, so as to disable him for the remainder of his life. Under this legislation, our Magistrates, constituted as they now are, would certainly entertain great aversion towards the infliction of so disproportionate a punishment. The sight of the bleeding, maimed limb would sicken them. It would hurt their feelings to sit upon the Bench and witness the agony, and listen to the shrieks and moans of the Felon; for their own sakes, as well as for his, they would investigate the case with tenderness and caution; and it is probable, that in order to reduce the number of offenders, they would use very earnest endeavours to establish such a domestic police as would lessen the temptations, both physical and moral, which are rife in the land, and to diminish the opportunities which lead to the commission of crime.

"But what is the present practice of the law of England? A child, to whom a trivial offence is imputed, may be committed by the Magistrates of a Corporation to a dungeon, so loathsome, vile, and insalubrious, that when he is acquitted, after an incarceration of many months, his health will be irretrievably affected, and for the remainder of his days he will be condemned to drag on a painful and useless existence. Nor is this fate the worst which awaits even the innocent. Another, who, from his poverty and abandonment, is unable to procure the required bail, may undergo protracted confinement, before trial, in a prison, allowed with the full

knowledge, concurrence, and assent of the constituted authorities of the metropolitan county, to become such a school of vice and profligacy, that when declared guiltless of the offence of which he was accused, he is dismissed a hardened ruffian, ruined in character, body, and soul; destitute of the means of subsistence; tutored in wickedness, to which, before his commitment, he was a total stranger; and immediately becoming liable to the vengeance of justice. A generation has nearly passed away since the statue of Howard was raised in the Cathedral by the voice and vote of the Legislature; and England proudly claims the glory of his unwearied charity and philanthropy. Praise is easily bestowed: the vain honours of the Cenotaph have been rendered by the chisel of the sculptor; but the task of following the precepts of the martyr of humanity, requires sacrifices which, as yet, we have been unwilling to perform. And the marble cenotaph will stand as a monument of the reproach of England, until those who could rescue so many of their fellow-creatures from destruction, shall have redeemed the country from the guilt incurred by their permission and encouragement of the most shameful abuses, which degrade the national character and debase the law." i. 205—9.

*Francis the First; an Historical Drama.*  
By Frances Ann Kemble. London, 1832.  
Murray.

We have heard more comments than we desired, on the review of this tragedy in the new number of the *Quarterly*. We are not ourselves inclined to quarrel with a little chivalrous gallantry in these matter-of-fact times, and are content that our still small voice shall have no weight or influence at the theatre, where the tragedy is being represented at the very time we are writing this notice. That it will be successful—permanently successful—is impossible; it wants concentration—there are effective situations, and clever scenes, but they have no connecting interest. That it was written when Miss Kemble was seventeen, we can readily believe—although we do not see how it bears upon the question of her genius, since the whole has, no doubt, been revised by her maturer judgment—much of it is just such dramatic poetry as a girl (a clever girl) of seventeen would write; the language of the poets, not of poetry; and, as was very natural with a Kemble, the language of Shakspeare, full of "By my fay—" and "Sith you say—" and "wend your way"—and "go to, go to!" and "marry, this means"—and all the other outward and visible signs of a school exercise—but of the living breathing language of passion and nature, there is little, and there is less of poetry, hardly the melody of its voice, which we had anticipated, and believed would have characterised the work; because it is the true mark of poetical feeling. A knowledge of the inmost workings of the human heart, of the deep mystery of human nature, is not given to unfledged genius; but a quick sense of the melody of verse, is one of the surest characteristics: the music of poetry seems natural to sweet thoughts—and young poets have often little else to influence our feeling and "lap us in elysium." This judgment is true of the play generally, but particular scenes display considerable powers. The plot will have been unravelled in the daily papers, and therefore, with a few explanatory words, we shall introduce to our readers the most effective scenes,

infinitely better in our judgment than mere isolated passages. *Françoise de Foix* the betrothed of *Laval*, having to solicit her brother's release from prison, has been violated or betrayed by Francis. She is now discovered in her brother's house, "sitting pale and motionless by a table"—

*Françoise*. How heavily the sun hangs in the clouds; The day will ne'er be done.

*Florise*. Oh, lady, thou hast sat And watch'd the western clouds, day after day, Grow crimson with the sun's farewell, and said, Each day, the night will never come: yet night Hath come at last, and so it will again.

*Françoise*. Will it, indeed? will the night come at last,

And hide that burning sun, and shade my eyes, Which ache with this red light—will darkness come At last?

*Florise*. Sweet madam, yes; and sleep will come: Nay, shake not mournfully your head at me.—Your eyes are heavy: sleep is brooding in them.

*Françoise*. Hot tears have lain in them, and made them heavy:

But sleep—oh, no! no, no! they will not close: I have a gnawing pain, here, at my heart: Guilt, thou liest heavy, and art hard to bear.

*Florise*. What say you, madam, guilt!

*Françoise*. Who dares say so! (though Starting up) 'Twas pity—mercy—'twas not guilt! and The world's fierce scorn shall call it infamy, I say 'twas not! Speak—speak—dost thou? Oh! answer me!

Say, was it infamy?

*Florise*. Dear lady, you are ill!

Some strange distemper fevers thus your brain.

Come, madam, suffer me at least to bind

These tresses that have fallen o'er your brow,

Making your temples throb with added weight:

Let me bind up these golden locks that hang

Dishevel'd thus upon your neck.

*Françoise*. Out, viper!

Nor twine, nor braid, again shall ever bind

These locks! Oh! rather tear them off, and cast them

Upon the common earth, and trample them—

Heap dust and ashes on them—tear them thus,

And thus, and thus! Oh, *Florise*, I am mad!

Distracted!—out alas! alas! poor head!

Thou achest for thy pillow in the grave,—

Thy darksome couch,—thy dreamless, quiet bed!

*Florise*. These frantic passions do destroy themselves

With their excess, and well it is they do so:

But, madam, now the tempest is o'erlaid,

And you are calmer, better, as I trust,

Let me entreat you send for that same monk

I told you of this morn': he is a leech,

Learned in theory, and of wondrous skill

To heal all maladies of soul or body.

*Françoise*. Of soul—of soul—ay, so they'd have us

think:

Dost thou believe that the hard coin we pour

Into their outstretch'd hands, indeed, buys pardon

For all, or any sin, we may commit?

Dost thou believe forgiveness may be had

Thus easy cheap, for crimes as black in hue

As—as—

*Florise*. As what? I know no sin whatever

The church's minister may not remit:

As—what were you about to say?

*Françoise*. Come hither:

Think'st thou a heap of gold as high as Etna

Could cover from the piercing eye of heaven

So foul a crime as—as—adultery!

Why dost thou stare thus strangely at my words,

And answerest not?

*Florise*. I do believe, indeed,

Not all the treasury of the wide world,

Not all the wealth hid in the womb of ocean,

Can ransom sin—nothing but deep repentance—

Austere and lengthen'd penance—frequent tears.

*Françoise*. 'Tis false! I know it—these do nought

avail:

To move relentless heav'n it must be bribed.

And yet—go, call thy priest; I'll speak with him.

I will cast off the burthen of my shame,

Or ere it press me down into the grave! [Exit.

*Gonzales*, the priest now sent for, and

to whom *Françoise* makes confession, is a

soldier, who, in his assumed character, is

working out a deep revenge against *Laval*.

*Laval*. My bride!—my beautiful!

*Gonzales*. Stand back, young sir!

*Laval*. Who dares extend his arms 'twixt those

whom love

Hath bound! whom holy wedlock shall, ere long,

*Gonzales*. The stern decree of the most holy church,

Whose garb I bear; and whose authority

I interpose between you; until I

Interpret to your ears the fearful shriek

That greeted you, upon your entrance here:

Look on that lady, Count *Laval*,—who stands

Pale as a virgin rose, whose early bloom

Hath not been gazed on yet by the hot sun;

And fair—

*Laval.* Oh, how unutterably fair!  
*Gonzales.* Seems not that shrinking flower the soul  
 of all  
 That is most pure, as well as beautiful?  
*Laval.* Peace, thou vain babbling! Is it unto me  
 That thou art prating?—unto me, who have  
 worshipp'd her, with a wild idolatry,  
 Likelier to madness than to love?  
*Gonzales.* Indeed!  
 Say, then, if such a show of chastity  
 Knew not of lips that have been hot with passion?  
 Or such a pale cold hue did ever rest  
 On cheeks, where burning kisses have call'd up  
 The crimson blood, in blushes all as warm?  
 Look on her yet; and say, if ever form  
 Show'd half so like a breathing piece of marble.  
 Off with thy specious seeming, thou deceiver!  
 And don a look that better suits thy state.  
 Oh, well-dissembled sin! say, was it thus,  
 Shrinking, and pale, thou stood'st, when the King's  
 arms  
 Did clasp thee, and his hot lip sear'd from thine  
 Their oath to wed thy brother's friend?—  
*Laval.* Damnation  
 Alight upon thee, thou audacious monk!  
 The blight thou breath'st recoil on thine own head;  
 It hath no power to touch the spotless fame  
 Of one, from whom thy cursed calumnies  
 Fly like rebounding shafts:—Ha! ha! ha! ha!  
 The king! a merry tale forsooth!  
*Gonzales.* Then we  
 Will laugh at it, ha! ha!—why, what care I?  
 We will be merry; since thou art content  
 To laugh and be a—  
*Laval.* *Francisco.*—I—I pray thee  
 Speak to me,—smile—speak,—look on me, I say—  
 What, tears! what, wringing thine hands! what, pale as  
 death;—  
 And not one word—not one!  
*Francisco.* *(To Gonzales.)* Oh, deadly fiend!  
 Thou hast but hasten'd that which was foredoom'd.  
*(To Laval.)* My lord, ere I make answer to this charge,  
 I have a boon to crave of you—my brother—  
*Laval.* How wildly thine eye rolls; thy hand is cold  
 As death, my fairest love.  
*Francisco.* Beseech you, sir,  
 Unclass your arm;—where is my brother?  
*Laval.* Lantree!  
 In Italy; ere now is well and happy.  
*Francisco.* Thanks, gentle heaven! all is not  
 bitterness  
 In this most bitter hour. My Lord Laval,  
 To you my faith was plighted, by my brother;  
 That faith I ratified by mine own vow.  
*Laval.* The oath was register'd in highest heaven.  
 Thou'rt mine!  
*Francisco.* To all eternity, Laval,  
 If blood cannot efface that damning bond;  
*(Snatches his dagger and stabs herself.)*  
 'Tis cancell'd, I've struck home—my dear, dear brother.  
*[Dies.]*

These are two of the most natural scenes in the play, and we think our readers will agree with us, that there is in them manifestations of genius. As a whole, 'Francis the First' is sufficiently well written, in a sustained and sounding sort of conventional dramatic language—there are occasional bursts of feeling, with quick and sudden transitions, and outbursts of scorn and sarcasm that will, we suspect, tell admirably in representation; but these transitions are too abrupt to suit the taste of the reader, and for permanent success as an acting piece it wants unity of interest.

*A Description of a singular Aboriginal Race, inhabiting the Summit of the Neilgherry Hills, or Blue Mountains, of Coimbatore, in the Southern Peninsula of India.* By Capt. Henry Harkness, of the Madras Army. London, 1832. Smith, Elder & Co.  
 Any information concerning seldom-visited countries and their strange inhabitants, is most acceptable to us, and not the less so, when the country and people are included in the wide circuit of British dominion, and their history is written in a clear and candid manner. The wild tribes of the Neilgherry mountains who have found a chronicler in Capt. Harkness, are dwelling in the very middle of our eastern empire, yet till this moment they have been almost unknown to the civilized part of the world, and their looks and their manners are all as strange to us as if

they were inhabitants of the moon. In truth, their country, like the abode of the eagle, lies far above the valley-land of the rest of the empire; around the base of their mountains, a thick and nearly impassable jungle extends; and as they are exclusively a pastoral people, there is nothing about them to tempt the spoiler—they are strong in their situation and simplicity, and seem not insensible of such advantages. Their surprise was not little, when Capt. Harkness invaded their mountain solitudes; they marvelled what could induce a white man to visit their upper empire, for they live six or eight thousand feet above other mortals; yet they received him most cordially, and the result has been this little modest volume, which is written both with good taste and good feeling. Before we speak more fully of the people, let us take a look at their land, which is not without its own peculiar beauties.

"Nor is the scene less beautiful on a nearer approach; for you then find the green bespangled with a variety of the most beautiful wild flowers, of every diversity of colour; the trees, among which appear the crimson rododendron and the white camelia, varying in shape and richness of foliage; and some covered with moss, assuming all the hoary appearance of winter; while the banks of the rills and streamlets that meander at their base, are lined with the dog-rose and jessamine; and all around are seen the strawberry, and numerous other wild fruits, flourishing in spontaneous luxuriance.

"Several of the little streams here mentioned, meeting at one point, fall into a natural basin, which confined at its south-western extremity by a strong mound of earth, forms an expansive and delightful lake, of five or six miles circuit. This beautiful piece of water, which, in some parts, spreads out to a considerable width, and in others winds in a serpentine course among hills, gently rising from its banks, and clothed with the softest verdure, has now a public carriage road surrounding it, affording one of the most scenic, healthful, and agreeable drives of which India, or perhaps any part of the world, can boast." p. 5.

The Tudas, one of the tribes possessing this upland inheritance, are a people of great antiquity, and neither in manners nor in person resemble the other tribes of the Indian peninsula—their appearance, says Captain Harkness, is very prepossessing:

"Generally above the common height, athletic, and well made, their bold bearing, and open and expressive countenances, lead immediately to the conclusion that they must be of a different race to their neighbours of the same hue, and the question naturally arises, *who can they be?*

"They never wear any covering to the head, whatever the weather may be, but allow the hair to grow to an equal length, of about six or seven inches; parted from the centre or crown, it forms into natural bushy circlets all round, and at a short distance more resembles some artificial decoration, than the simple adornment of nature. The hair of the face also is allowed a similar freedom of growth, and in every instance, except from the effect of age, it is of a jet black, and of the same degree of softness, as that of the natives of the low country.

"A large, full, and speaking eye, Roman nose, fine teeth, and pleasing contour; having occasionally the appearance of great gravity, but seemingly ever ready to fall into the expression of cheerfulness and good humour, are natural marks, prominently distinguishing them from all other natives of India." p. 6-7.

The women are equally prepossessing; they are, however, more lovely in the au-

thor's description, than in the engraving which embodies their charms.

"The women are of a stature proportionate to that of the men, but of complexion generally some shades lighter, the consequence perhaps of less exposure to the weather. With a strongly feminine cast of the same expressive features as the men, most of them, and particularly the young, have beautiful long black tresses, which flow in unrestrained luxuriance over the neck and shoulders.

"With a modest and retiring demeanor, they are perfectly free from the ungracious and menial-like timidity of the generality of the sex of the low country; and enter into conversation with a stranger, with a confidence and self-possession becoming in the eyes of Europeans, and strongly characteristic of a system of manners and customs, widely differing from those of their neighbours.

"They wear necklaces of twisted hair or black thread, with silver clasps, and here and there a bead, and suspended to these bunches of cowry shells, which hang down from the neck between the shoulders. On the arms, immediately above the elbow, they wear a pair of armlets of brass, those of the right arm being much larger than those of the left; silver bracelets are on the wrists; and on the fingers and thumbs of each hand, a number of rings of various descriptions. They also wear a zone round the waist composed of a sort of chain work, of either silver or a mixed metal resembling brass." p. 8-9.

These people dwell in a sort of huts, which are clustered together; the accommodation they require is small; their wants are few; they neither breed poultry, pigs, sheep, goats, nor animals of any kind, save the buffalo; even the cow and ox, esteemed by all other nations, are not considered worth keeping; and the dog, the comrade of all other herdsmen, makes no part of their establishment. The buffalo is their favourite—we may almost say their god—for they appear not to have any visible deities, like their neighbours, the Hindoos. The milk which these fine animals yield, is of a flavour and richness surpassing all that ever Captain Harkness had before tasted from cow or ewe. To watch their herds, lead them forth to the best pastures, milk them at stated times, prepare butter, and eat and drink, and sleep, seem the only employments of this primitive race. With the following touching anecdote we shall bid farewell to the Tudas, and seek the acquaintance of a still more singular tribe.

"They are, however, a lively, laughter-loving race, and in the sudden transition and free expression of their sentiments, show a strength of feeling, and correctness of thought, little to be expected under such a garb.

"One of them, Nuskyobe, whose name had attracted my attention, came into my room one day, and seating herself on the edge of the carpet, was looking at her son, a fine boy of six or seven years of age, who, to the amusement of himself and several lookers on, was imitating the antics and grimace of the dancing girls of the low country. On turning towards them, I was amused to observe the expression of Nuskyobe's countenance, in which admiration and contempt were by turns portrayed;—admiration at the liveliness and humour of her son, pity and contempt for that which he mimicked. I put several questions to her respecting her husband, all of which she evaded, by laughing at the foolery of the boy, and endeavouring to draw my attention to it. The little creature, however, hearing me repeat the same questions, cried out, in the middle of his gambols, 'My father is dead!'—Never have I seen so quick a transition from mirth to grief. The widow in

a flood of tears, the overflowing of that feeling which for a long time she had endeavoured to suppress; the boy motionless, his eyes fixed on her, apparently conscious of having done wrong, and afraid to move. At length, the mother caught him in her arms, and with a passionate exclamation told us to look at her hair—that not two months since it reached to her waist, now, it barely touched her shoulders." p. 9-10.

The second, and by their own admission, inferior tribe, is called, we know not for what reason, the Burghers; they are of a low stature and of a slender form, and bear some resemblance to the Hindoos of the Mysore. The following petition, recording a very serious grievance, would fright the priests and scare the ladies of almost any other country under the sun—the case was represented to Capt. Harkness as one of extreme hardship.

"The Petition of Kerswan, Kutan of Murzorr.

"I gave my daughter Pilluvani to wife to Phori\* Pinpurz, Kutan of Kororr, about fifteen years ago. She was then seven years of age; and I gave her a portion of four buffalo kine, two of which were of a superior kind, and their milk drawn only for sacred purposes. Some seven or eight years subsequent to the above period, Pinpurz and Swalt\* Khakhoo, Kutan of Pirkorr, came to me, and asked my sanction for Pilluvani to be wife to the latter, as well as to the former. To this I agreed, and, as is customary, Khakhoo presented me a buffalo. About a year subsequent to the latter period, Pinpurz, Khakhoo, and Phori Tumbut, Kutan of Kororr, came to me, and begged I would sanction Pilluvani's being wife to Tumbut also. This I agreed to, and Tumbut presented me a buffalo. After my daughter Pilluvani had also become the wife of Tumbut, Pinpurz borrowed from him, at different periods, the sum of one hundred and twenty rupees. It is now about a year ago that Pinpurz refused to allow Pilluvani to be wife either to Khakhoo or to Tumbut, and at the same time refused to give them the customary equivalent. These two therefore complained to Mr. —, who directed that the business should be investigated by a Panchayet,† composed of individuals from the several Norrs. This Panchayet awarded that Pilluvani was to be wife to Pinpurz Kutan only, but that he was to pay to Tumbut ninety rupees, in adjustment of all demands; and to present to Khakhoo eight buffalo kine. To this award, Pinpurz has hitherto refused compliance, although we will not allow Pilluvani to be wife to any one but himself; and he has now complained to the —. The conduct of this Pinpurz is so infamous, that I will not allow my daughter Pilluvani to be wife to him any longer. I stated this determination to the Panchayet, but was then overruled by them. I now reclaim my daughter, and petition that she may be returned to me.

"I have witnesses to prove the truth of the whole of the above statements." p. 46-47.

The Tudas neither plough nor sow—it is otherwise with the Burghers; but as they refuse to marry in the manner of other people, neither will they till the soil as other husbandmen do—there is something Grecian in their way of going to work.

"A family of the Burghers had assembled, the head of which was about to commence ploughing. With them were two or three Curumbars, one of whom had set up a stone in the centre of the spot on which they were standing, and decorating it with wild flowers, prostrated himself to it, offered incense, and sacrificed a goat, which had been brought there for

this purpose by the Burghers. He then took the guidance of the plough, and having ploughed some ten or twelve paces, gave it over, possessed himself of the head of the sacrificed animal, and left the Burgher to prosecute his labours." p. 56.

We can follow our entertaining conductor no farther. The strange customs of these very singular tribes; their marriage arrangements; their modes of courtship; their amusements and their burial ceremonies, are all original and striking; and we feel not a little indebted to Capt. Harkness for having introduced us to them, without the toil of ascending and descending mountains, fit only for the feet of goats.

*Atilla, a Tragedy; and other Poems.* London, 1832. T. & W. Boone.

IF it has been the wish of the author to write a dramatic poem, regularly divided into acts and scenes according to the fashion of such works—filled with characters of a diversified nature, fierce and bloody, gentle and affectionate, hesitating, plotting, and temporizing—and changing from war to peace, from joy to grief, and from love to murder, as the story demanded,—there is no question but that he has accomplished all, and even more than he undertook:—still we cannot congratulate him on his success as a dramatic writer: he wants the rough, passionate energy necessary for such compositions. He has a readier talent for humbler themes. Of the smaller poems we think more favourably than of the tragic portion of the volume; and though some of the songs, amid the liquid flow of their lines, can pretend to no originality of thought, it is otherwise with the little poem on 'Cities,' in which there is a spirit of observation and satire:—

There, undiscover'd oft, the modish wife  
Betrays her husband's honour and her own;  
To sensual joys devotes her guilty life,  
All other joys, alas! to her unknown.  
Around her waist, the tight and tawdry zone  
Pleches her slender frame, till with the pain  
She scarcely can suppress the rising groan:  
But conscious beauty kindles in her brain  
The thought, and, in her eye the glance, of fierce disdain.

The puny lordling, fresh from public school,  
Presuming on his titled pedigree,  
Deems himself privileged to play the fool,  
And with plebeian wives to make too free.  
With braided frock and spash courtesy  
He breathes unholy vows into their ears,  
And laughs them out of their fidelity.  
That such a thing—see on such embryo peers!—  
Should win one woman's heart, should wring one  
woman's tears.

Oh! then let me and mine for ever shun  
Guilt's crowded lazar-house, and promptly cease  
To court the city's pageantries, but run  
To the far distant solitude for peace;  
Where we may live out life's uncertain lease  
Without perverting the soul's tenement;  
Where tho' false joys diminish, true increase—  
Those joys which are the offspring of content,  
And cheer us in our self-inflicted banishment.

This is the age of prose; and we are afraid that the author of 'Atilla' is not poet enough to call back the public feeling to the allurements of the Muse. The days of steam-engines and spinning-jennies are come: there is a windmill for the manufacture of tapes and bobbins on Parnassus; and Helicon drives machinery which makes calico at three halfpence a yard.

*Travels in Malta and Sicily, with Sketches of Gibraltar, in 1827.* By Andrew Bigelow, Author of 'Leaves from a Journal in North Britain and Ireland.' 1831. Boston: Carter, Hendee, & Babcock; London: Kennet.

WITH an anxious wish to do scrupulous justice to all American works, this is one which taste and duty compel us to stamp with the mark of our reprobation. The volume is very handsomely "got up," neatly printed, and exhibiting some illustrative specimens of American lithography;—the author appears to be a man having access to good society, and is something of a scholar; altogether, the book has an aristocratic air about it. These advantages, supported by great pretension, and displayed with infinite self-complacency, have evidently seduced the author into a belief that he is a very considerable authority on all subjects, practical or speculative; and he utters his common-places with a solemnity which plainly yields to himself no little satisfaction. We have no war to wage with a man's vanity, because we know it is one of the most hopeless contests in which moralist or critic can be engaged; but this gentleman's vanity is mingled with feelings which are not the ordinary concomitants of vanity, (it being, generally, an associate of good-nature); and his book is written in a spirit of which we think the sensible part of his countrymen would be ashamed, and at which, we fear, the foolish or irritable part of ours would be apt to be indignant. And, in truth, had this author the "voice potential," which he seems to be clearly of opinion that he has—and were his book not so lavishly illustrated by those pæans to his own particular glory, and that of his province next, and then of his country in general, which let us at once into the value of his mind—we would tell him that one volume, written in such a tone, might do more towards disturbing the harmony of international feeling than could be remedied by half a century of mutual good offices and reciprocal benefits. We have heard much on this subject of late years, and more perhaps than was necessary; and therefore we shall not dwell upon it here. We must however observe, that while we think the alleged feeling and offence have been exaggerated on both sides, and while, at the same time, neither have been wholly free from blame, we cannot but think, that for the balance of injury America must be answerable. It is not from authors like the one before us (who go forth like showmen, with tin trumpets, to puff us into notice of the marvellous things which they have got at home, and who, heaven bless us! while they are flourishing away in praise of their own lions, seem to think that *our* cities, like the walls of Jericho, are to tumble down to the sound of their *trumpets*) that danger is to be apprehended. But we are reminded by this subject, of what we have heretofore alluded to, that America has at least *one* whose works are tainted by the occasional presence of a spirit that should have no entrance where genius is;—of feelings that should wither beneath the shade of the laurels,—laurels, too, that have been largely contributed by England. Such men have, properly, a great influence on their country's mind, and she can have no worse

\* Names of the mountains on which they were born.  
† Panchayet, a committee of five arbitrators.



enemy than he who uses influence so legitimately obtained to feed her prejudice or influence her passions. His genius would but add, to the other characters of his crime, that of sacrilege;—as he who should burn down his native city would but plead in his own wrong, if he should urge that the fire with which he consumed it was gathered from the altar.

But, to return to our author. He sets out on his travels, in the strength of two opinions, which seem to afford him a very comfortable shield against any of those mortifications to which a gentleman like himself must, we have no doubt, have been occasionally subjected,—unless he found more courtesy on the road, than he seems to have carried with him. One of these opinions (sedulously promulgated) is, that America (besides the particular advantage of having given birth to himself) is, for all other reasons, the country on which the eyes of the world are fixed with boundless astonishment and limitless admiration;—that she is the “modern Carthage,” Great Britain being the “parent Tyre” (a pleasant comparison, properly followed out)—that her flag is the most welcome in every harbour, and the most frequent and formidable on every sea—at the same time he admits, in this part of his panegyric, that France is a great and increasing naval power, and that it is his opinion, and that of Commodore Rodgers, that she will beat England in any future contest between their navies—Corollary, What would America do, *à fortiori*?—that her commerce is the most prosperous, her manufactures the most ingenious, her universities the most learned, and her institutions, generally, the most admirable in the world, and that the world is very well aware of it; and all this, absurd as it may seem, is to be gathered almost in so many words, and not by inference, from his own text. His illustrations of the superiority of America over other countries, are certainly undeniable. For instance, he makes it a matter of particular boast on the occasion of having to ford a river in the neighbourhood of Catania, that there is no great city in America, having a broad and deep river flowing near it, which has not got a bridge over it; and he almost seems to insinuate, that this is an improvement upon the ancient plan of fording rivers without stockings, and with the trowsers turned up, the invention of which belongs to New England. At least, these are his concluding words upon the subject—“And this is an old country!—” yes, old enough, in all conscience, to have hit upon, and put in practice, some of those improvements called ‘notions’ which New England of yesterday enjoys, and may justly boast. His other and concurrent opinion or “notion,” is the one to which we slightly alluded at the outset of our notice, viz.—that he is, himself, by no means the least worthy human export which the “country of pilgrims” has issued for the edification of us Easterns. Indeed he travels along, to the continual clash of his own cymbals, and hints to us, over and over again, that, both individually, and as an American, wherever he went, his “coming was a gladness.” These feelings, with the added one of bitter and jealous hostility to England, he carries with him (never putting them off), through scenes where imagination might find other food, and self be forgotten, by all but a

Gascon or this New Englander. Amid the iron defences of Gibraltar (where, by the bye, he expresses himself exceedingly dissatisfied with England for having made it so strong that he does not think it can possibly be taken from her), along coasts illustrated by the wanderings of him who, “in perils by sea and in perils by land,” was content to “die daily,” (now illustrated anew by the advent of Andrew Bigelow) and on shore idealized by the presence of Pagan gods, and hallowed by the tread of Christian apostles,—in the fields where Mercury stole, and on the hills where Proserpine was stolen,—by the tomb of Archimedes and the fountain of Arethusa—everywhere we have Mr. Andrew Bigelow at full length; and, we have no doubt, that he wrote upon, or beside, every one of them, “Andrew Bigelow, Boston, author of ‘Leaves from a Journal in North Britain and Ireland,’” with, probably, his age, and the date of his appearance there. To every one of those shrines has he gone, less with the design of worshipping the spirit of the scene, than of singing a hymn to his own particular praise and glory, and that of his country, and uttering an anathema against England. In short, his work seems to be furnished, after the manner of the ancient drama, with a regular chorus, whose monotonous office it is to draw one moral from all he sees and hears, and to make the application of all the topics which he discusses to the special purposes before mentioned.

The scenes amid which this tour lies, have, for the most part, been described over and over again; yet they are so rich in interest of all kinds, and so adorned with all beauty, natural and ideal, that it is almost impossible they should not furnish something new to every instructed traveller. It is but justice to say, that this book, notwithstanding the faults of which we have spoken, and the very heavy one of *prosing*, contains much that is interesting. The author, we have said, is something of a scholar—he has inquired with some diligence—and his accounts of Gibraltar, Malta, Civita Vecchia, Catania, Syracuse, and Messina, (particularly the last but one,) have really much both of entertainment and information, and next week, unless pressed by other novelties, we shall proceed to make some extracts from it.

#### *My Old Portfolio; or, Tales and Sketches.*

By Henry Glassford Bell. London, 1832. Smith, Elder, & Co.

OF the verse of Henry Glassford Bell, we had occasion to speak in a former number; he is now before us in prose, and in both we have found him sprightly, and frequently graceful and natural. He is, it is true, a little inclined to the “Snip-snap short and interruption smart,” of which Pope complains of the wits of his time, yet we forget this in the gaiety and ease of his dialogues; and, what is remarkable, he can manage a conversation better in verse than in prose. He says, in his preface, that he has left the flowery paths of imaginative literature for studies of a severer nature;—we are sure, however, he will find that his dalliance with the muse has given him a command of language, and his pursuits in prose a certain readiness of illustration which cannot fail to help him forward at the bar—which

we believe is the severer study to which he alludes. In this volume there are eighteen pieces of prose, and fifteen pieces of verse; of the former, we like much ‘The History of the Rise and Progress of a small volume of Poems, with some account of their Decline and Fall.’ It is very natural, and might be read as the story of a thousand books of rhyme, which enjoyed their own short day, and sank to rise no more. The conclusion we think very beautiful and very true:—

“It is idle to tell us that the world will ever grow tired of poetry, or that we have had so much of it of late that there is no occasion for any more for a long while to come. Because the hills and the plains were covered last summer with a thousand flowers, shall we welcome less joyfully the return of the sunny spring ‘with her kirtle of lilies around her glancing?’—shall we hold in less estimation the unbought treasures of green and gold she scatters over the glorious earth? The affections of the heart, the delights of the senses, the perception of the beautiful must cease,—human nature must be changed—the soul must be taken out, and the body left to walk on without it, before that species of composition which appeals to the feelings and the fancy, to the intellect and the judgment, will become uninteresting, and of little value. True, prose is the great staple commodity of life. True, also, the mind may be wearied out with poetry, and, for a time, may turn away from it, like the bee from the blossom, satiated with sweets. But not on these accounts will one of the purest pleasures left to fallen humanity be resigned—the pleasure which the *peri experiences* at the gates of paradise, catching glimpses of a brighter state of existence, and with the aid of imagination gradually inducing forgetfulness of personal exclusion.

“Never while you live breathe with harshness a poet’s name. If he has awakened one deeper feeling, one finer emotion, one nobler aspiration,—he has not written in vain. Far distant he may shine, on the very verge of the horizon; but so did the sun itself when it first broke on the gloom of night. Let the pseudo-pretender to the name of minstrel be whipt back into his original obscurity; but if in his bosom there lurk one spark of the diviner essence, cherish it as the fire of an altar, which may yet kindle into a broad and purifying flame.” p. 117-18.

We cannot make room for any specimens of the gaiety or the humour of the prose of this volume, though both abound; we must, however, quote some of the verse, and we hesitate between ‘The Tall Gentleman’s Apology,’ ‘The Bachelor’s Complaint,’ or ‘Six Weeks after Marriage.’ We shall take the first, because it is short.

#### *The Tall Gentleman’s Apology.*

Upbraid me not;—I never swore eternal love to thee,  
For thou art only five feet high, and I am six feet  
three;  
I wonder, dear, how you supposed that I could look so  
low,  
There’s many a one can tie a knot, who cannot fix a  
beau.

Besides, you must confess, my love, the bargain scarcely  
fair,  
For never could we make a match, altho’ we made a  
pair;  
Marriage, I know, makes one of two; but here’s the  
horrid bore,  
My friends declare, if you are one, that I, at least, am  
four.

‘Tis true the moralists have said, that Love has got no  
eyes,  
But why should all my sighs be heaved for one who  
has no size?  
And on our wedding-day I’m sure I’d leave you in the  
lurch,  
For you never saw a steepie, dear, in the inside of a  
church.

'Tis usual for a wife to take her husband by the arm,  
But pray excuse me should I hint a sort of fond alarm,  
That when I offered you my arm, that happiness to beg,  
Your highest effort, dear, would be to take me by the leg.

I do admit I wear a glass, because my sight's not good,  
But were I always quizzing you, it might be counted  
rude:

And though I use a concave lens,—by all the gods! I  
hope

My wife will ne'er look up to me though a Herschel's  
telescope.

Then fare thee well, my gentle one! I ask no parting  
kiss,

I must not break my back to gain so exquisite a bliss;  
Nor will I weep lest I should hurt so delicate a flower,—  
'The tears that fall from such a height would be a  
thunder-shower.

Farewell! and pray don't drown yourself in a basin or  
a tub,

For that would be a sore disgrace to all the Six-Foot  
Club;

But if you ever love again, love on a smaller plan,  
For why extend to six feet three, a life that's but a  
span!

We cannot bid farewell to this author without adverting to his "ministration" as Editor of the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, a work lately, but not while in his hands, abandoned. He was, in general, a fair and candid critic; and though differing with us in many matters both of taste and feeling, we never observed that in the wantonness of power he sought to wound the meritorious or the deserving: he was neither a hired bookseller's drudge, willing to praise all his employers were willing to publish; nor one of those who are happy to write what they jocosely call a smart thing, regardless whether it be true or not.

*A Concise View of the Succession of Sacred Literature.* Vol. II. By J. B. B. Clarke, M.A. London, 1832. Clarke.

We gave to the first part of this work the hearty commendation to which the laborious zeal and integrity of the writer so worthily entitled it. Though the present volume has not the sanction of the name of Dr. Adam Clarke, it is not less deserving our commendation; his son has laboured diligently and honestly, and worthy of the father; and the work ought to be found in the library of every man pretending to a knowledge of theological literature.

*The New Bath Guide; with a Biographical and Topographical Preface and Anecdotal Annotations.* By John Britton, F.S.A., and Member of several other Societies. Washbourne, London.

WHAT will the Gothic abbeys and Saxon churches of old England do now, when the man who set forth the elegance of their combinations in scientific drawings, and the merits of their carvings in sensible remarks, has turned his back on old Wykeham, and Antony Beik, of Durham, and engaged in flirtations with the saucy light-footed gipsy of a muse, who inspired the 'Bath Guide'? Verily, John-a-Britton, we looked for something graver at thy hands. We have not entered into this expostulation with our friend from other feelings than those of respect and sorrow: alas, he will find the service of the muse of verse as unprofitable as that of the muse of architecture! and though he has written a very pleasing memoir of Anstey, the author of the 'Bath Guide,' and added anecdotal annotations, which are anything but a burthen to the poem, we wish him some more lucrative employment with all our heart. From the memoir, we shall single

out a few small morsels of the editor's eloquence—he commences in a conciliatory strain.

"The blunder-heads,—the wrong-heads,—the pig-heads,—the soft-heads,—and the block-heads, have prevailed in all ages, in all countries, and in all classes of society. Satirists, dramatists, and divines, have, in various ways, admonished, and endeavoured to make them rational and useful beings; but have not effected much reformation. Obstnacy and folly are not easily directed or amended. From the days of Juvenal to those of Anstey, and thenceforward to the age of those masters of the satiric muse, Gifford, Byron, and Moore, poets have employed the lash of castigation, as well as the cap-and-bells, either to correct, or to awaken to a sense of shame, the delinquents against the laws of good sense and good taste."

"Satire and ridicule will often produce good effects where the eloquent sermon, and equally eloquent moral essay, have failed. These writings, indeed, are either unsought for, or incomprehensible to the blunder-heads; but 'the finger of scorn,' and the sneer of ridicule, are both cognizable and feared by them. They do not like 'to be sent to Coventry,' but would rather lounge through a rapid career of uselessness amongst the dandies of Bath, Cheltenham, Brighton, Margate, and such-like places. Coming, however, occasionally into collision with men of sense and sensibility, they provoke at once the mingled emotions of pity, indignation, and contempt. Hence has arisen the severe, but just animadversions of dramatists, novelists, and poets, on fops and flirts—on dolts and coxcombs—on quacks of all callings, and dunder-heads of all degrees." xxi—xxiii.

We have the following account of the birth and breeding of Anstey, the author of the 'Bath Guide'—the comparison of his career with that of the slow and sluggish Cam, will be regarded by the learned as classical.

"Mr. Anstey may be designated as a country gentleman, who passed through life without any of those cares, troubles, and vicissitudes, which tend to give interest to biography, by rousing the curiosity of its readers. On the contrary, his career seems to have been as tranquil as the sluggish Cam, whose waters pass slowly through his native county of Cambridge. He was the son of the Rev. Christopher Anstey, D.D., of Brinkley, in the county of Cambridge, where he was born on the 31st of October, 1724.

"When very young, he was sent to school at Bury St. Edmunds; whence he was removed to Eton, and placed in the fourth form, as an *opidan*, and afterwards on the foundation. He finished his studies in that public seminary with a creditable character, and in 1741 went as captain to the *Montem*. In 1742 he obtained a scholarship at King's College, Cambridge, where he acquired some reputation by his *trifles* verses. In 1745 he was admitted Fellow of his College, and in the following year took his bachelor's degree in the University. When he had nearly completed the term of his qualification for that of master of arts, he was prevented from obtaining it in consequence of what his biographer calls, 'a popular and spirited opposition to some of the leading men in the University.' 'The phrase,' says Mr. Campbell, 'of popular and spirited opposition, sounds promising to the curiosity: but the reader must not expect too much, lest he should be disappointed by learning, that this popular opposition was only his refusing to deliver certain declamations which the heads of the University (unfairly it was thought) required from the bachelors of King's College. Anstey, as senior of the order of bachelors, had to deliver the first oration. He contrived to begin his speech with a rhapsody of adverbs, which, with no direct meaning,

hinted a ridicule on the arbitrary injunction of the University rulers. They soon ordered him to dismount from the rostrum, and called upon him for a new declamation, which, as might be expected, only gave him an opportunity of pointing finer irony in the shape of an apology. This affront was not forgotten by his superiors, and when he applied for his degree, it was refused to him.' In allusion to, though not explanatory of, this circumstance, Mr. Anstey thus writes, in his Appendix to the *New Bath Guide*:—

At Grants, sweet Grants, where, studious of ease,  
Seven years did I sleep, and then took my degree.

Our worthy biographer follows the poet—if poet he may be called, from the college to the closing of his final account with the sexton in the churchyard, and then proceeds to dilate on the beauty of Bath, and the medicinal merits of the waters. In the midst of a description in which Bath breathes of

Sabeian odours from the spicy shore  
Of Araby the blest,

the annotator makes a pathetic pause, draws a line with his pen and exclaims—

"I must check the pen and fancy; for, however fertile the theme may be for an 'antiquarian romance,' it might, will-o'-the-wisp-like, lead an author astray. Besides, there are abundant materials involved in the present and the past for all the purposes of literature, without

Exhausting worlds, and then imagining new.

"In concluding this introductory Essay, I should consider myself undeserving of the kind attentions and useful hints I have received from several old friends and new correspondents at Bath, &c., did I not at once express my acknowledgments and thanks. No sooner had I intimated my intention of re-publishing Mr. Anstey's popular poem, but the following gentlemen freely furnished me with some rare books and pamphlets, and with letters of communication in answer to queries, all calculated to furnish materials, either elucidatory of the author, or of his poems; of the time in which he wrote; or of Bath. If the use I have made of these aids, and the appearance and contents of the volume, satisfy the expectations of those friends, I shall be rewarded for my exertions, and they will have the gratification of contributing to raise a new cenotaph to the memory of Anstey, and to the literary fame of Bath. With sincere thanks I therefore record the following names in alphabetical sequence:—

"Thomas Barker, Esq.; Joseph Barratt, Esq. Alderman; Mr. Collings, Mr. Ford; Sir George Gibbes, M.D.; Mr. Charles Godwin; Prince Hoare, Esq.; the Rev. Joseph Hunter; James Jennings, Esq.; R. Montgomery, Esq.; Dr. Charles Parry; Mr. John Upham; the Rev. John Ward, and John Wiltshire, Esq. Alderman."

Farewell to John-a-Britton, and all his annotations, anecdotal and topographical, and to his lists of eminent men in alphabetical sequence, who tasted of the waters and communicated the result to the editor. We cannot stop to inform him that Campbell has not written the Life of Lawrence, the painter, and exposed the system of extorting large sums of money for the use of pictures to engrave—nor find time to correct his quotation from Butler—or extract his discourse on Merry-Andrews—or even name a tithe of the names which are mentioned in the Memoir and the notes—all good men and true. We are not sure that his talent lies in Biography—nevertheless, he has both amused and instructed us, and we are thankful.

## CHOLERA MORBUS.

*Treatise on Cholera Asphyxia, or Epidemic Cholera.* By George Hamilton Bell. 2nd edit. Edinburgh, 1832. Blackwood.

*A Letter on Spasmodic Cholera, in refutation of 'Letters on the Cholera Morbus, showing that it is not a Communicable Disease.'* London, 1832. Highley.

*Letters upon Cholera Morbus.* By William Fergusson, M.D. London, 1832. Highley.

*Remarks on the Epidemic Disease called Cholera, as it occurred at Newcastle.* By Thomas Mollison, Esq. Edinburgh, 1832. M'Lachlan.

*Hints on the Practicability of contracting the Extension and greatly diminishing the Fatality of the Malignant Cholera.* By David B. White. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 1832. Mackenzie.

*Practical Observations on Malignant Cholera, as that Disease is now exhibiting itself in Scotland.* By D. M. Moir, Surgeon. 2nd edit. Edinburgh, 1832. Blackwood.

*Observations on Malignant Cholera, drawn from cases of the Disease as it occurred at Prestonpans, Cockensie, Portseton, &c. treated by H. R. Armstrong and Samuel Edgar, M.D. Edinburgh, 1832. Carfrae.*

*A Letter to the London Board of Health, on the present Pestilential Cholera.* By Thomas Brown. London, 1832. Cadell.

*Remarks on the Nature and Treatment of Cholera.* By Dr. Robertson. Edinburgh, 1832.

*A Letter to the Presidents of the Westminster Medical Society on Cholera.* By John Webster, M.D. London, 1832. Thielston.

*An Inquiry into the Remote Cause of Cholera.* Edinburgh, 1832. Blackwood.

*The Pestilential Cholera Unmasked.* By J. V. Thompson, Esq. Cork, 1832.

*Du Choléra Morbus de Pologne.* Par F. Foy, D.M.P. Paris, 1832. Rouvier.

*Documents sur le Choléra Morbus Epidémique.* Par A. N. Gendrin, D.M. Paris, 1832. Baillière.

*Lettre et Leçon de M. le Professeur Dupuytren sur le Siège, la Nature et le Traitement du Choléra Morbus.* Recueillies et publiées par MM. A. Paillard et Marx. Paris, 1832. Baillière.

*Summa Observationum quas de Cholera Orientali, a die 24 Julii usque diem 20 Septembris anni 1831, in libera regni civitatis Pest novocomitis collectas, sistunt Josephus Polya et Y. Carol. Grünhut, Medicinæ Doctores.* Pestini, apud Ottomem Wigand, 1831.

*Pharmacopœia Anticholericæ Extemporaneæ.* Scripsit Frid. Aug. ab Ammon. Lipsiæ, apud L. Voss, 1832.

A comprehensive abridgment of all that has been written on this subject, would, we are inclined to believe, be a useful, and, we are sure, an entertaining work. After reading more than one hundred works—to say nothing of essays, discourses, and letters in the medical journals and newspapers—we incline to put faith in the old proverb, that there is no work so valueless, but that information may be collected from it.

The first of our present list, was also the first which we reviewed, when our attention was called to this subject. We then reported on it as a highly valuable work, and the medical world has since confirmed our judgment; this second edition is greatly enlarged, and no one who desires to be informed on the subject, but should read it attentively.

The second and third can be considered but as special-pleading argument for and against contagion. Doctor Fergusson, however, although a non-contagionist, is too sensible a man to argue the question in that spirit of partizanship, which has distinguished so many reasoners on both sides of this question: he observes truly—"No one, unless he can take it upon him to define the true nature of the new malignant cholera morbus, can be warranted utterly to deny the existence of contagion; but he may at the least be permitted to say, that if contagion do exist

at all, it must be the weakest in its powers of diffusion, and the safest to approach, of any that has ever yet been known amongst diseases."

Dr. Molison's and Dr. White's pamphlets belong to a higher class; for so we must consider the works of those who publish their experiences, rather than their speculative opinions. We cannot, indeed, flatter ourselves, that any very great improvement has taken place in the treatment of this disease, since it appeared in England, yet we receive with pleasure, and with good hope of the benefit to be ultimately derived from them, the facts collected at the bed-side of the patient, however opposite may be the conclusions deduced from them by the reporters; and certainly they are not a little contradictory; thus we are told by Dr. Molison, page 17, "Though I frequently saw calomel given in this stage (that of collapse), in large as well as in the more usual doses, I never observed that any benefit resulted,"—while Dr. White affirms, page 20, that "during the collapsed stage, he knows nothing preferable to calomel."

The pamphlet by Mr. Moir, the author of an excellent abridgment of the History of Medicine, which we reviewed last year, and those of Mr. Brown, Mr. Armstrong, and Dr. Edgar, are valuable additions to the information already collected by medical men, who have had opportunities of observing the disease.

Dr. Robertson, of Edinburgh, attempts to prove that the usual curative method is altogether wrong, and proposes another, which, however, we cannot admit to be new, because, with trifling difference, it is the same as was suggested by Boissieu. The Doctor, speaking of the fearful mortality of the disease, says, "surely any change of practice is worthy of a trial." This brings us to the new method proposed in the Letter and Lecture of the celebrated Dupuytren, which, coming from such a man, certainly deserves attentive consideration. Dupuytren is, it appears, of opinion, that the great object should be to calm the irritation, allay the pain, and diminish the evacuations. With that purpose, he advises the use of large doses of sub-acetate of lead, the decoction of poppy heads, cupping, blisters, &c. Though this treatment is open to the great and obvious objection of being directed rather to symptoms (which, by the bye, are not constant), than the disease, the reason given for preferring the preparations of lead to any other medicine, and poppy heads to opium, are worthy of consideration.

The 'Inquiry into the remote cause of Cholera,' is an attempt to prove that it may be traced to an insect, possessing either in itself or in its eggs or larvæ, poisonous qualities. An ingenious speculation.

Mr. Thompson is of opinion, that cholera is nothing but remittent fever. The idea is not new—it has been considered as a remittent or an intermittent fever by several medical men. Dr. Brutzer, of Riga, first proclaimed it an intermittent, and administered quinine in large doses; it was generally so treated at Riga and at Königsberg; but unfortunately the mortality was the same, and at Königsberg greater than usual.

Dr. Foy is well known—he is one of the physicians who went to Poland, to offer their services during the last glorious struggle; and he published many letters at the time in the medical journals, containing observations on the cholera, such as it appeared in Poland. The present work is a comprehensive and well-written summary of all those observations.

Dr. Gendrin's work is a collection of papers, all of them either written by Englishmen, or well known in England.

The Latin work of Drs. Polya and Grünhut contains highly valuable practical observations on the cholera, as it appeared at Pest, in Hun-

gary. The authors had the direction of the cholera hospital of that city.

The Pharmacopœia Anticholericæ may be useful to those medical men who may be called in to attend the suffering. The author has added to his list of medicines, some short but excellent observations on the best method of preparing and administering them, and the opinions of the most eminent physicians respecting their virtues.

The sensible and well-written letter of Dr. Webster, we recommend to the attentive consideration of the Board of Health, and the medical profession generally.

The cholera is spreading among us; yet nothing is done to deduce positive knowledge from the multitude of facts already collected; and we confess that we no longer expect much benefit from the *Cholera Gazette*, unless the plan is changed, and it becomes a less exclusive journal.

*The Cabinet Annual Register, and Historical, Political, Biographical, and Miscellaneous Chronicle for the year 1831.* Washbourne.

Much information is packed into this handsome volume. Our domestic history seems carefully compiled: our proceedings in parliament are related at some length: the affairs of other nations occupy several chapters, and there is a biography of eminent or remarkable persons, such as may satisfy even curious readers. It would be easy to find fault with the volume, nevertheless; for, amid an overflow of what is wholesome and desirable, we have not a little of the trifling and trivial: yet what may be so to us may be important to others; and in a work which lays no claim to a place among the productions of elegance or of genius, the mishaps of the children of fun or frolic among constables of the night, naturally enough find a place.

*Tales of the Saxons.* By Emily Taylor. London, 1832. Harvey & Darton.

THIS is the age of instruction: writers are up to everything:—one informs a wondering shoemaker how to make a shoe: another opens the eyes of a carpenter to the art of uniting pieces of timber: a third schools the bricklayer in the art of his craft: a fourth reads a long lecture to the weaver on the readiest way of making the shuttle slip from side to side of the web: a fifth undertakes to prove to a famishing million of men, that they are starving for the good of their country and the encouragement of trade; while a sixth most satisfactorily proves, that the more a man is in debt the richer he is, and that his only danger lies in not being in debt enough: we have seen no one however who has undertaken to teach the art of writing a readable book. We were led into this train of reflection on looking over the work before us: Emily Taylor seeks to make children acquainted with the early days of English history, and allures them to the task with a succession of lively and minute pictures of life, domestic and public. The idea is a good one, and the execution is not unworthy.

*A Guide to Syllogism, or, a Manual of Logic.* By the Rev. C. Wesley, B.D. London, Bohn; Cambridge, Deighton; Oxford, Parker.

THIS little work is too brief for a complete manual of logic; it will, however, be found very useful to persons who desire to take the higher degrees in the Universities, and have either neglected or forgotten their former collegiate acquirements. Such persons, and they form a very numerous class, may easily, by a perusal of this thin volume, revive their logical knowledge with more ease than by wading through the dry dissertations of more formal and scholastic treatises.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS

## SONNET.

IN the dread winter's universal blank,  
When hangs no leaf upon the hoary tree;  
When not one flower blows on the warmest bank,  
And cattle listless stand upon the lea:  
When for the hearth the frozen fields we quit,  
And silent woods, and cheerless forest-walk,  
And sit wrapped up in many a moody fit,  
And little care to think, much less to talk:  
Even in that blank, that absence of all thought,  
Will come upon the sense with freshest power,  
As if by momentary magic wrought,  
Primrose or violet, some sweet woodland  
flower;  
Yet why it comes, and thus, we cannot tell,  
With a sweet memory, and the very smells

RICHARD HOWITT.

## THE DEVIL TO THE EDITOR.

"Compliments pass when gentlefolks meet."—*Old Proverb.*

My very dear Sir,—With all my hatred of printing—and "the spirits of the wise" know I have no light cause for such antipathy, I must for once cast myself on the magnanimity of the press, and beg an appearance in type. Suffer, my very dear Sir, my horns to come before your subscribers—let me unfold my own tale, and expose to public opprobrium the cloven feet of mine enemies. You smile!—let me seize the auspicious moment to prove to the scandalized world that "the Prince of Darkness is a gentleman."

Your lynx-like eye cannot but have remarked the various purposes to which, of late, my name has been degraded. Last night, on my way to Palace Yard—I often take a lounge there of an evening—I passed through the Strand. I halted before what some time back would have been called a dead wall. Dead! alack, my very dear Sir, it was instinct with diabolic life—it was possessed with a legion of devils. There was 'The Devil's Son'—'The Devil's Brother'—'The Fiend Father'—'The Demon'—'Fra Diavolo'—'Robert the Devil'—there they were, a thousand devils, compressed, yet living, in letters black and red; for you know, as my own great poet hath sung, how capable of compression are self and family—

Thus incorporeal spirits to smallest forms  
Reduced their shapes immense, and were at large,  
Though without number still, amidst the hall  
Of that infernal court.

Well, Sir, there were my dearest connexions curled into D's and S's, all in "fine bold type," writhing on sheets of asbestos (paper to the vulgar eye), like impaled glow-worms in the cabinet of an entomologist. These were the inhabitants of—"a place too calorific to mention," exorcised from their native home of innocence, and fixed, by the "so potent art" of the printer, in the most public part of this metropolis, to the imminent danger of their own morals, and to the certain cultivation of that familiarity which, according to a great authority, breedeth contempt. This, Sir, was my first impression, astounded as I was, by the extraordinary evidence of human impudence and daring. "All taken to the stage," I exclaimed, and a sense of the degradation fell in thunderbolts upon my heart—"all my little ones—all at one fell swoop!" I proceeded, with "melancholy step and slow," finished my business in Palace Yard, and went home.

I saw my red walls glowing in the gloom.

In a short time, Sir, I discovered the trick which had been played upon the too-believing and too-virtuous public—the trick which had wrung my paternal and fraternal heart—I found, Sir, to my inexpressible delight, that no person bearing my name was engaged at any of the London theatres, and that the "Devils" there exhibiting, were, in fact, persons no better than they should be. It was my anxiety—my extreme sensitiveness for the credit of my family, that had rendered the play-bills such horrid phantasmagoria—that had made the letters red-hot iron to my demon brain.

No, Sir! although there is no telling what revolution may drive us to, yet, at present, none of my connexions are theatrical. They are, at present, too well engaged, to become even "stars" at either of the houses. The managers puff "the Devil's Brother!" Nonsense: my brother, Sir, is a very influential person at one of the continental courts, and has never yet appeared upon a stage, whatever his merits may have entitled him to. Next, for "the Devil's Son!" Why, my very dear Sir, I have just shipped for the Tagus, as a birth-day present, a thousand barrels of gunpowder, made at my private mills; to these I have added, for my dear boy, five hundred stand of arms, from the Pandemonium smithy. I know of no other "Son"; at least, I acknowledge no other. If society will persecute me with its affiliations, why, there is no appeal from the Slander Sessions. I must pay in reputation for the misdeeds of my legal progeny; but if I pay, I must likewise protest, and this I do most heartily, that the Devils at present gamboling before the town, play their tricks on their own responsibility; and I therefore give this public notice, that nobody, on the strength of my name, do trust them. As for my appearing on the stage in *propria persona*—ridiculous! I own, in my younger days, I did use to lounge in the green-room, and sometimes concoct the play-bills with the manager; but, by degrees, those documents became such extraordinary romances, that even my love of truth was shocked, and I withdrew my advice, as wholly tame and useless.

It is not for me, Sir, to point out who are my relations at present residing in the metropolis; no, I eschew both the Red and the Black Book—it is enough that I have exposed impostors. Were I inclined to point my snaky fore-finger at my kindred at present sojourning in London, the consanguinity, considering the professions and the station of the parties, might surprise you. But, no—I waive such astonishment; it is enough that I know them; I disdain to brag of my high and influential connexions. We meet, and are hob and nob in private—and as for the masquerading in the broad sun-light, why let them jig it as they list—I have too much magnanimity to pluck at the robe or snatch away the visor.

I have now, I trust, defended myself and relatives from aspersion. The Grand Turk's sign manual, as I have somewhere read, is his ink-besmeared hand. Allow me, Sir, as I am shy at subscribing my name, to write my tail, which I beg you will give instructions to the printer to figure, (with a gentle curl at its *finis*) by appending hereunto—

## SONNET.

## THE DEATH OF LORD FALKLAND.

FOREMOST upon the battle-plain he stood;  
Between two war-clad hosts, both of one name  
And country, where the son and father came,  
Life's dearest bonds and brotherhood,—the blood  
Of each to shed. In stern and mournful mood  
He gazed upon that scene of crime and shame,  
"Peace! peace!" he cried, "would we might  
quench the flame  
Of fiercest strife!—Oh God! methinks 'twere  
good

To sleep—to die, so I might never more  
Behold the desolation and the doom,  
That shroud my country in the deepening gloom  
Of woe and anarchy;"—the struggle's o'er;  
And joyful as a bridegroom to the feast  
He heard the heroic knell that tolled to rest.

## HINTS FOR THE HISTORY OF ROMAN LITERATURE.—No. IV.

THE history of Roman literature, and the struggle between the native bards and the classical imitators of the Greek poets, is not only connected with the internal politics of the state, but also with the relations that subsisted between the Romans and the nations in northern and central Italy. Rome was the metropolis of Italian taste as well as Italian power; it obtained the same literary supremacy over the Latins that the Greeks had conceded to Athens, and it retained this eminence by the united processes of absorption and assimilation, which the "eternal city" so constantly exercised,—deriving new and valuable institutions from all, and adapting them so ingeniously to pre-existing circumstances, that they seemed original parts of the native fabric. Here again we trace a striking analogy between the literary and political history of Rome: the "eternal city" absorbed in its dominions the independent states in its vicinity—taught them to resign ancestral pride, to forget the deeds of the mighty dead, and to date the only existence worthy of being recorded, from the period that they were permitted to share in the franchises of the ruling state. What know we of the days of Etruscan greatness, when the Tyrrhenian vessels of war swept the western Mediterranean, disputing the empire of the sea with the Carthaginians, the Tyrians, and the Greeks? What records have we of a people whose works of art, after the lapse of probably thirty centuries, are still viewed with wonder and astonishment? The shadow of a mighty name still remains, but all traces of the original lineaments were as completely obliterated two thousand years ago as they are now. And what know we of Etruscan literature? Scarcely that such a thing ever existed. And yet a drama the Tuscans must have had, for from them Rome borrowed her early *histriones*; ballad-makers, if not poets, they must have possessed, for Virgil in the last six books of the *Æneid*, and Ovid in his *Fasti*, have given us several Etruscan legends that could never have existed in a prosaic form; historians must have flourished among them, for the Emperor Claudius, in a speech to the Senate, quotes an account of the origin of Servius Tullius from some Tuscan author. This version of the life of the patriot king is not merely irreconcilable with the Roman legend—it flatly contradicts it in every particular; and we must therefore assign it an earlier date than the era of Fabius Pictor, and, probably, than the burning of the city by the Gauls. What then has become of the great body of Tuscan literature? It has suffered the fate of a tributary stream, whose name and whose waters are lost in those of the mighty river whose flood it swells. What know we of the political or literary history of the Sabines, of the Prisci Latini, of the Umbrians, or the Lucanians? Literally nothing; ancient

Rome is to us ancient Italy. The other states have shared the fate described by Phineas Fletcher,

Hardly the place of such antiquity,  
Or note of these great monarchies we find:  
Only a fading verbal memory,  
And empty name in writ, is left behind:  
But when this second life and glory fades,  
And sinks at length in time's obscurer shades,  
A second fall succeeds, and double death invades.  
*Purple Island, Canto VII.*

The "double death," as we have already intimated, has "invaded" the native Roman literature, as well as that of the states which Rome absorbed in the vortex of her moral and intellectual dominion. We shall not revert to the political causes that accelerated this consummation; we have already, perhaps at too great length, dwelt on the means by which the revolution was effected: we must now attempt a more difficult task, and point out the nature of the change. The Saliar verses, supposed to have been written by Numa, the *Nævnia* "sung by the manly Curii and Camilli," the legendary ballads of heroic deeds which, in the time of the elder Cato, were recited at all public entertainments, are all lost irrecoverably, and have left scarce a wrack behind. Our knowledge respecting them is gathered from scattered hints in the writings of critics and grammarians, brief allusions in the historians, and a satire on the works and their admirers contained in one of Horace's epistles. By collecting and comparing all these pieces or rather fragments of information, we are enabled to form some indistinct notion of the native Roman literature;—indistinct, because, after all our researches, materials for a perfect delineation cannot be obtained. From these we find that the works of the ancient Roman *vates* were chiefly religious hymns, legendary tales founded on some historical fact or tradition, and moral instructions conveyed in a metrical form. There is also reason to suspect that some of the old laws and legal forms were recorded in some kind of verse, for the "*lex horrendi carminis*," preserved by Livy, is clearly metrical; though, perhaps, the arrangement made by Niebuhr is not the best possible, yet the ear will at once discern a certain rhythm in the perusal of the lines

*Dumviri perduellionem judicent,  
Si a dumviris provocari,  
Provocatione certato:  
Si vincent, caput obaibito,  
Infelici arbore reste suspendito,  
Verberato intra vel extra pomerium.*

It must be remembered that Livy modernized the spelling in these lines; so much had the orthography of the Latin language varied, that Polybius assures us few even of the most learned Romans could decipher inscriptions made in the first ages of the republic: but it is probable that the germ of the words was preserved, as has been the case in our language; there are many persons who can with difficulty understand the poems of Chaucer when they try to read them for themselves, and yet find great pleasure in hearing them read by others. If such was the case in Rome, the measure of the verses will have been little altered by a change in the form of the words; for the ancient Latin poetry was regulated by accent rather than quantity. This leads us to consider a *questio vexata*, first raised during the literary warfare respecting the epistles of Phalaris, namely, the claims of the Romans to any original metre.

All the old Roman versification is called Saturnian. Niebuhr says, that it admitted a great variety of lyrical metres; by which he must mean, that the designation was generic and not specific. Terentianus Maurus, whose authority Bentley deems irresistible, says, "the Saturnian metre was borrowed from the Greeks." But even if this assertion be conceded, it by no means decides the question. Terentianus means, that a particular metre regulated by quantity, and which, from some similarity in structure to the

old Roman verses, was called Saturnian, was, in truth, of Greek origin. He, in fact, specifies the particular kind of verse, and declares that it consisted of a dimeter catalectic iambic, and an ithyphallic, and quotes as a pure instance,

*Milum dibunt Metelli | Nævio pœta.*

But this manifestly proves nothing, unless it could be shown that the Saturnian verse always appeared in this single form, whereas the very contrary is demonstrable. The hymn of the *Fratres Arvales* and the fragments of the Saliar song are not measurable by any Greek system of iambics and trochees; neither are the *nævnia*, which were sung to the flute at funeral processions; and the slightest glance at any of these interesting relics will at once show that they could not have been framed on any conceivable system which required a regular recurrence of long and short syllables. But if Saturnian verse was not regulated by quantity, it could not have been derived from the Greeks, who used no other system; and we must therefore limit the assertion of Terentianus to a specific form of verse, which, as he indeed himself tells us, was constructed on the principle of quantity.

From these considerations it seems to follow, that the Saturnian verse was really a native production; and if we may judge from fragments, it seems to have been better suited to the genius and structure of the Latin language than any of those by which it was succeeded. At what time the great change was made in the principle of Latin verse, by which quantity was made the basis of its structure instead of accent, is precisely what we do not know. There is some reason, however, to believe, that the first mover of the revolution was Livius Andronicus. He was of Grecian descent, and was first brought to Rome as a slave. He had the honour of first making the Romans acquainted with the regular drama, but his pieces were all borrowed from the Greek; he is also said to have translated the *Odyssey* into Saturnian verse; finally, he was the first author by profession that ever appeared in Rome.

While literature exists merely in its popular form, and has not yet taken an acknowledged place in the world, it is easily moulded to any particular system, and while a language is rude and imperfect, it may be made to undergo very important changes. But the revolution need not have been so violent as we might imagine; for the distinction between accent and quantity, could not have been very great in the days of Livius, when we find it neglected with impunity in the age of Cæsar.

From the time of Livius, we find that the Latin poets began to pay more attention to the regular structure of their verse, and to attune their ears to the Grecian metres. This is chiefly attributable to the exclusive attention which the Romans of that age paid to dramatic poetry, the most engaging species of composition to a nation emerging from barbarism, because it mingles sensual pleasure with intellectual. Besides this, the sources whence the Romans first derived their knowledge of Grecian literature were the Dorian colonies in Sicily and southern Italy, where the drama was at all times most studiously cultivated. It is not necessary to enter on the controverted question, whether the Dorian or Ionian race can claim with more justice the invention of dramatic literature—Aristotle decides in favour of the former, because the word *drama* belongs to the Doric dialect, but the foundation seems rather too narrow for the support of the hypothesis. It is more material to our present purpose to find that the Dorian colonies were the most eager to import the best pieces that appeared on the Athenian stage, and that they supplied some of the best writers in that department of literature. It is known to every student, that a

Doric state in Sicily afforded a refuge to Æschylus when driven from Athens, and that his long residence there affected the purity of his language in his later writings; and who is ignorant of the interesting fact, that the Syracusans liberated all the Athenian prisoners who could recite select passages from Euripides?

The native drama of Latium was not far removed above contempt. Though the Atellane fables, or *exodia*, continued to be represented to a very late period, they owed their popularity not to their merit, but to their disgusting obscenity, which suited the grossness of the Roman taste. Our information respecting what were called the Mimes is too scanty to allow of our passing any judgment upon them, even supposing that they were a native invention, which is very doubtful. Latium then had nothing to put in competition with the rich store of Grecian tragedy and comedy; in that department of literature, which was from its nature the most popular, the Roman inferiority was too glaring and decided, to admit even of a momentary struggle, and we find that even Nævius resigned the attempt to construct a native dramatic literature, and joined the common herd in imitating the Greeks. An advantage was thus gained by the supporters of the Hellenic forms, which could not be compensated by anything in the possession of their opponents. The stage was Hellenized, not only without resistance, but with the positive approbation of the popular bards; and when they had consented to resign such an important post without a struggle, they found that they had yielded to their adversaries a vantage ground which enabled them to carry their triumphs into the other departments of literature.

#### INEDITED LETTER FROM OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

[Goldsmith's Letters are so rare, that five and ten pounds have been given for them by Collectors. The following has great interest, and we are quite sure that our Northern friends, male and female, will only laugh at the young Student's report of them. The Duchess of Hamilton alluded to, was the beautiful Elizabeth Gunning, afterwards Duchess of Argyll—mother of three dukes, the seventh and eighth Dukes of Hamilton, and the present Duke of Argyll. The *glover*, Lord Kirkcubright, was, we presume, William Macellan, of Borneo, who failed to make good his claim, although his son established the right in 1773.]

To Robert Bryanton, Esq. Ballymahon, Ireland.

Edinburgh, Sept. 26, 1753.

MY DEAR BOB,—How many good excuses (and you know I was ever good at an excuse) might I call up to vindicate my past shameful silence! I might tell how I wrote a long letter at my first coming hither, and seem vastly angry at my not receiving an answer; I might allege that business (with business you know I was always pestered) had never given me time to finger a pen—but I suppose these, and twenty more equally plausible, and as easily invented, since they might all be attended with a slight inconvenience of being known to be lies; let me then speak truth: an hereditary indolence (I have it from my mother's side) has hitherto prevented my writing at least twenty-five letters more, due to my friends in Ireland. No turn-spit dog gets up into his wheel with more reluctance than I sit down to write; yet no dog ever loved the roast meat he turns better than I do him I now address. Yet what shall I say now I am entered. Shall I tire you with a description of this unfruitful country, where I must lead you over their hills, all brown with heath, or their vallies, scarce able to feed a rabbit?—Man alone seems to be the only creature who has arrived to the natural size in this poor soil—every part of the country presents the same dismal landscape—no grove or brook lend their



music to cheer the stranger, or make the inhabitants forget their poverty: yet, with all these disadvantages to call him down to humility, a Scotchman is one of the proudest things alive—the poor have pride ever ready to relieve them—if mankind should happen to despise them, they are masters of their own admiration, and that they can plentifully bestow on themselves. From their pride and poverty, as I take it, results one advantage this country enjoys, namely, the gentlemen are much better bred than amongst us. No such character here as our fox-hunters; and they have expressed great surprise when I informed them that some men in Ireland of a thousand pounds a year, spend their whole lives in running after a hare, drinking to be drunk, and getting every girl that will let them with child; and truly, if such a being, equipped in his hunting dress, came among a circle of Scotch gentry, they would behold him with the same astonishment that a countryman would King George on horseback. The men have generally high cheek bones, and are lean and swarthy, fond of action, dancing in particular. Though now I have mentioned dancing, let me say something of their balls, which are very frequent here. When a stranger enters the dancing-hall, he sees one end of the room taken up with the ladies, who sit, dismally, in a group by themselves; on the other end stand their pensive partners, that are to be; but no more intercourse between the sexes than there is between two countries at war. The ladies, indeed, may ogle, and the gentlemen sigh, but an embargo is laid on any closer commerce. At length, to interrupt hostilities, the lady-directress, or intendant, or what you will, pitches on a gentleman and lady to walk a minuet, which they perform with a formality that approaches despondence; after five or six couple have thus walked the gauntlet, all stand up to country dances, each gentleman furnished with a partner from the aforesaid lady-directress; so they dance much, and say nothing, and thus concludes our assembly. I told a Scotch gentleman that such profound silence resembled the ancient procession of the Roman matrons in honour of Ceres: and the Scotch gentleman told me (and faith I believe he was right) that I was a very great pedant for my pains. Now I am come to the ladies: and to show that I love Scotland, and everything that belongs to so charming a country, I insist on it, and will give him leave to break my head that denies it, that the Scotch ladies are ten thousand times handsomer and finer than the Irish;—to be sure, now, I see your sisters Betty and Peggy vastly surprised at my partiality; but tell them flatly, I don't value them, or their fine skins, or eyes, or good sense, or —, a potato; for I say it, and will maintain it, and as a convincing proof (I'm in a very great passion) of what I assert, the Scotch ladies say it themselves. But, to be less serious, where will you find a language so pretty, become a pretty mouth, as the broad Scotch? and the women here speak it in its highest purity; for instance, teach one of your young ladies to pronounce "Whoar will I go?"—with a becoming wideness of mouth, and I'll lay my life they will wound every hearer. We have no such character here as a coquet; but alas! how many envious prudes! Some days ago, I walked into my Lord Kilconbry's (don't be surprised, my lord is but a glover), when the Duchess of Hamilton (that fair who sacrificed her beauty to her ambition, and her inward peace to a title and gilt equipage) passed by in her chariot, her battered husband, or, more properly, the guardian of her charms, sat by her side. Straight envy began, in the shape of no less than three ladies who sat with me, to find faults in her faultless form.—"For my part," says the first, "I think, what I always thought, that the Duchess has too much red in her complexion."—"Madam,

I am of your opinion, says the second; and I think her face has a palish cast too much on the delicate order."—"And let me tell you," adds the third lady, whose mouth was puckered up to the size of an issue, "that the Duchess has fine lips, but she wants a mouth;"—at this every lady drew up her mouth, as if she was going to pronounce the letter P. But how ill, my Bob, does it become me to ridicule women with whom I have scarce any correspondence! There are, 'tis certain, handsome women here, and 'tis as certain there are handsome men to keep them company. An ugly and a poor man is society for himself; and such society the world lets me enjoy in great abundance. Fortune has given you circumstances, and nature a person, to look charming in the eyes of the fair world. Nor do I envy my dear Bob such blessings, while I may sit down, and laugh at the world, and at myself, the most ridiculous object in it—but I begin to grow splenetic; and perhaps the fit may continue till I receive an answer to this. I know you can't send news from B. Mahon, but such as it is, send it all; everything you write will be agreeable and entertaining to me. Has George Conway put up a sign yet; or John Finely left off drinking drams; or Tom Allen got a new wig? But I leave to your own choice what to write. While Oliver Goldsmith lives, know you have a friend!

P.S.—Give my sincerest regards (not compliments, do you mind) to your agreeable family; and give my service to my mother, if you see her; for, as you express it in Ireland, I have a sneaking kindness for her still.

Direct to me—Student in Physic, in Edinburgh.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

The announcement of new books in the *Quarterly Review* may be taken as a scale by which to measure the literary undertakings for the next three months, for publishers of all grades there advertise their speculations, and we do not remember ever to have seen so few that promise entertainment and novelty. There are some prize volumes on divinity, by one of our universities, and a stir in the matter of reprints, of which there are several on hand: indeed, almost the only work of note is the *Review* itself: the articles are of a mixed nature, part literary, and part political. There is no little learning in the article on Hesiod—no little amusement in the review of Capt. Basil Hall's volumes—a good deal of sarcasm and nationality in that of Mrs. Trollope on America, and an uncalled-for waste of paper in a discussion concerning Mary Colling, whose verses we some time since touched on with a gentle and most merciful hand. Of the article on the rebellions of 1640 and 1832 we can give no account. Most of the great authors, such as Scott, Southey, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Rogers, Campbell, Wilson, &c., are out of the field: true poetical romance, like true poetry, is dead and departed, and we must console ourselves as well as we can with tawdry pictures of our own times—with accounts of those

Who gave the ball or paid the visit last.

We shall have something to say concerning forthcoming works of art soon, for painters and sculptors are busy making ready to meet the important 10th of April, on which day their works must be sent in to Somerset House. Pickersgill, we hear, will not have his three fine French portraits ready for the ensuing exhibition; British heads have since

crowded to his easel, and taken up all his time. Chantrey will exhibit, we understand, a marble statue of Canning. The group of Bishop Middleton, by Lough, is ready, we hear, for erection in St. Paul's; it will probably stand in the north aisle; indeed, we are told, that the artist modelled it for a situation which he selected there, but unfortunately neglected to consult the church authorities—a bold step; but the Bishop of London is a mild man, and will not be very wroth with the sculptor, who erred through ignorance perhaps. The statue of Bishop Heber, by Chantrey—a single colossal figure kneeling, will occupy a place in the south aisle. Some of the monuments in St. Paul's have been placed, by the Committee of Taste, in situations utterly dark: it is the worse for Chantrey's General Gillespie, that it is entirely in shadow; and a great deal the worse for Rossi's Lord Heathfield, that it stands in light. Benjamin West used to say, that it would be well for art, if three-fourths of the monuments in St. Paul's were smashed to pieces; and John Flaxman complained, that it did not do for an artist in this country to have a mind of his own, as the Committee of Taste would not allow it to be exercised.

Those who delight in Turner's landscapes, (and who does not, that has any feeling for art?) should take an early opportunity of calling at Messrs. Moon, Boys & Graves's, in Pall Mall. There are a dozen views and vignettes by this artist, intended to illustrate the new edition of Sir Walter Scott's poetical works, taken last year, when the artist accompanied Sir Walter in a summer tour for this express purpose. Some of them, 'Caerlaverock,' 'Carlisle,' 'Bowe's Tower,' and 'Johnny Armstrong's Tower,' are unequalled for beauty, and finished with more care than usually distinguishes the facile pencil of the artist. The views will, we believe, remain at the publishers' only for a very few days, as they must be forthwith distributed among the engravers.

We hear that Liversidge's works are about to be engraved in mezzotinto, by Cousins, Bromley, and Griller, and to be published in numbers.

The announcement of ten guineas from Paganini, at the anniversary of the Royal Society of Musicians last week, was received with groans and hisses! After pocketing the enormous sum of 20,000*l.*, during his nine months in England, it was considered but a paltry acknowledgment of the generosity of the English, and of the liberal support of the Profession. Like Rossini, and many other foreign artists, it is said of him, that on his arrival in France, he rejoiced once again to anticipate hearing a little *good music*—does he forget the Philharmonic Concert?

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

##### ROYAL SOCIETY.

Mar. 15.—John William Lubbock, Esq. Vice President and Treasurer, in the chair.

The two following papers were read, viz.—Further notice of the new Volcano in the Mediterranean, by John Davy, M.D., F.R.S., &c., and, A Method of deducing the Longitude from the Moon's right ascension, by Thomas Ririgan, Esq. R.N., communicated by Vice Admiral Sir Edward Codrington, F.R.S.—William Gravatt, Esq. was admitted a Fellow, and the following proposed: James David Forbes, Esq.,

Lieut. William Samuel Stratford, R.N., Michael Thomas Sadler, Esq. M.P., and Howard Elphinstone, Esq. M.A.

#### ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Mar. 12.—G. W. Hamilton, Esq., Vice President, in the chair.—The reading of Mr. Cunningham's paper on the 'Progress of Discovery in Australia,' was resumed. It appears, that the droughts to which that country has been subject, have tended considerably towards the extension of geographical discovery. In 1828, one of these severe evils was experienced, which lasted for three years; and with the view of inquiring into the state of the interior, an expedition was despatched under the direction of Capt. Sturt, to the Macquarie river, which had been previously visited by Lieut. Oxley. The party ascended Mount Harris, and found all the surrounding country, which had been seen by Mr. Oxley, in 1818, in an inundated condition, entirely parched, and suffering from drought. The Macquarie was traced till it became imperceptible. According to Capt. Sturt, the flat lands commence about twenty-eight miles from Mount Harris, and there the Macquarie ceases to be a river, having no banks or channel. The surface of this flat is a succession of levels in which natural reservoirs are formed. Now and then a slight declivity gives them fresh impulse, by which a channel is formed into another reservoir; from which another is formed, as before; and thus a succession of these ponds and marshes extends to an immense distance over the country.

From Mount Harris, Capt. Sturt directed his course to the N.W. for further discoveries, in which direction Oxley's Table Land is situated. In this journey, the want of water became a considerable annoyance; and, from being obliged to follow a watercourse, this led to the discovery of the Darling, a salt-water stream. The want of drinkable water obliged the party to give up a further examination of its course. This part of the country is well peopled, and the intercourse of the explorers and the natives was on a friendly footing. The account which Captain Sturt gives of the country, is of the most melancholy description, for, in consequence of the severe drought, it was scarcely habitable. The natives were wandering about, and, from the badness of the water which they were obliged to drink, were suffering from cutaneous diseases, which were gradually lessening their numbers. Even the birds were distressed by the drought. The wild dog, or Dingo, was seen prowling about, unable from debility to avoid the party; and while the minor vegetation was altogether burnt up, the trees were drooping from the want of moisture below the surface. Several of the party were affected by ophthalmia, produced by the heat from the plains, where the thermometer stood in the shade, at 3 p.m. at 122°, and from 98 to 102° at sunset.

Mr. Cunningham considers, that the Darling may be taken as the largest river in Australia, since it is formed by a junction of all the streams which were discovered by Mr. Oxley in 1818, as well as those which were seen by Mr. Cunningham in 1827. This gentleman then proceeds to give an account of the discovery of the Morumbidgee river, and concludes his account of the progress of discovery in Australia, with a few remarks on the proper points for future investigation.

A letter from Mr. Coulthurst, at the Gambia, who recently left England, was read. The following is an extract from it:—"I did not succeed in reaching this place till the evening of Saturday last, on which day the *Pluto* left for Fernando Po, after a stay of only a few hours. There being no opportunity of any kind for a month, by which time the rains will be commencing to the southward, and a messenger

being now here from the Alinama, of Bondon, with a view of transferring the gum trade head from the Senegal; I have been induced to make at once for the Joliba, and to pursue its stream down to Funda, from whence I hope to reach the Bahr el Abiad. I hope to communicate with you from Funda."

The letter was written on the 27th of January.

#### GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Mar. 14.—Roderick Impey Murchison, Esq., President, in the chair.

John Fisher, Esq., William Ogleby, Esq., Peter Stafford Carey, Esq., Francis Boott, M.D., James Scott Bowerbank, Esq., and Lieut.-Col. Sykes, were elected Fellows.

A paper was read, on the Structure of the Cotteswold Hills, near Cheltenham, compared with that of the Cleveland Hills; and on the occurrence of vertical stems of *Equisetum Columnare* in the sandstone of the latter, by Roderick Impey Murchison, Esq., P.G.S.

#### INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

Feb. 14.—The President in the chair.—Mr. Wm. Billington, an Associate, was introduced. —Mr. Joseph Cubitt was elected an Associate.

Some further remarks were added to the statements, made at a former meeting, of experiments on the strength of cast-iron; and also the result of some trials on the deflexion of a wrought-iron rail under different loads. The subject of a heated blast, as applicable in the manufacture of iron, was taken into consideration; and also in connexion, with it, the difference of quality between the Welsh and Newcastle coals, and the variety of structure by which each may be distinguished,—which became the subject of an animated discussion. Some valuable facts were mentioned regarding the Swansea coal-pits; the weight of a bushel of this coal was stated at from ninety to ninety-three pounds—that of a bushel of Newcastle being eighty-four pounds. A minute description was given of the Radstock pits near Bath,—the value of which is much enhanced by no pumping being required, and also by no pillars or props being necessary to support the roof. The method of working the narrow veins of coal in the neighbourhood of Shrewsbury was also described.

Feb. 21.—The President in the chair.—Mr. Samuel Hemming, of Notting Hill, was elected an Associate.

Amongst other subjects, the expansion of cast-iron, under different circumstances, was brought under consideration,—more particularly with reference to the iron columns supporting the weight of heavy buildings. Some details were entered into regarding the cast-iron pillars by which the large warehouses at St. Katharine's Docks are, in part, sustained; which went to show the great utility of this kind of support.

Instances of expansion, in pipes of various lengths, caused by an elevation of temperature, were adduced. A set of pipes at Manchester, 200 yards long, was observed to expand to the extent of seven inches. A pipe 180 feet long expanded one inch and three-quarters from change of temperature.

A discussion was resumed on the subject of the use of a heated blast in the manufacture of iron, in which it was stated, that a fair trial was being made at the Butterly Works, and at present with much prospect of success. The principal point in view is a saving of fuel, as they are enabled to work without coking; the next object is an improvement in the quality of iron:—it ought, however, to be observed, that after repeated trials at Low Moor Ironworks, the use of it has been totally abandoned.

Feb. 28.—The President in the chair.—Mr. David Ramsay and Mr. Joseph Green were elected as Associates; Mr. H. Habberley Price as a corresponding member; and Mr. William Swinbourne a member.

The limits of duration of the various kinds of timber, immersed in water, and in the various kinds of earth, was taken into consideration; and a variety of specimens of timber and stone, from different parts of the old London Bridge, laid on the table. Parts of the beech and elm piles (which had been driven to form starlings for protecting the piers) taken from about four feet above the low-water mark, were produced, in a state of complete decay; this gave occasion to some remarks on the comparative soundness of the oak piles taken from under the original foundations, which were driven about 700 years ago, and the former probably not more than 150. It was thought that the fact of the beech and elm piles being wet and dry alternately, every tide, accounted sufficiently for their unsoundness, the rapid decay of timber situated between "wind and water" being well known. Some notice was taken of the great durability of oak timber imbedded in bogs, and known by the name of black oak, which is found in considerable quantity in some morasses in the Highlands of Scotland, and frequently used for the formation of domestic utensils. It was mentioned incidentally, that the seat of the chairman of the West India Dock Company was formed out of a piece of timber of this description, found in the excavations.

Mar. 6.—The President in the chair.—Mr. William Clegam, of Gloucester, was elected as a corresponding member.

The subject of the consumption of fuel to produce a given mechanical effect, during various degrees of humidity in the atmosphere, was submitted to discussion, and a variety of facts stated in elucidation; but the prevalent opinion appeared to be, that the performance of steam-engines (to which the question particularly refers) is very slightly affected by changes of weather as to humidity; and that any difference which may be detected, is to be ascribed rather to the effect on the machinery connected with it than on the engine itself.

Some experiments were detailed, showing the amount of deposition from the waters of the river Nene, near Wisbeach. The average surface velocity during four sets of spring tides, was 198 feet per minute, depth of water 9 feet 6 inches, quantity of silt deposited by a gallon of water, 82 grains. The average surface velocity during four sets of neap tides, was 106 feet per minute, depth of water 7 feet, deposit from a gallon of water 41 grains.—The river Nene, which rises in Northamptonshire, flows past Peterborough and Wisbeach, and from thence to the sea (over a bed of alluvial matter in the state of loose silt), partly through a new cut called the Nene Outfall.

#### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

|          |  |             |
|----------|--|-------------|
| MONDAY,  | { Phrenological Society .....          | Eight, P.M. |
|          | { Medical Society .....                | Eight, P.M. |
| TUESDAY, | { Linnean Society .....                | Eight, P.M. |
|          | { Horticultural Society .....          | One, P.M.   |
|          | { Institution of Civil Engineers ..... | Eight, P.M. |
| WEDNES.  | { Royal Society of Literature .....    | Three, P.M. |
|          | { Society of Arts .....                | p. 7, P.M.  |
| THURSD.  | { Royal Society .....                  | p. 3, P.M.  |
|          | { Society of Antiquaries .....         | Eight, P.M. |
| FRIDAY,  | Royal Institution .....                | p. 8, P.M.  |
| SATURD.  | Westminster Medical Society .....      | Eight, P.M. |

## FINE ARTS

*Finden's Landscape Illustrations to Mr. Murray's first complete and uniform Edition of the Life and Works of Lord Byron. Part II.*

THESE illustrations are seven in number, viz., Corfu, Byron's residence in Greece, Lisbon, the Acropolis, and Constantinople, by Stanfield; head of Ali Pacha, by Stone, and his Palace, by Purser—all engraved by the Findens. The view of Corfu is a work of great beauty; the sea and air are touched in the true spirit of nature: the Acropolis is also very picturesque; but much of the cloud which overhangs the place is too rocky, unless it is natural for the sky in that land to rain crags of seven tons weight. Lisbon is likewise a noble scene, with its towers and spacious bay; but the cloud which threatened the Acropolis with a storm of rock has found its way to this landscape also. The residence of Byron at Athens exhibits nothing striking, save a portion of one of the old temples of the days of Pericles, which remains to tell how far the place has fallen. The worst of any of these illustrations is clever, and the best is excellent: we only wonder how they can be produced for the price. We dislike the title of this publication: the illustrations should have been named after the artists who made them; they are not, in any sense, of the word, Finden's Illustrations of Byron—they are by Stanfield and others. This is putting the cart before the horse.

*Juliet.* Painted by Miss L. Sharpe, engraved by John Bromley. London, Moon & Co.

THIS is a very graceful impersonation of the inimitable Juliet of Shakspeare—both painter and engraver have performed their parts with care and skill. We are not easy to please in these poetic conceptions; all attempts of the kind, with the single exception of 'Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse,' have been failures; nevertheless, the 'Juliet' of Miss Sharpe, is a sweet creature, and the position is perfectly natural and elegant.

*The Blind Woman conducted over the Brook,* is painted by Madame Lescot, and engraved by Samuel Angell. The name of the print is 'Filiat Solicitude,' but we have bestowed upon it a title of our own, which expresses the action better, as the young woman who acts as guide, may be any one's daughter. The light and shade, and characters of age and youth, are well imagined, and, on the whole, it is a very natural, nay, touching scene.

## MUSIC

## KING'S THEATRE.

'Pietro l'Eremita,'—or the interest excited by the appearance of Madame Puzzi,—drew a little money to the treasury on Saturday last. We did not find the lady much improved; in fact, there are physical reasons why she will never be a *fine* singer—the enunciation of the natural notes of her voice (a mezzo-soprano) seems as if retarded by some organic defect, and her falsetto is too unequal and too uncertain ever to be available in vividly depicting the passions. Her cadenzas were all alike, and her singing in the finale was too much in "tempo rubato." But it is not worth while offering further criticism, seeing that the lady has withdrawn. She complains of ill-treatment: but it appears, from her own statement, that she applied for an engagement which was declined—that, on the failure of the Countess and others, her friends made a second application, when Mr. Mason "consented" to her making a trial—the lady is of opinion she was eminently successful; Mr. Mason thought differently, and declined a per-

manent engagement, as he had an undoubted right to do,—and assuredly the patrons of the Opera will agree him. Madame Puzzi has no pretensions to be a *prima donna* anywhere, much less at the King's Theatre.

The substitution of Madame de Meric, on Tuesday, was abundantly satisfactory. Her singing was a delightful contrast to the display of the previous night—Giubelei too, as *L'Eremita*, gave the invocation with solemnity and feeling. The accompaniment to this recitative was the first successful effort of Rossini's in writing for brass instruments—to be judged of, it ought to be better played than on this occasion, for the trombones were not in tune throughout the whole scene. We regret, too, to add, that Winter was not so efficient as we could have wished—that Mariani omitted an aria in the first act—that Signora Albertina was not to be trusted with the cavatina in the second, which Ronzi and Caradori used to give with such true tenderness and feeling—that the concerted pieces were wretchedly ill sung—and, in conclusion, that so imperfect a performance reflects disgrace on *Il Maestro*, whoever he may be. The *Preghiera* at the close of the second act, fortunately always leaves a favourable impression, and smothered all angry feeling.

There has been some skirmishing lately in the papers respecting the prices charged for refreshments at this theatre. The question in itself is of very little importance; but some facts have crept out in the discussion, that seem to us deserving a passing word of comment. It has been usual with the managers of all theatres to make a profit of the refreshments, and of the remuneration given for taking care of cloaks and shawls; not directly, but indirectly, by receiving rent from the officiating parties. To this, we saw no objection—but when the new management came into power, the system was denounced, and the public were informed that it should be forthwith changed. Now, Mr. Jarrin states distinctly, that he *does* pay for the privilege of furnishing refreshments;—and respecting the profit derived from taking charge of cloaks and great coats, we have been assured that *fifty pounds* were given for the privilege, although the following paragraph appears in the green and gold pamphlet:—

"The care of the cloaks and shawls, and the ordering of those employed to receive them, has been entrusted to a confidential person known to the director. *She does not*, as has been heretofore the usage, *pay any rent for her situation*; therefore, any consideration occasionally conferred will be received as a favour, but not demanded as a right."

We repeat, that, in our judgment, there is nothing wrong in a manager making all the profit possible from all legitimate sources; but Mr. Mason appeared to differ from us; and we only request to have some decent consistency observed between professions and performance.

## SECOND ANTIENT CONCERT.

*Director, the Archbishop of York.*

THIS Concert will be considered an epoch in the annals of the Antiient Concerts, from the introduction of Choral and other works of the immortal Haydn. A Sinfonia, the German Hymn, and Recitative and Chorus from the 'Creation,' were agreeably contrasted with the stiff, sterling, and more massive productions of the Ancients. Indeed, the new light breaks in most pleasantly. The Recitative to 'The Heavens are telling,' Braham delivered admirably, and it was *à propos* to the change:—

In splendour bright is rising now  
The sun, and darts his rays:  
An amorous, joyful, happy spouse—  
A giant proud and glad  
To run his measur'd course.

'Deeper and deeper still' was sung also by Braham, and he proved how high he yet stands above all competition. Miss Shirreff made her first appearance here in Cimarosa's fine scena, 'Deh! parlate.' There was too much affectation in her emphatic manner of imitating the Italians, by dwelling on and forcing the penultima. In the song 'Farewell, ye limpid streams,' we liked her better. Nature has done much for this young vocalist, and we advise her not to strain after effect: a sweet and extensive voice, a good intonation, and fine feeling, are indispensable, to become a great singer: possessing all these requisites, there needs little artifice for Miss Shirreff to attain the object of her ambition. The rest of the selection consisted of standard compositions of merit. The spirit and management of the new conductor, art likely, we think, to effect great improvements in these Concerts; there is no lagging, nor obtrusive indulgences allowed in the change of time of the different pieces; and his experience and admitted talent give him that power and control over the whole orchestra, which invariably produce good results: yet we must hint to Mr. Knyvett, that he should attend a little more to "chiaroscuro."

## SECOND PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

ON Monday last we were gratified to our heart's content—who is there, that affects an admiration of the grand and picturesque in music, who could feel otherwise, on hearing Beethoven's Sinfonia in c minor played with precision and perfect *ensemble*? A half-guinea is well spent for such an hour's delight as we enjoyed during its performance on Monday, and, as a morning contemporary says, we would willingly bestow our praise in the right quarter, if we could ascertain whether Signor Spagnoletti, the leader, or Sir G. Smart, the conductor, had the best claim to it. A new song, by the Chevalier Neukomm, was sung by Phillips, to words from Milton, 'Oft from the steep;' it is well scored, yet wants contrast in its melodies; it reminded us occasionally of Haydn, the author's instructor. Mayseder's last composition, a sextuor, was played by Messrs. Tolbecque, Watta, Moralt, Lyon, Rousselot, and Dragonetti. It is very intricate, and, although it may prove effective and brilliant in a small room, it lacks too much of *le véritable matériel* to make its way in a large one: Mons. Tolbecque wants tone and a good violin; perhaps the supplying of the latter would furnish the former. Mrs. Bishop, in a scena from Spohr's 'Pietro von Albano,' adapted to the Italian, sang painfully too sharp—however, the spirited execution and effect of the Overture to Oberon at once relieved our suffering. In the Sinfonia, letter Q, by Haydn, we recognized an old favourite, which, notwithstanding being injudiciously placed after Beethoven, found also its admirers amongst the audience. We would recommend a little more *sostenuto* in the oboes; frittering and chipping notes is not always the character of this instrument; its tones should blend and amalgamate smoothly with the rest. Madame Stockhausen enchanted the whole audience by her exquisite singing of Mozart's lovely aria, 'Non mi dir.' To this succeeded a Fantasia Concertante (MS.) by Chevalier Neukomm, played by Messrs. Nicholson, G. Cooke, Willman, Mackintosh, Platt, Harper, and Dragonetti. It was so effective as to produce an unanimous encore: the oboe and trumpet had the most conspicuous solos, and were each applauded. There are but two movements in this Fantasia,—both short, showy, and expressly written to exhibit the talent of each performer. Without any extraordinary merit as a composition, it is the most successful wind-instrument piece we have heard at the Philharmonic Concerts, and, doubtless will become a stock-piece for the season. A trio, from Beethoven's 'Fi-

delio,' quite à la Mozart, and Winter's Overture to 'Tamerlane,' terminated the best Concert of classical music of the present season.

## THEATRICALS

## COVENT GARDEN.

Miss Fanny Kemble's tragedy, called 'Francis the First,' was at length produced on Thursday evening. There has been so much written, said, and printed upon this subject for many weeks past, that we expected the excitement on the minds of the theatrical public would have been greater than it was—still the house was well and fashionably attended. As last week, press of matter drives our theatricals into a corner, and we cannot devote anything like the space to an account of this play, which the play itself, the circumstances under which it is brought out, and the estimation in which its clever young authoress is held, might seem to demand. We regret this the less, as we have been given to understand, that 'Francis the First' will be reviewed as a poem in another part of this day's *Athenæum*. We shall therefore confine ourselves to its claims as an acting drama. These have been operated upon, evidently to its injury, by material alterations from the piece as originally written and lately printed, which bear the marks of needless haste. We do not say that alterations were not wanted, indeed, the perusal of a published copy on Thursday morning, convinced us that they were—but the entire omission of the fifth act, without such changes being made in the other four, as were thereby rendered necessary, could not but be detrimental. The four acts, thus put into five, were not concluded until nearly half-past ten; and this, of itself, shows that curtailment was indispensable—but a work of art is not to be shortened, like a log of wood, by sawing off one end; and the consequence of such rough usage in the present instance is, that several stitches have been dropped, and that the sampler is thus rendered an unfair specimen of Miss Kemble's work. Under these circumstances we shall, upon consideration, be even more brief than we at first intended—and say, that, although judicious pruning is still required to rescue the play from tediousness in the representation, it has yet some good situations and some powerful scenes. We would particularly instance that between *De Bourbon* and the Queen Mother, in which the latter avows her passion for him, and is repulsed. Mr. Kemble's acting in this was admirable. The scene outside the Lists, which closes the first act, was excellently managed. We are not inclined to seek for objections, or to say anything which might contribute to discourage further exertions, where the first production has evinced so much cleverness. Indeed, we have little objection to make, except of a general want of interest, produced, as we view it, mainly by the unalloyed wickedness of nearly all the principal characters. We have little or no anxiety as to what becomes of anybody, except *Françoise de Foix*, but we must in justice say, that Miss Ellen Tree's acting was such as to make the utmost of that anxiety. The play was well acted throughout; and applause, without dissent, was the order of the night. Miss Kemble was called for after the play, and led on by her father to receive the renewed congratulations of the audience. We think this a foolish custom, and are sorry to see it gaining ground. If those who follow it, are sincere, we should suggest to them that a better and a prettier compliment to Miss Kemble's talents, would be, to go again and see her another night, than to insist upon seeing her twice on the same.

## OLYMPIC THEATRE.

A new burletta, in two acts, entitled 'The Young Hopefuls,' was on Thursday night added to the stock entertainments of this theatre. There were three reasons for our anticipating the success which attended it—the first was its being produced, where success has become almost proverbial; the second, its being written by the author of 'Paul Pry'; and the third, Madame Vestris's having to play a page, brought to book by Mr. Liston. Personally speaking, we subscribe to the doctrine, that there is "nothing new under the sun," and care so little about what or where a piece is taken from, provided it be pleasant when it comes, that we should no more think of crying out against a smart and clever translation, and insisting, for the honour of England, on a real dull original, than we should, when dining at our coffee-house or club, of sending away good champagne, and calling for a bottle of our national gooseberry. For the curious in these matters, however, we may state, that a three act vaudeville, called 'Le Hussard de Felsheim,' and founded on the popular romance of 'Le Baron de Felsheim,' has furnished Mr. Poole with his incidents; but the Governor of the Pages, a mere part of the French piece, has been promoted to a character in the English one. A version of the story was dramatized some years ago by Mr. Arnold, and became popular under the title of 'Frederick the Great, or the Heart of a Soldier.' Mr. Morton has also made use of some of the incidents in his 'Henri Quatre.' Mr. Poole has treated the story his own way, and the public know his works too well, not to be fully aware that his way seldom fails to prove a good one. If we had space to detail his plot, we should be able to show that the present is not an exception to his rule. Mr. Liston and Madame Vestris were both excellent; nobody can look more exquisitely destitute of ideas than the former, or more full of mischievous ones than the latter. Miss Pincott's acting was as smart as her uniform; and *Old Fritz* was capital impersonated by Mr. James Vining. The remembrance of Fawcett in *Brandt*, and of Emery in the corresponding part, (*Moustache*, if we mistake not,) in Mr. Morton's opera, was rather injurious to Mr. W. Vining's *Bluffenblunt*; it was, nevertheless, a very zealous and creditable performance. Miss Crawford looked pretty as *Agatha*, and Mr. T. Raymond made her a respectable Papa. The curtain fell amidst, or rather in front of, general and unmingled applause.

## MISCELLANEA

*Muzio Clementi*.—This distinguished pianoforte performer and musical composer died on Saturday last, at his Cottage, in the Vale of Eversham, Worcestershire. It is, we believe, in contemplation to have him buried in Westminster Abbey, with musical honours.—We shall give a sketch of the life of this founder of the present school of Pianoforte Playing, next week.

*Colonel Batty's Drawings*.—The drawings made by Lieut.-Col. Batty, for his work on the Scenery of Germany, are to be sold by auction on Monday, at Phillips's Rooms. The fidelity of Col. Batty's pencil is well known, and these drawings include some of the most splendid Gothic and other architectural subjects of Vienna, Ratisbon, Saltzburg, Ulm, Augsburg, &c.

*New African Expedition*.—On Saturday last, Mr. Richard Lander was honoured by an audience with His Majesty, at Windsor, on which occasion he presented the history of his late journey into the interior of Africa, about to be published by Mr. Murray. His Majesty expressed considerable interest in his

travels, and entered into various details with him, respecting the natives and the country through which he had passed. Mr. Lander, we understand, is preparing for his departure on a second expedition to the Niger, in which he will be accompanied by another of his brothers. He will be employed by government to make his way up the river to Timbuctoo, in order to explore the only part of the Niger of which we know nothing—namely, between that place and Gavori. A company of merchants at Liverpool have also requested his services to convey a steam-boat up the river as far as Rabba, which will be freighted with trading goods, under the charge of a supercargo. On their arrival at Rabba, the steam-boat will be left there in the charge of this gentleman, who will employ himself in trading with the natives, during which time Lander will proceed to Timbuctoo, and, having reached that place and made observations for its geographical position, will rejoin the steam-boat and return down the river to England. It is expected, that he will leave England in the commencement of June, and will arrive in the river when it is swelled by the rains. He expects to return by the autumn. In his way up the Niger, he will proceed a short distance up the Shary, to ascertain the exact position of the city of Funda.—In our Geographical report will be found a letter from Mr. Coulthurst, the first written since his departure from England. We regret much to find Mr. Coulthurst has determined on proceeding up the Gambia, to take Park's route to the Niger.

*Champollion the Younger*.—This eminent Egyptian scholar, whose obsequies were celebrated at Paris, by the attendance of the most eminent men of science in that capital, on the 7th instant, was born at Figeac, a small town in the "departement du Lot," in December 1790. A singular occurrence, which preceded his birth, would seem to have portended the celebrity which he was destined to confer on the obscurity of his patronymic. Madame Champollion had already presented her husband with a son and two daughters, when she was attacked by a severe illness; her medical attendants having given her over, recourse was had by her husband, as is frequently the case in the walks of provincial life, to an itinerant quack; the latter did not hesitate to promise a certain cure, and in a short space of time, Madame, as if by miracle, found herself "charming well again." On taking leave of his patient, the quack bade her be of good cheer and take courage; "for," said he, "before the year is out, you will be the mother of a boy, who will do honour to the family."—As he had predicted, Jean François Champollion le Jeune, was born within the twelvemonth after. Madame never forgot what the quack prophesied; but took every occasion to remind her boy of it during his childhood; and it is notorious, that he had himself a fond belief in the brilliant future which awaited him. The effect of such an impression on a mind naturally of a high order, can scarcely fail to have acted as a potent stimulant to exertion. Champollion never mentioned this occurrence but in the hearing of some very few friends; and in proportion as the prediction drew towards its accomplishment, he became more chary of advertising to it. †

*Audubon, the Ornithologist*.—We mentioned lately, that a friend in England had received a letter from Audubon, but the following is an extract from one, dated the 2nd of January:—

"I have discovered a most extraordinary fact in the habits of the rattle-snake which abounds in this country—it is no less than that these rep-

† We should mention, that this incident is related on the authority of M. Le Normant, the French writer, who had it from the lips of the lamented scholar himself.

diles swim across the salt rivers, which divide in a continued line the main from the sea islands—swimming, in some instances, fully one mile. I have, indeed, heard the dubious assertion, that they coiled themselves on the water, on being approached by a man, as they do on the land, without sinking. This I prefer to see, before I can believe. When we leave this, I proceed to Indian River, the whole of which, with its tributaries, I must explore. I intend to be employed thus about two months. I design, if possible, to go in the U. S. schooner, now at St. Augustine, up to the head waters of the St. John River, and afterwards to Cape Florida and Key West. If I should be disappointed in this, I shall probably be forced to return to Charleston, and charter a small vessel for that purpose.”—*New York Paper*.

**Population of Holland.**—From the official returns lately made up, it would seem, in every chief town throughout the kingdom, that the number of deaths has exceeded the births. In spite of this fact, there is made to appear an actual increase of 24,010 souls in the gross population; for, at the close of 1830, the number of inhabitants was 2,420,540; whilst at the close of 1831, it was 2,444,550.

**The Living Library defunct.**—The lately deceased Belgian nobleman, Baron Beyts, lived to the age of nearly seventy. He had explored Italy and Germany in every direction, and was so richly endowed a scholar, that Napoleon used to call him, “The living Library.” His favourite study was the mathematics and ancient languages; and in this he was aided by so retentive a memory, that, down to his latest years, he could repeat whole dramas of Sophocles and Euripides, word for word. He was master of four ancient, and six modern languages; and his powers of memory were so perfect, that he could recall off-hand the dates of every treaty of peace, and the places where they were concluded, from the year 1550 to the present time. With all this, he was universally esteemed for the modesty of his deportment, and is sincerely lamented as a zealous patron of youthful proficiency in scholarship. He has left a number of MSS. behind him, but it is to be regretted, that they are all in an unfinished state. Baron Beyts was the individual, who rushed to the tribune, when Buonaparte broke into the Council of Five Hundred with his military satellites, and called upon the assembly to proclaim him an outlaw.

**Mr. Bone's Enamels.**—We are informed that the modesty of the artist has induced him to name a much lower price than we had imagined, for this splendid collection, and that 7900*l.* is all that is now asked.

**Tarbert Pier.**—We hear from Tarbert, on the river Shannon, that the erection of a pier-head has been determined on, and will be commenced early in the ensuing spring, at that island, for the accommodation and safety of vessels; and that a bridge is also to be built across from Tarbert demesne to the island, so that carriages will at all times be able to pass and re-pass to the pier. Engineers have been employed by Government to make a plan of the work, and a survey has been made by them of the ground where it is to be carried into execution. The estimate amounts to 6000*l.* The work will be one of immense utility to the public, Tarbert being the port of admission into Kerry from the interior of the kingdom, by the inland navigation from Dublin. It is, moreover, a well-known and much frequented place of resort for ships in distress, after a long transatlantic voyage.—*Nautical Magazine*.

**The Bell Rock Light House.**—On the 9th ult., about 10 p.m., a large herring-gull struck one of the south-eastern mullions of the Bell Rock Light House with such force, that two of the

polished plates of glass, measuring about two feet square, and a quarter of an inch in thickness, were shivered to pieces and scattered over the floor in a thousand atoms, to the great alarm of the keeper on watch, and the other two inmates of the house, who rushed instantly to the light-room. It fortunately happened, that although one of the red-shaded sides of the reflector-frame was passing in its revolution at the moment, the pieces of broken glass were so minute, that no injury was done to the red glass. The gull was found to measure five feet between the tips of the wings. In his gullet was found a large herring, and in its throat a piece of plate-glass, of about one inch in length.—*Ibid*.

**Volcanic Island.**—This island has already sunk some feet beneath the surface of the sea, and is become a dangerous shoal.—“Lieut. A. Kennedy, commanding His Majesty's steam-vessel *Messenger*, gives the following particulars of the shoal:—“The French brig of war *L'Orient* passed near the new Volcanic Island, on the 28th of January, but would not have been aware of the danger, had it not been calm, and by observing a ripple over it; in consequence of which Captain Marin was obliged to lower his boats, to tow his vessel clear. He afterwards went to it in his boat, and found that the island had totally disappeared, leaving a shoal with from 2½ to 3 feet water over it.—On the 4th and 5th of February, Lieut. Kennedy passed it in the *Messenger* steam-vessel, and found a sensible change in the smoothness of the water, when under its lee for a short time. A heavy cross sea was running, and the wind was strong.”—*Ibid*.

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

| Days of W. & Mon. | Thermom. Max. Min. | Barometer. Noon. | Winds.       | Weather. |
|-------------------|--------------------|------------------|--------------|----------|
| Th. 8             | 40 25              | 29.30            | N.W.         | Cloudy.  |
| Fr. 9             | 41 24              | 29.00            | N.E.         | Clear.   |
| Sat. 10           | 44 27              | 30.10            | N.E.         | Foggy.   |
| Sun. 11           | 39 27              | 30.20            | Var.         | Ditto.   |
| Mon. 12           | 47 33              | 30.05            | S.           | Cloudy.  |
| Tues. 13          | 50 33              | 29.70            | S.E. to S.W. | Ditto.   |
| Wed. 14           | 54 37              | 29.35            | S.W. to S.   | Rain.    |

**Prevailing Clouds.**—Cymoid, Cirrostratus, Cumulostratus, Cirrocumulus, Nimbus.

Nights and Mornings for the greater part fair.

Mean temperature of the week, 34°.

Day increase on Wednesday, 4 hours.

#### NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

**Forthcoming.**—The Rev. Charles Eyre has nearly ready for publication, An Illustration of St. Paul's Epistles, with an entirely new translation.

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Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 230.

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## REVIEWS

*Fragments of Voyages and Travels.* By Capt. Basil Hall, R.N. 2nd Series. 3 vols. Edinburgh, 1832. Cadell.

A year ago we gave our hearty commendation to the first series of this work; and now, the second calls upon us for a repetition of the same favourable opinion. The present, like its predecessor, is said to be addressed to "young people"; but this is all fudge. There is not a sailor in the navy too old to be both improved and amused by its admirable pages. There is not another bit of fudge, however, in the whole book; which is as true as nature itself, and pervaded by a healthy philosophy, worth all that ever was taught in the schools.

The work is by no means of the miscellaneous character, which its title would seem to indicate. It first treats of the shore, of "taking a line in the service," and of every sort of matter prefatory to the professional voyage of life. Then comes the sea itself; not one of the stormy mill-ponds of the novelists—but the rough, salt, sparkling ocean, that rolls between continent and continent, and is peopled with dolphins, sharks, and sailors. Then the ship, with its manners Smollettized to the life—only omitting a little of the coarseness—and its duties, hardships, amusements, religion, pigs, monkeys, and midshipmen. Then, finally, an actual landing in India, and an account of Bombay, famines, plagues, natches, alligators, and the Cave of Elephanta.

But there is not only method in the whole, but in each individual part; and we have no hesitation in saying, that, in particular, the account of life at sea, is at once the most complete and the most interesting in the language. Our extracts, however, must be chosen with reference to many things which the gentle reader never dreams of; and indeed we can tell him (in a parenthesis) that this art of extracting (which he, good soul, imagines to consist in the manipulation of dipping the folder for a kind of *Sortes Hallanæ*;) is one of the most difficult imaginable, and only to be performed worthily by a master in our art! We shall begin with a calm, to avoid terrifying the ladies.

"Meanwhile, our convoy of huge China ships, rolling very slowly on the top of the long, smooth, and scarcely perceptible ridges, or sinking as gently between their summits, were scattered in all directions, with their heads in different ways, some looking homeward again, and some, as if by instinct, keeping still for the south. How it happens I do not know, but on occasions of perfect calm, or such as appear to be perfectly calm, the ships of a fleet generally drift away from one another; so that, at the end of a few hours, the whole circle bounded by the horizon is speckled over with these unmanageable hulks, as they may for the time be

considered. It will occasionally happen, indeed, that two ships draw so near in a calm as to incur some risk of falling on board one another. I need scarcely mention, that, even in the smoothest water ever found in the open sea, two large ships coming into actual contact must prove a formidable encounter. As long as they are apart, their gentle and rather graceful movements are fit subjects of admiration; and I have often seen people gazing, for an hour at a time, at the ships of a becalmed fleet, slowly twisting round, changing their position, and rolling from side to side, as silently as if they had been in harbour, or accompanied only by the faint, rippling sound tripping along the water line, as the copper below the bends alternately sunk into the sea, or rose out of it, dripping wet, and shining as bright and clean as a new coin, from the constant friction of the ocean during the previous rapid passage across the Trade-winds.

"But all this picturesque admiration changes to alarm when ships come so close as to risk a contact; for these motions, which appear so slow and gentle to the eye, are irresistible in their force; and as the chances are against the two vessels moving exactly in the same direction at the same moment, they must speedily grind or tear one another to pieces. Supposing them to come in contact side by side, the first roll would probably tear away the fore and main channels of both ships; the next roll, by interlacing the lower yards, and entangling the spars of one ship with the shrouds and backstays of the other, would in all likelihood bring down all three masts of both ships, not piecemeal, as the poet hath it, but in one furious crash. Beneath the ruins of the spars, the coils of rigging, and the enormous folds of canvas, might lie crushed many of the best hands, who, from being always the foremost to spring forward in such seasons of danger, are surest to be sacrificed. After this first catastrophe, the ships would probably drift away from one another for a little while, only to tumble together again and again, till they had ground one another to the water's edge, and one or both of them would fill and go down. In such encounters it is impossible to stop the mischief, and oak and iron break and crumble in pieces, like sealing-wax and piecrust." i. 224—7.

We shall now quote what may come under the head of "aquatic sports," as it relates to the amusements of a dolphin in chace of flying fish.

"Shortly after observing the cluster of flying fish rise out of the water, we discovered two or three dolphins ranging past the ship, in all their beauty, and watched with some anxiety to see one of those aquatic chases of which our friends the Indianmen had been telling us such wonderful stories. We had not long to wait, for the ship, in her progress through the water, soon put up another shoal of these little things, which, as the others had done, took their flight directly to windward. A large dolphin, which had been keeping company with us abreast of the weather gangway at the depth of two or three fathoms, and, as usual, glistening most beautifully in the sun, no sooner detected our

poor dear little friends take wing, than he turned his head towards them, and, darting to the surface, leaped from the water with a velocity little short, as it seemed, of a cannon ball. But although the impetus with which he shot himself into the air gave him an initial velocity greatly exceeding that of the flying fish, the start which his fated prey had got enabled them to keep ahead of him for a considerable time.

"The length of the dolphin's first spring could not be less than ten yards; and after he fell we could see him gliding like lightning through the water for a moment, when he again rose and shot forwards with considerably greater velocity than at first, and, of course, to a still greater distance. In this manner the merciless pursuer seemed to stride along the sea with fearful rapidity, while his brilliant coat sparkled and flashed in the sun quite splendidly. As he fell headlong on the water at the end of each huge leap, a series of circles were sent far over the still surface, which lay as smooth as a mirror; for the breeze, although enough to set the royals and top-gallant studding sails asleep, was hardly as yet felt below.

"The group of wretched flying fish, thus hotly pursued, at length dropped into the sea; but we were rejoiced to observe that they merely touched the top of the swell, and scarcely sunk in it, at least they instantly set off again in a fresh and even more vigorous flight. \* \* \*

"The greedy dolphin, however, was fully as quick-sighted as the flying fish which were trying to elude him; for whenever they varied their flight in the smallest degree, he lost not the tenth part of a second in shaping a new course, so as to cut off the chase, while they, in a manner really not unlike that of the hare, doubled more than once upon their pursuer. But it was soon too plainly to be seen that the strength and confidence of the flying fish were fast ebbing. Their flights became shorter and shorter, and their course more fluttering and uncertain, while the enormous leaps of the dolphin appeared to grow only more vigorous at each bound. Eventually, indeed, we could see, or fancied we could see, that this skilful sportsman arranged all his springs with such an assurance of success, that he contrived to fall, at the end of each, just under the very spot on which the exhausted flying fish were about to drop! Sometimes this catastrophe took place at too great a distance for us to see from the deck exactly what happened; but on our mounting high into the rigging, we may be said to have been in at the death; for then we could discover that the unfortunate little creatures, one after another, either popped right into the dolphin's jaws as they lighted on the water, or were snapped up instantly afterwards." i. 243-6.

We shall now exhibit a shark attacked by sailors:—

"A shark, like a midshipman, is generally very hungry; but in the rare cases when he is not in good appetite, he sails slowly up to the bait, smells to it, and gives it a poke with his shovel-nose, turning it over and over. He then edges off to the right or left, as if he apprehended mischief, but soon returns again, to enjoy the delicious haut goût, as the sailors term the fla-

vour of the damaged pork, of which a piece is always selected, if it can be found.

"While this coquetry, or shyness, is exhibited by John Shark, the whole afterpart of the ship is so clustered with heads, that not an inch of spare room is to be had for love nor money. The rigging, the mizen-top, and even the gaff, out to the very peak; the hammock-nettings and the quarters, almost down to the counter, are stuck over with breathless spectators, speaking in whispers, if they venture to speak at all, or can find leisure for any thing but fixing their gaze on the monster, who as yet is free to roam the ocean, but who, they trust, will soon be in their power. \* \* \* The first symptom of an enemy's flag coming down in the fight was never hailed with greater joy than is felt by a ship's crew on the shark turning round to seize the bait. The preparatory symptoms of this intention are so well known to every one on board, that, the instant they begin to appear, a greedy whisper of delight passes from mouth to mouth amongst the assembled multitude; every eye is lighted up, and such as have not bronzed their cheeks by too long exposure to sun and wind to betray any change of colour, may be seen to alter their hue from pale to red, and back to pale again, like the tints on the sides of the dying dolphin. \* \* \* Even if he does not turn completely round, he is forced to slue himself, as it is called, so far as to show some portion of his white belly. The instant the white skin flashes on the sight of the expectant crew, a subdued cry, or murmur of satisfaction, is heard amongst the crowd: but no one speaks, for fear of alarming the shark.

"Sometimes, at the very instant the bait is cast over the stern, the shark flies at it with such eagerness, that he actually springs partially out of the water. This, however, is rare. On these occasions he gorges the bait, the hook, and a foot or two of the chain, without any mastication or delay, and darts off with his treacherous prize with such prodigious velocity and force, that it makes the rope crack again as soon as the whole coil is drawn out. \* \* \*

"The suddenness of the jerk with which the poor devil is brought up, when he has reached the length of his tether, often turns him quite over on the surface of the water. Then commence the loud cheers, taunts, and other sounds of rage and triumph, so long suppressed. A steady pull is insufficient to carry away the line, but it sometimes happens that the violent struggles of the shark, when too speedily drawn up, snaps either the rope or the hook, and so he gets off, to digest the remainder as he best can. It is, accordingly, held the best practice to play him a little, with his mouth at the surface, till he becomes somewhat exhausted. During this operation, one could almost fancy the enraged animal is conscious of the abuse which is flung down upon him; for, as he turns and twists and flings himself about, his eye glares upwards with a ferocity of purpose which makes the blood tingle in a swimmer's veins, as he thinks of the hour when it may be his turn to writhe under the tender mercies of his sworn foe!" i. 268—274.

It will, after this, be only proper retribution to fling Jack overboard himself into the dominions of his foe; but we shall choose for the purpose, one of those tiny specimens of the profession called ship-boys.

"Half-a-dozen of the ship's boys, youngsters sent on board by that admirable and most patriotic of naval institutions the Marine Society, were floundering about in the sail, and sometimes even venturing beyond the leech rope. One of the least of these urchins, but not the least courageous of their number, when taunted by his more skilful companions with being afraid, struck out boldly beyond the prescribed bounds. He had not gone much further than

his own length, however, along the surface of the fathomless sea, when his heart failed him, poor little man! and along with his confidence away also went his power of keeping his head above water. So down he sank rapidly, to the speechless horror of the other boys, who, of course, could lend the drowning child no help.

"The captain of the fore-castle, a tall, fine-looking, hard-a-weather fellow, was standing on the shank of the sheet anchor with his arms across, and his well-varnished canvas hat drawn so much over his eyes that it was difficult to tell whether he was awake, or merely dozing in the sun, as he leaned his back against the fore-topmast backstay. The seaman, however, had been attentively watching the young party all the time, and rather fearing that mischief might ensue from their rashness, he had grunted out a warning to them from time to time, to which they paid no sort of attention. At last he desisted, saying they might drown themselves if they had a mind, for never a bit would he help them; but no sooner did the sinking figure of the adventurous little boy catch his eye, than, diver-fashion, he joined the palms of his hands over his head, inverted his position in one instant, and urging himself into swifter motion by a smart push with his feet against the anchor, shot head foremost in the water. The poor lad sank so rapidly that he was at least a couple of fathoms under the surface before he was arrested by the grip of the sailor, who soon rose again, bearing the bewildered boy in his hand, and, calling to the other youngsters to take better care of their companion, chucked him right into the belly of the sail in the midst of the party. The fore-sheet was hanging in the calm, nearly into the water, and by it the dripping seaman scrambled up again to his old birth on the anchor, shook himself like a great Newfoundland dog, and then, jumping on the deck, proceeded across the fore-castle to shift himself."

Another overboard story, but of a different kind:—

"In a frigate, commanded by a well-known Tartar, as the martinets of the service are generally denominated, one of the crew, I forget from what cause, took it in his head to jump overboard, for the purpose of drowning himself. When he began to sink, he discovered that a salt-water death was not quite so agreeable as he had reckoned upon; so he sung out lustily for a rope. The ship being brought to the wind, the man was picked up, with some difficulty. The matter was investigated instantly; and as soon as it appeared that he had gone overboard intentionally, the hands were turned up, the gangway rigged, and the offender seized up. 'Now,' said the captain, 'I shall punish you under the sixteenth article of war, which is as follows:— "Every person in or belonging to the fleet, who shall desert, shall suffer death, or such other punishment as the circumstances of the case shall deserve." And then, turning to the boatswain, he said, 'You will punish this man for desertion, or, which is exactly the same thing, for going out of the ship without leave.'

"'Now, sir,' resumed the captain to the trembling culprit, 'if you have any longer a desire to go overboard, you have only to ask the first lieutenant's leave. He has my instructions to grant you permission; while I shall take very good care that you are not again picked up.'"

The second volume is more interesting than the first, to read throughout, but it is less extractable—the pictures filling a larger canvas, and being more closely grouped. We must endeavour, however, to pick out a few traits in the life and conversations of a monkey—taking the opportunity of complimenting Captain Hall on his partiality for

that class of beings, in which we ourselves cordially join him.

"It was in warm weather, and the men, as usual, were dining on the main deck; the grog had been served out, and the happy Johnnies were just beginning to sip their darling beverage, when Mr. Mischief, incessantly occupied in his vocation of doing wrong, and utterly incapable of resisting any good opening to get himself into a scrape, saw the grog-kid of the captain of the top's mess standing by the fore-hatchway. So he paced round, as if seeking for a bit of bread, but all the while keeping his face turned just so far from the fated grog-vessel, that no one suspected his design. On reaching the spot his heart began to fail him, but not his wickedness; indeed, his was the very beau ideal of that character described in the satire of Junius, which, 'without courage enough to resist doing a bad action, has yet virtue enough to be ashamed of it.' Whether or not these mixed motives influenced old Jacko, I cannot pretend to say; but there he sat, chattering, screaming, and trembling, as if the sergeant's cane had been within an inch of his hide.

"'What ails you, my dear Mr. Saint James?' said the captain of the top, playfully addressing the monkey. 'What are you afraid of? Nobody is going to hurt you; we are all sailors and friends here, man. Not a royal marine is within hail of you!'

"At this stage of the colloquy the sly rogue having mustered all his energies, fairly grasped the grog-kid in his arms, and, making a clean spring from the deck, placed himself, at the first bound, beyond the reach of the horror-stricken seaman. This exploit was not so adroitly performed as it might have been if Jacko had been less agitated, and one half of the delicious nectar in the sailor's cup was jerked out.

"'You bloody thundering rascal of a monkey,' bellowed the astounded topman: 'let go the kid, or I'll slay this knife at your head!'

"The threat was no sooner uttered than executed, for the sailor, without waiting to see the effect of his summons, threw the knife; and had not his saintship ducked his head, there would have been an end of monkey tricks for that cruise. As the glittering steel passed before the wicked scamp's eyes, the flash deprived him of all recollection of the mischief in hand; with a loud yell, he leaped on the booms, and in his terror let the prize slip from his grasp. It fell on the coaming of the hatchway, hung for one instant, and then dashed right down into the fore cockpit, to the infinite astonishment of the boatswain's yeoman, a thirsty soul, and familiar with drink in all its shapes, but who declared he never before had tried grog in a shower-bath.

"Up started the enraged party of seamen on their feet. 'All hands catch monkey!' was the cry; and in ten seconds the whole crew, including the cook with his ladle, and his mate with the tormentors in his hand, were seen scrambling on deck. Jacko scampered like lightning up the mainstay, and reached the top before any of the men, who had mounted the rigging, were half a dozen ratlines above the hammocks. The officers rushed to the quarter-deck, naturally fancying from the bustling sounds that a man was overboard." ii. 125—8.

The third volume, from the slight glance we have had time to give it, appears to be the best of all; and if we can find room, therefore, it is very possible that we may return to the work.

*Domestic Manners of the Americans.* By Mrs. Trollope. 2 vols. 8vo. Whittaker, Treacher & Co.

Mrs. Trollope has a quick eye and a clever hand; she excels in sprightly gossip, sarcastic remarks, and in delineations of domestic life, and must stand at the head of all those who have described the manners and recorded the doings of the great western community of republicans. Here, however, our praise must stop: she sees right, but she reasons wrong; she is full of prejudice. She drew with some skill the outline of the American character, but, like an engraver, she bit it in with aquafortis. She is an Englishwoman, and insists on weighing everything American in an English balance: she sailed to the great western continent, to use an American phrase, because she was one of those fastidious people, who would find little perfect or pleasing at home; your transatlantic republican, she imagined, was, if not an Apollo in shape, at least a god in sentiment, and away she went to worship and establish her household deities. She supposed herself a whig; whiggery she reckoned superior to toryism, and republicanism superior to whiggery,—and, reasoning on this ascending scale of excellence, she looked for nothing short of perfection, in a land which had no debt, paid no taxes, where nothing but talent had a title, and where all men did what was right in their own eyes, and all ladies honoured human freedom so much, that servitude was next to unknown. She believed that the members of Congress were a better sort of Catos; that common tavern-keepers were as polished and polite as English masters of the ceremonies, and that the divine blessing of liberty had inspired the rudest part of the population with such a sense of courtesy and gentleness, as would cast the rude bores of Britain into the shade. Nothing happened as she expected. As the people looked not at all like her fancy picture, she concluded that American society was wholly wrong; that republicanism was a national nuisance; and that freedom, since it served to sweeten labour and soothe servitude, was a great evil. In short, she liked nothing that she saw in America, save the country itself: the land, with her, is a second Eden; but the people, whom Providence permits to keep and dress it, are, in her opinion, rude, contumacious, and unjust, and fear neither God nor man.

For many of Mrs. Trollope's sorrows, we can have but little sympathy. The want of the arts and the graces, which embellish life, are set down as the source of all her woe: the afflictions which prey sorest upon her, are six in number—viz. servant girls persist in calling themselves helps; 2, Men smoke and spit; 3, Colonels keep stores, and majors gin-shops; 4, Men, when they sit, put their feet on the backs of the chairs; 5, Gentlemen and ladies eat with knives; 6, The whole United Provinces agreed in calling the authoress "The old woman." Now, had Mrs. Trollope chosen, she might have found much of the same sort of thing in her native land: here, labouring men persist in calling their masters their employers; here, many men of rank and education both smoke and spit; here, members of parliament are tailors and brewers, and editors of periodicals; here, in our own memory, men and women both ate

with knives, for, as then, silver forks were little known; and here, not only ladies in years are called old, but we have heard, without either sense or propriety, ministers of state and reverend bishops called old women.

Mrs. Trollope is more than unreasonable in her expectations: she expects to find in a cheap and working republic all the courtly airs and put-on graces of a country of kings and earls—she looks for the assumed obsequiousness and bowing submission which are forced upon the people of this land by a sense of dependence, and the feeling that it is necessary, amid the rivalry of dealers, to secure customers. She was ignorant of the way in which the freedom which she worshipped wrought, when she looked for such results. The equality, of which her *helps* compelled the recognition, is sufficient evidence that the peasantry of America are higher in the social scale than the same class in England. Her horror at discovering discourteous Colonels and Majors who kept public-houses is truly laughable. She had not the sagacity to see how much this told in favour of her uncivil republicans: with them, as in the army of Napoleon, talent and courage are the passports to commissions: with us, rank in the army is the prerogative of the rich or the titled—those of gentle blood alone have brains to lead—the lowly-born have only courage to follow. These remarks have been forced from us by the perusal of this clever but most inconsiderate book, and they are necessary to qualify and abate the rigour of the following delineations which our ungentle traveller makes:—

#### *American Officers.*

"The gentlemen in the cabin (we had no ladies) would certainly, neither from their language, manners, nor appearance, have received that designation in Europe; but we soon found their claim to it rested on more substantial ground, for we heard them nearly all addressed by the titles of general, colonel, and major. On mentioning these military dignities to an English friend some time afterwards, he told me that he too had made the voyage with the same description of company, but remarking that there was not a single captain among them; he made the observation to a fellow-passenger, and asked how he accounted for it. 'Oh, sir, the captains are all on deck,' was the reply.

"Our honours, however, were not all military, for we had a judge amongst us. I know it is equally easy and invidious to ridicule the peculiarities of appearance and manner in people of a different nation from ourselves; we may, too, at the same moment, be undergoing the same ordeal in their estimation; and, moreover, I am by no means disposed to consider whatever is new to me as therefore objectionable; but, nevertheless, it was impossible not to feel repugnance to many of the novelties that now surrounded me.

"The total want of all the usual courtesies of the table, the voracious rapidity with which the viands were seized and devoured, the strange uncouth phrases and pronunciation; the loathsome spitting, from the contamination of which it was absolutely impossible to protect our dresses; the frightful manner of feeding with their knives, till the whole blade seemed to enter into the mouth; and the still more frightful manner of cleaning the teeth afterwards with a pocket knife, soon forced us to feel that we were not surrounded by the generals, colonels, and majors of the old world; and that the dinner hour was to be anything rather than an hour of enjoyment." i. 23-4.

#### *Liberty and Equality.*

"The steam-boat had wearied me of social meals, and I should have been thankful to have eaten our dinner of hard venison and peach-sauce in a private room; but this, Miss Wright said was impossible; the lady of the house would consider the proposal as a personal affront, and, moreover, it would be assuredly refused. This latter argument carried weight with it, and when the great bell was sounded from an upper window of the house, we proceeded to the dining-room. The table was laid for fifty persons, and was already nearly full. Our party had the honour of sitting near 'the lady,' but to check the proud feelings to which such distinction might give birth, my servant, William, sat very nearly opposite to me. The company consisted of all the shop-keepers (store-keepers as they are called throughout the United States) of the little town. The mayor also, who was a friend of Miss Wright's, was of the party; he is a pleasing gentlemanlike man, and seems strangely misplaced in a little town on the Mississippi. We were told that since the erection of this hotel, it has been the custom for all the male inhabitants of the town to dine and breakfast there. They ate in perfect silence, and with such astonishing rapidity that their dinner was over literally before ours was begun; the instant they ceased to eat, they darted from the table in the same moody silence which they had preserved since they entered the room, and a second set took their places, who performed their silent parts in the same manner. The only sounds heard were those produced by the knives and forks, with the unceasing chorus of coughing, &c. No women were present except ourselves and the hostess; the good women of Memphis being well content to let their lords partake of Mrs. Anderson's turkeys and venison, (without their having the trouble of cooking for them), whilst they regale themselves on mash and milk at home." i. 33-4.

#### *American Manners.*

"All animal wants are supplied profusely at Cincinnati, and at a very easy rate; but, alas! these go but a little way in the history of a day's enjoyment. The total and universal want of manners, both in males and females, is so remarkable, that I was constantly endeavouring to account for it. It certainly does not proceed from want of intellect. I have listened to much dull and heavy conversation in America, but rarely to any that I could strictly call silly, (if I except the everywhere privileged class of very young ladies). They appear to me to have clear heads and active intellects; are more ignorant on subjects that are only of conventional value, than on such as are of intrinsic importance; but there is no charm, no grace in their conversation. I very seldom during my whole stay in the country heard a sentence elegantly turned, and correctly pronounced from the lips of an American. There is always something either in the expression or the accent that jars the feelings and shocks the taste." p. 63-4.

#### *A Domestic Picture.*

"We visited one farm, which interested us particularly from its wild and lonely situation, and from the entire dependence of the inhabitants upon their own resources. It was a partial clearing in the very heart of the forest. The house was built on the side of a hill, so steep that a high ladder was necessary to enter the front door, while the back one opened against the hill side; at the foot of this sudden eminence ran a clear stream, whose bed had been deepened into a little reservoir, just opposite the house. A noble field of Indian-corn stretched away into the forest on one side, and a few half-cleared acres, with a shed or two upon them, occupied the other, giving accommodation to cows, horses, pigs, and chickens innumerable.



Immediately before the house was a small potatoe garden, with a few peach and apple trees. The house was built of logs, and consisted of two rooms, besides a little shanty or lean-to, that was used as a kitchen. Both rooms were comfortably furnished with good beds, drawers, &c. The farmer's wife, and a young woman who looked like her sister, were spinning, and three little children were playing about. The woman told me that they spun and wove all the cotton and woollen garments of the family, and knit all the stockings; her husband, though not a shoe-maker by trade, made all the shoes. She manufactured all the soap and candles they used, and prepared her sugar from the sugar-trees on their farm. All she wanted with money, she said, was to buy coffee, tea, and whiskey, and she could 'get enough any day by sending a batch of butter and chicken to market.' They used no wheat, nor sold any of their corn, which, though it appeared a very large quantity, was not more than they required to make their bread and cakes of various kinds, and to feed all their live stock during the winter. She did not look in health, and said they had all had ague in 'the fall'; but she seemed contented, and proud of her independence; though it was in somewhat a mournful accent that she said, 'Tis strange to us to see company: I expect the sun may rise and set a hundred times before I shall see another human that does not belong to the family.' i. 68—70.

The most fertile source of annoyance to our sensitive countrywoman was, the negotiations which she had to carry on in the engagements of servants: instead of hastening to a market town and selecting out some buxom damsel who carried a leaf of holly or a sprig of broom in her belt as a sign that she was to hire, Mrs. Trollope was compelled to sue, and beseech, and use dainty words, else these transatlantic helps tossed their independent heads, scoffed her offers, and sought some more courteous mistress. On this sore subject our authoress dilates with no little cleverness:—

#### American Helps.

"The greatest difficulty in organising a family establishment in Ohio, is getting servants, or, as it is there called, 'getting helps,' for it is more than petty treason to the Republic, to call a free citizen a *servant*. The whole class of young women, whose bread depends upon their labour, are taught to believe that the most abject poverty is preferable to domestic service. Hundreds of half-naked girls work in the paper-mills, or in any other manufactory, for less than half the wages they would receive in service; but they think their equality is compromised by the latter, and nothing but the wish to obtain some particular article of finery will ever induce them to submit to it. A kind friend, however, exerted herself so effectually for me, that a tall stately lass soon presented herself, saying, 'I be come to help you.' The intelligence was very agreeable, and I welcomed her in the most gracious manner possible, and asked what I should give her by the year.

"'Oh Gimini!' exclaimed the damsel, with a loud laugh, 'you be a downright Englisher, sure enough. I should like to see a young lady engage by the year in America! I hope I shall get a husband before many months, or I expect I shall be an outright old maid, for I be most seventeen already; besides, mayhap I may want to go to school. You must just give me a dollar and a half a week, and mother's slave, Phillis, must come over once a week, I expect, from t'other side the water, to help me clean.' \* \* \*

"When she found she was to dine in the kitchen, she turned up her pretty lip, and said, 'I guess that's 'cause you don't think I'm good

enough to eat with you. You'll find that won't do here.' I found afterwards that she rarely ate any dinner at all, and generally passed the time in tears. I did everything in my power to conciliate and make her happy, but I am sure she hated me. I gave her very high wages, and she stayed till she had obtained several expensive articles of dress, and then, *un beau matin*, she came to me full dressed, and said, 'I must go.' 'When shall you return, Charlotte?' 'I expect you'll see no more of me.' And so we parted. Her sister was also living with me, but her wardrobe was not yet completed, and she remained some weeks longer, till it was." i. 73—77.

#### Mrs. Trollope an old Woman.

"My general appellation amongst my neighbours was 'the English old woman,' but in mentioning each other they constantly employed the term 'lady'; and they evidently had a pleasure in using it, for I repeatedly observed, that in speaking of a neighbour, instead of saying Mrs. Such-a-one, they described her as 'the lady over the way what takes in washing,' or as 'that there lady, out by the Gully, what is making dip-candles.' Mr. Trollope was as constantly called 'the old man,' while draymen, butchers' boys, and the labourers on the canal were invariably denominated 'them gentlemen;' nay, we once saw one of the most gentlemanlike men in Cincinnati introduce a fellow in dirty shirt sleeves, and all sorts of detestable et cetera, to one of his friends, with this formula, 'D\*\*\*\*\* let me introduce this gentleman to you.' i. 140.

That Mrs. Trollope occasionally discovered humble worth and sensible industry among these uncivil republicans, the following fine description will sufficiently show; and with it we must, for this week, conclude our extracts:—

#### The American Husbandman.

"There was one man whose progress in wealth I watched with much interest and pleasure. When I first became his neighbour, himself, his wife, and four children, were living in one room, with plenty of beef-steaks and onions for breakfast, dinner, and supper, but with very few other comforts. He was one of the finest men I ever saw, full of natural intelligence and activity of mind and body, but he could neither read nor write. He drank but little whiskey, and but rarely chewed tobacco, and was therefore more free from that plague spot of spitting which rendered male colloquy so difficult to endure. He worked for us frequently, and often used to walk into the drawing-room and seat himself on the sofa, and tell me all his plans. He made an engagement with the proprietor of the wooded hill before mentioned, by which half the wood he could fell was to be his own. His unwearied industry made this a profitable bargain, and from the proceeds he purchased the materials for building a comfortable frame (or wooden) house; he did the work almost all entirely himself. He then got a job for cutting rails, and, as he could cut twice as many in a day as any other man in the neighbourhood, he made a good thing of it. He then let half his pretty house, which was admirably constructed, with an ample portico, that kept it always cool. His next step was contracting for the building a wooden bridge, and when I left Mohawk he had fitted up his half of the building as an hotel and grocery store; and I have no doubt that every sun that sets sees him a richer man than when it rose. He hopes to make his son a lawyer, and I have little doubt that he will live to see him sit in congress; with this time arrives, the wood-cutter's son will rank with any other member of congress, not of courtesy, but of right, and the idea that his origin is a disadvantage, will never occur to the imagination of the most exalted of his fellow-citizens." i. 170—72.

There are two points in which we concur with the authoress of this work—viz. the employment of slaves, and the extermination of the native Indians. How any men can imagine themselves in the full enjoyment of liberty, while they detain their fellow-creatures in slavery, we cannot for our souls imagine. Their negotiations, and expeditions, and plans to *extinguish*—such is their diplomatic language—the claims of the Indians, are alike cruel and unholy. Alas! principle is one thing and practice is another; these are the orators who talk eloquently of human liberty and the indefeasible rights of man. We have reserved the subject of religion for a separate article—we think Mrs. Trollope is as far wrong in matters of devotion as in discussions on democracy, and must tell her so.

#### The Easter Gift, a Religious Offering. By L. E. L. London, 1832. Fisher & Co.

SOME verses on Wilkie's painting of 'The Hymn to the Virgin' gave us good hopes of Miss Landon's success in serious poetry—but a specimen, last week published, shook our faith, and this volume has, we confess, disappointed us. However, we desire rather to gratify our readers than justify our judgment, and shall therefore make selection of, by far, the finest passage in the volume, written in illustration of Carlo Dolci's well-known picture of

#### The Magdalen.

The pining murmur of the midnight wind,  
Like mournful music is upon the air:  
So sad, so sweet, that the eyes fill with tears,  
Without a cause—ah! no, the heart is heaped  
So full with perished pleasures, vain regrets,  
That nature cannot sound one grieving note  
Upon her forest lyre, but still it finds  
Mate echo in the sorrowing human heart.  
Now the wind wails among the yellow leaves,  
About to fall, over the faded flowers,  
Over all summer's lovely memories,  
About to die: the year has yet in store  
A few dim hours, but they are dark and cold:  
Sunshine, green leaves, glad flowers, they all are gone;  
And it has only left the worn-out soil,  
The leafless bough, and the o'erclouded sky.  
And shall humanity not sympathize  
With desolation which is like its own?  
So do our early dreams fade unfulfilled;  
So does our hope turn into memory,  
The one so glad—the other such despair,  
(For who can find a comfort in the past!)  
So do our feelings harden, or decay,  
Encrusted with hard selfishness too late,  
Or bearing that deep wound, whereof we die.

Where are the buoyant spirits of our youth?  
Where are the dancing steps, that but kept time  
To our own inward gladness—where the light  
That flushed the cheek into one joyous rose;  
That lit the lips, and filled the eyes with smiles?  
Gone, gone as utterly as singing birds,  
And opening flowers, and honey-laden bees,  
And shining leaves, are from yon forest gone.  
I know this from myself—the words I speak  
Were written first with tears on mine own heart;  
And yet, albeit, it was a lovely time!  
Who would recall their youth, and be again,  
The dreaming—the believing—the betrayed?  
The feverishness of hope, the agony,  
As every disappointment taught a truth,  
For still is knowledge bought by wretchedness,—  
Who could find energy to bear again?  
Ye clear bright stars, that from the face of heaven  
Shine out in tranquil loveliness, how oft  
Have ye been witness to my passionate tears;  
Altho' beloved, and beautiful, and young;  
Yet happiness was not with my unrest.  
For I had pleasure, not content; each wish  
Seemed granted, only to be weariness.  
No hope fulfilled its promise; and no dream  
Was ever worth its waking bitterness.  
Then there was love, that crowding into one  
All vanity, all sorrow, all remorse;  
Till we loathe life, glad, beautiful, hoping life,  
And would be fain to lay our burthen down,  
Although we might but lay it in the grave,  
All natural terror lost in hope of peace.

The engravings, which the poems are written to illustrate, are all old acquaintances,

and, we believe, appeared heretofore in 'The Iris'—many of them are beautiful. A criticism ought to perplex those who denounced 'The Iris' as a very inferior production.

*Journal of an Expedition to explore the Course and Termination of the Niger; with a Narrative of a Voyage down that River to its Termination.* By Richard and John Lander. 3 vols. London, 1832. Murray.

ALL books of travels are pleasant to us; after wandering over the arid deserts of fiction—scenes in which imagination has done her best,—we hail a work of truth like a well in a wilderness, and revel on its pages like a locust on a green leaf. It is true, that many of the most enchanting regions of the earth have become familiar to European feet; that horde after horde of barbarians have been described and drawn; that island after island has furnished picturesque materials for quartos; and that even the mysterious North Pole has been all but invaded by our countrymen: yet, with all that, the unsatiable desire for something new is strong upon us, and we speed the going, and welcome the coming guest, who promises to tell us of any latitude concerning which a map-maker has a doubt. The Nile, the Poles, and the Niger, have each in their turn engaged attention and called forth enterprising travellers: we know not what will attract next, but, whatever it is, we have no doubt it will be made welcome, both by the nation, and by that constant patron of all discoverers, Mr. Murray. He is the great deliverer of all wanderers big with travel: whether their march has been over the mountain-waves, like Campbell's Britannia, or over the mountains themselves, they are made welcome to Albemarle Street; they are received with the right hand of good fellowship; their portraits are hung up among the elect; their rough memorandums are set in order, and written out in shining ink; and finally, they are enriched in purse, and become memorable men. All that we have said, is borne out by the volumes before us; and the hour is at hand, when the two Landers, the Castor and Pollux of travellers, will be presented to the world, as the only true lions of the great African desert, who can roar you like any nightingale, concerning the source of the Niger, and the palaces of Timbuctoo.

The real object of the journey of these enterprising brothers, was concealed from the princes and petty lords of Africa; and the recovery of the memorandums of Mungo Park, was constantly assigned as the cause of the expedition. They carried with them a large stock of scarlet cloth; and, what was found still more useful, abundance of knives, needles, and gilt buttons: the needles conciliated the ladies, and the buttons were either given in presents, or used as ready coin, when emergency required. Above all, they had an uncommon stock of health, patience, and good-nature; nor did they disguise themselves as Asiatics, as wise men recommended, but went openly and honestly forward as Englishmen, and assuredly they fared not the worse for it. Nor, though men of common or little education, were they unobservant either of the wild country through which they passed, or of the manners, customs, and behaviour of the wilder tribes, to whose

hospitality they had continually to trust. They have marked the leading features of everything interesting, and told their story in a clear straightforward style.

The 22nd of March 1830, finds the travellers at the town of Badágrý, on the coast of Guinea, the King of which, Adooley, a crafty and fawning barbarian, cheats them before they depart, plunders them in a courtly way as they go, and deceives them afterwards. The request which he makes at parting, amounted to more than the worth of his kingdom, yet it was necessary to comply with it; he desired,

"Four regimental coats, such as are worn by the King of England, for himself, and forty less splendid than these, for the use of his captains; two long brass guns, to run on swivels; fifty muskets, twenty barrels of gunpowder, four handsome swords, and forty cutlasses; to which are added, 'two puncheons of rum, a carpenter's chest of tools, with oils, paints, and brushes,' the chief himself boasting that he was a blacksmith, carpenter, painter, and indeed every trade but a tailor. Besides these trifles he wished to obtain a half-dozen rockets, and a rocket gun, with a soldier from Cape Coast, capable of undertaking the management of it. And lastly, he modestly ordered two puncheons of cowries to be sent him, 'for the purpose of defraying in part the expenses he had incurred in repelling the attacks of the men of Porto Novo, Attá, and Junculle, the tribes inhabiting those places having made war upon him for allowing Captain Clapperton's last mission to proceed into the interior without their consent. We asked, jocosely, whether Adooley would be satisfied with these various articles, when, having considered for a few moments, and conversed aloud to a few of his chiefs that were in the apartment at the time, he replied that he had forgotten to mention his want of a large umbrella, four casks of grape shot, and a barrel of flints, which having also inserted in the list, the letter was finally folded and sealed. It was then delivered into the hands of Adooley, who said that he should send it by Accra, one of his head men, to Cape Coast Castle, and that the man would wait there till all the articles should be procured for him. If that be the case, we imagine that Accra will have a very long time to wait." i. 39-40.

Having made their way from Badágrý, they turn their steps to Wow and Basha, and enter a romantic glen, of which they give the following clever description:—

"Between six and seven o'clock A.M., we continued our route through woods, and large open patches of ground, and at about eleven in the forenoon, arrived at the borders of a deep glen, more wild, romantic, and picturesque, than can be conceived. It is enclosed and overhung on all sides by trees of amazing height and dimensions, which hid it in deep shadow. Fancy might picture a spot, so silent and solemn as this, as the abode of genii and fairies; everything conducing to render it grand, melancholy, and venerable; and the glen only wants an old dilapidated castle, a rock with a cave in it, or something of the kind, to render it the most interesting place in the universe. There was one beautiful sight, however, which we would not omit mentioning for the world;—it was that of an incredible number of butterflies, fluttering about us like a swarm of bees; they had chosen this, no doubt, as a place of refuge against the fury of the elements. They were variegated by the most brilliant tints and colourings imaginable—the wings of some were of a shining green, edged and sprinkled with gold; others were of sky-blue and silver; others of purple and gold delightfully blending into each other; and the

wings of some were like dark silk velvet, trimmed and braided with lace." i. 61-2.

As they proceed inland, the chiefs grow more hospitable, the people more kind. The ladies, too, it must be confessed, are at some pains to increase the number of their allurements:—

"Many of the women of Bídjie have the flesh on their foreheads risen in the shape of marbles, and their cheeks similarly cut up and deformed. The lobes of their ears are likewise pierced, and the holes made surprisingly large, for the insertion of pieces of ivory and wood into them, which is a prevailing fashion with all ranks." i. 70.

On reaching Jenna they find that the King had died lately; that sundry of his wives had hid themselves rather than be buried alive with the dear defunct; that one of them, a very old lady, had been discovered, and had now to make choice between a cup of poison and a blow on the head. Her hesitation and reluctance is well described:—

"A heart that could not be touched at a scene of this nature, must be unfeeling indeed. Females have been coming all day to condole with the old lady, and to weep with her; so that we have heard and seen nothing but sobbing and crying from morning till the setting of the sun. The principal males in the town have likewise been here to pay their last respects to their mistress; and so has her grave-digger, who has just risen from prostrating himself on the ground before her. Notwithstanding the representations and remonstrances of the priest, and the prayers of the venerable victim to her gods for fortitude to undergo the dreadful ordeal, her resolution has forsaken her more than once. She has entered our yard twice to expire in the arms of her women, and twice has she laid aside the fatal poison, in order to take another walk, and gaze once more on the splendour of the sun and the glory of the heavens, for she cannot bear the idea of losing sight of them for ever. She is still restless and uneasy, and would gladly run away from Death, if she durst, for that imaginary being appears to her in a more terrible light than our pictures represent him, with his shadowy form and fatal dart. Die she must, and she knows it; nevertheless she will tenaciously cling to life till the very last moment. Meanwhile her grave is preparing, and preparations are making for a wake at her funeral. She is to be buried here in one of her own huts the moment after the spirit has quitted the body, which will be ascertained by striking the ground near which it may be lying at the time, when, if no motion or struggle ensues, the old woman will be considered as dead. The poison used by the natives on this occasion destroys life, it is said, in fifteen minutes." i. 93-4.

It may relieve some of our gentle readers to be told, that this shrewd old matron bribed the chief rulers and head judges, dismissed her mourning relatives and the obsequious grave-digger, and is now living in the best house in Jenna. The brothers, having in vain waited for the exit of her majesty, commenced their march for Jadoo. Men were mild of mood—birds of prey more rapacious—the latter remind us of 'The Eagle Assurance,' in Hood's Comic Annual:—

"Hawks and vultures are exceedingly numerous, both at Jenna and this place; the former are bold and disgusting birds, but the latter are so hungry and rapacious, that they pounce fearlessly in the midst of the natives when at their meals. This evening one of them darted at a piece of meat which one of our men held between his fingers, and snatched it from him whilst he was conveying it to his mouth." i. 103.

The Slave Trade still finds victims in that

quarter of the world—this was not unobserved of the Landers:—

"We found numbers of people of both sexes in the path, who were returning from Egga to Chow, and several naked boys on their way to the coast, under the care of guardians. These are slaves, and will be sold most likely at Badagry. Women bore burdens on their heads that would tire a mule, and children not more than five or six years of age trudged after them, with loads that would give a full-grown person in Europe the brain fever." i. 106.

Objects still more touching were not distant—the following is very affecting:—

"Many women with little wooden figures of children on their heads passed us in the course of the morning—mothers who, having lost a child, carry such rude imitations of them about their persons for an indefinite time as a symbol of mourning. None of them could be induced to part with one of these little affectionate memorials." i. 107.

But we must loiter no longer in the outset of the journey, but proceed at once to

#### Boossá.

"The city of Boossá, as we have before observed, consists of a great number of groups or clusters of huts, all within a short distance of each other. It is bounded on one side by the river Quorra or Niger, and on the other by an extensive turreted wall, with moats, forming a complete semicircle. \* \* \* The soil of Boossá is, for the most part, very fertile, and produces rice, corn, yams, &c. in great abundance. *Dowah*, a kind of corn, is obtained here in the greatest perfection; it yields five hundred fold, and forms the principal food of the inhabitants, both rich and poor. Another variety of corn grows here, which has eight ears on a single stem: the grain is very small and sweet, but it is not cultivated to any extent. The butter-tree flourishes in and near the town; and palm oil is imported from Nouffie; but the latter is only used as an article of food, because it is very scarce and dear, and is purchased only by the king and a few of the principal inhabitants. The king and his midikie have each great numbers of fine cattle, but none of their subjects are in possession of a single bullock; they have, however, flocks of sheep and goats, and obtain immense quantities of fish from the Niger. Very good salt is brought from a salt lake on the borders of the river, which is about ten days' journey to the northward of this place; and pepper grows in every part of the country. Guinea-fowl, pheasants, partridges, and a variety of aquatic birds are found here in the greatest plenty, and have afforded us excellent sport. The natives sometimes endeavour to shoot them with their arrows, but this method of procuring game is at all times very precarious and difficult; and two birds only have been thus killed during several years past. Deer and antelopes also abound near the city; but they are timid and shy, and rarely, if ever, caught by the inhabitants. The fish, with which the river abounds so plentifully, are eaten by all classes of people: they are tough, dry, and unsavoury; yet they form part of the daily food of the inhabitants, who appear exceedingly fond of them." ii. 9—11.

#### Visit to the Sultan of Yáoorie.

"We soon arrived at the palace, which is a very large building, or rather a group of buildings inclosed by a high wall; and dismounting, we were presently conducted through a low avenue formed by pillars, which was as dark as a subterranean passage. This led to a large square yard, which we entered, and found it to communicate with the sultan's apartments by the number of domestics that were hurrying about. Several people were sitting on the ground,

but we were obliged to stand a long time, during which a profound silence was preserved, and no one was polite enough to offer us a mat to sit on. At length we received a summons to advance, and were introduced into another square, very much resembling a clean farm-yard. Here we discovered the sultan sitting alone in the centre of the square, on a plain piece of carpeting, with a pillow on each side of him, and a neat brass pan in front. His appearance was not only mean, but absolutely squalid and dirty. He is a big-headed, corpulent, and jolly-looking man, well stricken in years; and though there is something harsh and forbidding in his countenance, yet he was generally smiling during the conference." ii. 37-8.

#### City and Kingdom of Yáoorie.

"Yáoorie is a large, flourishing, and united kingdom. It is bounded on the east by Háussa, on the west by Borgoo, on the north by Cubbie, and on the south by the kingdom of Nouffie. The crown is hereditary, and the government an absolute despotism. The former sultan was deposed by his subjects for his violent measures and general bad conduct; and the present ruler, who succeeded him, has reigned for the long period of thirty-nine years. The sultan has a strong military force, which has successfully repelled, it is said, the repeated attacks which the ever-restless Falátahs for a number of years past made on the city and kingdom of Yáoorie; it is now employed in a remote province in quelling a rising insurrection, occasioned partly from the inability of the natives to pay their accustomed tribute, and partly from the harsh measures adopted by the sultan to compel them to do so. The city of Yáoorie is of prodigious extent, and is supposed to be as populous as any other in the whole continent, or at least that part of it which is visited by the trading Arabs. Its wall is high and very excellent, though made of clay alone, and may be between twenty and thirty miles in circuit; and it has eight vast entrance-gates, or doors, which are well fortified after the manner of the country. The inhabitants manufacture a very coarse and inferior sort of gunpowder, which, however, is the best, and we believe the only manufactory of the kind in this part of the country; besides which they make very neat saddles, country cloth, &c.; and they grow indigo, tobacco, onions, wheat, and different kinds of grain; and vast quantities of rice, of superior quality. The inhabitants have likewise horses, bullocks, goats, &c., but notwithstanding their industry and the advantages which they enjoy, they are very poorly clad, have little money, and are perpetually complaining of their bad condition. An indifferent market is held in the city daily under commodious sheds, in which the above articles are offered for sale. \* \* \*

"The sultan's residence, as well as the houses of many of the principal inhabitants of the city, are two stories in height, having thick and clumsy stairs of clay leading to the upper apartments, which are rather lofty; and, together with rooms on the ground floor, have door-ways sufficiently large to enable a person to enter them without putting himself to the inconvenience of stooping. The principal part of the houses are built in the circular and cozie fashion, but the inhabitants have a few square ones; and the sultan's are of no regular form whatever. It may be considered somewhat singular that the generality of the natives of western and central, and, we believe, also of northern Africa, 'moisten the floors of their huts and the inside of their walls with a solution of cow-dung and water, two or three times a day, or as often as they can find the materials.' 'Though disagreeable to the smell of an European, this keeps the interior of a dwelling as cool as it is dark.' We should have thought that Dr. Johnson, from whom this quotation is taken, was speaking of the native dwellings of this part of the world,

instead of those of the East Indies, so exactly does he describe them.

"Between the clusters or assemblages of huts in Yáoorie there is a considerable quantity of fertile land, which is left for cattle to graze on, or for the purposes of husbandry and agriculture.

"There is a great variety of trees within the walls of the city, consisting of the lime, the palm, the mi-cadania, and the date; but the latter, though it appears very luxuriant, never was known to bear fruit. The palm-tree adorns the banks of the Niger, and increases in quantity the further we advance up the river; yet that variety of it which bears the cocoa-nut is nowhere to be seen, owing, most likely, to the distance from the sea. For a reason, already given in a preceding part of this Journal, no proper estimation can be formed of the number of inhabitants which Yáoorie contains, but it is surprisingly great." ii. 46—9.

Here we must conclude for the present, but not without a home anecdote. Needles, it appears, are an article in great request, and the experience of Richard Lander burdened the travellers with a hundred thousand:—

"Amongst them was a great quantity of 'Whitechapel sharps,' warranted 'superfine, and not to cut in the eye!' Thus highly recommended, we imagined that these needles must have been excellent indeed; but what was our surprise when a number of them which we had disposed of, was returned to us with a complaint that they were all *cycles*, thus redeeming with a vengeance the pledge of the manufacturer, that they 'would not cut in the eye.' On an examination afterwards, we found the same fault with the remainder of the 'Whitechapel sharps,' so that to save our credit we have been obliged to throw them away." ii. 42-3.

The work is dedicated to Viscount Goderich, introduced by a modest address from the Landers, and a very sensible and comprehensive History of African Research and Geography by Lieutenant Beecher, to whose valuable aid the brothers acknowledge themselves much indebted.

*The Druid; a Tragedy, in Five Acts; with Notes on the Antiquities of Ireland.* By T. Cromwell, Esq. London, 1832. Sherwood & Co.

THERE WAS a Cromwell who acted several fearful tragedies in Ireland, whose fame will never be forgotten: we fear that this tragedy on Ireland, is not destined to similar immortality; it is too declamatory for the stage, and not very interesting in the closet. The style does not vary with the characters, nor are the characters themselves clearly portrayed or sufficiently developed. But the author manifestly possesses a cultivated taste and no small share of poetic power, though deficient in other qualifications necessary to the formation of a successful dramatist.

The notes are more valuable than the original work, and contain some very curious and interesting particulars respecting the condition of Ireland, before the invasion of the Danes had destroyed the seats of learning, and dispersed the Christian colleges which once supplied missionaries to Europe. But the author is less successful in his Druidical researches, where he has chosen the fanciful Vallancey as his guide, and followed implicitly his forced analogies and equivocal etymologies.

*Niebuhr's History of Rome.* Vol. II. 1832. Taylor, London; Deighton, Cambridge; Parker, Oxford.

FROM the crowded state of our columns, we can do little more than announce the appearance of this truly important work in our present number. It throws even more light on the interesting struggle between aristocracy and democracy in the Roman republic than its predecessor, and is, at least, equally as creditable to the zeal and fidelity of the translators. We hope hereafter to give a fuller account of the work.

*Caractacus; a Metrical Sketch, in twelve parts.* London, 1832. Kidd.

OUR sympathy in English History can reach no farther than the days of Alfred: nay, the reign of that monarch is to us the wall between the Forth and Clyde, which extended so far among barbarians that the Romans retreated behind their second wall in a more civilized district. In like manner, we have long had thoughts of limiting our nationality to the period of the Conquest, and of sternly refusing to cast a moment's regard on any characters, real or fictitious, whose date reaches higher than the battle of Hastings. What, then, shall we say of *Caractacus* in twelve books!—it would be easy to write that it is a work of a national kind—that it is divided regularly into twelve parts—that it has its vicissitudes of peace and war, of sorrow and love—that the Britons, victorious one day, are overcome by the Romans on the next—that Druids worship and speculate among their groves of oak, and that the verse is sometimes musical and sometimes rough, abounding with passages of natural beauty, and with sonorous names of natives and Romans, all of which run smooth on the even road of blank verse. This summary mode of criticism is neither according to our own nature, nor would it be courteous towards an author who has evidently studied much to please the world and win a name in song; we shall therefore allow the poet to speak for himself: and this is the more necessary, inasmuch as he says he has exceeded even the ordinary licence of poetry in the unequal length of his lines, and in occasionally burthening such words as *various* and *every* with a treble accent. The character of *Caractacus* shall serve as an example:—

Now the Silurian king, Caractacus,  
The hope of Britain, and her tough right arm,  
Swart as her own brown oaks, scarred like the pine  
Blasted by light-bolts, ranged the rude hills  
Of western Britain—Cambrina's lesser Alps.  
His voice, his look, his attitude, his strong  
And hard-knit joints, broad breast, and snowy limbs,  
Astruck the Romans that confronted him.  
Oft when his hardy followers drooped and died,  
Like flies in the frost by winter slain;  
Or like the ripe rose killed by summer suns,  
Alone he braved the battle and the storm,  
The desperate fatigue, the scorching heats.  
Born to command, in manhood's early dawn  
He sought the field, renounced the downy bed  
For snow-built couches, and the canopy of state  
For the o'er-arching firmament of heaven—  
The star-gemmed, and the thunder-frowning sky!  
No son of Sloth, or Luxury, or Ease;  
But the wild child of Danger, and Adventure;  
The Briton's envy, and the Roman's dread!  
Known as a god; implacable as hate;  
Dreadful as vengeance; haughty as the Greek;  
But yet affectionate, and kind, and merciful;  
Assured and astute, but not morose;  
A true-born patriot, whose every thought  
Was to preserve his country and her freedom.  
There was a noble greatness on his brow,  
His mien was graceful, godlike; and his eye  
Sparkled intelligence!

Even in this short extract the reader will perceive the licence of which the writer speaks. The volume abounds with passages of equal beauty and equal singularity. To examine how far the genius of the author vindicates such experiments, would require more space than we can afford; and we must dismiss the poet with the hope, that when next we meet him, the subject of his song will be of later date, and that it will be the pleasure of his muse to avoid, unless her wings be grown stronger, any hazardous flights in the harmony of numbers.

*Cl. Claudiani Opera; Corn. Nepotis Vita.* Bipontine Edition. London, 1832. Treuttel, Würtz & Co.

THE Bipontine editions of the Classics, are honourably distinguished by superior purity of text and simplicity of annotation. They extend to seventy-seven volumes of Greek, and one hundred and fifteen of Latin authors, well printed, on good paper, and at a very moderate price. The authors, of whose works the reprints are before us, furnish a curious example of the instability of fame: in the days of Chaucer, Claudian was regarded as the rival of Virgil, and Nepos more highly honoured than Plutarch; but now, the former is fallen into neglect, as unmerited as his ancient elevation was extravagant; and the latter is never seen, but by the boys of the lowest form. Messrs. Treuttel & Würtz deserve great praise for the care they have taken in supporting the merited character of the Bipontine series, in the new editions of those works, of which the impression was exhausted: and alas! we must add, that we fear their work will retain its pre-eminence, for the English publishers are not likely ever to get up a classical series, that will have the slightest pretensions to compete with the Bipontine. We almost hope that the attempt may never be made, for we have witnessed the lamentable deficiency of judgment, and almost of common sense, displayed in the only three great classical undertakings that we have witnessed in England.

We shall, perhaps, at some future time, take an opportunity of calling the attention of the public, to the gross absurdity of the entire system of classical education in this country, and more especially to the deficiencies in most, if not all, of the editions of classical authors, now used in English schools.

*Passages from the Diary of a late Physician.* With Notes and Illustrations by the Editor. 2 vols. 1832. Edinburgh, Blackwood; London, Cadell.

THE extensive circulation of *Blackwood's Magazine*, made these papers known far and wide; and to the general commendation with which they were received, we may attribute their being thus collected. It therefore, only remains for us to announce the republication in two very neat volumes.

*Carnot's Reflections on the Infinitesimal Analysis.* Translated by the Rev. W. R. Browell, M.A. Oxford, Parker; London, Whittaker & Co.; Cambridge, Deighton.

A laborious dissertation on the metaphysical principles of the calculus, would be sadly misplaced in any periodical not wholly devoted to science; and in the case of a work so extensively known, and so deservedly celebrated as that of Carnot, all criticism must be superfluous. It only remains to bear testimony to the zeal, fidelity and judicious discrimination of the trans-

lator, which we do with equal sincerity and pleasure.

When this work first appeared, France could boast with truth, that she alone in Europe exhibited the example of a statesman combining first-rate political knowledge with the highest acquirements in abstract science; it is now the pride of England, that the first of her statesmen yields not to Carnot in science, and far surpasses him in that more valuable knowledge, which teaches how to provide for the real happiness and true prosperity of a country.

*Tour in Germany, Holland, and England.* By a German Prince. Vols. III. & IV. London, 1832. E. Wilson.

OUR copious translations from the original work, make it impossible for us to do more for this clever translation, than announce the publication.

*Analysis of the Seven Parts of Speech.* By the Rev. C. J. Lyon, M.A. 1832. Edinburgh, Oliver & Boyd; London, Simpkin & Marshall.

WE agree with Mr. Lyon, that the neglect of 'Tooke's Diversions of Purley' is very creditable to the taste of this perverse generation, and that most of the works called 'English Grammars' are very wretched productions. Though by no means satisfied with the cogency of all his arguments, or the truth of all his conclusions, we can safely recommend his own book to all who have a taste for grammatical disquisition. It exposes many popular errors, and brings to light many new and interesting facts respecting the peculiar structure of the English language.

*The Classical Scholar's Guide.* By Richard Carr. Published for the Author by Foster, Kirkby Lonsdale; and Richardson, London.

THIS is a very useful treatise on classical pronunciation, a subject that has been too much neglected by English scholars. But the author strangely overrates its interest and importance; he favours us in his preface with a dissertation on criticism, particularly in its application to his book, which would scarcely be justifiable were he ushering into the world a new system of the universe; but which, prefixed to a compilation from the writers on Latin Prosody, is perfectly ridiculous. The book is disfigured by some other marks of pedantry, but they are over-balanced by the ability and meritorious industry displayed in systematizing the rules regulating pronunciation. The essay on the translation of Greek names into Latin is not likely to prove of much value, since the world has at length become enlightened enough to learn, that all translation from Greek into Latin is exquisitely absurd. Equally absurd is the system of writing in the barbarous jargon of scholastic Latin, what students could learn more easily and more usefully in their own language. Except for the purpose of obscuring knowledge, we can discover no reason for Mr. Carr giving his treatise on grammatical figures, and his system of rhetoric, in bad Latin, rather than good English. The book concludes with a new system of Mnemonics, not one whit better or worse than the scores of similar inventions which have been published since the *Memoria Technica*. To all such we have a decided objection, the cultivation of irrational memory is injurious to the mental faculties: to make students learn what is either unintelligible or nonsensical, is to teach them to become contented with parrot-knowledge—to be satisfied with the sound and regardless of the sense.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS

## ITALY.

O, Italy! I've breathed thy skies,  
And wandered by thy streams,  
And dreamt—in boyhood's ecstasies—  
Its foolish, fervid dreams.  
How calmly on thy lost estate,  
So ruined now, and desolate,  
Thy sun of glory gleams!  
The sun—the very sun—of old,  
That flashed from Cæsar's roofs of gold.  
Wrap thee in sackcloth, Italy!  
Strew ashes on thy brow;  
Thou hast but Roman memory,  
And Roman bondmen now.  
Oh, Land of Gods!—what! quailed and dumb  
Before thy slave—thy Noricum—  
Thou first of Nations!—Thou?  
On Roman soil, 'mid Roman graves,  
Can sons of Romans crawl as slaves?  
O! could thy Scipio see thee now,  
Where'er his ashes rest,  
The seal of bondage on thy brow,  
Its badge upon thy breast!  
His bride—his Italy—his own!  
The leman of a despot's throne,  
The slave of his behest.  
By monarchs spoiled, by priests befooled,  
The minion of the Goths she ruled.  
Yet wonder not thy sky is dim,  
Thou queen of sunny climes!  
Thy hist'ry's iron leaves are grim  
With thy recorded crimes;—  
Aye, crimes!—for all the laud that fills  
The pages of thy chronicles;  
The eulogistic chimes  
Of all that hymn thy Roman praise,  
And call thy slaughters—victories.  
O, thou hadst quaffed, to drunkenness,  
Ambition's gory wine;  
And triumphed, till no lip could bless  
The name of thee and thine;  
And culled from every land a curse,  
Throughout thy Roman universe,  
From Egypt to the Rhine;  
By every homestead of the free,  
Were nourished hearts that hated thee.  
What lessons—ruined Conqueror!—  
From thee Ambition learns,  
Where dimly in thy sepulchre  
The lamp of Glory burns!  
Just lighting up its gorgeous glooms,  
To tell us nations have their tombs,  
As heroes have their urns;  
And mocking, with its mournful state,  
That wicked folly—to be great.  
The hero fool of Macedon  
Might parallel with thee;  
Ye both have left to worlds ye won,  
A name, and homily.  
O'er thee! the earth's resistless lord  
Now wields the crossier and the sword,  
Alternate tyranny.  
And He! some unmemorial'd sod  
Covers his dust—the demigod!  
He! or of Ammon's godlike race,  
Or Philip's haughty son,  
Went forth from his paternal Thrace,  
To die at Babylon.  
The mighty madman! O how soon  
O'ershadowed, at his highest noon,  
Like an eclipsed sun.  
He had ambition's utmost vow—  
Grew great—and perished—so didst thou!  
And yet, O, Italy! 'mid all  
The evil thou hast done,  
Men wail and wonder at thy fall,  
Thou mighty—ruined one!

They wonder, when the east and west  
Are thronging forth to freedom's feast,  
Her Jubilee begun,  
Mingling their voices as they come,  
Immortal Helot! *thou* art dumb.

O, thou *wilt* come! In freedom's hall  
Is still a place for thee;—  
O, join, the nations on thee call,  
Communion with the free.  
Up! tyrants are the glorious spoil;—  
Up! sweep the locusts from thy soil—  
From Rætia to the sea;—  
Up! share with us that gift divine,  
Our fathers' sons have won from thine.

Belfast.

J. K. B.

## THE WALNUT TREE.

"A brave tree that, master! How much  
in the span, now? Sound at the heart, no  
doubt. Indeed—(and the speaker glanced  
at the tree from top to stem)—a pretty piece  
of timber!"

The owner of the tree, an old, hale man,  
was leaning over the quickset hedge that  
fenced his garden: his rugged, ruddy face  
seemed kindling up in the sunset of a July  
evening; and as he watched the declining  
light, burning through a row of distant elms,  
there was a cheerful composure in his look  
—a thoughtfulness becoming the features of  
a patriarch. He heard the speaker, and,  
with a slight movement of the head, acknow-  
ledged his praises of the walnut-tree, which  
grew at the side of a little white-walled cot-  
tage, and fung out its giant arms above the  
roof.

"Shocking times, these, my master," ob-  
served the stranger, at length making the  
old man an attentive listener;—"bad times!"

"Yes, Sir. Wheat has gone up two  
shillings a quarter. Last harvest was the  
worst within my memory; and my sickle has  
glittered amongst the corn for the last sixty  
years."

"Aye, I believe the harvest wasn't so  
good—but I meant the war; though, to be  
sure, the last accounts were more favourable.  
Five thousand Frenchmen were killed by our  
brave veterans!"

"Poor souls!—God help them! But  
what, Sir, is all this war about—what is it  
for?"

"For! Why, for the king's honour and  
glory, and—and all that! So it stands to  
reason, that every loyal subject should assist  
his king's gracious majesty. Now the army  
want stores. You wouldn't like to sell that  
tree, would you? If 'twere sound all the way  
up, I don't know that, as an honest con-  
tractor, I might not offer fifty guineas."

"Fifty guineas!"

"Aye, and, in my poor judgment, I think  
they'd sound better to your ears clinking in  
your pockets, than do those boughs creaking  
in the wind. Come, is it a bargain? But first  
tell me how old the tree is."

"Seventy years ago, next February, that  
tree—and he'd have long arms that could  
clip it about—was no thicker than my little  
finger. I was just five years old when 'twas  
put into the ground."

"That's some time back to remember."

"Remember!—why, it's in my mind as  
though it were but yesterday. My old grand-  
mother—I see her now—turned up the  
mould, just there, with the spade, and giving  
me the tree to steady straight; I held it in  
the hole whilst she heaped the earth about

its root. When she had finished, she told  
me that, when she was dead, that tree would  
always keep her in my mind;—and so it  
has. 'Twas the last piece of work she did,  
for the next day she sickened, and the next,  
—for I don't know how it is, but your poor  
folks are never so long dying as your rich  
ones,—she died. Well, the tree grew and  
grew; and it's a foolish thing to say, but  
there seemed to me a something of the old  
woman in it. Even now, in the dusk some-  
times,—in a sort of day-dream, d'ye mind,  
as I lean with my back against this hedge,—  
I see there a little child in petticoats holding  
a twig, and an old dame shovelling up the  
earth. But this, as I say, is in the evening,  
when work's done, and we think of a thou-  
sand things we never heed at labour. I am  
seventy-five, Sir; and though it is a good  
age, I often wonder, when I look on that  
tree, how soon I have grown old."

"I dare say," replied the contractor, who,  
during the speech of the old man, had con-  
tinued to observe the tree with a smug, pro-  
fessional look, as though, in his day-book-  
and-ledger eye, he was parcelling out its  
beautiful trunk into lots; "I dare say—all  
that is so like nature; but fifty guineas, you  
see, are a good round sum;—and then, you  
know, to serve your king, and to help to beat  
those rascally French, who live upon live  
frogs, and wear lignum vitæ shoes;—well,  
shall I count out the money?" And the con-  
tractor drew from his huge coat pocket a  
leathern bag, and, untying it, suffered some  
of its glittering contents to meet the eye of  
the old cottager.

"But, as to serving the king, how can my  
walnut-tree do good to his majesty?"

"Don't I tell you, the army want stores."

"Stores?"

"Yes. I've contracted to supply some.  
I've already bought five hundred pieces of  
live timber, and I want, among the rest, your  
grandmother's walnut-tree, to cut for our  
brave troops into *musket stocks*."

The old man left the hedge, and closed the  
wicket-gate. He did not answer a syllable;  
—but, had Demosthenes made an oration  
on the old man's disgust, he could not have  
spoken with more significance, or with greater  
emphasis, than, struck by the fingers of the  
cottager, did the wooden latch. J.

## BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF ROME.—No. IX.

A word or two of Rome itself, and I have  
done. Rome is the most imposing city I have  
ever seen: how far feeling may influence  
judgment I know not; but I intend to speak  
of it independent of association and its fame  
and history. I know no city that impresses  
you so strongly with a feeling of architect-  
ural magnificence as Rome, when you first  
enter at the Piazza del Popolo and drive  
down the Corso. Notwithstanding its irre-  
gularity, and the paltry shops and stalls that  
seemingly disfigure it, I think the Corso is  
the finest street in Europe. It is narrow, but  
this gives height to the buildings; and there  
is not any street, I doubt if there be any city,  
that contains so many palaces of the same  
nobleness, variety, grandeur, and architectural  
pomp; and the intermixture of churches,  
palaces, shops, and stalls, take away all  
feeling of the court end of a city—of the one  
spot that is fine and showy. This strange  
association of magnificence and beggary is



common in Rome, and, contrary to what I should have expected, it impresses you with a notion of magnificence, and not of beggary. Rome is studded with palaces; in the most obscure, the most vile, the worst situation, will be found sumptuous and noble palaces, that are unequalled by the best in London—but indeed we have none in London. If Rome can be said to have a court end, it must be, I suppose, the Quirinal, where the Pope actually resides: and certainly, when we stand on Monte Cavallo, with the Palazzo Pontificio on one hand, the gardens of the Colonna on the other, the *Rospigliosi* and the *Consulta* before you, and pass from hence to the *Quattro Fontane*, and look down on *S. Maria Maggiore*, with palaces on both sides, there is no intrusion of "baser matter." But the noblest palaces are not in this quarter: the *Borghese*, the *Farnese*, the *Spada*, and many others, are situated close to the Tiber in some of the most obscure and dirty holes in Rome; the *Corsini*, the most sumptuous of all, the *Salviati*, and others, are on the other side the Tiber, to say nothing of the Vatican itself.

The *Piazze* are numerous, but not large; the *Piazza Navona* is the best. The *Fountains* have a very delightful effect; the supply of water is really grand; that at the *Fontana Paola* is situated so high, and runs in such quantities as to turn several mills, after leaving the basin of the fountain: but those in front of *St. Peter's* are the only ones in Rome that are beautiful. These are so simple and elegant, that you know them from drawings as well as if you had seen them; but you can never feel their beauty till you have stood in that noble court, surrounded by those magnificent corridors, in front of that grand temple, and seen their falling waters silvered by a Roman moon. All the rest, including the hieroglyphic in the *Piazza Navona*, and the huge absurdity at the *Fountain Trevi*, are bad, and bad in proportion to their cost, their labour, their pretensions, and their fame. I would willingly have thought otherwise of the latter, for the sake of *Corinna*, of its noble rock work, and its fine stream of water.

Rome has the character of being a very dirty city, and it deserves it. I have been here in fine weather, but the filth accumulated in the most public places (the noble flight of steps leading to the *Trinita de Monti*, in proof), and the scandalous abuse of the door-ways, which are all open, would have satisfied me it must be so, if rain had not fallen in time to convince me of it. In fact, Rome has all the dirt, but none of the busy stir of a trading city—all the external pomp of palaces, without the brilliant gaiety of a court. It must be a dull city to all whose happiness is in society: but students, artists, and retired men, never can be dull here.

Of the people I know nothing. There seems to me a more uniform expression in the faces of the women, more of family likeness, than I should have expected in so large a city, subject to such changes as Rome has been. But Roman beauty is not of the highest order. You meet not unfrequently with fine expressive heads, like *Pasta's*; but the expression is not pleasant; and their figures are broad and square. The finest women are dignified and stately, with something of the voluptuous, nothing of the pleasurable, in the face; a great deal of passion, but nothing of playfulness. At the studio

of —, I was unfortunately too late to be introduced to a woman who had not long before stabbed a man to death with the bodkin which she wore in her hair. I have seen several portraits of her, and a fine head she has; but, under all its beauty, there is a demoniacal passion, that made me shudder. I met just such another—the same, for anything I know—in some obscure and remote paths between the *Villa Spada* and *S. Pietro in Montorio*. I was strolling about, when, whether I was intruding into some haunt, and this creature was set to watch me, I know not, but ten times at least did she cross my path. At first, I made no other observation than on the fearful expression of her face, but from the crossings and recrossings, and meetings at every turning, I thought it questionable if I were to return without being tickled under the ribs with this bodkin—"a bare bodkin," if you please to laugh, but let me assure you, it is very like a dagger;—and such was the terrible power of her scowl, and the enervating consciousness of her being a woman, that I thought at the moment, and think still, that if we were to have had a brawl, I would willingly have exchanged her for any two men in Rome.

I have heard of a Spanish proverb, but I think it must be Roman, "never do to-day what you can do to-morrow." I confess, the quiet, deliberate indifference of the people at Rome, is a little vexatious to a hasty traveller. I tried half-a-dozen times to get admission into *S. Stefano Rotunda*, before I succeeded: I asked several persons each time where to apply, or when to come, and not one could inform me. *S. Maria Navicella* opposite, I have not seen, nor the tomb of the *Scipios*, nor twenty other places that are not worth twenty several applications. At *S. Maria della Pace*, we succeeded, after some difficulty, in finding out the residence of the *Sacristan*. He was taking his siesta, and on no consideration, neither for love, nor money, nor ill-humour, would the servant consent to disturb him. We must come again. But why are people to be annoyed and inconvenienced, because you are in a hurry? Very true, but if these people did not rouse your spleen, you are more of a philosopher than I take you for. By some strange perversity, you are never right in your applications—an hour too soon, or an hour too late—it is a holiday—or the custode is gone out. If it be not open to-day, you had better come to-morrow. Will it be open to-morrow? That never struck them—they don't know. No one at Rome is acquainted with the forms and regulations of how to gain admission anywhere. The people are civil and obliging, but never stir a foot to direct you. It is of no consequence to them, nor, in their opinion, to you, whether you find what you seek or not. I think there can be very little scandal at Rome, for no one seems to interest themselves about you. At our hotel we pass in and out without a question. I have never yet seen either the master or mistress.

But I have done. If I have not conveyed to you what my feelings have been on visiting this memorable city—this glory of ages—if I have not given you a good general idea of what you would feel on visiting Rome, I have failed from no neglect. These letters have cost me many weary hours.

D. W.

#### MUZIO CLEMENTI.

MUZIO CLEMENTI was certainly no ordinary man. A brief memoir of him, for which we shall be partly indebted to the *Harmonicon*, will not, therefore, be unacceptable to our readers. He was a native of Rome, and successively, a pupil of *Cordicelli*, *Santarelli*, and *Carpini*, in harmony, vocal composition, and counterpoint. When only twelve years old, he composed a mass, which evinced great promise of future eminence. About this time, the late Mr. Beckford, then on his travels in Italy, induced the youthful genius to accompany him to England, and to reside with him; and, during such residence, Clementi acquired a general knowledge of literature and science, a considerable proficiency in both the dead and living languages, and devoted daily several hours to the study and practice of music. At eighteen, he not only surpassed all his contemporary pianoforte players, in execution, taste, and expression, but had composed his celebrated *Opera 2*—a work, which by the consent of all musicians, may be considered as the basis, on which the whole fabric of modern pianoforte sonatas has been founded. He now quitted the roof of his English patron, and was engaged to preside at the piano, at the *King's Theatre*. In 1780, he made a tour on the Continent, and was received everywhere, with the patronage of sovereigns, the admiration of his brother musicians, and the enthusiastic applauses of the public. Accustomed to the measured, and somewhat cold plaudits of an English audience, the first burst of Parisian enthusiasm so astonished him, that he frequently afterwards jocosely remarked, he could hardly believe himself the same Clementi in Paris, as in London. In Vienna, he became acquainted with *Haydn*, *Mozart*, *Salieri*, and many other celebrated musicians, then resident in that city. He returned to London in 1784, and pursued his professional career with increasing reputation, as a teacher, composer, and performer. He, subsequently, however, and more than once, visited the Continent; and on the last occasion, when called to Rome by the death of a brother, so completely had the war interrupted all communication, that, being disappointed of remittances from London, he pledged his snuff-boxes and rings, presented to him in his tour; and it was only after many hazardous attempts, that he reached his adopted country, in the year 1810.

His return was hailed with delight, by the profession, and the musical public, in the hope of enjoying his performance, and benefiting by his instruction: all, however, were alike doomed to disappointment, for he had determined, neither to take pupils, nor to play in public.

Clementi was one of the founders of the *Philharmonic Society*, and he generally conducted a concert each season. To this Society he presented two of his *MS. symphonies*, the first of which was performed in 1819, and a grand overture, in 1824. In the same year, he conducted also the performance of one of his symphonies, at the *Concert Spirituel*, and on the 17th of December, the *élite* of the professors in the metropolis gave him an entertainment at the *Albion Tavern*. On this occasion, he indulged his assembled friends with a last proof that his fancy was

unfettered by age, and his finger unpalsied by years. He extemporized on a subject from Handel's first Organ Concerto, in a style, in which those who had been his contemporaries or pupils, immediately recognized the undiminished powers of their old friend or instructor; and at which those, who for the first time heard the more than septuagenarian artist, could scarcely find terms to express their delight and surprise. It was, he declared, 'the proudest day of his life'; and it was a proof of the respect and reward, which, to the last moment of protracted life, attend upon a youth spent in temperance and virtuous industry, and a manhood guided by honour.

#### THE LATE CAPTAIN ABERCROMB TRANT.

As merit is peculiar to no age or station, so may it be displayed in all situations; and, however interest or policy may influence the elevation of persons of rank who are not distinguished, or of hoary heads who are not veterans, final justice is the reward of merit.

Captain Trant, the only son of Major-General Sir Nicholas Trant, although only in his 28th year, and having entered His Majesty's army since the termination of the last general European War, had seen service in India, and was subsequently employed in the Ionian islands; his gallantry and exertions more than once brought him into notice. But it is as the author of two works, 'Two Years in Ava,' and 'A Journey through Greece,' that he is entitled to this notice.

He died on the 13th inst., we believe from the effects of service, at the house of his only sister, the vicarage of Great Baddow.

Brave, talented, honourable, his family have to regret a relative, whose qualities endeared, and whose ability was valuable; whilst his companions have lost a friend, and the service an officer, who cannot easily be replaced.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

POETRY seems to be taking something of a devout turn: Mr. Robert Montgomery has advertised a poem, to be called the 'Messiah,' in six books, dedicated to the Queen; and we have this moment received an illustrated volume of devotional verses, by Miss Landon. Mr. Rogers, we hear, has made considerable progress in the embellishments of a second volume of his poems, to be a companion to his splendid poem of 'Italy'; and one in whose taste we have full confidence, assures us, that the landscapes, by Turner, are the very finest things of the kind produced by that eminent artist. A poem, in twelve parts, called 'The Maid of Elvar,' from the hand of Allan Cunningham, is in the press; the scene is on the border, the time is the early part of the reign of Queen Mary—it is of the narrative kind, and gives a national and domestic picture of the people in the days when reform in religion, and hostilities with England, rendered Scotland the scene of many a romantic exploit. The *Annals*, it appears, have not been so productive as formerly, and it is said, some of them will be relinquished. The *Juveniles* of Westley and Ackermann are to be united, under the superintendence of Mrs. Hall. We hear that no less than seven Lords have had works accepted or bespoke by one bookseller. We anticipate some sport with these star and garter authors.

It is in contemplation to celebrate the

centenary of the birth of Haydn on Saturday, the 31st instant, at the Albion Tavern. Messrs. J. Cramer and Moscheles have issued circulars to the leading men in the profession, but Saturday is a day when many are necessarily engaged at the Opera; besides which, it is thought that a more creditable celebration would be a musical performance, consisting entirely of a selection from Haydn's works—the proceeds of which might go towards some musical society for charitable purposes.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

##### ROYAL SOCIETY.

March 22.—The Rev. Dr. Buckland, Vice President, in the chair.—The reading of a paper, entitled 'An Account of Observations and Experiments on the Torpedo,' by John Davy, M.D., F.R.S., was commenced.—The following gentlemen were proposed Fellows—viz. Charles Purton Cooper, Edward Ayshford Sanford, and Decimus Burton, Esqs.

[The paper read at the meeting on the 15th, on 'A Method of deducing the Longitude from the Moon's right ascension,' was by Thomas Kerigan, Esq., and not *Rerigan*, as stated in our former report.]

##### ROYAL INSTITUTION.

March 15.—Mr. C. Wheatstone gave a lecture 'On the Vibrations of Columns of Air in cylindrical and conical Tubes.' After enumerating the various modes by which columns of air may be put into sonorous vibration, and which constitute so many classes of wind instruments of music, the lecturer proceeded to detail the principal results of Bernoulli's Theoretical Investigations. When a column of air in a cylindrical tube, open at both its ends, produces the lowest sound it is capable of rendering, according to this theory, the motions of the particles of air are made in opposite directions, alternately to and from the central point or node, where the variations of density are greatest. Mr. Wheatstone gave the following new and decisive experimental proof of this theoretical deduction. He took a tube bent nearly to a circle so that its ends were opposite to each other, with a small space between them; he then took a glass plate, capable of making the same number of vibrations as the air contained within the tube, and causing it to sound by drawing a violin bow across it, placed it at equal distances between the two orifices, so that the impulses of the vibrating surface were made, at the same instant of time, *towards* one, and *from* the other end of the tube; as might be expected from the theory, these effects neutralizing each other, no resonance took place, and the air in the tube remained at rest. But when (the two halves of the tube moving round each other by means of a joint,) the orifices were brought opposite to different vibrating parts of the plate, so that the impulses were made at the same instant *towards* or *from* both the orifices, the column of air powerfully resounded.

He then proceeded to show, that, when a column of air sounded any other than its fundamental note, it did so in consequence of a division of the column into parts of equal length separately vibrating, in the same manner as the harmonic sounds of a string have been explained: that the air may vibrate when divided into any number of aliquot parts, and the corresponding sounds are as the series of natural numbers, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, &c.: that, at the limits of each vibrating part, a communication may be made with the atmosphere, by an aperture, or even by entirely separating the tube, without any injury to the sound: that, in each mode of division in which there is a node in the centre, (i. e. in each alternate mode,) a solid partition may be placed at the centre of the tube, dividing

it into two equal parts, each giving the same sound as the entire tube when the partition was removed: and that, consequently, a tube stopped at one end gives a series of sounds corresponding to the progression 1, 3, 5, 7, &c. of a pipe double its length and open at both ends.

After verifying these established results, the lecturer proceeded to show the erroneousness of the prevailing opinion, stated by Chladni and others, "that the end at which a tube is excited into vibration, must always be considered as an open end, even if it be placed immediately to the mouth, as in the horn and trumpet." He showed that a cylindrical tube gave the same fundamental sound and the same series of harmonics, when it was excited as a horn, or with a reed, at one end, the other end being open, as when it was excited like a flute or flageolet, at one end, the other end being shut. In proof of this, he adduced the *cremona* pipe of the organ, which is a cylindrical tube, one-half the length of the open diapason pipe, which gives the same note; and the clarinet, which is also a cylindrical tube, (the conical bell which terminates it, being merely an useless appendage,) giving a fundamental sound, and an octave below that of a flute of equal length, and the series of harmonics of a tube closed at one end. He then adverted to the circumstance, that, in all cases of the production of sound at the closed end of the tube, the tone is invariably more powerful, than when the sound is produced at the open end of the same tube; and explained, that in the one case, the impulses are made at that part of the air where the condensations and dilatations are greatest, and in the other case, where these variations of density are least. This point was illustrated by some experiments with the flame of hydrogen gas, by which means a column of air can be excited into vibration at any point, between the open end and the node, with a corresponding alteration of intensity. At the orifice of the tube, the smallest possible flame is sufficient to excite the sound, which, however, ceases, if the flame be made to move towards the node (i. e. the centre of a tube, open at both ends, or the closed end of a tube stopped at one end); but if, at the same time that the flame is advanced in the tube, it be also enlarged in volume, the sound continues, and with increased intensity; by continuing to move the flame towards the node, and at the same time, to proportionally enlarge the volume, the sound progressively increases in loudness, until it attains its maximum at the node.

By analogous experiments on the sounds produced by the flame of hydrogen gas, in tubes of different diameters, Mr. W. showed, that the loudest tone is produced in tubes of the smallest diameter, (when a certain limit is not exceeded), which is exactly the reverse of the generally-adopted opinion; and he stated the following, to be the general results of numerous experiments: that the flame is required to be larger, as the length of the tube is greater, as its diameter is less, and as the point of excitation is nearer the node.

The lecturer went on to give an exposition of the laws of the vibrations of the air, in conical tubes, and explained, that the air in a tube of this form, excited into vibration, at its closed end, or the summit of the cone, gave the same fundamental sound, and the same series of harmonics, as a cylindrical tube open at both ends. To this similarity of effect, he ascribed the general error, of considering all wind instruments as tubes open at both ends. To illustrate this subject, he showed that the trumpet, French-horn, and hautbois pipes of the organ, all being conical tubes, gave the same sound as the *cremona* pipe (a cylindrical tube, excited precisely in the same way), which is only one-half their length. He compared, also, the hautbois, which is a conical tube, with

a sulkionet, which is a cylindrical tube of the same length, and proved that, in the former, the fundamental sounds were the same, absolutely and relatively, as in the flute (a tube open at both ends, of the same length); and that, in the latter, they were the same with those of a stopped pipe of the same length.

The lecture concluded with a variety of experiments on the sounds of isolated portions of conical tubes, the situations of their nodes, &c., with reference to their practical applications; which we cannot spare space to detail.

## LINNEAN SOCIETY.

March 20.—A. B. Lambert, Esq., in the chair.—William Bentley, John Downes, T. E. Smith, Esq., and Lieut.-Col. Sykes, were elected Fellows of the Society.—A paper by Mr. William Yarrell, 'On the Organ of Voice in a new species of wild swan, the *Cygnus Buccinator* of Dr. Richardson's *Fauna Boreali-Americana*,' was read by the Secretary. A new species of Parrakeet, from New Holland, was also exhibited and described; and Mr. D. Don's paper, descriptive of several new species of compositae, was concluded. A small species of reptile from South America, was exhibited, in its form supplying a link between Lizards and Snakes; and the owner very handsomely offered the use of this interesting specimen to Mr. Thomas Bell, by whom it will be described and figured. A collection of dried plants presented by the Hon. East India Company, and various other donations, were on the table.

## HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

March 20th.—A paper, by the Rev. L. Vernon Harcourt, was read, entitled, "Considerations upon some of the more important vital functions of Plants." It appears that the view the author has taken of these matters "leads him to dissent in some measure from the opinions expressed by Mr. Lindley," in his "account of a remarkable instance of anomalous structure, in the trunk of an exogenous tree," which article appeared some time last year, in the *Journal of the Royal Institution*; amongst other positions, to which Mr. Harcourt cannot reconcile his mind, is that which attempts to establish the fact, that the numerous systems of vegetation, of which every plant consists, are absolutely independent of the plant itself.

It was announced from the chair, that medals would be bestowed, on the 3rd of April next, for the best collections of Camellias, which might be exhibited at the meeting on that day.

Joshua Stanger, Esq., J. W. Sutherland, Esq., and Joseph Dobinson, Esq., were elected Fellows of the Society.

## MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

|          |   |             |
|----------|---|-------------|
| MONDAY,  | Royal College of Physicians.....                | Nine, P.M.  |
|          | Royal Geographical Society.....                 | Nine, P.M.  |
|          | Medical Society.....                            | Eight, P.M. |
| TUESDAY, | Medico-Botanical Society.....                   | Eight, P.M. |
|          | Medico-Chirurgical Society.....                 | p. 8, P.M.  |
|          | Institution of Civil Engineers.....             | Eight, P.M. |
| WEDNES.  | Society of Arts, (Evening H. Instructions)..... | Eight, P.M. |
|          | Geological Society.....                         | p. 8, P.M.  |
|          | Society of Arts.....                            | p. 7, P.M.  |
| THURSD.  | Royal Society.....                              | p. 8, P.M.  |
|          | Society of Antiquaries.....                     | Eight, P.M. |
| FRIDAY,  | Royal Institution.....                          | p. 8, P.M.  |
|          | Westminster Medical Society.....                | Eight, P.M. |

## FINE ARTS

## EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

YESTERDAY the Society of British Artists opened their fine galleries in Suffolk Street to the friends and patrons of art; it was what is called the private view; and the pleasure received could not be little, for near one thousand works, many of them of high merit, were exhibited. This is perhaps one of the best exhibitions of the

Society: and the interest of the scene is not a little heightened by the absence of all works of overwhelming dimensions, and by an agreeable intermixture of portrait and landscape—scenes from fancy and from nature. There is, indeed, an uncommon variety of subjects; there is little of what is commonly called the historical, and, what we wondered at, less portraiture than usual; fewer windmills after life, or cow-houses after nature—an abatement in the amount of stall-fed oxen, and a falling off in the staple commodity of three-acre parks, painted and framed, and called landscapes. But there is an increase in works of fancy and feeling: domestic history and social songs furnish more topics than usual for the pencil; poetic landscape has risen two or three degrees in the scale of excellence—studies from nature, of the heads of children, and groups of rustics abound, while over some of our baronial or ecclesiastical ruins the charm of colour and exquisite drawing is thrown:—on the whole, in purity of conception, and elegance of handling, we think the Society is gradually rising. It would be doing great injustice if we imputed this ascent entirely to the male members of the Society; no one can look along the walls of the galleries without perceiving that to female hands they owe much that is natural in colour, and beautiful in conception—nor do we think that we go too far when we say that some of the fairest works in the exhibition are from the easels of ladies. We shall now proceed, and point out a few of those which we have marked for approbation: and we shall name them according to their numbers, reserving for next week such as we cannot now make room for.

8. '*A Cameronian Sunday Evening*;' CHARLES LEES.—This is a natural scene—an old grey-headed man is reading his Bible in the open air, his wife is listening demurely to the word, and his daughter's eyes are turned aside, perhaps to watch the coming of a lover, or from the vagrant inattention of the young to matters of such gravity.

13. '*Ruins, a composition*;' ROBERTS.—This artist having excelled all his brethren in the art of exhibiting, in picturesque elegance and truth, the ruins of our Gothic churches and cathedrals, has, in this composition, employed the Roman architecture, and we cannot say with less success. He has endeavoured to embody these lines by Mrs. Hemans—

There have been bright and glorious pageants here,  
Where now grey stones and moss-grown columns lie;  
There have been wonders which earth grew pale to bear,  
Breathed from the cavern's misty chambers high;  
There have been voices through the sunny sky,  
And the pine woods their choral hymn-notes sending,  
And reeds and lyres their Dorian melody  
With incense clouds around the temple blending,  
And throngs with laurel-boughs before the altar bending.

The work of the painter more than embodies these fine lines; he has perhaps filled his scene too full of the golden temples and theatres of antiquity—but this will rather be said than felt.

32. '*Windsor*;' CHILD.—The artist has taken his view of Windsor Castle from the Thames bank; time, an autumnal evening. It is not an easy task to paint up to human recollection, any more than it is to equal expectation: we imagine that the castle on Windsor hill stands nearer the sky than it has been the pleasure of the artist to represent it on canvas; this has little, however, to do with the merits of the work, which are very great—the whole is airy and beautiful, and worthy of being the dwelling of a king.

36. '*Poacher's Confederate*;' HANCOCK.—The poacher's confederate is a quick-footed sagacious dog, which, in this little clever picture, has run down a hare, and stands, with its prey held gently in its mouth, waiting the coming of its master.

39. '*Mountain Pass near Sorrento*;' WATE.—

A very pretty picture of a scene which dwells on the memory of every visitor. It is seldom that a true copy of a landscape makes a graceful composition.

52. '*The Town of Menagio, on the Lake of Como*;' HOFLAND.—In this picture the sky is serene, the air soft and balmy, the verdure tender and naturally green, and the lake itself lies unruffled as a mirror, showing the hills and sky: like many of the scenes from those sunny climes, it is more soft than we could wish—we like the grand and the severe.

61. '*View on the Serchio, near the Baths of Lucca*;' P. NASMYTH.—This Italian scene seems to have borrowed something of sterile grandeur from the native mountains of Peter Nasmyth, who painted it; it is coarse and vigorous, and perhaps not less Italian because it wears a rougher exterior than what we are accustomed to see in the landscapes of that country.

66. '*Study from Nature*;' INSKIPP.—All the works of this artist are distinguished by an air of originality, both in conception and colour. He deals, too, with the most simple subjects, rarely giving us more than one small figure at a time, and never laying the burthen upon them of labours difficult to perform, or of sentiments too complicated to express. He seems also to have dipped his brush in the self-same colour with which nature has be painted her eastern brood, called gipsies; and, moreover, he is far from fastidious in the matter of elegant outline, or the grace of just proportion. The vigorous—the wild originality of the man, is a threefold recompense for all this, and, were we called upon to name the artist most to our liking, in his line, we would name Inskipp.

75. '*The Lady Chapel, Church of St. Pierre, at Caen*;' ROBERTS.—This is another of those picturesque things which show how strong the artist is in all that belongs to architecture.

80. '*Portraits of Lord Trentham and Lady Caroline Gower, Children of the Earl and Countess Gower*;' HURLESTONE.—This is a charming group, easy and natural, with no put-on looks nor assumed graces: we should have liked it the better had the sashes been more delicately blue, and the dresses less snowy.—130. '*Sons of B. Goad*;' is by the same hand, and every way equal in beauty and simplicity: the colouring is more subdued. The only rival of Hurlestone, in expressing the sweetness of youth, is Mrs. Carpenter, of whom we shall speak presently.

115. '*Baptism in the Days of the Persecution*;' G. HARVEY.—There is more variety of character in this picture than in any other work in these galleries. The subject was supplied by Professor Wilson's '*Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life*'—a work abounding in fine pictures. The Covenanters have sought refuge in one of their wild glens, down which a stream is running: sentinels stand armed at the passes, and enclosing the pastor and his people; while young women in white present infants to be baptized. Old men and matrons gaze in silence and without fear; and the minister, taking water from the brook in his hands, calls on his people to witness the admission of a new member to God's people. The artist has acquitted himself with no little skill in this important task: there is, it is true, something like a monotony of character among the heads; yet, on the whole, the scene is impressive, and continues present to the fancy, in spite of all the glowing cheeks and splendid dresses of more showy, but less substantial works, of which there are not a few around.

121. '*Study from Nature*;' MRS. HAKBWILL.—This study from nature is the head of an acquaintance, raised some twenty degrees in the glass of elegance and beauty, by the poetic mind of the fair artist. It is one of the loveliest faces in the room: the hand which performed this

little miracle endeavoured to do the same for a male head, which, if we remember right, she calls the Portrait of a Gentleman; but a long nose, and a face moderate in its meaning, seem to have been too much for her, skilful as she is.

151. 'Caution,' INSKIPP.—This represents a girl, bare legged and bare footed, gliding timidly onward to a foaming brooklet, over which her way lies. Little caution seems necessary, for feet so nimble as hers might skip across the stream at once; and we are quite sure that no country-bred girl, such as the artist imagined when he painted this, would hesitate a moment, but bound over it like a roe. The picture, in all other respects, is a fine one.

156. 'The Grecian Chorus at the Temple of Apollo,' LINTON.—This splendid scene was suggested by a passage in Plutarch. "Nicias caused a bridge to be constructed at Athens, before his departure for Delos, magnificently decorated with gold and garlands, rich stuffs and tapestry; and on his arrival there, during the night previous to the ceremony, threw it across the narrow strait, between that island and Rhenea, at which latter place they landed. Early in the morning the procession marched over the bridge, and up to the temple, singing hymns to the deity." On each side of the strait the hills are crowned with temples; and on the bosom of the water the Greek ships are seen moving on to the sound of music: the scene is light and elegant, and the picture cannot fail to find many admirers.

162. 'In Peace Love tunes the Shepherd's Reed,' MRS. HAKEWILL.—A pretty pastoral scene, such as poets dream, rather than such as nature presents. The Ettrick Shepherd piping on the Braes of Yarrow, would make a characteristic Corydon, true to the verses of Scott, and in better keeping with old Scotland than this, which is rather too Arcadian.

171. 'The Tomb of Hermione,' MADDOX.—There is some good colouring here, and nature such as any one may praise.

185. 'Portrait of a Lady,' DAVIS.—There are not many very good portraits in these galleries: those which represent gentlemen are the worst: we can praise this likeness in the spirit of meekness and moderation; there is good colouring and character in it.

194. 'Mrs. Selwyn and Child,' MRS. CARPENTER.—A mother and child, and a very lovely pair: this is the finest picture of the kind in the place; and did we not dislike comparing one artist with another, we would say it is worthy of Lawrence. The maternal loveliness of the one, and the reposing beauty of the other, are such as few pencils of these days can rival. The colouring, too, is natural and becoming.

195. 'Edinburgh Castle, from the Grass-Market,' ROBERTS.—The castle-crowned crag, with the wide grass-market at its base, is faithfully delineated: we wish Roberts, when he visits the gude town again, would go into the Lawn-market some clear moonlight evening, and look along one of those narrow openings called Clooses, which lead towards the Firth of Forth. There he will see dyers' poles, with all their many-coloured streamers flying—women in mitches looking out of windows seven and eight stories up in the air—he will get a cut out of the New Town—the Firth, with its ships passing and repassing—a slip of the shore of Fife, and a broad strip out of the sky, with the moon, it may be, and a star or two by her side. Let him paint this, and he will soon find a customer—the picture would be beautiful.

207. 'Landscape,' SIMS.—This picture seems to grow the more beautiful the longer we look at it. There is a rude hut filled with gypsies, and asses, relieved from their panniers, grazing at hand; while for miles beyond them we can see into a country, rich neither in corn nor poultry, or such things as those vagrants love

to pitch their tents near. We wonder, therefore, what they are doing there; but we do not admire the skill of the artist the less, that, out of an unpromising subject, has evoked such a picture.

208. 'The Ettrick Shepherd in his Forest Plaid,' GORDON.—This is, no doubt, a good resemblance of our inspired friend of Ettrick: the expression is, however, a shade too severe; and it would have been better had some sunshine found its way to his brow. We hear he has been cut as large as life, and at full-length, in stone, by Greenshields,—a work which the poet, it is said, calls a capital performance: the authority may be strong in matters of verse—we doubt its accuracy in matters of art.

213. 'Group of Children,' MRS. CARPENTER.—This lady deserves all the praise here, which we bestowed upon her picture of 'Mrs. Selwyn and Child,' with the addition, that in these innocence and beauty are in action. Graceful playfulness and arch simplicity unite here with fine natural colouring.

224. The first picture of a series to represent the 'Procession to the Abbey at the Coronation of William the Fourth; containing Portraits of distinguished persons who attended on that occasion.' Painted for His Majesty: DAVIS. We need only say of a performance executed to royal commands, that it seems, as far so it goes, to accomplish the King's and the artist's wishes. Patronage, they tell us, is a fine thing, and yet Mr. Davis would protest, we have no doubt, against our criticising this picture as a work of art.

238 and 262. 'Autumn,' and the 'Coming Shower,' are both by INSKIPP, and exhibit the same original qualities which we noticed in his other works: there are two others, 443 and 461, by the same artist, which he calls 'Studies from Nature,' which surpass for truth and force all that surround them. They haunted us round the room, and, though now far removed from them, we see them as we write.

244. 'The noble Polish Girl,' MISS A. BEAUMONT.—This little picture has some agreeable light and shade, and is not deficient in character.

246. 'Wayside Cross,' VICKERS.—There is considerable poetic feeling in this and other productions by the same artist; he has also a good sense of harmony in colouring, and meddles but with subjects which belong to history or imagination. 'The Crucifixion,' and 'Roxana's Bower,' are both performances of a poetic order; were the painter to make the atmosphere of his pictures a little clearer, he would extend the number of his admirers.

273. 'Portrait of John Taylor,' by LONSDALE, is, perhaps, the best male portrait in the exhibition; there is a small-size picture of Lord Brougham and Vaux, by the same hand, which is also good, though less to our liking.

352. 'The Courier; or, Fate of the Battle,' KIDD.—This is a little picture, full of indescribable drollery. It is a capital burlesque on the practice of the Fancy, of despatching pigeons to distant parts with the name of the victor in the pugilistic ring. A battle has been fought between two rustics; victory has just been declared, and the dove despatched with the glad tidings, is no other than an ass adorned with ribbons, and mounted by two boys, who are urging on the reluctant messenger, with all the speed that stupidity and stubbornness will permit, to diffuse the intelligence through the neighbouring villages. One of the riders is a little chimney-sweeper: he is holding on by his comrade's waist, and nothing is white about him, save the whites of his eyes and his teeth.

We must have done for this week. There is little that we have not seen before in the Sculpture Gallery; and the engravings are chiefly old acquaintances. There are some very pretty works

in the Water-Colour Gallery;—ladies in all the glow of youth and beauty; old abbey, with all the reverence about them which the sight of beauty in ruins excites; and flowers which rival nature in all save in fragrance.

## MUSIC

### KING'S THEATRE.

'Pietro l'Eremita,' and 'Elisa e Claudio,' have been repeated, in consequence of the illness of Mad. Baptiste, for whom 'La Vestale' has been some time in rehearsal. This evening the lady is positively to appear, and Mad. Meric is to take the "Veil."

'Olivo e Pasquale,' a comic opera, by Donizetti, will shortly be produced.—Signor Winter is about to leave for the continent: and then Curioni must, we suppose, be "tenore primo."

### THIRD ANTIENT CONCERT.

Director, the Earl of Derby.

WE are happy to find that the bad taste of the Archbishop of York, in excluding glees, is not contagious. Glees are a species of classical composition, peculiarly national, which we are loth to part with, in these times of musical common-place. Croft's anthem, 'This is the day,' was preceded by an extemporaneous performance on the organ, by Mr. Knyvett, in which was displayed much taste, and a complete mastery of musical science. 'Hide me from day's garish eye,' was sung by Miss Stephens with great purity and simplicity. Mrs. Bishop, in an Aria of Cimarosa's, was more fortunate in her intonation than usual—her style and pronunciation in Italian singing are irreproachable. Haydn's Sinfonia, No. 5, in c minor, was the only novelty in the programme.

### SOCIETA ARMONICA.

THE second concert given by this Society was well attended, and the instrumental performances were creditable—although the duet so generally applauded on the Harp and Piano by Messrs. Forbes and Chatterton, was introduced with rather too much ceremony; and the band, composed partly of amateurs, wanted something of power and precision. The duet 'Io di tutto,' sung by Mad. de Meric and De Begnis, was deservedly encored.

## THEATRICALS

### DRURY LANE.

WHEN things are at the worst, it is said that they must mend;—we hope so, for then we may safely congratulate the management of this theatre on their production of Tuesday last, called 'Der Alchymist.' In one night it has established a claim, which nothing can shake, to be considered the silliest, the worst, and the dullest opera of the day. We have called it an opera, because the bills have; but hodge-podge would have been a better term. It is a rule with us, not to mention the names of authors, where their productions are unsuccessful; but the following little statement, which will be found to be pretty near the truth, will sufficiently make out our case of hodge-podge. It is a drama in three acts, written by two Englishmen, partly founded on a novel by one American, with music selected by a third Englishman, from six operas by one German. To complete the confusion, the scene is laid in Spain, and the title given to the piece is 'Der Alchymist,' which we take to be German to anything but the matter. The outline of the plot is this:—*Felix de Vasquez*, the Alchymist, (Mr. E. Seguin,) is in search of the philosopher's stone; he has a daughter, *Inez*, (Miss Pearson,) who is beloved by *Don Alonso*, the student of Salamanca, (Mr. Wood); *Don Ramiro*, a very naughty Spanish nobleman, (Mr. H. Phillips,) is also in love with *Inez*, which is

not only objected to by *Inez* herself, but by *Sybella*, a Morisco girl, (Mrs. Wood,) who has been, and still is, living with him—evidently more as mistress than servant. *Don Ramiro* resolves to go all lengths to gratify his passion, and *Sybella*, ditto, to thwart him. Accordingly, whenever and wherever *Inez* is in danger from any one of the numerous snares laid for her by *Ramiro* and his agents, *Sybella* (being invested with supernatural powers for that purpose,) is at hand to warn and save her. Towards the close of the third act, *The Alchymist*, having been denounced by *Don Ramiro* to the Inquisition as guilty of sorcery, is about to play the principal part in an *auto da fe*, when *Don Alonso* arrives just in time with a pardon—fights with and slays *Don Ramiro*, and *Sybella*, after going mad, and singing a medley, expires upon the body of her hated-while-living, but beloved-to-excess-now-dead Don. We are quite willing to subscribe to the high praise accorded by Professors to the music of Spohr; but we have before said, and are now more than ever convinced, that no opera of his, as a whole, will ever be popular on our stage. Portions here and there may take, and now and then a whole song may have air and melody enough about it to become a favourite, but there it will end. Mr. Bishop must have felt this difficulty, or why did he ransack six operas to collect materials for one? The same feeling ought to have taught him beforehand, that with all his ransacking, his exertions would go for nothing. We would venture any reasonable wager, that the call-boy of the theatre, if asked at rehearsal which of the pieces of music would be encored by the audience at night, would at once have named Mr. H. Phillips's romance—the only one which was. Why then was experience, like Mr. Bishop's, of less use than the call-boy's would have been? Mr. Bishop is a composer of pure taste, deep science, and great genius—he is still in the prime of life—and if he unfortunately lacks either ambition or industry, to do that honour to himself and his country, which he possesses all else to enable him to do, let him give over the degrading occupation of selecting, patching, and dovetailing other people's works, and go to sleep quietly upon a bed, which he has earned, even now, laurels of his own to make. With all due allowance for the difficulties of writing words to suit the long rambling scenes and concerted pieces contained in these heavy German operas, we must in justice accord the palm of imbecility to those contained in the book before us. Such persons as may be desirous of speculating in bad English, will find in it an eligible investment for ten-pence. There is no pleasure in thus finding fault with everything, and those who think there is, are grievously mistaken—but duty must be done, and if we are to speak the truth, we have little else to do with anything in this opera. The scenery was mostly indifferent, and the working of it bungling in the extreme. At one time, we had a half scene of rocks and mountains come creeping up through the stage, and which, slow as it was, was yet too soon for its appointment with the other half, which ultimately descended from the clouds to meet it. Perhaps, however, the greatest curiosity of the evening, was a scene called 'The Vision.' The Alchymist, confined in the dungeons of the Inquisition, stretches himself on his pallet, sleeps, and dreams. The back of the prison opens, and discovers his study decorated as we have beheld it in a previous scene, which scene, for reasons best known to the authors, is re-enacted by children dressed in imitation of Mr. Seguin and Mrs. Wood. There is no pretence of distance, for Mr. Seguin, where he lies, might almost put his hand into the room allotted to this 'Vision,'—why, therefore, children should have been employed, remains a puzzle. (Mr. Seguin, it should be observed, was badly disguised—he

seemed to think that a white mop head and a pale face constituted an old man)—well—no matter—there is the little old man in his grey coat, cut shorter, and his little mop head and little pale face, and he reads his book, and he gets up and struts about, and then Mrs. Wood's little deputy rises as the principal had done before through a nondescript sort of chest or coal-box—and Mrs. Wood sings behind the scenes or under the stage for her, and the little old boy is melodramatic, and kneels and prays to the little young girl, and the audience laugh, and the scene closes, and the whole affair reaches the height or rather depth of absurdity. A part intended to be comic, but which had a different effect upon the audience, was given to Mr. Harley. He is a hypochondriac, and fancies himself at one moment a tea-pot—at another, a gilet-pie—at another, a sugar-loaf. The only good laugh he got was from a little remark evidently his own—Mrs. Jones has occasion to tell him that what he says "is all nonsense"—upon which he good-naturedly said, "That's what I say—I say it's all nonsense too." The house were so pleased with this sally, that we verily believe their personal feelings towards the man saved the piece from the condemnation which his part was fast bringing on it. Mr. Seguin did not get on quite so well as we have before seen him—both his singing and acting had too much of the Royal Academy about it. Mr. H. Phillips did his best, but his opportunities were few and middling. He sang a very charming and simple romance, beginning "Oh come with me, my dearest," with great taste, and was unanimously encored. Mr. Templeton improves. Mr. Wood was over-weighted. He seems to be carefully excluded from the style of music which suits him best, and in which he used to be a great favourite. Miss Pearson sang her music, perhaps, a shade better than usual; but she seemed to feel that she had more to act than she could get through, and every now and then positively looked aghast at her part. One only subject for unmixed praise presents itself, in noticing this ill-concocted and badly-produced jumble, and we proceed to a notice of that with heart and soul. We have kept it to the last, as a child keeps the tart which has custard on its top. We will venture to affirm, that the annals of the English Stage do not furnish another instance of such splendid singing and such admirable acting combined, as were exhibited by Mrs. Wood on this occasion. She is known and admitted to be the best singer of the present day—we suspect we might add, of any day—and she was at her best, both as to voice and exertion, on Tuesday last. In addition to this, we have no hesitation in saying, that her acting was so excellent that it would of itself have made the fame of a new performer. There were calls in the part for the expression of a variety of passions, and every call was answered in a way little short of perfection. The opera cannot last, and, for Mrs. Wood's sake, we regret it.

## MISCELLANEA

*Mr. Bone's Pictures.*—We have just received a catalogue of the collection of pictures and engravings of this artist, which are announced for sale, on Tuesday next, at his late residence in Berners Street. Among the pictures, are some of the works of Rubens, Tintoretto, Rembrandt, N. Poussin, and others of the most celebrated ancient masters—but the splendid collection of enamels will not be sold.

*Chiarini.*—This celebrated Hebraist, who was professor of divinity, the oriental languages, and Hebrew antiquities, at the University of Warsaw, died in that capital, on the 28th of last month.

Mons. Jay has been elected a Member of the Academy, in the place of the late Abbé de Montesquiou: so lively was the competition that

it was not until the eighth ballot that he united a sufficient number of votes to secure his success. —Messrs. Salvandy, Thiers, Dupin and Tissot, were his competitors.

Fioravanti's opera of 'Comingio romito,' was last week brought out at the Italian Theatre, in Paris, where the admirable acting and singing of the artists, whom it is the good fortune of the manager of that theatre to retain, gave it a success which the music alone would not have entitled it to. The French are enthusiastic in their admiration of Lablache; in this new opera, he performs the part of a gay Colonel, who has found his way into a convent of Trappistes, whose doctrine, discipline, and diet, he finds particularly offensive to his own epicurean principles and practice. The scene of the piece lies wholly in the monastery, and some of the situations, although highly relishing to the Parisian taste, are not exactly such as the Duchess of Angoulême would sanction, or Mr. Perceval approve.

*Mdlle. Tagliani.*—We regret to learn that this lady is dangerously ill, from a severe accident; while in the act of flying as a sylph at a considerable height, she fell to the stage—surgical assistance was promptly had, and she was twice bled, but remains in a dangerous state.

*Cleopatra's Needle.*—Advices from Luxor, in Upper Egypt, mention, that one of the celebrated obelisks, better known by the name of "Cleopatra's Needles," which has been presented by Mehemet Ali to the French King, has, in spite of all the difficulties attendant upon the removal, been conveyed without receiving any injury on board of the ship Luxor, which was fitted up for the express purpose of receiving this fine relic. The vessel will descend the Nile in July next, and is expected to reach France in the course of the month of August.

## NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

Mr. William Ward is engraving, in his best manner, into style, a Portrait of the late John Jackson, Esq., R.A. from a picture painted by himself in the collection of the Right Hon. Lord Dover.

Mr. T. K. Hervey and Mr. Barnett are about to publish, in conjunction, a musical volume, entitled, 'Dreams of a Persian Maiden.'

*Forthcoming.*—Wyld's new School Atlas of Modern Geography, small 4to. is nearly ready.

Country Houses, a Novel.

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## TO CORRESPONDENTS

Thanks to W. Barnes—I. R. P.—I. A.—W.—N. O. P.—Our Islington correspondent is too political.—O. P. M. Left as directed.

A Subscriber's request shall be attended to, should the verses of 'Nemo' deserve no better fate.

A letter is left for T. W.

We should be glad to know how to address a letter to our correspondent at Rochford.

Goldsmith's letter, published last week, was, it appears, heretofore printed. We purchased the copy as of "an inedited letter," and are willing to believe that the party selling it was ignorant of the fact.

Next week, Living Artists, No. XIV., William Hill-ton, R.A.



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Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 231.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1832.

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## REVIEWS

*Annals and Antiquities of Rajast'han, or the Central and Western Rajpoot States of India.* By Lieut.-Col. James Tod, late Political Agent to the Western Rajpoot States. Vol. II. royal 4to. London, 1832. Smith, Elder & Co.

It was our opinion, from a careful study of the first volume of the 'Annals of Rajast'han,' which appeared in 1828, that the work, when completed, would prove to be one of the most valuable contributions ever made to the history of the Hindoos. The prediction is now fully confirmed: and we venture to say, that no European student of Indian history can hope for success in his researches, without "giving his days and his nights" to the volumes of Colonel Tod.

In what manner the annalist has executed his task, is a question of less importance in so grave a study: but even on this point, we think the author is deserving of the highest praise. With his rich and abundant materials, he might have written a *history*. His only anxiety, however, was to communicate information. This information, collected with immense labour, and evincing a depth of learning in the peculiar study, which perhaps no other European possesses, he lays before us in the simplest manner that could be devised. Quotations from native writers—the results of his own observation—oral tales and traditions—everything that could afford one ray of light is brought to bear upon the subject; and although the annals of each of the Hindoo states may be said to form in themselves a separate and regular history, yet the author was contented that the whole, in their union together, with the personal narrative subjoined, should be considered as *non historia, sed particula historia*.

We are the more disposed to give Colonel Tod credit for this species of modesty, at a time when the commodity is so rare—at a time when every young gentleman (at least, after distinguishing himself in the *Annals*), dubs his six weeks' compilation a "history." We are also the more disposed, in a popular vehicle like ours, to give honour where honour is due, from the consideration, that not one in a hundred of our readers will have an opportunity of forming for themselves an opinion of the work. Those who are devoted, from their profession or prospects, to the study of Indian history, will be glad to obtain it, even at the serious sacrifice of nine guineas; but, to the general reader, its form—its bulk—the multiplicity of its details—the distance of the scene—the comparative obscurity of most of the personages,—all will operate as a check upon curiosity.

From this consideration, we think that, instead of gratifying our own peculiar tastes, by launching into a grave dissertation upon

the work, it will be the more chivalrous and *Rajpootical* proceeding, to enter the lists against the gigantic obstacles mentioned above, and to exhibit to the timid reader the species of reward which he may receive by a little courage and resolution. It occurred to us, indeed, no less from a perusal of the first, than of the present volume, that, of all classes of readers, the *romancers* might derive most benefit from the work. The character, manners, and even costumes of the Rajpoots, are essentially romantic; and if we succeed in drawing the attention of these gentlemen to the almost exhaustless store of materials which they will find in the volumes, we have no doubt that a series of *Tales of Rajast'han* will push the 'Tales of My Landlord' from their stools.

Will the following fearful anecdote be considered a little *de trop*?

"Although the rajah had no less than twenty-seven queens, he cast the eye of desire on the virgin-daughter of a subject, and that subject a Brahmin.

"It was on the raja's return from court to his native land, that he beheld the damsel, and he determined, notwithstanding the sacred character of her father and his own obligations as the dispenser of law and justice, to enjoy the object of his admiration. Whether the scruples of the daughter were likely to be easily overcome by her royal tempter, or whether the raja threatened force, the '*Khéd*' does not inform us; but as there was no other course by which the father could save her from pollution but by her death, he resolved to make it one of vengeance and horror. He dug a sacrificial pit, and having slain his daughter, cut her into fragments, and mingling therewith pieces of flesh from his own person, made the '*homa*,' or burnt sacrifice to Aya Mata, and as the smoke and flames ascended, he pronounced an imprecation on the raja: 'Let peace be a stranger to him! and in three pahars, three days, and three years, let me have revenge!' Then exclaiming, 'My future dwelling is the *Dabi Baori*!' sprung into the flaming pit. The horrid tale was related to the raja, whose imagination was haunted by the shade of the Brahmin; and he expired at the assigned period, a prey to unceasing remorse." p. 35-6.

This fearful sacrifice was not made in vain; for the spirit of the Brahmin long haunted the guilty imagination of the rajah's descendants:—

"The celebrated Jeswunt Sing, the great grandson of Oodi, had an amour with the daughter of one of his civil officers, and which he carried on at the *Dabi Baori*. But the avenging ghost of the Brahmin interposed between him and his wishes. A dreadful struggle ensued, in which Jeswunt lost his senses, and no effort could banish the impression from his mind. The ghost persecuted his fancy, and he was generally believed to be possessed with a wicked spirit, which, when exorcised, was made to say he would only depart on the self-sacrifice of a

"† A watch of the day, about three hours."

chief equal in dignity to Jeswunt. Nahur Khan, 'the tiger lord,' chief of the Koompawut clan, who led the van in all his battles, immediately offered his head in expiation for his prince; and he had no sooner expressed this loyal determination, than the holy men who exorcised the spirit, caused it to descend into a vessel of water, and having waved it thrice round his head, they presented it to Nahur Khan, who drank it off, and Jeswunt's senses were instantly restored. This miraculous transfer of the ghost is implicitly believed by every chief of Rajast'han, by whom Nahur was called 'the faithful of the faithful.'" p. 36.

The "tiger lord" mentioned in this story, derived his name from the following circumstance:—

"He had personally incurred the displeasure of the emperor, by a reply which was deemed disrespectful to a message sent by the royal *ahdy*, for which the tyrant condemned him to enter a tiger's den, and contend for his life unarmed. Without a sign of fear, he entered the arena, where the savage beast was pacing, and thus contemptuously accosted him: 'Oh tiger of the *méah*, face the tiger of Jeswunt;' exhibiting to the king of the forest a pair of eyes, which anger and opium had rendered little less inflamed than his own. The animal, startled by so unaccustomed a salutation, for a moment looked at his visitor, put down his head, turned round, and stalked from him. 'You see,' exclaimed the Rahtore, 'that he dare not face me, and it is contrary to the creed of a true Rajpoot to attack an enemy who dares not confront him.' Even the tyrant, who beheld the scene, was surprised into admiration, presented him with gifts, and asked if he had any children to inherit his prowess. His reply, 'how can we get children, when you keep us from our wives beyond the Attok?' fully shows that the Rahtore and fear were strangers to each other. From this singular encounter, he bore the name of Nahur Khan, 'the tiger lord.'" p. 55-6.

The "immolation of the females" was almost a common occurrence in a country where honour was far more highly valued than human life. The following is an instance from the annals of Marwar:—

"When these brave men saw that nothing short of the surrender of all that was dear to a Rajpoot was intended by the fiend-like spirit of the king, their first thought was the preservation of their prince; the next to secure their own honour and that of their late master. The means by which they accomplished this were terrific. The females of the deceased, together with their own wives and daughters, were placed in an apartment filled with gunpowder, and the torch applied—all was soon over! This sacrifice accomplished, their sole thought was to secure a niche in that immortal temple, which the Rajpoot bard, as well as the great minstrel of the west, peoples with 'youths who died, to be by poets sung.' For this, the Rajpoot's anxiety has in all ages been so great, as often to defeat even the purpose of revenge, his object being to die gloriously rather than to inflict death; assured that his name would never perish, but, preserved in 'immortal rhyme' by



the bard, would serve as the incentive to similar deeds. Accordingly, 'the battle fought by the sons of Dohurea in the streets of Delhi,' is one of the many themes of everlasting eulogy to the Rahtores: and the seventh of Sravan, S. 1736 (the second month of the Monsoon of A.D. 1680), is a sacred day in the calendar of Maroo." p. 60.

The annals of Jessulmur afford another. A fort being just about to be taken by assault, the chiefs "repared to the palace of their queens. They told them to take the *sohag*, and prepare to meet in heaven, while they gave up their lives in defence of their honour and their faith. Smiling, the Soda Rani replied, 'this night we shall prepare, and by the morning's light we shall be inhabitants of *suerga*' (heaven); and thus it was with the chiefs and all their wives. The night was passed together for the last time in preparation for the awful morn. It came; ablutions and prayers were finished, and at the *Rajdwara* were convened *bála*, *prúde*, and *brídú*. They bade a last farewell to all their kin; the *johur* commenced, and twenty-four thousand females, from infancy to old age, surrendered their lives, some by the sword, others in the volcano of fire. Blood flowed in torrents, while the smoke of the pyre ascended to the heavens: not one feared to die, every valuable was consumed with them, not the worth of a straw was preserved for the foe. This work done, the brothers looked upon the spectacle with horror. Life was now a burthen, and they prepared to quit it. They purified themselves with water, paid adoration to the divinity, made gifts to the poor, placed a branch of the *toolis* in their casques, the *saligram* round their neck; and having cased themselves in armour and put on the saffron robe, they bound the *mor* (crown) around their heads, and embraced each other for the last time. Thus they awaited the hour of battle. Three thousand eight hundred warriors, with faces red with wrath, prepared to die with their chiefs." p. 261-2.

The following story is very beautiful, as an illustration of manners:—

"On the death of Sora Sing, prince of Nurwar, his brother usurped the government, depriving the infant, Dhola Raé, of his inheritance. His mother, clothing herself in mean apparel, put the infant in a basket, which she placed on her head, and travelled westward until she reached the town of Khogong (within five miles of the modern Jeipoor), then inhabited by the Meenas. Distressed with hunger and fatigue, she had placed her precious burthen on the ground, and was plucking some wild berries, when she observed a hooded serpent rearing its form over the basket. She uttered a shriek, which attracted an itinerant Brahmin, who told her to be under no alarm, but rather to rejoice at this certain indication of future greatness in the boy. But the emaciated parent of the founder of Amber replied, 'What may be in futurity I heed not, while I am sinking with hunger;' on which the Brahmin put her in the way to Khogong, where he said her necessities would be relieved. Taking up the basket, she reached the town, which is encircled by hills, and accosting a female, who happened to be a slave of the Meena chieftain, begged any menial employment for food. By direction of the Meena Rani, she was entertained with the slaves. One day she was ordered to prepare dinner, of which Ralunsi, the Meena Raja, partook, and found it so superior to his usual fare, that he sent for the cook, who related her story. As soon as the Meena chief discovered the rank of the illustrious fugitive, he adopted her as his sister, and Dhola Raé as his nephew." p. 347.

Anecdote of a Hindoo opium-eater:—

"Narayn-das became celebrated for his strength and prowess. He was one of those

undaunted Rajpoots who are absolutely strangers to the impression of fear, and it might be said of danger and himself, 'that they were brothers whelped the same day, and he the elder.' Unfortunately, these qualities were rendered inert from the enormous quantity of opium he took, which would have killed most men; for it is recorded 'he could at one time eat the weight of seven pice.' The consequence of this vice, as might be expected, was a constant stupefaction, of which many anecdotes are related. Being called to aid the Rana Raemull, then attacked by the Pathans of Mandoo, he set out at the head of five hundred select Haras. On the first day's march, he was taking his *siesta*, after his usual dose, under a tree, his mouth wide open, into which the flies had unmolested ingress, when a young *tailani* came to draw water at the well, and on learning that this was Boondi's prince on his way to aid the Rana in his distress, she observed, 'If he gets no other aid than his, alas for my prince!' 'The *umuldar* (opium-eater) has quick ears, though no eyes,' is a common adage in Rajwarra. 'What is that you say, *rand* (widow)?' roared the Rao, advancing to her. Upon her endeavouring to excuse herself, he observed, 'do not fear, but repeat it.' In her hand she had an iron crowbar, which the Rao, taking it from her, twisted until the ends met round her neck. 'Wear this garland for me,' said he, 'until I return from aiding the Rana, unless in the interim you can find some one strong enough to unbind it.'" 466.

The ferocious spirit of Hindoo honour is strikingly illustrated in the following story:

"The manner of his death affords another trait of Rajpoot character, and merits a place among those anecdotes which form the romance of history. Gopinath carried on a secret intrigue with the wife of a Brahmin of the Buldea class, and in the dead of night used to escalate the house to obtain admittance. At length the Brahmin caught him, bound the hands and feet of his treacherous prince, and proceeding direct to the palace, told the Rao he had caught a thief in the act of stealing his honour, and asked what punishment was due to such offence. 'Death,' was the reply. He waited for no other, returned home, and with a hammer beat out the victim's brains, throwing the dead body into the public highway. The tidings flew to Rao Ruttun, that the heir of Boondi had been murdered, and his corpse ignominiously exposed; but when he learned the cause, and was reminded of the decree he had unwittingly passed, he submitted in silence." p. 477.

The following presents a curious view of the gradation of punishments in Rajast'han:

"The *Bahingis*, or scavengers, of Ranikhaira, the very refuse of mankind, had mortgaged their rights in the *dead carcasses* of their town to a professional brother of Laisrawun; but on the return of these halcyon days, they swerved from their bond. The chieftain of Laisrawun espoused his vassal's cause, and probably pointed out the mode of revenge. One morning, therefore, not having the fear of Jemshid of Neembaira before his eyes, the said mortgagee slew his pig; and, albeit but the wreck of a human being, contrived to cast his victim into the pure fountain of 'Queenstown,' and immediately fled for *sirna* to Bheendir. But what could be done to a wretch, who for former misdeeds had already suffered the dismemberment of an arm, a leg, and his nose? Here is the sentence! 'To be paraded, mounted on an ass, his face blackened, with a chaplet of shoes round his neck, and drummed out of the limits of Ranikhaira!'"

Is there anything finer in the Arabian Nights than this?

"Aloo Hara, one day, returning homeward from the chase, was accosted by a Charun, who, having bestowed his blessing upon him, would

accept of nothing in exchange but the turban from his head. Strange as was the desire, he preferred compliance to incurring the *vicerwa*, or 'vituperation of the bard;' who, placing Aloo's turban on his own head, bade him 'live a thousand years,' and departed. The Charun immediately bent his steps to Mundore, the capital of Maroo; and as he was ushered into the presence of its prince, and pronounced the *byrd* of the Rahtores, he took off his turban with the left hand, and performed his salutation with the right. The unusual act made the prince demand the cause, when in reply he was told 'that the turban of Aloo Hara should bend to none on earth.' Such reverence to an obscure chief of the mountains of Méwar enraged the King of the Desert, who unceremoniously kicked the turban out of doors. Aloo, who had forgotten the strange request, was tranquilly occupied in his pastime, when his *quondam* friend again accosted him, his head bare, the insulted turban under his arm, and loudly demanding vengeance on the Rahtore, whose conduct he related. Aloo was vexed, and upbraided the Charun for having wantonly provoked this indignity towards him. 'Did I not tell you to ask land, or cattle, or money, yet nothing would please you but this rag; and my head must answer for the insult to a vile piece of cloth: for nothing appertaining to Aloo Hara shall be insulted with impunity even by the *Thakoor* of Marwar.' Aloo forthwith convened his clan, and soon five hundred 'sons of one father' were assembled within the walls of Bumaáda, ready to follow wheresoever he led." p. 643-4.

This simple circumstance caused great bloodshed, and led to the extinction of the family of Aloo.

The oriental jealousy of their women is carried to a fearful pitch among the Rajpoots. The following is the consequence of a lady simply looking out of a window:—

"One day, the *thakoor* (chief) was enjoying himself in his baronial hall of Bhyrator, in the midst of his little court, with a *nauteh*, when a fatal curiosity, perhaps instigated by jealousy, induced his Rani to peep out from the lattices above. Offended at this violation of decorum, he said aloud to an attendant, 'Tell the *thakoorani*, if she is eager to come abroad, she may do so, and I will retire.' The lady disputed the justice of the reprimand, asserting that her lord had been mistaken, and tried to shift the reproach to one of her damsels; but failing to convince him, she precipitated herself from the battlements into the whirlpools beneath." 662-3.

By way of relief, we give the account of a visit made by our author to a Rajpoot chief:—

"Nandta is a fine specimen of a Rajpoot baronial residence. We entered through a gateway, at the top of which was the *nobut-khameh*, or saloon for the band, into an extensive court having colonnaded piazzas all round, in which the vassals were ranged. In the centre of this area was a pavilion, apart from the palace, surrounded by orangeries and odoriferous flowers, with a *jet-d'eau* in the middle, whence little canals conducted the water and kept up a perpetual verdure. Under the arcade of this pavilion, amidst a thousand welcomes, thundering of cannon, trumpets, and all sorts of sounds, we took our seats; and scarcely had congratulations passed and the area was cleared of our escorts, when, to the sound of the tabor and *saringi*, the sweet notes of a Punjabi *tappa* saluted our ears. There is a plaintive simplicity in this music, which denotes originality, and even without a knowledge of the language, conveys a sentiment to the most fastidious, when warbled in the impassioned manner which some of these syrens possess. While the Mahratta delights in the dissonant *droopad*, which requires a rapidity of



utterance quite surprising, the Rajpoot reposes in his *tappa*, which, conjoined with his opium, creates a paradise. Here we sat, amidst the orange-groves of Nandta, the *jet-d'eau* throwing a mist between us and the groupe, whose dark tresses, antelope-eyes, and syren-notes, were all thrown away upon the Frank, for my teeth were beating time from the ague-fit." p. 687.

We shall resume our notice next week.

*Cheskian Anthology; being a History of the Poetical Literature of Bohemia: with translated Specimens;* by John Bowring. London, 1832. Hunter.

We lie under personal obligations to Mr. Bowring—we beg his pardon—he is a Doctor, if not of laws, at least of languages. We knew him,—or rather he knew us,—in infancy, when he had the kindness to translate our little wants from the Baby-Ionian into the mother tongue. In our school days, he volunteered to do our exercises in French, Latin, and Italian; and was our proxy, we remember, in learning Greek and Hebrew. In maturer manhood his kindness did not desert us. It was but the last Sabbath that he was so good as to accompany us to Mr. Irving's chapel, as an interpreter of the Unknown Tongues; and on the Tuesday following, to the Zoological Gardens, where he obliged us, and Mr. Vigors, by pointing out the affinities between the dialects of the Tiger and the Catalanian—of the Lyon and the Lyonnese—of the Vampyre and the Bat-avian, &c. &c.

These are private obligations; but Mr. Bowring has added to our national debt to him, by his publication of the '*Cheskian Anthology*.' The poets of Britain must rejoice to find that they have such a band of Bohemian Brothers as sing in this little volume. It has been well remarked, that most things are either Bishop'd or Burked by translation. A foreign idea is too often brought over—clapped, like other travellers, into damp sheets—and gets up such a cripple, that its own parent from its father land, would not know it again. Poems done into English, generally drink dreadfully, like the home-made wines—they may be named after the Spanish or the Rhenish, but they smack of nothing but domestic currant and gooseberry. This is not the case with Mr. Bowring—he imports, or smuggles over, the genuine spirit of his author—Spanish, or Polish—Russian, or Magyar. Nobody would dream of confounding his Bohemians with White-chapel Jews. Here, is a dainty little romance—of a Cheskian Juliet and a Turkish County Paris:—

Upon the Turkish boundary  
A watchman hath one child alone:  
O God! O God! what bliss 'twould be,  
If I could call that girl mine own!

I sent a letter to the maid,  
And sent a ring—"The ring is thine,  
So give me sweet thy love," I said,  
"And leave thy father's house for mine."

The letter reached the maid—she ran  
And placed it in her father's hand:  
Read, O my father! if thou can,  
And make thy daughter understand."

Her father read it—not a word  
He said, but sigh'd—and as he rose—  
"O Lord of Mercy! righteous Lord!"  
What heavy, heavy sighs were those!

"My golden father! tell me why  
Such sighs, such sadness—never pain  
Heav'd from the breast a heavier sigh—  
What did that wretched sheet contain?"

"Sweet daughter! I have cause to groan  
When misery on my heart is piled:  
A Turk demands thee for his own  
He asks thy father for his child."

"My golden father! give me not—  
O, if thou love me, do not so!  
I will not leave thy watchman's cot—  
Nay! with the Turk I dare not go!"

"I tell thee what I'll do—I'll make  
A coffin, where I will be laid,  
And there my seeming rest I'll take,  
And thou shalt say—the maid is dead!"

And so she did—the Moslem o'er  
The threshold sprung: "Ill-fated maid!  
O God of Mercy and of Power!  
The maid is dead!—the maid is dead!"

The mourning Turk his 'kerchief drew,  
And wiped his wet and weeping eyes:  
"And hast thou left me—left me, too,  
My precious pearl!—my gem-like prize?"

He bought himself a mourning dress,  
A dress of rosy taffety:  
"Why hast thou left me in distress,  
Of flowers the sweetest flower to me?"

He bid the death-bells loudly toll  
From every Turkish mosque; and ye  
Might hear the heavy grave-song roll  
From Turkey even to Moldavia.

The Turk sped homeward; and the maid  
Her coffin left for purer air.  
"Now, God be with thee, Turk!" she said;  
And truth was in the maiden's pray'r."

We would fain quote a few of the early lyrics, and some beautiful sonnets of Kollar; but want of room forbids; and, besides, we can safely advise the lover of poetry to extract the whole volume from Mr. Hunter's.

*The History of Rome.* By B. G. Niebuhr; translated by J. C. Hare, M.A. and Connon Thirlwall, M.A. Vol. II. London, 1832. Taylor.

THE great fault of Niebuhr's immortal work is, that learning almost equal to his own is required to read it with profit. He has aggregated immense stores of valuable information from sources hitherto unknown, or at least unexplored;—he has from this heterogeneous mass of materials derived a true history, every sentence of which is pregnant with the most important instruction, and every recorded incident a useful lesson for statesmen, since each develops the operation of some political principle that may almost be considered a law of our nature. The utility of the work must, however, be sadly diminished by its obscurity and difficulty; and the translators, unfortunately, have laboured with tolerable success to aggravate both these defects. By adopting a system of orthography long since obsolete, they have made the English volume appear as foreign as the German, and subjected it to the reproach of being "a translation that needs to be translated." Were they alone concerned, we should dismiss the work in a sentence, and plead in excuse "*si non vis intelligi, debes negligi*"; but we must not visit the sins of the translators upon the author; and still less justified should we be in withholding the lessons of political wisdom that abound in this important volume, valuable as they are for every time and season, but more especially valuable at the present moment.

It would be impossible, within our scanty limits, to detail the new version of the many important events to which Niebuhr has directed his attention, and to enumerate all the occasions on which he has succeeded in obtaining useful truth from worthless fable; but there is one period, in the analysis of which he has put forth all his strength, applied all his energies, and almost exhausted

all his extensive resources, and to this our notice must be confined. The period to which we allude was that in which occurred the great decisive struggle for Reform, which terminated in the triumph of truth and justice, and the establishment of the Decemviral Code of equal laws.

The aristocratic form of government, established at Rome after the expulsion of the Tarquins, was soon found to be more grievous than that of the banished tyrant. Like the young Hercules, it began its exploits in the cradle, by abrogating all those portions of the Servian constitution that ensured the protection of law to the plebeians. Complaints were disregarded, remonstrances treated with scorn, and petitions for redress punished, as overt acts of treason. "In pity, forbear to strike us with whips," was the humble request of the suffering commons. "For daring to complain, we will chastise you with scorpions," was the ferocious reply of the patricians; and they kept their promise to the letter. The natural tendency of every aristocratic government is to oligarchy, and ere long the Roman nobility found the supreme power, which nominally rested in their entire body, really possessed by a faction. The excluded minority appealed to the plebeians for assistance,—not because they cared in their hearts one jot for the sufferings of a class which they regarded as degraded, but because they hoped by such aid to break down the monopoly of office, and open to themselves the avenues to place and power. But it was impossible for them to lead a multitude blindfold;—when these ambitious patricians had harangued the plebeians on the natural rights of men, and the usurpations of the privileged classes, they hoped that their auditors would regard such matters as means, and the election of the orators to office as the end; that the excitement would cease when their election was secured, and the public mind resume its tranquillity, as the ocean its smoothness when the vessel that furrowed it has sailed past.

But multitudes and mobs generally possess a greater share of common sense than high-born statesmen and noble patricians can discover: intellect is not the exclusive property of rank and wealth—poverty often affords an education more valuable than scholastic learning—and nature teaches men to understand and apply arguments almost as well as the logic of Aristotle, or the rhetoric of Dionysius. The pretended reformers found this to their cost: the plebeians, in spite of all teaching, would regard the attainments of their own rights as the end, and would not in every instance regard the elevation of their instructors to office even as the means. Tyranny over reasonable people is too common to attract notice; but continued tyranny over a reasoning people, would be an anomaly in the history of mankind. To this fact the papers of the day supply us with a very authoritative testimony, in the shape of a resolution adopted at a recent meeting of slaveholders. It declares "that any attempt to instil religious instruction or education into the minds of slaves, is incompatible with the existence of slavery." Verily, these worthy resolvers are wise in their generation, and have not studied the records of past ages for nothing.

The Roman oligarchy was not inferior in wisdom to the planters of Trinidad, and

adopted resolutions not a whit inferior in wisdom and energy to that which we have quoted. Like all other oligarchies, the Roman rulers believed that the best remedy for popular discontent was that union of cruelty and oppression, commonly called "a vigorous administration;"—and theirs was vigorous with a vengeance. Niebuhr almost feared that the atrocious measures adopted by the patrician faction were too monstrous to be credited, and has taken no small pains to prove that they do not transcend the bounds of probability. But this point was established when he had proved that the form of government was oligarchical; for under that system the worst cruelties that the worst passions of the human heart can dictate, are not only probable, but certain. It is notorious that the rulers in several of the ancient Greek oligarchies took an oath, on their entrance into office, that "they would bear malice toward the commons, and devise all possible harm against them." And, as Niebuhr remarks—

"Even to our own days traces of the same horrible spirit appear: through its influence, not fifty years ago, several worthy members of the government at Friburg were punished as traitors, for advising that the rights, which had been wrested from the citizens and the canton, should be given back. The same spirit in Schwytz has robbed the new subjects of their franchise; and in the North American slave states, makes it a crime to give any instruction to persons of colour. It is the very same infernal spirit that led Sparta to her tyrannical measures against helots and subjects; and Florence to those which devastated Pisa."

But torture, exile, and death,—the usual instruments of "a vigorous administration,"—failed to convince the "plebs" of the propriety of submitting to the tyranny of the faction. They were, we grant, powerful arguments to prove that an oppressive oligarchy was "a mild and merciful government;" but the obtuseness of plebeian wit, and the obstinacy of democratic hearts, rendered the multitude blind to the cogency of such reasoning. The rack, the dungeon, the gibbet, and the assassin's steel,—those potent instruments of tyrannic reasoning,—failed to produce the desired conviction, and even led to conclusions the very opposite to those they had been designed to produce:—

"The more furiously the tyrants raged, the more stout-hearted their adversaries became. The freedom of the Roman people was consolidated, like religious liberty in persecutions, by the blood of martyrs. From the passing of the Publilian Law, it kept constantly gaining in strength and compass."

Coming events now began to cast their shadows before; the hoarse whispers and muttered threats of the multitude were, in the opinion of many among the nobility, ominous presages of an approaching storm; and all parties agreed in the sentiment, usual upon such occasions, that "something must be done." What the particular "something" was to be, however, was by no means determined with similar unanimity. The greater part of the ancient nobility, justly confiding in their recorded honours, historic fame, old associations, and prescriptive title to reverence, proposed measures of conciliation; but those whose elevation was of more recent date, and whose consciences told them that their casual rank supplied their best, if not their only claim to public respect, scouted

the monstrous proposal of giving political rights to "the swinish multitude." The younger branches of the nobility, who seemed to hold pride, profligacy, and presumption, almost as their birthright, eagerly and zealously supported the anti-reformers; but their zeal was not tempered with discretion, and they did "play such fantastic tricks before high heaven," as might have made "the angels weep" from excessive laughter. A graver, though scarcely less ridiculous opposition, was made by the flamens, pontiffs, and augurs,—their vaticinations of evil, if concession was made to the people, were as numerous and terrific as they were absurd. But, unfortunately, these prophecies had been too often repeated, and too often proved false, to be any longer regarded, except by old women; and their only effect was to bring religion itself into contempt.

At length the crisis came, at an hour when it was least expected: the pilots who had boasted so loudly and so fiercely, while the sea was yet calm and the winds still hushed, fled when the billows rose in anger, and the tempest rushed abroad in its fury. At that hour of difficulty and danger, a true statesman seized the abandoned helm; he pledged himself to the reform of abuses and the concession of equal rights: the hearts of the terrified mariners revived, they returned to their duty, and, by their united exertions, the vessel was enabled to pursue her course in safety.

There are some remarks on the manner in which the Decemviral Code was prepared and enacted, that deserve our attention. Niebuhr says—

"They completed the national code, so far as their powers reached, and published it in the form of ten laws, on ten tables, for the information of the people, in order that every one who saw room for any amendment might point it out to them: whereupon, if they agreed with him, they altered the statute accordingly. In no ancient commonwealth do we find any instance where the several clauses of a law, or amendments proposed by another person, were put to the vote: the whole was adopted, or rejected, in the unity it received from its author."

To this he appends the following note:—

"Ever since the time of the Constituent Assembly, the reverse of this has been the practice on the continent; and particularly since the restoration of the Bourbons, not only have alterations, suggested by a committee, often given a proposed law a totally contrary tenour, which is only a slight evil—but amendments off-hand frequently introduce absurdities and contradictions, after an enormous time has been consumed in debating. England, by the political good sense that still prevails there, has been kept free from this strange notion, of attaining to a high degree of perfection, by means of an aggregate of wisdom. I remember only one instance, where a bill, which originated in the upper house, was amended by sundry officious hands; but it turned out a complete abortion, which the next session committed to the grave. In the very valuable draft of a criminal code, discussed by the Cortes in 1822, the articles on which amendments were carried, were mostly spoiled."

It is to be hoped that England will still continue to be thus distinguished for political good sense, and that no second instance of a good measure, spoiled by amendments, may occur in its annals.

From the establishment of the Decemviral Code, Rome's greatness may be dated: there were no more secessions to Mount Aventine

—no factious feuds, threatening the entire destruction of the state. The patricians and plebeians, united under equal laws, began to form but one nation, and community of interest produced community of feeling. During the two succeeding centuries, Rome endured many calamities; but the vital spirit of freedom, diffused through every portion of the body politic, enabled the state to survive all difficulties, and even to derive additional strength from its misfortunes. The recuperative energy which belongs to liberty alone, raised the city from its smoking ruins, after the Gauls had produced new warriors to avenge the fate of Regulus, and banished despair when Hannibal was advancing from the field of Cannæ. The changes of fortune and the chances of time brought the Romans to another period, when a new oligarchy overthrew the decemviral constitution, and murdered the Gracchi for exerting themselves in its defence. The source of Roman glory and felicity was thus closed—the streams for the future poured forth only bitter waters, whose pestilential effects were lethargy, torpidity, and decay. But this painful portion of history comes not within the scope of our present subject, and we gladly turn away from the picture of tyranny, perfidy, and degradation. We shall rather quote the concluding part of the history of the reformers' triumph, trusting that it may be, ere long, descriptive of another nation as well as the Roman:—

"The two reformers, however, were deliverers such as heaven in its mercy does indeed send at times, when the need is the sorest: *their measures were an unmixed blessing, because the nation was still sound, and regarded its institutions, when reformed, as sacred*; and because they themselves were content with restoring that fitness, which certain parts had lost through the changes of time; because they carried back the constitution to its original idea, and did not dream of creating a new one; because they did not violate any tie in the commonwealth, but persevered indefatigably until the reform was accomplished according to all the rules of law."

*Domestic Manners of the Americans.* By Mrs. Trollope. 2 vols. 8vo.

[Second Notice.]

We never met with a traveller so clever and so difficult to please as Mrs. Trollope. When she sets out on a second wandering, she must carry, like a snail, all her household accommodation with her; her home-bred Helps will then fly at her bidding, like Malvolio's imaginary retinue; her London-taught lacqueys will duck with French nods as they speak, and her coachman stand with his hand at his hat, a living lesson in politeness to that Yankee Jehu who uncivilly longed to horsewhip an American governor of the province, and thrash a living German Prince. With her, affectation is everything, and independence nought: she seems quite unaware of the utter hollowness of what she worships as polished life; she looks upon smooth civility and shallow courtesy as the solder and cement of society, and the man who can speak as brave words as you would wish to hear on a summer's day, is the beau ideal of all nobleness and honour. When she meets with manners of a simpler or ruder kind, she holds up her white hands, with rings on every finger, and the very clusters of her artificial curls grow damp with the moisture

which agony brings to her brow. She remembers, too, only such matters of her own country as form a contrast to what she sees: nor is she always very accurate in her comparisons. She upbraids the members of Congress with rudely wearing their hats as they sit, forgetting, or not knowing perhaps, that the members of the British House of Commons do the same; she derides the Americans for stopping public coaches on the seventh day, lest they should break the Sabbath; when she travels in Scotland, or through Cambridge, she will find the same; and when she sees a young clergyman enter a house where there are handsome ladies, she puts her hands before her face, so as she may see through her fingers, and cries "O fie! I am afraid you are naughty girls; how can you do such things?—what will moral England say when I tell her of the doings of her transatlantic daughters?"

This brings us to the religious, or rather, ceremonial notions of this querulous lady—in which, however, she is not at all singular. She believes, that your only pious and polite church is the Episcopal. It is her firm opinion that the Presbyterian is, in its nature, too coarse to receive that elegance and polish which is essential for salvation; and moreover, she is persuaded that all dissenting congregations are rude, selfish, and uncivil—allow in giving honour where honour is due, and not a little addicted, amid their spiritual impulses, to the grosser sensualities of life. What she looks upon as the sorest evil of the whole, is the want of the crowning mercy of an Established Church; and, in her grief at its absence, she cries out, "Oh England, happy England!" With Mrs. Trollope lawn sleeves are things of exceeding great reverence—she has no notion of worshipping God anywhere else save in a cathedral—the sound of an organ is to her as a voice from Heaven; and, forgetting that Christ rode upon an ass, she has the Archbishop of Canterbury, in his coach and six, in perpetual vision before her. The view which she takes of religion in the United States, must therefore be taken with no little abatement; any one who reads the following very singular and very clever account of a congregation of Methodists worshipping in the wilderness, will perceive how easy it is to misrepresent and misinterpret the actions of the ardent and enthusiastic:—

"The prospect of passing a night in the back woods of Indiana was by no means agreeable, but I screwed my courage to the proper pitch, and set forth determined to see with my own eyes, and hear with my own ears, what a camp-meeting really was. I had heard it said that being at a camp-meeting was like standing at the gate of heaven, and seeing it opening before you; I had heard it said, that being at a camp-meeting was like finding yourself within the gates of hell; in either case there must be something to gratify curiosity, and compensate one for the fatigue of a long rumbling ride, and a sleepless night.

"We reached the ground about an hour before midnight, and the approach to it was highly picturesque. The spot chosen was the verge of an unbroken forest, where a space of about twenty acres appeared to have been partially cleared for the purpose. Tents of different sizes were pitched very near together in a circle round the cleared space; behind them were ranged an exterior circle of carriages of every description, and at the back of each were

fastened the horses which had drawn them thither. Through this triple circle of defence we distinguished numerous fires burning brightly within it; and still more numerous lights flickering from the trees that were left in the enclosure. The moon was in meridian splendour above our heads.

"We left the carriage to the care of a servant, who was to prepare a bed in it for Mrs. B. and me, and entered the inner circle. The first glance reminded me of Vauxhall, from the effect of the lights among the trees, and the moving crowd below them; but the second showed a scene totally unlike anything I had ever witnessed. Four high frames, constructed in the form of altars, were placed at the four corners of the enclosure; on these were supported layers of earth and sod, on which burned immense fires of blazing pine-wood. On one side a rude platform was erected to accommodate the preachers, fifteen of whom attended this meeting, and with very short intervals for necessary refreshment and private devotion, preached in rotation, day and night, from Tuesday to Saturday.

"When we arrived, the preachers were silent; but we heard issuing from nearly every tent mingled sounds of praying, preaching, singing, and lamentation. The curtains in front of each tent were dropped, and the faint light that gleamed through the white drapery, backed as it was by the dark forest, had a beautiful and mysterious effect, that set the imagination at work; and had the sounds which vibrated around us been less discordant, harsh, and unnatural, I should have enjoyed it; but listening at the corner of a tent, which poured forth more than its proportion of clamour, in a few moments chased every feeling derived from imagination, and furnished realities that could neither be mistaken nor forgotten.

"Great numbers of persons were walking about the ground, who appeared like ourselves to be present only as spectators; some of these very unceremoniously contrived to raise the drapery of this tent, at one corner, so as to afford us a perfect view of the interior.

"The floor was covered with straw, which round the sides was heaped in masses, that might serve as seats, but which at that moment were used to support the heads and arms of the close-packed circle of men and women who kneeled on the floor.

"Out of about thirty persons thus placed, perhaps half a dozen were men. One of these, a handsome looking youth of eighteen or twenty, kneeled just below the opening through which I looked. His arm was encircling the neck of a young girl who knelt beside him, with her hair hanging dishevelled upon her shoulders, and her features working with the most violent agitation; soon after they both fell forward on the straw, as if unable to endure in any other attitude the burning eloquence of a tall grim figure in black, who, standing erect in the centre, was uttering with incredible vehemence an oration that seemed to hover between praying and preaching; his arms hung stiff and immovable by his side, and he looked like an ill-constructed machine, set in action by a movement so violent, as to threaten its own destruction, so jerkingly, painfully, yet rapidly, did his words tumble out; the kneeling circle ceasing not to call, in every variety of tone, on the name of Jesus; accompanied with sobs, groans, and a sort of low howling inexpressibly painful to listen to. But my attention was speedily withdrawn from the preacher, and the circle round him, by a figure which knelt alone at some distance; it was a living image of Scott's Macbriar, as young, as wild, and as terrible. His thin arms tossed above his head, had forced themselves so far out of the sleeves, that they were bare to the elbow; his large eyes glared frightfully, and

he continued to scream without an instant's intermission the word 'Glory!' with a violence that seemed to swell every vein to bursting. It was too dreadful to look upon long, and we turned away shuddering.

"We made the circuit of the tents, pausing where attention was particularly excited by sounds more vehement than ordinary. We contrived to look into many; all were strewn with straw, and the distorted figures that we saw kneeling, sitting, and lying amongst it, joined to the woeful and convulsive cries, gave to each the air of a cell in Bedlam.

"One tent was occupied exclusively by negroes. They were all full-dressed, and looked exactly as if they were performing a scene on the stage. One woman wore a dress of pink gauze trimmed with silver lace; another was dressed in pale yellow silk; one or two had splendid turbans; and all wore a profusion of ornaments. The men were in snow-white pantalons, with gay-coloured linen jackets. One of these, a youth of coal-black comeliness, was preaching with the most violent gesticulations, frequently springing high from the ground, and clapping his hands over his head. Could our missionary societies have heard the trash he uttered, by way of an address to the Deity, they might perhaps have doubted whether his conversion had much enlightened his mind.

"At midnight a horn sounded through the camp, which, we were told, was to call the people from private to public worship; and we presently saw them flocking from all sides to the front of the preacher's stand. Mrs. B. and I contrived to place ourselves with our backs supported against the lower part of this structure, and we were thus enabled to witness the scene which followed without personal danger. There were about two thousand persons assembled." i. 233—39.

We would advise Leslie or Newton to visit this same wild festival, and send a painting of it to the English market, glowing in all the natural colours, and enriched with all the variety of character which Mrs. Trollope saw, or imagined she saw, when she gave her pen-and-ink sketch. We would advise them, however, to embody the concluding portion of her account with a devout and delicate hand; for the sights which she wishes us to understand she saw, are not for the handling of any literal limner who wishes to paint nothing save what he can swear for:—

"The preachers came down from their stand and placed themselves in the midst of it, beginning to sing a hymn, calling upon the penitents to come forth. As they sung they kept turning themselves round to every part of the crowd, and, by degrees, the voices of the whole multitude joined in chorus. This was the only moment at which I perceived anything like the solemn and beautiful effect, which I had heard ascribed to this woodland worship. It is certain that the combined voices of such a multitude, heard at dead of night, from the depths of their eternal forests, the many fair young faces turned upward, and looking paler and lovelier as they met the moon-beams, the dark figures of the officials in the middle of the circle, the lurid glare thrown by the altar-fires on the woods beyond, did altogether produce a fine and solemn effect, that I shall not easily forget; but ere I had well enjoyed it, the scene changed, and sublimity gave place to horror and disgust.

"The exhortation nearly resembled that which I had heard at 'the Revival,' but the result was very different; for, instead of the few hysterical women who had distinguished themselves on that occasion, above a hundred persons, nearly all females, came forward, uttering howlings and groans, so terrible that I shall never cease to

shudder when I recall them. They appeared to drag each other forward, and on the word being given, 'let us pray,' they all fell on their knees; but this posture was soon changed for others that permitted greater scope for the convulsive movements of their limbs; and they were soon all lying on the ground in an indescribable confusion of heads and legs. They threw about their limbs with such incessant and violent motion, that I was every instant expecting some serious accident to occur.

"But how am I to describe the sounds that proceeded from this strange mass of human beings? I know no words which can convey an idea of it. Hysterical sobbings, convulsive groans, shrieks and screams the most appalling, burst forth on all sides. I felt sick with horror. As if their hoarse and overstrained voices failed to make noise enough, they soon began to clap their hands violently. The scene described by Dante was before me:—

Quivi sospiri pianti, ed alti guai  
Risonavan per l'aere  
— Orribili favelle  
Parole di dolore, accenti d'ira  
Voci alti e fioche, e suon di man con elle.

"Many of these wretched creatures were beautiful young females. The preachers moved about among them, at once exciting and soothing their agonies. I heard the muttered 'Sister! dear sister!' I saw the insidious lips approach the cheeks of the unhappy girls; I heard the murmured confessions of the poor victims, and I watched their tormentors, breathing into their ears consolations that tinged the pale cheek with red. Had I been a man, I am sure I should have been guilty of some rash act of interference; nor do I believe that such a scene could have been acted in the presence of Englishmen without instant punishment being inflicted; not to mention the salutary discipline of the tread-mill, which, beyond all question, would, in England, have been applied to check so turbulent and so vicious a scene.

"After the first wild burst that followed their prostration, the moanings, in many instances, became loudly articulate; and I then experienced a strange vibration between tragic and comic feeling.

"A very pretty girl, who was kneeling in the attitude of Canova's Magdalene immediately before us, amongst an immense quantity of jargon, broke out thus: 'Woe! woe to the backsliders! hear it, hear it, Jesus! when I was fifteen my mother died, and I backslided, oh Jesus, I backslided! take me home to my mother, Jesus! take me home to her, for I am weary! Oh John Mitchell! John Mitchell!' and after sobbing piteously behind her raised hands, she lifted her sweet face again, which was as pale as death, and said, 'Shall I sit on the sunny bank of salvation with my mother? my own dear mother? oh Jesus, take me home, take me home!'

"Who could refuse a tear to this earnest wish for death in one so young and so lovely? But I saw her, ere I left the ground, with her hand fast locked, and her head supported by a man who looked very much as Don Juan might, when sent back to earth as too bad for the regions below." i. 240—44.

We must lift up our voice like this gentle backslider, and exclaim, "Oh Mrs. Trollope! Mrs. Trollope! we hope, when this was going on, that you remembered you were an *old woman*." It has pained us much to speak as we have done, of the work of one so clever and sagacious, and who can handle the pen in a way so graceful and easy. We have seldom met with so much talent united to such sad prejudice.

*Journal of an Expedition to explore the Course and Termination of the Niger; with a Narrative of a Voyage down that River to its Termination.* By Richard and John Lander. 3 vols.

[Second Notice.]

We resume our notice of this work, although our extracts can convey but a poor and very imperfect idea of the great interest of the simple narrative of the travellers. While they were at Boossà there was an eclipse:—

"About ten o'clock at night, when we were sleeping on our mats, we were suddenly awake by a great cry of distress from innumerable voices, attended by a horrid clashing and clattering noise, which the hour of the night tended to make more terrific. Before we had time to recover from our surprise, old Pascoe rushed breathless into our hut, and informed us with a trembling voice that 'the sun was dragging the moon across the heavens.' Wondering what could be the meaning of so strange and ridiculous a story, we ran out of the hut half dressed, and we discovered that the moon was totally eclipsed. A number of people were gathered together in our yard, in dreadful apprehension that the world was at an end, and that this was but the 'beginning of sorrows.' We learnt from them that the Mahomedan priests residing in the city, having personified the sun and moon, had told the king and the people that the eclipse was occasioned through the obstinacy and disobedience of the latter luminary. They said that for a long time previously the moon had been displeased with the path she had been compelled to take through the heavens, because it was filled with thorns and briars, and obstructed with a thousand other difficulties; and therefore that, having watched for a favourable opportunity, she had this evening deserted her usual track, and entered into that of the sun. She had not, however, travelled far up the sky on the forbidden road, before the circumstance was discovered by the sun, who immediately hastened to her in his anger, and punished her dereliction by clothing her in darkness, forcing her back to her own territories, and forbidding her to shed her light upon the earth. This story, whimsical as it may seem, was received with implicit confidence in its truth by the king and queen, and most of the people of Boossà; and the cause of the noises which we had heard, and which were still continuing with renewed vehemence, was explained to us by the fact that they were all 'assembled together in the hope of being able to frighten away the sun to his proper sphere, and leave the moon to enlighten the world as at other times.' \* \* \*

"Little boys and girls were running to and fro, clashing empty calabashes against each other, and crying bitterly; groups of men were blowing on trumpets, which produced a harsh and discordant sound; some were employed in beating old drums; others again were blowing on bullock's horns; and in the short intervals between the rapid succession of all these fiend-like noises, was heard one more dismal than the rest, proceeding from an iron tube, accompanied by the clinking of chains. Indeed, everything that could increase the uproar was put in requisition on this memorable occasion; nor did it cease till midnight, when the eclipse had passed away." ii. 179—84.

The travellers here begun to descend the river, and the following narrative is admirably graphic:—

"The day had been excessively warm, and the sun set in beauty and grandeur, shooting forth rays tinged with the most radiant hues, which extended to the zenith. Nevertheless the appearance of the firmament, all glorious as it was, betokening a coming storm; the wind

whistled wildly through the tall rushes, and darkness soon covered the earth like a veil. This rendered us more anxious than ever to land somewhere, we cared not where, and to endeavour to procure shelter for the night, if not in a village, at least under a tree. Accordingly, rallying the drooping spirits of our men, we encouraged them to renew their exertions by setting them the example, and our canoe darted silently and swiftly down the current. We were enabled to steer her rightly by the vividness of the lightning, which flashed across the water continually, and by this means also we could distinguish any danger before us, and avoid the numerous small islands with which the river is interspersed, and which otherwise might have embarrassed us very seriously. But though we could perceive almost close to us several lamps burning in comfortable-looking huts, and could plainly distinguish the voices of their occupants, and though we exerted all our strength to get at them, we were foiled in every attempt, by reason of the sloughs and fens, and we were at last obliged to abandon them in despair. Some of these lights, after leading us a long way, eluded our search, and vanished from our sight like an *ignis fatuus*, and others danced about we knew not how nor where. But what was more vexatious than all, after we had got into an inlet, and toiled and tugged for a full hour against the current, which in this little channel was uncommonly rapid, to approach a village from which we thought it flowed, both village and lights seemed to sink into the earth, the sound of the people's voices ceased of a sudden, and when we fancied we were actually close to the spot, we strained our eyes in vain to see a single hut,—all was gloomy, dismal, cheerless, and solitary. It seemed the work of enchantment; everything was as visionary as 'sceptres grasped in sleep.'

"We had paddled along the banks a distance of not less than thirty miles, every inch of which we had attentively examined, but not a bit of dry land could anywhere be discovered which was firm enough to bear our weight. Therefore, we resigned ourselves to circumstances, and all of us having been refreshed with a little cold rice and honey, and water from the stream, we permitted the canoe to drift down with the current, for our men were too much fatigued with the labours of the day to work any longer. But here a fresh evil arose, which we were unprepared to meet. An incredible number of hippopotami arose very near us, and came plashing, snorting, and plunging all round the canoe, and placed us in imminent danger. Thinking to frighten them off, we fired a shot or two at them, but the noise only called up from the water, and out of the fens, about as many more of their unwieldy companions, and we were more closely beset than before. Our people, who had never, in all their lives, been exposed in a canoe to such huge and formidable beasts, trembled with fear and apprehension, and absolutely wept aloud; and their terror was not a little increased by the dreadful peals of thunder which rattled over their heads, and by the awful darkness which prevailed, broken at intervals by flashes of lightning, whose powerful glare was truly awful. Our people tell us, that these formidable animals frequently upset canoes in the river, when every one in them is sure to perish. These came so close to us, that we could reach them with the butt end of a gun. When I fired at the first, which I must have hit, every one of them came to the surface of the water, and pursued us so fast over to the north bank, that it was with the greatest difficulty imaginable we could keep before them. Having fired a second time, the report of my gun was followed by a loud roaring noise, and we seemed to increase our distance from them

"Finding we could not induce our people to land, we agreed to continue on all night. The eastern horizon became very dark, and the lightning more and more vivid; indeed, we never recollect having seen such strong forked lightning before in our lives. All this denoted the approach of a storm. At eleven P.M., it blew somewhat stronger than a gale, and at midnight the storm was at its height. The wind was so furious, that it swept the water over the sides of the canoe several times, so that she was in danger of filling. Driven about by the wind, our frail little bark became unmanageable; but at length we got near a bank, which in some measure protected us, and we were fortunate enough to lay hold of a thorny tree, against which we were driven, and which was growing nearly in the centre of the stream. Presently we fastened the canoe to its branches, and wrapping our cloaks round our persons, for we felt overpowered with fatigue, and with our legs dangling half over the sides of the little vessel into the water, which for want of room we were compelled to do, we lay down to sleep. There is something, I believe, in the nature of a tempest, which is favourable to slumber, at least so thought my brother; for though the thunder continued to roar, and the wind to rage,—though the rain beat in our faces, and our canoe lay rocking like a cradle, still he slept soundly. The wind kept blowing hard from the eastward till after midnight, when it became calm. The rain then descended in torrents, accompanied with thunder and lightning of the most awful description. We lay in our canoe drenched with rain, and our little vessel was filling so fast, that two people were obliged to be constantly bailing out the water to keep her afloat. The water-elephants, as the natives term the hippopotami, frequently came snorting near us, but fortunately did not touch our canoe.

"The rain continued until three in the morning of the 17th, when it became clear, and we saw the stars sparkling like gems over our heads. Therefore, we again proceeded on our journey down the river, there being sufficient light for us to see our way, and two hours after, we put into a small, insignificant fishing-village, called *Dacanis*, where we landed very gladly." ii. 8-10.

On their arrival at Eboe, we have symptoms of approaching the coast, and of intercourse between the natives and Europeans:—

"The little we could see of the houses with which the shore is interspersed, gave us a very favourable impression of the judgment and cleanliness of the inhabitants of the town. They are neatly built of yellow clay, plastered over, and thatched with palm leaves; yards sprucely fenced are annexed to each of them, in which plantains, bananas, and cocoa-trees grow, exhibiting a pleasing sight, and affording a delightful shade. When we came alongside the large canoes already spoken of, two or three huge brawny fellows, in broken English, asked how we did, in a tone which Stentor might have envied; and the shaking of hands with our powerful friends was really a punishment, on account of the violent squeezes which we were compelled to suffer. The chief of these men calls himself *Gun*, though *Thunder-buss*, or *Thunder*, would have been as appropriate a name; and without solicitation, he informed us, that though he was not a great man, yet he was 'a little military king'; that his brother's name was *King Boy*, and his father's *King Forday*, who with 'King Jacket,' governed all the *Brass* country. But what was infinitely more interesting to us than this ridiculous list of kings, was the information he gave us, that, besides a Spanish schooner, an English vessel, called the 'Thomas of Liverpool,' was also lying in the *first Brass river*, which Mr. Gun said was frequented by Liverpool traders for palm-oil."

The costume of His Majesty is of the same

party-coloured fashion as the language of the people:—

"The dress of the King of the Eboe country somewhat resembles that which is worn, on state occasions, by the monarch of Yarriba. Its appearance was altogether brilliant; and from the vast profusion of coral ornaments with which he was decorated, Obie might not inappropriately be styled, 'the Coral King,' such an idea at all events entered our minds, as we contemplated the monarch, sitting on his throne of clay. His head was graced with a cap, shaped like a sugar-loaf, and covered thickly with strings of coral and pieces of broken looking-glass, so as to hide the materials of which it was made; his neck, or rather throat, was encircled with several strings of the same kind of bead, which were fastened so tightly, as in some degree to affect his respiration, and to give his throat and cheeks an inflated appearance. In opposition to these were four or five others hanging round his neck and reaching almost to his knees. He wore a short Spanish surtout of red cloth, which fitted close to his person, being much too small. It was ornamented with gold epaulettes, and the front of it was overspread with gold lace, but which, like the cap, was entirely concealed unless on a close examination, owing to the vast quantity of coral which was fastened to it in strings. Thirteen or fourteen bracelets (for we had the curiosity to count them) decorated each wrist, and to give them full effect, a few inches of the sleeves of the coat had been cut off purposely. The beads were fastened to the wrist with old copper buttons, which formed an odd contrast to them. The King's trousers, composed of the same material as his coat, stuck as closely to the skin as that, and was similarly embroidered, but it reached no further than the middle of his legs, the lower part of it being ornamented like the wrists, and with precisely the same number of strings of beads; besides which, a string of little brass bells encircled each leg above the ankles, but the feet were naked. Thus splendidly clothed, Obie, smiling at his own magnificence, vain of the admiration which was paid him by his attendants, and flattered without doubt by the presence of white men, who he imagined were struck with amazement at the splendour of his appearance, shook his feet for the bells to tinkle, sat down with the utmost self-complacency, and looked around him."

We have the less regret in parting with these highly-interesting volumes, because the price places them within the reach of the great majority of readers—but we cannot do so without expressing our admiration of the persevering courage and unaffected good sense of the travellers, and our best wishes that they may long live in happiness and prosperity.

*Woman's Love; a Novel.* By Mrs. Leman Grimstone. 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1832. Saunders & Otley.

As this is the work of a lady, we looked for something soft, delicate, graceful,—and we found all we looked for, and more. 'Woman's Love,' shows much of the gentleness, generosity, and clinging affection of the sex, with now and then a bit of weakness and even wickedness; there is not a little of the moral and monitory, and, what the world loves still better, much of the bitter and the sarcastic. The story is of the domestic kind, and laid in our own days; the characters, both male and female, are such as may be found without any laborious search, for they have little originality; and the difficulties which embarrass the hero and heroine have been set forth before in novels, and are of a common-place kind. There are gratuitous

acts of scoundrelism, for which no adequate cause can be assigned, and impediments thrown in the way of the leading characters, which would be stepped over at once by any other legs but those which march through a novel. Many characters are introduced—Lord Conway, a hot-headed ridiculous bully; a devout Admiral, who swears he lives in dread of relics and crosses and pastoral crooks; Claudia Conway, a lady of enthusiasm and sudden impulses; Mrs. Fitzarran, handsome, heartless, fond of being wooed, and, though married, not unwilling to be won; Ida Dorrington, who loves moonlight woods and purling brooks, and other matters equally natural; and Charles Beresford, one of those gentle geniuses, created to be persecuted through three volumes, but who comes forth like the sun from the cloud, in the concluding chapters. There are, likewise, old dowagers, sharpers, mad women, mendicant strollers, and a justice of the peace.

Of all the characters, the most original is a certain virago, some six feet high, with a hawk nose, inquisitive eyes, and an imperious aspect, bearing the name of Miss Clapperton. To this amiable spinster, is entrusted the task of pulling her friends to pieces, and of clogging the wheels of the narrative when running too fast. We shall spare room for a sample of her sarcasms:—

"'But Ida, my dear,' resumed Miss Clapperton, 'I hope you are glad to see me, though you don't say so. I've come to stay a week, perhaps two, three, just as it happens. The Countess of Dromore was coming; the old Countess, I mean; but on hearing my intention she changed her mind. Means to inflict herself on Lady Cruise, her crooked cousin, who looked quite sour on the intimation—so I told the Countess, but she said, "Never mind, most things keep well in vinegar." I told the Countess she did right to think of preserves; I might have said repairs: for with all she does, time's pulling down the tenement she flirts in so long. Remember her a very pretty woman; not been that these last thirty years; but rouge, ringlets, pearl-powder, and false teeth, make her still pass in a crowd. Really, Mr. Beresford, the old fellow with the scythe and the hour-glass is a terrible Turk! now, for my own part, I never cared for him. Nature never made me for him to spoil; so that where he has been a foe to others he has been a friend to me. His touch could efface no beauty, for I never had any; it has therefore probably softened some deformity. He has left my strength unimpaired, and added to the funds on which I draw for thought in solitude, and converse in society. It is when I see him spoiling such a piece of perfection as this,' poking her immensely long finger, which might have been fatal as a fork, into Ida's face, 'that I think what a monster 'tis! Now I dare say you'd be perfectly content to see him throw his brick-bats at me, and break my bones *ad libitum*, if he but spared such china-ware as Ida Dorrington, and such splendid specimens of the species as Lady Claudia. If an edict of extermination could be sent out against old and ugly women, what a beautiful world would you gentlemen have it!'

"'Not unless,' cried Charles, speaking loudly and laughing, 'not unless we weeded the men in the same manner that you propose with your own sex.'

"'Well, in that case,' she rejoined, 'you'd be safe enough. Ida, 'twill be a good thing for you when more people come to this house. Love was born in solitude; that's the reason he always runs away when people get into the world. He's nursed up a little while in the honeymoon; but, hardly have the coach-wheels begun to rattle



over the stones of the metropolis, than he whips off to take up his abode with some pair situated just like you and Mr. Beresford. He sees you've nothing else to do, so he sets you to work making love, and a very pleasant way of spending time no doubt it is." i. 293—95.

We can give no more room to the sarcastic sallies of this domestic plague; nor have we leisure to descant on the clever image of childish impatience, untutored selfishness, and fickle nature, exhibited by Mrs. Fitzarran. The chief charm of the work lies in its conversations; the greatest defect, is the want of simplicity and unity of plot.

*Fragments of Voyages and Travels.* By Capt. Basil Hall, R.N. 2nd Series. 3 vols.

[Second Notice.]

THE third volume turns out to be, as we expected, the best of the three; and, in spite of the press of matter, we must try to get in a column or two edgewise.

To begin, we shall present the Captain in a character in which no one can have expected to meet him, except those who were capable of appreciating the power and beauty of his picture of the 'Calm at Sea,' which we exhibited last week. The scene of the present piece is the shore between Colabar and Malabar Point, called Back Bay; the flat sandy beach of which is belted by a grove of coconut trees, and their rich underwood of plantains, limes, and figs. This beautiful and secluded spot was chosen as the place for burning the bodies of the dead; and at the period Captain Hall treats of—while a frightful famine raged in the land—the funeral fires were seen blazing without intermission, night and day:—

"The periods of the day when I visited this strange scene were either in the morning, when the damp land-wind was just dying away into a calm, or in the afternoon, when the delicious sea-breeze still blew freshly home to the bottom of the bight, waving the plumes of the coconuts in fine style. In the morning the bay, not only within the two points, but quite out to the horizon, remained as smooth as a sheet of glass, without even a ripple large enough to break audibly on the sand; and as no swell rolled in from the offing, the sea, at such moments, lay so perfectly still, that all the surrounding objects on the shore, as well as those resting on the surface of the water, became reflected with a degree of sharpness in every respect like the originals.

"The funeral piles being placed just within the margin of the beach, at the very water's edge, and fringing the shore, there rose up, in the most striking manner, nearly at equal intervals, a hundred pillars of smoke, as it were guarding the coast; or like tall columns stretching their heads into the air, many times higher than the highest trees of the dark, thickly planted tope, or grove, further inland, not a single leaf of which seemed now in motion.

"What added something of a mysterious and unearthly character to this solemn scene, was its perfect silence. Scarcely a sound could be heard along the whole shore, though within the space of a mile many hundreds of persons might be seen flitting about. Had it not been for the frequent splash, as another and another dead body was dipped in the sea, or a low word or two escaping from the natives as they arranged the pile on which the corpse was to be consumed, or the crackling of some fire fanned into more brisk action than the rest by a casual flaw of wind whisking in from the bay, the whole might have passed for a ghost-like vision. As I moved

up and down the melancholy beach, I passed apparently as totally unnoticed by the natives as if I had been invisible. On every side I could see indistinctly through the smoke and flames, heads and arms, and half-destroyed bodies, falling down and mingling in a confused heap with the blazing faggots, each pile being surrounded and kept in order by a group of silent, ghastly, hunger-worn Hindoos. It became difficult at times not to fancy the whole scene a mere delusion of the senses!" iii. 75—7.

We had half a mind to puff away these terrible smokes with a gale of tobacco sweeter than the sweet south; but we must content ourselves with giving notice, that we are ready to back Captain Hall's Blast against King Jamie's Counterblast any day of the year. We cannot, however, in justice to this light-hearted but observant sailor, refrain from quoting at least a part of his dissertation on the two strange animals afloat—viz. Johnnies and Jollies,—*anglicè*, Sailors and Marines:—

"The words Marine and Mariner differ by one small letter only: but no two races of men, I had well nigh said no two animals, differ from one another more completely than the 'Jollies' and the 'Johnnies.' The marines, as I have before mentioned, are enlisted for life, or for long periods, as in the regular army, and, when not employed afloat, are kept in barracks, in such constant training, under the direction of their officers, that they are never released for one moment of their lives from the influence of strict discipline and habitual obedience. The sailors, on the contrary, when their ship is paid off, are turned adrift, and so completely scattered abroad, that they generally lose, in the riotous dissipation of a few weeks, or it may be days, all they have learned of good order during the previous three or four years. Even when both parties are placed on board ship, and the general discipline maintained in its fullest operation, the influence of regular order and exact subordination is at least twice as great over the marines as it ever can be over the sailors. Many, I may say, most of their duties are entirely different. It is true, both the marines and the seamen pull and haul at certain ropes leading along the quarter-deck; both assist in scrubbing and washing the decks; both eat salt junk, drink grog, sleep in hammocks, and keep watch at night; but in almost every other thing they differ. As far as the marines are concerned, the sails would never be let fall, or reefed, or rolled up. There is even a positive Admiralty order against their being made to go aloft; and, accordingly, a marine in the rigging is about as ridiculous and helpless an object, as a sailor would prove if thrust into a tight, well pipe-clayed pair of pantaloons, and barred round the throat with a stiffstock." iii. 282-3.

A marine, moreover, can no more row than a sailor can go through the manual exercise. If a marine attempted to take the soundings, he would break his scone with the lead; and if a sailor tried to march in line—heaven help his bow-legs!

"In short, without going further, it may be said, that the colour of their clothing, and the manner in which it is put on, do not differ more from one another than the duties and habits of the marines and sailors. Jack wears a blue jacket, and the Jolly wears a red one. Jack would sooner take a round dozen than be seen with a pair of braces across his shoulders; while the marine, if deprived of his suspensors, would speedily be left sans culotte. A thorough-going, barrack-bred, regular-built marine, in a ship of which the sergeant-major truly loves his art, has, without any very exaggerated metaphor, been compared to a man who has swallowed a

set of fire-irons; the tongs representing the legs, the poker the back-bone, and the shovel the neck and head. While, on the other hand, your sailor-man is to be likened to nothing, except one of those delicious figures in the fantoccini show-boxes, where the legs, arms, and head, are flung loosely about to the right and left, no one bone apparently having the slightest organic connexion with any other; the whole being an affair of strings, and springs, and universal joints!

"The marines live, day and night, in the after part of the ship, close to the apartments of the officers; their arm-chest is placed on the quarter-deck; their duties, even in cases where they are most mixed up with those of the seamen, group them well aft. The marines are exclusively planted as sentries at the cabin-doors of the captain and the officers; and even the look-out-men on the quarters, at night, are taken from the royal corps. To all this it may be added, that the marines furnish the officers with such small service, in the way of attendance, as they may require, and generally wait at table." 286.

The difference between sailor and marine is strikingly exemplified; and, in unshaken fidelity, it appears, that the latter have the advantage:—

"In a well-known instance of mutiny on board a frigate, the operation of these principles was shown in a most striking manner. The captain was one of that class of officers, now happily extinct, whose chief authority consisted in severity. To such an excess was this pushed, that his ship's company, it appears, were at length roused to actual revolt, and proceeded in a tumultuous, but apparently resolute body, to the quarter-deck. It is extremely curious to remark, that the same stern system of discipline which had driven the seamen into revolt, had likewise been applied to the marines without weakening their paramount sense of duty under any circumstances. Such, at all events, was the force of habit and discipline, that when the captain ordered them to fall in, they formed instantly, as a matter of course, across the deck. At his farther orders, they loaded their muskets with ball, and screwed on their bayonets. Had the corps now proved traitors, all must have been lost; but the captain, who, with all his faults of temper and system, was yet a great, and gallant, and clear-headed officer, calculated with good reason upon a different result. Turning first to the mutineers, he called out,

"I'll attend to you directly!"

"And then addressing the soldiers, he said, with a tone of such perfect confidence of manner, and so slightly interrogative as to furnish its own answer,

"You'll stand by your king and country?"

"The marines thus appealed to said nothing, but grasped their fire-arms with an air of fixed resolution. It was exactly one of those occasions when silence gives the most expressive of all consents; and the captain, assured that if he were now only true to himself, the soldiers would be true to their duty, exclaimed,

"Then, royal and loyal marines, we don't care a damn for the blue jackets!"

"And, stepping forwards, he seized the two principal ring-leaders by the throat, one with each hand, and calling out, in a voice of thunder, to the rest, instantly to move off the quarter-deck, he consigned the astonished and deserted culprits to the master-at-arms, by whom they were speedily and quietly placed in double irons—and the whole mutiny was at an end!" 317-19.

But this is not all. The fate of the disciplinarian and the disciplined forms at once one of the most appalling and the most affecting story we ever read—and with it we shall conclude.

"The successful issue of the recent mutiny,

and his well-grounded confidence in his own resources, had taught him to believe that he could command the services of his people, not only on ordinary occasions, but at moments of utmost need. Here was his grand mistake. The obedience he exacted at the point of the lash had no heartiness in it; and when the time came that the argument of force could no longer be used, and when the bayonets of the marines had lost their terrors, there was read to him, and in letters of blood, the bitterest lesson of retributive justice that perhaps was ever pronounced to any officer since the beginning of the naval service.

"The frigate under command of this energetic officer, when in company with another ship, chased two French frigates off the Isle of France. As his ship sailed much faster than her consort, he soon outstripped her, and closed with the enemy single-handed. The Frenchmen, seeing only one ship near them, and the other far astern, shortened sail, and prepared for the attack, which, however, they could hardly suppose would be undertaken by one ship. In this expectation, however, they underrated the gallant spirit of her commander, who, unquestionably, was one of the bravest officers in the service. It is said, also, that he deemed himself, at this critical moment of his fate, one of the most fortunate of men, to possess such an opportunity for distinction. Seeing the enemy's frigates within his reach, and well knowing what his men could execute if they chose,—never dreaming for a moment that they would fail him at this pinch—he exclaimed, in the greatest rapture, 'We shall take them both! steer right for them! and now, my brave lads, stand to your guns, and show what you are made of!'

"This was the last order he ever gave! The men obeyed, and stood to their guns, like gallant fellows as they were: but they stood there only to be shot to death. They folded their arms, and neither loaded nor fired a single shot, in answer to the pealing broadsides which the unresisted and astonished enemy were pouring fast in upon them! Now had arrived the dreadful moment of revenge for them—as their captain, who was soon struck down like the rest, lived only long enough to see the cause of his failure, and to witness the shocking sight of his gallant and self-devoted crew cut to pieces, rather than move their hands to fire one gun to save the credit of their commander—all consideration for their own lives, or for the honour of their country, appearing to be absorbed in their desperate determination to prove at last how completely they had it in their power to show their sense of the unjust treatment they had received."

#### WAVERLEY NOVELS.—VOL. XXXV.

##### *Redgauntlet.* Vol. I.

A pleasant Preface and one or two personal anecdotes give interest to this volume. The illustrations are both good—the vignette, by Inskipp, capital.

*New Guide to the "Lions" of London.* With numerous Illustrations by Bonner. London, 1832. Kidd.

Mr. Kidd turns his wood-cuts to most ingenious uses. We meet with many old acquaintances in this little volume; but they look well, and are serviceable and welcome. The work is very tastily got up—contains information that cannot fail to be useful to a stranger, and is remarkably cheap.

#### ORIGINAL PAPERS

##### STANZAS ON THE LATE FAST-DAY.

Who calls out on Pride  
That can therein tax any private party!

THE wrath of God—the wrath of God  
Is pour'd upon a guilty land:  
Who can despise His threaten'd rod?  
His gather'd vengeance who withstand?

What may this vast corruption be  
That makes our God his face to hide—  
That "flows as hugely as the sea,"  
And swallows all it reaches?—Pride.

The pride of reason and of power,  
The pride of knowledge and of skill,  
The pride of beauty's passing flower,  
And of ungovernable will.

Pride—that deforms our beauteous vales  
With riot fierce and gloomy rage—  
That makes o'erflow our groaning galls  
With desperate youth and harden'd age.

Pride—that perverts the sacred theme,  
By glosses drawn from man's decrees—  
That makes an atom judge supreme  
Of heaven's eternal mysteries.

Pride—that the towering statesman steels  
To point th' unhesitating wound,  
And, reckless what his victim feels,  
To dart sarcastic lightnings round;

That bids the pamper'd heirs of wealth  
From misery's plaint regardless turn;  
The confident in strength and health,  
Grey hairs and pale diseases spurn;

Self-honour'd Virtue bar the door  
To Penitence for errors past;  
And self-styl'd wit despise the lore  
That sage Antiquity held fast;

Half-letter'd Pedantry assume  
The lofty magisterial speech,  
And level by one general doom  
The heights it is not given to reach.

All sects, all classes, all degrees  
Of men that move beneath the sun,  
One universal madness seize  
Of struggling not to be outdone.

Hence mutual jealousies and jeers,  
Deadly revenges, devilish hates;  
And hours perform the task of years,  
In urging on the fall of states.

Haste, Britain, to thy mercy seat,  
And gird thy robe of sackcloth on;  
And thus in solemn strains repeat,  
Devoutly prostrate at the throne:—

"The wrath of God—the wrath of God  
Is pour'd upon a guilty land:  
None may despise His threaten'd rod—  
His gather'd vengeance none withstand.

"Yet, Lord, our humble offering take,  
And turn no more thy face aside;  
While at thy altar we forsake  
Our rebel will, our sinful pride.

"The festering plagues that round us wait,  
Are but the type of that within.  
Oh, Lord! by thy great power abate  
The moral pestilence of sin!

"So may our land Thy holy name  
Again with hymns of triumph sing—  
Again with ceaseless shouts proclaim,  
The Lord of Hosts is Britain's king!"

#### LIVING ARTISTS.—No. XIV.

WILLIAM HILTON, R.A.

HOGARTH, in one of his satiric works, represents the influence of patronage upon English painting by the symbol of a tree with three branches: the bough, which implied Landscape, kept green, but did not grow—that which stood for History was shrivelled

in the bark and withered in the leaf—while the third, which perfigured Portrait, flourished like the green bay-tree. As painting was in those days, so is it still: the historic branch is shrunk and withered for want of public aid, while the great watering pipe of patronage flows continually for that of portraiture, and likenesses flourish in the land. One of the chief apostles in the unprofitable line of historic painting, is William Hilton; for these many years he has continued to swim against the running stream of public inclination: he has resisted discouragement in silence and tranquillity of heart—other artists have murmured much, but he has been resigned: he has neither submitted to subscriptions, nor petitioned the House of Commons. Year after year has witnessed the appearance of some new and noble performance of his: as many of his works are purchased as enable him to live, and he paints on, in hope that better days are at hand. We heard, indeed, several years ago, that, weary of working on the barren branch of history, he had set his brushes in order, and mixed his palette for portraits; but the rumour died away, nor were we at all sorry; for though we know that following the muse of history has "damned his fortune to the groat," yet we feel that the recompense in fame will hereafter not be small. Indeed, we would rather see him striving, like Wilson or Barry, to keep soul and body coldly together, with a pint of porter and a crust of bread, while he painted scenes from Milton and Spenser, than see him grow rich in likeness-taking, and riding out with lacqueys behind him, to get an appetite for dinner.

To the task of historical painting Hilton has brought a correct eye, a clear sense of form and quantity, considerable skill in colour, and unrivalled accuracy in drawing. He conceives well, groups naturally, and works freely. There is much beauty and grace in his productions: he has so much softness in his flesh, and fascination in his outlines, that he has half enticed us into a liking for allegory. He makes himself intimate with the poet, whose ideas he desires to embody. Spenser seems a great favourite; yet he disdains not to find subjects in obscurer authors: one of his pictures in Lord de Tabley's gallery was from a ballad called 'The Mermaid,' by Allan Cunningham. There is sometimes, however, a deficiency of dramatic power observable in his works: he has too little of that intense earnestness of purpose, which compositions of the kind demand. In this he resembles West more than any painter we know: all that the most perfect art demands is there, save a little vitality—that ethereal touch, which sets all in motion, and which may be called the soul of the performance. To paint fine groups, admirable in outline, graceful in attitude, and dipped in the fairest hues of heaven, is certainly a great achievement; but to inspire them with sentiment and feeling, and make them live in every limb, is a higher achievement still. Now, we do not mean to apply all this to the performances of Hilton; on the contrary, we have seen several of his pictures inspired as high as we could wish, and life and action impressed till we were even more than content. But these were,—and we were glad of it,—all subjects taken from the poets. Of his performances from Scripture we are not at all

admirers; and we may say of his 'Release of St. Peter,' as a poet said of the Scriptural works of Blackmore,—

He undid creation at a jerk,  
And of redemption made damned work.

We confess that we love Scripture as it stands, without painter's gloss or grammarian's comment: and we may moreover add, that we never saw a single painting,—and noble ones we have seen,—which raised us one iota higher than the simple words themselves had before raised us. We wish he would dip his brushes in things equally noble, though less sacred: a gallery formed from Spenser, and Thomson, and Collins, and Byron, would find many admirers.

Hilton, on the resignation of Thomson, who succeeded the capacious Fuseli, was made Keeper of the Royal Academy. There is a small salary attached—there is also an apartment for study, and another for repose—and, on the whole, his brethren have endeavoured to recompense him, as far as they could, for the sacrifices which he has continued to make in the cause of historical painting. As he is a man with a gentle voice, and mild and unassuming manners, he is much liked by the students, who compare him with Fuseli, as they would sunshine with storm. If we have not the learning of the Swiss, we have the gentlemanly ease of the Englishman; and though he cannot reprimand the students in fifteen living languages, he can give them most useful instructions in their native tongue, which is sufficient for the purpose. There is no doubt, that had Hilton given way to despondency, and lifted in his vexation the pencil of portraiture, he would have succeeded in becoming popular. His fine drawing, his agreeable colouring, and his knowledge of nature, as well as art, would have made the labour easy;—ladies who covet divine shapes and heavenly hues, would have flocked to his easel; and gentlemen, desirous of having their heads made historical, would have followed. Then the painter would have avoided all the cost of fancy and outlay of invention, which the historic style requires. Reynolds, according to Northcote, complained that the historic style cost him too dear; that is to say, it ate up time, required reading, a little thought, and a poetic feeling akin to that which inspired the historian or the poet. This did not suit Sir Joshua: to him portrait painting, with the shape and expression ripe and ready to be stamped off at so many hours' sitting, was a kind of royal mint engine, which coined gold at the rate of five guineas per hour: whereas, in historical painting, he had to sink his shaft, find the vein, dig the gold, and wash, refine, melt, and stamp it—a toil which made, even when payments were sure, a very niggardly return compared to the Aladdin lamp sort of work to which he was accustomed.

#### APRIL FOOLS.

YOUTH, to whose inexperienced view  
The world appears in brightest hue,  
Give to thy ardent fancy scope,  
Indulge the fairy dreams of hope,  
The warning voice of age deride,  
And in the beauteous charm confide:—

April fool! April fool!

'Tis the mirage o'er desert dust  
That mocks your hope, betrays your trust.  
Wake, Genius, wake, with daring pinions  
Soar beyond space and time's dominions;

Boldly pursue thy daring flight  
To unknown worlds of life and light;  
In honour's page thy name shall shine,  
Eternity of fame is thine:—

April fool! April fool!

Say, who thy eagle course behold?  
The dull, the senseless, and the cold.

Poor student, in that humble cell  
Where poverty and learning dwell,  
Grudge not to waste the midnight oil,  
Spare not thy frame in ceaseless toil;  
Knowledge thy labour shall repay,  
And lead to wealth, to rank, to sway:—

April fool! April fool!

Banish at once that pleasing vision,  
Learning is now the world's derision.

Hail to the patriot!—let thy zeal  
Lead thee to guard the common weal;  
A grateful country's fond regard  
Shall pay thee with a rich reward;  
A nation's heart, sincerely thine,  
Shall raise thy image in its shrine:—

April fool! April fool!

The crowd's applause is breath at best,  
And public gratitude's a jest.

#### EXPENSES OF DRURY LANE THEATRE, AND HIGH SALARIES OF PERFORMERS.

A Sunday paper, in speaking of this subject, makes a most extraordinary assertion. We were aware that the nightly expenses of the house were very great, but were by no means prepared to find from such undoubted authority, that "*Captain Polhill pays 250*l.* every time his curtain is raised.*" Upon this scale, a five-act play, an interlude, and a farce, will make his outlay two thousand pounds for the night! After this, no one can wonder at the concern being unprofitable. But to leave off joking, the same paragraph states, with an air of great indignation, that "Mrs. Wood lately netted 100*l.* in one week; namely, 60*l.* from Drury Lane, (with the aid of her husband,) 20*l.* from the Antient Concerts, and 20*l.* from the Managers of the Oratorios." It goes on to say, "This is vastly too much in these days of depression; and, indeed, the salaries and emoluments of all performers, are far above the level of the payment of any other profession or trade." And again, farther on, the following laws are coolly laid down—"The very best actress or actor now on the stage, ought not to receive more than 20*l.* a week; and for this they ought to be compelled to play whenever their services can be useful." Really—ought not they, and ought they? We should be glad to know where our worthy cotemporary, who seems to care so much more about managers than actors, learned that newspaper critics have the right of fixing the salaries, and regulating the duties of actors; and still more, where he learned that it is not as free to actors as to the members of any other profession or trade, to carry their commodities to the best market. They are called servants of the public, it is true, and so in a certain degree they are—but the compact only extends to the correct fulfilment of their duties, according to the best of their abilities while they are on the stage and before the public; and there it most properly ends. The price at which performers are to be had, must and will, like the price of everything else, be regulated by supply and demand—and there is no earthly reason why it should not be so. If the writer of the article in question had an exclusive supply of any commodity in general demand, we suspect he would cry out loudly against the man who should pretend to say that he had no right to take advantage of his good fortune, and make the most money he could—nay, we will put a case home to him, and ask him whether or not he would feel himself aggrieved, if he were the only person extant capable of writing theatrical notices, and were told "you shall

not have more than fifteen shillings a week, and you shall be 'compelled' to write for any paper that chooses to employ you." The doctrine is absurd—it is monstrous. The evil, if it be one, carries its own corrective with it. Actors have an undoubted right to ask whatever terms they please. Managers are not compelled to accede to them—if they do, it is because they expect to find their account in it—if they find that account, who is injured? And if they don't, they will not give so much another time. Managers do not give high salaries to individual performers from choice, but from necessity. What causes that necessity? The scarcity of good ones. Who, then, besides the writer we have alluded to, shall presume to say that the few who possess superior talents, shall not be paid for their superiority? Why does Mr. John Cramer receive a guinea a lesson for teaching the pianoforte, when there are plenty of instructors to be had at three and five shillings?—because Mr. John Cramer is a better teacher than others, and properly chooses to be paid in proportion (or out of proportion, if he likes it better,) for so being. In the same way, Mrs. Wood commands and receives—aye, and will command, and will receive—a higher salary than other singers. When we see the supply of good actors and good singers exceed the demand, and find any manager, although able, from the depreciation in price, consequent upon over-supply, to make engagements on his own terms, taking a new tone, and saying to those whom he selects, "It is true, I can have you for three or five pounds a week, but I choose to pay you twenty, because your talents deserve such remuneration," we will give up a portion, if not the whole of our arguments. Until then, we must decline. And yet managers are seldom mentioned by the press, without some such epithets, as "liberal," "spirited," "active," "enterprising," &c., before their names. Are they, generally speaking, liberal? For further information, inquire among the subordinates of the profession, where the supply exceeds the demand, and where, consequently, without it's being publicly noticed, they can grind. Are they, generally speaking, liberal? Inquire among those authors who depend solely on their profession, and where, also, they have too frequently the power of driving a hard bargain—and it will be found, that the fingers of one hand will be sufficient to count the instances where extra remuneration has been volunteered as a reward for extra success. Above all, let us see more instances of the public, who are so kind as to designate actors as their servants, caring two straws what becomes of a favourite performer after he has finally quitted the stage, before any of that public presume to dictate what terms he shall make while on it, or tell him that a profession, which, from its nature, is precarious above all others, ought not to produce to its followers profit, in an increased proportion, while the time for its exercise lasts.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

THERE is more knowledge abroad in our land than formerly, but we question if men are individually so learned and deeply acquainted with the mysteries of art and nature, as they were an hundred years ago. The world has received a varnish; all is shining and showy; a little is known of everything, much of nothing; our children's tables are heaped with books, of which they can only acquire a smattering, and our own are filled with works on all subjects under the sun, and at prices so astonishingly low, that we marvel how so much can be given for so little. But, after a moment's reflection, we do not marvel quite so much. The linen,

which fifty years ago was as tough as leather, and wore till we were weary, has now been rendered, through chemical applications, as frail as the paper on which we write, and the good steel knife, which fifty years since bore the name of "Sheffield" with honour to the ends of the earth, and could be had for sixpence, is now—thanks to the spirit of commercial rivalry—only a knife to the sight, and, like Lander's Whitechapel needles, wants all that renders it serviceable. In like manner, our literature has grown shallow and showy; the public thirst for novelty is so great, that it scarcely regards the quality of the liquor; a book is, as a newspaper, to be glanced through, thrown aside, and never again taken up, and the world, like a mighty glutton, bolts all down and gapes for more. We have fallen into this line of reflection, on looking at a list of projected works, in which we see a *Penny Magazine*, advertised by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. We remember when "The Two-penny Trash" was a fertile subject for sarcasm; what manner of magazine this may be, we know not; we fear "eye of newt and toe of frog," and shall keep a look out that the lieges have wholesome viands spread before them.

The Exhibition of the Royal Academy is expected to be very splendid this season; each of the members, it is said, will send their full allowance of works, and we have heard it avowed, that portraits will be less numerous than formerly. Wilkie will be in great force, both with historical and domestic pictures. Turner, though he has given much of his time to the magnificent scenery of the poems of Sir Walter Scott, has some works of a poetic stamp, ready to meet the landscapes of his rival Callcott; the President has some excellent portraits—so has Phillips, so has Pickersgill: Etty, Allan, Howard, Collins, Jones, Hilton, and others, who support the attractions of the Exhibition annually, will in some cases excel their former efforts. Nor will the sculpture be otherwise than worthy of the paintings. We are, indeed, glad to hear, that so many noble works are ready for the eye of the world. Art is by no means a very remunerating pursuit, and for the last twelve months it has been sadly depressed: but the nightmare will soon, we hope, cease to press upon it, and public feeling, flowing in a natural channel, will soothe and encourage it in producing works worthy of the country.

The continental scholars have commenced a furious war about the personal identity of Homer, France contending for "the old man of Seio," and Germany dividing his fame among hundreds. We have a review of one of the works lately published now in type, and it is probable it may appear next week, in which we have ventured a few words on the subject.

Tait's Magazine has arrived, and we have glanced hastily over it; the articles are varied, and deficient neither in wit nor in argument. The first, on the ministry, is keen and sharp; the writer is too wise to be pleased with anything; he likes little in the present administration, and less in the last; he is skilful in the art of pulling down, and ignorant in that of building up; but, he is a clever grumbler. There are other papers as worthy of perusal and of praise as this; some of a festive or conversational nature, are much to our

taste. What we like least is the critical portion—here was an open field for a new magazine; but we are presented with notices of literature, hurried and brief, and stuck into a portion of the work, to which, none but inveterate readers like ourselves will find their way. This should be amended.

The remains of Muzio Clementi were interred on Thursday last, in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, in the same grave with those of Shield. The funeral service was from Purcell, Green, and Horsley. Dr. Croft's anthem, "I am the Resurrection," was chaunted by the three great choirs: the effect was most sublime, and deeply felt by all present.

The Oratorios have not been very successful this season, although the performances have been, on the whole, better than usual. An extraordinary player on the trumpet, who belonged to the late King's Band, was, according to the *Tatler*, rapturously encored in a solo on Wednesday. We mention this circumstance because it reflects disgrace on the musical managers in the metropolis, that many of the fine performers of that band, so unceremoniously discharged on the death of the late King, have been driven to earn a livelihood in provincial towns; while the brass instruments of our theatrical and concert bands are many of them in such inferior hands—the Opera band on Tuesday last in proof! And while on this subject, we may observe, that the Philharmonic Society seem to us to neglect the merit of Potter as a composer. We have heard some of his compositions quite as good as Ries's 'Don Carlos,' performed on Monday.

The national theatres are either ruined or fast going to ruin. Covent Garden is carried on, like a strolling company, by the performers, who divide the profits; and the manager of Drury is said to have lost ten thousand pounds: to add to his perplexity, dissensions have arisen, and Mr. and Mrs. Wood, and Mr. Phillips, have thrown up their engagements.

The success, or ill success of the Italian Opera has not been made so public; let us therefore hope for its better fortune. A new ballet is to be produced this day, the music by a Count Somebody, and report says it is got up with great splendour. Mariani and Tosi have arrived.

There are numberless Exhibitions just opened, and many of them not worth reporting on. Mr. Haydon's 'Zenophon,' however, is an exception; it is a fine picture, in which there is much to commend, although he has made the accessories far too predominant, and the main incident is but a "picture in little" in the remote distance.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

##### ROYAL SOCIETY.

March 29.—George Rennie, Esq., Vice President, in the chair.—A Report upon Professor Airy's paper 'On an inequality of long period in the Motions of the Earth and Venus,' by John William Lubbock, Esq. and Professor Whewell, was read.

##### ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

March 26.—G. W. Hamilton, Esq., in the chair.—A paper, entitled 'Notes on America,' by Captain J. E. Alexander, was read. It was a continuation of a former paper, and the

observations in the present extend from the Spanish Main, up the Mississippi, into the States. Captain Alexander observed, in allusion to the Isthmus of Darien, that "last year, goods were sent from New Orleans to Chagres, and transported on mules to the shores of the Pacific, from whence they were shipped to Manila. A company is formed at Panama, and proposals will soon be sent to England to construct a waggon-road, thirty-six miles in length, from the head of the navigation of the Chagres to Panama. The expense is estimated at 400,000 dollars, and the shares are to be 200 dollars each." In his progress up the Mississippi, Captain Alexander met with the Chactaw Indians migrating to the western side of the Mississippi. It appears to be the practice of the American government to drive these Indians away to the west, when they will not locate and be content to live by agriculture; and, in compliance with these regulations, the Chactaws were leaving their hunting grounds, though with great reluctance. Captain Alexander is of opinion, that the Americans have not done their utmost to reclaim the Indians from their wild habits; and drew a comparison between their treatment and that of the Mexican Indians, more particularly those in California, much in favour of the Spanish government.

Extracts were read of letters from Colonel Dumaresq and Major Mitchell, at Sydney, mentioning the discovery of a river running to the north-west from Liverpool Plains. It is reported to have been discovered by a runaway convict, who states that it is navigable. Major Mitchell was on the point of setting out to explore it in company with the discoverer at the time dispatches left Sydney.

##### GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

March 28.—The President, Roderick Impey Murchison, Esq., in the chair.—The Earl of Munster, Thomas Bodley, Esq., Capt. Alexander Robe, R.E., Robert Hunter, Esq., Mr. Sergeant Taddy, Rev. Frederick William Hope, John Cotterell Powell, Esq., Joshua Trimmer, Esq., Henry Mac Lauchlan, Esq., J. Robinson Wright, Esq., Hon. W. C.W. Fitzwilliam, and Dr. Daun, were elected Fellows.

A paper was first read on the geology of Pulo Pinang and the neighbouring islands, by Dr. Ward, of the Madras Medical Establishment, and communicated by the President; and afterwards a memoir, by Mr. Louis Albert Necker, For. Mem. G.S., in which the author endeavours to bring under general geological laws the position of metalliferous veins, in respect to the rock formations, of which the crust of the earth is formed.

##### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

|          |                                   |             |
|----------|-----------------------------------|-------------|
| MONDAY,  | Medical Society .....             | Eight, P.M. |
|          | Linnæan Society .....             | Eight, P.M. |
| TUESDAY, | Horticultural Society .....       | One, P.M.   |
|          | Royal Society of Literature ..... | Three, P.M. |
| WEDNES.  | Society of Arts .....             | p. 7, P.M.  |
|          | Royal Society .....               | p. 8, P.M.  |
| THURSD.  | Society of Antiquaries .....      | Eight, P.M. |
|          | Zoological Society .....          | Three, P.M. |
| FRIDAY,  | Royal Institution .....           | p. 8, P.M.  |
| SATURD.  | Royal Asiatic Society .....       | Two, P.M.   |
|          | Westminster Medical Society ..... | Eight, P.M. |

##### FINE ARTS

##### EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

[Second Notice.]

A second visit to Suffolk Street has but confirmed the impression the pictures made, that we noticed last week; and it has added a few more to the amount of those which we had marked out for approbation. We have, however, no abatement to make in our praise; and we see nothing so far amiss as to require censure, unless we allude to the deficiency

of skill and genius but too visible in some of the male portraits with which the walls are encumbered. We see that some of our critical contemporaries have been much enraptured with 'The Coronation Cavalcade,' by DAVIS: we examined the picture again, by the new lights which our friends furnished, and were struck with nothing beyond their admiration of Royalty, which kept them from speaking slightly of a work the king had commanded to be painted. We hope his Majesty will choose his new peers with as much judgment as he selected his painter.

'The Reform Question,' CLATER.—This is clever, and to the point: three figures are represented, with a candle throwing its light upwards on their faces, busied in consulting a newspaper upon this important question. One seems almost bursting with desire to speak—one is listening with a sneer—nor is the one who is reading anything more than pleased. It is a good satire upon those three heartless factions which share the island among them.

334. 'Madeline,' BOXALL.—A fair picture, but not equal to other works which we have seen lately from the artist's hand. There is a good deal of poetic feeling about him; and were he more decided in his outlines, and clearer in his colouring, we should like him all the better.

346. 'Whisht, Collie, that's the Laird,' GILES.—A natural scene, and a sentiment well expressed. The shepherd is seated on a hill side—the dog, which he is reproving for presuming to bark at the proprietor of the ground, is a little in advance—and the laird himself is seen descending, with some dignity, a steep bank which leads to his dwelling.

370. 'The Broken Pitcher,' KIDD.—The scene of this picture is laid at the door of the old Guard House, Edinburgh, and one of the characters is John Kennedy, the last surviving veteran of a corps once formidable to students of law, physic, and divinity—professions which attract some of the wildest spirits of the north. In the present instance, the strength of the guard is used on a mischievous boy, who has wantonly broken a pitcher at the public well in the High Street. There is some humour and some coarseness in the delineation.

384. 'The Gamester's last Hit, not a Miss,' CLATER.—A handsome spendthrift runs from the gaming-table to the feet of a venerable and withered spinster, who listens to his address with delighted ears and averted eyes. There seems little doubt that he will carry his point, and as little that he will scatter her fortune as soon as he can lay his hand on it.

385. 'What Luck!' TENNANT.—A clever picture, and, for its nature and colouring, well worth looking at twice.

395. 'Scarborough, from the Shore,' ALLEN.—There is much truth in this landscape, and some skill in the handling: it has fac-simile resemblance enough to recall to the memory the scene which it represents; and it has enough of poetic management to ensure the approbation of those who are delighted chiefly with scenes from the fancy.

410. *Scene from the opera of 'Cinderella'—the 'Procession to the Ball,'* CAWSE.—The stage only imposes affectation upon the painter for nature: we never saw a scene transferred from Covent Garden or Drury Lane to the artist's canvas, that was at all endurable. The tawdry finery—the smearings of the face—the over-wrought energies, and the put-on passion of the boards, mislead both students and academicians. The present picture is cleverly painted; but what is not natural and unaffected is worthless.

420. 'Snowdon, with the Lakes of Llanberis and Dolbardren Tower,' NOBLE.—We love to see the wild mountain and lake scenes of our

own land spread out in the beauty of colours; and have often felt surprise at artists seeking the picturesque in foreign lands, which they might have found without travel at home.

437. 'Mills, near Canterbury,' WILSON.—There is always something about the landscapes of this artist which induces us to turn back and renew our pleasure by a second look: he is natural, both in his management of the scene, and in the colour in which he delineates it.

422. 'Waggon crossing a Brook'—scene in Derbyshire; CRESWICK.—There is some force in this picture, and some nature also; but both are a little exaggerated. The colouring is such as neither the brooks, the fields, the waggons, nor the skies of Derbyshire produce. If this artist would study more accurately, and imitate more closely the harmonious combinations and light and shade of nature, he would do greater justice to his conceptions, which are not without merit.

466. 'The Lord Chancellor,' LONSDALE.—This is certainly not the happiest of the painter's portraits: the posture is easy, and the arrangement of wig and robe accurate; but he has missed in a great degree that indescribable mixture of courtesy and haughtiness, scornful humour and kindness of nature—that kind of go-to-the-devil and come-to-my-bosom sort of expression, which characterizes the living original. He that can paint a will-o'-wisp—now shining on the deep pool, then on the dry land—one moment seeming a light from above, another a light from below—glancing on all things, yet to nothing steady—may consider that he has prepared his palette and his hand for dashing in a good likeness of Lord Brougham and Vaux.

Want of space makes us pause here: we shall find room next week for a few more notices, including the Sculpture and Engravings.

*Far away.—Arrived in Sight.* Drawn on stone by Miss Sharp, from the originals, by Mr. N. Browne. London, Ackermann.

GRACEFUL and tasty lithographs, creditable to the lady artist, but with evidence about them of a lady's hand.

## MUSIC

### KING'S THEATRE.

Spontini's tediously monotonous opera 'La Vestale' was reproduced on Saturday for Mad. Baptiste's début. This lady, a most portly and matronly dame, has a mezzo-soprano voice of good quality and of a rich tone; at the commencement she sang rather sharp, but in an aria (introduced, we suspect,) in the second act, she evinced some better taste and feeling. Mad. de Meric acted and sang like one trained and disciplined in her part under better management than that at the King's Theatre: it is more than probable, we think, that she has played the same character at Paris. Winter, in the first duo with Calveri, was vigorous enough, and effective, and the "mise en scène" was certainly much better than usual. The diversissements truly diverted attention from the Opera, for neither in costume nor character was there the least semblance of connexion with the scene in which they were introduced. There was much delay between the acts—vocal pieces were omitted—many inaccuracies in the general performance—and we predict that 'La Vestale' will not survive more than a few nights.

'Pietro l'Eremita' was repeated on Tuesday, and, among strange things, Madame Puzzi (!) reappeared in consequence of the indisposition of Mad. Meric. We agreed with Mr. Mason's recorded judgment of this lady, and see no reason to alter our opinion. Winter was labouring under a cold. The inaccuracies of the singers in the concerted pieces would have disgraced Sad-

ler's Wells, and the accompaniment of the horns and trombones in the 'Invocation,' and the chorus singing were bad enough to deserve this especial mention.

### FOURTH ANTIENT CONCERT.

Director—Lord Burghersh.

THE first act comprised a good selection from Gluck's 'Alceste.' Since the days of Banti this music has been in abeyance; the choruses are highly dramatic, and were sung with spirit. We hope Lord Burghersh will induce his brother Directors to let us hear some choruses from 'Orfeo.' We venerate the name of Gluck; he effected as great a revolution in dramatic music as Haydn in instrumental. The second act contained many productions of rare merit. We need only name 'Jupiter Sinfonia,' 'Qui sdego,' and 'Placido è il mar,' the latter alone would immortalize Mozart. Miss Childs sang here for the first time, as did Mr. E. Seguin; both acquitted themselves very creditably. We were much delighted with Knyvett's glee, 'The Rose of the Valley,' which we never heard better sung. Miss Stephens and Mr. F. Cramer contributed respectively their portion of effect in executing 'Sweet Bird,' and 'a Cadenza for Violin and Voice.' A trio from 'The Creation' also added to the agreeable novelty of the selection—the best of the season. The chorus-singing wants softening down in the piano parts, and a little more crispness in the staccato notes.

### THIRD PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

As a whole, this third Concert was but indifferent. Spohr's Sinfonia, No. 2, was not executed with the fine proportion of light and shade wanting for its full effect, and which we partly attribute to the incapacity of Mr. Weichsel as leader. The violas in this band are at the back of the orchestra, and sometimes quite inaudible, which prevented us following the train of conversational passages in which Spohr's music abounds. Surely the Directors know what quartet of instruments constitute the substance of a "Partitura"—and how essential it is to have them near together. A MS. pianoforte Concerto was performed by the author, Moscheles. The "tutti" preceding the first solo led us to anticipate a more effective and original composition. The slow movement has some good writing for the wind instruments, but the last allegro, rather "scherzo," we think the best part of the Concerto. The piece, indeed, did not strike us as well suited for the favourable display of the powers of the instrument, and parts of it can only be played with proper character and feeling by the author, whose execution remains unimpaired, and who was deservedly and loudly applauded. 'Don Carlos,' an overture by Ries, was tolerably effective; there was an abundance of dissonant harmony, especially minor ninths, which this author invariably indulges in: we should perhaps relish it better on a second hearing. Beethoven's Sinfonia in c, though, like the rest, the execution wanted *chiaroscuro*, was an agreeable relief to all that preceded it. Corelli's trio in *z* flat was played by the inimitable Lindley and Dragonetti, accompanied by a second violoncello: we think that a less hacknied trio might have been chosen to exhibit the practical powers of Dragonetti to more advantage:—we observed that he put his third string a note lower, and produced some fine novel effects. Mozart's overture, 'Idomeneo,' terminated the performance. An apology was made for the absence of Madame de Meric, and indulgence requested for Mrs. Bishop. We shall therefore make no other comment on the latter lady than that her intonation was again imperfect, and that her voice was too sharp in the *Ricordare*, from Mozart's Requiem. Curioni was indifferent—Miss H. Cawse correct—Signor Giubilei passable—but Mrs. Wood,



who, at a short notice, supplied the place of Madame de Meric, added fresh laurels to her fame. The execution of Handel's 'Mighty Kings' was one of the best specimens of English singing we ever heard.

*Anthem—O Lord, grant the King a long Life.* Composed for, and performed at, the Coronation of King William the Fourth, by Thomas Attwood. J. A. Novello.

THE composer to the Chapel Royal has always this sort of task assigned to him, and no native musician is better qualified to perform it well than Mr. Attwood. The introductory Maestoso is for the band alone, and consists of thirty-five bars, on a bold subject, which, on repetition, is accompanied with the national air, 'Rule Britannia,' played by horns and trumpets. It is very ingeniously interwoven with the other parts, on the plan of the Anthem composed for the coronation of George the Fourth, wherein 'God save the King' was similarly treated. This is followed by a Moderato in common time. This movement contains a great variety of pure modern counterpoint, and the parts flow most pleasantly: the wind-instruments are written for in the style of Mozart, our author's instructor; and the *tout ensemble* promises to be a very effective composition in a cathedral. The anthem concludes with an "Amen" chorus—a fine fugue, worked with considerable talent, the subject beginning with the bass voices, is taken up at the fifth bar by the tenor and trebles successively: it is relieved by modulations in the modern school, which Mr. Attwood seems perfectly master of.

## THEATRICALS

### ADELPHI THEATRE.

THE managers of this attractive little theatre fired a double shot on Monday: and it seems well they did, for they missed with the first barrel. We do not mean to assert, that the first piece, called, 'Nina,' failed; because it has been wisely resolved, that there never shall be a failure here. This would be an excellent rule for all theatres to follow; but unfortunately for them, the power to enforce it is vested exclusively in the Adelphi. The management prescribes the medicine, and the public are told to swallow it. If the public are good children, and take it down quietly, it is all very well; if not, the regulation in such cases made and provided, is strictly adhered to; and they get nothing to eat until they have. The piece is not without merit, although it has much less of it than we usually meet with in Burlettas produced here. A little judicious curtailment, and other alterations will remove the strong objections manifested on Monday. And then the excellent acting of Mrs. Yates may fairly entitle it to hold its ground for the short remainder of the season. The other new piece entitled, 'The Printer's Devil,' is a lively and amusing burlesque on 'Robert' of that family. If brought out at an earlier period of the season, and with fewer marks of haste about it, it would have been likely to run; but it is too late, and cannot now run either far enough, or fast enough to fetch up the time it has lost. The little interest too, which has attached to the original, makes against the burlesque; indeed 'Robert the Devil' was, and remains so very absurd a drama, that it is little short of a burlesque itself. 'The Printer's Devil' is written with considerable point; but, though the points are fine, the language is occasionally coarse; with these exceptions, its reception was good, and the audience appeared to consider themselves amply indemnified for the deficiencies of the other novelty. The houses continue good, and the season is in a fair way to end as it began—well.

### OLYMPIC THEATRE.

IN consequence of the piece called, 'The Young Hopefuls,' lately produced at this theatre, having been withdrawn after its second representation, a letter was addressed by its author, Mr. Poole, to the editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, in which he attributed the non-success of his production to the inefficiency of Mr. Liston's representation of the part allotted to him; and plainly indicated his opinion, that such inefficiency arose from a too free indulgence in the bottle. However we may lament that differences of this description should take place, we have nothing to do with them, while they remain private; but when so grave a charge is publicly made against an artist so generally and so justly admired as Mr. Liston is, we feel that we should be wanting in common justice, if we did not pause to inquire, upon what authority it rests. We have done so, and feel bound to state, that it stands upon the unsupported assertion of Mr. Poole himself; and that his opinion is not coincided in by those who had the best opportunities of judging. That Mr. Poole thought he was stating the truth, we cannot for a moment doubt—but that he was mistaken, we are thoroughly convinced. In giving our report of the piece, we stated that the acting of Mr. Liston was excellent; we still think so; and it is, therefore due to ourselves, as well as to Mr. Liston, that we should, after what has passed, repeat that conviction, and express our sincere sorrow, not only at the unfortunate error into which Mr. Poole has somehow fallen, but at the means which the heat of the moment induced him to take to promulgate it. We would fain have avoided all allusion to this subject—and abstained from making any last week, under the idea that Mr. Liston might cause some contradiction to be inserted in the paper in which the accusation had been made. As, however, that gentleman has thought proper to pass it in silence, we think that the press should vindicate those whom the press permits itself to be made the means of unjustly attacking; and, therefore, without making ourselves in any way partizans on the one side or the other, we simply bear our testimony to what we conscientiously believe to be the fact.

### FRENCH PLAYS.—HAYMARKET.

THESE performances commenced on Monday evening under favourable auspices. The house was well attended, and every one appeared pleased and satisfied. The number of French persons present is of use in setting an example of the good order and decorum which English audiences have so much need of learning from that nation; the natural consequence is, that amusement is blended with instruction, and that profit, as well as relaxation to the mind, is always the result of an evening passed here. The principal novelty was the début of Madame Theodore. Without pretensions of a first-rate order, this lady is a very pleasing actress, and was extremely well received. M. Laporte is always welcome—not only on account of the excellence of his acting, but because he combines with the utmost purity of pronunciation the greatest distinctness of utterance it was ever our lot to hear in a French comedian. Those who are studying the language of France, without having an opportunity of visiting the country, will do well to be frequent in their attendances to hear him. There cannot be a better model, and we know of none so good.

The forthcoming drama at Drury Lane theatre is founded on a story related in Inglis's 'Spain in 1830,' of a "compact" entered into between the Archbishop of Grenada and the celebrated bandit, Polinario. The time of the piece has been thrown back a few years, and the actions of Polinario (who, by the bye, is now the living

guard of the very Diligence on which he formerly committed a dead robbery,) transferred to Juan Ravagos, another famous chieftain. This has been done to connect the main incident with other historical matters.

## MISCELLANEA

Chiarini, whose death we noticed last week, was a member of the Israelite Board, and of several learned societies. The greatest literary undertaking, in which he ever embarked, was a complete translation of the *Talmud*, to which, we lament to say, he had not length of years spared him to put a finishing hand. But he has left behind him, amongst other MSS. several perfect portions of this great work, the first part of which only has been hitherto printed. There is another publication of Chiarini's, his 'Theory of Judaism,' consisting of three volumes, and written in French, which has occasioned considerable sensation in the literary and religious world abroad. He was the author also of a collection of Italian Poems, as well as of a Hebrew Grammar and Dictionary, which are written in Latin, and have been translated into Polish.

N. Poussin.—The monument to the memory of this illustrious painter, which De Chateaubriand ordered to be prepared by Vaudoyer, when the noble Viscount was French Ambassador in Rome, in 1829, has lately been erected in the church of S. Lorenzo in that capital. It is of marble, and is much admired, particularly from the delicacy of its finish. Lemoine sculptured the semi-colossal bust, which surmounts the tomb. N. Poussin was interred under the roof of S. Lorenzo.—*Rome, March 2.*

Glück, the Composer.—No certain information has, until a very recent discovery, existed either as to the spot where, or the day on which, Baron von Glück—that great master of harmony, who opened a new path to the genius of a Haydn, a Mozart, and a Beethoven—was born. A late number of a popular German paper has, however, thrown decisive light on this subject by publishing the subsequent extract from the baptismal register of Neustadt in the Upper Palatinate:—"25 MARTII ANNO 1700. Baptizatus est me M. Andræ Dozler, cooperatore, Joannes Christophorus, Joannis Adami Glück, venatoris alicui, et Annæ Catharinæ filius legitimus, tenente prænobili Domino Joanne Christophoro Pfreimbder de Brackenthurn et Altensteinreith." It appears, that Glück's father was one of the Imperial huntsmen, and, at the time of the composer's birth, was in attendance upon Prince Ferdinand of Lobkowitz, who used to entertain a splendid company of noble guests at certain seasons in spring, summer, and autumn at his country seat, Neustadt. The parish register contains other entries of the name of J. A. Glück, the father, but always as a god-father or witness of a marriage; never as a parent: and in all he is intitled *Venator Alicuius* (Imperial huntsman). His brother, Alexander, died in the service of the Lobkowitz family, as Head Bailiff of their forests (*Forstmeister*).

*Livre des Cent et Un.*—This popular work is about to be adopted as a model for a series of humorous and satirical chapters on the subject of the Prussian capital. The first volume is to appear in Berlin at Easter next.

*Burghs of the Tyrol.*—A splendid work, extending to four volumes, large quarto, is announced from Milan, as being in progress at Trent. It has been undertaken by M. Perini, and will be published under the title of "*I castelli del Tirolo, colla Storia delle relative antiche potenti Famiglie.*" Each volume will comprise three or four parts, accompanied by engravings.

*A Library not a Library.*—A singular description of library exists at Warzenstein, near Cassel; the books composing it, or rather the substitutes

for them, are made of wood, and every one of them is a specimen of some different tree. The back is formed of its bark, and the sides are constructed of polished pieces of the same stock. When put together, the whole forms a box; and inside of it are stored the fruit, seed, and leaves, together with the moss which grows on the trunk, and the insects which feed upon the tree; every volume corresponds in size, and the collection altogether has an excellent effect.

A translation of Professor Lyell's first and second volumes on Geology is on the eve of being published in Germany. It is the work of Dr. Hartmann, the learned translator of D'Aubusson's Ornithology.

*Natural History.*—During the late flood in the neighbourhood of Tewkesbury, a very beautiful specimen of the grey phalarope, or triptalobata of Linneus, was shot by Mr. Sandilands of that place. This (according to Bewick) rare little visitant of the British isles was observed swimming and diving about in quest of prey, consisting of the small dytisci, or water beetle, and other little insects, with wonderful agility; and such was its remarkable tameness as to allow the approach of its pursuer within a few yards, without the least manifestation of fear.—*Bath Paper.*

*Excavations near Naples.*—We adverted, in a former number, to the discovery of a subterranean town, supposed to be *Toro*, between Pompeii and Herculaneum, and lying near Bosco tre Case. But the Transactions of the Accademia Ercolanense seem to place it beyond a doubt, that this *Toro* (the Taurania of former days, and the Turone of the present,) is situate near Palma, which is full five miles to the north-east of Bosco. On further investigation, it would appear, that there was a place of the name of *Oplontis*, known to ancient writers, which lay between Herculaneum and Pompeii, and nearer to the latter than the former town. Its site, as described by them, exactly corresponds with that of Bosco tre Case; it scarcely admits, therefore, of a question, that, if further excavations should bring a greater extent of ruins to light, they will prove to be the remains of Oplontis.

*Greece.*—Professor Thiersch, who was despatched last autumn on a mission to the Peloponnese, by the Bavarian government, opens the narrative of his visit to the island of Hydra, by the following remarks:—"After a fortunate passage, during the night of the 26th of October, we came early next morning in sight of the island, which rises high and boldly on a desert rock at the back of an inconvenient bight, and to the surprise of the traveller, whose eye has hitherto been accustomed to nothing but cabins and ruins in Greece itself, breaks upon him with the view of a large and handsome city, embellished with churches and palaces. The port was nearly deserted; and a Russian brig, which had two government brigs under her protection, and kept the harbour under blockade, had the effect of abstracting still more from its security and activity. There was a crowd of idle people standing about at the innermost extremity of the port. Though there is great want of employment, and much consequent indigence, the peace of the town has never been disturbed. There is neither police, nor military to maintain it; here, as everywhere else, the multitude suffer, but raise no clamour; as to theft and mendicancy, these are unknown. Yet we are told, that the Greek is restless and unfit for government. The fact is, there is no nation easier to be ruled, if treated with a moderate degree of kindness; nor is there any more deserving of a paternal government. I was introduced under the roof of the worthy and intelligent Navarchos Miaulis, by his son Antonio, and was conducted through the finest apartments in this

beautiful palace-like residence, which is adorned with marble vestibules and splendid divans. I regretted to find the Admiral laid up with a fever, from which he has but occasional respites."—(*Bavarian Journal*.)

*A Hunchback Revel.*—A burgess of Antwerp lately gave a ball and supper to forty hunchbacks in that town. A prize of sixty guilders (five guineas) was bestowed on the individual who exhibited the loftiest dorsal protuberance; and the victor was crowned king of the revels. Carriages were sent to bring each of the hunchbacks to the ball, and he was conveyed home in the same unaccustomed manner. The toes of these gay sons of Æsop did not ache until night was far advanced; in fact, their mirth is said to have flagged, only when the note of separation from their brother-bumps was sounded. We readily believe what a Belgian journalist archly remarks—that there was *nothing political* in this *réunion*!

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

| Days of W. & Mon. | Thermom. Max. Min. | Barometer. Noon. | Winds.     | Weather. |
|-------------------|--------------------|------------------|------------|----------|
| Th. 22            | 59 45              | 29.83            | W.         | Cloudy.  |
| Fr. 23            | 57 33              | 29.70            | W.         | Iditto.  |
| Sat. 24           | 50 36              | 29.68            | N.W.       | Iditto.  |
| Sun. 25           | 49 32              | 29.65            | N.         | Clear.   |
| Mon. 26           | 51 33              | 30.00            | N.         | Cloudy.  |
| Tues. 27          | 54 38              | 29.96            | Var.       | Iditto.  |
| Wed. 28           | 51 30              | Stat.            | N.E. to E. | Clear.   |

*Prevailing Clouds.*—Cumulostratus, Cirrostratus, Cumulus.

Nights and Mornings fair.

Mean temperature of the week, 45° 5'.

Day increased on Wednesday, 4 h. 56 min.

The journal for the last week having been too late for insertion, we give the following summary:—

Max. temperature 55°, Min. Ditto. 27°; Max. Atmosph. pressure 29.83, Min. Ditto. 29.10. Weather cloudy; with showers. Nights and Mornings for the greater part fair.

#### NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

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#### TO CORRESPONDENTS

To the kind friend visiting Taunton, we return our best thanks.—Inquiry leads us to believe, that Mr. Tome, of that town, receives a weekly parcel from London. We have no agents anywhere—but all booksellers will supply this paper, as regularly as they receive a parcel from London; and, in large towns, most booksellers usually receive such a parcel weekly.

For any deficiency that may be found in this number of the *Athenæum*, we apologise beforehand. It happens, that this is the last day of the month, and the sale of Monthly Parts is now, we rejoice to say, so considerable, as to be in itself a very important business, and to require us, in consequence of this coincidence, to hurry to press many hours before our usual time. This must excuse our deferring the notice of 'The Mythology of the Hindus,' and many other works, and for omitting several advertisements.

Thanks to R. A. M.—J. B. R.

To P. A. it is not necessary for us to express any virtuous indignation; but if he will call at our office, the publisher has orders to return the money.

The communications of W. S. and other correspondents shall be attended to, if possible, next week.

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# THE ATHENÆUM

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FOURPENCE.

In compliance with the desire of many well-informed persons, to extend as much as possible the diffusion of General Literature and Useful Knowledge, this Paper has been REDUCED IN PRICE from *Eightpence* to *FOURPENCE*, at which rate *all the previous Numbers* may now be had.

## REVIEWS

*Le Livre des Cent-et-Un.* Vol. IV. Paris, 1832. Ladvocat.

WE announce, with much pleasure, the continuation of this interesting work; the fourth volume of which has just reached us. The affairs of M. Ladvocat have been arranged so as to prevent all further interruption of its regular publication.

The interest which so many have taken in the fortunes of M. Ladvocat, is a proof of unusual and distinguished merit in the worthy publisher. Not only literary men by profession, but ambassadors and statesmen have come forward with gratuitous contributions. We behold, side by side, Lafayette and the Duke of Fitz-James—Dupin and Martignac—Fontau and Genoude—Wollis and Berryer fils;—whilst a still more touching interest is thrown into the work by the contributions of the Count de Peyronnet, one of the unhappy ex-ministers of Charles X. dated from his dreary cell in the Castle of Ham. Cooper, too, the American novelist, is to lend assistance.

With such names, and such a motive, what may we not expect? The present volume is worthy of its predecessors;—indeed, a slight degree of heaviness in the former, almost inevitable in certain papers, from the nature of the subject, which severe criticism might have detected, seems in this to have melted before the warmth of a generous enthusiasm.

The names of the present contributors, several of whom are already known to our readers, are Peyronnet, De la Ville, Fouinet, C. Nodier, Jouy (the well-known hermit of the Chaussée d'Antin), Pommier, Roch, David (the celebrated actor), Arago, Sophie Gay, Marrast, Alexander Duval, Michaud, Bazin, and Soumet.

A natural feeling of interest, partaking both of curiosity and commiseration, cannot but arise from Peyronnet's contribution to this volume, more particularly when it is known to describe the thoughts and emotions of a man, once on the pinnacle of greatness and power, now expiating, in endless captivity, his rash attempt, in conjunction with a besotted monarch, and still more besotted colleagues, against the liberties of his country. We therefore insert the whole of his paper, with the exception only of a few paragraphs, of no immediate interest. Next week we purpose giving short translations from several of the other contributions.

"Vincennes.

"I suddenly ceased. I had read a long time, and my wearied eye-lids were becoming heavy. My half-closed book slid imperceptibly through my hand as I pursued my thoughts upon degradation, poverty, and death. I had passed from

study to meditation, and from meditation to reverie.

"It was a cold night in December. The snow, whirled into tornadoes by the wind, fell in large flakes upon the wide open courts, the ramparts, the bottom of the ditches—certainly not dug for the perpetration of crime—and the angular roof of the chapel which contains the tomb of the Duke d'Enghien. Upon the mouldings of the elegant Gothic gateway, built by Francis the First, it left, as it passed, a border of pure white. The rooks, the only free inhabitants of my dreary prison, had ceased their croakings.

"This melancholy turret—those naked and dirty walls—that cold and dusty floor—the half-broken iron candlestick, which, with a cloud of black smoke, emitted a dull and stinking light;—the grating bolts, the sharp-pointed iron-bars;—all this apparatus of wretchedness and captivity had disappeared from my senses. My thoughts had been diverted from things present; and the outward signs of my misfortune were effaced by the very contemplation of what I was enduring.

"And yet this castle was once inhabited by kings. Philip-Augustus, St. Louis, Charles the Wise, Louis the Father of the People, Francis the Father of Letters, the good Henry, Louis the Just, and Louis the Great, all dwelt here;—and so did Isabel of Hainault, Blanch of Castille, Mary of Brabant, Blanch of Navarre, Ann of Austria, the lovely Agnes, named the Lady of Beauty, Lafayette, who became a recluse without having erred, and La Valliere, who erred and afterwards became a recluse. \* \* \*

"But the glory of the old fortress is eclipsed;—these dreary turrets are the monuments of great misfortunes. How many men have passed through them, who were yesterday all-powerful, to-day proscribed and captive! Vendôme, Ornano, Gonzague, John de Wert, John Casimer, Puylaurens, Beaufort, Chavigny, Retz, Longueville, Conti, Fouquet, the last of the Stuarts, the great Condé!—and also another Condé, for whom the day of deliverance never came! How changed is the destiny of this venerable pile! Richelieu, Mazarin, Napoleon, what have ye made of the residence of kings?

"Two friends—for I have some friends left—had come to see me in the morning. It was for the first time—perseverance had overcome every obstacle. They passed the drawbridge, and ascended the hundred and eighty steps of the long steep spiral staircase.

"Louis de V\*\*\*, and Jules de R\*\*\*, the friends to whom I allude, are of very different characters. The former is cold, grave, and composed,—a man of reflection and not an enemy to discussion. His strong and acute understanding loves that a little reasoning should explain and justify his impressions. He is a man of a now rare species, one better than he would be thought, and who seriously believes that he owes to reflection that which is only the dictates of his heart.

"Jules de R\*\*\* is younger, more prone to excitement, and more animated; amiable in a different manner from Louis de V\*\*\*, and to the very excess of mannered difference; witty in a different kind of wit; graceful, brilliant, and

natural; a writer, a poet, a man of the world, and everywhere a superior being.

"Both are old, true, and tried friends. Both trembled, as neither would have trembled for himself; both wept, and they wept the more because they saw that I did not weep.

"My children—those of my children whom Providence has yet left me—had also penetrated into this dismal abode. Poor mourners! They put a watchful restraint upon the expression of their feelings. But their filial piety betrayed itself, and their violent and unnatural efforts only the more displayed their cruel grief.

"My heart, generally master of its emotions, was overpowered at seeing them: a mixture of joy and sorrow, of happiness and despair, overcame me. I sunk under this sweet though cruel trial of tenderness and affliction.

"I could read no longer, and yet I could not divest my thoughts of the things I had read of. Every idea was tinged with them. The book which had so strongly fixed my attention, treated not of the present time;—it was an old and grave work—the ancient chronicle of ancient days and ancient customs.

"The passage which had stopped me, ran thus: 'Sir de la Rivière,' said some one to him, 'save your person; for the envious now hold the reins of power.' But he answered, 'Here and everywhere I am in God's holy keeping; I feel myself pure and clean of mind. God gave me what I possess, and he alone can take it away. The will of the Lord God be done! My services have been known to the kings to whom they were devoted, and who have greatly rewarded me. For that which I did and performed at their bidding for the advantage of this kingdom of France, I would well dare to await the judgment of the parliament of Paris.'"

"This fate, so similar to my own—these sentiments, so similar to those I so strongly felt, produced a lively and powerful emotion, which kept my senses, as it were, suspended. My soul alone, though troubled, lived and acted within me. Thrown myself into the same abyss, I went on sounding and measuring its depth. I calculated doubts and probabilities; tried to divine which, among so many possible kinds of suffering, would be the one inflicted upon me; in a word, I studied my fate, in order to fortify myself against it.

"The longer this state of mental abstraction continued, the more complete did my forgetfulness of ordinary things and vulgar privations become. I no longer felt what I actually suffered, nor remembered where I was. The future, upon which I was meditating, though so near, was yet of such a nature that it had broken the link of its connexion with the present.

"At length, in the midst of this strange reverie, an unexpected noise, together with sudden motion, arrested my astonished imagination. At first I doubted, then doubted less, and at length doubted no more.

"Several living beings stood before me: men in strange habiliments, whose features were unknown to me. They belonged to another age—and some perhaps to another country.

"The first who stopped had a weak and varying expression of countenance. It was evident that he had suffered, but doubtful whether he



had done so with firmness. He was advanced in years; and yet he wanted that calm and confident dignity which gives so much authority to old age.

"Who art thou?" I asked.—"An unhappy man."—"What are thy misfortunes?"—"The same as thine."—"Thou wert powerful?"—"I was."—"And deprived of thy power?"—"I was."—"And a captive?"—"I was."—"Wilt thou not teach me how to support such a reverse?" He made no reply. "Thy name?" said I.—"Le Mercier."—"What! the minister of Charles VI.?" I exclaimed.—"Alas!" he replied, "it was said in the town and city of Paris that we should lose our heads, and everywhere we had a most grievous renown as traitors to the crown of France. . . . They who envied and hated us, condemned and adjudged us to die. . . . We were every day assailed with these words, 'Think of your souls, for your bodies are lost.' Ye are adjudged to death!"

"I know, I know," I replied. "It is of thee that the old chroniclers have written, 'That in the Castle of St. Antoine,† which was thy prison, thou wept so much, and so incessantly, that thy sight was thereby weakened and impaired, and thou wert on the eve of becoming blind.'"

"A painful groan burst from his lips, and I said to him, 'Go thy ways, old man; thou couldst teach me nothing. Thy example suits me not; and, with God's help, I shall not follow it.'"

"At this instant a prodigious noise came from the outside of the fortress; it was prolonged and tumultuous. The external gates of the castle seemed as if they were shattered and falling in splinters under the efforts of an infuriated populace. The drum beat, and the soldiers seized their arms. Precipitate and numerous footsteps were heard; the sentinels challenged and answered each other along the ramparts. From the body of the tumult arose the sharp cries of 'Death to them! Death to them!'"

"My ear had time to become accustomed to these sounds. I pitied the error of those who were excited to utter them. They knew not what they did. I was disturbed but for a few moments, and then resumed my reverie.

"A second person came shadowing before me, cased in rich armour. In his right hand he held an enormous sword, whose scabbard was of purple velvet, ornamented with golden *fleurs-de-lis*. A deep scar near one of his eyes showed that he had met the king's enemies face to face; and that the sword of constable had not been conferred upon him for nothing.

"Art thou also here, Oliver?" said I, for it was truly Clisson: I could not be mistaken.—"I am," he replied. "I am come to see and comfort thee. Be of good cheer."—"With God's help, I will try, Oliver; I will try." . . . "They spared thee, however, brave Clisson," said I.—"No," he replied. "Hast thou forgotten? They passed a too cruel sentence upon me, for I was banished the realm as a false traitor to the crown of France."—"Banished, Oliver! banished! Woe to me, if such a fate were mine. I know no country but France: her alone have I served, and for her have I lived. Let them do with me as they list, provided they let me die in my native land. My existence is worthless, if I am to enjoy it at the expense of all that is dear to me—if I am to be it out far away from my friends and country. The soil of France has received the bones of my father and my children, and shall I be so accursed that it will reject mine?"

"Out of France I should find in me nothing of myself. A stranger to everything, all would remain a stranger to me. Old and worn out as I am, is it not too late for me to begin life anew, and seek a land which should own me as a son?"

† The Bastille.

God is my witness, that I would not, were it even in my power."

"A marvellous act of mercy indeed, that which would deprive me of all—even of the sky I have looked upon, and the air I have breathed since infancy—and leave me life only to feel how much I have lost! Banished! it is worse than death;—the latter extinguishes all regret—but by exile, it is kept alive and embittered."

"Be pacified and take courage," said Clisson. "Knowest thou in what manner God will dispose either of thee, or of those who have risen up against thee? He is their master as well as thine, and discovers not his purposes in a single day. And be assured, that misfortune becomes still greater to those who cannot endure it patiently. Bear this in mind. My Lord, the Duke of Burgundy, a wise man and of great foresight, notwithstanding he worked evil against me, was one day exhorted and urged to my prejudice more bitterly than usual, by several around him. But he told them that the rod was perhaps already cut wherewith they would themselves be soon castigated and corrected: 'for,' said he, 'there is no season which affordeth not profit, no fortune which turneth not, no sorrowful heart that doth not rejoice, nor any merry heart that hath not its saddened moods.'"

"As he finished speaking, another figure passed slowly before me. His eyes, dimmed with sorrow, seemed to seek mine, and yet fear to meet them. Though there was nothing in his appearance which either pleased or attracted me, I was impatient to hear him, and yet a sort of instinctive feeling seemed to repress the expression of such desire. His hood, long gown, and girdle with pendant tassels of gold—joined to a certain austerity which was not that of age, a dignity without any mixture of pride and ostentation—showed me that in him I beheld one of those vigilant and learned men who founded the reputation of our Courts of Justice, long, very long, before the period when I had the signal and perilous honour of being chosen to direct them.

"I called to him; he stopped with regret. 'What desirest thou, my son?' said he, 'consolation? Thou must find it in thyself. If thy misfortune be great, elevate thyself to its level. If danger await thee, familiarize thyself with it. Arm thyself with strength against the severity of ill fortune; and if it come to thee in a milder shape, so it will be lighter for thee to bear.'"

"My curiosity was highly excited, and I asked his name. 'What matters it to thee?'—"Thy fate?"—"It would not serve thee to know it. But," resumed he, hesitating, "my fate differs less from thine, than thou wouldst suppose. I interceded with all-powerful royalty in favour of the people, and royalty mistook me for an enemy. Thy intervention was employed with the people, who have become powerful, in favour of royalty, now feeble and in danger; and the people, in their turn, have mistaken thee for an enemy. Let us pardon the errors of both—they are natural and inevitable. The people possess not the sovereignty on better terms than Princes. Neither can they know of truth more than their courtiers choose to tell them. Envious men thought it their interest to cry thee down; and they imputed to thee a mind and character resembling their own. The people believed them; and could it be otherwise? Thou wert neither seen nor heard. They who approached, and knew thee, were in small numbers, and their voice was drowned in the noise of the multitude."

"I will not tell thee that thou shalt not die, for what means have I of knowing? Neither will I tell thee that there exists no law whereby thou canst be doomed to death; for what matters law or justice to him who is without power to enforce them? Revolutions made by the people are essentially popular; and the people com-

prehend not these nice and subtle distinctions. . . . That which thou must guard against is hope. By flattering the mind, it softens the stubborn energy of courage. Prepare thyself for the terrible moment, for come it must, some day or other. When it does come, what matters it whether it be a day sooner or a day later? No human being has the power of making thee die twice, nor of preventing thee from dying once. Dare to look death in the face: it is not so hideous as cowards suppose. He who has lived well, has lived long enough. Death, which cannot be avoided, may yet be rendered less bitter. Let us make it honoured, and we destroy its pain and agony."

"Is it then decided?" I exclaimed. "No, my son; but if it were? Thy life has not been so happy as to give thee much cause of regret, nor so ill employed that thou shouldst fear it will be forgotten. What more canst thou require than to die in peace?"

"Old man," I replied, "thy language fills me with respect and admiration, but it is harsh and severe."

"Thou wouldst have it so," said he; "thou shouldst not have called me. Beware of illusions. Give credence to my counsels; they are good, for I have myself proved them."

"Thou!" I exclaimed. "Yes, my son; and may Fate, who has betrayed thee, as she did me, spare thee at least the last trial which she forced me to undergo."—"In pity," said I, with earnestness, "tell me who thou art; for I feel that the authority of thy name will fortify and give value to thy words."—"Desmarets," he replied. "I threw myself at his feet. 'Admirable man!' I exclaimed, 'and is it you?—you, who, when called upon to beg mercy of the King, uttered these noble words from the very scaffold: 'I served well and loyally King Philip, his great-grandfather, and King John, his grandfather, and King Charles, his father; and these three Kings, his predecessors, found no fault in me; nor would this King, if he exercised his own authority; and I firmly believe that he is in no ways culpable for my doom. I have no reason to crave his mercy, nor that of any other man. To the mercy of God alone will I appeal.'"

"Do as I did," said he. "I will, Desmarets." "Whoever thou art that readest this recital, abstain, friend, from treating it with harshness or derision. I have related the thoughts and lives of the sad tenants of my prison-house."

"DE PEYRONNET."

*Open Sesame; or, the Way to get Money.*  
By a Rich Man, who was once Poor.  
London, 1832. Griffiths.

SHADE of Ali Baba! what a title for a book! At the first announcement we posted up from Wanstead to Wellington Street, and were fortunate enough to procure a copy, before the shop-door of Thomas Griffiths was wedged up by the mob of poor gentlemen who long to be rich. We are constitutionally sanguine. A little more, and we should have hurried off to Smithfield for asses to load with our treasure, and to Aldersgate for a standard bushel to measure the sovereigns; but a prudent Morgiana of a she-friend advised us beforehand to look well into the pages,—and sure enough, as in the robber's oil jars, we found a Master Catchpenny at the bottom of the whole.

According to the author, there are "four hundred and fifty-three ways of making money in this metropolis on a large scale. Of all these ways, he recommends you to pick one as follows:—

"Have you anything in your pockets?—Nothing.—So much the better. Get the pick-axe

of resolution ready, shoulder arms, and set-to like, not a Trojan, but a straightforward city broker." p. 7.

We recollect beginning life in the same line, and it brought us almost to shouldering a literal pick-axe. Day after day we lingered at Batson's, and haunted the Russia walk, with no tallow to dispose of but our own inch of candle—no bristles except those on our chin—no hemp to purchase, but a little on our own desperate account. On such non-commissioned mercantile officers the oracle is cruelly quizzical:—

"Summer—if a merchant or a broker—from six to eight walk out and brace your constitution for the duties of the day;—eight to nine, breakfast and the newspaper;—nine to five, business without any intermission." p. 8-9.

With such a concern, or a share even, the oracle may safely promise that one shall be a Rothschild, with a fine family of Rothschildren; but how is such a brisk business to be had, if we except the profitless transfers of Mr. Figgins?—

"I knew a grocer who emptied and refilled fifty canisters of tea two hundred times in one morning." p. 17.

The reader will judge from this sample of ways without means of the merits of 'Open Sesame.' There is an Arabian story of an enchanter who offered gold and silver, which turned out to be nothing but worthless leaves; and the author of the 'Way to get Money' seems to have followed his unfeeling example. We have been cruelly deceived ourselves, and thrown a dreadful fall on our organ of acquisitiveness; and, in pity to mankind, we feel bound to warn them against this pretended key to the cave of Cæsus. However lauded as a magical gift in its preface, the work is anything but a talisman that will convert a poor little gudgeon in the pool of Poverty into a bouncing gold fish in the stream of Pactolus.

*Six Months in America.* By G. T. Vigne, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law. 2 vols. London, 1832. Whittaker & Co.

"After having seen the greater part of Europe, I went on board the packet *George Canning*, 24th March 1831, and sailed from Liverpool for New York, with my note-book, sketch-book, gun, and fishing-rod—alone, unbewildered, and unvehicled, as a man ought to travel, and with the determination of being, as far as an Englishman can be, unprejudiced—and of seeing all I could of the United States in the course of six months." These are the words in which the author commences his work, and we are not inclined to say, that he has failed to fulfil them. We know not what he might have made of the wife whom he despises in a land where Helps are far from abundant; or of the vehicle which he scorns in the midst of the great desert: but we see he made little use of his sketch-book; that he had not the art to entice the fish of the States on to his hooks, and that when he used his fowling-piece, he aimed so much by guess, that he missed all he fired at; luckily for us, he remembered his note-book, and as he has a clear head and an honest heart, and is, moreover, an observer of human character by profession, he took notes of much which we desired to know, and has written a very fair and interesting book. We have a good deal about the administration

of the laws; public economy; the opinions of the people; the state of art, and the general aspect of town and country. He is, it is true, not quite so amusing as that sarcastic tattler, Mrs. Trollope, nor so profound in matters of church and state as Captain Basil Hall, nor so partial as Paulding; but he surpasses them all in candour, and in the interest arising from the communication of knowledge. In short, he is so wise as to look at America by her own light, as philosophers once agreed to do by the moon; and really we cannot but love our democratic sister, as we gaze at her through so natural a medium. Look at the condition of North and South America: the latter, under the care of a monarchy, sunk nearly to nothing in the scale of nations; the former, under the cheering sun of a republic, which sheds its warmth on all alike, has risen to be one of the first of nations.

We shall go into no lengthened examination of these volumes: their chief merit, next to impartiality, is the clear pictures and rational views which the author everywhere draws. A few pages from the beginning, we meet with a member of that remarkable family who had the world once at their feet; the ex-King of Spain is no disagreeable person in the States of America.

"This is the residence of the Count Surville, better known, in England at least, as Joseph Bonaparte. I was provided with an introduction to his Excellency, and paid him a morning visit. His reception of me was exceedingly courteous. The instant he appeared I was most forcibly struck with the very strong resemblance he bore to the later portraits of Napoleon. His person, I should say, was rather larger; the expression of the eye was the same, though more subdued; the same hair, the same shaped head, and the same contour of feature generally, with a darker complexion, and a good set of teeth. I should say, the principal difference was observable in the mouth, which seemed more inclinable to the jocular than the sanguinary. After some conversation, which was carried on in French, and turned chiefly on the subject of European travel, his Excellency showed me his pictures, which are numerous and interesting. He has several fine Murillos, and a most beautiful Madonna by Vandeyke. He has many portraits of his own family; among these is one of Napoleon in his coronation robes, and the well-known picture of the First Consul on horseback, crossing the Alps. I felt an emotion which I will not attempt to describe, when, as we passed round the room, he paused before the latter picture, and drew my attention to it, remarking that it was the original, by David." i. 20-1.

The fate of one of the heroes of the desert was of a sterner kind, yet still in character: behold the original of the Oneida chief, in the exquisite 'Gertrude' of Campbell:—

"At the head waters of the other creek, is still seen the place of residence of the celebrated Mingo chief, Logan,—whose eloquent message to Lord Dunmore is too well known to need insertion here. Many of the aged inhabitants of Belfont still remember him. His fate resembled that of Demosthenes and Cicero: he perished for his eloquence. An old officer of the United States army, who, soon after the close of the revolutionary war, was ordered to make surveys of the country watered by the Alleghany river, informed me that Logan's nephew, a remarkably fine young Indian, dined with him one day in his tent, and that he asked him what became of Logan. I killed him, was the reply. Why did you kill him? The nation ordered it. For what reason? He was too great a man to

live: he talked so well, that although the whole nation had intended to put any plan in execution, yet, if Logan did not approve of it, he would soon gain a majority in favour of his opinions. Was he not then generally in the right? Often; but his influence divided the nation too much. Why did they choose you to put him to death? If any one else had done it, I would certainly have killed him: I, who am his nephew, shall inherit his greatness. Will they not then kill you also? Yes; and when I become as great a man as Logan (laying his hand on his breast with dignity), I shall be content to die! He added, that he shot him near the Alleghany river. When informed of the resolution of the council of his nation, Logan stopped his horse, drew himself up in an attitude of great dignity, and received the fatal ball without a murmur." i. 77-8.

The author discusses the perilous topic of the influence of a republican form of government upon individual prosperity, with some skill and acuteness. The Romans decreed all houses to be built of an equal height, so that no one should look more regal than another: the absence of entails, and the presence of equality, produce nearly the same results:—

"The Americans, in general, are not fond of comparisons between England and their own country, except in cases where the balance is in their favour; but still, I have often observed that there is no subject of conversation more gladly discussed by an American gentleman, and more particularly by those who have country houses of their own, than the splendour of the seats of our nobility and gentry, and the perfection of society which is enjoyed at them. There is nothing in England so apt to elicit from them a remark of honest regret, as their knowledge of the very remote probability, I may almost add, the utter hopelessness, of their ever being able to boast of seats and villas at all equal to those on this side of the Atlantic, so long as the present form of government exists in full force. Who would build a really splendid mansion, which, after his death, will probably either become a ruin, or be sold, and converted into an hospital? or who would clear and beautify a park to any extent, to be divided and ploughed up by his needy successors? I have seen country houses in America, whose delightful situation, and gentlemanly appearance, (although it must be allowed, they often look their best at a distance,) only serve to render the prospect of division the more melancholy. I have been kindly received at many of them: I have usually noticed a due attention to comfort and elegance, and invariably, to kindness and hospitality; but I have not been able to avoid a remark, that there did not appear to be much difference in the size of the houses, or the extent of the grounds, as if there existed a general and mournful acknowledgment, that a just medium was to be observed between the expense incurred with reference to present enjoyment, and the probability of an ultimate loss of capital, when the future was regarded. I could name a few, but very few, exceptions." i. 107-8.

Remarks of a more lively kind occur: these republicans are desirous enough of having titles tacked to their names—nay, some of them, it seems, act the parts of Captain, Major, and Colonel, at one and the same time:—

"Human nature will out. In the absence of other titles, it is the pleasure of the Americans that they should be dignified by the rank of General, Colonel, or Aide-de-camp; but more especially I found by that of Major. An English gentleman assured me that, being on board a steamer on the Ohio river, he was first intro-

duced by a friend as plain Mr., then as Captain; soon after he was addressed as Major, and before the end of the day he was formally introduced as a General. There is usually a Major, or an Aide, as they call themselves, in every stage-coach company. The captain of a steam-boat, who was presiding at the dinner table, happened to ask rather loudly, 'General, a little fish?' and was immediately answered in the affirmative by twenty-five out of the thirty gentlemen who were present." i. 170-1.

There is something so professionally shrewd in the following passage, that we cannot resist extracting it:—

"During my occasional visits to the courts of justice in the United States, I could not help thinking how fortunate it was that Justice was blind, and could not therefore be shocked by the want of decorum I observed there. What was my surprise on entering the supreme court in the capitol at Washington, to perceive her wooden figure with the eyes unfilleted, and grasping the scales like a groceress! With great deference, I would suggest that the whole of this unworthy group should be removed. The day may arrive, as I have said before, when the supreme court may be the means of saving the Union." i. 171-2.

The laws, the religion, the vineyards, the mines, the elections, the congress, and the Indians, are all matters examined and discussed by our traveller; nor does he leave untouched the more interesting topic of the Canadas. We ventured lately, in noticing Macgregor's book, to speak of the strong natural and artificial line of defence between the United States and the British possessions—our opinion is corroborated by our author, and what is more to the purpose, by the judgment of an American General Officer:—

"The French unquestionably displayed their usual tact and foresight in their choice of the different points of communication in the extensive chain of forts which was originally continued from the Canadas to the Mississippi—the proof is, that all of them are of great importance at the present time. A similar but more enlarged instance of this, the highest grade of military strategy, is to be found in the vigorous and persevering policy of Great Britain, which has secured to her a chain of fortresses by which, as a gallant American General Officer expressed himself to me, 'She has check-mated the world.'"

*Bibliophobia. Remarks on the present Languid and Depressed State of Literature and the Book Trade. In a Letter addressed to the Author of the Bibliomania.* By Mercurius Rusticus. With Notes by Cato Parvus. London, 1832. Bohn.

THIS is the book of Lamentations, not on the "depressed state of literature," but on the decay of the Bibliomania. Rumour assigns this little volume to an author whose publications in the cause of Bibliomania have been numerous and costly, and the style itself betrays the writer. The work is an entertaining ramble amongst the "trade," and will afford those who are curious in these matters some information. The following account of the annual flight of almanacks is very curious:—

"Mere accident put me into possession of a fact, which may be worthy of your notice. Meeting a leading partner of one of the great houses in the Row, as he was threading his way towards Stationers' Hall, I was induced by him to come and witness the dispersion of the *Almanacks* for the ensuing year—it happening to be the last Monday in the month. As we ap-

proached the Hall, I saw a crowd of merry scramblers, some hatted, some paper-capped, and more without either hat or cap, pressing the large outer folding doors of the Hall—and joyously clamorous for admission. My guide obtained me an entrance by means of a private door, and mounting one of the tables of the Hall, I saw piles and pyramids of these *Almanacks*—ticketed according to their respective owners—and to be carried away by the many applicants without. The clock of the Hall struck three; the folding doors gradually expanded—and in rushed the importunate claimants! running in all directions—zig-zag, straight-forward, and oblique—pouncing upon the bundles of their respective masters. All was laughter and good-humour. Within three minutes, I saw an eight-feet cubical pile of these annual lucubrations—belonging to the house of Messrs. Longman & Co.—disposed of, and taken home; and was informed, by one of the partners, that, before St. Paul's clock would strike eight, every country bookseller's order would be despatched to him by the coach! On further inquiries, I learnt that in this article alone, one house (I think it was that of Messrs. Simpkin & Marshall) paid 4500*l.* for the amount of its traffic. It was also, I learnt, within this same house that the *monthly publications* were chiefly collected for dispersion—when a scene of equal bustle and good-humour might be witnessed." p. 33-5.

That *real* literature is in the depressed state this author would infer, we rather doubt; that the days are past when "a handful of oddities," as BALLAD-BROADSIDES, "would have brought a great-coat-pocket full of guineas," no real lover of literature can regret:—but we believe, that the aggregate consumption of printing paper was never higher than at this period. The love of quartos is extinct, and men certainly will have for *five* what they could not formerly obtain for *fifteen* shillings.

Exorbitant prices for literary productions are at an end; and the necessity of printing a quarto edition at a high price, to remunerate the daring publisher, exists no longer. "The love of quartos is well nigh extinct."

That a "RE-ACTION" will take place in literature, we certainly believe; but that it will bring back those days over which our author weeps, we do not think possible; that the times when goodly acres were exchanged for useless and unreadable tomes, should ever return, no lover of his country's literature would desire.

If we are right in our conjectures as to the author of this volume, we cannot forbear our meed of approbation to the splendid volumes which he has produced with so much taste—volumes which will live for aye, a monument of his industry and talent. Renown is, we fear, all that they have obtained for him.

*The Jesuit.* London, 1832. Saunders & Otteley.

THIS novel, if it be a first attempt, has considerable merit, and holds out a promise of better things to come. There is no want of vigour in some of its scenes, though the language is somewhat bombastic and overcharged; and the story is more easily made out, than, in these days of intricate plots, is often the case. The hero is one of those "FAULTY monsters that the world ne'er saw," at whose atrocities our blood used to curdle in our youth. He is one of those appalling ministers of evil, drawn from the dark caverns in which the spell of Mrs. Radcliffe's genius confined them, and brought forward into the

light of common day, and made to mingle in the transactions of more modern times. It is easy to imagine how much of his awful and mysterious grandeur Schedoni would lose, if, instead of lurking gloomily in some antique corridor, we saw him shaking hands with the Duke of Wellington. This, however, is the case with 'The Jesuit.' He is General of that order in Spain at the time of the Battle of Salamanca—and we are glad to perceive that in spite of his unaccountable influence, his miraculous hypocrisy, and supernatural talents, the old corporal sees through him in a moment. The English characters are much more natural, and of course more interesting. When the author takes the field as a soldier, he carries his cocked hat and epaulettes well. The military scenes are decidedly the best in the book; and we have some shrewd suspicion the ante-room of the Commander-in-Chief's levee, is a sketch from the life. Altogether, we can recommend 'The Jesuit' as the work of a man of talent,—and to those who delight in deeds at which Burke and Bishop would have trembled, we can point out the first part of the Jesuit's career. After they have "supped full of horrors," there will still be enough left for a very plentiful breakfast, of them next morning.

*The Mythology of the Hindus, with Notices of various Mountain and Island Tribes, inhabiting the two Peninsulas of India and the neighbouring Islands; and an Appendix, comprising the Minor Avatars, and the Mythological and Religious Terms, &c. &c. of the Hindus.* By Charles Coleman. 4to. London, 1832. Parbury & Co.

"Females raffled for."

"Be it known, that six fair pretty young ladies, with two sweet and engaging children, lately imported from Europe, having the roses of health blooming on their cheeks, and joy sparkling in their eyes, possessing amiable tempers, and highly accomplished, whom the most indifferent cannot behold without expressions of rapture, are to be raffled for next door to the British Gallery. Scheme: twelve tickets, at twelve rupees (1*l.* 10*s.*) each; the highest of the three throws, doubtless, takes the most fascinating."

Such was the announcement, that in the year 1818, met the astonished and indignant eyes of Europeans in a Calcutta paper! "While Britons deplore the traffic in negroes," says the Editor of the 'Percy Anecdotes,' in commenting on the outrage upon nature and decency, "and have abolished the slave trade, it is a fact, that there are persons who actually import beautiful women to the British settlements in India, in order to sell them to the rich Nabobs or Europeans who may give a good price for them; but, what is worse, they are sometimes played for at a game of chance. The following advertisement appeared in *Grinby's* (Greenway's) *Daily Advertiser*, of the 3d September 1818, a paper printed at Calcutta." Then, after copying the dreadful annunciation—"What a specimen," exclaims the writer, "of Calcutta morals does this advertisement exhibit! Surely a more abominable outrage upon morality and virtue has never been heard of than this, which is openly practised in a settlement under British laws and British government!—Shall we extort a smile from the reader by telling him that these six fair

pretty young ladies, with their two sweet babies, were—*dress dolls*!

But let not the brothers Sholto and Reuben Percy, of the Benedictine monastery of Mont Beuger, be utterly discomfited by this exposure. The ignorance which prevailed, and does prevail, in the mother country with regard to the habits, opinions, and general life and conversation of her dark-eyed daughter, is not confined within conventual precincts. In vain do thousands of Englishmen every year travel thousands of miles upon the great deep to eat curry in India. It so happens, that no two of them, who return with vigour enough to tell their story, agree in the facts. According to one writer, the Hindoos are idolaters—according to another, philosophers—a third affirms that they are divided by impassable interdictions into four castes; and a fourth assures us, that the system of castes has crumbled into pieces so small and so numerous, as to be scarcely discernible. But the story of young ladies being *sold*, in this mysterious region, is nothing at all. We think that the indignation displayed by the Benedictine brothers was, in plain terms, a piece of monkish hypocrisy. Why cavil about words? Are not young ladies sold all over the world? However, that the sum mentioned—thirty shillings apiece—was shameful, we readily allow, even in a market so overstocked with the commodity.

Worse things are told and believed of India than this! The tribes on the banks of the Indus were accused by Herodotus of anthropophagism. The Battahs of Sumatra, according to Malte-Brun, labour to this day under the same imputation; Knox charges the Bedahs of Ceylon with cannibalism; and Moor, the author of the Hindu Pantheon, shooting the bolt to a distance at which he might laugh at competition, avows, on "authentic information," that the sect of the Paramahansa are seen floating down the Ganges on a corpse, devouring as they sail!

The religion of the Hindoos, more especially, although every one attempts to explain it, is allowed by all to be incomprehensible. But the incomprehensibility, if the reader will believe us, lies merely in the ornamental machinery of the mythology; and even this is scarcely more unintelligible than the fictions of the Greeks and Romans. The well-informed classes believe in the same God who has revealed himself in all ages, to the wise and good, in the phenomena of nature. The symbols, invented by the priests, are objects of veneration even to those, as so many temples of the unseen spirit which they adore. The vulgar—the *profanum vulgus*—worship the symbols themselves, with the same earnestness of faith with which the poor and ignorant Irishman grovels before the statues of the saints of his Catholic heaven.

The mythological personages of the Hindoo system are described with great animation by Mr. Coleman, and in a much more attractive manner than that of either Moor or the missionary Ward. A long quotation, however, from this part of the work would have no interest for the reader, and we restrict ourselves, therefore, to a few sentences regarding Prit'hivi, the goddess of the earth, where the meaning of the myth is tolerably evident.

"Her husband is Prit'hu, produced, in strict

accordance with mythological extravagance, by churning the right arm of a deceased tyrant who had died without issue, that he might have a posthumous son, who is represented as a form of Vishnu.

"This primitive couple appear to have quarrelled in a very primitive manner; that is, the mother of nature became sulky, and would not supply her husband or his family (mankind) with food. Prit'hu, in consequence, beat and wounded her; on which she assumed the form of a cow, and complained to the gods; who, having heard both sides of the question, allowed him and his children to treat her in a similar manner, whenever she again became stubborn and sulky.

"In this mythological tale we may discover a rude allegory of the bountiful productiveness of the earth, when aided by the industry of man. The loveliness of nature, robed in her most splendid attire, is, like that of her beauteous daughters, when unattended by good humour and domestic utility, of little use to him, unless accompanied by the smiles and blessings of Ceres." p. 102-3.

The second part of the work contains descriptions of some of the less known tribes of India, and will therefore be by far the most popular. The following, it appears, is the "way to get married" among the Kattees:—

"A Kattee to become a husband must be a ravisier; he must attack with his friends and followers the village where his betrothed resides, and carry her off by force. In ancient times this was no less a trial of strength than of courage: stones and clubs were used without reserve both to force and repel; and the disappointed lover was not unfrequently compelled to retire, covered with bruises, and wait for a more favourable occasion. The bride had the liberty of assisting her lover by all the means in her power, and the opposition ceased when her dwelling was once gained by the assailants, and the lady then bravely won submitted willingly to be carried off by her champion." p. 283-4.

The marriage of the Goands is still more irregular:—

"It is said that the bride is brought home in the evening, when, in an assembly of the people, the bridegroom applies the frontal mark made with vermilion, throws a garland of flowers round her neck, and then retires and conceals himself in the thickets. The relations of the bride arm themselves and go in quest of him, and if he is found during the night, the marriage is void; if not discovered, he appears in the morning, takes the bride by the hand, removes the veil from her face, and they dance together in the centre of a ring formed by the assistants, who also dance round them. The ceremony is thus completed, and the rest of the day is devoted to festivity and mirth." p. 297.

Among the Sirmoris is the custom of polyandry, or of one woman having two or more husbands:—

"This latitude of female indulgence prevails also among the happy dames of several other Indian tribes. Among the Todirs of the Nilgiri mountains, the brothers of a family have usually only one wife between them, who makes her election of which of them she is disposed to drop the handkerchief to. She is, moreover, allowed to do so to a lover, without the slightest objection or jealousy on the part of her proper lords. In other parts of India females have had less deference paid to them; and in Malwa it has been said they were, till very recently, accounted witches; that is to say, after a certain age. They were then, according to a statement published in the *Calcutta Journal*, 1821, put into a sack and thrown into a tank; if they swam they were certainly witches and suffered death;

if they sank they were drowned, and it may be supposed not witches. Many hundreds, adds the writer, have in some seasons been doomed to this cruel death. The Rajah Zalim Singh of Kotah sentenced four hundred to die in this manner, because the death of his favourite wife was attributed to witchcraft. Through the laudable and humane interference of the British political agent, this barbarous custom has, it is said, ceased; and the benevolent author of the change became so popular among the old ladies, that it is supposed he might have married them all, had he been so disposed." p. 306.

With the Garrows—

"Marriage is in general settled amongst the parties themselves, though sometimes by their parents. If it has been settled by the parties themselves, and the parents of either refuse their assent, the friends of the opposite party, and even others unconnected, go and by force compel the dissenters to comply; it being a rule among the Garrows to assist those that want their help on these occasions, let the disparity of age or rank be ever so great. If the parents do not accede to the wish of their child, they are well beaten till they acquiesce in the marriage." p. 319.

The reader may be curious to know what sort of people they are among whom so laudable a custom prevails:—

"A Garrow is a stout, well-shaped man; hardy, and able to do much work; of a surly look; flat café-like nose; small eyes, generally blue or brown; forehead wrinkled, and overhanging eye-brow; with large mouth, thick lips, and face round and short: their colour is of a light or deep brown. The women are the ugliest creatures I ever beheld, short and squat in their stature, with masculine faces; in the features they differ little from the men.

"The dress of these people corresponds with their persons. They eat all manner of food, even dogs, frogs, snakes, and the blood of all animals. The last is baked over a slow fire, in hollow green bamboos, till it becomes of a nasty dirty green colour. They are fond of drinking to an excess." p. 318.

Among the Kookies—

"When a young man has fixed his affections upon a young woman, either of his own or of some neighbouring *parah*, his father visits her father, and demands her in marriage for his son. Her father on this inquires what are the merits of the young man to entitle him to her favour, and how many he can afford to entertain at the wedding feast; to which the father of the young man replies, that his son is a brave warrior, a good hunter, and an *expert thief*; for that he can produce so many heads of the enemies he has slain, and of the game he has killed; that in his house are such and such stolen goods, and that he can feast so many (mentioning the number) at his marriage." p. 324.

The tribe of Daya of Borneo:—

"The more heads a man has cut off the more he is respected; and a young man cannot marry until he can produce heads procured by himself; nor can the corpse of a person of rank be inhumed until a fresh head be acquired by his nearest of kin. Should he be of high rank, great rejoicings take place on his return from a successful expedition; the heads, which probably still bleed, are seized by the women, who rush into the water, dip the heads, and anoint themselves with the ensanguined stream which drops from the skulls. A man of great consideration may have fifty or sixty skulls suspended in his premises. It has been known that two years have expired before a young man could be married, or, in other words, before he could procure a skull." p. 346-7.

The Bheels:—

"A refinement in the vengeance of sanguine

nary warfare was always had recourse to in the employment of Bheels; and of late years, likewise, in those desultory vindictive inroads of petty chiefs, the Bheel became a willing and useful ally; and the work of destruction was incomplete without his demoniacal aid, in poisoning the wells, burning the villages, murdering the inhabitants, destroying the crops, and driving off the cattle. Fifty Bheels could be more useful than five hundred troops, approaching by paths through the deep forest known only to themselves. Their appearance was as sudden as unexpected, and the visit fatal to the devoted spot. To find treasure, the most horrid and refined cruelties were practised, the like of which we have not in history. Their retreats were unknown; the jungle and mountains were impenetrable to all but themselves, and woe to the individual who opposed a Bheel, or was marked out by them for vengeance. A journey of three hundred miles would be a mere walk to a Bheel. Willy, hardy, and bold, no danger could arrest his progress, and no security protect his victim, though years might elapse of unavailing pursuit; and if the Bheel did not succeed, at last he would destroy himself.

"An officer, a Captain B——d, had, by interrupting and wounding a Bheel while labouring in his vocation, been marked. In consequence of this he had a sentry to his house; but from the neighbouring bank of the river they had worked a subterraneous passage for a considerable distance, large enough for one man to crawl along, and had begun to perforate the floor of his bed-chamber when he was discovered. We had at the city where this took place nearly two thousand troops, yet it was necessary, for the officer's safety, to remove him to Bombay. A Parsee messman, who had refused to pay the usual tribute to the Bheels, was found dead in the morning in the mess-room. It was his custom to put his mat on a large wine-chest where he slept: in the morning he was found with his head placed on the mess-table, the headless body lying on the chest." 265.

An encampment of English, surrounded by two hundred sentries, was robbed by the people:—

"When the morning broke forth, every officer had been robbed, save one, and he had a priest (Bhaut) and a Bheel guard. Nor did the poor *siphaues* escape; for when they gave the alarm of 'thief! thief!' they were sure to get a blow or wound in the leg or thigh, from a Bheel lying on the ground, or moving about on all-fours, wrapped in a bullock's hide or a sheep-skin, or carrying a bush before or over him; so that the sentries were deceived; and if they fired, they were as likely to hit some of the women or children, or the followers, or the officers, as the Bheel himself; and, had they fired, the Bheel, in the dark, thus placed in a populous camp, had every advantage, his weapon making no noise, and his companions being ready to shoot the *siphaues* through the head.

"Most of the officers were up during the night, but their presence was useless. Lieutenant B—— did lay hands on a Bheel, but he literally slipped through his fingers, being naked, his body oiled all over, and his head shaved; and on giving the alarm, one or two arrows were seen to have gone through the cloths of the tent. Were it possible to retain a hold of a Bheel your motions must be as quick as lightning; for they carry the blade of a knife, which is fastened round the neck by a string, and with which, if they find themselves in a dilemma, they will rip up the person holding them." p. 268-9.

We hardly like, however, to go on with our extracts, amusing as they may be, for they are not Mr. Coleman's own words, but taken from other writers. The book, not-

withstanding, reflects credit upon the author, as it conveys much interesting knowledge in an exceedingly popular form.

*Stanley Buxton; or, the Schoolfellows.* By the Author of 'Annals of the Parish,' 'Lawrie Todd,' &c. 3 vols. post 8vo. London, 1832. Colburn & Bentley.

THE art of novel-writing consists in representing fiction as truth, by giving to the creations of fancy the colours and characteristics of nature. If this dictum (of Mr. Galt) were worthy of all acceptance, then the nearer a novel approached to the appearance of reality, and the greater resemblance it bore to genuine biography, the higher would be its merit. But a novel written strictly on this principle would not be read. The great charm of biography consists in the *name* of the persons of the story. We desire ardently to become acquainted with the character and lives of men, of whom the world talks, or whose lives have fallen in the places which, from some association with our fortunes, habits, or predilections, are holy ground to our imagination. But the same work of biography, which, under such circumstances, we should devour so greedily, would appear flat and unprofitable, if perused with the conviction that the things and persons of the history were fictitious. It is needless to bring against us the testimony of Robinson Crusoe, for we talk at present of novels of society. That renowned castaway was placed in circumstances which render the work a poem; and an inquiry into its structure would enter into the kind of question which was agitated some time ago by the learned Thebans of the periodicals, with regard to the comparative merits, in poetry, of Crabbe and Byron.

Novel-writing, with deference to Mr. Galt, can no more be brought under the rule with which he sets out, than either painting or poetry. An historical picture, for instance, in which the actors are princes and heroes, cannot be tried by the same laws of nature which guide our criticism in a piece representing a scene in a village alehouse. Yet nature is the same everywhere.

In the "many mansions" of novel-writing, however,—for the independent existence of which we contend,—Mr. Galt is sovereign lord of at least one; and this one, with the true enthusiasm of a master, he imagines to be the whole. There is no writer of our day, or perhaps of any other, who can throw himself so heartily, so entirely, so absolutely, into the person of another; but the character so assumed must be in a certain walk of society, beyond which the ken of Mr. Galt extends in nothing more than the ordinary manner. To designate this walk is no easy matter, although it is of importance to do so, as we verily believe the path will soon be obliterated. When Mr. Galt descends to the low and vulgar, he becomes coarse and repulsive;—when he would paint the manners of the *genteel* (to use a word against which the world seems to have set its face), he is incorrect or commonplace. It is in the middle point between the two where he is strongest—where he absolutely riots in his power and riches.

In the same way, if the action of his piece leads him to the bottom of the scale of society, he is sure to be covered with the mud.

He cannot cross a kennel without splashing himself from head to foot. If, on the other hand, he ascends to the upper regions, he is in the clouds. He never ventures ostensibly on the romantic without failing; and yet throughout his works there are a thousand apparently unconscious touches which have the best and highest effect of romance.

In the work before us there is abundant confirmation of our views of the author's genius, on which, however, we shall not at present insist further. We do not know whether the book will prove popular or not; we can only say, that for our part we read it with the most intense and absorbing interest. It would be difficult, however, to account for this. The story is filled with circumstantial improbabilities. The personages are perpetually thrown together by a miraculous kind of random; and the hero, placed in the most interesting circumstances, is as uninteresting a person as could well be imagined. There is, however, a fund of truth and nature in these delightful pages, of keen observation, and pertinent reflection; and the whole is overspread with a pleasing and yet saddening philosophy, the effect of which is rather tranquillity than content.

Its faults, as a work of fiction, may be traced to the hypothesis with which the author set out. The characters are, generally speaking, men and women of the most ordinary cast of mind. With the exception of the leading incident, everything is avoided, either in sentiment or action, which could make the most distant approach to the romantic. The heroine, whom we see only once, dies, and the hero marries another heroine, whom we do not, if we remember rightly, see at all. But, although the work is thus concluded according to rule, the principal personage, after acquiring a titled wife and an immense fortune, is left in a state of as much unhappiness and mystery as ever, and the story slips away "like a knotless thread."

"Altogether," concludes the author, "the fate of our leading characters has not been essentially different from the common run of the world, and the moral of our tale should therefore be, that it is not the event, but the way in which it affects us, that makes the good or evil of life."

The tale is simply this. A Lord Errington is grievously mortified that he has no male child to succeed to the title. His Countess, however, is in the way of trying his luck for the third time; and the event is waited for with intense interest. The newcomer presented to him, proves, to his great joy, to be a man child; while, a domestic in the house, less fortunate, and who, it is to be presumed, cared less about such nice distinctions, is at the same instant made the father of a girl. To this girl, the Countess becomes attached to a pitch of infatuation; and is to the same degree the bitter enemy of her own son. At length, when the young people attain the proper age, she proposes a marriage between them! This, of course, is rejected both by the youth and his father—and, after a stormy private debate with the Countess, Lord Errington dies suddenly. The young Lord does not long enjoy the inheritance. In spite of his mother's entreaties and hinted threats, he still refuses the apparently absurd alliance; and the Countess publicly exposes the fraud she had been guilty of, (already, of course, suspected by the reader,) in exchange-



ing children with her servant. The ex-Earl is driven forth into the world, to seek for adventures, hero-fashion, under the name of Stanley Buxton.

His adventures, however, are not much in the heroic style. He becomes acquainted with two school-fellows of the tale, Franks and Ralston. He sees a young lady whom he had secretly loved while Lord Errington, just before her death. He is visited by a Mr. Hyams, whose story is rather singular, and who bequeaths him at his death a large fortune. He suspects his quondam mother of the murder of the Earl; she dies, however, and makes no intelligible sign. Finally, he marries one of his quondam sisters, and remains dissatisfied and unhappy.

Our heroine, we care not who knows it, is Miss Sibby Ruart, a cousin of Ralston, the laird of Gowans. She is an admirable old maid, but of a class unknown, we fear, among the southrons. Those who know Scotland well; must be struck with the faithful and devoted attachment, sometimes, indeed, carried the length of the absurd, borne by maiden sisters to the head of the house. Miss Sibby is a shining light of this kind. She is, moreover, prudent, witty, kind, spiteful, simple, stratagetic, and an admirable hand at a pudding. The character is drawn to the life, and the portrait is in the highest style of finish yet exhibited by Mr. Galt. The passage in which the scruples of the laird her brother, about taking unto himself a wife, are depicted, are really excellent. Poor Sibby has as yet no idea that they are caused by the thought that she must go when the mistress comes. The instant this is explained, however, she submits with the spirit of a true heroine. The subject is first broken in, this manner:—

"The Laird then pondering and pacing in the avenue, on seeing her, walked towards the yard where she was sprinkling her grains before her numerous dependents, and said,

"These poor things, Miss Sibby, I doubt, would miss you if I were taking a wife."

"No doubt, Laird, they would, if she was not charitable-hearted; but I trust and hope that you'll never even yourself to any lady that is not of that nature."

"That's kind of you to say so, Miss Sibby; but these poor creatures and me would find a lack if you were to leave us."

"Leave you, Laird! what puts that in your head?"

"I am only thinking of possibilities; but you know, Miss Sibby, very well, that, however most watchful, industrious, and worthy in all things you have been to me, the wife that may be ordained for me may not see in you those manifold good qualities that I so much respect."

"Miss Sibby, while he was saying this, forgot to sprinkle her corn, and several of the hens flew fluttering in their impatience to pick from the basket."

"Away, ye greedy beasts!" said Sibby, with emotion, as she brushed them off with her hand. "We live, Laird," she added, "in a changeable world, and I am not to expect that it is to be more steadfast in the parish of Greenknowes with you and me, than among kings and queens in the capital cities of the earth; but if it must come to pass that I shall be obligated to quit the bonny heights and boughs of the Gowans, I hope that I shall be enabled to submit with a resigned heart."

"These few words sank tenderly into the warmest corner of the Laird's bosom; he had no answer ready, and he turned aside as if he was still pursuing his walk; but in this he was ab-

sent, for he took a direction towards a hedge in which there was no gate, and was in consequence obliged to return. Mrs. Sibby, with a sidelong look, saw that he was sorrowful; she, however, said nothing, but continued to cast the grains to the poultry, and to chide several of them by name, in particular a large Muscovy duck, on whom she had bestowed the superlative epithet of Gillygawpus.

"Eat on, Gilly, eat thy fill; the day may be no' far off when thou'll not get thy meal from so free a hand; and you, ye witless hens, take your pick, ye're welcome while I can say it, and when it comes, as come it will, ye'll maybe remember, in a scantier meal, the hand that's feeding you now. Poor duckies! that look up so comical with your pawkie eyne, you'll maybe see another face at this work ere lang; and you, ye long bare-leggit bubblyjocks, I could almost find in my heart to give you another handful;—there, take it, and good be with you a'!"

"With these words she called aloud, as she moved away, to Eppie the cook, that the two grey-ha'rat birds were nicely fit to be killed." iii. 220—223.

It is not by extracts, however, that any idea can be given of a book like this. There is scarcely one passage more prominent than another. Nothing appears to be written for effect—or rather everything is so. We cannot forbear, however, to extract a single other passage, as a specimen of the shrewd and close remark, which is so striking a characteristic of Mr. Galt's works. The colloquists are an old bookseller, and the friend of a young author:—

"I have a friend, a young man of singular talent."

"Was he famous at his University?"

"I cannot exactly answer that question; but he is able to have been so."

"That's not enough: a young man, who has not had a name among his companions at the College, has no chance."

"And yet, Mr. Wooden, how many authors of the highest fame have had no juvenile celebrity!—how many have had no renown till late in life!"

"Just so: when ye say late in life, ye only tell us how hard it is to climb into reputation. Nay, nay, Mr. Hyams, don't flatter your friend that he'll find the course smoother than those who have gone before: without friends and trumpeters, he must reckon on small gains. Early profits come of patronage in all professions: renown is begotten of time as well as merit."

"But I thought the booksellers were now the patrons of authors."

"So they are, after the authors have established themselves."

"But it is in the beginning and outset that patrons are most needed."

"Quite true: but surely, Sir, ye would not expect merit to be patronized till it has made itself known;—ye would not expect a bookseller to patronize a bare lad of genius in an untimely manner. What have the booksellers to do with poets more than the butchers with lambs, or the poulterers with larks?"

"Do they put them to death?"

"That's very jocose, Mr. Hyams; but to come to the point; unless your friend have friends that can promulgate him, he'll do but little good. Nobody should be authors that have not a backing in men or money; all trades need capital, and those that have to live by their calling must dine sparsely without it. It's no' the best books, but those that best sell, which reward their makers. I have heard of a cookery book, that was such a mine of wealth to the publisher, that a topping man of the Row

used to call it the Iliad of cocks and hens; for, among other things, it was grand aunt poultry." ii. 112—4.

*Recollections of Mirabeau, and of the Two First Legislative Assemblies of France.* By Etienne Dumont, of Geneva. London, 1832. Bull.

The *Times* and the *Quarterly Review* have joined in equal praise of this most interesting volume, first introduced to the English public by copious translations in the *Athenæum*. It was, therefore, with pride and satisfaction that we turned over the leaves of this clever translation, which we heartily recommend to the English reader's attentive consideration. The work abounds in available wisdom, and may be a guiding star to those, that, in the angry tempest of these political times, are sailing without chart or compass. The translation has been made by one sensible of the philosophic spirit of the original, and the introductory preface gives additional value to the English volume.

*The Rise and Progress of the English Commonwealth. Anglo-Saxon Period. Containing the Anglo-Saxon Policy, and the Institutions arising out of Laws and Usages, which prevailed before the Conquest.* By Francis Palgrave, F.R.S. & F.S.A. Paris I. & II. 4to.

[Second Notice.]

A further examination of Mr. Palgrave's work has confirmed the opinion we previously expressed of it, and of its author's industry and learning. He has given us another proof, in the practical utility of his researches, and in his lively illustration and elegance of style, how instructive and pleasing history may ever be made—even the history of the darkest and remotest periods, which carry no brilliant or poetic associations along with them.

The first nine chapters are taken up with the investigation of judicial customs and institutions—forming, as it were, the legal constitution of the state: thence, in the remaining chapters, is deduced the political constitution; illustrating thus the state of the people from the inquiry into their laws, and determining the origin of their political government; from an examination of the machinery employed to execute those laws. There is considerable novelty, it will be seen, in this arrangement, and, we are inclined to say, surpassing advantages. Still we are not sure that, in the latter portion of the work, the student will find himself at ease. It seems to us to want connexion, and resting-places for the attention. We are at a loss to distinguish, in the account of numerous petty states, the general government of the empire,—and are confised with the minute attention Mr. Palgrave has given to the particular history of the communities comprising the Anglo-Saxon realm. He seems to fail in conveying to us the relative harmony of the subjects he has gone through in detail. We are bound to say, however, that this fault is only apparent through the tenth and six subsequent chapters; the seventeenth contains a very admirable account of the Carlovingian empire, and of its policy and organization, with a correction of some important errors of Robertson. This examination of the coeval government of the most influential

state of the middle ages, with all the relations existing between the dependent sovereignties, and the crown of the supreme sovereign, forms, as it were, the vestibule to the next chapter,—which is occupied with a curious inquiry into the theory of sovereignty, and the development of the limited authority possessed by the Anglo-Saxon King, with the relation which that authority bears to the constitution formed in England after the Anglo-Saxon dominion had passed away. We have then some very curious and subtle arguments on the subject of feudal tenures, which do not appear to us the clearest or most satisfactory in the world; though, perhaps, we shall be inclined, on the whole, to admit the proposition Mr. Palgrave's arguments go to establish, that the institutions which, when regulated by custom and law, became the feudal system of dominion, *did* exist among the Anglo-Saxons. On the question which is necessarily mixed up with this, of Scottish subjection, we think Mr. Palgrave has fairly answered Dahrymple and Hailes—though we rather wonder at his daring, (with the example in history of the conflagration of Mr. William Attwood's "false and scurrilous essay burnt by the hand of the hangman,") to aim at the same position, and incur like danger with that worthy English antiquary. But alas, the unicorn stands now on the *sinister* side of the shield, and there is no Scottish parliament to vindicate the rights of "Caledonia unsubdued!"

But now for a more serious fault we have to find with Mr. Palgrave. In two very able and learned chapters in his work he betrays an extreme anxiety to prove to us that, in the progress of the development of our constitution, the people have always encroached on the sovereign, not the sovereign on the people,—and shows a very decided bias in favour of restraint and power. And yet what do his facts and authorities go to prove? Assuredly, that the *spirit* of our free institutions has ever been the same, and that the very letter of an independent representation of the commonalty and aristocracy of the kingdom has always been recognized. In the earliest times of Anglo-Saxon polity we can trace this—we can follow it through the swamps and marshes of Friesland, and along the shores of the Northern Sea. Never at any period was the prince on the throne considered above the law, nor the people without constitutional representatives. True, they might have sat, in the first instance, as *administrators* of the law; but it is a grievous mistake to suppose that therefore any radical change has been effected in modern days, in the essential powers of the popular representation. One great principle had evidently gained footing in those times, that, where the law was *administered*, the law should be *made*; and if the representatives of the Anglo-Saxon sects did not claim in the first instance, and in exact terms, a legislative power, they exercised certainly that right of demanding justice and protection which, in effect, was equivalent to legislation. Here, then, is the same free and popular principle existing in the earliest times, as that of later days; and the separation of legislative from judicial duties, resulted subsequently merely as the natural effect of an age more civilized than that of our Saxon or Norman ancestors. Hence it is we most fairly establish the legitimate source of our House of Commons

system, and find it, not of modern date, but a branch of that law which has subsisted and subsists by usage and tradition, from times "whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary."

Of the portion of Mr. Palgrave's work which precedes these chapters, we cannot speak too highly. We know not what his intentions might have been, but he has assuredly written for the popular view of our political institutions. His labours illustrate and establish all that the most liberal among us desire; for they prove, beyond the power of contradiction, that the *principles* of freedom must have been well and clearly recognized in the remotest days, though freedom itself was kept back, waiting a happier season for its perfect ripeness. Indeed, the history of our constitution, in its obscure times up to its brightest, opens out to us an unbroken series of complaints and concessions, and yearnings after amelioration and improvement. We can never fairly refer to antiquity as an authority for stationary abuse, clad in the primitive virtue and wisdom of our forefathers. The more popular principles are, in reality, the most ancient and best established of any; and though we have suffered from the prejudices and errors, we have profited, and can still profit, by the wisdom and spirit of our ancestors. This Mr. Palgrave well knows, notwithstanding his hits at democracy, and his views of the right of suffrage. Whether, indeed, the latter be the original right and possession, or a victory obtained by the many over the few, appears a matter of little moment. He has established sufficient in proving the universal tendency of the Anglo-Saxon polity, to let the powers of government bear as lightly on the people as is consistent with the good order of the state. Liberty might be slow of development, but its season was sure. This is sufficient for us; and no prejudice can stand in the way of that ultimate and conclusive appeal. We need only refer to Mr. Palgrave's first chapter, for a grateful view of this truth, even in the earliest ranks and orders of Anglo-Saxon society, when, however stern and forbidding the aspect of submission of race beneath race may be, still they were accompanied by institutions which ultimately broke the chains of Anglo-Saxon servitude and thralldom.

We cannot resist the pleasure of quoting a passage from this chapter, illustrative further of Mr. Palgrave's liberal and humane views of the present state of English civil and criminal justice:

"There are some amongst us who consider the present system as the result of the 'wisdom of ages,' admitting of no amendment, requiring no amelioration, alloyed by no imperfection, weakened by no decay. Such are the sentiments of those reasoners, who have adopted the belief that it is the imperative duty of good and loyal subjects to become the uncompromising defenders of all existing institutions, in every part and detail. On the contrary, the opponents of these institutions represent the English law as the inheritance of a barbarous people, in which a rude and unreasoning spirit of freedom struggles, and most ineffectually, against the prejudices derived from ancient times; whilst any approach to real 'liberality' receives an insuperable check from the political corruptions and vices of the present day. When we weigh the relative worth of the arguments to be adduced by the two conflicting parties, it must be admitted that the first may

be assailed by arguments which they cannot readily refute, and embarrassed by facts which they cannot satisfactorily deny. Contemplated abstractedly, and severed from the frame of which they form a part, there are very many of our institutions which appear weak, incomplete, and encumbered with useless perplexity; more, which, when construed according to the strict letter of the law, are liable to perversion and abuse. Commendations are indiscriminately lavished upon our system of jurisprudence which it does not deserve. It abounds with blemishes which no impartial observer can fail to discern. Statutes,—some older than the gloomy Gothic hall in which they are expounded,—others hastily enacted, calculated to meet only the exigency which gave them birth,—and yet stubbornly retained, though productive of mischief or absurdity: precedents created without any attention to broad and general principles; and followed rigidly and religiously for centuries after the original cause of the decision is forgotten:—these are the chief materials of our jurisprudence; and in which we search in vain for order, contrivance, and consistency. \* \* \*

"When considering our civil and criminal codes, let us estimate them with impartiality. The seat of justice is filled by Judges whose integrity, as it is above all suspicion, is above all praise; and the wisdom and humanity of the magistrate may alleviate the improvidence and harshness of the Legislator. Yet the improvement of our laws has not by any means kept pace with the general amelioration of the political Constitution. Are we to congratulate ourselves by asserting, that the criminal laws of England are more equitable and less oppressive than those adopted in other parts of Europe? Such a eulogium will afford but slender reason for triumph, when we recollect that the proofs extorted by the rack are scarcely expunged from the protocols of the continental tribunals. But in order to appreciate the main defects of our laws, we will quote the opinions of a writer whose name commands unqualified respect. 'The definition of civil liberty,' it is observed by Paley, 'imports, that the laws of a free people impose no restraints upon the private will of the subject, which do not conduce in a greater degree to the public happiness; by which it is intimated, first, that restraint is in itself an evil; secondly, that this evil ought to be counterbalanced by some public advantage; thirdly, that the proof of this advantage lies upon the legislature; fourthly, that a law being found to produce no sensible good effects, is a sufficient reason for repealing it, as adverse and injurious to the rights of a free citizen, and without demanding specific evidence of bad effects. This maxim might be remembered with advantage in a revision of many laws in this country, especially of the Game Laws, of the Poor Laws, so far as they lay restrictions upon the poor themselves, of the laws against Papists and Dissenters; and amongst a people enamoured to excess, and jealous of their liberty, it seems a matter of surprise that this principle has been so imperfectly attended to.'

"An enlightened Statesman has commenced the re-enactment of the Criminal Law, upon a plan which, if pursued, will condense its bulk and remove many complexities and anomalies. Yet, whatever defects may have existed in the time of Paley, they have not been substantially diminished by the efforts of the legislature. We have still to expect a revision, grounded upon the maxims and principles which he urged with so much energy and truth; and future generations will view the effects of the delay in the spreading circuit of the workhouse, and the towering fabric of the jail: for these will be the most lasting monuments of the nineteenth century, and of a people whose laws have shaped out a community in which every seventh man is either a criminal or a pauper treated like a cri-

minal. A blind and superstitious reverence for established forms has been productive of manifold injustice. Laws, originally neither harsh nor oppressive, often become extremely burdensome, in consequence of alterations in the condition of society, depriving them of the checks and alleviations by which they were anciently accompanied and modified: and this gradual swerving from right is, of all other defects, the most difficult to discover and remedy. The investigation of the circumstances attending our early jurisprudence may often suggest such equivalent compensations as could be now obtained, without endangering the public welfare."

All this is very admirable, and well deserving the attention of those who govern us, and legislate for us. Our only fear, indeed, is, that such things have been neglected too long.

In parting from Mr. Palgrave, we owe it to him to correct an error, into which, in our last notice, we find that we have inadvertently fallen. We there alluded to a passage in the early part of his volume, as bearing the marks of having been introduced for a temporary political purpose. We give the passage now, that our readers may see our data for venturing such a charge:—

"The 'wisdom of our Ancestors' has become a by-word and a reproach amongst those, who, either covertly or openly, demand a complete renovation of our policy; or, to use the expressive phrase of our times, a Radical Reform. Yet, how irremediable are the mischiefs which may be inflicted by too hasty a removal of evil! Nations are but aggregates of individuals, and no alteration can conduce to the comfort of the people at large, if unacceptable to the greater number of those classes which are the natural depositories of national strength and energy. Education and example, habit and interest, the lessons of early youth, the avocations of riper age, all contribute to connect existing institutions with the most praiseworthy feelings, the most excusable prepossessions, and the most unyielding prejudices of our nature. Even prejudices result from misapplied experience, and must be respected, if we really wish to produce a grateful and lasting benefit: for any 'reform' which, as far as human obligations are concerned, is not effected by means of compromise, will only lead to oppression and tyranny."

We find, however, that this page was not cancelled for the purpose of introducing this strangely pertinent remark, but merely in order to correct an erroneous impression. With the exception of two words (expunged), the leaf stands exactly as it did in 1827. We give publicity to this with pleasure, and have only in conclusion, to say, that Mr. Palgrave's work deserves, at the hands of the learned world, the amplest patronage they can bestow.

#### STANDARD NOVELS.—No. XIV.

EVERY successive volume of this work is a fresh claim on public patronage. This, the fourteenth, containing 'THE PIONEERS,' has many corrections by the author, and a very pleasant preface, relating to the localities of the tale—part of it, indeed, has something of the touching interest of auto-biography, and we shall take leave to make an extract from it.

"Otsego," says Mr. Cooper, "is said to be a word compounded of Ot, a place of meeting, and Sego, or Sago, the ordinary term of salutation used by the Indians of this region. There is a tradition which says, that the neighbouring tribes were accustomed to meet on the banks of the lake to make their treaties, and otherwise to strengthen their alliances, and which refers

the name to this practice. As the Indian agent of New York had a log dwelling at the foot of the lake, however, it is not impossible that the appellation grew out of the meetings that were held at his council fires: the war drove off the agent, in common with the other officers of the crown; and this rude dwelling was soon abandoned. The author remembers it a few years later, reduced to the humble office of a smoke-house.

"In 1779, an expedition was sent against the hostile Indians who dwelt, about a hundred miles west of Otsego, on the banks of the Cayuga."

"General James Clinton, the brother of George Clinton, then Governor of New York, and the father of De Witt Clinton, who died governor of the same state in 1827, commanded the brigade employed in this duty. During the stay of the troops at the foot of the Otsego, a soldier was shot for desertion. The grave of this unfortunate man was the first place of human interment that the author ever beheld, as the smoke-house was the first ruin! The swivel alluded to in this work was buried and abandoned by the troops on this occasion; and it was subsequently found in digging the cellars of the author's paternal residence."

"In 1785, the author's father, who had an interest in extensive tracts of land in this wilderness, arrived with a party of surveyors. The manner in which the scene met his eye is described by Judge Temple. At the commencement of the following year the settlement began; and from that time to this the country has continued to flourish. It is a singular feature in American life, that when, at the beginning of this century, the proprietor of the estate had occasion for settlers on a new settlement, and in a remote county, he was enabled to draw them from among the increase of the former colony."

"Although the settlement of this part of Otsego a little preceded the birth of the author, it was not sufficiently advanced to render it desirable, that that event, so important to himself, should take place in the wilderness. Perhaps his mother had a reasonable distrust of the practice of Dr. Todd, who must then have been in the noviciate of his experimental acquirements. Be that as it may, the author was brought an infant into this valley, and all his first impressions were here obtained. He has inhabited it, at intervals, in later life; and he thinks he can answer for the faithfulness of the picture he has drawn."

"Otsego has now become one of the most populous districts of New York. It sends forth its emigrants like any other old region; and it is pregnant with industry and enterprise. Its manufactures are prosperous; and it is worthy of remark, that one of the most ingenious machines known in European art is derived from the keen ingenuity which is exercised in this remote region."

"In order to prevent mistake, it may be well to say, that the incidents of this tale are purely a fiction. The literal facts are chiefly connected with the natural and artificial objects, and the customs, of the inhabitants. Thus the academy, and court-house, and gaol, and inn, and most similar things, are exact. They have all, long since, given place to other buildings of a more pretending character. There is also some liberty taken with the truth in the description of the mansion-house: the real building had no 'firstly' and 'lastly.' It was of bricks, and not of stone; and its roof exhibited none of the peculiar beauties of the 'composite order.' It was erected in an age too primitive for that ambitious school of architecture. But the author indulged his recollections freely when he had fairly entered the door. Here, all is literal, even to the severed arm of Wolfe, and the urn which held the ashes of Queen Dido." p. vi.—x.

#### THE ROMANCE OF HISTORY.

England. By Henry Neele. 3 vols. 4th edit.  
Spain. By Don T. de Trueba. 3 vols. 2nd edit.  
France. By Leitch Ritchie. 3 vols. 3rd edit.  
Italy. By Charles Macfarlane. 3 vols. 2nd edit.  
London, 1832. Bull.

THIS very neat and very cheap edition of these successful works cannot fail to be welcome. Of the various merits of the different series we spoke on their first appearance, and in noticing the last, by Macfarlane (see *Athenæum*, No. 210), entered generally into the question of the use and abuse of this species of literature. We have now, therefore, only to express a hope, that Mr. Bull will find the policy of having reduced the price of this beautiful and uniform edition to six shillings a volume.

#### ORIGINAL PAPERS

##### SONNETS TO GIBBON.

BY ROBERT FOLKESTONE WILLIAMS.

MAN of gigantic mind, thou dost recall  
With a magician's wand the ancient times—  
Showing the records of untutored climes,  
The rise and struggles, the decline and fall  
Of mighty nations, and of mighty men;  
And, by the aid of thy immortal pen,  
Thou'st gathered tribute from the works of sages,  
Whose golden thoughts are linked within  
thine own,  
That o'er the shadow of the darker ages,  
A ray of intellectual light have thrown;  
By which the dimness of remotest time,  
The gloomy deeds of a barbarian age,  
Whose glory was obscured by blood and crime  
Start into sunshine on thy magic page.

Thou hast disclosed unto a wondering world,  
The deathless Roman, and his conquering  
sword,  
That o'er each luckless state destruction hurled,  
Which held Rome's majesty still unadored.  
Thou show'st the Greek in columned temple try  
To teach men how to live, who feared to die:—  
Whilst the barbarian's tall and glitt'ring spear,  
Urged far along its wild destructive way,  
Making the beauty that once flourished there,  
Throned in the midst of desolate decay.  
The great ones of the earth dwell in their  
pride,  
But they are gone—the minstrel and the seer  
Outlast e'en those whose fame they magni-  
fied;—  
The truly great, earth never yet could hide!

The Greek is now a pirate; and the Roman  
Dwells by the rolling Tiber's golden wave—  
But in that sacred land the veriest slave  
That ever bowed his neck before a foeman.  
Where are the great, the eloquent and brave?—  
Gone down unto the dwellings of the grave!  
Wheremay the rude barbarians then be found?—  
A powerful change upon the earth has been—  
Seek ye the Gaul or Briton?—Look around!  
Once Rome, the seven-hilled city, stood the  
Queen  
O'er the vast world, and her strong power was  
felt  
Where'er her soaring eagles ever dwelt:—  
Our island home, then savage and unknown,  
Has lasted out her glory, and her throne.

#### THE LAW OF DRAMATIC COPYRIGHT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BENT DAY."

"WHY, Sir, may I be shot, if some thief  
have not broken open the stable, and stolen  
Cherub, the bright bay gelding."

This startling intelligence was conveyed  
to Mr. Fetlock, a famous horse-dealer, who  
valued the said Cherub above any horse in

his stable. In fact, it was a notoriously-fine gelding, and alone attracted crowds of lovers of horse-flesh to the establishment of Mr. Fetlock. Cherub's paces were so true—his neck so arched—his style and action so incomparably excellent, that the news of his loss fell upon the ear of his rightful owner, like little less than the summons of death. To have lost Cherub, was to have lost trade: Mr. Fetlock was inconsolable. However, thanks to the vigilance of the police, the thief was detected upon the back of the stolen gelding, galloping away in fine dashing style, —winning matches by means of the ill-gotten animal—and, in fact, filling his pockets by the genius—a gelding may have genius—of Cherub.

The trial of the robber was soon dispatched. Mr. Fetlock swore to Cherub as his rightful property; due evidence was given as to the detection of the thief; and the knave,—thanks to the uncertainty that invests, as with a halo, the Recorder's report,—was not hanged, but transported. Mr. Fetlock rejoiced that he was in a civilized land, where property was protected, and drank an extra tumbler of punch to the glorious British Constitution.

—"I am sure, Sir, the chest was in the warehouse, when I stepped to the King and Keys. Yes, Sir, I know,—it was a chest of gunpowder tea,—I'm sure it was here."

And so it was, when Bill "stepped to the King and Keys;" but whilst he tarried there, an expert thief had shouldered the chest of gunpowder tea, and made clear off with his booty.

Now, the tea was of a very peculiar flavour. There was but that one chest in the market—the dealer had given a very high price for the commodity—and had every expectation of realizing a handsome profit on the purchase. Notice of the robbery was given at the Mansion House; the officers were on the alert; and, to be brief, the varlet was apprehended—tried—and despatched to join the knave of the bright bay gelding.

"Blessings on the laws!" cried the tea-merchant, "that allow to every man his own—that enable the labourer to enjoy the produce of his toil—that are the safety of the honest, and the terror of the unjust." The tea-merchant traded on his gunpowder, and realized thereby a good round profit.

—A theatre has many allurements. Even horse-dealers may direct a stage. Why should not Fetlock try his hand?—nay, why should not Mr. Pekoe (our friend the tea-merchant) join the owner of the bright bay gelding? The junction was effected, and the theatre flourished, as it might be expected a theatre would flourish under the superintendence of persons deep in teas and piebalds.

—"Well, Sir," said Mr. Clause, the chamber-counsel, "state your case."

"It is briefly this:—Having overcome the thousand impediments that assail a writer for the stage, I have had the good fortune to produce a drama which has met with general success."

"Very good, Sir."

"I believe, Sir, the law of England declares that every man shall enjoy his own. Now, Sir, this drama,—my own property—the labour of my own mind,—has been unjustifiably taken by persons, and used to their own profit, I gaining not one doit from the

individuals who have wrongfully possessed themselves of the fruits of my labours. Under these circumstances, Mr. Clause, what shall I do?"

"Pocket the affront."

"What, Sir!—is a man to be robbed—and is there no law for his remedy? Sir, I must say, I fear you know but little of your profession. Here am I wronged by two persons, named Fetlock and Pekoe; and yet the culprits are to go untouched. Why, Sir, I remember cases in which both Fetlock and Pekoe were engaged, which convince me that in this blessed land property of every description is protected. Tell me, Sir, is a man allowed to steal with impunity a light bay gelding?"

"No, Sir."

"To be permitted to run off with another man's chest of gunpowder tea?"

"No, Sir."

"Well, then, Sir, if such be the case, has any man a right to steal my play?"

"Yes, Sir!"

"What! you don't mean—"

"Sir—that is the law of dramatic copy-right. Good morning."

#### LITERARY GOSSIP FROM BERLIN.

(From a private letter.)

Berlin, 24th March.

OUR new Custom House has lately been opened, and the old one is being demolished; it will be replaced by a new and very tasteful building, the upper floor of which will contain an Academy for Architects and Surveyors, where they will be instructed in the theory and practice of building. In order to defray the expense of erecting this edifice, the ground floor will be fitted up as a Bazaar, and let out to shopkeepers; there can be no doubt it will become a fashionable lounge, as it will stand at no great distance from the King's palace, and all the principal resorts of gaiety and business.† At the same time, the adjoining bridge, which facilitates the communication between the eastern and western parts of the town, will be considerably widened.

It is said, that Prince William, one of the King's sons, whose palace lies close to the Royal Library, has made up his mind to bring forward a large sum towards erecting a new library, on condition that the site of the old one, when it is pulled down, shall be added to the precincts of his residence. But the expense of this improvement, will perhaps condemn us to keep our "Old Press"—the nickname, which its form has given it.

Professor Neumann has turned his back upon us, with the greater part of his Chinese collections, which are on the road to Munich. Part, however, remain behind, as he received nearly twelve hundred dollars (300*l.*) for the purchase of Chinese works, on account of government, when at Canton. Though no connoisseur in Chinese literature, I cannot help thinking some fifteen hundred pocket volumes a pretty dear bargain at such a price!

• It strikes us, that this plan might be adopted for a National Gallery, at Charing Cross, with great advantage. A noble quadrangular pile of building might be erected, extending from the Union Club-house to St. Martin's Lane, and reaching, on the northern side, to the line of Pall Mall East. The outer range of the ground floor, with a mezzanine story, might be let for shops and offices; the inner range, for exhibitions, bazaars, or on the plan of the Burlington Arcade; and the splendid suite of apartments surmounting the whole, would form a Gallery for Painting and Sculpture, worthy the nation, and at a very inconsiderable, if, indeed, at any cost;—for we incline to believe that the revenue derived from these rents would more than repay the interest of the money expended on the building; and that, with a long lease, and at a peppercorn rent, individuals might be found who would undertake the work as a speculation.

Lord Kingsborough's splendid work on Mexico,—the Grand Duke of Tuscany's magnificent edition of the works of Lorenzo de' Medici—and the *Scriptores Rer. Hibernicarum*, which the Duke of Buckingham has presented to the King's library, form noble additions to our literary stores. Our magnificent telescope, one of Fraunhofer's best and latest productions, is quietly slumbering in half-a-dozen boxes in the Royal Garden at Montbijou, till the building of the New Observatory is finished. The Old Observatory is a shabby edifice, unworthy of such a place as Berlin, beset, moreover, by an inclosure of stables and watch-houses, and perpetually shaken by the rattling of His Majesty's carriages. Of new publications, I can only quote the sixth and last volume of Professor Wilken's 'History of the Crusades,' and Baron Buch's work on 'The Ammonites,' a handsome quarto, with five plates. Professor Krueger has just finished his equestrian portrait of the King; it is a fine picture, and quite deserving of the niche, which it is designed to fill in the large palace.

Prince Albert's palace, at the northern extremity of the town, which was formerly the property of Frederick the Great's favourite sister, the Princess Amelia, has been completely rebuilt after Schenkel's designs; a magnificent colonnade runs in front, parallel with the street, and on both sides of the internal quadrangle, the wings are surmounted with gardens and trellis-work. The scene will be enlivened by a handsome fountain in the centre of this quadrangle; and the apartments will be hung with rich silk hangings, for which Schenkel has likewise furnished the designs. They have been manufactured here, and, having seen them, I can assure you that they surpass even the Lyons fabrics.

Professor Eichhorn, one of the first men in Göttingen, arrived here a few days on the special invitation of His Majesty, and has been appointed a counsellor in the Foreign department. He will give a series of lectures on German and political jurisprudence. • • •

#### MANAGEMENT AT THE BRITISH GALLERY.

[We give insertion to the following, although without the least hope that any noble Director will interest himself on the subject. We take the opportunity of stating, that it was Mr. Read, and not Mr. Hall, who complained of the treatment he received from the Management. The name appears to us of no possible consequence, but the artist thinks differently.]

To the Editor of the Athenæum.

47, Fenchurch Street, March 24, 1832.

SIR,—Perusing in a recent number of the Athenæum your admirable comments on the injustice shown by the British Gallery to Mr. Varley's fine picture of 'Saul,' I am reminded to mention that "favouritism" (or something worse) seems in more ways than one to show its cloven foot, to the disadvantage of the Fine Arts in England. Having in my possession a splendid portrait, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, of the late Rear-Admiral Robert Maawell, I naturally thought, from its never having been either copied or exhibited, that the sight of it would prove interesting to the illustrious artist's countrymen. Impressed with this idea, I some time ago applied personally at Pall Mall, and subsequently by letter, expressing my desire that the work should have a place in any Exhibition of Pictures by the Ancient Masters, which might subsequently take place. To my personal application I received a vague reply; to my letter—none at all.

I remain, Sir,

Much your obedient servant,  
CHRISTOPHER DAVISON.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

It is, we hear, the intention of several literary men of eminence to bring forward a measure to secure genius the fruits which it produces, and make the regions of the mind as much the property of the holder, as land is the property of the person who purchases it. As the law now stands, an author has a right in his works for twenty-eight years;

if he dies within that period, the right cannot be revived or renewed for his descendants or heirs; and all the fruits of his talents and industry go to the enrichment of the world at large. It is not so with the proceeds of any other kind of labour: the man of business secures his gains in gold or in land, and bequeaths his all to whom he pleases; while the man of genius, who embarks the capital of his intellect in either verse or prose, has only a short-lived lease of what is as much his own as land or houses can be. Had the widow and children of Burns, for instance, inherited the property of his undying poems, they would have been rich to-day, and been preserved from the misery to which some of them have been subjected. We shall have more to say on this subject when the measure of relief is proposed: in the meantime we mention it, with the hope, that some one of influence in the administration will think of our words when the time of discussion comes.

We hear that some inconsiderate expressions in Hogg's autobiography respecting a worthy bookseller have occasioned the unlooked-for and injurious delay in the publication of the *Altrive Tales*.† We are sorry that a man who is not at all sensitive should say anything galling of another who shrinks at a gentle touch; but we are still more concerned to think that the correction of this error, which is reported not to have been of a very heinous nature, will tend to hurt the sale of a work which an author of no every-day qualities depends upon for bread. Blackwood is not treated with much respect, neither is the memory of Constable; nay, Lockhart himself, the steady and unflinching friend of the Shepherd, has epithets bestowed on him which it requires no little after-praise to qualify: yet we hear of no complaints from any of these quarters.

Paintings come pouring in from the east, west, north, and south, for the Royal Academy Exhibition: a large picture has come over from Italy, the work of Mr. Williams, which, in the language of coterie admiration, is called "a perfect star." Another has come from the easel of Allan, of Edinburgh: a full figure, in small, of Sir Walter Scott sitting with his back to the window of his armoury reading a paper. The resemblance is said to be admirable, and the light and shade at once strong and in strict keeping: the same artist has a painting of the 'Fair Maid of Perth,' which cannot fail to be liked. A new candidate for the plentiful honours of portraiture will make his appearance in the Exhibition this season: his likenesses are reported, by good judges, to be excellent; and it is moreover added, that he is a fine scholar, can do a little in matters of verse and prose, and is modest and much of a gentleman. Wilkie exhibits two pictures, and Howard sends two poetic works: Jones has his large picture of the 'Opening of London Bridge' nearly ready.

It has been pointed out as one of the signs of the times, that a story is to be added to the centre of Buckingham Palace: this will, very probably, make the body too heavy for the wings, and then some other

change will take place in the modern Babel.

On Wednesday last, the German Union (Deutsche Verein) gave a grand entertainment, at the Thatched House Tavern, to their distinguished countryman, A. W. Von Schlegel. After returning thanks for the honour done him, Schlegel paid due homage to departed genius, by proposing the memory of the illustrious Goethe, which was drunk in solemn silence. It is said that these two veterans were not very cordial friends: whether this be true or not, Schlegel was deeply affected when he heard of the death of the great poet.—A dinner was also lately given to the same illustrious stranger, if the commentator on Shakspeare can be so considered in England, at the Literary Union Club, of which he was, immediately on his arrival, admitted an honorary visitor.

In the musical world we hear of little that is important. The soirées of Lord Burghersh have been hitherto attended by a phalanx of musical talent; but we hear that Gli Signori Italiani decline further invitations for gratuitous display.—The centenary of the birth of Haydn was celebrated on Saturday last at the Albion Tavern; comparatively few were present. This is not the season for musicians to throw away their time and money in feasting commemorations. The Chevalier Neukomm wrote a pasticcio, Mr. Horsley made a speech upon it, Mr. J. Cramer purchased the copyright; and all this was prepared, and included with the dinner and dessert, for twenty-five shillings.—Malibran has assumed the name of her second husband, and is now singing at Brussels as Madame De Berliot.—As for the King's Theatre—all good people are hoping for better fortune. Notwithstanding the attractions of the new ballet, it is reported that there was only seven pounds taken at the doors on Tuesday evening. Surely Tosi, Mariani, Donzelli, and the other coming stars, will shed a more genial influence on the treasury.

Exhibitions are just now opening in every direction. There is one at Exeter Hall, of paintings by the old masters, which contains many curious and some few good pictures. Whoever ventures thus far, should hazard a few steps farther, to witness an Exhibition of Enamelled Glass Painting, at No. 357, Strand; and if he be curious in this art, there are some other Enamels and a Painted Window, by Mr. Essex, on view in Mortimer Street; the window, 19 feet by 9½, is from Hilton's Crucifixion. But our fashionable friends are spending their wonder on 'The Industrious Fleas' in Regent Street;—a strange mania, for there is really nothing in the exhibition worthy a moment's admiration—the fleas have not been taught and trained; there has been no patient labour bestowed on their schooling; they are simply fastened by a hind leg to a little car, modelled out of the pith of elder, and the struggles of the creatures to escape give motion to the carriage. A flea just caught would do the same thing.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

##### ROYAL SOCIETY.

April 5.—Davies Gilbert, Esq., M.P., Vice President, in the chair.—A report upon Mr. Faraday's paper, entitled 'Experimental Researches on Electricity,' (second series,) by S. H. Christie, Esq. and Dr. Bostock, was read.

Dr. John Davy's paper of 'Observations and Experiments on the Torpedo,' was resumed.

The following gentlemen were elected Fellows, viz. Dr. Marshall Hall, Archibald John Stephens, Esq., Sir William Russell, Bart. M.D., Sir David Barry, Knt. M.D., and Charles Boileau Elliott, Esq.

##### LINNEAN SOCIETY.

April 3.—A. B. Lambert, Esq., in the chair.—John Russel Reeves, Esq., and William Ogilby, Esq., B.A., were elected Fellows of the Society.

The Secretary read a paper, received from Mr. David Douglas, now in California, on a new species of Pine, found by himself on the western flank of the Cordilleras, and which he had dedicated by name to his friend Joseph Sabine, Esq., the distinguished and scientific horticulturist. A beautiful representation of the botanical parts in detail was handed round. Mr. John Anderson, of the botanic garden, at Chelsea, exhibited a fine example of *Aloe spicata* in flower.

##### ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THE monthly meeting was held on Thursday last, Lord Stanley, President of the Society, in the chair.—The number of visitors to the Museum during the past month was 918, to the gardens 3937; and the cash balance in hand, after the monthly payments, 509*l.* 1*s.* 7*d.* Seventeen Fellows were elected, and certificates in favour of twenty-three candidates were suspended in the meeting-room. The Report from the Committee appointed to manage the farm at Kingston was ready and ordered to be printed. Among the donations to the menagerie were a young male elephant from Ceylon, presented by Sir Edward Barnes, and several valuable quadrupeds and birds by Capt. Glasspole; to the Museum, 100 birds' skins, from India, and a portion of the collection of birds formed during the last overland expedition to the Coppermine River. Within the last few days a puma and a monkey had each produced two young ones at the garden, and a Moufflon sheep had bred at the farm.

##### HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

April 3.—Two papers were read at the meeting this day: one, on the manufacture of Indian rubber from the fluid which exudes from the common garden fig-tree, by John Osborn, Esq.; the other, on the cultivation of the garden grounds which so extensively surround the town of Evesham, in Worcestershire, by Edward Rudge, Esq. The fertility of the valley in which these are situated is well known, and the good management of those to whom they belong ensures the production in numerous cases of four crops on the same piece of land within the year. Grafts of superior pears and apples were again distributed to the Fellows.

This being the day on which it was announced that medals would be awarded for the best collection of camellias that might be exhibited, a very large assemblage of the Fellows and their friends took place; and the expectations which had been raised, were, we believe, in no instance disappointed. The exhibition was extremely fine; the choicest portions of some of the most celebrated collection in the vicinity of London being put in competition. Some very accurate representations of the handsomest varieties of camellia were suspended round the room also, sent for the occasion by John Allnutt, Esq. Messrs. Chandler, of Vauxhall, obtained the Society's large silver medal, and to Messrs. Loddiges, Smith, and Wells, were adjudged the Banksian medals. There were many other plants of great beauty and rarity interspersed, among which we especially notice *Hoya ilicifolia*, *Canna iridiflora*, *Maxillaria Harrisonii*, *Eukianthus reticulatus*, *Acacia pubescens*, *Ham-*

† And the unlooked-for delay will occasion many a 'second notice' to be deferred among the minor critical periodicals. The extracts in the *Literary Gazette* and the *Athenæum*, are the staple material of those publications. We have some curious information on this subject, which, on occasion, we shall make public.



*manthus multiflorus*, *Primula verticillata*, *Oxalis cernua*, &c.

The Earl of Orkney and John Parrott, Esq., were elected Fellows of the Society.

#### LONDON PHRENOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THE Anniversary General Meeting of this Society was held on Saturday last, when the following gentlemen were elected as officers and council, for the ensuing year:—President, John Elliotson, M.D., F.R.S.—Vice Presidents, H. Roots, M.D., T. Alcock, Esq., S. Whitwell, Esq., and C. Wheatstone, Esq.—Treasurer, J. B. Sedgwick, Esq.—Secretary, T. R. Fearnside, Esq.—Librarian, H. B. Burlowe, Esq.—Curator, H. P. L. Drew, Esq.—Members of the Council, J. Deville, Esq., A. Dowling, Esq., R. E. A. Townshend, Esq., J. Moore, M.D., D. Pollock, Esq., F.R.S., R. Maugham, Esq., H. B. Churchill, Esq., J. W. Crane, M.D., E. S. Symes, Esq., R. Rothwell, Esq., F.H.S., I. Hawkins, Esq., and G. Taylor, Esq.

#### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

|          |  |
|----------|--|
| MONDAY.  | Royal Geographical Society.....Nine, P.M.                        |
|          | Medical Society.....Eight, P.M.                                  |
|          | Medico-Botanical Society.....Eight, P.M.                         |
|          | Medico-Chirurgical Society.....Eight, P.M.                       |
| TUESDAY. | Institution of Civil Engineers.....Eight, P.M.                   |
|          | Society of Arts, (Evening II.—<br>Illustrations).....Eight, P.M. |
| WEDNES.  | Geological Society.....Eight, P.M.                               |
|          | Society of Arts.....Eight, P.M.                                  |
|          | Royal Society.....Eight, P.M.                                    |
| THURSD.  | Society of Antiquaries.....Eight, P.M.                           |
|          | Royal Institution.....Eight, P.M.                                |
| FRIDAY.  | Astronomical Society.....Eight, P.M.                             |
| SATURD.  | Westminster Medical Society.....Eight, P.M.                      |

#### FINE ARTS

##### EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

[Third Notice.]

WE are glad to learn that the galleries in Suffolk Street are well attended; that many pictures have been sold; and that the public, on the whole, concur with us in considering this as the best exhibition of the Society. There are, perhaps, few commanding pictures in it, but there are many which indicate high talent; and we have no doubt that the spirit of emulation, which such annual displays excite, will produce works of more decided beauty, and of a higher sentiment.

485. '*Sir Halbert Glendinning, Lady Avenal, Roland Grame, and Wolf*;' PARKER. — This picture has the merit of telling the story which Scott relates of the rescue of the page by the stag-bound, in a way so clear and explicit, that all who have read the romance of '*The Abbot*' must know it at once. The characters, too, are well marked, and the colouring natural.

489. '*Beaulieu Heath, Hants*;' WILSON. — We see nature, and that, too, of a select kind, in the landscapes of this artist. It is quite clear that he is not of that school which trusts entirely to the imagination for the charm of his compositions; he sets nature before him, and works from her aspect, trimming and modifying it in the manner that a skilful limner paints a portrait.

502. '*Thomas à Becket refusing to sign the Constitutions of Clarendon*;' HARDWICKE. — We wish to encourage all artists who have any taste for the historical; and though we observe few indeed who fully sympathize in its serene dignity, we occasionally see works in which the presence of the true feeling is visible. We may say this of the work before us; there is, however, too little human character, and too much of the picturesque, in it to suit our taste.

45. '*The Widow*;' PRENTIS. — This picture is very cleverly painted, and no one can help sympathizing with the widow as she leans upon the table in her weeds, and surveys, with a melancholy look, those matters in which her husband delighted. The pathos of the scene is,

however, a little disturbed by a splendid punch-bowl, which is placed immediately before her: we are induced to surmise that to its reeking potatoes we owe the absence of the dear defunct.

57. '*Portrait of Mrs. Davenport, as the Nurse in Romeo and Juliet*;' HOLMES. — The figure of this actress is too massive, and the character of her face too heavy, to suit our idea of the chattering nurse of the Lady Juliet. It is, however, a clever picture. We observed the ladies admiring the fine lace of the dress, and heard several gentlemen speak well of the resemblance both of body and face.

Of the water-colour drawings we must say a few words, for some of them are very beautiful. '*Cum Elau, in Radnorshire*,' by INCE; '*Seashore—Morning*,' by ALLAN; '*Palace of Philip le Bel, in Paris*,' by HOLLAND; and '*Kelso Abbey*,' '*Jedburgh Abbey*,' '*Mayence Cathedral*,' and the '*Lady Chapel Church at Dieppe*,' by ROBERTS, are all much to our liking, and distinguished for truth of drawing and beauty of effect. The most striking, though by no means the most elegant, composition in the gallery, is a Sketch of Northcote the Painter, made in his bedchamber a short time before his death, by M'CRISE. It is truly painful to behold the time-worn and anxious look of the cynical artist, as he sits for the last time to one of the brethren. Life seems leaving him inch by inch, and nothing is alive about him but his eyes, which have a calculating cent. per cent. glance. This picture ought not to have been painted; it is nevertheless a work of talent. The same hand has made some very clever copies of favourite paintings in the British Gallery.

There are some sixty pieces of Sculpture—a few of them are in marble, one or two in bronze, and the rest in plaster of Paris. Of the Busts, the best seems that of Mulready the Painter, by MOORE; and of the fancy subjects, the most natural is the '*Boy and Lizard*,' by SHARPE; and the most carefully modelled, '*The Girl and Child*,' by HEFFERNAN. A Horse's Head, studied from nature, and executed in bronze by Mr. C. WYATT, is a truly singular production. The veins in the neck seem laid on like leeches, and the wrinkles on the nose resemble the creases of a pair of bellows when the wind is half blown out. The nature from which it is studied is such nature as we never had the misfortune to meet; and we advise the sculptor to move off to fresh pastures, and find horses of a less celestial breed than those which served for his model. The sculpture, we think, is far inferior to the painting in this exhibition.

We must bid farewell, we fear, for this season to the Society of British Artists: we have left much unsaid which we wished to say, and many works of art unnoticed which we had marked for approbation. Our criticisms have been sincerely written, and with a wish to spread, as far as our circulation extends, the merits of the chief exhibitors. We are glad to observe that the Society has not been unsuccessful: works to the value of eighteen thousand pounds have been sold in the course of these nine years; and we understand that the purchases are considerable, even in the present evil days.

#### MUSIC

##### KING'S THEATRE.

Donizetti's Opera Buffa '*Olivo e Pasquale*,' was given on Saturday last for the first time in this country; the plot is too trifling and stale to merit further notice, than that it is an Italian version of '*Les Deux Négocians de Lisbonne*.' The music, throughout, is pleasing and appropriate, and suitably adapted for the secondary capacities of the present company; nor does Donizetti possess either the depth of feeling, or power of writing for a drama of a more elevated character, than this light, gay, and frivolous opera.

The success of '*Anna Bolena*,' may have deceived the public into a belief that its composer possessed higher merit, but the united excellence of the splendid acting and singing of Pasta, Rubini, and Lablache, gave a temporary popularity to an opera which would not have outlived three nights with the present company. The composition of '*Olivo e Pasquale*,' is a close imitation of Rossini, except that, in the management of the characters "*en scène*" for the two bass singers, Galli and Mariani, we are reminded of Cimarosa's '*Matrimonio Segreto*.' Were we required to name any single composition as containing a fair development of the author's genius for graceful melody, and Rossinian harmony, we should select the duo in the second act, (between *Isabella* and *Monsieur Le Boss*), which was sung by De Meric and Curioni with much tenderness of expression—its success we predicted on hearing it in private some weeks ago. The blustering comic powers of Mariani, with his vulgar style and articulation, do not exalt him in our estimation; whilst Galli's humorous activity of voice justified our previous opinion of his merit, and success in suitable characters. We reluctantly declare our dislike of the everlasting staccato passages of Mad. de Meric—we observed on her début, that she successfully indulged in them *at the close of a scena*, but, alas, these displays of vocal skill are now becoming the burthen of her song. Attempting what instruments can do much better than the voice, is a bad substitute for sentiment and expression: it can but produce a momentary effect of surprise; whereas, pure song touches the feeling, and leaves a deep and lasting impression—your *tours de force* but tickle the fancy.

Curioni sang a poor common-place aria, written, we are told, by Costa or Paccini. It would be much better for the interest of the manager, if, instead of wasting time in patching up operas, the Maestro would drill his singers a little better, and save us the annoyance, and the orchestra the degradation of hearing the "*ren-trées*" of solos played upon the piano-forte. Has Mr. Mason ears, and is he not aware that this offence is repeated night after night?

Mad. Castelli and a Signor Arnaud have more to do in this opera than ought to have been entrusted to them: the latter might most truly and feelingly sing, '*Mi manca la voce*,' for a more miserable apology for a voice certainly we have never heard. However, the arrival of Rosa Mariani, and Tosi, will cut short the run of the opera itself; for the patience of the subscribers will not endure secondary talent when higher may be had.

'*L'Anneau Magique*,' a new ballet by M. Albert, with music by a Count Gallenberg, followed, and met with decided success. No expense has been spared to render stage effect complete, and the scenery is gorgeous in the extreme. Whether this fairy tale, with its dazzling splendour, will be permanently more attractive than a simple domestic tale intelligibly told, with natural scenery, we doubt; but for the éclat of a first impression, the palm must be given to the powers of the magician! The story is fertile in situation for scenic effect, which Grieve has done ample justice to; the grouping and characteristic dances are most picturesque, and such as we expected from the known ability of Albert. The music is full of pleasing melodies, and has at times pretensions to good counterpoint, but at others, it runs into the veriest common-place of hacknied phrases. There is a very clever quartet for four horns, appropriately suited to the scene where the spell of the fairy soothes the lover to sleep; but the illusion was in a great degree destroyed by its noisy execution. The leader should hint to the players that it is not the province of horns to produce the effects of trombones; and bid

them take a lesson of Signor Puzzi. We cannot give the Count much credit for dramatic expression in instrumentation—the clarinet is employed to depict violent passion, and the diablerie music is as unruffled in its accompaniments, as the surface of a summer sea—thanks to Beethoven and Weber, we are accustomed to very different and more appropriate associations;—and we must add, that where *Almador* repulses *Fleur d'Espino*, it is an exact transcript of the chamber scene in 'La Somnambule;' but Herold leaves the Count at an immeasurable distance! The band executed the music correctly, with great precision, and more than usual attention to "chiaroscuro"; we wish we could say so of their performance in the opera. There was a brilliant and crowded theatre, but the late hour to which the entertainment was protracted, compelled many to quit before the conclusion.

On Tuesday, the same opera and ballet were repeated to a melancholy display of empty boxes, and numberless accidents occurred, which again protracted the performance to a most objectionable hour. One female dancer slipped through the prompter's trap-door, which was unfastened—M. Albert himself, was suddenly taken ill—Mad. Le Compte tore a hole in her spangled dress, and put her foot in it—the Dragons would not draw the chariot—the Fairy got into a passion—and altogether, the ballet halted most lamentably.

#### FOURTH ANTIENT CONCERT.

Director—Archbishop of York.

As proxy for the Duke of Cambridge, his Grace did honour to the absentee Director in making the best selection of classical, antient, and modern choral music that ever yet adorned the programme at these Concerts. It is worthy of record that, on the same night, should here be heard a part of the Creation, Requiem, Dryden's Ode (each a *chef-d'œuvre*), and Stafford Smith's fine glee, 'Blest pair of Syrens.' Mozart's beautiful duetino, 'Deh! prendi,' was encored, and Avison's trio, 'Sound the loud timbrel,' received with measured applause!—a reversion of taste within the twelvemonth of fair promise. In the *Lacrymosa* and opening chorus of the Creation the voices were infinitely too loud. Mr. Knyvett cannot be insensible to the importance of proper colouring, necessary for effect in the descriptive compositions of modern authors: for correct singing of double-counterpoint, the Antient Concert Choir has merit, but the modification of sound requisite for other species of writing, they must be drilled to produce, before we award further praise. Be firm, Mr. Knyvett, and persevere; your judgment we respect, and your influence over the noble Directors, of which this performance is a memorable evidence, will hand your name honourable to posterity.

#### SOCIETÀ ARMONICA.

The second Concert, which took place on Monday night, proved, upon the whole, a musical treat. Beethoven's symphony in B was performed in a very creditable manner, particularly the finale. Madame Stockhausen sung delightfully; so did H. Phillips. We could have wished that a quintett by Mozart, or a quartett by Beethoven, had been substituted for the harp and guitar pieces, whose finest passages were lost in space at the King's Concert Room.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*The Stuarts of Appin.* Words by the Ettrick Shepherd, arranged by J. Thomson, Esq., from a melody by P. McLeod, Esq., and inscribed to the Ladies Buccleuch. Chappell.

To hear Hogg sing one of his own songs is exceedingly interesting, and we can imagine the effect which he would give to this. The music

is expressive, and worthy of the poetry—no mean compliment.

*The National Air 'Rule Britannia.'* with original variations by Cramer, Hummel, Kalkbrenner, and Moscheles. Chappell.

THESE are variations, each partaking strikingly of the style of playing of the different authors. It will require rather a dextrous pianiste, with a powerful left hand, to master some of the difficulties.

*The wood-bird's wakeful song, Love: a serenade.*

By H. Smart. Chappell.

THIS is another production by an author already favourably known. The melody is rather monotonous, but tastefully relieved by a diversity of pleasing harmony in cadences at the close of the periods.

*Les Souvenirs de l'Italie: six valses et trios, pour le Pianoforte.* Par F. de Seigneux. Dean.

*La Franchezza: an easy Introduction and Rondino for Pianoforte, with accompaniment for Flute.* By Marielli. Wessel & Co.

THE waltzes are easy and pretty; suitable for young ladies whose patience cannot endure long practice. It must, however, be a poverty-stricken muse that, warmed with recollections of the sweet south, could produce only such bagatelles.

The Introduction to Marielli's Rondino, like many a preface, is the better part of the work. There is an attempt at originality in the allegretto, but very ineffective, with naked passages in the bass and for the flute. To young performers it may be useful.

#### THEATRICALS

THEATRICALS are looking up—the same night has produced a decided hit at each of the great houses. Honest critics, who never feel so much pleasure, as when they can honestly give unqualified praise, may throw the rein upon the neck of their inclinations, and snarlers must get out of the road or they will to a certainty be ridden over. It has been the fashion to say, that the taste for theatricals is on the decline—we have not coincided in this opinion. That it has been dormant, as regarded the patent houses, we admit; and that there has been too much reason for its being so, we cannot deny; but the time has come for it to rouse itself. Good plays, well acted, were alone wanted to cause this: they are come—Mr. Knowles at Covent Garden, and Mr. Planché at Drury Lane, have supplied the deficiency, both have been eminently successful, and we prophesy a prosperous career to 'The Hunchback' and 'The Compact.' We trust that we shall not be mistaken, and that some of the sand will thus be removed from the eyes of both managements; if so, a better sort of rivalry will be established between them than we have been accustomed to see. The struggle will henceforward be, which shall produce the best piece instead of the worst, and the result will necessarily be profitable to them, because pleasing to the public—for the public will not be satisfied without judging for themselves, which of two plays, both admitted to be excellent, is the better, although they might and would be content to learn, from newspaper report, which was the worse of two bad ones. Independently of the merits of the individual pieces, each house will, in all probability, be better attended in consequence of the success of the other; and this is as it should be. We, who are looking on, repeat, that theatricals are looking up, and managers may be looking out, for the public will shortly be looking in.

#### DRURY LANE.

*The Compact.*—On Thursday, success was the order of the evening. A new drama, from the pen of Mr. Planché, founded on Spanish his-

tory, (as every daily paper tells us,) was extremely well received at this theatre. We do not think it fair, nor, in truth, do we consider it easy, to detail the plot. The author has unravelled a very intricate and tangled skein; and none but an experienced hand could have accomplished the task. The characters are rather delicately than forcibly drawn; and the dialogue is generally more elegant, than daringly forcible. There was a pleasant seriousness, and a serious pleasantry, running throughout the language, which told well with the audience. Some of the situations were very effective, and will be more so, when "the pruning knife" has been judiciously applied to the dead wood. The error of the piece appears to us to be story-telling, instead of story-acting; there is a continual narration of events, instead of our having the events themselves. "This is a fault;" but when the honourable members, the *dramatis personæ*, are not permitted to "explain themselves" so repeatedly, this fault will be considerably diminished. All the performers exerted themselves to the utmost. Mr. Wallack, as *Juan Ravagos*, a bold, good, bad bandit, was picturesque and powerful. Mr. Farren was an admirable archbishop, full of caustic humour and quiet humanity. He, however, like Lance's cat, has a sad knack of "wringing his hands." He looked as if he had not quite made up his mind on the Reform Question. In the chamber-maid, or some such maid, Mrs. Humby was better than usual; and Mr. Cooper and Mr. H. Wallack, in a sort of Spanish industrious and idle apprentices, were more than respectable; they should not, however, have allowed Mr. Wilnot, the prompter, to have taken so prominent a part in the evening's entertainment. The play has evidently been got up in great haste, of which both author and actors have a right to complain. It has been produced also upon economical principles, and ought to be profitable.

#### COVENT GARDEN.

On Thursday we had the gratification of witnessing the first performance of Mr. Sheridan Knowles's new play, in five acts, called 'The Hunchback.' It is, in truth, not to keep such of our readers as may not have seen a previous notice of it in suspense, a most delightful production—every way a delightful production: good in plot—dramatic in construction—elegant, vigorous, and poetical in language, deep in knowledge of human nature, varied in display of the passions and affections which adorn or disfigure it, and admirable in their development. When we say that this play, so conceived and so written, was well and powerfully acted, it will not be wondered at, that the satisfaction of the audience was frequently and loudly manifested. The author of 'Virginus,' the finest and the best play of modern times, of 'William Tell,' and of 'Alfred,' wanted nothing to add to his well-earned reputation as a dramatist. Mr. Knowles, however, has chosen to earn for himself, that which he did not want, and he must take the consequences.—The scene is laid in England, about the time, as we take it from the dresses, of Charles the First. It is almost a pity to attempt a description of the plot, when our limits will not permit us to do justice to the excellence of its gradual disclosure—but we cannot refrain from a sketch. The piece opens with great spirit, and the first scene is not half over before an interest is awakened, which is well sustained throughout the five acts. We are introduced to a room in a tavern, where Master Wilford (Mr. J. Mason) is sitting over a bottle with his companions. Master Wilford has been, and still is, a common writing-clerk, but he has come into the neighbourhood of the residence of the Earl of Rochester, because he has understood that the Earl is at the point of death, and that he, though a distant relation,

is the next heir. Apart from this set, and at a separate table, sits *Sir Thomas Clifford* (Mr. Kemble). *Master Walter*, the Hunchback, (Mr. Knowles,) arrives with news of the Earl's death, and salutes *Master Wilford* as his successor. A quarrel takes place in consequence of reflections cast by one of the party on the personal deformities of the Hunchback, and swords are drawn—when *Sir Thomas Clifford* interposes—induces the offending parties to retire, and finally succeeds in appeasing the wrath of *Master Walter*. A sudden friendship is formed between them, and *Master Walter*, finding that the baronet is unmarried, paints to him in glowing colours the virtues and the beauty of his ward *Julia* (Miss Fanny Kemble), and offers him an introduction with a view to marriage. *Julia* has been hitherto educated in the country, and, in a subsequent scene with her friend *Helen* (Miss Taylor), enlarges on the delights of a country life, and declaims against the bare notion of a town one. *Sir Thomas* appears—is introduced, and becomes at once seriously enamoured of her—his attentions are accepted; but the time has arrived when, in obedience to the commands of her father, whom she has never seen, her guardian is to show her the town. To London the whole party repair. The fascinations of society are too much for poor *Julia's* head—her peaceful resolves are forgotten, and she plunges at once into the extremes of dress and fashionable dissipation. Her only object in marrying *Sir Thomas*, is now to avail herself of his fortune, to administer to her new pleasures—her resolutions to this effect are overheard by him, and he astounds her, by suddenly appearing, and declaring that, although he will fulfil his engagement to her, the day of her marriage shall be that of her widowhood, for that, from that time he will never see her more. Revenge is the first feeling with her, and, at the instigation of the Hunchback, she signs a contract of marriage with the new Earl of Rochdale. After this, it turns out that the reported death of the relation, whose title and estates *Sir Thomas Clifford* has assumed, was untrue, and the lover whom she has discarded, becomes again plain *Master Clifford*, and a poor man. The friends who come to bring *Julia* this news—to make sport of his downfall, and to congratulate her on her escape, are mistaken in her. The best feelings of the female heart are touched—the love, which she has but concealed from herself, returns with tenfold force, and shame and remorse become her constant companions. It would be too much to attempt to follow her character through all the various beauties of light and shade, with which Mr. Knowles has graced it. Suffice to say, that the marriage day arrives, that *Master Clifford*, now become the humble secretary of the new Earl, comes to her to announce the approach of his master—that a beautiful scene takes place between them, in which, after many conflicting alternations between love and duty, she renews her promise of marriage to him, provided she can escape from her engagement to the Earl with honour—and that ultimately she is relieved from her difficulties by the Hunchback himself, who, behind a mask of pretended harshness, has watched her throughout with real affection, who has been the secret mover of all that has been contrived to recall her to the right path, and who turns out to be the true Earl of Rochdale and her own father. He has concealed his real name and state from her up to this period of her life, because he would not owe to a sense of filial duty, that esteem and affection which he has been determined to win from her through more independent motives. He has succeeded, and declares himself justly proud of his pupil and his child. A kind of underplot, which is little more than a running accompaniment to the principal one, is kept up between the gay and lively *Helen* and her cousin *Modus* (Mr. Abbott), a very

Joseph of a lover. They are mutually in love, but the lady has no objection to mentioning it, while the gentleman is most provokingly backward. Two scenes take place between them, in which she undertakes to teach him, and finally succeeds. They are cleverly written; but we should have thought them dangerous—Mr. Knowles thought them otherwise, and so did the audience; we, therefore, willingly give up. To point out passages of particular beauty, in the language, would be as puzzling, and yet as easy, as to select a bouquet from a hot-house; we shall, however, mention the description of a country life—of the sudden growth of love—and the beautiful simile in the fifth act, where *Master Walter* compares his disappointment, at the sudden change in his daughter's mind, on her removal from the country to town, with that of an engineer, whose sea-fort has been destroyed in a night, by the ravages of a storm.—We must now speak of the acting. Mr. Knowles was highly successful with the audience, yet we cannot but lament that he has made the attempt. The conception and the mind are undoubtedly there—but there are physical impediments to the execution, which he cannot altogether surmount. The part is cut out for Mr. Kean; but Mr. Warde would play it extremely well; and though we would not have Mr. Knowles really ill on any account, we do wish he would pretend to be so, for a few nights, and let Mr. Warde try it. We say this, in sincere anxiety for the permanent success of a play, which ought to keep a long possession of the stage. Mr. Kemble did his best for the part allotted to him; and its language took the full benefit of his cultivated and animated delivery. Of Miss Fanny Kemble, it gives us real gratification to speak in terms of unqualified commendation. She has never appeared to so much advantage. We followed her, throughout, with constantly-increasing satisfaction, and may truly affirm, that a more perfect piece of acting has seldom been witnessed, than her earnest and impressive appeal to *Master Walter*, in the commencement of the fifth act—genuine feeling took the place of laboured and measured emphasis—the picture was true to nature—it was difficult to imagine that she uttered any words but those which the emergency of the moment called forth—and at the close of her address, its truth and beauty were acknowledged by shouts of Bravo! from all parts of the house. We have always endeavoured to do justice to Miss Kemble's powers of mind. It has been her execution, not her conception, that we have been, at times, reluctantly compelled to speak of, in terms of faint praise: but if she means to continue to act as she did on Thursday night, we have only to say, that it is of very little use for the papers to assert that she is about to be married, and to leave the stage—for we shall certainly attend on behalf of the public, and forbid the banns.

#### MISCELLANEA

*The Mediterranean and Bay of Biscay.*—The great canal, originally projected by Riquet, the French engineer, for the purpose of uniting the Bay of Biscay with the Mediterranean, is about to be accomplished under Galabert. It will join the Languedoc canal at Toulouse, and take up the Adour, at the port of Lanne, after traversing the departments of the Upper Garonne, Upper Pyrenees, and Landes. This splendid enterprise will remove the difficulties, dangers, and loss of time, consequent upon the navigation of the straits of Gibraltar, and the coasting along the shores of Portugal, Spain, or Africa. The canal will be deep and spacious enough for the admission of vessels of a hundred or a hundred and fifty tons burthen, and undoubtedly contribute largely to the prosperity of Bayonne and the South of France.

*Swedish Sculpture.*—The celebrated sculptor, Byström, has just completed models of a statue of Christ, twelve feet high—of a group of 'Charity'—and of two figures of Faith and Hope, ten feet and a half high, which the King of Sweden some time since ordered him to execute for one of the churches in Stockholm. The sculptures themselves are, with the King's permission, to be chiselled in Rome, of the finest Italian marble, by Byström himself; and he is to proceed to the south, and commence his labours in that capital in the course of the ensuing autumn.

*Population.*—According to the official returns, the subjects of the crown of Prussia were, in the year 1820, 11,272,482 in number; in the following five years, 1821—1825, the increase was 967,929; but in the next five, 1826—1830, only 635,975. This augmentation and decrease afford a striking confirmation of the principle laid down by political economists, that population is favoured or retarded by the effect of the lower or higher prices of the necessities of life; for, upon an inquiry into the average rate, at which the bushel of wheat was to be had in the Prussian markets during the interval between 1824 and 1829, and into the number of births in each of those and the intervening years, the following result will be obtained:—

|           | Wheat per Bushel. |    | Births. |
|-----------|-------------------|----|---------|
|           | s.                | d. |         |
| 1824..... | 2                 | 7  | 505,338 |
| 1825..... | 2                 | 6  | 523,653 |
| 1826..... | 2                 | 9½ | 525,623 |
| 1827..... | 5                 | 3  | 490,675 |
| 1828..... | 5                 | 4½ | 499,507 |
| 1829..... | 4                 | 9  | 495,483 |

In the first three years when the average price of wheat was 2s. 7½d., it appears that the births averaged 517,871; whereas, in the next three years, when it averaged 5s. 1½d., the births fell to an average of 495,221.—(From a Correspondent.)

*Steam Engines.*—Mr. De Witt, an American gentleman, lately read a paper at the Albany Institute, on the means of preventing the explosion of steam boilers. He recommends, what he terms a hydrostatic safety pipe, being a tube of a diameter proportional to the size of the boiler, and extending from a few inches below the surface of the water to a height of two feet to every pound of steam pressure that may be required. For instance, if the usual pressure at which an engine is worked, be 15 pounds, the pipe would be 30 feet high; as soon as the steam acquires this force, the pipe would necessarily be filled with water, and any increase would drive the water out of it, until its lower orifice was uncovered, when it would afford a ready passage to the steam; it would also give immediate notice, if from neglect or otherwise, the water should happen to get below the point, at which it ought to be kept. He remarked that a safety valve might be overloaded by accident or intentionally; if it were under lock and key, it might become fixed in its place by rust; fusible plugs might not melt soon enough; but no possible danger could arise when the plan he suggested was adopted, except through wantonness in closing the pipe.

*Russian Archaeology.*—The Imperial Academy of Science at St. Petersburg having despatched a mission under M. Strojoff in 1829, for the purpose of searching the ancient libraries and archives of Russia, and bringing away all materials, relating in any way to the history of that empire, or, if that was impracticable, of taking a minute account of them, M. Strojoff has since that time been engaged in traversing the provinces of Archangel, Vologda, Novogorod, Kostroma, Jaroslavl, and Moscow, and has delivered over his acquisitions to the temporary custody of the Department of Foreign Affairs in Moscow. He is at this moment reposing

from his labours in the Russian capital, whither he has brought with him above six hundred documents and collections, referring to *Muscovite* legislation between the years 1423 and 1705, which have hitherto remained lost to the world, and which it is intended to publish with explanatory notes. He has also with him five large charts, containing materials for the history of *Scythian literature*, and a sixth, replete with bibliographical and palæographical information. With the assistance of these invaluable data, it is M. Strojoff's intention to compile a critical lexicon of all the records and works, which *Scythian-Russian literature* can adduce, down to the times of Peter the Great. He has also collected nearly 400 documents connected with *Russian jurisprudence* in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries.

M. de Cadalvène, who has been travelling for three years in Greece, Syria, and Asia Minor, on a scientific mission, is lately returned to Paris: among other curiosities, he has procured a valuable collection of gold medals, nearly 150, which may serve to replace some of those stolen from the Royal Library. The narrative of his travels will shortly be published.

*Encouraging to Emigrants.*—A new paper has been started at Launceston, Van Diemen's Land, of which the first eight numbers have been kindly sent us, and whence we extract the following advertisement:—"Wanted, an idle man, to do nothing. The only necessary qualification is, that he be a good whistler. Board and lodging and a liberal salary—apply at the Launceston Hotel."

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

| Days of the Week. | Thermom.  | Barometer. | Winds. | Weather. |
|-------------------|-----------|------------|--------|----------|
| Mon.              | Max. Min. | Noon.      |        |          |
| Th.               | 80 63 35  | 29.92      | N.E.   | Clear.   |
| Fr.               | 80 58 30  | 29.86      | N.E.   | Ditto.   |
| Sat.              | 81 56 30  | 29.78      | N.E.   | Cloudy.  |
| Sun.              | 1 53 33   | 29.65      | Var.   | Ditto.   |
| Mon.              | 2 51 35   | 29.92      | S.W.   | Clear.   |
| Tues.             | 3 58 39   | 30.26      | S.W.   | Ditto.   |
| Wed.              | 4 49 42   | 30.42      | Var.   | Ditto.   |

*Prevailing Clouds.*—Cumulus, Cumulostratus, Cirrostratus.  
Nights and Mornings fair.  
Mean temperature of the week, 41° 5'.  
Day increased on Wednesday, 5 h. 24 min.

## NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

*Forthcoming.*—Trials of Charles the First and the Regicides, by Charles Edward Dodd, Esq.

*Prospectuses* are issued for publishing a Series of Engravings, (to be executed in the first style of excellence,) from the most meritorious productions of the late talented Mr. Livermore; and for this object the Nobleman and Gentlemen who were in possession of his best Works, have kindly given permission for their being engraved.

*Bibliotheca Sæcto-Celtica*; or, an Account of all the Books which have been printed in the Gaelic Language; with Bibliographical and Biographical Notices, by Mr. John Reid, of Glasgow.

A new edition of 'Rejected Addresses' is in the press, to be illustrated with Portraits of the Authors after Harlow, and of all the authors whose works are supposed to be imitated.

Contarini Fleming: a Psychological Autobiography. The Province of Jurisprudence Defined, in Six Essays, by John Austin, Esq., Barrister-at-Law.

*Songs of the Sea-side*, being No. 2. of Minstrel Melodies, from the pen of Mr. Henry Brandreth.

On the 31st of April, a humorous poem, to be called *The March of Humberg*, to be illustrated by Robert Cruikshank.

*The Excursion*; or, a Trip to Margate, with humorous Illustrations by Robert Cruikshank.

*Lectures Latine*; or, Lessons in Latin Literature; in prose and verse, with interlinear and other translations, by J. Rowbotham, F.R.A.S.

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# THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 233.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1832.

PRICE  
FOURPENCE.

In compliance with the desire of many well-informed persons, to extend as much as possible the diffusion of General Literature and Useful Knowledge, this Paper has been REDUCED IN PRICE from Eightpence to FOURPENCE, at which rate *all the previous Numbers* may now be had.

## REVIEWS

*The Hunchback: a Play in Five Acts.* By James Sheridan Knowles. London, 1832. E. Moxon.

It appears, from the interesting preface prefixed to this play, that we owe its existence to the failure of the author's last comedy, of 'The Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal Green.' Certainly, Mr. Knowles has taken a very noble revenge on his ill-fortune, and has given us another cheering example of the soul of good, that may dwell in things evil. The pain of his ill-success has only roused him to the full consciousness of his energies; and, in collecting them to overcome the failure, he has not only given us the spring and vigour of his former successful plays, full of their strong and passionate impulses of nature, but has mixed with them the bloom of a fresh and more pleasing inspiration. 'The Hunchback' joins all the fine poetry which, in 'Virginus,' seemed to be struck out of impulse and passion and incident alone, to that refined facility and richness of thought, and sweetness and flexibility of verse, which seem the result of a more positive and independent faculty of poetic conception, than that which, as in the fine tragedy we have mentioned, came, as it were, in the collision of events, out of the very nakedness and energy of passion. We heartily thank Mr. Knowles that he has not been mistrustful of nature or of himself, for his strong faith in both has alone stimulated him to this great and successful effort. With a few more such labourers in this rich field of literature, we may still hope to see the Drama recover again its old inspiration, such as it breathed when its productions formed by far the most brilliant and beautiful part of our poetry, and it sent forth a bright line of dramatic workmen, to earn, in its service, a fame which has come freshly down thus far into the future, and will live for ever. Certainly, with all their faults—the imperfections of their time—the writers of the old English Drama, have the greatest force and truth to nature of any other set of poets. They had passion, and thought, and fancy, and imagination, and wit,—but above all, they had a cordial and genuine sympathy with the joys and sorrows, the "mirth and tears," that make up the mass of humanity; and, in giving it expression, they had reliance in its truth and fidelity, and in the honesty of nature. There is no use in denying that to this and to these great writers, the aspirant for dramatic fame must turn: not to imitate their works or words, but to cherish the same intrinsic purposes with them, to live with them in the same true world of universal sympathy—that genuine source wherein the drama "must live or have no life at all." And this is the

secret of Mr. Knowles's deserved success. He is a true disciple of the older school of dramatists. He has courage enough to lay his vanities aside—he can *forget himself*, and so do justice to the characters of which he is the author, and for whom he writes and speaks. His sympathies are comprehensive and strong—he has the true "lookings abroad on nature," and can feel, and be inspired by, her bright smile. Out of her simple yet varied storehouse, he draws his forms and imagery of beauty, and they are true and universal. Hence his resemblance to the older poets, his command of various language, his nice touches of affection and passion, his "clean passes of pathos." He sometimes even adopts their words and forms of expression, but not too much so. "The poet," to quote a critique we have seen on this play, in which we recognize the pen of an acute and elegant writer, "was not imitating the words of his predecessors: he was undergoing their convictions; he was living in their everlasting world, the tongues of which alter, but the heart never."

We need not here repeat the plot of this play, of which we gave a very ample account in the *Athenæum* of last week. A careful perusal of the sheets before us, has more than justified the opinion we then expressed of its conception and execution. It is in every way a very delightful play. It is written throughout with great power of pathos and sweetness of versification; the story from the first, keeps alive an anxious curiosity, and the deepest sympathy. A rapid succession of incidents—true and vivid action—colloquial and graceful brevity of dialogue—passion, with all the varieties and inflections poor human nature gives to it,—are all blended gracefully with the sweet and mellow diction of poetry, and adorned with some of its most striking and imposing images. We have also a mixture of very lively humour, which is carried through two dextrously-fashioned scenes with all the raciness and spirit of our older writers. The truth of the matter, in short, is, that Mr. Knowles has a very acute observation, and an intense feeling, of nature; and this play is a capital development of them. He is, moreover, equal to the conduct of a diversified plot; has the exquisite tact of drawing out fine traits of character from the collision of one or two incidents—a truly Shaksperian faculty—and is never more at home than in the stirring action of a busy and animated scene. One might fancy he always wrote in the ideal presence of the eager and various audience of a theatre—the epitome of the great world without. At all events, he manages completely to lay aside his personal identity, and to make all his characters true to themselves, and real in language. His men and women walk the

stage "with warm hearts of flesh and blood beating in their bosoms,—not embowelled of their natural entrails, to be stuffed with paltry blurred sheets of paper."

The greatest triumph, however, of the author of the present play, lies in his masterly delineation of the character of Julia. Its development, indeed, forms the leading and connecting idea which pervades the piece: there is no dallying with it—it is gone through with, straight to the end, and anxious interest and expectation are kept alive. We cannot fancy a more finely-imagined character than that of Julia, and it is executed with much grace, and force, and truth to nature. How various and changeable are its tints—true in every shade and nicety of hue to the actual painting of humanity. First, the free, open, simple-hearted country girl, with no contradictory impulses—no cares or worldly trouble, nothing but sweet hopes and happy wishes, and a trustful love of her more than father, her guardian—the Hunchback—Master Walter. How exquisite her answer is, when she is asked what sees she in him to be so fond of him!

*Julia.* He's fond of me.  
I've known him since I was a child. E'en then  
The week I thought a weary, heavy one,  
That brought not Master Walter. I had those  
About me then that made a fool of me,  
As children oft are fool'd; but more I lov'd  
Good Master Walter's lesson than the play  
With which they'd surfeit me. As I grew up,  
More frequent Master Walter came, and more  
I loved to see him. I had tutors then,  
Men of great skill and learning—but not one  
That taught like Master Walter. What they'd show me,  
And I, dull as I was, but doubtful saw,—  
A word from Master Walter made as clear  
As day-light! When my schooling days were o'er—  
That's now good three years past—three years—I vow  
I'm twenty, Helen!—well, as I was saying,  
When I had done with school, and all were gone,  
Still Master Walter came; and still he comes,  
Summer or winter—frost or rain. I've seen  
The snow upon a level with the hedge,  
Yet there was Master Walter!

And what a fine touch of an unconscious self-betrayal of affection, when the fervid and impassioned eloquence of her lover, Sir Thomas Clifford, draws from her the thought—"How like he talks to Master Walter!"

But, alas for poor human nature! how unmercifully Mr. Knowles detects it. Julia is taken, for the first time, to see the town; and at that very time her guardian is hurried from it by important business. She is left, without restraint or check, amid the flaunting and imposing gaieties of a scene new and unusual, and is unable to resist the change. Even her ingenuous nature helps to betray her, and she is sucked into the vortex of fashion, and reckless vanity and passionate self-will. At this moment, and on the eve of the day whereon she had promised to marry Clifford, Master Walter returns—returns to see his long and earnest work of pupilage overthrown—to hear his ward boast of her passion for Clifford's title and fortune, not himself—and to see Clifford, who had also overheard her, come

forward to renounce her hand, unless she is content to take only his wealth and title, and will consent, the day that weds should "wive her to be widowed." He accompanies this with some touching and bitter remarks, which drive the iron into her soul. Her pride will not sustain her, and she falls breathless into the arms of her cousin. When next we see her, what a picture she presents to us—her womanish resentment at being schooled bringing out her woman's pride: we can fancy her fine dialogue with Master Walter in the third act now loud, now low—now tossing about, and loud again, "like the vexed sea." He watches the tempest raging:—

*Julia.* His wealth and title! I refused a lord—  
I did!—that privily implored my hand,  
And never cared to tell him on't! So much  
I hate him now, that lord should not in vain  
Implore my hand again!

*Walter.* You'd give it him?

*Julia.* I would!

*Walter.* You'd wed that lord?

*Julia.* That lord I'd wed,—

Or any other lord,—only to show him

That I could wed above him!

*Walter.* Give me your hand

And word to that.

*Julia.* There! Take my hand and word!

Master Walter follows up this storm of passion, and pride, and thirst for revenge on Clifford, by producing a second offer of the Earl's hand, showing her the title-deeds of his estates, and rousing her by the enumeration of his immense possessions. He produces a paper:—

Write thou content, and wear a coronet.

*Julia (eagerly).* Give me the paper!

*Walter.* There! Here's pen and ink.

Sit down. Why do you pause? A flourish of

The pen, and you're a countess.

*Julia.* My poor brain

Whirls round and round! I would not wed him now,

Were he more lowly at my feet to sue

Than e'er he did!

*Walter.* Wed whom?

*Julia.* Sir Thomas Clifford.

Nothing could be more touching, tender, or true to nature, than this. We are let into the secret of her heart, and of its truant affections. We are sustained in our belief of the efficacy of Master Walter's trial—in our reliance on the reality of her goodness and virtue. We see that there is that within her, that will conquer the conqueror pride. This is further brought out very finely in the soliloquy, which immediately follows her signing the paper—we see it in the revulsion of her feeling—her vain attempt to sustain herself in the consciousness of her own esteem—her falling back on thoughts of happier days—her wish to persuade herself that Clifford never loved her:—

*Julia (alone).* I'm glad 'tis done; I'm very glad 'tis done!

I've done the thing I ought! From my disgrace  
This lord shall lift me 'bove the reach of scorn—  
That idly wags its tongue, where wealth and state  
Need only beckon to have crowds to laud!  
Then how the tables change! The hand he spurn'd  
His betters take! Let me remember that!  
I'll grace my rank! I will! I'll carry it  
As I was born to it! I warrant none  
Shall say it fits me not; but, one and all  
Confess I wear it bravely, as I ought!  
And he shall hear it! ay! and he shall see it!  
I will roll by him in an equipage  
Would mortgage his estate—but he shall own  
His slight of me was my advancement! Love me!  
He never loved me—if he had, he e'er  
Had given me up! Love's not a spider's web  
But fit to mesh a fly—that you can break  
By only blowing on't! He never loved me!  
He knows not what love is—or, if he does,  
He has not been o'er chary of his peace,—  
And that he'll find when I'm another's wife,—  
Lost!—lost to him for ever! Tears again!  
Why should I weep for him! Who make their woes,  
Deserve them! What have I to do with tears?

All this has the original spirit, the freshness and the stamp of nature. But her

misery is not yet complete. She hears from the heartless gaiety of her friends, of reverses of fortune having fallen on Clifford, and stripped him of his rank and title. She indignantly repels their ridicule against him, and awakens too late to the sense of her own "cruel, fatal haste," and of the love she bears him—

Yes; love! Deceive thyself no longer! False  
To say 'tis pity for his fall. Respect,  
Engendered by a hollow world's disdain;  
Which hoots whom fickle fortune cheers no more!  
'Tis none of these! 'Tis love—and if not love,  
Why then idolatry! Aye, that's the name  
To speak the broadest, deepest, strongest passion  
That ever woman's heart was borne away by!

Of the scene which follows this, where Clifford, reduced to the humble secretary of the Earl of Rochdale—comes to her with a letter from his Lordship—we can only say that we know of no scene so exquisitely conceived and managed. We dare not quote from it, lest we quote it all. It is perfect throughout. Her anguish and self-humiliation, her forgetfulness of all save Clifford, her love, her misery, her fear of wounded honour, her sense of wounded self-pride, her loss of self-possession, her grand resumption of it, her total surrender to her love at last—all form such a varied and energetic display of the fears, and doubts, and shame, and hopes, and overbearing passions, that make up the hard struggles of humanity,—as could have come only from the pen of one learned in such "cunning fence" of feeling, and a perfect master of the language of love and grief, and all absorbing passion.

The day of the appointed nuptials arrives, and Master Walter gives her no hope of escaping them. She becomes desperate with the agony of despair:—

*Julia.* Show me some way to 'scape these nuptials!  
Do it!

Some opening for avoidance or escape,  
Or, to thy charge I'll lay a broken heart!  
It may be, broken vows and blasted honour!  
Or else a mind distraught!

*Walter.* What's this?

*Julia.* The strait

I'm fallen into, my patience cannot bear!  
It frights my reason—warps my sense of virtue—  
Religion!—changes me into a thing  
I look at with abhorring!

*Walter.* Listen to me!

*Julia.* Listen to me, and heed me! If this contract  
Thou hold'st me to,—abide thou the result!  
Answer to heaven for what I suffer—act!  
Prepare thyself for such calamity  
To fall on me, and those whose evil stars  
Have link'd them with me, as no past mishap,  
However rare, and marvellously sad,  
Can parallel! Lay thy account to live  
A smileless life, die an unpitied death,  
Abhor'd, abandon'd of thy kind; as one  
Who had the guarding of a young maid's peace,  
Look'd on and saw her rashly peril it:  
And when she saw her danger, and confess'd  
Her fault, compell'd her to complete her ruin!

*Walter.* Hast done?

*Julia.* Another moment, and I have.  
Be warn'd! Beware how you abandon me  
To myself! I'm young, rash, inexperienced! tempted  
By most insufferable misery!  
Bold, desperate, and reckless! Thou hast age,  
Experience, wisdom, and collectedness:  
Power, freedom, everything that I have not,  
Yet want, as none e'er wanted! Thou canst save me—  
Thou ought'st—thou must! I tell thee, at his feet  
I'll fall a corpse, ere mount his bridal bed!  
So choose betwixt my rescue and my grave;  
And quickly too! The hour of sacrifice  
Is near! Anon the immolating priest  
Will summon me! Devise some speedy means  
To cheat the altar of its victim—do it!  
Nor leave the task to me!

*Walter.* Hast done?

*Julia.* I have.

*Walter.* Then list to me; and silently, if not  
With patience. (Brings chairs for himself and her.)  
How I watch'd thee from thy childhood!  
I'll not recall to thee Thy father's wisdom,—  
Whose humble instrument I was,—directed  
Your usage should be to me in privacy:  
From your apt mind that far outstripp'd your years,  
Fearing the taint of an infected world;

For, in the rich ground, weeds once taking root,  
Grow strong as flowers. He might be right or wrong!  
I thought him right, and therefore did his bidding.  
Most certainly he lov'd you—so did I:—

Ay! well as I had been myself your father!

(His hand is resting upon his knee, Julia attempts to take it; he withdraws it; looks at her; she hangs her head.)

Well; you may take my hand! I need not say  
How fast you grew in knowledge and in goodness,  
That hope could scarce enjoy its golden dreams,  
So soon fulfilment realized them all!

Enough. You came to womanhood: your heart  
Pure as the leaf of the consummate bud,  
That's new unfolded to the smiling sun;  
And ne'er knew blight, nor canker!

(Julia attempts to place her other hand on his shoulder; he leans from her; looks at her; she hangs her head again.)

Put it there!

Where left I off? I know. When a good woman  
Is fitly mated, she grows doubly good,  
How good so'er before! I found the man

I thought a match for thee; and, soon as found,  
Propos'd him to you. 'Twas your father's will,  
Occasion offering, you should be married

Soon as you reach'd to womanhood. You lik'd  
My choice—accepted him. We came to town;  
Where, by important matters summon'd thence,  
I left you an affianced bride!

*Julia.* You did! you did!

(Leans her head upon her hand, and weeps.)

*Walter.* Nay, check thy tears! Let judgment now,  
Not passion, be awake. On my return  
I found thee! What! I'll not describe the thing  
I found thee then! I'll not describe my pangs

To see thee such a thing! The engineer  
Who lays the last stone of his sea-built tower,  
It cost him years and years of toil to raise,  
And, smiling at it, tells the winds and waves

To roar and whistle now; but, in a night,  
Beholds the tempest sporting in its place—  
May look aghast as I did!

*Julia (falling on her knees).* Pardon me!

Forgive me! Pity me!

*Walter.* Resume thy seat. (Raises her.)

I pity thee. Perhaps not thee alone

It fits to sue for pardon!

*Julia.* Me alone—

None other!

We need not say that there is a happy conclusion to this hard, though wholesome trial—nor, after what we have said, need we urge our readers further to purchase the play and read it for themselves. The development of the character we have feebly attempted to describe, embodies such an union of variety of tones of feeling, as provokes one to compare it to the great humanities of Shakspeare alone. To the accomplished actress who undertook its arduous performance on the stage, we think it due, to quote the words of Mr. Knowles in the preface, to which we have alluded:—"I owe her such a personation of my heroine, as, proud though I was of my offspring, I did not think that heroine afforded scope for. Her Julia has outstripp'd my most sanguine hopes!" He goes on to compare her, in one passage, to her great relative Mrs. Siddons, and concludes, "I could say a great deal more, but I leave it to those who can say it a great deal better, and who are worthier witnesses, because less interested ones."

We had marked several very beautiful passages of poetry for extract, and some which show Mr. Knowles's excellent tact at fine turns and touches of feeling—but we must be content with referring our readers to the play itself. They will find there many things we ought to have noticed—the character of the sprightly Helen delightfully sustained—with her sheepish cousin Modus, a very provoking person, and as unlike our friend John Bunce, in love matters, as it is possible for man to be. Then there is a lump of solid and amusing ignorance in Fathom—and a very consummate noble puppy in my Lord Tinsel. Indeed, the humour throughout is very successful, and never fails of its effect.

We have come to the conclusion of our

notice, and have not found one fault! Will even our debt of gratitude to the author of Virgilinus, and of William Tell (to say nothing of this his last and greatest effort), be a sufficient warrant for this? We fear not; but shall nevertheless content ourselves with offering unmingled praise and thanks to him for having once again, in this latter day, unlocked for us the eternal well-spring of nature and truth, and drawn from thence another stream to freshen the sterile waste of dramatic poetry. We prefer, indeed, the latter, and, for once, entreat our readers to believe with us and my Lord Rochester, that—

— It is a meaner part of sense  
To find a fault, than taste an excellence!

## CABINET CYCLOPEDIA:

*The History of Spain and Portugal.* London, 1832. Longman & Co.

Is the 'Cabinet Cyclopædia' proceed after this fashion, we shall save the Proprietors a vast outlay in advertisements, and all the cost of their own establishment of critical journals. So interesting a work as Sismondi's 'Italian Republics,' followed so immediately by this 'History of Spain,' will make us trumpet-tongued in their commendation.

The 'History of Spain and Portugal' will be found as instructive to the philosopher, as it is amusing to the general reader. The frequent political changes which the Peninsula has undergone,—interesting even from the time of the Carthaginians,—the hatred so often shown by its inhabitants against all foreign domination, and the bloody and eventful wars which that hatred has produced, give to its history a stirring interest, increased by the peculiarities of character which have always distinguished the inhabitants of that land of beauty and romance. But if to write an impartial history be at all times difficult, it is particularly so of Spain. The original authorities are either bigoted and credulous old chroniclers, or partial and fierce partisans; and it is no easy task to discover the truth among their opposite, conflicting, and contradictory statements.

There is also another point, and one of great importance to the philosophical inquirer, in which the historians of the Peninsula are lamentably deficient:—we mean information relating to the political institutions of the country. Since the liberties of the noble Spanish people were filched from them in the sixteenth century, the doctrine of divine right has been the only political principle which the unholy Inquisition would permit to be promulgated;—who then dared venture to speak on subjects, without reference to which, history is but a dry record of events—a marrowless anatomy of truth? The Cortes itself became at last a mockery; and even the memory of its fame and its use were all but forgotten, until the overthrow of the usurpation of Napoleon enabled Marina to publish his invaluable work.

The author of the present work, in his reference to these difficulties, has certainly not overrated them; but it is most gratifying to us to add, that, so far as we can judge from one volume, he appears to us fully strong enough to grapple with them all; that his indefatigable diligence in research, his ability in condensing facts, and his sound logical deductions from them, make us hope and believe that his modest volumes will be an

invaluable addition to our historical literature.

The plan of the work is excellent; in fact, it is the only one which could give the reader a clear and coherent idea of the history of Spain and Portugal, from the eighth to the sixteenth century. Too many, even of the native historians, have followed the chronological order of events; but the passing and repassing from one kingdom to another, when the country was divided into independent states by every running brook, was intolerable. This the present writer has avoided by one connected narrative, and the advantage is very readily perceived by the reader. We have very little to say of this volume but in unmingled praise; but we must, nevertheless, notice the account of the Mohammedan domination in Spain, as singularly perspicuous. The excellent work of Condé has been our author's guide, and he could not have a better; although we must regret that he used Marles's translation, instead of the original.†

We observe that everything relating to ecclesiastical affairs, is very learnedly discoursed on by this writer; so much so, indeed, that if he had not throughout assumed the character of an Englishman and a Protestant, we should have decided that he was a learned Spanish Jansenist; and we must observe, (it is not in our nature, we believe, to give unmingled praise,) that the author ought to have explained more clearly the political privileges of the councils under the Goths. He could not but know that the councils of Toledo were quite as important and interesting, in a political, as in an ecclesiastical point of view; and we regret that more is not said in his excellent work on this subject.

We must also caution him against the vulgar error of exaggeration. On reading the text and note, page 7, the English reader would infer that it is almost universal in Spain to find women guiding oxen and holding the plough. Now there are, as in every country, mountainous districts, where women labour in this way, because their husbands and fathers are compelled to seek profitable employment elsewhere; but it is by no means common in Spain. Again, speaking of the modern Cantabres, he makes mention of "the turbans of the women, and the lances carried by the men, even when approaching the house of God." This is pure dreaming: the only head-dress worn in the north of Spain, which can be assimilated to a turban, is that of the *Maragatas*; and they cannot be called Cantabres; but neither Maragatos nor Cantabres carry lances to the house of God, whatever their forefathers might have done in the sixteenth century.

Nor can we conclude without entreating the author of this work to pay a little more attention to the correct spelling of Spanish words: with so perfect a scholar, it would be idle to urge the objection as one against his learning; but the inaccuracies may be urged, and with justice, against his diligence and attention.

† The author apologises for it, by stating that the original was not to be purchased either in England or France. We are surprised at this assertion, because we happen to know that it has been on sale in London any time these seven years, and at this moment may be had of Mr. Bohn, York Street, Covent Garden. As the original work may enable this writer to be a trifle more exact in what he will have to say of the Arabians, in the succeeding volumes, we think this information worth the space it occupies.

*The Altrive Tales.* By the Ettrick Shepherd. Vol. I. London, 1832. Cochrane & Co.

THIS is the republication of the prose works of one of those extraordinary men who, by the vigour of natural genius alone, have given a literature to the peasantry of Scotland which more than approaches the lasting monuments of the learned and the polished. We have now in our hand the first volume of this very handsome book: the publisher has lavished outward attractions not a few; the frontispiece is a clever head of the poet, from the pencil of Fox: the print commences with a poetical dedication, of great feeling and delicacy, to Lady Anne Scott, of Buccleuch, which is followed by a singular Memoir of the Author, and by three compositions called, from the shepherd's dwelling on Yarrow, 'The Altrive Tales.' With the author himself we have been acquainted these six and twenty years: the man who has obtained the steady friendship of Sir Walter Scott, Mr. Lockhart, Professor Wilson, and others scarcely less distinguished, can need no recommendation of ours: we may, however, say, that his life has been busy and blameless—that, like Burns (whom he resembles in little save the accident of his birth), he has had "misfortunes great and sma'," and of late occurrence; and that to him the success of this republication will be as the bread and salt of life. We have been asked, why we have not noticed this work sooner: it was from no neglect of ours: the publisher thought proper to give the book to one of our brethren a full fortnight before he sent it to us, and the consequence was, that passage after passage came pouring from the pages of Jerdan, through all those inferior papers which live, like caterpillars, on the green leaves of the *Gazette* and the *Athenæum*. With us this discourtesy is as dust in the balance, when the welfare of such a man as he of Ettrick is concerned.

One of the chief attractions of this volume arises from the Memoir—a very long and a very entertaining one—of the bard of Ettrick himself, from his own pen. "I like," he says, "to write about myself: in fact, there are few things which I like better." We believe this: every page is impressed with it: he never loses sight of the hero of the narrative: he writes resolutely down his likings and dislikings, his changes of dress and his new suits of opinions; and when he can find nothing more pleasing, he criticizes, and that with an unsparing hand, his own compositions. This unostentatious egotism gives to the Memoir what fragrance gives to the rose, an increase of sweetness: we are glad to see the bard lift the veil so fully from his instructive career, and like to hear his own tongue descanting on those dark days when he got his alphabet by heart on the hill-side; succeeded in forming letters and words, and finally crowned his knowledge by bursting into song. If the poet, however, happens to imagine, that the sympathy which all must feel in reading his chequered story, will increase the popularity of his works, he must prepare himself for disappointment. It matters not to the world how and in what way a work of genius is produced. A picture may be painted with the toes—a statue may be scratched out of the block by means of a ten-penny nail—and a poet may write his poems with the pen in his mouth; yet, who will consider that the beauty of these works is in-

creased by the difficulties overcome in creating them? We gaze on the *Venus de Medicis*, and never ask by what process so much loveliness was produced. Our estimate of the worth of Hogg's works is not influenced by his telling us of his hardships outwardly and inwardly: we admire not his 'Kilmeny' the more because once on a time the wardrobe of the writer was scanty, and his toilette much neglected—in short, a poet, if such is his pleasure, may proclaim his sorrows to the world and show his miseries by the way-side, but he must not think that the said world will care a boddle about them. We shall, however, let him speak for himself—though other hands have been before us, there is much in his *Memoir* both to glean and reap: he commenced the "idle trade" in the twenty-fourth year of his age.

"The first time that I attempted to write verses was in the spring of the year 1796. Mr. Laidlaw having a number of valuable books, which were all open to my perusal, I about this time began to read with considerable attention;—and no sooner did I begin to read so as to understand, than, rather prematurely, I began to write. For several years my compositions consisted wholly of songs and ballads made up for lasses to sing in chorus; and a proud man I was when I first heard the rosy nymphs chaunting my uncouth strains, and jeering me by the still dear appellation of 'Jamie the poeter.'"

Burns said that his own success had produced a swarm of ill-spawned monsters who wallowed in his train: he at last inspired a spirit more akin to himself:—

"The first time I ever heard of Burns was in 1797, the year after he died. One day during that summer a half daft man, named John Scott, came to me on the hill, and to amuse me repeated Tam O'Shanter. I was delighted! I was far more than delighted—I was ravished! I cannot describe my feelings; but, in short, before Jock Scott left me, I could recite the poem from beginning to end, and it has been my favourite poem ever since. He told me it was made by one Robert Burns, the sweetest poet that ever was born; but that he was now dead, and his place would never be supplied. He told me all about him, how he was born on the 25th of January, bred a ploughman, how many beautiful songs and poems he had composed, and that he had died last harvest, on the 21st of August.

"This formed a new epoch of my life. Every day I pondered on the genius and fate of Burns. I wept, and always thought with myself—what is to hinder me from succeeding Burns? I too was born on the 25th of January, and I have much more time to read and compose than any ploughman could have, and can sing more old songs than ever ploughman could in the world. But then I wept again because I could not write. However, I resolved to be a poet, and to follow in the steps of Burns."

His first published song was 'Donald M'Donald': there is a fine roll of words, but the poetry is ordinary: it obtained, however, great popularity:—

"There chanced to be about that time a great masonic meeting in Edinburgh, the Earl of Moira in the chair; on which occasion, Mr. Oliver, of the house of Oliver & Boyd, then one of the best singers in Scotland, sung 'Donald M'Donald.' It was loudly applauded, and three times encored; and so well pleased was Lord Moira with the song, that he rose, and in a long speech descanted on the utility of such songs at that period—thanked Mr. Oliver, and proffered him his whole interest in Scotland. This to the singer; yet, strange to say, he never inquired who was the author of the song!"

His first important work was the 'Queen's Wake': a poem of great original merit—weak as a babe in some parts, but strong as a giant in others: it raised him at once to a high station among the bards of his country. The greeting which he received on his success from William Dunlop, is characteristic of both:—

"Ye useless poetical deevil that ye're!" said he, 'what hae ye been doing a' this time?'—'What doing, Willie! what do ye mean?'—'D—n your stupid head, ye hae been pesterin us wi' fourpenny papers an' daft shilly-shally songs, an' bletherin' an' speakin' i' the Forum, an' yet had stuff in ye to produce a thing like this!'—'Ay, Willie,' said I; 'have you seen my new beuk?'—'Ay, faith, that I have, man; and it has likit me out o' a night's sleep. Ye hae hit the right nail on the head now. Yon's the very thing, sir.'—'I'm very glad to hear you say sae, Willie; but what do ye ken about poems?'—'Never ye mind how I ken; I gi'e you my word for it, yon's the thing that will do. If ye hadna made a fool o' yoursel' afore, man, yon wad hae sold better than ever a book sold. Od, wha wad hae thought there was a muckle in that sheep's-head o' yours? d—d stupid poetical deevil that ye're!' And with that he went away, laughing and miscalling me over his shoulder."

He succeeded nearly as well in prose. His 'Winter Evening Tales' are easy and natural. He then tried his hand as an editor, and gave to the world his 'Jacobite Relics.' Of this undertaking he speaks with as much satisfaction as the work deserves:—

"The native Highlanders were so jealous of a Sassenach coming plodding among them, gathering up their rebellious scraps, that had it not been for the influence of the ladies over the peasantry of their respective districts, I could never have succeeded. But, in the end, I am sure I produced two volumes of Jacobite Relics, such as no man in Scotland or England could have produced but myself. I assert it, and can prove it; for besides the songs and histories of events and persons, I collected all the original airs over a whole kingdom, many of them among a people whose language I did not understand; and that work I dedicated to the Highland Society of London in a poetical epistle."

The vicissitudes of his fortune were equal to the variety of his works; but such is the equanimity of his temper, that nothing ruffled him:—

"One may think, on reading over this *Memoir*, that I must have worn out a life of misery and wretchedness; but the case has been quite the reverse. I never knew either man or woman who has been so uniformly happy as I have been; which has been partly owing to a good constitution, and partly from the conviction that a heavenly gift, conferring the powers of immortal song, was inherent in my soul. Indeed, so uniformly smooth and happy has my married life been, that on a retrospect I cannot distinguish one part from another, save by some remarkably good days of fishing, shooting, and curling on the ice. Those who desire to peruse my youthful love adventures will find some of the best of them in those of 'George Cochrane,' in the following tale."

Though he aided mainly in planning and establishing *Blackwood's Magazine*, and till of late continued to write for it, he dislikes the notice taken of him in the 'Noctes,' and desires much to have a lawsuit. These are his words:—

"For my part, after twenty years of feelings hardly suppressed, he has driven me beyond the bounds of human patience. That Magazine

of his, which owes its rise principally to myself, has often put words and sentiments into my mouth of which I have been greatly ashamed, and which have given much pain to my family and relations, and many of those after a solemn written promise that such freedoms should never be repeated. I have been often urged to restrain and humble him by legal measures as an incorrigible offender deserves. I know I have it in my power, and if he dares me to the task, I want but a hair to make a tether of."

He touches with a sarcastic hand the characters of Constable, Miller, Blackwood, and Longman & Co., booksellers,—with all of whom he has had dealings; but his chief pleasure lies in drawing the characters of his friends and associates. The person of Wilson he sketches with a clever, but a caricaturing hand:—

"All I could learn of him was, that he was a man from the mountains in Wales, or the west of England, with hair like eagles' feathers, and nails like birds' claws; a red beard, and an uncommon degree of wildness in his looks."

Scott he has given more at length, but not with much felicity. When collecting the *Minstrelsy*, Sir Walter was introduced to the mother of the Shepherd, that he might hear from her lips the fine historical ballad of 'Auld Maitland':—

"When he heard my mother sing it he was quite satisfied, and I remember he asked her if she thought it had ever been printed; and her answer was, 'Oo, na, na, sir, it was never printed i' the world, for my brothers an' me learned it frae auld Andrew Moor, an' he learned it, an' mony mae, frae auld Baby Metlin, that was house-keeper to the first laird o' Tushilaw.'"

"Then that must be a very auld story, indeed, Margaret," said he.

"Ay, it is that! It is an auld story! But mair nor that, except George Warton and James Steward, there was never an o' my sangs prentit till ye prentit them yoursel, an' ye hae spoilt them a'thegither. They war made for singing, an' no for reading; and they're noother right spelled nor right setten down."

"Heh—heh—heh! Take ye that, Mr. Scott," said Laidlaw."

Hogg has had his own luck in coincidences—he was born on the same day of the month as Burns: he was married on the same day as Lockhart, and is just five months and ten days younger than Scott, whom he is resolved, it seems, to survive, for the sake of drawing his character at full length.

"There are not above five people in the world who, I think, know Sir Walter better, or understand his character better than I do; and if I outlive him, which is likely, as I am five months and ten days younger, I shall draw a mental portrait of him, the likeness of which to the original shall not be disputed. In the meantime, this is only a reminiscence, in my own line, of an illustrious friend among the mountains."

Of Southey he speaks as all men must who have the honour of knowing that eminent person:—

"Southey certainly is as elegant a writer as any in the kingdom. But those who would love Southey as well as admire him, must see him, as I did, in the bosom, not only of one lovely family, but of three, all attached to him as a father, and all elegantly maintained and educated, it is generally said, by his indefatigable pen. The whole of Southey's conversation and economy, both at home and abroad, left an impression of veneration on my mind, which no future contingency shall ever either extinguish or injure. Both his figure and countenance are

imposing, and deep thought is strongly marked in his dark eye; but there is a defect in his eyelids, for these he has no power of raising; so that, when he looks up, he turns up his face, being unable to raise his eyes; and when he looks towards the top of one of his romantic mountains, one would think he was looking at the zenith."

Wordsworth seems but little of a favourite with the shepherd: a joke of no very brilliant kind, hazarded by the former, occasioned this unhappy breach between these two originals. The character of Lockhart is not sketched with the tact which we expected: he dwells more upon his youthful propensity of quizzing and mystifying, than seems necessary or fair; though he does justice to his talents and unaffected kindness of heart. We believe he has made a mistake—though one of no moment—when he says, that Allan Cunningham recited some of his own poems when he visited his shealing on Queensberry Hill: Allan, we assure him, did no such thing—he never recited his verses to any one; and, at the period alluded to, he had not written a word. Of Galt he speaks with much kindness; and, indeed, he speaks ill of no one, though sometimes the temptation to do so seems almost resistless. On the whole, we like this volume greatly: we hope that all those, and they were both titled and numerous, who sought the shepherd's company in London, will patronize this beautiful reprint of his works: it is the best possible way of showing respect for the man and the poet.

**Contrast.** By the Author of 'Matilda,' &c. 3 vols. London, 1832. Colburn & Co.

THIS novel, we presume, takes its name from the contrast between the scenes in humble life and high life, with which it is varied, and the heroine's changes of fortune, from her poor parental hut on the sea shore, to the drawing-rooms of Grosvenor Square. The work, however, has arrived too late for us to offer anything like a critical opinion on its merit—but, as our readers may be anxious to get a glimpse into a forthcoming novel by the Earl of Mulgrave, we shall make one or two brief extracts.

We will first give a full-length portrait of the hero, sketched by a very clever and able hand, Lady Gayland:—

"I have known Lord Castleton long and well—how long and how well it is unnecessary for the present purpose to recollect. But circumstances made an observer like myself thoroughly acquainted with his character. His misfortune is not a common one. His means have always been in exaggerated proportion to his ends. Faculties, which ought to have extended their influence over society in its more extended sense of the community, he has confined to its more limited definition—company; and he would have been more perfect in all relations as a companion, had he also been a statesman, a soldier, a philosopher, or even a poet. The human mind does not, like the baser metal, accumulate in store; but like the physical organs of our frame, from empty craving it takes to feed upon itself. In the limited sphere he had chosen, as Lord Castleton could not dread defeat, he learnt to despise success, and thence to cavil at its causes. Let me see—what is there I can compare him to, that has come within your observation: we went together the other night to the pantomime.

"Yes, thank you," said Lucy, smiling even through the interest of this discussion, at the amusement she had then experienced,

"Well, then, his mind is something like the magic of harlequin's wand amongst the chairs and tables, a superior power misapplied to petty purposes, and therefore as often perverting and confounding, as improving. This, however, could not apply to the exercise of the affections, except so far as his experience of women as members of the social system has filled his head with general, and in some particular instances most unwarrantable, suspicions. O if a woman could with honest pride feel herself the only object of devotion to such—But what of this? it is not to the present purpose. Disgusted with every thing he had seen and imagined of us poor women of the world, he naturally sought the reverse of that which the past had taught him. And in seeking an extreme, of the extent of which he was by no means aware, I have no doubt that the entire novelty of the attempt was originally its chief recommendation. How singularly fortunate I think he was, when, in embarking in such an undertaking, he met with you, I will not now say. I am not satisfied that you should so far exceed all that he had a right to anticipate, but wish that you should, if possible, realize his most unreasonable expectations. Purity and perfect devotion, those sterling merits whose spontaneous growth he sought in the wilderness, he has found in you in the highest perfection. Those other qualities, of which he had not previously supposed the want, because all he had hitherto seen had uniformly possessed them, are produced by cultivation, and may be engrafted. London is the place where their absence is most felt, their acquirement is most difficult. In the country, where you will have him entirely to yourself, you will soon find him again what you wish; for Castleton, though clear-sighted, is also considerate to the faults of those who interest him." iii. 107—11.

The first introduction into London society of Lady Castleton, an amiable country girl, is cleverly sketched.

"That style of beauty, which is defined as the beauty of innocence, is sometimes supposed to be but little improved by dress; but such was not the opinion portrayed in the gratified expression of Lord Castleton's countenance, when he witnessed the successful result of his wife's toilet on the succeeding evening: for he thought he never saw her look one-half so well—which judgment she read at once in his looks, and felt repaid for all she had gone through. The whole affair had been to her a most painful infliction. She had been in turns a victim in the hands of the milliner, the hair-dresser, and her own maid, each of whose successive operations she had at the time thought to be never-ending. She bore the sufferings of a martyr with the patience of a saint. But as Castleton, having first sent the landau for the Tudors, that they might go together, in handing her into it, cast one more approving glance by the hall lamp, and pressed her hand encouragingly, she felt as if she was utterly indifferent as to what any one else thought of her. And though her diffidence so far returned, upon hearing her name shouted from hall to landing-place, and doorway to doorway, as to make an 'O pray don't,' half pass her lips, addressed in a supplicatory tone to a peculiarly stentorian callman; yet upon entering the rooms, her admiration at the brilliancy of a scene so much beyond what she had previously conceived possible, gave to her countenance a subdued expression of enjoyment struggling with embarrassment, which to her style of beauty was peculiarly becoming." iii. 21-2.

Some brief passages, in our hasty perusal, struck us as worth extracting:—

*Modern Literature.*

"The study of letters is as light as the lives

of the authors, who first amuse themselves, as the best way of amusing their reader. Formerly even plays were works, but now work is but play. Besides, from the days of Byron downwards, if an author has passions he puts them into poetry—if foibles, he owns them, with only the additional lackering of some imaginary merit, confesses himself grand but faulty—doubly gratifies his vanity, by being himself his own theme—puts but a little gilt paper upon the blackest parts of his character, and, in this May-day finery, presents himself to an admiring world." iii. 27-8.

*Sympathy of Sound.*

"Perhaps that sympathy which depends on sound is, of all others, the most independent of events, the most survives change, or despises distance. It may be, that when any similarity occurs, the points of difference are not so distinguishable by the ear as by the eye; but certainly in foreign lands, the tone of a bell, or even the whistling of the wind, will sometimes recall a distant home more strongly than any likeness in the outline of the landscape. And amongst individuals the recollection of a loved and a lost one is sometimes casually revived by a well-known intonation, or even emphasis, in the mouth of an indifferent relative, when no family resemblance of feature would have been admitted." iii. 54-5.

*Old acquaintance.*—Burns, in his immortal song, has expressed the cordial feeling of such meetings in humble life—his Lordship moves in another circle, and has a different opinion:—

"It is a pleasing illusion which, on such an occasion, makes a man appropriate, as indicating a clear sense of his own merits, those manifestations of delight at his re-appearance, which have oftener no other foundation than the ebullition of selfish satisfaction, at any break or change in the wearisome monotony of a life of pleasure." iii. 10.

Next week we shall speak more critically.

*Memoirs of William Sampson, an Irish Exile: written by Himself, and now reprinted from the American edition, with an Introduction detailing the causes of the Irish Insurrection in 1798.* London, 1832. Whittaker & Co.

William Sampson was one of those unfortunate spirits on whom splendid visions of Irish liberty descended towards the close of the last century; who saw fetters in the friendship of England, and freedom in the promises of France; but who, wakened from his dreams by the hand of an armed man, was driven into exile and misery, and lived to soothe his woes by writing the story of his undertakings and sufferings, for a warning or an example to his countrymen. That the matter of which he treats is perilous, was sufficiently visible to Mr. Taylor, author of the 'Civil Wars of Ireland,' who undertook the task of editor; these are his words—he is speaking of the Rebellion of 1798.

"There are two established modes of relating this history in Ireland; they are sufficiently brief and characteristic: one party says, 'A junto of tyrants, whose cruelties exceeded the worst actions of Nero and Domitian, drove an outraged people to take up arms, and punished with remorseless barbarity, the excesses provoked by their own crimes.' The other says, 'A union of infidels and papists made an unprovoked attack on a mild and merciful government, which afterwards, with foolish clemency, allowed too many of the traitors to escape with impunity; from such pregnant texts are easily



derived volumes of vituperative declamation, with laudable modesty, denominated history. The editor cannot adopt either version of the circumstances, for the simple reason that both are untrue, and both the most mischievous falsehoods that have ever been propagated. There has never yet been a civil war, with a clear case of right on one side and of wrong on the other; to assert such a thing, would be to declare, that nature produces iniquity and perfection in such large masses, as to allow of our characterizing classes of men, as fiends or angels. In all discords, much evil must of necessity be found on both sides, and much must be attributed to circumstances, not subject to the controul of either." p. x-xi.

These are, we think, sensible words; we shall shun the dangerous discussion which the subject demands, and quote, without either commendation or censure, a few passages, to show the spirit of the man.

*William Sampson in Prison.*

"From hence I was sent under a guard to the Castle tavern, where, night and day, two sentinels were placed in my room. From these sentinels I learned to what atrocious length the brutal licentiousness of the military had been encouraged. A young man of the North Cork militia, whom I had, by civilities, drawn into conversation, frankly regretted the free quarters in Kildare; where, he said, that amongst other advantages, they had their will of the men's wives and daughters. I asked him if his officers permitted that; and he answered by a story of one, who had ordered a farmer, during the time of the free quarters, to bring him his daughter in four and twenty hours, under pain of having his house burned. The young girl had been removed to a neighbouring parish. The father would not be the instrument of his daughter's pollution. And this young soldier assured me, he had been one who, by his officer's command, had burned the house of the father. And this was called loyalty to the king and British constitution; and now this crime, with a million of others, is indemnified by law; whilst I, who would rather die than countenance such atrocity, am, without inquiry, dungeoned, proclaimed, punished, and exiled. And still, great as my wrongs are, they are but as shadows of those of thousands of my countrymen." p. 7-8.

*Character of the English Army.*

"I have mentioned that Sir Ralph Abercrombie had been obliged to abdicate the command of the army in Ireland. I am not obliged to conjecture what his reasons were. He frankly and consistently with his manly character, published them in one short sentence, where he said, that his famous army of Carhampton 'had become contemptible to its enemies, and formidable only to its friends.' And true his words did prove, when the half naked peasants of a few counties of Ireland, without arms or ammunition, or any other leaders than those there was not wisdom to deprive them of, their misery and their despair, could wage war and gain victories over the most costly army in Europe." p. 20.

*The Author's Notion of the Union.*

"But it is said, we are now united with England, and such questions should be buried in oblivion. I deny the fact. One step towards that union is certainly gained, the consent of England. Whether Ireland may consent, I do not know; I am far from taking upon me to say the contrary. But before that can be known, the nation must be let out of prison, or recalled from banishment, and fairly treated with. If we reap no other benefit than whips, racks, and house-burnings, free quarters, and martial-law; if there be no tenderer mode of wooing us than this adopted, I have no scruple to protest against it as a frightful treason, and a blood-stained union. We may be obliged to submit, as we

have heretofore done; we may be governed by force, as we have been heretofore governed; but we shall not have consented to this match of force, and the people of Ireland may yet fly to the only consolation left them, union amongst themselves, and, grown wiser by past errors, learn to pardon and forget, and instead of looking back to causes of endless quarrel, look forward with courage and with hope." p. 33-4.

Our columns must be devoted to other matters than the details which this fierce exile has given of his controversies with men in power; his wanderings by sea and land; his imprisonments at home and abroad, and the schemes which he entertained with others for the future welfare of Ireland. In truth, the book, though edited by a skilful and able man, and full of interest, is, nevertheless, little to our liking; the sorrows of Ireland have flowed like a sea since the day of our birth; one woe is no sooner cured than another is opened.

There is, of a surety, a joy in grief; a pleasure in being sad; individually, the Irish are the happiest and most joyous of mankind—as a nation they are the least so. They allow themselves to be misled by designing men, and to be moved much by small matters; they are kept continually in motion, and follow no settled plan; their isle is the fairest the sun shines on; they are seven millions strong; and nothing seems wanting to their happiness and prosperity but their own resolution. A country which permits itself to be perpetually agitated, will never prosper. It was an Irish gentleman who said, "Confound these apple-trees of mine! though I transplant them twice a year they bear no fruit!"

*Arlington.* By the Author of 'Granby,' &c. 3 vols. London, 1832. Colburn & Bentley.

In our few introductory words to the extracts from the 'Contrast,' we apologized for deferring criticism until next week—the reasons for such apology will not be less powerful because we received two new novels instead of one, and must, therefore, serve us on the present occasion. We have only time and space for brief extracts.

*The Advantages of Travel.*

"And what do you consider the advantages of travel?" asked Lord Rochdale, in rather a drier tone than Lord Arlington liked.

"One word includes many of them; it liberalizes."

"Liberalizes? Liberality is a pretty word," said Lord Rochdale; "but I don't like many of its fruits; and I positively dislike a great deal that passes under that specious name. Liberality means laxity; it means abuse of one's country; it means the being (what too many men now aim at becoming) that pondeuscript creature—a citizen of the world."

"My liberality means none of these," replied Lord Arlington.

"Ay! every man's own liberality is a phoenix of the finest feather," said Lord Rochdale, with that tone of sarcastic superiority which he was apt to assume, especially towards young men; "but," he added, with a condescension that made the matter worse, "what does your's mean?"

"I don't profess myself good at a definition," said Arlington; "but my 'liberality' means a disposition to look at other nations impartially, to acknowledge their merits where they exist, and profit, when we can, by their example."

"That sounds well," said Lord Rochdale; "but profiting by the example of other nations,

amounts, too often, in practice, merely to the adoption of what is pleasant, without considering what is right."

"That," said Lord Arlington, "is the abuse of travel. I was speaking of the use that may be made of it."

"And I," replied Lord Rochdale, "of the use which is made of it. Which of these is most to the purpose?"

"The latter," said Lord Arlington, "if it can be proved; but I think we may hardly assume a fact, and reason upon it as if it was established." Arlington then half turned away, for he did not like the brow-beating tone with which Lord Rochdale chose to maintain his not very defensible side of the question; nor did he choose to pursue an argument with one who seemed too much to assume that superior age implied superior wisdom, and who spoke almost as if he thought that difference of opinion was impertinent in so young a man. The Earl looked at him gravely for a moment, as if he read what was passing in his mind; then relaxing the austerity of his countenance, as if desirous to make amends, he touched his arm, and in an under-tone directed his attention to what was passing among others of the party with hearing.

"Listen," said he, "and you will hear more of the uses and advantages of travel."

"Mr. Theobald at that instant was speaking to Lord Bolsover."

"I will just tell you what I did. Brussels, Frankfort, Berlin, Vienna, Munich, Milan, Naples, and Paris: and all that in two months. No man has ever done it in less."

"That's a fast thing; but I think I could have done it," said Lord Bolsover, "with a good courier. I had a fellow once, who could ride a hundred miles a day for a fortnight."

"I came from Vienna to Calais," said young Leighton, "in less time than the Government courier. No other Englishman ever did that."

"Hem! I am not sure of that," said Lord Bolsover; "but I'll just tell you what I have done—from Rome to Naples in nineteen hours; a fact, upon my honour—and from Naples to Paris in six days."

"Partly by sea?"

"No! all by land;" replied Lord Bolsover, with a look of proud satisfaction.

"I'll just tell you what I did," Mr. Leighton chimed in again, "and I think it is a devilish good plan—it shows what one can do. I went straight an end as fast as I could to what was to be the end of my journey. This was Sicily; so straight away I went there at the devil's own rate, and never stopped anywhere by the way; changed horses at Rome and all those places, and landed in safety in — I forget exactly how long from the time of starting, but I have got it down to an odd minute. As for the places I left behind, I saw them all on my way back, except the Rhine, and I steamed down that in the night-time."

"I have travelled a good deal by night," said Theobald. "With a dormouse and travelling lamp I think it is pleasant, and a good plan of getting on."

"And you can honestly say, I suppose," said Denbigh, "that you have slept successfully through as much fine country as any man living?"

"Oh, I did see the country—that is, all that was worth seeing. My courier knew all about that, and used to stop and wake me whenever we came to anything remarkable. Gad! I have reason to remember it, too, for I caught an infernal bad cold one night when I turned out by lamp-light to look at a waterfall. I never looked at another."

"There was a pause in the conversation, and the group moved onwards to another room."

"Are these gentlemen friends of yours?"

said Lord Rochdale to Lord Arlington, following them with his eye.

"I know them very well," was the answer.

"And are these your uses and advantages of travel?" i. 249—34.

One other little scene must content us on this occasion:—

"Is half-past five your luncheon hour?" said Lord Rochdale drily, drawing out in rather a reproachful manner a very large watch. "We came not to luncheon, but to dinner—but I must apologise for our early intrusion."

"My dear Lord! intrusion! a word I never understand—though by the by I ought, for it reminds me—(I don't know whether I ever told you, it happened to me ages ago.)—I did intrude with a vengeance once: I would not tell a story against myself, only I got so well out of the scrape. I was asked to dine with a Sir Dixie Hickson, a stiff, bluff, beef-eating sort of man, who was under some obligation to me, or I to him, I don't know which. Well, I forgot name, residence, all but the day—came home in a hurry, looked into the Court Guide, found a Sir Hicks Dixon, drove to his house, found a party assembled, bowed to a fat woman in a turban who sailed forward *à la maîtresse de maison*, and simpered an apology, for Sir Hicks, or Dicks, or whatever he might be, 'unavoidable absence'; I forget why, but did not like to put off the party, and hoped to look in in the evening." (Mind I had never seen the *femme* Hickson.) Down we went to dinner; a guest had failed, so there was a place for me; did not know a soul of the party; such a set of creatures were never before assembled on God's earth! Well, I ate, drank, and talked with the savages, told them some of my best lies, and was growing immensely popular, when in drops Sir Hicks from the country. You should have seen us! we sat each other like two pointers backing in a stubble, with a covey between them, while the *femme* Dixon kept fussing with an introduction—'Sir Hicks, Sir James, Sir James, Sir Hicks!' At last the light broke in, and I explained, and we laughed about it for a whole hour. I was afraid when all was over I should have had to pay my debt of dinner to Sir Dixie; but the best of it is, I have not seen or heard more of either him or Sir Hicks. It would have served me right if they had asked me to dinner once a week for ever visiting such people. It is not likely that you should know them."

"I am afraid," said Lord Rochdale, after vouchsafing a very gruff laugh at Sir James's story; "I shall decline considerably in your estimation if I confess that I know them both. I was made acquainted with Sir Hicks Dixon by a matter of business in which he conducted himself very honourably—and as for Sir Dixie Hickson, inharmonious as his name may sound to ears polite, I am afraid he is one whom my antediluvian notions will not allow me to cut—because he happens to be related by marriage to Lady Rochdale."

"Oh, ay, I remember," said Sir James, who had never heard of it before, but was glad in his confusion to say that he remembered anything. "An excellent man—a highly respectable, excellent man—so they are both—both Sir Dixie and Sir Hicks. But, my dear Lord, to change the subject, you'll stay with us a week, won't you? You know you promised us a week." i. 179—82.

#### *Le Livre des Cent-et-Un. Vol. IV.*

[Second Notice.]

We begin our promised translations for this week, with an extract from M. Jouy's contribution, entitled, 'The Church, the Temple, and the Synagogue.'

#### *"German Synagogue at Paris."*

"I went to the synagogue an hour before the time agreed upon, in order to have leisure for the examination of this place of worship, which I had never before entered. . . .

Above the altar, at the bottom of the sanctuary, the tables of the law are enclosed in a cedar press, covered, before divine service, with a curtain of silk velvet, embroidered with gold.

"There are two inscriptions in the interior of the synagogue. Over the entrance:

'Thou enterest here with God:

'And with God shalt thou go away!'

At the other extremity, on the moulded cornice which separates the choir from the sanctuary:

'Remember for whom thou comest here!'

"I was making my observations, with my hat in my hand, when one of the keepers of the synagogue approached, and requested I would replace my hat upon my head, because the God of the Jews holds uncovered heads, in his temple, as an abomination. I complied the more readily, because the contrary practice, adopted in Christian churches, has always appeared to me calculated to prove fatal to such as, like me, have delicate lungs. Without believing that the God of Israel attaches to this ceremonial as much importance as the keeper of the synagogue, I found it more seemly and advantageous than the custom in mosques and pagodas of entering them bare-footed.

"The family I was waiting for, arrived; Mr. d'Arcis, his son-in-law, and his grandson, took their seats near the desk, where I joined them. Mrs. and Miss Levy went to the upper gallery, exclusively reserved for females, in conformity to the commandment in Deuteronomy, which prescribes the separation of the sexes in places devoted to prayer.

"From the extreme simplicity of their dress, it is easily perceived that the frequenters of this synagogue do not belong to the most wealthy class of Jews. Mr. Samuel, to whom I made the remark, admitted that the richer Israelites, with the exception of three in his own family, attended divine worship only twice a year, and contributed but a very small sum to the expenses of religious establishments.

"Nothing is more simple than the service of the Hebrews in their synagogue. It consists in prayer, readings from the Old Testament, and a few psalms.

"Their prayers are contained in the formula of their worship; they are read with solemnity by a rabbi, and at the end of each verse the congregation say *Amen*.

"The readings from the Old Testament consist of some verses from Deuteronomy and Numbers, recited alternately by the rabbi and the congregation.

"The service concludes with psalms sung in counterpoint of exquisite harmony. The beautiful voice, and remarkable talent of the principal singer, attracted to the German synagogue, some years ago, the most brilliant company at Paris. The empire of fashion, and the power of music, upon the imaginations of the fair sex, are well known; and it was feared, at one time, that the enthusiasm inspired by the Hebrew singer and his young assistants, would do great injury to the Italian Opera, and fill the synagogue of the Rue Nazareth at the expense of the church of St. Roch."

The paper entitled 'The Public Festivals at Paris,' by Pommier, is forcible and true. There is great spirit in the following extracts.

#### *"Champs-Élysées."*

"It is a fine thing to behold a *fête* in the Champs-Élysées, if only to abuse it. The preparations begin long before the day appointed, and the true Parisian enjoys these almost as

much as he enjoys the *fête* itself. Theatres are built, orchestras erected, yew trees raised, wooden garlands hung up, and brackets for lamps nailed to every tree. Everybody knows, that on such a day there are to be rejoicings, and nobody fails to attend.

"Ho! get out of the way! the giant city is in motion. Take care of yourself! The sluice is open, and the waters of the cataract gush freely through. Every outlet pours forth the crowd into the Champs-Élysées, like rivers discharging their foaming waters into the sea. The ban and arrière-ban of Parisian cockneyism are in motion, and myriads of human beings flock to the same point. It is like the gulph of eternity; everything enters, but nothing comes out. Even the suburbs are depopulated to increase this ocean of men which inundates the Champs-Élysées.

"Such a day is one of triumph for those who go on foot. They are kings in their quietude and pride. There is nothing to interrupt them, for carriages are not permitted to enter the crowd. The bourgeois, in his best attire, with his wife and children hanging upon him, appears with a half-satisfied, half-wearied look. The recruit, just arrived at Paris, looks on in stupid admiration, whilst the soldier, drilled into effrontery, advances bold and erect, setting off with majestic pride his gaudy uniform. Near them passes, with a sardonic smile, the conceited milliner, leaning upon the arm of a tall young man belonging to the civil—to the superlative of the civil—in spite of his would-be military airs."

#### *"Distribution of Provisions to the Crowd."*

"On a given signal, the distribution began. Everywhere some little place, divided off, contained two gendarmes, two or three distributors, and a police commissary with his badge, the latter being a sort of security to the people that there was to be nothing but fair play. On a sudden, loaves of a pound weight, and seven-penny pies, flew about to the right and left, behind and before. Avalanches of sausages, and other *charcuterie*, fell, from a great height, upon the gaping crowd, whose heads, motionless an instant before, were now agitated like the coerced waves of the ocean. Hundreds of hands were raised to dispute the prizes as they fell—and many enormous mouths, in deceitful expectation, were opened only to champ the impalpable air. It seemed to illustrate the old proverb—that quails fell from heaven ready roasted. Was it not an ingenious thought, to use loaves as projectiles, bombard us with pies, and fire at us with grape-shot of roasted chickens? Was it not delightful? But mark with what ingratitude it was repaid! The people have since chosen to make their distribution; but in lieu of eatables, they gave bullets and paving stones.

"What fine things, however, are these distributions of indigestion! What burlesque success, and tragi-comic episodes give variety to the spectacle! The men hired to perform the office of catapults for the projection of the eatables among the crowd, laughed uproariously as they added a thousand tricks to their functions. Sometimes a loaf, like a bomb upon the ground, or a stone upon the surface of the water, performed a *ricochet* upon a mass of skulls in forced contact; at others, a ham made a carambol with a pair of noses. You may fancy the bumps, contusions, broken heads, and black eyes which proceeded from all this; and the number was increased by private altercations among the competitors. So many appetites were in requisition, that nothing remained whole in the same hands. No one could succeed in carrying off a substantial piece of anything, for the favours of royalty were divided in a manner to demonstrate the *ad infinitum* divisibility of matter. One poor wretch, having at length succeeded in getting something to eat, was about to enjoy his prize,

when a ball, in the shape of a loaf, knocked out his remaining teeth. Now, surely nothing can be more inconsistent, at a distribution of eatables, than to begin by putting your jaws *hors de combat*.

"All this afforded infinite amusement to the disinterested spectators belonging to the higher orders of society, who were looking on beyond the projecting range of the living catapults. Among the latter, however, were a few strong and facetious fellows, fond of trying their muscular powers, and every now and then, a loaf, or some other object, thrown with great force, and passing the line of computed probability, would alight on the cranium of a musked dandy, more in advance than his fellows. Oh! the shame and ridicule of such an accident! To be wounded by a shot or the splinter of a bomb was delightful,—but to be mutilated with a German sausage, or knocked down with a chitterling, was the very acme of disgrace!"

*"The Mât de Cocagne."*

"The most dramatic part of these scenes is the *mât de Cocagne*. There were four around us. Their diameter, at the base, is about eighteen inches; they are very smooth, and every time they are used, are anointed with black soap, or grease of the dirtiest kind. This is not attractive, as you may perceive; but is not the road to greatness often in the same state? and do they who attain the summit pay attention to the filth they may have collected by the way?"

"The masts, after being well greased, are strongly fixed in a perpendicular position. The summit is bedecked with flags, and the bandrol representing the first prize, placed at the highest extremity. The crown, a hoop adorned with foliage to which the prizes are fastened, is raised to the top by means of a rope and a pulley. These prizes are of silver, and consist of two spoons, two forks, a goblet, and a watch of the commonest kind. The shining metal of these prizes, resplendent from the sun's rays, is an irresistible lure to exertion. Around the foot of the mast is a species of ditch—a line of circumvallation guarded by gendarmes, in order that fair play may be observed. This ditch, defended by palisades, is successively crossed by the competitors. The latter are not found among the ordinary populace; they do not belong to the class of operatives which you and I are accustomed to see;—their strongly-marked features are never beheld but on occasions like the present. Their countenances exhibit a certain patibulary and anti-social expression,—their general appearance conveys an idea of the meanest and most degrading kind of latrocination;—they are such people as you may see at the bar of the petty tribunals, or standing close to the guillotine at an execution;—a class, in short, compared with whom the rag-gatherers and shoeblacks in the streets are a high aristocracy. It is a singular sight to behold these half-savages almost in a state of nudity, with their trowsers tucked up as high as possible, displaying their brawny, black, and dirty legs and thighs.

"The first who attempt the ascension are without hope of success; they only prepare the way for others by wiping, so far as they go, the mast with their bodies, and rubbing off the grease with their hands. In all human attempts, he who leads the way generally encounters the most difficulty, and reaps the least portion of glory. The first in a new undertaking is seldom able to gather the fruits of success, although he has to encounter the largest share of trouble. As the mast is much thicker at the base than at the summit, the higher the competitor goes, the greater the difficulty of climbing; consequently, the last usually receives the most applause, whilst the glorious efforts of the beginners, who, by wiping the mast, led to this success, remain unnoticed and unknown. \* \* \*

"At length the charm is destroyed, and a vigorous rogue passes the hitherto impassable point. Every succeeding competitor will now do the same; for men are so formed, that when, by example, the possibility of a thing is illustrated, that thing is no longer a difficulty, and thousands perform it. The robust rogue, however, gets on and continues his ascent; but he is at length tired, and seems to flag. The spectators encourage him, and he has only a few feet more to arrive at the object of his desires. He makes an effort—it produces nothing, but he does not yet lose ground. He stops and rests himself. Cries are heard all round—'He will win! He will not win!' Poor Tantalus!"

"After a few minutes' rest, he resumes his labour—but in vain; he exhausts his strength without advancing. He even seems to be going downwards, and actually loses some inches, which he, however, recovers by a superhuman effort. But this last attempt destroys his remaining strength, and he slides down the mast amid the jeers and commiseration of the crowd."

We add two extracts from the '*Cimetière du Père Lachaise*,' by Eugene Roch, whom we have already noticed as having contributed to former volumes of this work.

*"The Bride's Grave."*

"I held several garlands in my hand; but knew of only one tomb upon which I could place them! Eight years had elapsed since I assisted at the wedding of one of my friends. It was a funeral rite—the last consolation of pure and virgin love!—There exists a disease more cruel than every other, because it wages pitiless war against youth instead of age, and commences its very first attacks upon the breath of life. The physician, on discovering its well-known symptoms, turns away his head in sadness, for he is without resource against its ravages. The destructive germ of this malady, in its last stage of development, was in the bosom of the bride. The young man, her betrothed, who loved her with an affection as passionate as her own, was not selfish enough to refuse this vain phantom of a marriage. It afforded her consolation, and he was eager to gratify her. She allowed no part of the ceremony to be omitted; and, in spite of its immediate danger, encountered the death-chill of a particularly damp and cold church.—It was, as I have already stated, the last consolation of a dying virgin. We conducted her to the house of her husband; I took her arm, and helped her to ascend the staircase. She moved with pain. Alas! how were my thoughts pre-occupied! I felt sure that this young and lovely creature would never again descend these stairs alive. On entering the nuptial apartment a ray of happiness beamed upon her pale features, and a spark of hope seemed to shine there,—but in an instant it disappeared, and left no trace behind. Exhausted with the fatigue, she immediately retired to her chamber; she had her chaplet hung up within view, and her wedding dress spread at her feet. For twenty days she looked at them with a sweet but heart-rending smile!—on the twenty-first she saw them no more. Having accompanied her to the altar, I had also to accompany her remains to the grave. She was buried on an eminence, opposite to the old entrance. A tear started in my eye as I looked round and saw before me the grave of the virgin wife."

*"Maternal Affection."*

"I observed the motions of a young female, among the shrubs, where grief and sorrow retire to uninterrupted solitude. She was a wife, and had lost her first-born. With what care did she replace the old and faded flowers with fresh ones! How lightly did she press her foot upon the spade, which she feared to make enter too

deeply into the soil! With what care did she use the contents of a small watering-pot, which she took from behind a yew-tree; and how lovely, yet how melancholy, her smile at the first shoots of verdure! It was a smile portraying the deep pathos of maternal affection. Three feet of soil seemed not to conceal from her the face of her son. She appeared to look upon him, and hung over his tomb as if it were his cradle. Tender mother! thy babe is asleep, thou smilest upon him and fearest to awake him. A stranger to everything around her, and her attention absorbed by fond recollections, she heard not the bustle of the rich man's funeral."

"Every one else ran to witness this pomp; and each, to save himself trouble, climbed over the graves in his way, sullied with his footsteps the white grave stones, and made the slight black rails, which form but a feeble rampart to the sepulchres, bend under his weight. The very persons who but an instant before had, with religious care, adorned the tomb of a relative or friend, trampled, without pity, upon the freshly-turned flower-borders which filial piety had not yet had the courage to surround with rails, or threw down the garlands of white flowers which surmounted the monumental inscriptions or adorned the graves. So true is it, that even the cypress of the tomb is sacred for him only by whom it is planted. This heedless profanation is renewed each time that a bier is attended to the place of its last deposit by solemn and ostentatious pomp."

*An Historical and Practical Treatise upon Elemental Locomotion, by means of Steam-carriages on Common Roads.* By Alexander Gordon, Civil Engineer. London, 1832. Stewart.

THERE is a great deal of valuable information contained in this little volume. Mr. Gordon, we suspect, is best pleased with his speculations on the probable extinction of pauperism, by the judicious introduction of locomotive steam-carriages; but, for plain men like ourselves, the practical knowledge contained in his work is much more important and interesting. The historical notice of steam-carriages is particularly curious, and the evidence of the various engineers and others, examined before the Committee of the House of Commons, will give a permanent value to his work. The proofs given in the first chapter, of the advantages consequent on facilities in inland transport and speedy communication, may seem at first a little over-laboured, until it be remembered, that, even in the last century, petitions were presented from counties in the neighbourhood of London, praying parliament not to extend the turnpike-roads into the remoter parts of the country, lest these remote districts, by means of a less expensive labour, should be able to under-sell them in the London markets. The work is enriched with numberless plates, and is, on the whole, one well worthy of consideration.

*Byron's Life and Works.* Vols. III & IV.

THESE beautiful volumes contain the Life from 1814 to 1820. They are illustrated by a 'View of the Wengen Alps,' from a sketch by Hulmandel; 'The Coliseum,' by Harding; 'Marathon,' by Stanfield; and a 'Street in Athens,' from a sketch by Page; all neatly engraved by E. Finden.

ROSCOE'S NOVELIST'S LIBRARY.

THE present volume will satisfy the most determined lover of cheap literature. Here is the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' and 'Sir Launcelot Greaves,' neatly bound together, with illustrations by George Cruikshank, a portrait of Goldsmith, and a memoir by Roscoe, for five shillings.

## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THESE are times in which the press is far from prolific, and yet works to the amount of dozens have accumulated on our library table. There they lie, from the thin small offering of some nameless muse, to the three-volumed candidate for the honours of romance, presenting to our fancy the similitude of a fancy-jeweller's counter, where, amid lacquered bracelets, imitation gold, and paste gems, there are scattered small rubies and emeralds, pearls like pin-heads, and bits of gold pure as that of Ophir. We shall take them up and discuss their merits in the order in which they lie.

'*The Death Summons: a Tragedy in Five Acts*,' by William Clark Wimberly. In this little volume, amid figures ill-paired and smiles unlike, there are passages of natural feeling. But the whole wants such elevation as is necessary for tragedy: the speeches are much too long, and the dialogue is deficient in that fiery energy which captivates spectators and secures readers. A true tragedy is a work of intense passion; matters of life and death cannot be discussed as coldly as a problem in Euclid; and those who cannot bring original views of human character and the language of deep pathos to the service of the tragic muse, would act wisely in choosing subjects of a less stirring kind.

'*Poland, Homer, and other Poems*.' These are short songs, and on popular subjects; but we question whether the author will be able, by the strength of his strains, to scare the Russian vulture from the prostrate body of unhappy Poland, or make the poems of "the blind old man of Chios' rocky isle" more generally known. It is not by the poet's song, but by the patriot's sword, that Poland will be redeemed: still it would be unjust to our readers to pass over without giving a specimen of the strains of our patriotic bard. The following remonstrance with Europe will, we are afraid, be wholly thrown away:—

O Europe! Europe! falsely named the wise,  
How couldst thou gaze on such a sacrifice?  
Well didst thou know the base and guilty wile,  
And yet thy lips were smiling all the while,—  
Tell me, I pray you, was the sight so sweet,  
To view thy sister gasping at thy feet?  
Was it so very pleasant to thy heart,  
To see her blood upon thy garments start?  
Is that a stain so slight that in a day,  
Yea, in one age, it can be cleansed away?  
Is freedom then a thing so very weak,  
That thou wilt see it die, nor deign to speak?  
Is thy voice gone, or doth it only err,  
That it will flatter such a murderer?

We ought likewise to allow the English bard to speak in his own tongue in behalf of the old Greek; but we can only afford room for a stanza or two, in which the author, with some truth as well as spirit, laments the present condition of the muse:—

O happy days! when there were none to mar  
The gush of feeling in its sunny morn;  
When no invidious lips waged rancorous war,  
Or struck down genius with the blow of scorn;  
On every forehead now some graven scar,  
Cut in by secret jealousy, is borne;  
No heart can open but 'tis chill'd or crost,  
As buds are smitten by the nightly frost.  
Why is a poet now so poor a thing,  
That every common hand may hunt him down?  
Why must his fancies perish in their spring?  
Why must he bend to each ignoble frown?  
Is it that we have lost the eagle wing,  
And dare not venture for the laurel crown,  
That hangs too high for every bard to reach,  
And is not to be won by vulgar speech?

'*Gleanings in Natural History*,' by Edward Jesse, Esq., is a pleasant gossiping volume, containing some curious, many well-known, and a few incredible things. The Maxims and Hints for an Angler are original. Mrs. Glasse began her directions, as is well known, with "first catch your fish"; but the present writer, pushing precaution further, directs you to inquire whether there be any fish to catch. "Are there any fish in the river to which you are going? Having settled the above question," &c. Again,

"If your fly should swim over a fish without his taking it, look out well for a darting line of undulation, which betokens his immediate departure; and remember that it is of no use to continue fishing for him after he is gone."—"When your water-proof boots are wet through, make a hole or two near the bottom of them, in order that the water, which runs in whilst you are walking in the river, may run freely out again, whilst you are walking on the bank."—"Never mind what they of the old school say about 'playing him till he is tired.' Put him into your basket as soon as you can."—"You will have no good sport if you continue throwing after you have whipped your fly off." &c. &c.

'*The Water Queen, and other Tales*,' by H. Coates. 3 vols. London, Newman & Co.—This worthy publisher and his literary labourers have been long looked upon as belonging to a class of their own, and critics have maintained the delusion, that nothing from the teeming press of Leadenhall Street was worthy of taking rank with the productions of either the Row or the West End. We were weak enough once to believe in this, but our intercourse with works of all kinds and from all quarters for the last two years has shaken this belief rather rudely. In truth, a man who sends regularly forth many wagon loads of volumes to the world—who has himself grown rich in money, and his writers in the more enviable wealth of fame, cannot well be otherwise than a great man of some kind: Newman has pleased, and continues to please, a vast body of the public: it is plain, however, that we are not of his elect, for we dipped into the subject-matter of 'The Water Queen' and could not for our heart get through it. The story is Irish: we read enough to see that it contains much of the wild and the wonderful, and that there are some natural-enough characters in it, though they speak a bitter brogue.

'*Narrative of the Shipwreck of the Juno on the Coast of Aracan*,' by William Mackay, Second Officer of the Ship. Edinburgh, Blackwood.—This is a plain, clear, account of a most distressing event, and though far inferior in interest to the Narrative of the Loss of the *Wager*, by the ancestor of Lord Byron, may be read with advantage by all young seamen. Presence of mind, and promptitude, and cheerfulness, seem the best companions in a shipwreck, as well as in misfortunes on land.

THEOLOGICAL LIBRARY, No. 2. '*Consistency of Revelation with Itself and with Human Reason*,' by P. N. Shuttleworth, D.D. Rivingtons.—"The object of the dissertation contained in this volume is to do justice to the internal evidences of Christianity, by disencumbering them of the weight of that class of objections, which, though in popular discussion generally considered as affecting the cause of Revelation exclusively, stand in reality in no need of refutation, for the plain and simple reason, that they are applicable in exactly the same degree to every possible modification of religion whatever." These are the words in which the reverend author announces his work: the subject has been discussed by many wise, and sagacious, and learned men: little that is new can be urged, and, moreover, Revelation requires no assistance to maintain its influence. Those who revere piety or love learning, will not dislike this volume.

'*The Truths of Revelation demonstrated by an Appeal to existing Monuments, Sculptures, Gems, Coins, and Medals*,' by a Fellow of several learned Societies. London, Martin.—Neither the truth of Revelation, nor any other truth, can be safely supported by sculptures or gems: they are works of panegyric or of imagination, and have moved in the train of adulation and flattery since the era of the golden calf. Medals and coins are better guides: though we confess we would be loth to trust them much beyond the

sanction which they give to dates. The antiquary may find something to exercise his fancy or research upon in this pretty little book.

'*Reports of the Commissioners on the Ecclesiastical Courts*.' London, Longman.—A work of more general interest than might be at first imagined.

We believe we may safely recommend the '*Catechism of Phrenology*,' (Glasgow, M'Phun,) to those who desire information on the subject. It has been reported to us, by one well skilled in the subject, as accurate and popular in its explanations, and it is certainly very cheap.

A Lecture read at the Southampton Literary Institution, by Mr. Bullar, '*On the Advantages of the Present Times with regard to Freedom and Knowledge*,' is very modest and sensible, and some of the information contained in it is sufficiently curious to be interesting to the general reader:—

"There are many curious facts, which show the extreme scarcity of books during the dark ages. So precious were they, that, in the lives of the popes, and of many bishops, donations of books are recorded as acts of signal generosity, deserving perpetual remembrance: and hence a memorial of the gift was sometimes inscribed on the tomb of the benefactor. In 690, the King of Northumberland gave 800 acres of land for one book containing a history of the world. A Countess of Anjou gave two hundred sheep and a large parcel of rich furs for a volume of homilies: a hundred and twenty crowns of gold were given for a single book of *Livy*: a hundred crowns of gold for a *Concordance*, forty crowns for a satirical poem called the *Romance of the Rose*. In Hungary, at the beginning of the thirteenth century, the rich Abbey of Pechvarad could not produce more than three glossaries and one book of homilies, and this was at a time when a hundred and twenty horses stood in its stalls. At the same period a monk in another monastery sold a bible to a Jew for seventy marks, a prodigious sum for those days, as eight marks were then sufficient to purchase a slave and her child, a horse, and the whole harness of a farmer's stud. In 1270 a Latin bible was valued at 30*l.* at a time when two arches of London Bridge were built for less money; at a time, too, when the wages of a labourer were only three halfpence a day, and when of course it would have cost such a man fifteen years of labour to buy a bible, which, after all, being in Latin, he could not have read." p. 25-6.

The second number of the '*Illustrations of American Ornithology*,' (Spooner, Regent Street,) fully merits the high commendation bestowed on the first number; the coloured plates are beautiful.

The '*Diamond Gazetteer of Great Britain and Ireland*,' printed at the Glasgow University Press, is quite a curiosity. Though less than an ordinary snuff-box, it is said to contain as much matter as an octavo volume of five hundred pages, and in addition to the *Gazetteer*, with its Maps of England, Scotland, and Ireland, we have the Principal Traveller's Routes, an Abstract of Tax Acts, the Population Returns of 1831, Post Office Regulations, and other tables of information, always useful and often wanting in more bulky volumes.

A specimen of '*Walker's Dictionary*,' about to be published by the same parties, accompanied the *Gazetteer*; and it certainly promises to be a very handsome volume.

'*The Juvenile Philosopher*,' by T. Keyworth. Relfe & Unwin.—When the child has mastered the mechanism of a mouse-trap or a pair of bellows, he naturally desires to ascend in the scale of information: he cannot do better than buy this little volume and acquaint himself with the powers of the steam-engine, and the motions of the heavens—he will find them set forth in a clear and simple manner.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS

## THE INVALID MOTHER TO HER CHILD.

Wilt thou weep when I am low!—Byron.

It may be that thou wilt not weep,  
My little prattling boy;  
It may be that no cloud will shade  
The light of childhood's joy:  
For death has characters too strange  
For infant glance to trace;—  
The pale still brow!—the fallen lid!—  
The cold and bloodless face!

But when thy little dimpled cheek  
So fondly presses mine,  
There is a wild, a selfish hope,  
'Twould grieve me to resign;—  
That, when forgotten,—pass'd away,  
A thing of other years,  
Thou in thy manhood's strength mayst turn,  
Remem'ring me with tears!  
There are who blame a mother's love,  
Who chide her fond caress;  
But who will love thee as I love,  
Or bless thee as I bless?  
There's beauty in the love of youth—  
The bridal's hallow'd glow;  
But beautiful and pure and deep  
The love that passes show.

C. O'N.

ON THE INFLUENCE OF THE WRITINGS OF  
GOETHE.

BRIEF biographical notices of Goethe having appeared in all the daily papers, we must presume that our readers know already, that he was born in 1749, at Francfort on the Main, of respectable parents; that he studied jurisprudence at Leipzig and Strasburg; became early in life distinguished as an author, and was in consequence, when only twenty-six years of age, appointed Counsellor of Legation by the Duke of Weimar, with a seat in the cabinet; and that he subsequently became a Privy Counsellor, a Baron, and a Minister of State. It is not, therefore, our intention, on this occasion, to touch on these matters, or even to enter into any critical review of the relative merit of his different works: but rather to take an enlarged view of the general character of the writings of this extraordinary man, and the influence they had on his age and country.

A shrewd German critic (Wolfgang Menzel,) has described the mass of modern poetry, in contradistinction to that of the ancients, and of the middle ages, as a *theatrical poetry*. Formerly, he observes, men wrote from an irresistible impulse; their hearts were full, and the melody of verse seemed but to express these involuntary feelings: but now, with few exceptions, it is a matter of calculation—men sit down and ask themselves, What shall I write to amuse the public? what character shall I assume? what feelings shall I awaken? They are never in earnest—and hence the varying *fashion* in the world of letters, and the Proteus-like character which many literary men have assumed.—In all this we fully agree, as well as in the critic's opinion, that Goethe's literary productions are essentially of this theatrical character. Goethe was unquestionably a man of vast talent; his intuitive perception was perhaps unequalled by any modern writer; whatever he saw, made an indelible impression on his mind, and he possessed a power of reproducing such impressions, or, if it be considered the same thing, of poetic creation perhaps unequalled. All his forms too, to

use the language of the sister art, are as perfect as if they had been shaped by the chisel of a Xeuks, and are at the same time eminently endowed with organic life. But when we compare them to those of the great Greek sculptor, we only refer to their completeness, to their plastic finish,—not to the grandeur of the conception; for Goethe's finest poetical creations hardly assume that high character. His habit of viewing nature with the eye of an artist, made a flowery meadow as interesting to him as the starry heavens or the boundless ocean; a hovel as attractive as the palaces of "Babylon and great Alcairo and all their glories;" a group of children eating bread and butter,† as armies ranged in battle to decide the fate of empires—provided they offered scope for picturesque or poetical representation, which his magic power seems always to have rendered possible, and the consciousness of this, perhaps mainly influenced him in selecting his subjects. We do not blame him for this, any more than we object to a lilac tree, because it has not expanded itself into a cedar: although we prefer Raphael to Jan Steen, we do not reject the "pictures in little" of the honest Fleming, because they do not inspire us with the same sublime emotions which we feel in the contemplation of the creations of the immortal Italian. But we cannot persuade ourselves, that Goethe's partiality for low life, and, we may add, low vice, was in accordance with true taste; or that the constant recurrence of such scenes in some of his most celebrated works, can be conducive to the true ends of poetry—which are, to reveal man to himself, to strengthen his moral faculties, and to teach him that nature must bow before the divine power which is in him, and may be moulded by his virtuous will, which alone entitles him to the distinctive and high character of lord and master of creation. We admit that the faults we allude to, do not exist in his Herman and Dorothea, his Tasso, his *Iphigenia*, and several of his minor productions: we grant that in all his writings, the mighty hand of the master is evident; and that even the most objectionable scenes are treated with a delicacy that removes much of the disgust which they would otherwise excite. Nor can it be denied, that, from the consummate skill with which he has traced human frailty through all its tortuous ramifications, much wisdom may be learned. In this and many other respects, he has, no doubt, operated beneficially on German literature; for through his influence and example, literary men were induced to study nature more attentively, their views became more acute and universal, and their style acquired an elegance and polish, which before his time were almost unknown.

But the moral effects produced by Goethe's works, must, in the main, have been pernicious. Readers do not examine writings as works of art, or, to use the language of German critics, in an æsthetical point of view. They judge from feeling—that which powerfully affects, powerfully influences them—else why was it that Schiller's 'Robbers' brought highwaymen into vogue, and from the 'Sorrows of Werther' was reaped a rich harvest of suicides? Even the reprobation pronounced by authors against the vicious persons and

† Vide Werther.

actions embodied forth in their works, will scarcely prevent this perverse misapplication of fiction. What then must have been the effects of Goethe's writings, when, with an epic indifference, he narrates the most revolting scenes of debauchery, when he covers with the irresistible charm of his magic diction, characters full of selfishness, weakness, sloth, and servility? What virtuous resolution was strengthened in the young heart, seeing that all this wretchedness was represented as an indispensable ingredient,—nay, the essence of human nature? What power was given to rouse them from the degradation of sensuality, when, under its baneful sway, in some of the works of this all-admired master, the hero perishes ingloriously and without a struggle; when in others, no solution whatever is offered to the difficulties which beset life; and in others again, a sort of universal dilettantism is called in as the mediating divinity which in its influence is to modify this world of temptation and strife.

Let us not be misunderstood: we do not of course desire that a poet should become a preacher, and sermonize everlastingly upon the moralities—but that he should indirectly by character as example, or by sentiment, by the tone of feeling awakened in the heart of the young enthusiast, encourage and strengthen the moral faculties. We do not object even, when his hero appears under the dominion of great vices, provided the power be made manifest, by which, if turned into a different channel, equally great virtues would have characterized him;—but the bane of literature, in our opinion, is the display of weak egotism, without object but the gratification of its grovelling impulses, and without a god but its own miserable self.

We do not, of course, charge Goethe with having willfully laboured at the corruption of the age: still less do we join in the insane cry of some of his countrymen, that he sold himself for this purpose to the great of the earth, whose wish, they say, it is, to degrade the people, by lulling them with poetical opiates into apathy and selfish enjoyment. We believe Goethe, with all his genius and learning, was "of the earth earthy"—that he took a tone *from*, rather than gave it to his age. His countrymen desired worldly wisdom, and he taught it better than any other man—they wanted to be amused, and he amused them with more exquisite and graceful trifling, than either his predecessors or contemporaries.

But the name of Goethe will not perish—it has not been written on water. His works will always be resorted to as a mine of psychological knowledge; they will always be admired for their plastic beauty, their elegance, and the mastery of skill displayed throughout. But their influence is rapidly passing away with the circumstances which called them into being. The mighty events of the last forty years have conjured up, in Germany, a spirit which demands other nourishment than elegant sentimentality, other lessons than those of epicurean wisdom. That this present generation, young Germany, is not the Germany of Goethe, is evident from the reception of all his later works. These great and eventful times were prepared by the genius of a Herder, a Schiller, a Fichte; Goethe neither foresaw their coming, nor desired to produce or hasten them. When, from the years 1813 to 1815, Germany roused



its giant strength, and with a mighty effort, shattered the bonds which foreign violence had succeeded in riveting, while it good-naturedly slumbered and dreamt, Goethe made a late attempt to speed the wheel of time, and add to the general enthusiasm, by the publication of his "Epimenides' Awakening." But it was a cold and feeble work; and, as it came when it was no longer wanted, it passed unheeded. Latterly, he partially succeeded in regaining some little influence by his scientific works, and the more questionable expedient of standing sponsor to the indifferent productions of obscure writers: but he had long outlived the idolatry of which he was once the object; the reign of sentimentality is over; and patriotism, virtue, and religion, are once more the themes by which alone the German nation can be influenced.

#### JESTS FROM THE ANTIQUE.

##### APHORISMS OF CRATES.

###### 1. *A Cure for Love.*

Hunger and time will quench the flame  
That burns on Cupid's altar;  
But if both fail its strength to tame,  
The certain cure's a halter.

2. When asked his opinion of human nature, he said, "that the best of men were like pomegranates, in which some grain or other was always rotten."

###### 3. *The Cynic's Home.*

No single land my country call,  
No single house my home;  
But home and country, name thou all  
That shield me when I come.

##### EPIGRAMS FROM THE ANTHOLOGY.

###### *On a Flatterer.*

You attack me when absent with slanderous tongue,  
But thus fail to injure my name;  
Your flattery, when present, I feel is the wrong,  
For your praise is my grief and my shame.

###### *On the Gout.*

Venus and Bacchus both combine  
To weaken man with love and wine;  
But worse than them we find, no doubt,  
Their still more weakening son, the gout.

###### *To a Man with a long Nose.*

Should you e'er stand with open mouth,  
And turn your face exactly south,  
The shadow your huge nose must throw  
On your wide teeth, the hour will show.

###### *On a Morose Man.*

So stern in death was Timon's ghost,  
Pluto ran off for fear he'd fight him;  
And even Cerberus left his post,  
In mortal terror lest he'd bite him.

###### *On the Statue of an Ox.*

So wondrous Myron's art is shown,  
That, by the Gods, we vow,  
The statue harness wants alone,  
To quit its base, and plough.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

We are half inclined to withdraw the sacred veil of the Academy, and give our readers a critical opinion on the Exhibition that is to be. But it might be thought unjust to the artist. We shall therefore only say, that we have seen a portrait of Lady Cooto and Child, of no ordinary beauty; a head of Mrs. Macleod, with eyes, such as all admire but few can paint; and a full length of Lord Hill, all by Pickersgill—three by Phillips, equal to the happiest works he ever executed, viz. Professor Buckland, Professor Sedgwick, and

Professor Murchison; that of Sedgwick we thought a wonderfully accurate and vigorous likeness:—that the President, among other works will have a noble portrait of Chantrey—Sir William Beechey, a portrait of the King—Leslie, 'The Grosvenor Family,' in the costume of Vandyke's pictures—Wilkie, his famous 'John Knox,' a portrait of the King, and other works. We hear, too, unbounded praise of a portrait of Master Bertie Mather, by Mrs. Carpenter: a friend says—"there is so much taste in the composition, such truth of drawing, such richness of colour, and such a fine aristocratic air about it, that it is not unworthy of Lawrence." This lady will also have a portrait of Lord de Tally—Constable, a large picture of 'The King embarking at Fife House'—Stanfield, 'The Opening of London Bridge'—and Jones, 'The King on London Bridge.' Our enthusiastic friend, before referred to, writes thus of Stanfield's picture:—"Talk of Venice and the Marriage of the Adriatic—of her doges and her nobles, her gondolas and her glories!—what sight had she ever to compare to this? When saw she such a ruler—such a city—such a bridge—such splendour—and such beauty too, as were assembled on that day? No, nor when she had her Canaletti did she possess a painter with more talent for depicting such a scene than our own Clarkson Stanfield. To speak soberly, the painter has succeeded to admiration." We like this last touch of critical sobriety. Not having seen the picture, we can only hope that it will deserve all this praise; but we could not but smile at "such a city," when we thought of the black bulk-head warehouses, multitudinous coal-barges, and disembodying sewers, which grace the banks of the river, and of the fine quay, marble palaces, and architectural magnificence of Venice. Our friend seems to have made a round among the studios, for he also makes honourable mention of an historical picture by Mr. Hart—which is to "place this artist at once among historical painters of no mean eminence." For ourselves, we shall put a willing faith in this judgment, for a fortnight, at least. We have a high opinion of the fine natural taste of Mrs. Carpenter—of the genius of Stanfield—and some of the gorgeous ceremonial pictures of Mr. Hart, give great promise of his success as an historical painter. Mr. Paris, too, is reported to have outdone his former works, in a fancy picture—'A Lady attending a wounded Knight,' of which the same correspondent writes—"Beauty of face and beauty of finish are here united; it will collect crowds at the Exhibition." Rochard will have miniatures of Sir John Rennie, Lady Anstruther, and the child of Mrs. Yates Peel. Many works of sculpture have already arrived at the Academy. A statue by Sievier is very prettily carved. The works of Chantrey, Westmacott, Baily, and Rossi, will not be sent in these ten days—as academicians, they have a privilege as to time—but we must drop the curtain for the present.

Lord Francis Leveson Gower has consented to preside at the approaching dinner of the Artists' Benevolent Fund, which, in spite of the distraction of politics, promises, we hear, to be well attended. A design from Stothard, contributed by a member, whose modesty will not allow his name to be affixed to the engraving, will grace the "Annual" of the Society; and we

think it not improbable that this example will be followed, until the little volume shall have become a choice thing in the eye of the curious.

Before we take our leave of Art, we think it well to mention, for such of our readers as have a leisure hour or a few spare pounds, that Westall's Italian pictures are this day to be sold by auction, by Mr. Phillips, of Bond-street.

A new romance by Cooper, called 'Heidemauer,' is, we hear, printing. The scene is laid in Germany, and one who has read the first part of it, is of opinion, that it will be every way worthy his reputation.

The new opera by Vaccai has been criticised in another part of our paper. It was announced for more than a month, and yet was hurried out with only one full rehearsal, and that on the very day of performance. Was this just to the composer? Was it just to the new singer? Does it fulfil the early promises of the manager?

We were delighted lately to hear, between the acts, at Drury Lane, the minuet and trio of Beethoven's Sinfonia very creditably executed—we could have fancied ourselves in classical Germany.

Madame Stockhausen, instead of singing at her Concert on Thursday, 'The little Swiss Boy,' presented her husband with one, and the Concert was accordingly postponed.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

##### ROYAL SOCIETY.

April 12.—His Royal Highness, the President in the chair.

Dr. John Davy's paper, entitled 'Observations and Experiments on the Torpedo,' was resumed and concluded. Dr. Marshall Hall, Sir William Russell, Bart., M.D., and Sir David Barry, Knt., M.D., were admitted; and the following proposed as Foreign Members—Monsieur Augustin-Louis Cauchy, Signor Francesco Carlini, Baron de Damoiseau, Monsieur de Blainville, and Professor Tiedemann. The Society adjourned over the Easter Vacation, to meet again on the 3rd of May next.

##### ROYAL GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

April 11.—Roderick Impey Murchison, Esq., President, in the chair.

Peter Frederick Robinson, Esq., was elected a Fellow of the Society; and the name of John Buddle, Esq., was removed, by ballot, from the honorary to the ordinary list.

A letter from George Gordon, Esq., of Elgin, was first read, noticing the existence of 'Lias on the southern side of the Murray Firth;' and afterwards two papers, one on 'The neighbourhood of Lisbon and Oporto,' by Daniel Sharpe, Esq., F.G.S.; and the other on the 'Lava of La Scala,' by Il Cavaliere Monticelli, Foreign Member of the Geological Society.

##### ROYAL INSTITUTION.

April 6.—Mr. Bell gave a lecture on Ehrenberg's recent discoveries, respecting the Infusoria. This naturalist, by placing the animalcule in water, tinged with an organic colouring-matter, such as indigo, carmine, or sap-green, and carefully excluding every mineral substance from the solution, has ascertained, that the lower infusoria are much more complicated in their structure, than has hitherto been supposed. The colouring-matter, instead of tinging the entire body of the animalcule, as would be the case were it wholly nourished by absorption, is observed to collect in cavities or stomachs, which

may easily be distinguished; and from the number and arrangement of the cavities thus rendered visible, he has established a system of classification.

In the library, were several very powerful microscopes, by the means of which, some beautiful specimens of those extraordinary animalcule, the *Volvex* and the *Vorticella*, were exhibited.

#### KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.

THE third annual general court of this Institution was held in the large lecture-room, on Wednesday last, under the presidency of the visitor, His Grace of Canterbury, supported by the Marquis of Bute, the Lords Bexley and Henley, the Bishops of London, Bangor, Chichester, and Lichfield, Sirs R. H. Inglis, J. Langham, C. Price, and many others of its most respectable patrons. The report presented by the council, afforded a gratifying instance of what may be accomplished, with even small means, when cautiously and judiciously applied. In spite of a defalcation in the resources originally calculated upon, which is not, we think, very creditable to the good faith of the defaulters, and which amounts to so large a sum as 13,000*l.*, the College has been brought into active and useful operation; nor could a better proof of this be found, than in the fact stated in the report, that since its opening, in the month of October last, more than seven hundred pupils have been entered upon its books, for general education or partial tuition. In this number are included, about one hundred and forty students, who were pupils of the professors in other establishments. Assuming, even, that no accession of numbers should be made, between the present time and the close of the Easter term, it was gratifying to hear it stated by the council, that the expenditure for the first year was not likely to exceed the probable revenue, by any sum of consequence: this is a promising feature, in the outset of such an institution. The completion of the river front, which forms, in fact, the purchase-money of the site, and has been delayed, under a resolution of a former general court, was earnestly recommended by the report, in order that the proprietary may fulfil their engagement with the Crown, complete one of the finest buildings of the metropolis, and provide a suitable residence for the Principal, whose constant presence within the College, must obviously be attended with the best effects. It is a singular coincidence, that the sum, of which the College is deprived, by the defalcation alluded to, would, within a very few hundred pounds, have provided the means of effecting this indispensable object. We cannot, however, doubt, that the appeal, which the court has, in consequence of that defalcation, resolved upon making forthwith, will be cheerfully, promptly, and liberally answered; and the names of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Marquis of Bute, Lords Henley and Bexley, several dignitaries of the Church, and others, were mentioned, as having been already set down to new and liberal donations in the book of subscriptions, which was opened in the room. A ballot took place, after the holding of the court, at which the six members who retired from the council, as well as the treasurer, who went out of office, were unanimously re-elected.

#### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

|            |                                     |              |
|------------|-------------------------------------|--------------|
| MONDAY,    | Phrenological Society.....          | Eight, P.M.  |
|            | Medical Society.....                | Eight, P.M.  |
| TUESDAY,   | Linnæan Society.....                | Eight, P.M.  |
|            | Horticultural Society.....          | One, P.M.    |
|            | Institution of Civil Engineers..... | Eight, P.M.  |
| WEDNESDAY, | Royal Society of Literature.....    | Three, P.M.  |
|            | Society of Arts.....                | ½ p. 7, P.M. |

## FINE ARTS

### South American Scenes.

WE have been indulged with a look at some of a series of drawings, made by John Lyon, from picturesque scenes in South America. Whatever illustrates history, or throws light upon the looks, or habits, or pursuits, or country of any remote people, is welcome to us; and we have no doubt, if the work is all executed in the spirit of these specimens, it will be equally acceptable to the public.

### St. Nicholas' Church, Surrey.

THIS is one of the many new churches built, as Tierney sarcastically remarked in our hearing, to hold the surplus piety of England. The design is by Atkinson; the structure is simple and compact, and is not the least elegant of these latter structures, in which an attempt is made to revive the beauty of the old Gothic.

### Hopner's *Rosalind*. Moon, Boys, & Graves.

THIS is a fine portrait of a fascinating woman—Mrs. Jordan in the character of Shakspeare's *Rosalind*; the dress is, indeed, a little fantastic, but beauty triumphs over all; it is a portrait of one, who seems not sitting for it—a merit few artists have, and which is the province of genius alone to express. The character is very faithfully transferred from the canvas to the copper, by Henry Cooke.

## MUSIC

### KING'S THEATRE.

'*Giulietta e Romeo*,' an opera seria, by Vaccai, was given on Tuesday, for the first time in this country. After hearing so many servile plagiarisms from Rossini, we are content to listen patiently to the music of this author, which holds on the equal tenour of its way, between originality and mediocrity: his melodies, though well-conceived, are not very striking; the instrumentation frequently detracts from, rather than heightens the effect of the music; and hence he entirely depends on his vocal combinations, which are carefully written. The first act comprises by far the best music; the finale is a miserable imitation of the only admirable scene in Zingarelli's '*Romeo e Giulietta*.'

Madame Granddoff, who made her first appearance on this occasion, is a remarkably fine woman; her voice is a weak mezzo-soprano, and in tone, and compass very similar to that of Madame Baptiste; she evidently has little sensibility, and her style is not many degrees above mere second-rate talent. In a duo, which was encored, her voice modulated in thirds more agreeably. So would Veluti's, or any other harsh voice. From the predominance of a better tone in combination, it seemed to lose its objectionable qualities. We are truly rejoiced to say, that Madame De Meric, both for her singing and acting, deserves our highest commendation; she had better scope here than in the flimsy airs and staccato variations of Donizetti, and did herself justice. In the last scene, Curioni was roused from his usual apathy, and depicted the harrowed feelings of the distressed *Capulet* in a very effective manner. Mariani had not too prominent a part as *Lorenzo*, and was happily less noisily obtrusive. The execution of the first act was extremely correct; the second less so. The opera has been shamefully hurried out, and nothing but the stern and *maestro*-like conducting of the composer in the orchestra, could have kept the performers together; he frequently gave a timely check to the singers and an impulse to the band, by his decision in giving the time; and we hope to see his example followed. In the new ballet *Signor Sa-*

mengo, and Madame Brugnoli, of mighty renown, made their first appearance; the graceful attitudes and grouping of these dancers, with the aerial flights of Madame, absolutely electrified the house. The *Signor* too, is a marvelously fine dancer, with the agility of Paul and dignity of Albert combined.

### SIXTH ANTIENT CONCERT.

#### Conductor—Earl of Derby.

A very dull selection; the only novelties, Mozart's *Sinfonia* in *g* minor, and Haydn's '*Surprise*,' which, with very bad taste, were introduced in the middle of the acts. From Corelli to these grand compositions, is an unnecessary stride; Mr. Knvyett ought to select the earlier, *sinfonias* of Haydn, by moderns considered antient.

### FOURTH PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

MOSCHELES' *Grand Sinfonia* in *c*, was performed here for the first time. The opening *adagio*, with simple passages and a rich distribution of harmony, is followed by an *allegro* in common time, the trumpet sustaining in semi-breves successively the first and second of the scale, accompanied by fanciful light passages in imitation, for violins and basses, with a short "*motif secondaire*"; altogether, the original subject, with its adjuncts, comes to a final cadence; then starts a new common-place model of two bars—unluckily, not the product of a happy inspiration, but of calculating contrivance, expressly written by the author to exhibit the resources of science. With this, Moscheles has spun the remainder of the movement to an objectionable length, without the relief of one single period of captivating simple melody! There is sentiment in the subject of the succeeding *adagio*, which, together with the rich effects of instrumentation, told well—the minuetto is rather common; but the trio has short phrases of pretty melody, tastefully distributed. The finale is tediously long; evidently much studied, and too laboured in its counterpoint. We have scrutinized this production as minutely as could be expected after a single hearing, and pointed out its faults rather as a caution to young composers, than with a desire to condemn the author. Of the many who possess a knowledge of counterpoint, there are few who have a corresponding *genius*; for it is not merely sufficient that a subject should work conveniently;—the great masters have selected melodies which are *abstractedly* full of character and expression, knowing that a primitive musical idea, natural and sentimental, will frequently generate others equally so, when employed with counterpoint. The *Andante*, in Mozart's finale to '*Figaro*,' at the words '*Deh Signor, nol contrastate*,' is a remarkable illustration, wherein several parts are alike equal in beauty and sentiment. We hope that Moscheles will speedily produce another work of this class, with more simplicity. For the orchestra, nothing could have been better written than the present; and its correct execution, under his special guidance, must have in some measure compensated him for the immense labour bestowed on its composition.

Willman executed an air with variations by Baerman—his tone on the clarionet is still admirable. '*David's Lament*' was sung with much consistent feeling by Braham, and well accompanied on the violoncello by Lindley; in this composition, Neukomm has appropriately and beautifully adapted the poetry. Beethoven's '*Egmont*,' closed the first act. Haydn's *Sinfonia*, letter *a*, followed. Nicholson's performance in the *andante* (encored,) was a delightful contrast to the prevailing vulgar taste of appoggiaturing a simple melody until its original character is lost.

Mad. Stockhausen, in '*Dove son*,' was greatly

and deservedly applauded. Beethoven's Grand Concerto for the violin, was played by a Mr. Eliason—nothing short of the vigour, physical, and mental, of a Baillot, or Paganini, could produce effect in this wild, imaginative effusion of Beethoven. Mr. Eliason has a brilliant shake; but his tone is not pleasing; and his execution, although rapid, was weak and ineffective. A trio from 'Gli Orazi,' was rather too antiquated for these Concerts. The overture of 'Der Zauberflöte,' terminated the performances. Moried, and Moscheles conducted.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Songs of the Seasons.*—No. 1. *Spring*; No. 2. *Summer*; No. 3. *Autumn*; No. 4. *Winter*. The Music by the Author of 'Musical Illustrations of the Waverley Novels.' J. A. Novello.

No. 1. 'Rose, rose, open thy leaves,' is a duet for two soprano voices. The melody has no great pretensions to novelty; but the parts are prettily interwoven for the voices, and their effect much heightened by some agreeable modulations.

No. 2. 'Come, come away, for the summer sun is glowing.' In this song the music changes its time, to suit the expression of the words, alternately from eight to six quavers in a bar, and lies well for a low soprano.

No. 3. 'Tis a dull sight to see the year dying,' suits either a soprano or tenor: its music is descriptively plaintive, with pleasing modulations in agreement with the beautiful sentiment of the poetry. The words of this song are taken from the *Athenæum*, No. 193.

No. 4. 'True hearts, the time is cheery,' is a song best suited for a mezzo-soprano: its character is "cheering" for a winter's coterie: its melodies and harmonies, in extremely good keeping, are tastefully written. These songs are carefully adapted by the author (authoress, we are told), and form a collection that will be an addition to the store of the better class of English compositions.

*There's music in the air*: a Glee for alto, two tenors, and basso. By T. H. Severn. Farn.

This is a very creditable production, and will find numerous admirers. We have seldom seen a modern glee combining such variety of graceful melody and effective harmony so carefully put together.

*Soft as yon silver ray*: Canzonet. Words by Mrs. Madelife. Music by Barham Livius. 2nd edit. Hill.

We cannot attribute much of the popularity of this canzonet to the skill of the musician.

*The hour is come*: a Duet. J. Turnbull. Willis. *Oh! when I vainly ask my pride*: a Ballad; the music arranged from Mayseder, by W. T. Irving. Manby.

The duet, apparently, is written for a tenor and soprano, although some passages lie well for two sopranos. The first part of the composition reminds us of a popular waltz: the last stanza is *à la Polacca*.

The effect of melody is heightened or diminished by the association of first impressions; and no one could listen to Paganini's air of the 'Streghe,' set to grave poetry, after witnessing his humorous performance of it. The melody, which Mr. Irving has adapted from Mayseder, we find very appropriate in its new garb, and suited for a mezzo-soprano or baritone.

*O breathe no more that simple air*. Words by Rev. T. Dale. Music by T. J. Boardman. Novello.

A pleasing ballad, the music within the compass of any voice. It cannot fail to be admired. We, however, suggest, that the ear would be

better satisfied if the dominant bass were continued with a six-four, instead of changing to the tonic, in the last bar but one of the melody.

*Arise and follow me, my Love*: a ballad. By Charles Butler, Esq. Hopkins.

THE title-page informs us that this ballad has been sung with enthusiastic applause by Miss Shirreff and Signora Altezza, at the Nobility's Concerts. Beyond its close resemblance to many a popular Scotch ditty, we do not find much in it to delight the commonalty, however it may have tickled the susceptible ears of the visitors at the Nobility's Concerts.

## THEATRICALS

THERE has been nothing new at any of the theatres, major or minor, this week; and our duty is consequently light. At the French theatre, M. Arnal has been giving general satisfaction: we regret having been prevented from attending his performances. Mr. Knowles's beautiful play has been attracting crowded audiences, at Covent Garden; and there is every reason to believe, that it will continue to do so for the greater part, if not the whole, of the remainder of the season. At Drury Lane, they seem to be so astonished at having brought out a successful piece, that they don't know, or won't know, what to do with it now they have got it. Having evinced their good taste and judgment in sending away 'The Hunchback,' which, less than the moiety of an eye would have enabled any body to see was a play of surpassing beauty and excellence, they managed to stumble on another, which, if justice had been done to it, would have done them some credit; but they had already produced 'The Rent Day,'—and two successful pieces in one season, of little more than eight months, would have been fatal to the reputation of this theatre, and, accordingly, the chance is being duly frittered away. It is quite impossible to account for this in any rational manner. We looked in to witness the latter part of 'The Compact,' on Thursday evening, and found a house crowded to the slips: orders there may have been, but money there must have been, and a good deal, to produce so unusual an effect.

## MISCELLANEA

*Anecdote of George III.*—Prince Puckler Muskau is pleased to be facetious in a story he tells of His late Majesty's creating a knight. "When the monarch," he says, "motioned the grand functionary for his sword, it for the first time refused to obey the warrior's hand and leave the scabbard." "I beg," says a correspondent, commenting on the Prince's story, "to describe a scene of this kind to which I was eye-witness in the reign of George III.; it tells very differently. When His Majesty was in the act of knighting, for which he had a great taste, he turned round to the *great functionary*, and said, 'My Lord Amherst, give me your sword.' His Lordship, old, and flurried at not being able to make it leap out, at his monarch's command, from the scabbard, tugged, and tugged, and tugged again, when the worthy old King eased his agitation by these words: 'Do not flurry yourself, Lord Amherst; you did not find such a difficulty in drawing your sword for your king and country, last war.' These words, like oil poured into a wound, smoothed the passage of the blade, and it once more glittered in a brave man's hand."

*An Original Tragedy.*—The first drama ever performed in Sweden was enacted in the reign of John the Second, who bore sway from 1483 to 1513. The actor to whom the part of Longinus was entrusted, had directions to thrust his spear into the Saviour's body, as if it really went through his side. But he played the soldier with so uncouth a hand, that he run the

poor fellow, affixed to the cross, right through the body; and, what was worse, the cross was upset by his violence, and killed the actress who was playing the part of the Virgin. At this, His Majesty, King John, giving way to the first impulse of his rage at the actor's slaughterous awkwardness, rushed upon the stage and struck off his head at a single blow! But the audience, whose powers of digestion were incapable of brooking so furious an outrage on their favourite, immediately burst the trammels of all allegiance asunder, and took bloody vengeance on their monarch, by putting him to death on the spot!! Hence the epitaph:

Cigit un Roi, pour qui le dramatique  
Put un spectacle bien tragique.

*Anecdote.*—The following is found in an ancient History of Connecticut. Soon after the settlement of the town of New-Haven, a number of persons went over to what is now the town of Milford, where, finding the soil very good, they were desirous to effect a settlement; but the premises were in the peaceable possession of the Indians, and some conscientious scruples arose as to the propriety of depositing and expelling them. To test the case a church meeting was called, and the matter determined by solemn vote of that sacred body. After several speeches had been made in relation to the subject, they proceeded to pass votes—the first was as follows:—"Voted, that the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof." This passed in the affirmative, with great unanimity. 2nd. "Voted, that the earth is given to the saints." This was also determined like the former—nem. con. 3rd. "Voted, we are the saints;" which passing without a dissenting voice, the title was considered indisputable, and the Indians were soon compelled to evacuate the place, and relinquish the possession to the *rightful owners*.—*U.S. Evan. Trumpet and Magazine*.

*The Madrid Gallery.*—The 30th part of lithographic specimens of the choicest paintings in this collection has been recently published. It contains, amongst other engravings, a Landscape by VELASQUEZ; a View of the 'Queen's Street in Aranjuez'; and 'St. Stephen being led out to be stoned,' by JUANES.

*Antediluvian Phenomenon.*—A remarkable discovery was made on the 18th of January last, by Professor Schleiss, a minister of the Bavarian church and member of the Society of History at Wurtzburg, residing at Gaibach. Some hundred feet distant from the hamlet of Unterrisenheim, on a spot lying at an elevation of twelve feet above the level of the Maine, he met with the remains of bones, belonging to some enormous animal of a former world, which had been floated to the spot and lay concealed beneath a heap of mud and earth, several feet in thickness. The most prominent of these remains are seven immense fragments of a tooth, nearly semicircular in shape, measuring six inches in diameter, and, when put together, extending to a length of six feet, and weighing *seven and twenty pounds*. The head of the tooth is quite fresh, ductile, and of a substance like ivory; towards its periphery its colour changes to a rosy tint; and its exterior, which is of a yellowish-white, is covered with a bright, whitish-blue enamel alternating with yellowish-brown, which almost resists the power of the finest file. Besides these, there were found the fragments of a back-tooth, of proportionate magnitude. Professor Schleiss is inclined to think, that these are the remains of a species of the North American mammoth, or Ohio fossil elephant. It corresponds with the description of mammoth, found in the Ural mountains some short time since, to which Cuvier has given the name of "Mastodonte." As soon as the weather breaks, the excavation will be resumed.—*Nuremberg, 26th of January*.

**A perfumed Arm.**—In the last volume of the 'Memorie della Reale Accademia di Torino,' Dr. Speranza, of Parma, communicates a series of extremely interesting observations on the subject of an individual, the lower extremity of whose left arm exhaled a perfume of amber, benzoin, or balm of Peru. These sweetly-savoured emissions were at times so powerful, that they impregnated every corner of a spacious apartment, in which the practitioner was accustomed to make experiments on his patient; he at first suspected that some trick was at the bottom, but maturer observation convinced him of the contrary. It is uncertain whether electricity had any share, or not, in producing the phenomenon; but it disappeared at the end of a couple of months, in consequence of a violent attack of bilious fever, and from that time no appearance of it has again occurred.

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

| Days of W.&Mon. | Thermom. Max. Min. | Barometer. Noon. | Winds.     | Weather. |
|-----------------|--------------------|------------------|------------|----------|
| Th. 5           | 69 43              | 30.42            | Var.       | Clear.   |
| Fr. 6           | 72 36              | 30.42            | N.E. to E. | Ditto.   |
| Sat. 7          | 56 36              | 30.22            | E. to S.E. | Ditto.   |
| Sun. 8          | 55 36              | 30.15            | E.         | Ditto.   |
| Mon. 9          | 54 36              | Stat.            | E.         | Ditto.   |
| Tues. 10        | 56 36              | Stat.            | N.         | Ditto.   |
| Wed. 11         | 54 37              | 30.10            | N.E.       | Ditto.   |

**Prevailing Clouds.**—Cirrostratus, Cymoid and Comod-cirrostratus, Cumulostratus, Cirrocumulus.

**Nights and Mornings fair.**

**Mean temperature of the week, 54°.**

**Day increased on Wednesday, 5 h. 49 min.**

#### NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

It is proposed to put the following work to press as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers may warrant the undertaking, viz. *The Encyclopedia Ecclesiastica*; or, a Complete History of the Church; containing a full and Compendious Explanation of all Ecclesiastical Rites and Ceremonies, &c. &c. By Thomas Anthony Trollope, LL.B. With Lithographic engravings. To be completed in four quarto volumes, and each volume is intended to be published in two parts.

Mr. Adam Lee, F.A.S. proposes to publish 25 Plans and Views; namely 10 of the Ancient Palace of Westminster, and 15 of St. Stephen's Chapel, the Cloisters by the Speaker's House, &c. with letter-press explanation. The work is to be put to press as soon as the limited number of 300 subscribers is obtained.

**Forthcoming.**—Theology of Natural History; or, Treatises on the Power, Goodness, and Wisdom of God, as manifested in the Creation. Written in conformity with the will of the late Earl of Bridgewater, by the following authors: John Kidd, M.D., Rev. J. T. Chalmers, D.D., P. M. Roget, M.D., Sir Charles Bell, Knt., Rev. W. Kirby, Rev. W. Buckland, Rev. W. Whewell, and W. Prout, M.D.

A second Volume of Dr. Sumner's (Bishop of Chester) Exposition of the Gospels.

A Course of Lectures on the Coinage of the Greeks and Romans, delivered in the University of Oxford, by E. Cardwell, D.D.

An Attempt to render the Chief Events of the Life of our Saviour intelligible and profitable to Young Children.

A second series of Scenes in Our Parish is nearly ready.

Mr. Aldrich, the author of the Ascent of Mont Blanc, announces, Sketches of Vesuvius, with Short Accounts of its principal eruptions.

**Just published.**—The Officer's Manual 12mo. 5s.—Faber's Apostolicality of Trinitarianism, 2 vols. 8vo. 14.6s.—Wynyard's Sermons, 8vo. 12s.—Girdlestone's New Testament, with a Commentary, 8vo. 9s.—Autobiography, Vol. 33, Memoirs of William Sampson, 18mo. 3s. 6d.; 1 p. 3s.—Austin on Jurisprudence, 8vo. 12s.—Gordon on Locomotion, by means of Steam Carriages on Common Roads, 8vo. 12s.—Mélange, in English and French, by Marin de la Voye, royal 18mo. 5s. 6d.—Robinson's Christian Privilege, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—Vigne's Six Months in America, 2 vols. sm. 8vo. 11.—The Jesuit, a Novel, 3 vols. 11. 11s. 6d.—Ballgall on the Improvement of the Mercantile Navy, 8vo. 12s.—Cromwell's Druid, a Tragedy, with Notes, 8vo. 5s.—Scott on Lavements, royal 12mo. 7s.—Thurgar's Genders of French Nouns, 2s. 6d.—Bowring's Cheskian Poetry, 12mo. 7s.—Poland, Homer, and other Poems, f.c. 8vo. 4s. 6d.—Ingleby on Uterine Hemorrhage, 8vo. 12s.—Macculloch's Commercial Dictionary 8vo. 2f. 10s.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS

Three unpublished works in this day's paper will, we trust, excuse us for running out our reviews to a rather unusual length.

Thanks to G. L. Y.—J. K.—Vindex.

Other correspondents next week.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS

##### IMPORTANT SALE.

The KING of SPAIN'S magnificent Vases of Oriental Porcelain, splendid Japan Cabinets, Florentine Mosaic Tables, and a Collection of Pictures of the first class and highest quality.

**MR. STANLEY** has the honour of announcing to the Nobility and Gentry, Connoisseurs and Amateurs of the Fine Arts and of Vertu, that he will SELL BY AUCTION, at his New Gallery in Maddox-street, Hanover-square, at an early period, a singularly beautiful and truly VALUABLE COLLECTION of Pictures of the highest classes, consisting of the Works of the most eminent ITALIAN, SPANISH, DUTCH, and FLEMISH Masters, remarkable for the careful selection of Subjects, and the admirable purity of their condition. Also, the superb Assemblage of Twenty MAGNIFICENT VASES of ORIENTAL PORCELAIN, manufactured expressly for the KING of SPAIN, and bearing the Royal Arms; SPLENDID CABINETS of the finest Japan; rich FLORENTINE MOSAIC TABLES; a few choice BRONZES; and other Articles of a costly description highly interesting to dilettanti.

Due Notice of the days of View and Sale will be given, and when Catalogues may be had, at the Gallery and Office in Maddox-street, and of Mr. Stanley, Auctioneer, 31, Old Bond-street.

#### VALUABLE COLLECTION OF ANCIENT AND MODERN PICTURES.

By Mr. STANLEY, at his Rooms, 31, Old Bond-street, on THURSDAY the 19th of APRIL.

**A VALUABLE COLLECTION of ITALIAN and DUTCH PICTURES**, the Property of Francis Wilson, Esq., removed from his residence at Slough, comprising fine Cabinet Specimens of

Raphael  
Caracci  
S. Bourdon  
Barocci  
Rembrandt  
Ruydael  
Vanderwerf  
Vanderheyden  
Pynacker  
Ary de Voys  
and other highly-esteemed Masters. Also, Ten Pictures by that distinguished English Landscape Painter, G. Arnald, Esq. R.A., including the 'Battle of the Nile' and 'View of Portsmouth Harbour.'

May be viewed two days preceding, and Catalogues had at the Rooms.

#### GENUINE PICTURES

Removed from a Mansion in Surrey.

**MR. EDWARD FOSTER** respectfully acquaints the Public he will SELL BY AUCTION, at his Gallery, 34, Pall Mall, on WEDNESDAY, APRIL 18th, at One precisely, without reserve, a COLLECTION of PICTURES of the ITALIAN, FLEMISH, DUTCH, and ENGLISH Schools, being Superlative Pictures of a very fine Collection recently sold by Mr. Foster. In this sale will be found Specimens of

P. Wouwermans  
Cupp  
Fyt  
Berghem  
Pottier  
Ruydael  
Backhuysen  
S. Rosa  
Snyders  
Gainsborough  
Zoffany  
Wilson  
Hilton  
Stubbs  
and particularly a Calm, by W. Van der Velde; a fine Landscape, by Wynant; a good Specimen, by Neicher; an Interior, by Vander Meer, of Delft; Two Canaletti, &c.  
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## REVIEWS

*History of the Peninsular War.* By Robert Southey, Esq. LL.D. Vol. III. 4to. London, 1832. Murray.

THE long interval since the publication of the first volume of this valuable work, induced us, on the receipt of this concluding one, to read the whole in connexion. A 'History of the Peninsular War,' in which justice should be done to all parties, must be a work of great difficulty, requiring extensive knowledge, indefatigable research, and most philosophical impartiality. In other wars, the chief incidents suggest the connecting links of a coherent narrative—but in the early patriotic exertions of the Spanish provinces, there was neither relation nor co-operation; and to estimate those exertions, requires an intimate knowledge of the resources and circumstances of every province, and of the character of the local governments and people—and for the whole history there is wanting patient research, cautious examination, and untiring labour in winnowing the grains of truth from the prejudices of party-writers, and the wilful mis-statements of the interested.

Until the publication of Colonel Napier's work, Dr. Southey's was generally considered the best English narrative of the Peninsular War—and after the opinion given on the Colonel's work, it is hardly necessary for us to say, that we continue of this opinion. Notwithstanding the exclusive authorities with which the Colonel was favoured, Dr. Southey is on the whole better informed—and he is immeasurably superior in discriminating the value of authorities. It must, however, be admitted, that if the Anti-Spanish mania of the Colonel has frequently misled him, the enthusiasm of Dr. Southey is not always to be relied on, and, notwithstanding his diligence and research, the information he has collected is sometimes but scanty, and at others, erroneous.

Indeed, the difficulty in collecting and selecting materials, required the patience of a German, and this, with fourteen years' residence in Spain, has enabled Colonel Scheppler, to write a more accurate work than either of the English historians. The German knows the character and feelings of the present Spaniards. Dr. Southey's knowledge is principally derived from books, and he is much better acquainted with the manners and feelings of their grandfathers, than with those of the living generation—a common error with our Spanish scholars.

It has been well observed by a clever Spanish writer, Obaso, who, by the bye, has been, in our opinion, too severe on Southey, that no history ever required a more cool and impartial historian, than that of the Peninsular War, and none was ever less fortu-

nate in that respect. The French have written a great deal on the subject, but, instead of the blushing shame which ought to characterize every sentence, for the conduct of their government towards Spain, they have laboured only to persuade us that it is justifiable, in pursuit of glory, to trample on all principle. The Afrancesados—the native Spaniards who united themselves to the Bonapartes—have also written a great deal, and, to justify themselves, have heaped the most absurd and atrocious calumnies on the patriot liberators of their country. The English writers had not the same reasons to accommodate facts to party views; but, unfortunately, they had to mould them to their private political opinions.

Thus the fine golden thread of Southey's universal philosophy, which is the connecting interest of his narrative, is sometimes broken by the narrow prejudices of ultra-toryism—the expulsion of the Jesuits, is accordingly called an iniquitous measure; and he says of Eroles, that "no Spaniard has left to posterity a more irreproachable and honourable name." We are sincere advocates for universal toleration; and the time may come, when, with the fine humanity of Uncle Toby, the world will be rich enough in knowledge to tolerate the Devil himself; but in the then and present condition of Spain, the Jesuits were and are a moral and political pestilence—and as to Eroles, before we can consent to this eulogium as just, we must admit that it is "irreproachable and honourable" to be a vindictive renegade—to write doggerel verses in May 1820, calling on the shade of Hernan Cortes to come and see Spain free from degrading despotism, and in May 1822 to be the first champion of this same despotism, and that under circumstances so disgraceful, that, thanks to the conscience which God has given us, he could not enjoy the triumph he had won—indeed, there is good reason to believe that the self-upbraidings of this "irreproachable and honourable" man, drove him mad.

With all due allowance for these defects, we consider Dr. Southey's history as a most admirable work—the narrative is most interesting, the style perfection, and the enthusiasm of the writer gives to the whole history the fascination of a romance.

As, however, Dr. Southey's work has been one of the chief authorities with all writers of Memoirs, Abridgments, etc. relating directly or indirectly to the Peninsular War, we must state that though far more impartial and accurate than that of Colonel Napier, it must be consulted with caution. It is not worth while, nor have we room here, to go into any critical examination of the work; but we must observe, that the accounts of the revolutions in Castile and Valencia, and even of the revolt at Aranjuez, are full

of inaccuracies, and that those who desire to be correctly informed, had better consult the *Athenæum* (Nos. 168 and 178), where we went into particulars, in reviewing the immortal work of Capt. Moyle Sherer, and the mortal history of Col. Napier—we may, however, *aside*, as our theatrical friends would write, ask where Dr. Southey learned that the Life Guards of Godoy were faithful to him? Had that fine body of troops been faithful, it is more than probable that the people would not have succeeded—but popular opinion was so strong against the minion, that his body guard were ashamed of their duty, and actually slunk away and changed their uniforms as soon as the people rose. We must, also, in justice to Capt. Sherer, acknowledge that the geographical blunder about crossing to the south side of the Tagus, to occupy Almeida, which is many miles to the north, was not original. Again, Dr. Southey states, and that "on the best authority—the neighbouring priests," that "after the Battle of Rioseco, there were 27,000 bodies buried!" That 27,000 men were killed in a battle where there was certainly not more than 30 or 40,000 engaged, including all of both armies, looks at first sight very like exaggeration; and we incline to believe that the Doctor has been led into the error by an erroneous translation of a passage in the 'Relacion de la Batalla de Rioseco,' by the curate of Villalobos, where it is said, "*Se decia que el veinte siete mil cuerpos iban ya enterrados.*" The *veinte* (twenty), the day of the month, having been added to the *siete mil cuerpos*, 7000 bodies.

Again, in reference to this battle, Dr. Southey observes, "Had it not been for the success of the Spaniards in Andalusia, Junot would probably have received powerful reinforcements from Marshal Bessieres, after the Battle of Rioseco." Now, we cannot understand how Bessieres, who, as Dr. Southey states, had only 12,000 men to conquer and keep down Old Castile, Leon, Asturias, and Galicia, with an army opposed to him, could send powerful reinforcements any where.

The account of the revolution in Portugal, as well as those of Andalusia and Catalonia, are amongst the best parts of Dr. Southey's work; but we must hint to him, that Junot did not send Taranco's division to Galicia, and that the Garrison of Oporto was not composed of Carrafa's division. The troops, who under Belestá revolted at Oporto, were those commanded by Taranco till his death—and the Doctor's account of the manner in which Romana heard of the revolution, though it may be correct, certainly does not agree with the official statements published in the Spanish Gazette at the time.

With all Dr. Southey's partiality for the Spaniards, he is sometimes led by his autho-

rities to do them injustice. He joins, for instance, the general cry of censure against the poor Juntas, equally for what they did, and for what they did not. Amongst other grave iniquities, he accuses them of having filled the armies with officers who had no other pretension to rank or promotion, than what they derived from favour. That the armies raised by the Juntas, were officered by young men who knew nothing of war, is true enough, and where could the Juntas have found men that did? It is a little unphilosophical, to blame the Juntas for not employing efficient officers to lead on their hurried levies, after admitting, when speaking of the regular troops on the breaking out of the revolution, that "never were there such officers or such armies (as those of Spain and Portugal), in any country which has ranked among civilised nations." If the Juntas committed errors, as no doubt they did, and many, it should be remembered, that they were placed in a strange and trying situation—the old impotent despotism had left the country without a single resource against the invading conqueror of Europe, except the moral courage to dare and to suffer. But when the Doctor specifically censures the Junta of Galicia, for not having formed an army at all from June 1809 to March 1810, we must remind him, that the army which beat the French at Tamames, was formed by this Junta in 1809, and sent to Castile.

The third volume of this work, which will be forthwith published, and to which, perhaps, we ought to have confined our observations, commences with the proceedings of the army in Catalonia in 1810, that most disastrous year to the patriots. The fervid eloquence which gave such fascination to the former volumes, here again breathes in every page; and in every page there is apparent the same inimitable skill, in weaving co-existing but unconnected events into a narrative of absorbing interest. We also owe it to truth to acknowledge, that, though the prejudices of the writer are sometimes evident enough, he is, perhaps, as impartial as any man writing the history of his own times can hope to be; more accurate than most other historians of the Peninsular War; and infinitely more just, equally in his censure and his praise. With all the intolerance—so often recorded against him—Dr. Southey speaks with more truth of the Spanish liberals, than many who themselves profess liberal opinions; and though he glories, as becomes an Englishman, in the conduct of the British army, he never fails to make honourable mention of their allies.

We must now make room for a few extracts, which may, indeed, be taken almost at random: but we must mention, that the picture of the appalling miseries to which the devoted Spanish people were subject during the war, is drawn with singular truth and power; that everything relating to the famous Guerrillas is extremely accurate; and the same may be said of the account of the privations and excesses of Massena's army, on their retreat from the north of Portugal.

#### *Guerrilla Warfare.*

"The Junta of Seville had, from the beginning of the struggle, perceived that the strength of Spain lay in her people, and not in her armies. The Central Junta also had early acknowledged the importance of that irregular

and universal warfare for which the temper of the Spaniards and the character of the country were equally adapted; and they attempted to regulate it by a long edict, giving directions for forming *Partidas* of volunteers, and *Quadrillas*, which were to consist of smugglers, appointing them pay, enacting rules for them, and subjecting them to military law; but it is manifest that these restrictions would only be observed where the Government had sufficient authority to enforce them, which was only where they had armies on foot, and that, when thus restricted, little was to be done by it. They spoke with a clear understanding of the circumstances in which Spain was placed when they proclaimed a Moorish war, and bade the Spaniards remember in what manner their fathers had exterminated a former race of invaders. The country, they said, was to be saved by killing the enemies daily, just as they would rid themselves of a plague of locusts; a work which was slow, but sure, and in its progress would bring the nation to the martial pitch of those times, when it was a pastime to go forth and seek the Haguirenes. They reminded them of the old Castilian names, for skirmishes, ambushments, assaults, and stratagems, the necessary resources of domestic warfare, and told them that the nature of the country and of the inhabitants rendered Spain invincible.

"This character on the part of the Spaniards the war had now assumed in all parts of Spain. The French were no sooner masters of the field than they found themselves engaged in a wearing, wasting contest, wherein discipline was of no avail, and by which, in a country of such extent, and natural strength, any military power, however great, must ultimately be consumed. In any other part of Europe, they would have considered the conquest complete after such victories as they had obtained; but in Spain, where army after army had been routed, and city after city taken,—when Joseph reigned at Madrid, and Soult commanded in Seville,—when Victor was in sight of Cadiz, and Massena almost in sight of Lisbon,—when Buonaparte had put all his other enemies under his feet, and in the height of his fortune and plenitude of his power, had no other object than to effect the subjugation of the Peninsula,—the generals and the men whom he employed there were made to feel that the cause in which they were engaged was as hopeless as it was unjust. They were never safe except when in large bodies, or in some fortified place. Every day some of their posts were surprised, some escort or convoy cut off, some detachment put to death; dispatches were intercepted, plunder was recovered,—and, what excited the Spaniards more than any, or all other considerations, vengeance was taken by a most vindictive people for insupportable wrongs. In every part of Spain where the enemy called themselves masters, leaders started up, who collected about them the most determined spirits; followers enough were ready to join them; and both among chiefs and men, the best and the worst characters were to be found: some were mere ruffians, who, if the country had been in peace, would have lived in defiance of the laws, as they now defied the force of the intrusive Government; others were attracted by the wildness and continual excitement attendant upon a life of outlawry and adventure, to which, in the present circumstances of the nation, honour, instead of obloquy, was attached; but many were influenced by the deepest feelings and strongest passions which act upon the heart of man; love of their country which their faith elevated and strengthened; and hope which that love and that faith rendered inextinguishable; and burning hatred, seeking revenge for the most wanton and most poignant injuries that can be inflicted upon humanity." iii. 41—3.

#### *Sebastiani.*

"Sebastiani, in whose military command this district was comprised, was a person who betrayed no compunction in carrying the abominable edict of M. Soult into effect; and scarcely a day past in which several prisoners were not put to death in Granada in conformity to that decree. Among the instances of heroic virtue which were displayed here during the continuance of this tyranny, there are two which were gratefully acknowledged by the national Government. Lorenzo Teyxeyro, an inhabitant of Granada, who had performed the dangerous service of communicating intelligence to the nearest Spanish general, was discovered, and might have saved his life if he would have named the persons through whom the communication was carried on; but he was true to them as he had been to his country, and suffered death contentedly. The other instance was attended with more tragic circumstances. Captain Vicente Moreno, who was serving with the mountaineers of Ronda, was made prisoner, carried to Granada, and there had the alternative proposed to him of suffering by the hangman, or entering into the Intruder's service. Sebastiani showed much solicitude to prevail upon this officer, having, it may be believed, some feeling of humanity, if not some forefeeling of the opprobrium which such acts of wickedness draw after them in this world, and of the account which is to be rendered for them in the next. Moreno's wife and four children were therefore, by the General's orders, brought to him when he was upon the scaffold, to see if their entreaties would shake his resolution; but Moreno, with the courage of a martyr, bade her withdraw, and teach her sons to remember the example he was about to give them, and to serve their country, as he had done, honourably and dutifully to the last. This murder provoked a public retaliation which the Spaniards seldom exercised, but—when they did—upon a tremendous scale. Gonzalez, who was member in the Cortes for Jaen, had served with Moreno, and loved him as such a man deserved to be loved; and by his orders seventy French prisoners were put to death at Marbella." iii. 47-8.

#### *Character of the Cortes.*

"The Cortes faithfully represented the nation in their feelings on this subject; and accordingly they issued a decree, declaring null and of no effect all treaties or transactions of any kind which Ferdinand should authorise while he remained in duress, whether in the enemy's country or in Spain, so long as he was under the direct or indirect influence of the Usurper. The nation, it was proclaimed, would never consider him free, nor render him obedience, till they should see him in the midst of his true subjects, and in the bosom of the national congress: nor would they lay down their arms, nor listen to any proposal for an accommodation of any kind, till Spain had been completely evacuated by the troops which had so unjustly invaded it. At the time when this brave decree was passed, the condition of Spain appeared hopeless to those persons by whom moral causes are overlooked, and from whose philosophy all consideration of Providence is dismissed. Fortresses after fortresses had fallen; army after army had been destroyed, till the Spaniards had no longer anything in the field which could even pretend to the name, except the force under Romana with Lord Wellington. The enemy surrounded the bay of Cadiz, and were masters of the adjacent country, wherever they could cover it with their troops, or scour it with their cavalry. Yet in the sight of these enemies, from the neck of land which they thus beleaguered, the Cortes legislated for Spain; and its proceedings, though the Intruder and his unhappy adherents affected to despise them, were regarded with the deepest

anxiety throughout the Peninsula, and wherever the Spanish language extends. There is no other example in history of so singular a position. During the three years which had elapsed since the commencement of the struggle, Buonaparte had not only increased his power, but seemed also to have consolidated and established it; while Spain had endured all the evils of revolution without acquiring a revolutionary strength; and, what appeared more surprising, none of those commanding spirits which revolutions usually bring forth had arisen there. Enlightened Spaniards had with one consent called for the Cortes, as the surest remedy for their country; and in England they who were most friendly to the Spaniards, and they who were least so, had agreed in the propriety of convoking it. Long as the Cortes had been suspended, it was still a venerable name; and its restoration gladdened the hearts of the people. A fairer representation could not have been obtained if the whole kingdom had been free, nor a greater proportion of able men; the circumstances, also, in which they were placed, increased their claims to respect among a people by whom poverty has never been despised. Many of the members, having lost their whole property in the general wreck, were dependent upon friendship even for their food. For although a stipend was appointed, some of those provinces which were occupied by the enemy could find no means of paying it; and no provision for remedying this default had been yet devised. They who had professions could not support themselves by practising, because the business of the Cortes engrossed their whole attention. The self-denying ordinance, which they had passed, excluded them from offices of emolument; and there were deputies who sometimes had not wherewith to buy oil for a lamp to give them light. Under these circumstances they respected themselves, and were respected by the nation according to the true standard of their worth." iii. 100—2.

The work concludes with the return of Ferdinand to Spain, and the reception of the Duke of Wellington in England. In relating the important events which followed Ferdinand's return, Dr. Southey is certainly mistaken in some points, and we fear not very correct in others. As an instance of it, Ferdinand never deprived his uncle, the Cardinal of Bourbon, of his archbishopric; and it was to the use of the word *vassal*, and not *subject*, that the liberals objected. We shall leave Dr. Southey to triumph over the Whigs and their prophecies, and shall not remind him how much the mad, restless ambition of Napoleon contributed to the splendid triumphs of his enemies; nor shall we dispute whether foreign influence was or was not exercised to overthrow the constitution;—but we must protest against the doctrine, that old political "evils which time has rendered inveterate," are made worse by removing them with the knife or the cautery. It would indeed be infinitely better, both for kings and people, if reforms were effected by the governments without revolution; but when we recollect how few kings have been wise enough to be reformers, we cannot but exclaim with Quintana—

Oh miserero humano!  
Si vosotros no hacéis vuestra ventura;  
¿La esperaréis jamás de los tiranos?

*Tales of the Early Ages.* By the Author of 'Brambletye House,' 'Zillah,' &c. 3 vols. London, 1832. Colburn & Bentley.

To take up a portion of history, arrange it into a narrative, people it with characters

true to nature, and the spirit of their times, and then put them all in action gracefully, and with dramatic effect, requires powers which are bestowed on few, and an accuracy of judgment such as is rarely seen. That merit of this high order is claimed for Horace Smith we are aware; his publishers have placed him, in their announcements, on the table-land of British genius; nor are there wanting critics and readers who see, in his works, the presence of a spirit equal in beauty and strength to that which animates the romances of Scott. We have too much respect for the talents of Horace Smith, to suppose for a moment that he shares in the delusion of any such high-pitched commendations: he who knows so well the character of other men's works, cannot fail to know what belongs to his own; and we are sure that he must sometimes read those eulogiums with sorrow, which are strewn with no sparing hand through all accessible newspapers. He is many degrees below Scott in the life and beauty and strength of his characters; nay, he sometimes approaches more closely than we could desire, to the Wardrobe School of Novelists, viz. to those writers who give the costume of the time without the life and nerve. He is, however, a very lively describer; has the art of setting off to much advantage the characters and incidents which pertain to his story, and is skilful in the management of his plots. We must, nevertheless, acknowledge, that when we received the 'Tales of the Early Ages,' we opened them with fear, lest we should find his former faults increased, and his beauties lessened, for we felt that he had gone too far back into remote times to excite our sympathy. What can he tell us more, we thought, than history has related, of the days when the fortunes of the world were in the hands of Cæsar? What care we for those who figured at the Olympic games; or for the Scandinavian barbarians of the third century; and we have no desire to know the names of the people who loved, or prayed, or suffered, during the operations of the Council of Nice, in the year of salvation four hundred and odd: but when we turned up the page with 'The Siege of Caer-Broc' inscribed upon it, we altered our tone, and said—Come, this has something of our own little Island in it; we shall behold, as it were, the English gentleman in the dawn, and have a foretaste of the character of those bold yeomen who drew the bow at Cressy and at Agincourt: nor have we been deceived.

The story of the Siege of Caer-Broc is a simple one, and soon told. The Picts invade Kent; besiege the castle of a stubborn Briton, Gryffhod by name; are repulsed by the valour of Leoline, a youth of Roman extraction, and finally driven back to the waves by the coming of Hengist, the Saxon, who, finding in Guinnessa, the ward of the British chief, his own long-lost daughter, bestows her on Leoline, who had won her love by his modesty and valour. The commencement of the tale will show in what spirit it is written:—

"Hark! did you not hear a noise from beyond those projecting sea-beaten crags to seaward of us? No: I caught no sound. Listen;—There it is again; you have a sluggish ear. But mine eyes are quick, for now I discern a shadow darkening the waters ahead of yonder outermost cliff. Would it were only the shadow of a cloud!

but it has a more fearful source; for lo! I perceive a long, dark, mis-shapen vessel looming heavily round the crag, and the dull sound I heard was that of the oars, which are doubtless muffled at the handle with hides, as is usual with these savage marauders.—Is she a pirate then?—She appertains, if I mistake not, to a nation of pirates. Her clumsy construction, her wicker-work sides covered with leather, her mast of unbarked pine, and her sail of painted matting, which remains hoisted, although there is not a breath of wind, assure me that she belongs to the Scots or Picts, who never visit the shores of unhappy Britain, except for the purposes of pillage, devastation and massacre. I cannot yet see any of the crew, who are hidden by the high bulwarks of their unwieldy barge, but I can now distinguish an object which confirms my apprehensions. See you not a large raft lashed to the stern of their vessel, bearing, amid lumber and plunder of all sorts, several prisoners, chained by the leg to the spars on which they are floating? Poor wretches! if they reach Scotland in safety, they are destined to pass the remainder of their lives in slavery; but they may perhaps share a happier doom by finding an early grave in the ocean, for their captors, if they encounter blowing weather, or are anxious to expedite their return, will not scruple to cut the raft adrift, and leave all that are upon it to perish of hunger, or be overwhelmed in the waves. Except with a view to slavery, human life is of so little value in the eyes of these barbarians, that they usually murder the young, the old, and the feeble, where they have encountered any resistance; and in their marauding descents upon the coast attach much more value to the quadrupeds, which they come to purloin, than to their biped possessors. So frequent and so fell have been their invasions, that the unfortunate Britons, abandoning the northern coasts, have mostly retired with their cattle to inland caves, rocks and forests; and the ravagers are now obliged to extend their predatory voyages as far south as to these coasts of Kent. From the circumstance of her towing so large a raft, I doubt not that the vessel we are contemplating has been successful in her cruise, and that, besides the other plunder in her hold, the brine casks and tubs with which the marauders commonly provide themselves for that purpose, are filled with the cattle they have stolen and slaughtered, for on these more distant expeditions they do not always preserve them alive.

"Look! several of the crew are now visible, standing upon the bulwarks, and pointing towards the creek, for which the helmsman is evidently steering. There is something awful in the silence with which they advance through the moon-lighted waters, for it betrays the hostility of their purpose, and methinks the men wear a singularly ghastly and spectral appearance. Is it an apparition of the night, or a real vessel? Alas! I can no longer doubt that it is a pirate of the worst description; the men are Picts, whose half-naked bodies, painted of a blue colour, assume in the moonlight a most hideous and corpse-like hue. Ha! she has a comrade. I see another vessel heaving heavily round the crags. The first has now passed into the creek, as far as the depth of water will allow, and the men are preparing to land. Let us crouch down, and hide ourselves, for they will slay all whom they encounter, especially if they be likely to betray their approach." iii. 192—96.

There is the sort of nature which we like, and that kind of description we admire, in this little national story; yet we are not sure that the author is very accurate in his historical details. The Picts were not maritime adventurers; and, natives of the island themselves, they could not be called with propriety invaders of Britain; neither did

the Saxons use trumpets in their warlike expeditions; they were taught the use of them by the Normans in a way little to their liking.

We have confined our remarks to this story, although we have read the others with nearly equal interest. The 'Involuntary Prophet' is a tale of the first century—'Theodore and Tilphosa' of the second—'Olof and Brynhilda' of the third—and 'Sebastian and Lydia' of the fourth:—all are illustrative of manners, and in all we have been well pleased with the skill with which the author conducts his heroes and heroines through the winding avenues of a difficult narrative, and the dramatic spirit of the conversations; but we could not afford equal room to all, and Caer-Broc comes nearest our own times and homes, and is therefore most likely to interest our readers.

*A Practical View of Ireland from the Period of the Union.* By James Butler Bryan, Barrister-at-Law. 1832. Dublin, Wake-man; London, Simpkin & Marshall.

THERE is no more mischievous calumny promulgated, than that the people of England are hostile to their Irish brethren, insensible to their sufferings, or regardless of their just claims. In her seasons of distress, in her hours of misery, Ireland has found the purse of her richer sister opened, and her bounties granted with no sparing hand; in all her constitutional struggles, English statesmen have been her most steady champions, and English journalists her most zealous advocates. Yet do we daily witness in certain liberal speeches and pamphlets, the attempt to impress on the Irish, that for them the people of this country have no sympathy, and the argument put forward as the most powerful dissuasive against party feuds is, "lest you should become the jest of the haughty Saxon." Without at all entering on the forbidden ground of politics, we take this opportunity of declaring for our countrymen, that there is no people for whom they entertain a more sincere regard, none whose merits they more cheerfully acknowledge, none whose defects they more gladly conceal, none whose misfortunes they are more anxious to relieve, and whose evils they are more desirous to remove, than those of the merry and excitable population united to them by the bands of law, and soon, we hope, to be more closely joined by the bonds of love.

The *Practical View of Ireland* contained in the excellent work before us, is precisely that which we have been long desirous to see laid before the British public; it is a calm, temperate, and manly exposition of the present state of that country; it doth "nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice." The causes of distress, discontent, and disunion, are investigated by analytic reasoning too cogent to be resisted; the remedies suggested are deduced immediately from the nature and the cause of the evil; and we can discover no flaw in any part of the argument. Unlike most works that have been published on the harassing subject of Irish affairs, we can find in Mr. Bryan's volume no traces of party violence or religious zeal; for aught that occurs in the book he may be a Catholic or a Protestant, a Whig or a Tory; he spares the faults and conceals the merits of none;

and he withholds not the truth for the gratification of any.

The great object of Mr. Bryan is to prove the necessity of establishing a modified system of poor laws in Ireland; and he grounds this necessity on the peculiar relation between landlord and tenant in that country, strengthening his case by an examination of the several laws devised for the protection of the poor in every civilized country. The objections made to the poor laws by the ignorant, the prejudiced, the interested, or the designing, he honours with a refutation more serious than they merit, and, with wonderful forbearance, avoids exposing the paltry personal motives by which many of his opponents are actuated.

We find it difficult, in our limited space, to give an account of Mr. Bryan's views satisfactory to ourselves; but, as we trust that the volume itself will be very extensively read, we shall the less care for the deficiencies of the following outline.

The Irish code of laws arms the landlord with power infinitely greater, and more formidable, than he possesses in England; while, among all its multifarious enactments, there is not one designed for the protection of the tenant. The landlords in Ireland, also, from the operation of various causes, form a class, or *caste*, as distinct from the occupiers of the soil, as the Patricians were from the Plebeians in Rome, or the Norman conquerors from the Saxon serfs in England. Of course, the internal economy of Ireland is absolutely managed by an oligarchy; and as necessarily of course, that oligarchy is oppressive and detested—for no oligarchy can be otherwise. It would be useless to go over the ground that Niebuhr has already travelled, and show that oppression is an essential part of the existence of every oligarchy. Mr. Bryan, however, has done so, and has needlessly troubled himself to prove almost the only general principle that might be taken as an axiom in politics. The next step in the argument is to prove, that against the oppressions of the oligarchy,—oppressions, be it remembered, arising from the inherent viciousness of the system, and not from any depraved character of individuals,—a system of poor laws would afford efficient protection. This the author proceeds to establish from English history; for there are many striking points of similarity between the condition of England in the fifteenth, and of Ireland in the nineteenth century. The English lords of the soil were foreigners by descent, or at least deriving their tenures from a foreign invasion; the descendants of the old proprietors were the cultivators of the soil, and were subjected to every species of insult and exertion. Hence arose an intense hatred against the dominant caste, manifested by incessant agrarian insurrections, when Wat Tyler, Jack Cade, Jack Straw, the Rocks, and Terry Alts of the day, commenced that system of midnight legislation, which Munster enjoys now; and hence arose that violent national hatred of France,—the country whence England's oppressors came, which lasted down even to our own memory. Now, England has not seen a regular agrarian insurrection since the establishment of poor laws, though, previous to that period, they were almost of annual occurrence. From England Mr. Bryan proceeds to the continent, and shows

that wherever poor laws exist, the peasants are industrious, frugal, and contented: he thence proceeds to America, and shows, that in the populous states, a legal provision for the support of the poor is provided, and exposes the fraud or ignorance of certain reviewers who have chosen to assert the contrary.

Having made his argument from experience perfect, the author ingeniously shows that such beneficial results are the necessary consequence of a wise system of poor laws; because they make it the direct interest of the landlord to provide for the welfare of his tenant, and to encourage him to industry, by giving him a fair share of the profits of his own labours. Poor laws would soon banish rack-rents—that destructive system adopted by landlords, who have chosen for their model the conduct of the boy to the goose that laid golden eggs. Finally, Mr. Bryan proves that the evils resulting from the withholding of legal protection from the Irish peasantry, are proceeding in a rapidly-increasing ratio; that every year, almost every day, makes the mass of misery more unmanageable—the dangers of a servile war more imminent and appalling. His statistical tables are too important to be abridged, and too long to be extracted; but no figures of speech can equal the effect of his figures of arithmetic;—notwithstanding the vast improvements in medical science, the average duration of life appears to be decreasing in Ireland;—crime, on the contrary, is frightfully on the increase: misery and demoralization go hand in hand—and where shall be an end?

One hypocritical objection to the introduction of the poor laws, has excited the small share of Mr. Bryan's contemptuous indignation—the assertion that their introduction would destroy charitable feeling: as if the exactors of rack-rents were replete with soft sensibilities, and heartless absentees conspicuous for "the bowels of compassion."

We quote one passage on the subject, the eloquence of which consists in its perfect truth; and we then dismiss the work with our warmest commendations:—

"Such is the mass of misery in Ireland, that individual charity turns from the besetting wretchedness of the people in despair. It cannot relieve every applicant, and nothing renders the human heart more callous than to behold misery, disease, and sorrow at your threshold, and to be compelled to tell the sufferer that you can administer no relief; so that this general distress destroys, eventually, efficient individual charity. Lady Glengall says, 'that the Irish gentry are so accustomed to sights of misery, that they are indifferent to the sufferings of the poor.' If individual charity did exist in Ireland amongst the upper orders, why do the landlords 'extort exorbitant rents (to use the language of Swift) out of the bowels, sweat, and rage of the poor,' and then turn them adrift? Why are they corrupt magistrates and jobbing grand jurors, oppressing and plundering our miserable people? Why stalks famine, with its consequent fever and crime, through Ireland, while we export food to the amount of eight millions a year? This is the charity which Irish landlords would no doubt perpetuate—this is the economy of Irish benevolence!"

On this passage the following brief extract is an appropriate commentary:—

"It is notorious that the corn exported from Ireland to the British ports, was purchased up by the agents of the London Tavern Committee, in the year 1823, and sent back to Ireland, to



feed the tenantry on the very land on which it had been grown. The charity of England was taxed to save the Irish peasantry from starvation; while the landlords of those very peasants continued to receive their rack-rents. 'Thus,' to apply the language of Grattan, 'the landlord takes advantage of famine, brings up the rear of divine vengeance, and becomes the last great scourge of the husbandman.'

*Arlington.* By the Author of 'Granby,' &c.  
[Second Notice.]

THERE is considerable talent displayed in this work; a knowledge of society; sagacity in unfolding the aims and purposes of men; and not a little of that ever welcome power, called the dramatic. There is not, however, a very deep intimacy with human nature, nor much of original character; nor can we applaud the principle upon which the work is constructed. As surely as Abraham was the father of Isaac, and Isaac of Jacob, and Jacob of the twelve tribes, so is one book the creator of another. The success of 'Eugene Aram,' a work more eminent in talent than tasteful in conception, made murder and robbing fashionable; and the public, having a prodigious swallow in the way of the horrible and awful, cry out for more of such unnatural food. With common readers, a narrative is nothing now, unless it exhibits

A murderer's bones in gibbet air;  
Two span lang wee unchristen'd bairns;  
A thief new catit frae a rape  
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;  
A garter which a babe had strangled;  
A knife a father's throat had mangled,  
Which his ain son of life bereft,—  
The gray hairs yet stuck to the heft.

Of these picturesque materials, 'Arlington' has an ample store. We have a suspicion of murder, a trial of the innocent, and the discovery of the guilty, and other incidents and sights equally strange and moving. Now all such incidents would look well in the Newgate Calendar; and, for intense interest as to matters of stern truth, we have in our time listened to trials surpassing the force of fiction. But then, in a work of talent, we demand a work of art; we require a story not only consistent and natural, and representing actions of a heroic or remarkable kind, but one exhibiting harmony of parts and unity of combination, such as an architect confers on a fine structure. To be natural, is not enough; many actions are quite natural, which are not worth writing about: human nature should be put into a new and striking posture; and men should do something more than drink, and drab, and dine. We have, indeed, been much pleased with passages, nay, with whole chapters of this novel, and sometimes we were so far conquered, as to resolve on leaving our dissent from the principle of much of the story unrecorded. Our sterner mood returned, as we reflected on the whole aim and tendency of the work, and we accordingly wrote our feelings down. We have said, that in this work there is suspicion of murder; the following is the confession of the person who by his most unaccountable concealment, converted an accident into a crime:—

"Perhaps you will hardly have credited the testimony of your senses, and you may now believe, either that you were under a delusion, or that I was mad when I made the horrible assertion, that I was the destroyer of your father. Horrible, and almost incredible as the assertion may seem, it is true; and it is now my duty, as

well as I am able, to apply myself to the almost overwhelming task of rendering you acquainted with the circumstances of that awful event.

"On that dreadful day, I was riding homeward, about dusk, along a bridle-road, which skirted a plantation belonging to your father. He was in the plantation; saw me, and called to me, and desired me to stop and dismount, and get over the fence to look at the growth of some young trees, which he had planted and trained in a peculiar manner. I came over the fence, leaving my horse fastened on the other side. Both of us were without attendants. I looked at the trees, and then we talked of shooting; and he showed me his gun, of which the locks were of a new construction. I took it into my hands. I know not, to this moment, how it happened, but while I was examining the gun, unthinking which way the muzzle was turned, it suddenly went off; and when I looked up through the smoke, Lord Arlington was lying a corpse at my feet.

"My consternation, my agony, my grief, I will not attempt to describe. Words are unequal to the task. In speechless horror I bent over the body. It was stone-dead. No motion—no pulsation—no single symptom which could convey the slightest hope of life. I called, but my cry was weak, for I was almost choked by the agony of my feelings; and no one answered; and then I thought, to what purpose were it, if assistance should really come? The spirit of my friend had departed; and they could only help me to transport from that spot the lifeless clay.

"Then, I know not how, thoughts (would to Heaven they had never entered!) crept by degrees into my mind. A tempting fiend seemed to be near me, and to ask 'should I, so popular, so esteemed, become at once an object of general detestation, as the careless destroyer of my best friend?' And it seemed to tell me, that none had seen, and none need know that the deed had been done by me: approaching darkness favoured my escape, and I need only fly and be silent. I yielded to the suggestion, and fear came over me, and I rushed from the body, seized the gun, threw it hastily into a thicket, returned over the fence, mounted my horse, and rode quickly homeward.

"As I was living alone, there were none but my domestics, from whom it was necessary to conceal my agitation. But, by a violent effort, which the emergency made necessary, I succeeded in suppressing in their presence all outward demonstrations of what I felt. But oh! the agony of that time! and how I longed for the period when the loss I had sustained, should, as must soon happen, be known to all, and I might freely indulge my grief.

"I remember, I contrived an errand, and sent a servant with an unimportant verbal message to Glentworth, in order that, if the dreadful discovery had taken place, I might receive by him the earliest tidings—I did receive them, and I repaired thither that night, to look once more upon the body of my benefactor, and to mingle my tears with those of other afflicted friends. Oh! what a guilty monster did I feel when I stood in the midst of them, and felt that I was the accursed cause of all the misery I saw around me; and there were moments when I longed to unburthen a bursting heart, and tell them it was I that did it. But I reflected that it was now too late. My course was taken, and a tardy confession would make me, in the eyes of the country, scarcely better than a murderer. All would exclaim that only guilty feelings could have prompted the secrecy to which I had recourse; and I should have been rendered an outcast from society. 'No,' I exclaimed, and thought I was uttering an irrefragable truth, 'my course is taken, and, since it is taken, by that I must abide,' iii. 15—19.

We have only a few words to add to our introductory remarks, and the extracts in our former notice:—there have been better books and worse books published, during the season, than 'Arlington'; and we think the author has talents for something much more touching and interesting than this, or perhaps anything he has yet written.

*Annals and Antiquities of Rajast'han, or, the Central and Western Rajpoot States of India.* By Lieut.-Col. Tod. Vol. II. royal 4to.

[Second Notice.]

WE promised to continue our extracts from this volume, and the following is another wild anecdote of the "tiger lord" mentioned in our former notice:—

"On another occasion, from the same freedom of speech, he incurred the displeasure of the Shalazada, or prince-royal, who, with youthful levity, commanded the 'tiger lord' to attempt a feat which he deemed inconsistent with his dignity, namely, gallop at speed under a horizontal branch of a tree and cling to it while the steed passed on. This feat, requiring both agility and strength, appears to have been a common amusement, and it is related, in the annals of Méwar, that the chief of Bunéra broke his spine in the attempt; and there were few who did not come off with bruises and falls, in which consisted the sport. When Nahur heard the command, he indignantly replied, he 'was not a monkey;' that 'if the prince wished to see his feats, it must be where his sword had play;' on which he was ordered against Soortan, the Deorah prince of Sirohi, for which service he had the whole Rahtore contingent at his disposal. The Deorah prince, who could not attempt to cope against it in the field, took to his native hills; but while he deemed himself secure, Mokund, with a chosen band, in the dead of night, entered the glen where the Sirohi prince reposed, stabbed the solitary sentinel, bound the prince with his own turban to his pallet, while, environing him with his clansmen, he gave the alarm. The Deorahs, starting from their rocky beds, collected round their prince, and were preparing for the rescue, when Nahur called aloud, 'You see his life is in my hands; be assured it is safe if you are wise; but he dies on the least opposition to my determination to convey him to my prince. My sole object in giving the alarm, was that you might behold me carry off my prize.' He conveyed Soortan to Jeswunt, who said he must introduce him to the king. The Deorah prince was carried to court, and being led between the proper officers to the palace, he was instructed to perform that profound obeisance, from which none were exempted. But the haughty Deorah replied, 'His life was in the king's hands, his honour in his own: he had never bowed the head to mortal man, and never would.' As Jeswunt had pledged himself for his honourable treatment, the officers of the ceremonies endeavoured by stratagems to obtain a constrained obeisance, and instead of introducing him as usual, they showed him a wicket, knee high, and very low over head, by which to enter, but putting his feet foremost, his head was the last part to appear. This stubborn ingenuity, his noble bearing, and his long-protracted resistance, added to Jeswunt's pledge, won the king's favour; and he not only proffered him pardon, but whatever lands he might desire. Though the king did not name the return, Soortan was well aware of the terms, but he boldly and quickly replied, 'What can your majesty bestow equal to Achilgurh? let me return to it all I ask.' The king had the magnanimity to comply with his request; Soortan was allowed to retire to

the castle of Aboe; nor did he or any of the Deoras ever rank themselves amongst the vassals of the empire; but they have continued to the present hour a life of almost savage independence." p. 56-7.

The following is a curious and affecting account of self-immolation by a native writer:—

"The Nazir went to the *Raoula*, and as he pronounced the words '*Rao siddée*,' the Chohaní queen, with sixteen damsels in her suite, came forth: 'This day,' said she, 'is one of joy; my race shall be illustrated; our lives have passed together, how then can I leave him?'

"Of noble race was the Bhattiani queen, a scion (*sac'ha*) of Jessul, and daughter of Birjung. She put up a prayer to the Lord who wields the discus. 'With joy I accompany my lord; that my fealty (*sati*) may be accepted, rests with thee.' In like manner did the Gazelle (*Mirgavati*) of Derawul, and the Tuár queen of pure blood, the Chaora Rani, and her of Shekhavati, invoke the name of Heri, as they determined to join their lord. For these six queens death had no terrors; but they were the affianced wives of their lord: the certain wives of affection, to the number of fifty-eight, determined to offer themselves a sacrifice to Agni. 'Such another opportunity,' said they, 'can never occur, if we survive our lord; disease will seize and make us a prey in our apartments. Why then quit the society of our lord, when at all events we must fall into the hands of *Yama*, for whom the human race is but a mouthful? Let us leave the iron age (*Kal-yuga*) behind us.' 'Without our lord, even life is death,' said the Bhattiani, as she bound the beads of Toolsi round her neck, and made the *tilac* with earth from the Ganges. While thus each spoke, Nat'hoo, the Nazir, thus addressed them:— 'This is no amusement; the sandal-wood you now anoint with is cool: but will your resolution abide, when you remove it with the flames of Agni? When this scorches your tender frames, your hearts may fail, and the desire to recede will disgrace your lord's memory. Reflect, and remain where you are. You have lived like *Indrani*, nursed in softness amidst flowers and perfumes; the winds of heaven never offended you, far less the flames of fire.' But to all his arguments they replied: 'The world we will abandon, but never our lord. They performed their ablutions, decked themselves in their gayest attire, and for the last time made obeisance to their lord in his car.

"The drum sounded—the funeral train moved on—all invoked the name of *Heri*. Charity was dispensed like falling rain, while the countenances of the queens were radiant as the sun. From heaven *Umia* looked down; in recompense of such devotion she promised they should enjoy the society of *Ajit* in each successive transmigration. As the smoke, emitted from the house of flame, ascended to the sky, the assembled multitudes shouted *Khaman! Khaman!* 'well done! well done!' The pile flamed like a volcano; the faithful queens loved their bodies in the flames, as do the celestials in the lake of *Mansurwar*. They sacrificed their bodies to their lord, and illustrated the races whence they sprung." p. 92-4.

Among the ruins of Cheetore the author saw "a being who, if there is any truth in Chuterkote, must be a hundred and sixty years old. This wonder is a Fakir, who has constantly inhabited the temples, within the memory of the oldest inhabitants; and there is one carpenter, now upwards of ninety, who recollects 'Babaji' as an old man, and the terror of the children.' To me he did not appear above seventy. I found him deeply engaged at *pacheesi* with one of the townsfolk. When I was introduced to

this extraordinary personage, he looked up at me for an instant, and exclaiming, 'What does he want here?' quietly resumed his game. When it was finished, I presented my *assur* to the inspired (for madness and inspiration are here synonymous), which he threw amongst the bystanders, and bolted over the ruins, dragging through the brambles a fine shawl some one had presented to him, and which, becoming an impediment, he left there. In these moods none durst molest him, and when inclined for food or pastime, his wants were quickly supplied. For one moment I got him to cast his mental eye back upon the past, and he mentioned something of *Adina Bég* and the *Punjab* (of which they say he was an inhabitant); but the oracle deigned nothing farther." p. 764-5.

We conclude by submitting to the General Board of Health, a plan adopted by a Hindoo chief for banishing *Murri* (the cholera) from his dominions:—

"It was only during our last journey through Boondí, that I was amused with my friend's expedient to keep 'death' out of his capital, and which I omitted to mention, as likewise the old Regent's mode of getting rid of this unwelcome visitor in Kotah; nor should they be separated. Having assembled the Bramins, astrologers, and those versed in incantations, a grand rite was got up, sacrifice made, and a solemn decree of *desvatto*, or banishment, was pronounced against *Murri*. Accordingly, an equipage was prepared for her, decorated with funeral emblems, painted black, and drawn by a double team of black oxen; bags of grain, also black, were put into the vehicle, that the lady might not go forth without food, and driven by a man in sable vestments, followed by the yells of the populace. *Murri* was deported across the Chumbul, with the commands of the priests that she should never set foot again in Kotah. No sooner did my deceased friend hear of her expulsion from that capital, and being placed *en chemin* for Boondí, than the wise men of this city were called on to provide means to keep her from entering therein. Accordingly, all the water of the Ganges at hand was in requisition, an earthen vessel was placed over the southern portal, from which the sacred water was continually dripping, and against which no evil could prevail. Whether my friend's supply of the holy water failed, or *Murri* disregarded such opposition, she reached his palace." p. 688-9.

*England and France; or, a Cure for Ministerial Gallomania.* London, 1832. Murray.

This work is composed in much the same spirit as Hogarth's 'Gate of Calais,' and Smollett's descriptions in 'Peregrine Pickle;' it is an appeal to the nationality of England, against an imaginary prevalence of French opinions, and is inscribed in a sneering dedication to Earl Grey, as the most eminent Gallomaniac of these times. We see that some of the newspapers are mightily nettled at the opinions given and the facts recorded by this satiric writer; and the shrewd Editor of the *Morning Chronicle* ascribes the work to the unfriendly pen of one of the Premier's pensioned Tories—that he is a Tory will admit of no doubt. Many will look grave, and some will smile, at the nationality of the following passage:—

"We have struggled with this nation in all ages of our history, because we have both struggled for a prize which only one can enjoy—Supremacy. Our Henrys and our Edwards sacked their towns, wasted their treasures, and despoiled them of their fairest provinces. Cressy, and Poitiers, and Agincourt, are not

yet forgotten, although we seem to have consigned to oblivion the days of Ramillies, and Malplaquet, and Blenheim, and although our present rulers appear to have fallen in with the Gallio estimate of those military *mistakes*, which we, in our ignorance, were wont to call the victories of Alexandria and Salamanca,—Vittoria and Waterloo. Under the most powerful of their legitimate sovereigns, we maintained against the French nation a long, an arduous, but, in the end, successful contest. This never-ceasing struggle was, at the commencement of the present century, by them conducted with unprecedented exertion, and under extraordinary advantages: new sources of action, novel springs of conduct, all the excitement of a marvellous revolution, and a leader of super-human energies.

"Colonies and Commerce in the modern world have succeeded to the territorial Conquest of the ancient. The old Bourbons, and even Napoleon himself, found that territorial aggrandisement could not be carried, or at least permanently maintained, beyond a certain limit in the old world; and the real object of France, however she may have dazzled us with military *spectacle*, has long been to rival us as the great commercial and colonial power of Europe. Our collision with our American colonies reanimated her with hope at a moment of despair; but, in spite of all our mischances, and notwithstanding the ulterior efforts of Napoleon, the contest ended by our sweeping her fleets from the Ocean, and reducing her, as a colonial power, to the lowest class. So rooted in her mind is this resolution, that it is known to the well-informed, that however the French King might have been reconciled to the recent invasion of Spain, by the prospect of supporting legitimacy and the certainty of forming an army, the ulterior purpose of the celebrated Minister, who advocated that invasion with an eloquence which will not easily be forgotten, was the acquisition of the revolted Colonies of Spanish America. M. de Chateaubriand, I understand, now glories in this avowal, and confesses that the discovery of this scheme by the sagacity of Mr. Canning occasioned his dismissal."

This lively little book will be much read in these stirring days of agitation and change—it might have been written in a milder and more benevolent spirit, and been nothing the worse.

*The Rajah Rammohun Roy on the Judicial and Revenue Systems of British India.* Smith, Elder, & Co.

THE learning, benevolence, and talent, of this distinguished Rajah, together with his opportunities for observation, render all the opinions which he expresses concerning our Eastern dominions, worthy of attention. He has, since his arrival in England, mixed largely in society: his agreeable manners, his strict observance of the etiquette of polished life, and the eloquence with which he discourses on the institutions and various nations of his native land, have made him much of a favourite: nor will the present work, limited though it be in its nature lower him the least in the estimation of all who have the welfare of England and India at heart. We may briefly state, that he speaks with respect of the talents and the wisdom which have united in acquiring, without much bloodshed or wrong, an empire more extensive in its limits and more powerful in arms than some of the boasted kingdoms of antiquity—an empire which is not guided by princes or ministers, but managed by a Committee of Merchants residing three months'

sail from the banks of the Indus. He speaks with approbation of the system of rule adopted and acted upon in maintaining the spirit of the old institutions—in respecting the usages and the religion of the people, and in protecting the persons and property of all classes and castes. All that the Rajah has said in this book has been printed by the House of Commons—we shall therefore make no extracts: he promises an account of his travels and opinions—we trust the work will soon appear.

*Sermons, by the Reverend Richard Cattermole.* London, 1832. Fellowes.

LEARNING and piety unite in rendering the present volume a welcome addition to our stock of devout works. The author is the well-known Secretary, of the Royal Society of Literature, where he has rendered himself generally agreeable, by performing his duties in a way mild and unostentatious. These sermons are ten in number; and though the texts for which his learning and talent supplied the illustrations, cannot be considered as new, we have no hesitation in saying, that he has acquitted himself like a scholar and anxious christian. There is more plain sound sense than commanding eloquence in these pages; and though there is much which the audience before whom the sermons were delivered, could not fail to be well acquainted with, still, there is a large share of what is new and original. The ninth sermon, 'On praying for daily bread,' is much to our liking; so is that 'On Love to God,' and likewise the one 'On Divine and Human Will.' There is, however, as the author well knows, no perfection in human works—we wish that it had been his pleasure to be more simple and familiar.

*Cholera, as it recently appeared in the Towns of Newcastle and Gateshead.* By T. M. Greenhow. London, 1832.

AMONG the practical works now publishing on this subject, this must be considered one of the most useful, interesting, and best written. It deserves to be classed with the very valuable ones of Messrs. Bell and Orton.

*Lectures delivered at the Mechanics' Institution on Oxygen, Carbon, and Vitality, the three great agents in the Physical Character of Man; with remarks on the Asiatic Cholera.* By George Rees, M.D. London, 1832.

THESE lectures are as instructive as they are interesting, and do equal honour to the head and heart of Dr. Rees.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Three ladies, but of diverse natures, have laid their offerings on our table: the modest Muse who inspires British verse; the more knowing lady who presides over prose tale and story; and the Muse—who should rather say Fury—who pours venom into lampoons and politics. With the latter, indeed, we never meddle, save to correct matters of fact or of taste: we have no wish to embark in such a shoreless sea, where many noble spirits suffer shipwreck.

'*Vedder's Orcadian Sketches.*'—The author of this interesting little volume was born in humble life, we believe: saw many vicissitudes of fortune both by sea and land, and obtaining knowledge in that great academy called the world, turned it to such account, that he not only obtained a comfortable situation in the service of his country, at Dundee, but has acquired honours both in verse and prose. We are not of that class of critics who wish to excite a reader's sympathy in the fortunes of an author as a sort of recompense for undervaluing his genius: we allude to the parentage of Mr. Vedder for

the purpose of putting him into that class of Scottish spirits to which he belongs, and claiming him as an honourable addition to that distinguished rank called the Peasant Poets of Scotland. It would be easy to prove by specimens, in the humorous as well as the serious, that our northern friend has great merit, in both legends and lyrics: his songs have life and nature, and his prose sketches are simple and effective. We have neither space for specimen nor discussion: we must content ourselves with saying, that, of his prose, the sea adventures are most to our liking; and that, in his poetry, he abounds with happy lines which cling to the memory. He has none of those glaring atrocities of style or infirmities of taste which are sometimes visible in the self-educated. We respect the poet and the man, and wish him all the success—and that is not little—which such worth and talent deserve.

'*The Immortality of the Soul, and other Poems,*' by David Malloch.—The principal poem in this little volume was written in competition for the prize at the University of Edinburgh, and its success induced the author to retouch it with a careful and more experienced hand, and present it in its present shape to the world. The subject is of a daring nature, too daring perhaps for any poets but those of the highest order: and we really wonder that a learned University gave out such a theme for competition among inexperienced youths. We are far, however, from being displeased with the poem by which Mr. Malloch obtained the prize: on the contrary, it is deficient neither in language, imagery, nor sentiment: it is true that some of the imagery is too fanciful, and some of the language a little flowery—nay, we were oftener than once at a loss for the meaning, and not unfrequently sighed for greater simplicity of diction: yet we were gratified with the ardour of much of the verse, and pleased with the fervent piety of many of the lines.

'*De la Voye's Mélange.*'—This is a very curious book: nor is that all, it has been as curiously produced. It is the attempts in English verse of a French scholar, who says, that a few years ago he could not be understood in England without an interpreter. "The principal motive," says the author, "for bringing before the public this nondescript kind of a book, originated in the repeated jests of several English gentlemen, who laughed at the idea of a Frenchman's attempting to compose blank verse, or any style of English poetry." There is some true poetry about this good-natured Frenchman: he sees with a poet's eye, and feels with a poet's heart; but he has certainly not yet acquired such mastery in the English tongue, as will secure his verses against the captiousness of critics solicitous in the matter of language, or quite put to shame his laughing friends. We must, indeed, acknowledge, that, serious as is our vocation, we could not but smile upon occasions: the author handles some of our words in such sort, as we are sure they were never handled before, and compels others to perform a duty which no native would presume to subject them to. We like, however, the enthusiasm of M. De la Voye: and there are lines and pictures, in his 'Sun-rise,' not unworthy of a poet.

'*Childhood, and other Poems,*' by I. Norval, Glasgow.—There is much that is sweet, and much that is poetical, in this small volume; and we know no better way of recommending it to notice, than by quoting the lines with which the poem of 'Childhood' commences:—

Like the swallow, light o'er the giddy wave  
The cutter she glides while the ripples lave  
Her sea-green sides, as, with sail unfurled,  
She goes, like a thing of another world!  
On the silver sheet, the dancing ray  
Of the morning sun is seen to play;  
As she rocks afar o'er the bounding tide,  
Like a lover to gain his winsome bride!

'*Discourses and Sacramental Addresses,*' by the Rev. D. B. Baker.—There is a vein of pious reflection, and an earnest desire for human welfare, running through every page of this book, which cannot fail to recommend it to the good and the devout: but we cannot praise it either for the originality of its views, or the masculine vigour of its language.

'*Waterloo; a Poem,*' by Thomas Jackson, Esq.—It was the object of the author to draw up the British army in the exact order in which it stood on the morning of the Battle of Waterloo; and he flatters himself, he says, that he has done this with great accuracy. He is, however, infinitely more skilful in drawing soldiers up, than in leading them on to strife; and we have no hesitation in averring, that if our countrymen had not fought the good fight on that day, with more impetuosity and fire, than it has been the pleasure of the muse to employ on the present occasion, there would have been but a beggarly account of the affair, instead of a victory which astounded Europe, and hurled her conqueror from his throne. We cannot imagine what has induced a kind, well-meaning man, to climb the charnel mound of Waterloo, and sound his feeble horn on the resting-place of heroes, over whom so many trumpets have been blown, and inspired songs in all languages sung.

'*Sacred Poetry,*' by a Layman.—It has been our fate to meet with poems on martial subjects, in which we perceived none of the whirlwind and fire necessary for a heady fight; and now we are doomed to read sacred poetry by a Layman, which has little of the true fervour and elevation which the matter demands. We love the devout and the sober-minded; but our advice is to all men—Lift not, we beseech you, the lyre, either sacred or profane, unless you have skill in touching the strings.

'*The Tinder-Box.*'—Burn some linen to tinder; take a steel in one hand and a good flint in the other, and strike the two together over the aforesaid combustible, and you will raise as much fire as may serve the need of both yourself and your neighbour.—To communicate the above important fact, some one has written and printed these forty pages; we shall have volumes composed yet to teach drunkards how to swallow drama.

'*The Bee and the Wasp.*'—This, an agreeable fable in verse, with a moral, which, though not new, is illustrated with entertaining cuts by Cruikshank.

'*Prize Letters to Students.*'—To these letters was awarded, by a committee of literary gentlemen in New York, the prize of fifty dollars, offered for the production best adapted to exert a purifying and elevating influence upon the character of students. The work has been reprinted by Westley & Davis, and deserves to succeed. The letters are fourteen in number, and their object is to recommend meekness and piety to the young and the thoughtless. We hope they have done and will continue to do good: the youth of these latter days have need of some one to teach them to doubt less and believe more.

'*Broken Chains, a Poem in Four Cantos,*' printed at Paris.—There is much that we like in this poem; the author, however, describes his heroine in a manner much too literal for our taste:—

Her head-dress conical in shape,  
Her plaited frill, her snow-white cape,  
Her velvet bodice neatly laced,  
Her apron short with pockets graced,  
Her crimson kirtle that concealed  
Just half the leg, whilst it revealed  
The foot and ankle—all betrayed  
A young and lovely Norman maid.

'*Achmet's Feast, and other Poems,*' by Richard Boid, B.A., of Magdalen College, Cambridge.

He trimmed his little bark of hope,  
And launched it on the sea,  
And merrily before the gale  
He steered in ecstasy.

But soon the storm arose, and high  
The waters rolled and tossed,  
And lo! his little bark of hope  
Was in the surges lost.

Though we fell in with pleasing passages as we looked through the poems of Mr. Boid, we are afraid that his volume, like his 'Bark of Hope,' will not float long on the sea of time. He is pretty and neat, with a taste for effect, and his feelings are warm and kindly—but more is required to make a lasting poet.

We are glad to see that 'Travels and Researches of Eminent English Missionaries,' by the author of 'Mary Ogilvie,' and 'Scripture Natural History,' by William Carpenter, have arrived at second editions. They are good books, and cannot fail to be most welcome to the quiet hearths of the humbler classes.

'The Mother's Medical Guide,' is another useful little work. It contains a great deal of advice and information, that must be invaluable to young mothers.

Sir Thomas Browne's 'Religio Medici,' is a work as extensive in its fame among the well-informed, as it is little known to casual readers. It is a volume abounding in wisdom and beauties, and to him who may not have read it, promising the richest harvest of delight, of any work we could recommend. It appears, from a note prefixed to this edition, that all former editions are full of inaccuracies; this may be, but we are not critical in trifles. The editor of the present shall have our best thanks for every correction; and we can recommend this volume, published by Vincent, Oxford, for taste and elegance in its getting up.

Mr. Brandreth has ventured to put forth another number of his 'Minstrel Melodies.' The songs are unequal, and hardly answer to the promise of the first number. He still perseveres in his modesty, and now offers a bundle of sixty ballads, that would make a creditable octavo volume, for one shilling! We have hardly room for extract, and must therefore content ourselves with an occasional verse:—

The Sea, the Sea, the Summer Sea!  
No tempests o'er it sweep;  
But, calm as childhood's gentle rest,  
The placid waters sleep.  
The Nautilus, in mimic pride,  
The balmy breezes greet;  
Lo! where it spreads its purple sail,  
And steers its fairy fleet!

The sunset cloud, the crescent moon,  
The rock, the tower, the tree,  
Mirror'd in magic beauty seem—  
The Sea, the Summer Sea!

The Sea, the Sea, the Winter Sea!  
When storm-clouds are abroad,  
And tempests howl and billows rise,  
And Nature's self is awed.  
The thunder rolls, the lightnings flash,  
The skies in anger frown,  
While, 'mid the elemental strife,  
The shattered ship goes down.  
For 'tis, indeed, an awful hour  
Of dread solemnity,  
When Death, with shadowy footstep, treads  
The Sea, the Winter Sea!

One other extract, and we have done:—

At the Sun-set Hour.

At the sun-set hour,  
By the sun-set tree,  
Ere the stars give a light,  
Or the moon shines bright;  
Too late for day, too soon for night,—  
Then come to me.

Where the forest's pride  
Lonely stands and free,  
With its knarled root,  
And its acorn fruit,  
Of by-gone ages record mate—  
There come to me.

When its leaves the flower  
Closes on the lea;  
And the butterfly sleeps  
Where the lily weeps,  
And night's first watch the bee-bird keeps—  
Then come to me.

† A peculiar species of evening moth, so called by the country people in some parts of England.

Where the streamlets glide  
Onward to the sea,  
While the distant roar  
Of its waves on the shore  
The peaceful vale floats sweetly o'er—  
There come to me.

#### ORIGINAL PAPERS

##### THE SEA-BOY AND HIS SISTER.

BY MISS JEWELRY.

"WHAT shall I bring thee from the isles  
Whither our vessel goes?  
Bright are the sea-shells scattered there,  
More bright than the English rose;  
And dust of gold, and diamond,  
May be bought where points our prow,  
Some shall be thine and mine, ere death,  
But what shall I bring thee now, sweet girl?  
But what shall I bring thee now?"

"Fear not the sea, thou timid one,  
My master and king is he,  
And I brook not a word of treason heard,  
Not a word, though it come from thee:  
Nine weeks and a day have I dwelt on land,  
Summer sports and labour seen,  
I am sick of the flowers, I am tired of the trees,  
I long for the shadows on ocean's green,  
For the smell and the foam of the seas.

"Let me go, for my heart beats thickly here,  
Not more drowsy thy wheel, than I,  
But one touch of the ropes, one breath of the gales,

And less light shall the dolphin ply:  
I am weary to death of landmen's talk,  
My friends all tread the deck,  
But I love thee, sister, and ere I go,  
Say, what shall I bring thee back, sweet girl?  
Say, what shall I bring thee back?"

"Ay, go, my brother; first and last  
That ever bore such name to me;  
Go, while the courage, ebbing fast,  
Remains, to bid farewell to thee.  
I've watched thy boyish years unfold,  
I love thee as a mother now,  
Yet go, for restless dreams have scroll'd  
The name of rover on thy brow.

"Think not I blame thee;—thou art kind—  
Hast left me in this cot at ease—  
But oh, thou canst not make me blind  
To the deep perils of the seas!  
Thou speak'st of them with pleasant tongue—  
Thou say'st thy heart and home are there;  
But oft I think, with spirit wrung,  
Thou wouldst not, if I were not here:—

"An orphan with a pallid cheek;  
A frame, too, somewhat overworn;  
Enough—the heart is slow to break,  
And sorrow comes but to be borne;  
The hardest is, to see thee go  
Thus in thy youth, time after time;  
To live upon thy toil, and know,  
For me thou wearest out thy prime!

"Yet I must think thou lov'st the sea,  
'Twould madden me to doubt it long,"  
"Love I the deep?—now credit me,  
I love it with a love as strong,  
As thou myself;—it is my joy,  
Has been my home, shall be my grave;  
I tell thee, tempest scarce alloys  
The bliss, the triumph of the wave!  
So what shall I bring thee back, dear friend?  
So what shall I bring thee back?"

"Bring back to me," said the gentle one,  
"That, which no caves may hide;  
That, which the deep sea cannot quench;  
Thy LOVE,—no gift beside!"

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF CRABBE THE POET.

WE have much pleasure in laying before our readers a letter which we have received from a gentleman of Bath, but who formerly lived in Trowbridge, and was one of the parishioners of the poet. As all that relates to a man every way so worthy, is valuable, we shall give what we have received without alteration or comment, for we have full confidence in the candour of our correspondent.

"Crabbe came to Trowbridge some eighteen years ago: at first he was but lightly looked upon by the Dissenters, a numerous body there; but when they became acquainted with his worth of heart, and vigour of mind, and his unwearied kindness to the poor of all persuasions, he grew a great favourite, and was warmly welcomed to all missionary meetings, Bible societies, and other associations for the benefit of the labouring classes. He mixed but little with the gentry around him; the houses to which he chiefly resorted as a friend, was to that of Mr. Waldron, his colleague in the magistracy, and that of Mr. Norris Clarke, an eminent clothier; with every one else he was friendly, but not intimate. He was fond of the exercise of long walks, and as he studied geology, he seldom went out without a hammer in his pocket, which he applied to all kinds of curious stones; he was sometimes in danger during these examinations, for he would stop readily in the middle of the public road, to pry into the merits of a fractured stone, and did not always hear the warnings of drivers of coaches and carts. On one occasion, he went with his son John to Avon-cliffe, about four miles from Trowbridge, tied the horse to a crag, ascended to the quarry, and commenced hammering away. In turning over a stone, however, it escaped from his hands, rolled down the declivity with such a noise, as frightened the horse, and made it run away and smash the gig. He looked after it for a little while, and when he saw it stopped, he smiled and said, 'Well, it might have been worse.' His income amounted to about eight hundred a year, but he was a mild man in the matter of tithes: when told of many defaulters, his usual reply was, 'Let it be—probably they cannot afford to pay so well as I can afford to want it—let it be.' His charitable nature was so well known, that he was regularly visited by mendicants of all grades; he listened to their long stories of wants and woes with some impatience, and when they persevered, he would say, 'God save you all, I can do no more for you,' and so shut the door. But the wily wanderers did not on this depart; they knew the nature of the man; he soon sallied out in search of them, and they generally got a more liberal present on the way from his house, than at the door. He has even been known to search obscure lodging-houses in Trowbridge, to relieve the sufferers whom misfortunes had driven to beggary. He was, of course, often imposed upon by fictitious tales of woe, which, when he discovered, he merely said, 'God forgive them; I do.' He was most punctual in all his engagements, and felt much annoyed on being detained in the church waiting for funerals. He once waited a whole hour for one beyond the time appointed, and then went home to dinner; but just as he sat down, the burial train appeared; he rose in no pleasant mood; on which his son said, 'Father, allow me to bury the corpse.'—'Well, do so, John,' he answered, 'you are a milder man than your father.'

"Crabbe was particularly anxious about the education of the humbler classes, and gave much of his time to its furtherance. In his latter days, the Sunday school was his favourite place of resort, and there he was commonly to be found in the evenings between seven and eight, listening to the children; 'I love them much,' he once observed, 'and now old age has

made me a fit companion for them.' He was a great favourite with the scholars—on their leaving school, he gave them Bibles a-piece, and admonished them respecting their future conduct. His health was usually good, though he sometimes suffered from the Tic Doleureux. His sermons were short, but pointed, and to the purpose; but his voice latterly had failed, and he was imperfectly heard. Not long ago, he met a poor old woman in the street, whom he had for some time missed from the church, and asked her if she had been ill. 'Lord bless you Sir, no,' was the answer; 'but it's of no use going to your church, for I can't hear you.'—'Very well, my good old friend,' said the pastor, 'you do right in going where you can hear,' and he slipped half-a-crown into her hand, and went away.' He had prepared a selection of his sermons for the press, as well as a new volume of poems, but he delayed their publication, saying, 'They will do better when I am dead.' He was only one week ill; on the night before he died, he said to a maid-servant who had lived long with him, 'Now, in the morning, when I am dead, go you to bed, and let others do what must be done—but while I am living, stay you beside me.' He died at 7 o'clock on the morning of the 3rd of February: it is untrue, that the clothiers shut their shops; it was the shopkeepers of Trowbridge: the clothiers keep no shops, and I have not heard that they shut up their factories. He was universally esteemed, and as a proof of it, one hundred of his fellow townsmen requested leave to attend his funeral."

#### KENSINGTON OBSERVATORY.

[The following interesting Paper is kindly contributed by one whose name, if we were at liberty to publish it, would be the best security for its accuracy.]

SOME years ago, the distinguished Astronomer who, with a public spirit rarely equalled, established this Observatory at his own expense, purchased on the Continent the finest object lens, for a refracting telescope, ever made. The object glass presented to the University of Dorpat by the late Emperor of Russia, and which, in the hands of Professor Struve, has rendered such important services to Astronomy, is one-third less in superficial magnitude, being only nine inches diameter, while that of Sir James South is eleven inches and eight tenths. Soon after obtaining this valuable piece of glass, Sir James South determined on erecting a telescope to receive it, mounted in the manner of an equatorial, and placed in a building surmounted by a suitable dome. This work is now nearly accomplished, and we have lately had the pleasure of inspecting the building and the instrument. Some account of a piece of work which must be regarded as a national honour, cannot, we trust, be unacceptable to our readers.

The object glass above mentioned, is nearly 20 feet focal length. The telescope is therefore above 20 feet long, and is furnished with two smaller telescopes, at either side, and having their axes parallel to the principal one. Such appendages, in large telescopes, are usually applied, under the denomination of *Anders*, being intended to facilitate the process by which the observer directs the large instrument to any particular object. In the present case they answer this purpose, but they are also attended with far more important uses. Being instruments of considerable power, they enable the observer to effect, under similar circumstances of atmosphere and instrumental steadiness, three correspondent observations on the same object; or, as in the case of occultations of stars by the moon, three observers can witness the same phenomenon at the same time. The object glasses of these telescopes are exquisitely perfect, and are the work of Messrs. William and

Thomas Sulley. One of these telescopes is  $5\frac{1}{2}$  feet focal length, and  $4\frac{1}{2}$  inches aperture, and the other 42 inches focal length, and  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches aperture.

The instrument is mounted by Troughton, in the manner of an equatorial, and, although so massive a structure, it can be moved with the greatest facility, both in right ascension and declination, by the observer, without removing his eye from the eye-piece. This is accomplished as usual, by two rods terminating in universal joints, and working small racks, by which the instrument is moved.

The building in which this splendid instrument is placed, is circular in its plan, being 28 feet 10 inches internal diameter in the clear. The circular wall is one brick and a half in thickness, and 11 feet 3 inches in height, from the floor of the building. On the wall-plate, at the top, is placed a circular iron railway, and on this rests a magnificent hemispherical dome. The dome revolves on the railway with an azimuth motion, that is, with a rotation round its vertical axis. This motion is obtained by six rollers placed on the above-mentioned railway, whereon the dome rests, and the dome is maintained in its position, and guarded against lateral disturbance by twelve guide-wheels, which are inserted on the outside edge in the circular plate which forms the base of the dome, and which press, as the dome revolves, against the upright ledge of the railway.

The dome itself is composed of extremely light ribs, which are thinly covered with cedar, protected by an external coating of copper. Its inner surface is lined with battens of pine. In the domes which usually surmount equatorial instruments, it is necessary to place a slit, or opening, extending through a certain space of the dome, in a vertical direction, which opening can be closed by shutters when the instrument is not in use. For the purposes of observation it is not necessary that this opening should be made on more than one side of the dome, nor that it should extend to the crest or vertex on the one hand, nor to the base or horizontal point on the other. Such an opening, therefore, is never inconsistent with that peculiar character of strength and stability, which is not only an actual quality of the domical figure, but so intimately associated with that figure in our minds, as to produce a feeling of pleasure and security in beholding it. We confess it was not without surprise, nor without feelings very different from those of pleasure and security, that we perceived this otherwise magnificent structure, completely divided into two parts by a chasm extending between two points of the base of the dome, diametrically opposite, and carried completely through its vertex. Our surprise was not abated by the consideration that such an opening, while it destroys the most important mechanical and architectural qualities of the structure, is utterly useless for any purpose of astronomical observation. No one could have been better aware of this than the distinguished and munificent person at whose expense this work was erected.

This chasm or opening, extending thus entirely across the dome, is 3 feet 7 inches in width; and an attempt has been made, by the engineer who conducted the work, to construct shutters of sheet-iron for the purpose of closing it. These shutters, which are now upon the dome, are formed of one connected mass of sheet-iron, and travel, in short railways, outside the dome, and on its base, near the points at which it springs. An apparatus, worked by cranks, is provided, intended to close these shutters; but such is the imperfect manner in which they are designed, that they cannot be made to approach each other at present within several inches. New shutters must be constructed to replace these. The dome is moved

round its axis by a system of ropes and pulleys, which are worked by a winch placed within the building. An attendant can thus turn the chax or opening to any part of the heavens to which the observer may desire to direct the instrument.

To prevent the instrument, during observations, from being affected by tremors communicated to the walls of the building, either by moving the dome, or from any other external cause, the piers whereon the instrument is placed are altogether unconnected with the walls of the building.

It is not easy to imagine any arrangement more ill-judged than the chax or opening already alluded to, and the shutters by which it is attempted to close it. When the shutters are open, the two halves of the dome present hollow shells, to catch every blast of wind which may occur in either direction. And, in the case of a high wind blowing in a direction at right angles to the chax, it would be altogether unsafe to attempt using the instrument. A hollow segment of a spherical surface, of nearly 30 feet diameter, would be presented to catch the storm; and there can be no doubt that the dome would be liable to be blown off the building. But, independently of this, the absurd construction of the shutters aggravates the evil. They do not move upon the surface of the dome, but when open, rise from it, presenting the appearance, in respect of the dome, not very unlike a starched ruff upon a lady's gown. They thus form sails, spread to catch every blast, and conspire, with the chax, in exposing to destruction, the building, the instrument, and observer.

That Sir James South could be a party to such a contrivance, we knew to be impossible; and we have accordingly found, upon inquiry, that the idea of opening the dome, from side to side, through the vertex, was undertaken in direct opposition to Sir James's wishes, and against his opinion. In fact, this absurd project had no other object than the display of a *tour de force*, and was an effort to produce effect on the part of the architect.

Happily this evil is easily remedied, and Sir James South is, we find, about to close the opening in such parts as are not necessary for the purposes of observation. We wish we could say that the wasteful expenditure of money into which this patriotic astronomer has been betrayed could be so easily restored. It would be uninteresting to the public to enter into the details which have come into our possession of the harassing expenses, and the loss of time and anxiety of mind occasioned to the founder of this Observatory by the series of blunders shown in the management of this work. But some notion may be formed of this by the knowledge of the fact, that the original estimate for the dome, including the copper covering and every convenience, and even every luxury which could contribute to the facility of observation, did not exceed 504*l.*, and yet the sum already expended upon it exceeds 1700*l.*! The shutters alone—which, being utterly ineffective, must be now removed—were undertaken under an assurance that their cost would not exceed 40*l.* Their expense, however, has exceeded 500*l.*! It is right to state, that none of this increased expense has in a single instance arisen from any change in the intentions or views of Sir James South in the progress of the work.

We have considered it right to animadvert severely on these circumstances, because, although the money expended has not been public money, yet it has been part of the resources of a public-spirited individual devoted to public purposes, and should therefore be held still more sacred than public funds.

The instrument was first placed on its piers within the building on the 26th of January last. It was elevated by tackle planted in different



parts of the surrounding grounds, which, passing through the chax of the dome, grasped the ponderous framing which supported the instrument at several points. When the northern or upper extremity of the instrument had been brought within a few inches of the rollers destined to receive it, being then at the height of twenty-six feet from the floor, the ropes which supported the extremity broke. The lower end fell on the stone pier, while the upper end in its fall fortunately did no other injury to the dome or wall than that of slightly breaking the inner lining of the roof. It happily occurred that, although more than thirty workmen and others were present, no one sustained the slightest injury. Had the accident happened a minute sooner, it is more than probable that several persons, including Sir James South himself, Mr. Troughton, and Captain Beaufort, would have perished.

To those who have not had the pleasure of witnessing the powers of this extraordinary instrument, it is not easy to convey an adequate notion of them. Under favourable circumstances it will bear a magnifying power of more than 1000, and even in bad nights one of above 700. Indeed, in observations on the fixed stars, there seems to be no other limit to the magnifying power which may be used with it, than the state of the atmosphere. The star of the first magnitude called  $\alpha$  Lyreæ may be viewed with a magnifying power of 5000 without losing in the slightest degree its roundness and distinctness.

Those who are conversant with astronomical observations will understand the excellence of the instrument from the following facts:—The close stars of  $\delta$  Cygni and  $\zeta$  Herculis, under favourable circumstances, are easily shown by it. The star  $\epsilon$  Arietis is resolved into two stars instantly; and as for  $\eta$  Coronæ,  $\zeta$  Caveria, and the 2nd  $\mu$  Bootis, they are shown as close double stars with as much facility as Castor is with ordinary telescopes. The division between the two rings of Saturn is still visible by its aid. Stars of the fifth magnitude may be observed with it in the day time. The small star which accompanies the pole-star has been seen with it under strong sunshine.

When powers magnifying several thousand times are used, an inconvenience arises from the circumstance, that the diurnal motion of the heavens is also magnified, and the star appears to run out of the field of view before the observer can contemplate it with the requisite attention. To remedy this inconvenience, it is contemplated by Sir James South, to connect the framing of the instrument with clock-work, by which the telescope will be made to move with the star, and thus, notwithstanding the diurnal motion, and high magnifying power, the object may be kept in the field of view for any length of time.

#### TOUR THROUGH UPPER INDIA.

*Kanaor—Himalaya of Thibet—Immense Elevation of the Kanaor Villages—The Pendjab—Salt-mines—Cachemire.*

At the meeting of the Paris Academy of Sciences, held on the 26th of last month, extracts from letters, received by the Museum of Natural History in that capital, from M. Jacquemont in India, were read. It appears, that Jacquemont left Calcutta the 20th of November 1829, reached Benares the 31st of December following, and arrived at Delhi in the early part of March 1830. On the 12th of the ensuing month he entered the Himalaya district, in the direction of Saharumpore, a town lying to the north of Delhi. After ascending to the sources of the Jumna, he crossed the great chain of the Indian-Himalaya mountains, and descended into the wide and elevated plain, termed "The High Kanaor," which is watered by the Upper Sutledje. Jacquemont has ascertained, that the

mountain-range, which bounds this valley to the north, and may be justly denominated the "Thibetian Himalaya," is even of loftier and more majestic dimensions than the "Indian." The traveller penetrated six days' journey beyond the 32nd degree of northern latitude, into the Thibetian chain, in effecting which he ascended along the banks of the Spili, which empties itself into the Sutledje, pushed his investigations in the line of the eastern frontier, and would have reached Lake Mansarovar, but for the impediments thrown in his way by the Chinese posts. The following are some of the results of his observations. The average height of the Kanaor villages, lying on the banks of the Sutledje, is 2000 metres (6562 feet), and of those lying in the basin of the Spili, 4000 metres (13,125 feet) above the level of the sea; there are even some spots in the latter of these regions, where the cultivated land and villages range as high as nearly 5000 metres (16,400 feet) above the sea-level. The Indian Himalaya is almost wholly composed of primordial rocks; but the Thibetian contains a system of secondary and shell-encrusted rocks, of very considerable thickness, which spreads for an immense distance into Chinese Thibet and Independent Tartary.

After spending seven months in exploring the Kanaor, Jacquemont returned by a different route, and recrossed the Indian Himalaya by the Bouronn Ghanti, which is one of the deepest gorges of that chain, although it lies at an elevation of more than 16,000 feet above the level of the sea! He came back to Delhi for the purpose of depositing his collections in safety, and making preparations for a visit to that vast portion of the Kaboul, which goes by the name of the Pendjab, comprises the whole basin of the Indus, and is subject to the sway of Runjit-Singh. He would have found this an almost unaccomplishable task, but for the interposition of M. Allard, a fellow-countryman, who has disciplined a portion of the Rajah's forces after the European model, backed by the patronage of Lord William Bentinck. By their means he was enabled to explore a country, which no Englishman had been allowed to investigate; and he reached its capital in the beginning of March 1831. Taking his departure from it on the 26th of that month, he proceeded to Pindandekhan, where he examined the salt-mines situated in its vicinity, and found them, in every mineralogical feature, to correspond exactly with those of Cardona in Spain. He had hitherto found every facility afforded him in prosecuting his enterprise, but on arriving at Mirpour, he observed, that the Rajah's orders were neglected, and that he would therefore be exposed to all sorts of difficulties in consequence of the state of anarchy, which prevailed throughout the district. Nor were his apprehensions groundless; for, upon approaching the Fortress of Teloutchi, himself and the whole of his escort were made prisoners by a chieftain of the name of N'Heal-Singh, and, after many impediments, released on payment of a heavy ransom. Having immediately brought the occurrence to Runjit-Singh's knowledge, the Rajah made good the sum of which he had been plundered, and placed the offender's life at his mercy. Jacquemont, considering it incumbent upon him not to permit the freebooter to escape altogether unscathed, required that he should receive corporal punishment, and be kept in durance vile until he had completed his peregrinations. The traveller does not confirm the eulogies, which have been lavished by eastern writers on the city of Cachemire; for he represents it as a wretched dirty town, and the country around it as devoid of any peculiar attractions; though, from its being possessed of water and vegetation, it may be readily conceived to have figured as a very Paradise in the eyes of

the court of India, who made it their summer residence, in exchange for the parching sun and burning surface of Agra and Delhi. Jacquemont has abandoned his intention of visiting Little Thibet, though he has hopes of procuring some animals from that quarter, which are not to be met with in any of the countries which he has hitherto explored. From the information given him, he has every reason to conclude, that there are four species of ruminating animals, which yield a down similar to that of the Cachemire goat, and employed for the same purposes. He writes in expectation of speedily receiving living specimens, to the extent of several pairs, of each of these four species.

#### JOSEPH HAYDN.

THE recent celebration of the centenary of the birth of this extraordinary man may make a few particulars of his life and labours acceptable at the present moment. And well may the term "extraordinary" be applied to Joseph Haydn—a man who shone, if not unmatched for musical genius, at least without an equal for industry and fecundity of imagination. His life was extended to the age of three-score and seventeen, from which the immaturity of childhood and the waning years of his later existence must be thrown off. In fact, the period of his musical career was comprised between the age of eighteen, when he ventured before the public with his first quartett, and of seventy-three, when his powers began to wane under the infirmity of advancing years. He left behind him an autograph, though incomplete, detail of his rare, unwearied, and successful diligence; and by this, it appears, that between the years 1760 and 1805 (for in the former his Symphony in D appeared), he had composed 118 symphonies, 83 quartetts (the last of which came out in an unfinished state in 1806, and was rendered mournfully interesting by the device on its title-page—"Alas! mine every power is withered!") 24 trios, 19 operas, 5 oratorios, 163 pieces for the tenor, 24 concertos for various instruments, 15 masses, 10 smaller pieces of church music, amongst others, the 'Stabat Mater' and 'Salve Regina,' 44 sonatas for the piano, 42 German and Italian songs, 39 canons, 13 vocal pieces for more than one voice, 365 Scottish melodies, and a host of miscellaneous compositions. In no one individual were there perhaps ever combined more fertility of invention, more mastery of science, more playfulness of humour, or a greater originality of easy and graceful imagination. After the twelve symphonies, which Haydn wrote for Salomon's Concerts, followed the Creation, that splendid achievement, which encircled the evening of his days with an immortality of glory. He composed it at the advanced age of sixty-five, evidently in the enjoyment of unimpaired freshness and vigour of mind; and it was first performed at Vienna. Even Wieland caught the enthusiasm, which Haydn's master-piece had kindled under every European sky, nor did he rest until he had sung the praises of the Creation. The writer recollects, as it were but yesterday, paying his first visit to Haydn in the year 1799, and finding him busily engaged in composing the part of 'Summer' in his delightful 'Seasons;' at this time, he bore his years with a racy cheerfulness and vigour of intellect, of which three-score has but rarely the happiness to boast. An isolated act is frequently the index to a whole life. We remember his giving as the theme to a canon, which a young artist was desirous of writing, these few but pithy words—"Let thy science be thy God, the world thou inhabitest, and thine own self!" S.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE  
AND ART.

Literature seems more and more to be assuming the hue and livery of these unsettled times. Most of the announcements of new works are of a political complexion; we have just discussed a smart lampoon, called 'England and France'; now, a work called 'The Democrat,' is promised, and lest we should not be aware of it before it breaks in upon our repose, the newspapers in repeated paragraphs prepare us for something too extraordinary to be seen and not felt. We wish that booksellers would pursue the honest old mode of regular advertisements; these preliminary puffs are in the long run injurious, and no author of genius should permit them. The evil, however, seems spreading. All the literary world must have read with pain that Michell, the ingenious author of the 'Characters of the Poets and Novelists,' is threatened by some sulky writer with prosecution, and that the poet is not afraid: but all pain for such things is a waste of sympathy; the prosecution is imaginary—it is a common mode of advertisement. We hear that an author of reputation has become chief proprietor of the *Metropolitan Magazine*—we wish him increase of success. The translator of 'The German Prince's Tour,' is now translating the Correspondence of Schiller and Goethe. The collection forms six volumes in the German edition. To fit it for the English market, we believe large omissions will be made.

We some time ago mentioned that a series of historical embellishments were in progress, to illustrate the poetry of Lord Byron; we have seen a specimen of the work—a groupe by Richter, engraved by Finden, representing these lines in the 'Bride of Abydos':—

Ah! were I severed from thy side,  
Where were thy friend, and who my guide?  
Years have not seen, time shall not see,  
The hour that tears my soul from thee.

There is much beauty both in the conception and the engraving of this specimen, and we shall be glad to see the work continued in the same spirit. The outlay in money on such an undertaking is enormous; many of these embellishments, before they go from the hand of the copper-plate printer, will have cost, we hear, the proprietors (Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co.) one hundred guineas each. Among other forthcoming novelties, is a new series of embellishments to Scott's novels, to consist of portraits of the principal female characters; the designs by our most eminent artists. The work is likely, we think, to be attractive to the ladies, and a graceful addition to the numberless illustrations heretofore published.

Report speaks favourably of the coming exhibition of the Royal Academy; Hilton has one fine poetic picture, and Jones, in addition to his 'Opening of London Bridge,' has two noble works—'The Death of Sir John Moore,' and the 'Trial of the three Children, Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego.'

The bronze statue by Westmacott has been kept, we are told, from its pedestal beside Westminster Hall, because the fury of the mob was dreaded, should any disappointment ensue in the matter of Reform. We think, when the statue of Pitt stood through

last year's turmoil, that the figure of Canning might be trusted; still there may be some foundation for the rumour. We see the artist is busy heightening the pedestal.

We hear of a projected Literary and Scientific Institution, on the plan of the Royal, Russell, and London, with the addition of a circulating library, as well as a library of reference, to be called the Belgrave Institution, and established in that new and improving neighbourhood.

There is active life inside the Opera House, although little of it is apparent. Madame Cinti Damoureau, Messrs. Nourrit and Levasseur, arrived, we believe, last week, to take their original parts in 'Robert le Diable.' Meyerbeer is in London, and has, we understand, expressed himself disappointed at the proportion of instruments in the orchestra. The German Company are also assembling, and what with Italian, French, and German Companies, we think Mr. Mason must have enough on his hands. We suppose the order of entertainment will be Tosi on Tuesday in *Elisabetta*, to be followed by a new opera for Mariani and Donzelli, and then, after a preliminary flourish of trumpets, enter Robert le Diable!

Lablache, our old inimitable friend, is, we see, announced for a limited period at the French theatre, being still under engagement with Laporte.

## SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

## ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

April 9.—G. W. Hamilton, Esq. V.P., in the chair.—A letter was read from Mr. Cunningham, containing remarks made by that gentleman on the river reported to have been lately discovered to the north-west of Liverpool Plains, in Australia. Mr. Cunningham seemed to place no great faith in the accounts of the person who reported it, and entertains some doubts of its existence.

A communication was afterwards read on New Zealand, followed by a paper from Capt. W. F. W. Owen, on the Maldiva Islands, in the Indian Ocean. Capt. Owen's paper may be considered as a supplement to Capt. Horsburgh's, which was read at the preceding meeting, on the same subject. After adverting to our ignorance of these islands, which, consequently, are much dreaded by navigators, Capt. Owen gives an extensive account of them, taken from a scarce work, published in Paris in 1679. Capt. Owen describes the method of taking the Cowrie shell, which is used as a substitute for money in Africa, and is found plentifully. The process consists in tying the branches and leaves of the cocoa-nut tree in bundles, which are used by the natives as floats. These people provide themselves with small lines baited at every five or six inches with a piece of meat. The shell-fish swallows the bait, and great numbers of them are hauled up at a time. When the natives have taken a sufficient quantity, they proceed to land and bury the shells in the ground, by which means the fish rot out of them. They are then washed and become an article of trade, much esteemed in consequence of their not soiling the hands like metal. Capt. Owen also mentioned in his paper the method adopted by the natives of obtaining the coral from the bottom at great depths. For this purpose a species of wood is found on the island, which is lighter than cork. The block of coral being selected, a rope is made fast to it by the natives, who are expert divers; they then have no difficulty in sinking pieces of this wood and fastening them to the block. When they believe there is sufficient, they

loosen the block by means of the rope, and the wood floats it to the surface. In this manner the harbour of St. Mary's, at Madagascar, was much improved by the French.

The island of Diego Garcia, which is the southernmost of the Maldivas, was also noticed by Capt. Owen as being the place of banishment used by the French at the islands of Mauritius and Bourbon. The Maldiva islands are generally well wooded, and abound with fresh water. The derivation of their name is from two words in the Malabar language, one of which, *Mal*, signifies a thousand, and the other, *Dise*, signifies an island.

A letter from Dr. Richardson was read, on the subject of Capt. Ross, which we hope to give with our report of the next meeting.

## LINNEAN SOCIETY.

April 17.—A. B. Lambert, Esq., in the chair.—William Gordon, Esq., of Wilton, Hull, was elected a Fellow of the Society, and General Joaquim d'Oliveira, last Minister and Secretary of State for the War Department at Rio de Janeiro, a distinguished patron of the cultivators of Natural History, was proposed for future ballot. Two papers were read by the Secretary, the first, 'On some Peculiarities of the efflorescence in the genus *Euphorbia*,' by Mr. David Don, Librarian to the Society; the second, 'On the characters which distinguish the Lama, Alpaca, Guanaco, and Vicugna, as animals distinct from each other,' by Mr. William Bollaert, formerly chemical assistant at the Royal Institution, but lately returned from South America.

An additional portion of plants, collected by Dr. Wallich in India, was presented by the Directors of the Honourable East India Company; and a collection of Ferns, also formed in India, was presented by Dr. White.

## HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

April 17.—A communication was made by Mr. Knight, on the success which had attended his experiments in grafting the walnut-tree, which, to use Mr. Knight's words, "appears hitherto to have effectually baffled, under all ordinary circumstances, the art of the grafter." A second paper was read, containing an account, accompanied with plans, of a double range of forcing pits, which have been erected by Mr. Roundell, at Gledstone, in Yorkshire; the arrangement of their construction seems to be admirably suited for the intended purpose, and the agent by which the heat is obtained being hot water, the desideratum of a perpetual hot-bed is obtained, and the many inconveniences arising from the use of dung completely removed.

The exhibition was again very attractive; the beautiful Magnolias Soulangiana, Yulan, and Conspicua; with the Glycine Sinensis, Camellias, Azaleas, Rhododendron arboreum, &c., exciting general admiration. We observed also a new Solanum from Chlloe, and handsome collections of Narcissi and Anemones.

Sir Culling Smith, Bart., the Countess Amherst, and the Rev. W. Borradaile, were elected Fellows of this Society.

## FINE ARTS

NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER  
COLOUR.

THE first efforts of a new Society are to be treated with gentleness, and considered rather for their promise than fulfilment. There is certainly great room for improvement in the present Exhibition, but there are many clever pictures, and some artists, unknown at present, give good hopes of future fame. Our view was hurried; but 278, *The Beggar's Petition*, by HANCOCK; 22, *A Coast Scene*, by VICKERS;

'*Scotch Mendicants*,' by Miss FANNY CORBAUX; 61, '*View in the Highlands*,' by C. BENTLEY; 67, '*Comfort of Declining Age*,' by W. DERBY; and, generally, the works of POWELL, STANLEY, SHEPHERD, WILSON, PARKER, T. LANDSEER, ROCHARD, and the BENTLEYS, struck us as deserving particular attention.

## MUSIC

## KING'S THEATRE.

THE new Romeo and new composer have already run their public course, and their success hereafter must depend on the capricious favours of private patronage; the lady-Romeo proved false in intonation, and Vaccai's music did not improve on rehearing.

On Saturday last '*Elisebetta*,' one of Rossini's weak and early operas, was attempted to be revived at twenty-four hours notice for the debut of Madame Tosi, but it was found impossible, and '*Giulietta e Romeo*' was substituted. That Tosi, Mariani, and Donzelli, should have been a fortnight in London without making their appearance in some effective opera, is the strongest proof yet given of the want of judgment in the new management. However, Mr. Mason has now had an idle week to reflect on the past and to provide for the future; and we do yet hope to hear, at least, one good opera, well cast, and correctly performed.

Meyerbeer's '*Robert le Diable*' is to be postponed to a much later period than originally intended; it is full time to commence operations, if the concerted music in this *chef-d'œuvre* is to be sung with precision and spirit.

## ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

THE result of nine years' patronage of this national institution must, we fear, have grievously disappointed the zealous friends by whose active exertions it was first founded. But the mere fact of an Academy for musical education being placed under the entire control of noblemen and gentlemen amateurs, was, in itself, sufficient to create doubts in the minds of more experienced men. Patronage lavished on juvenile talent tends only to stunt its growth; the ardent and indiscriminate applause of a friendly audience, and the indulgent commendation of amateur critics, turn out to be widely different from public judgment.

The truth, we believe to be, that the whole system is a sort of amateur work, and defective in almost every branch. We never yet heard of one elaborate work, either on the science or practice of music, having been written for the students at the Academy. The changes have been rung on every possible style of singing and playing that happened to be the rage—a snug sinecure is enjoyed by a gentleman in want of a curacy—a governante is kept to look after the female students—patronage has procured appointments for two or three students in the Queen's chamber band—Mr. Seguin is engaged at Drury Lane—and here ends the eventful history.

We attended the last Concert on Saturday last; a Miss Dettmer played remarkably well on the pianoforte for a child—but beyond this we have nothing to report. We desired anxiously to hear and to announce who promised to be the successor of Nicholson, or Willman, or Harper, or Platt—but it was an idle dream.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Cathedral Voluntaries from the Works of Orlando Gibbons, Dr. Blow, P. Humphreys, Purcell, Weldon, Battishill, Doctors Croft, Greene, Boyce, Cooke, and other sterling Church Composers of the English School.* Arranged for the Organ by V. Novello. No. 24. J. A. Novello. This number contains two choruses from Battishill's anthem, 'Behold, how good and joyful';

two fugues from Dr. Croft's anthem, 'This is the day,' and 'God is gone up,' also a Latin Psalm by Dr. Tyle, with a short biographical notice, in which it is stated that this doctor of music translated the Acts of the Apostles into English, adapted them to music, and published them in 1553, with a dedication to King Edward the Sixth. The least known to us of the above selection is the Psalm; and we were pleased with its plain solid structure in counterpoint. Mr. Novello has condensed with judgment the scoring, and brought all the parts nicely under the hand. This collection, and his '*Select Organ Pieces*,' ought to find their way into every organ-loft and the library of every organist.

*Remembrance*: Poetry by C. Roche; the Music by W. Patten.

*Doubt not, my love*: M. S. & V. Novello.

*Storne's Maria*: V. Novello. J. A. Novello.

WE scarcely relish the sudden modulation from minor to major in the first of these three songs; otherwise we think favourably of the melody.

The second is a "serenade," composed by Father and Daughter. The title-page presents us with a rather swarthy Romeo, and a Juliet. The music is not sufficiently amoroso for the subject.

The third is by Husband and Wife, and requires a low soprano, and a singer of feeling, to do justice to the excellence of the composition.

*L'Hilarité*: a set of Quadrilles. By Francis Hodges. Cocks & Co.

THESE quadrilles may pass without comment; the composer himself can attach little consequence to his compositions, who indicates neither the style or time in which they should be played. There is nothing in art undeserving the artist's attention; and a musician has it in his power to write well, even in a quadrille.

*Hill's Musical Olio*: containing a selection of favourite Operatic, National, and Miscellaneous pieces, arranged for the Pianoforte. Hill.

HERE, for three shillings, are given twelve short and useful lessons for moderate performers. We must, however, remark, that the popular and elegant "*Last Waltz*," said to be by Weber, was written some time before the production of '*Oberon*,' by a young composer named Reissiger, who, we believe, is now living.

*The Better Land*: a ballad. Words by Mrs. Hemans. Music by P. Knapton. Chappell.

It is carefully adapted, with a simple melody, and harmony corresponding to the sentimental character of pathetic poetry.

## THEATRICALS

## ADELPHI THEATRE.

THIS house closed for the season on Saturday last, and left Messrs. Mathews and Yates a little leisure to count their profits, which we hope are considerable. Mr. Yates delivered a farewell address, which was cordially received. This gentleman and Mrs. Victorine Yates (why not, as well as Diebitsch Zabalkanski?—the physical victory is almost as great, and the moral one greater) have departed on a five months' tour to the provinces, in which we wish them every success. Mr. Mathews's Entertainment, an expression synonymous with the entertainment of the public, will shortly commence. There is no occasion to wish him success, or to say that he will no doubt deserve it, because he can command it.

## OLYMPIC THEATRE.

Pandora's box closed also on Saturday last, on which occasion the burletta of '*Olympic Devils*' was represented for the ninetieth time.

Madame Vestris spoke a farewell address, which it is not necessary for us to reprint, as it has appeared in all the daily papers. In the course of it she took deserved credit to herself for the rigidity with which she has abstained from play-bill puffing, and raised a fair laugh at the expense of the great advertising practitioners of Drury Lane and Covent Garden. The most interesting announcement in it, however, was the re-engagement of Mr. Liston, which gave universal satisfaction, and was loudly applauded. Madame Vestris was most cordially greeted, and made her curtsies amidst cheers from all parts of one of the most crowded houses of her crowded season.

Mrs. Glover will have a benefit at this house on Monday. Madame Vestris, Mr. Liston, and Mr. Downton, play for her. It will, no doubt, be well attended.

## MISCELLANEA

*Forster, the companion of Capt. Cook*.—The Correspondence of John George Forster, the German naturalist, who accompanied Capt. Cook in his second voyage, has been recently published in Germany, in seven volumes. Forster was a man of great talent and information, and his connexion with the most celebrated scholars of his country, as well as his extensive travels, and above all, his residence in France and connexion with the government of that country during the reign of terror, impart to this Correspondence a more than common interest.

*The Apollo*, a Greek newspaper, contains a squib against the last regulations of the Greek Cabinet, on the subject of the Press, which may be thus anglicized:—

All hail the Press!—the Press is free!  
Only, we'd have you take due care,  
If ye love number one, to spare  
The helots of the ministry,  
And every judge, and favourite,  
And thing that rules the helm of pow'r.  
All hail the Press, and this blest hour,  
When man dares everything—but WRITE!

*Honorary Degrees*.—The practice hitherto pursued at the University of Leipzig, of examining noble candidates for legal honours with closed doors, has been recently abolished by an order of the King of Saxony.

*Anecdote of General Williams Freeman*.—The last number of the *United Service Journal* contains a memoir of the distinguished naval services, during the American war, of the late venerable Admiral of the Fleet, William Peere Williams Freeman. The following anecdote of him, whilst a youth, is characteristic of the man. When a midshipman, serving on a foreign station, young Williams (for he did not take the name of Freeman until late in life), and a brother Mid, had each a favourite dog on board their vessel: Williams's dog had by some means given offence to the other younker, who threatened to throw the animal overboard. "If you do," rejoined Williams, "then yours shall follow;" and he accordingly kept his word. Enraged at the loss of his dog, the other Mid came up to Williams and demanded satisfaction, challenging him to fight. "Be calm, Sir," said Williams coolly, "you have acted most brutally towards my poor dog, and I have retaliated on yours, as I promised I would do; you are entitled to no satisfaction from me, but your unoffending dog is: I therefore propose to save the life of yours, if you will do so by mine." This proposal being acceded to, young Williams instantly leaped overboard, swam to his opponent's dog, secured him in preference to his own, returned to the vessel, and, with the animal under his arm, was hauled up by a rope which had been thrown over the side for him to hold by. His comrade then took his sousing in turn, to the high delight of young Williams, and was equally successful in saving

the life of the other poor brute. The matter did not rest here; the youths had been guilty of a breach of orders in thus risking their lives, and were each sent to the mast-head by way of penance.—When far advanced in years, the kind-hearted Admiral declared, that there was scarcely any circumstance in his life he reflected on with greater satisfaction than that of having been instrumental in saving the lives of these dogs: so true is it, that bravery and humanity are closely allied.

*A Polyglot Homer* is in the course of publication at Florence, which will unite with the original text the best translations which have yet appeared in the Latin, English, Italian, Spanish, and French languages. The work is to be splendidly got up, and illustrated with engravings in the highest style of the art.

*Patronage of Literature.*—The Russian Chamberlain, P. N. Demidov, has assigned during his lifetime, and for twenty-five years after his death, the annual sum of 20,000 roubles, to be distributed in prizes of 5000 roubles each, to the authors of the most distinguished works in Russian literature, which may have appeared in the course of the year, and another sum of 5000 roubles yearly to assist in the printing of approved MSS.; the Academy of St. Petersburg to make selection of the works. Among those works excluded from competition, are poems, novels, tales, dramatic writings, &c. "on account of the facility of finding publishers for such writings, and the sale which they generally have being sufficient to reward their authors, even to a greater extent than the amount of the prizes."

*University Reform.*—The Saxon Minister of Worship and Public Instruction lately issued a rescript to the University of Leipzig, admonishing the professors to arrange their lectures in such a manner, that the main points in them may be publicly brought forward every term or semester. It is matter of notoriety, that all points of indispensable importance were usually taught privately, and made the subject of extra fees; so that no public and gratuitous prelections were held, excepting on subjects of minor importance. The government likewise require, that half-yearly returns of the numbers of each auditory should be made, so far as the Professors of the University are concerned; with a view to estimate the qualifications of its several lectures, by the average number of individuals, who have attended their respective courses. The rescript closes by curtailing the number of holidays.—Is there no other seat of learning in Europe, which cries aloud for a similar hint from the higher powers?

*The Austrian Censorship.*—Such a thing as the liberty of the press has been contraband ware in the dominions of the House of Hapsburg since the times of Joseph the Second. At the present moment, there is scarcely another country in Europe in which the mind is allowed to be less its own mistress. It is not merely the press itself, but even the marts of the press—the public reading-room and private closet, to which the argus eye of official suspicion extends its jealousies. It is not simply the merit or demerit of a work, with regard to law and good morals, but its object and tendency—nay, its originality and value in a literary and scientific point of view, over which the censor is required to exercise his scrutiny. Where he deems it contrary to law, his "*Non admittitur*" consigns it to perdition: but where he adjudges it to be unworthy of the cost of type, the poor wight of an author is dispatched with a stunning "*Typum non Meretur*." The "*Admittitur*" is typical of official good pleasure; but this is not to be had without previous announcement of the destined place of publication, unless indeed, under special favour, permission be given to leave out that place altogether, or insert an imaginary spot, without the Imperial realms. Next comes the "*Toleratur*,"

which is a passport to the printing-house and bookseller's catalogue, but conveys a prohibition with respect to advertisement of the book in any public journal. Compilations, second editions, and political works are prescribed dainties for the censor's tooth; manuscripts must be furnished in duplicate; and one set is laid upon the shelf—to be compared at a future day with the first copies of which the press is delivered. In the "*reading*" department of the censorial police there are four several ordeals. We have here the "*Admittitur*," which sanctions the vending of works and their announcement in the papers: then the "*Transeat*," which allows the sale, but not the announcement; and, in *tertio loco*, the "*Erga Schedam*." Count, reckon, guess, and calculate, gentle and erudite reader, what this monstrosity of Vindobonic Latinity should designate: and when your lore of philology is fairly distanced, be grateful to us for telling you that it implies the liberty of selling a book to such learned or other customers as have inscribed or may inscribe their names for its purchase: the publisher lying, moreover, under an obligation to make the Emperor a return of his patrons every three months. But the sharpest and direst cut of all is yet to come: it is summed up in those three inexpressible syllables—*Damnatur*!—(From a Correspondent.)

*Island of Rurutu.*—At 10, A.M. of the 24th of September, 1829, we landed on the island of Rurutu, or Oetiroa, in a bay on the S.W. side of the island, where a village is situated; the rocks have a peculiar basaltic appearance, and stalactites of large size are found in caverns on the island. Landing is difficult, on account of the only passage being a narrow opening between the reefs, requiring some expertness in the helmsman to prevent the boat being thrown on the rocks by the violence of the surf. On the beach I was accosted by a tall, fine half-caste woman, dressed in neat European clothing. Her manner was artless, and she spoke the English language with correctness. She informed me that her name was Jane Quintel, of Pitcairn's Island. "You have heard of Mathew Quintel?" she said: "I am his daughter."

The following conversation then took place between us:—"How long is it since you left Pitcairn's Island?"—"A few years ago, in a whale ship."—"Why did you leave?"—"There are no husbands there; and besides," she continued, "the island is too small for us: it is, Sir, but a very small island—quite a rock."—"You are married now, I suppose?" seeing a little chubby dark urchin in her arms. "Yes," she replied; I married a native of this island (Rurutu). I was obliged soon to get married, they are so very particular—all missionaries. I could not talk to any male creature when single, so I got married."—"Do you wish to return to Pitcairn's Island?"—"No, I am very comfortable here." Having ascertained that I was in the medical profession, she made me promise to send her "stuff to raise a blister," sticking-plaster, &c., as she intended to practise the profession herself on the island.—*Bennett's MS. Journal.*

*Island of Rótuma.*—A lock of hair of a deceased friend or relation is worn by the survivors as a memento, and is usually pendent from the lobe of the ear.

The exclamations of "Ue! Ue!" were frequent, as we passed through the native villages, our dress being an object of great attraction; shoes, stockings, and gloves were eagerly examined. The curiosity of the ladies was excessive; they testified their surprise and gratification by striking the chest repeatedly, as well as using the exclamation of "Ue! Ue!" with eyes "brimfull of amazement."

In time of sickness they often make use of the young cocoa-nut trees as offerings to the offended spirits.

The shoul, or war head-dress of the Rótuma natives, resembles that in use among the Friendly Islanders (the red caps mentioned by Captain Cook). They are formed from the red tail-feathers of the Tropic bird, which the natives with great difficulty procure: they are consequently very highly valued. The cap is in the form of a semicircle, without any crown, and is tied on the forehead.

When one of the Rótuma chiefs brought a small pig for sale, he demanded the same price as for a large one. This being objected to, he replied, "You keep him; by and by he grow bigger." It was useless to complain of the diminutive size of anything capable of growth, as a similar answer would be given.

They are adepts in the art of begging. One would bring a present of two small fish, ostensibly as a present, but in reality as a pretence for begging. A few hours after the present had been made, the donor would commence extolling the generosity and other good qualities of the person to whom the fish had been given; terminating the eulogium by a request for some cloth, or an axe, or anything else wanted.—*Ibid.*

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

| Days of   | Thermom.  | Barometer. | Winds. | Weather.  |
|-----------|-----------|------------|--------|-----------|
| W. & Mon. | Max. Min. | Noon.      |        |           |
| Th. 12    | 51 39     | 29.95      | N.E.   | Showers.  |
| Fr. 13    | 58 36     | 29.95      | S.E.   | Clear.    |
| Sat. 14   | 60 39     | 29.98      | E.     | Ditto.    |
| Sun. 15   | 57 45     | 29.94      | E.     | Rain, &c. |
| Mon. 16   | 66 37     | Stat.      | W.     | Cloudy.   |
| Tues. 17  | 59 41     | Stat.      | N.E.   | Ditto.    |
| Wed. 18   | 65 45     | 29.60      | S.     | Clear.    |

*Prevailing Clouds.*—Cumulostratus, Cumulus, Cirrostratus.

Nights fair, excepting Sun. and Wed.; mornings fair, excepting Monday.

Mean temperature of the week, 51°.

Day increased on Wednesday, 6 h. 16 min.

#### NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

*Forthcoming.*—The Democrat, a tale.

The Anniversary Calendar, Natal Book, and Universal Mirror. Also, the 13th (concluding) Part of the same work.

Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of Religion; with Notes, by the Editor of Captain Rock's Memoirs. Elements of Greek Grammar, by the Rev. S. Connor. Select Library, Vol. 6.—Lives of Missionaries, by John Carn, Esq.

The Rev. J. Fletcher, D.D. is engaged in preparing a Life, &c. of the late Rev. Wm. Roby.

A periodical is to appear this week, called *The Thief*. It is announced, that whoever takes the Thief will be handsomely rewarded.

*Just published.*—A Clinical Report of the Royal Dispensary for Diseases of the Ear, with Remarks on the Deaf and Dumb; by I. H. Curtis.—Livy, Books 1. to V., with English Notes, by Dr. Hickie, 12mo. 8s. 6d.—Valpy's Classical Library of English Translations, No. 29, 4s. 6d. (completing Plutarch's Lives, 7 vols.)—Roscoe's Novelist's Library, Vol. XI. containing Tri-ram Shandy, Vol. 1. 6s.—Memoir of the Rev. Matthias Bruen, 12mo. 7s.—Turnbull's Laws of Christ, 12mo. 5s.—Martin's Christian Philosophy, 18mo. 6s.—Juvenile Sunday Library, Vol. 1, 4s.—Account of Anne Jackson, 18mo. 2s.—Rammohun Roy's Exposition of the Judicial and Revenue Systems of India, 8vo. 6s.—Park on Prophecy, &c. 8vo. 7s.—The Biblical Cabinet, Vol. 1. (Ernesti's Institutes, translated by Terrot), 12mo. 6s.—Berens' Private Devotions for the Week, 18mo. 1s. 3d.—Country Houses, a novel, 3 vols. 12. 11s. 6d.—The New Gallomania, 8vo. 8s. 6d.—Southery's Peninsular War, Vol. 3, 4to. 2l. 10s.—Mrs. Child's Little Girl's Own Book, 4s. 6d.—Young's Elements of Mechanics, 12mo. 10s. 6d.—Jackson's Waterloo, a poem, 8vo. 5s.—Parry's History of Woburn, Beds, 8vo. 7s.; India proofs, 10s.—Stafford on the Spine, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—The Bee and the Wasp, 1s.—Flowers of Fable, 18mo. 5s.—The British Archer, 4to. 14s.—Lady Sandford's Stories from the History of Rome, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—Scenes in our Parish, 12mo. 5s.—Fiction without Romance, 2 vols. 8vo. 14s.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS

Thanks to Q.E.D.; but the subject is not worth referring to again.—To R.R.

T.P. The article will certainly appear.

P.A. We are perfectly satisfied with the explanation.

\* No. 222 is this day republished; and complete sets for the year may therefore still be had.—This is the FIFTH Number of the *Athenæum* reprinted since Christmas—a circumstance perhaps unprecedented in the history of Periodical Literature.

## ADVERTISEMENTS

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| L. Jordano     | Rubens  | Cyp      |            |

 May be viewed three days preceding the sale; and Catalogues, at 1s. each, had at Mr. Phillips's, 73, New Bond-street.

This day is published, in 2 vols. 8vo. price 14s.

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In compliance with the desire of many well-informed persons, to extend as much as possible the diffusion of General Literature and Useful Knowledge, this Paper has been REDUCED IN PRICE from Eightpence to FOURPENCE, at which rate all the previous Numbers may now be had.

## REVIEWS

*The Maid of Elvar; a Poem, in twelve parts.*  
By Allan Cunningham. London, 1832.  
Moxon.

If we are a trifle more enthusiastic in commendation of this poem than becomes our critical dignity, our apology is soon made. We have known the poet long enough to love the man; the open-hearted sociality of evening hours have, with us, mellowed off into the sober earnestness of friendship; and if there be truth in the received opinion, that deep thoughts are but deep feelings, the cold judgment that knows no difference, is not worth a rush. The public have little to fear from these errant passions—they are “skyeey influences,” that visit us but as the sweet southern air comes to our chilly island, at wide intervals, making memorable and glad holidays—they are not trade-winds that blow everlastingly.

Besides—with all becoming consciousness of our present relative position in the world of letters—we look on Allan Cunningham as a sort of pet protégé. It is twenty years since, rummaging the then obscure shelves of the worthy Mr. Bohn—no offence to the wealthy bibliophile in Henrietta Street—we chanced to light on a volume of Nithsdale and Galloway Songs. Young enough to be enthusiasts, we bought all the copies—a trade “remainder,” as experience would say;—distributed them among good men and true—and, having some knowledge of Mr. John Scott, then editor of the *Champion*, volunteered in his paper two long, laboured, and, as Dominic Sampson, we fear, might add, “prodigious” articles, on the discovered treasure. What effect our critical opinion had on the world’s judgment, it is not in the modesty of our nature to insinuate—certain however it is, that after our purchase of all remaining copies, the work became scarce—Allan Cunningham became known—and the author of ‘Waverley’ gave immortal praise to his lyrics.

Under these circumstances, we have the self-complacency of human nature to justify our receiving, with the welcoming hands of old friendship, ‘The Maid of Elvar;’ and years of experience have added little to our judgment if the world do not sympathize with us.

‘The Maid of Elvar’ must be considered as a national poem—it may not unfairly be described as a rustic epic: the dramatist personæ are the inhabitants of the pastoral districts of Scotland; the language is the language of the people, varied only according to their rank and education; and the tastes, habits, manners, are all local. There can be little doubt, that, in many of the fine natural descriptions with which the poem abounds, the poet is but pouring out the full-

ness of his recollection, and recording the deep sympathies of his young heart. Mountains and valley, “the vaulting sea” and the sleepy sedgy brook—the song of birds, the melody of flowing waters—the sport of the May-fly, and the leaping of the mottled par—the humming of the moss-bee—and

The crystal tarn, where herons droop their bills—  
The mute unchanging glory of the eternal hills—

a line worthy of Shakspeare—are here discoursed of by one who has communed with the elements, and whose cheek the sun has embrowned. Therefore it is, that all natural things come upon us in this poem with the freshness of nature itself: here the grey morning and the dewy eve seem to close in a natural day; spring is the harbinger of summer, and we see autumn gather up its full sheaves and ripened fruits, as if we were home-dwellers amidst the rural life of Dalgonar. Here is an autumn morning:—

Day dawned. The laverock from his wing the showers  
Shook ‘neath the day-star as he warbled forth;  
Flocks some with dew; the small birds from the  
bowers  
Sent joyous carollings o’er the brightening earth;  
Flocks rose, and lowing, joined the general mirth;  
Tower-top and tree to kindle had begun;  
The cottage smoke went streaming to the north;  
To harvest horns rung vale and upland dun,  
And forth young Sybil came, and rose the spotless sun.

And fair, O vale! thou didst to Sybil look,  
What time the west wind wafted from afar  
The shepherd’s song, and from the rustling stook  
The farm-lad whistling filled his tumbler car;  
Flies swarmed—among them leaped the mottled par,  
The sun dried up the dew, and loud and clear  
Horns rung on Campel and horns rung on Scaur;  
Men stooped them to their tasks, and far and near  
Hands moved, and sickles shone beneath the ripened ear.

Hall looked o’er hall, and cot o’er cot arose;  
Hill towered o’er hill, green brae succeeded brae;  
Wood waved o’er wood, and white as winter snows  
On knolls around the shepherd’s hirsels lay.  
The village smoke curled in long wreaths away,  
The scent of herbs and flowers filled all the breeze;  
The black cocks crowed upon the mountains gray,  
The flocks came lowing forth to lawns and leas,  
And tongues of busy bairns hummed thick as swarming  
bees.

And now evening comes upon us—

The sun  
Behind the mountain’s summit slowly sank:  
Crows came in clouds down from the moorland dun,  
And darkened all the pine-trees, rank on rank;  
The homeward milch-cows at the fountains drank;  
Swains dropt the sickle, hinds unloosed the car—  
The twin hares sported on the clover-bank,  
And with the shepherd o’er the upland far,  
Came out the round pale moon, and star succeeding  
star.

Star followed star, though yet day’s golden light  
Upon the hills and headlands faintly stream’d;  
From their own pine the twin doves took their flight;  
From crag and cliff the clamorous sea-mews scream’d;  
In glade and glen the cottage windows gleam’d;  
Larks left the clouds, for flight the grey owl sat;  
The founts and lakes up silver radiance stream’d;  
Winging his twilight journey, hummed the gnat—  
The drowsy beetle droned, and skimmed the wavering  
bat.

Again—

Nigh the hill the sun’s bright border came,  
And poured its fire slant on the summit green:  
On every field were busy labourers seen,—  
On every road there rolled the tumbler-car;

Whips smacked, steeds snorted, fast the pitchforks  
sheen

Moved, and the corn-ricks, ‘neath the twilight star,  
Rose fast, and harvest-horns rung o’er the hills afar.

Sweet was such sound to those who toiled since morn,  
Maids hung their sickles in the standing stook,  
And from their ringlets plucked the bearded corn;  
Or from their hands the stinging nettles took,  
And laved their foreheads in the running brook,  
And gave their hot necks to the dewy air;  
The dewy air its glittering diamonds shook,  
Bright and profuse amid their snooded hair,  
And cooled the grass, and gemmed white feet and  
ankles bare.

The horses loosed from labour gambol round,  
Drink in the streams or browse the tender grass;  
Cows leave their pastures, o’er the moistened ground  
Their udders drop white fragrance as they pass;  
To where with milk-pail stands the bare-armed lass;  
And every vale and hill and haugh pours home  
Its people; nigh each farmer’s door a mass  
Of rustics stand; slow moving others come,  
Enjoying eve’s sweet air on rivulet bank, and holm.

This was the last night of the week, and joy  
Was in the land, both man and beast were glad;  
The air was balmy, from the heavens high  
The clear moon chased off every vapour and;  
The groves with rooks as thick as leaves were clad,  
The honey dew the hare licked from her feet;  
The shepherd freed his right arm from his maad,  
His plum-tree whistle dipt in odorous weed,  
And from the green-hill side sent down his ditty sweet.

From earth to glowing heaven is full of joy.

We have the same scene described, differing only in its beauty:—

Horns told aloud  
That day was done; stars glimmered; shearers soon  
Dropt their reap-hooks, and in the crystal flood  
Cooled their hot hands and brows, all toil-bedewed;  
Homeward they went, and as they went they sung  
Of holy love, or some unholy feud;  
Or told sad tales which live but on the tongue  
Of hinds, and made us weep when we were soft and  
young.

It is evident to us, that the poet’s heart is overflowing when he remembers these scenes of his youth: it is this spirit that thus breaks out:—

Vale of Dalgonar, dear art thou to me!  
Dearer than daylight to the sick at heart;  
Hills rise atween us and wide rolls the sea,  
Only to prove how passing dear thou art;  
’Tis with my feet not with my heart ye part.

And in this spirit he describes it:—

Now look.... and mark  
O’er many a farm-house, many a ranked stook,  
Our pastoral country’s upland barrier dark,  
Where flocks graze numerous and the sheep dogs  
bark;

Along yon moorland brown with heather bells,  
There swarm the honey-bees and sings the lark;  
While grouse, which summer saw burst from their  
shells,  
Rough-footed run o’er knowes where moss-bees build  
there cells.

Nor deem, because it wants the cowslipped knolls,  
The white swans grazing the flower-bordered flood,  
The lily beds which scent the naked moles  
Of pilgrims, with the scallop-shell and rood,  
That it is desolate utterly and rude:  
The bracken dells, the music of the rills,  
The skipping lambs—o’-en the wild solitude—  
The crystal tarn where herons droop their bills,  
The mute unchanging glory of the eternal hills:

Mute, save for music of the many bees,  
And dead, save for the plover and the snipe.

We cannot doubt that many of these beautiful descriptions are as faithful as if we had dug for them into the ponderous dulness of a topographical dictionary:—

A small and pleasant bay—  
A crescent-bay half garlanded with trees,

Which scented all the air; whose blossoms gay  
Were rife with birds, and musical with bees;  
And danced in beauty in the seaward breeze;  
While o'er the grove ascended Elvar Tower,  
A mark by land, a beacon on the seas—  
With fruit trees crowned, and gardens hung in flower,  
Dropt round with fairy knolls and many an elfin bower.

But though all we have quoted is beautiful, we do not consider it as characteristic of the poem. 'The Maid of Elvar' is essentially Scotch—purely pastoral—full of home scenes of humble life, brought as vividly before the reader as in the substantial realities of a picture; and it is rich in those natural, dramatic transitions—those simple touches of pathos and humour—which, if it may be permitted to us southerners to offer an opinion, has been the distinguishing peculiarity of the national poetry of Scotland, from the Gaberlunzie Man and the Jolly Beggar to the Gentle Shepherd and the glorious works of Robert Burns. These scenes, however, are so natural—the manners of the people so simple—that it is possible our readers may prefer what they have read to what we shall now extract; yet what a reality is there about the Sabbath morning—the church—evening prayers—the harvest home. Here is the dance:—

A brimming cup young Eustace brings,  
The crudder takes it—drains it to a drop—  
A new soul now seems sounding in the string;  
Each heart leaps light as starts the music up;  
The roof-tree trembles with its grassy cope,  
From hole and crevice mice in wonder peep;  
The hoary bandmen nod each bonnet top,  
Dance with their knees and regular measure keep.  
Adown their ancient cheeks the drops of gladness creep.

Now Eustace leads the fair young Sybil out—  
Her feet beat witchcraft as she heads the dance;  
Lads, like a garland, hem her round about,  
While love rains on them from her dark eye glance:  
The maidens near her, tittering, take their stance,  
And on her swan-white neck and snowy arms,  
Her small and nimble feet, they look askance;  
The hoary fiddler, as he listens, warms,  
And draws a lustier bow, and gazes on her charms.

But when the music's full infection stole  
Throughout her frame, and kindled up her veins,  
She shook her curls, and through her eyes her soul  
Sent such a shower of rapture, all the swains  
Stood gazing at the parched flower when it rains.  
She sailed along, and, like a sorceress, flung  
Her own sweet spirit o'er the crudder's strains;  
Her feet had language, such as hath been sung,  
That spoke to every heart as plain as with a tongue.

All eyes were sparkling and all hearts were light,  
Waved many a hand and bounded many a foot;  
Old men of past and youths of present might  
Smiled gladome, and with whisper, smack, and shout,

Through reels in dozens swept the dames about;  
The barn-roof wagged to its remotest raft:  
Light, mirth and music gushed in gladness out,  
Far o'er the leas: old men looked on and laugh'd,  
Cried, weel done Jock and Jean, then deep of brown  
ale quaff'd.

We shall leave the supper untouched, for we have no relish either for "damasked haggis," "a singed sheep's head," or "bracksha, best of food," although we can play a most musical knife and fork upon occasions; and the worthy people themselves fall to with an irreverence that has promise in it:—

Amid the grace the haggis on the platter  
Raised such a steam, the dounce laird of Drumbreg  
Could not endure't—his mouth was in a water.  
"Ha'done, ha'done," he said, a jocketeleg  
He snatched, and cut: far gushing o'er the peg  
There came a reeking deluge, rich and savoury.  
"Take this now, Marion—and take that now, Meg;  
This is a food unknown in lands of slavery."  
Dames smiled, but dreading drops, quick gathered in  
their bravery.

Living in a "land of slavery," we read of these free-born suppers with an abasing wonderment. This "bracksha," with us, rivals in mystery the black broth of the Spartans—it is a charmed thing—a mystery Scotchmen are sworn never to reveal. Of the two hun-

dred and odd thousands that have kindly come here to take charge of us, for our "goods"—and "chattels,"—not one could we ever prevail on to give us the least insight into the real nature of this "best of food." We had hopes, indeed, from the open generous nature of the Ettrick Shepherd, and congratulated ourselves, when we first heard that he had left the capital of his country for this capital of his countrymen; and accordingly, after due libation of whisky-toddy, we once ventured to bring round the conversation to this interesting subject: but, no sooner was "bracksha" mentioned, than such "a stour of tongues" bewildered us—there was such a volley of superlatives poured out from every Scotchman's mouth—that, for any information we got, this "best of food," may be a collop from a dead hog, or dog, or mountain sheep, or shepherd.

But instead of digressing, we must think of bringing this article to a close. One other scene, however, we shall transfer—a scene that would have been characteristic of England when it was "merry England,"—and that, we fear, is hardly characteristic of Scotland now,—a scene of innocent mirth and revelry, lit up, not, indeed, with "antique masque and pageantry," but the "jig" of our ancestors:—

There is no want of gladness and great mirth;  
The harper with a merrier hand the strings  
Sweeps, and the pride of blood and lordly birth  
Is slumbering with all other slumbering things.  
Loud joy hath lost its feet and found its wings;  
Where Lady Sybil dances in the hall  
The old men gaze, young men lean round in rings;  
The portraits of her lineage on the wall  
Seem touched with sudden life, rejoicing one and all.

And she hath called to mind an Interlude  
Or rustic play, where Waste makes war on Thrift.  
Forth to the floor there steps a peasant shrewd,  
Who of each national drollery knows the drift.  
With lighted torch he sings and dances swift;  
Soon by his side a maiden o'er the floor  
Moves grave, and scarce her foot at first can lift;  
She bears a distaff in her hand, and sure  
Draws out the thrifty thread, and sings a song demure.

Thrift dances as she sings, and all her strain  
Is of domestic gladness, fire-side bliss,  
And household rule; nor thought loose, light or vain,  
Stains her pure vision of meek happiness;  
Religion's comforts, wedlock's holy kiss,  
The white web bleached by maiden's whiter hand,  
The lisping children in their home-apron dress,  
The wealth which gathers 'neath Thrift's magic wand,  
The fame of a chaste life amid a virtuous land.

Waste danced, and sang a free strain and a light;  
(Of young Joy's foot which gaily out can measure  
Life's weary way; of Love, whose fingers white  
Strew all youth's way with fresh flowers plucked  
from pleasure;  
And laughter loud, who never yet found leisure  
To pause and think; and Merriment, who coins  
The tears of sadness into current treasure;  
And Wantonness, his hot lips moist with wines,  
And Pleasure ever gay, with loose ungirded loins.

They danced with many an antique touch and turn,  
And like wild levin flashed and flew about;  
Waste with his torch strove aye the roke to burn,  
While Thrift, as nimble as the starting trout,  
When slacks the sharp shower and the sun shines out,  
Turned, wheeled, and flew—and there rose such a  
clamour:

"O well done, Thrift!" the hoary-headed shout;  
While young men's tongues rung sharp as a steel  
hammer—  
"Waste, well done, Waste! now nought will save the  
roke but glamour."

This was at a peasant festival at Elvar Castle, and see the thronging hundreds:—

The summer flowers with bees  
Ne'er swarmed more populous than the lonesome  
glen;  
The swelling hillocks and the lofty trees  
Are covered less with grass and leaves than men;  
For one staid dame I wot are damels ten,  
With gladome eyes, white hands, and sunny brows;  
The brook clear shadows all their shapes agen;  
Pure as it runs its tranquil course, it glows  
With eyes like new-found stars, and cheeks like odorous  
rose.

And see the separation of the assembled multitude:—

Now the whole multitude dissolved like snow.  
Each separate glen received its people back,  
The murmuring brooks, which from the uplands flow,  
Showed in their streams their children's shadows  
black:  
Along the moorlands' brown sheep-trodden track,  
Maiden and swain hath homeward made them boue.

With talk like this all weariness they wiled  
Away, and stole some long miles from the road;  
Lads spoke, maids listened, and, approving, smiled—  
All that was lovely seemed to be abroad:  
Dews lay like diamonds showered on every sod;  
Rills murmured music, torrents rushed less rude:  
The sky above was brightness—brighter glowed  
The arched heaven, where mirrored in the flood  
Lay mingled all her stars, with mountain, tower, and  
wood.

But down an eerie and a rugged way  
Rode Ralph Latoun; through Ruthwell's pine-trees  
dark  
He spurred: the desolate bat and owl gray  
Skimmed round; he heard the stealthy weasel's  
chark;  
The lonely glow-worm kindled up its spark;  
Starr flashed and darted wildly through the night—

But we must have done. The parts we least like, are the supernatural:—Sir Goblin, and the Spectre Bark. To the Faeries we presume not to object, because they are in agreement with the belief of the people, and as certainly made a part of the rustic creed in Scotland, as witches in our own; the cottage tale recording that they left the country only when agriculture had poisoned the ground, and machinery the streams—but we have no sympathies with these worn-out superstitions.

The volume is beautifully got up, and graced with a sweet vignette of the Piping Shepherd-boy, designed by Wilkie and engraved by Burnet.

*Klosterheim; or, the Masque.* By the English Opium-Eater. 1832. Edinburgh, Blackwood; Cadell, London.

THE wayward fancy and peculiar feeling which made the 'Confessions of an English Opium-Eater' a story of such enchainment interest as amounted almost to a spell, have not come in their full strength to the aid of the author in his new tale of 'Klosterheim, or the Masque.' We have long been of opinion that the chief charm of the 'Confessions' lay in our belief that the narrative was all true, or that at least it owed its existence less to imagination, speculating on the probable effects of opium, than to the melancholy trial which the author himself had, in an evil hour, made. Whatever powers of creation may reside in the mind of De Quincey, it is plain that the present work must owe its attractions to something else than to splendour of imagination, for there is little of that sort of mastery visible here; and, what is also to be regretted, we have little of what can be called fresh and original in human character. Nevertheless, we have much beautiful writing—we have page following page impressed with that fascinating elegance of style which marked the author's earlier works: we have no want of scenes touching and impressive; and everywhere we see an intimate acquaintance with the leading events and results of the thirty years' war which desolated Germany. Schiller's History, and 'Wallenstein's Camp,' have made us all acquainted with the character of those eventful times, which peopled Germany with warriors of all nations, and of almost all religions. Knowing this, at least, we

opened the book with the hope of meeting one or more of our own distinguished countrymen—some of those seven thousand Scots, or three thousand English, whose bravery, and enthusiasm, and devotion, are still remembered by the Protestants of the whole north of Europe. The author has, however, contented himself with materials purely foreign, and raised with them a sort of dark superstructure, which he probably believes unites the picturesque of the German with the science of the English.

The 'Masque' is the story of a German Prince, whose father was murdered, and his patrimony usurped by a neighbouring chief, during the days when Gustavus conquered, and Tillie and Piccolomini fought; on the death of those leaders, and when the fortunes of Sweden began to decline, the young disinherited prince appeared, first, as a student in his native place, and gained the regard of his countrymen, and next, as a man in a mask, to the horror of the Usurper, who imagined that he beheld in this mysterious being the spirit of the prince whom he had murdered. We cannot, however, give anything like the outline of a story so sinuous as this: we have plots of all complexions; secret meetings; midnight musterings; wanderings above ground and below; tapestried chambers; concealed doors; ready dags and daggers; dark lanterns; sealed packets; martial-law; robber-law; resolutions suddenly formed, and as quickly abandoned; a hero who escapes being murdered because the assassin mistook him for a ghost; a heroine who only escapes death by being murdered by proxy;—in short, we have a succession of love-makings, assassinations, and masquerades, till the fated day arrives, which hurls the usurper from his seat, and restores and marries the rightful heir. We can afford room only for the appearance of the masked Prince in the presence of the Usurper.

" 'There stands he that governs Klosterheim by night!' thought every cavalier, as he endeavoured to pierce the gloomy being's concealment, with penetrating eyes, or by scrutiny, ten times repeated, to unmasque the dismal secrets which lurked beneath his disguise. 'There stands the gloomy murderer!' thought another. 'There stands the poor detected criminal,' thought the pitying young ladies, 'who in the next moment must lay bare his breast to the Landgrave's musketeers.'

"The figure meantime stood tranquil and collected, apparently not in the least disturbed by the consciousness of his situation, or the breathless suspense of more than a thousand spectators of rank and eminent station, all bending their looks upon himself. He had been leaning against a marble column, as if wrapped up in reverie, and careless of everything about him. But when the dead silence announced that the ceremony was closed, that he only remained to answer for himself, and upon palpable proof—evidence not to be gainsayed—in-capable of answering satisfactorily; when, in fact, it was beyond dispute that here was at length revealed, in bodily presence, before the eyes of those whom he had so long haunted with terrors, The Masque of Klosterheim,—it was naturally expected that now at least he would show alarm and trepidation; that he would prepare for defence, or address himself to instant flight.

"Far otherwise!—cooler than any one person beside in the saloon, he stood, like the marble column against which he had been reclining,

upright—massy—and imperturbable. He was enveloped in a voluminous mantle, which at this moment, with a leisurely motion, he suffered to fall at his feet, and displayed a figure in which the grace of an Antinous met with the columnar strength of a Grecian Hercules,—presenting, in its *tout ensemble*, the majestic proportions of a Jupiter. He stood—a breathing statue of gladiatorial beauty, towering above all who were near him, and eclipsing the noblest specimens of the human form which the martial assembly presented. A buzz of admiration arose, which in the following moment was suspended by the dubious recollections investing his past appearances, and the terror which waited even on his present movements. He was armed to the teeth; and he was obviously preparing to move.

"Not a word had yet been spoken; so tumultuous was the succession of surprises, so mixed and conflicting the feelings, so intense the anxiety. The arrangement of the groupes was this:—at the lower half of the room, but starting forward in attitudes of admiration or suspense, were the ladies of Klosterheim. At the upper end, in the centre, one hand raised to bespeak attention, was The Masque of Klosterheim. To his left, and a little behind him, with a subtle Venetian countenance, one hand waving back half a file of musketeers, and the other raised as if to arrest the arm of The Masque, was the wily minister Adorni—creeping nearer and nearer with a stealthy stride. To his right was the great body of Klosterheim cavaliers, a score of students and young officers pressing forward to the front; but in advance of the whole, the Landgrave of X—, haughty, lowering, and throwing out looks of defiance. These were the positions and attitudes in which the first discovery of The Masque had surprised them; and these they still retained. Less dignified spectators were looking downwards from the galleries.

" 'Surrender!' was the first word by which silence was broken; it came from the Landgrave.

" 'Or die!' exclaimed Adorni.

" 'He dies in any case,' rejoined the Prince.

"The Masque still raised his hand with the action of one who bespeaks attention. Adorni he deigned not to notice. Slightly inclining his head to the Landgrave, in a tone to which it might be the head-dress of elaborate steel-work that gave a sepulchral tone, he replied,—

" 'The Masque, who rules in Klosterheim by night, surrenders not. He can die. But first he will complete the ceremony of the night, he will reveal himself.'

" 'That is superfluous,' exclaimed Adorni; 'we need no further revelations.—Seize him, and lead him out to death!'

" 'Dog of an Italian!' replied The Masque, drawing a dag† from his belt, 'die first yourself!' And so saying, he slowly turned and levelled the barrel at Adorni, who fled with two bounds to the soldiers in the rear. Then, withdrawing the weapon hastily, he added, in a tone of cool contempt, 'Or bridle that coward's tongue.'

We wish our gifted author would abandon Germany for ever and aye, and set up the standard of his genius once more on English ground. He is strong at home and weak in a foreign land. What has he made of his long-promised romance of 'The Page, a Tale of Marston Moor'? Let him hang the garlands of his genius on legends of his native land.

† A sort of pistol or carbine.

*Tales of the North-west; or, Sketches of Indian Life and Character.* By a Resident beyond the Frontier. Boston, Hilliard & Co.; London, Kennett.

THE ends of the earth are, in these latter days, met together. Half a century has effected an entire revolution in all our ideas of time and space; and the editor, who now sits down, in the heart of London, to minister to the public intelligence, through the channel of a weekly publication, should have a range of vision supplied by all the resources of some spiritual *Dollond*, and a wing like the "tricksy" Ariel's, able to "put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes." The fabled glass of Pythagoras, by which he was enabled, through the medium of the moon, to communicate with lands the most remote, has been almost realized, in its spirit, by the power of modern invention; and the public expect to find on the "disk" of any periodical, setting itself up to be a luminary to them, something like a faithful reflection of the achievements of intellect, throughout the whole circle of its domains, without any regard to obstacles of mere mensuration. They can hear now, without any expression of surprise, and without setting him down as, therefore, a conjuror, that the same sage appeared, at one and the same time, in the distant cities of Crotona and Metapontum;—and refuse to be any longer put off, even by Irish editors, with the old Hibernian excuse, so long suffered to pass current, that "a man cannot be in two places at once, barring he was a bird." They know better; and will not accept of intelligence from one place, as any apology for the absence of news from its antipodes. Our readers cannot have failed to observe, that we have, for our own parts, eschewed all such subterfuges; and, that the *Athenæum* is, in the literary sphere, what the moon was anciently to Pythagoras, a medium for the inter-communication of mind between all the points of its circumference. Seriously, we have been enabled, while we kept our subscribers *au courant du jour*, in all matters connected with intellectual exertion at home, to afford them many glimpses of the literary and scientific proceedings of the rest of the world. France and Germany have yielded up their treasures to us, pleasant and welcome. From America, we have gleaned something, and have yet more housed than we can display—and, not long since, we introduced our readers to the first-born of invention in Van Diemen's Land.

The tales before us, are of no very high pretension as tales. They are of very slight construction, and somewhat monotonous, as all unembellished pictures of savage life (where the modes of thought and action are few and primitive) must be, after the novelty of our introduction to those modes is exhausted. Notwithstanding that they deal in wholesale murder, to an extent which would be a fault if it were anything but a truth, their interest is not highly wrought, nor their excitement anything like intense. But, they are wholly free from that picturesque exaggeration with which the subject of aboriginal character in America has been invested; and which, in the hands of genius, has given a charm to the subject, not resident in itself, and fatal to the truth of the portraiture. The author states, that he has derived his knowledge of Indian habits and feelings from



*personal observation* :—"not such as may be made while travelling through the Indian country at the rate of a hundred miles *per diem*; and still less the knowledge that may be acquired by a residence near the degraded race, that a constant intercourse with the frontier settlers has made miserable." It has been impossible not to perceive, in the many pictures of savage life, (from those of Chateaubriand to Cooper,) with which the press of both continents has furnished us, for some years back, that the *traits* were chosen for dramatic effect, the qualities elevated to the dramatic tone, and all the characters made, like those of old Greek tragedy, to wear the dramatic mask ;—that, in fact, the aborigines were put into attitudes, and made to speak in language, which were too constrained and artificial to represent the modes of ordinary life, anywhere under the sun,—though they might be true enough as occasional records of excited passion or formal exhibition. The sense of the ideal and imaginative, was gratified by such works; although the sense of the natural and probable, was no more satisfied, than if we had been assured that the natives chose, at all times, to put themselves to the great inconvenience of walking upon stilts. It would be impossible, in such case, not to feel that, although they might delight in the occasional, or even frequent, displaying of such dignified feats, there would be times (such as those of weariness or danger) in which they must act upon the impulses of an undistorted nature, and condescend to the extemporaneous and unincumbered use of the faculties which God had given them. Our author's remarks on this subject are so sensible, that we cannot do better than transcribe them. He says,

"If the works above alluded to may be considered a criterion, it seems to be the commonly received opinion, that the aborigines are all heroes; that they are all insensible of fear, and strangers to weakness. It would appear that their strongest passions are hourly called into exercise; that their lips never part but to give utterance to a sentiment, and that glory and honour are to them all, as the breath of their nostrils. Is this their true character? No; the author's experience teaches him that they are neither more nor less than barbarous, ignorant men. Their passions, when excited, are more furious than ours, because unrestrained by principle; and explode with more violence because they are instructed from early childhood to repress and conceal, till it may be safe to indulge them. There are wise and good men among Indians, but they are few and far apart, as in civilized nations, and about in the same proportion to their numbers.

"They have as many of the vices and follies of human nature as other people, and it is believed, no more. An Indian may be dishonest as well as a white, and is about as likely to forgive an injury; if it be not such, as, according to the customs of his tribe, must be expiated with blood. The heart of man beats neither slower nor faster under a blanket than beneath a coat and waistcoat.

"The key to much that appears strange in the character of the aborigines may be found in one word—inconsistency. No certain judgment can be formed of an Indian's future conduct, by the past. His behaviour in all probability will not be the same in the same circumstances. He is the child of nature, and her caprice will dictate his course. Thus he may steal from his neighbour one day, and return him fourfold the next. When suddenly attacked he may fly;

yet when he has made up his mind to fight, no one shows more courage. He has no laws, but he has customs which have the force of laws; yet sometimes interest, or the instinct of self-preservation, prevails over pride and shame, and he evades their observance.

Another error is, that he is supposed to speak in the language of poetry on all occasions. It is thought he

— cannot open

His mouth, but out there flies a trope.

In consequence, those writers who introduce our savages into their works make their discourse a farrago of metaphor and absurdity. This folly had its origin in speeches delivered in councils. Such effusions are not extemporaneous, but studied efforts, in which the speaker purposely obscures his meaning with parables and verbiage, often not understood by his brethren, and not always by himself. The author has frequently seen the half breed interpreters completely at a loss; unable to comprehend their mother tongue thus garbled. By a very natural mistake, these orations are taken for specimens of ordinary Indian discourse; a most lame and impotent conclusion. In truth, nothing is more flat and common-place than their common conversation. They speak with as little circumlocution, and as directly to the point as any people. Some figurative idioms may indeed be found in their several tongues, as well as in those of civilized nations; but to cut the matter short, if any man were to address an Indian in such language as is put into his mouth by the novelists, he may as well speak Hebrew." p. v.—viii.

When we say that these tales are an illustration of the above reasonable and clever observations, and are, we suspect, valuable, as furnishing plain and just views of Indian manners, we have no doubt our readers will think it worth their while to turn to the volume. We had intended here to have extracted for their entertainment, an American-Indian love-tale, which, (besides exhibiting a dandy of the Western Forest,) displays the passions brought into action, and the *manner* of their action; but we find it too intimately interwoven to admit of judicious abridgment, and too long for extract: we must therefore confine ourselves to a short anecdote, gathered from the adventures of a certain Pinchon, whom the author describes as a sort of Canadian Rob Roy, but who appears to have been, at all events, a very distinguished and adventurous scoundrel :—

"One more of his exploits, for its almost incredible temerity, we shall relate, and then make an end of our story. When his boat arrived at the portage of the Wisconsin, on his return to the Sioux country, it was necessary to dry a part of the cargo, which had been wet by a shower, the night preceding. The canvass mentioned in a former sketch, as used to cover Macinac boats, was spread upon the ground to dry. While he and his men were engaged in eating, an enormous rattle-snake crept out of the grass, and stretched himself in the sun upon the canvass; thinking, it is probable, that it was placed there for his reception. It is well known that this reptile is a generous enemy, never doing any injury unless molested, nor then, without giving warning. When Pinchon and his comrade returned, they perceived the individual in question.

"Le Duc seized a stick to kill it, but Pinchon held his arm, while the serpent regarded them with the utmost indifference. 'Joe Le Duc,' said Pinchon, 'we are called brave men. Should you like to try which is the best entitled to the name, of the two?'

"And how should that be tried? You do

not wish to fight with me, I hope? I have no inclination of that kind myself: I would far rather drink with you.'

"Nay, it can be tried without fighting. Dare you; will you catch that snake in your bare hands?'

"Despardieux! no! I will fight the Indians with you, as long and as often as you please, but I will not fight such an enemy as that.'

"Well, then, it shall never be said that I feared man or beast. If you will not catch him, I will.'

"Disregarding all remonstrance, the desperado laid himself down within a few feet of the reptile. He moved his hand towards him as slowly as the hand of a clock, while the snake raised his head, and looked him steadily in the eye, without offering to strike. When he had advanced his fingers within six inches of the serpent, he snatched it up by the neck, as quick as thought, and sprung upon his feet, holding it out at arm's length! The reptile, after a few revolutions of its tail, fixed it firmly round the man's neck, and began to contract his body. Though one of the strongest of men, he felt his arm bend, in spite of all the force of his muscles. Still his iron nerves remained firm. He grasped his right wrist with his left hand, and resisted with all his might; but the snake was too strong for him; when, at last, he saw its white fangs within six inches of his face, his courage gave way, and he cried to Le Duc to come with his knife. The snake was severed in two, and Pinchon cast the part he held from him. The animal had attained the full growth of its species, and had thirty-two rattles." p. 258-259.

#### *Travels in Malta and Sicily, with Sketches of Gibraltar, in 1827.* By Andrew Bigelow.

[Second Notice.]

IN our extracts we shall avoid those subjects which, like Mount Ætna, have been described till the description wearies, and select some topics which are less hacknied, and will be more amusing to our readers.

The following account of the fortifications on (and in) the rock of Gibraltar, is very interesting :—

"The first object of peculiar interest which meets us is an old Moorish tower. It seems to stand as a war-worn sentinel, to the dark and fearful passages in the mountain-bosom, which stretch beyond. By whom the tower was erected is not ascertained. It probably is a monument of the first successful descent of the Moors, in 711. \* \* \*

"Taking up the line of march, we enter a subterranean path leading under the wall of the garrison, and soon come to the first passage within the solid crust of the rock. It is a vaulted horizontal shaft, of one hundred and fifty feet in length. We emerge from it to enter another called Wyllis' Gallery. The length of this is something more than a hundred yards, and its breadth from three to five. It is dimly lighted through the embrasures for cannon; and what with this dubious sort of day and the nature of the objects displayed around,—heavy ordnance reposing on iron frames, piles of balls, bombs, and other terrible missiles, and doors communicating ever and anon with inner chambers filled with warlike stores,—the feelings excited by the survey are anything but cheerful.

"Mounting still higher, we come to a longer and more extraordinary excavation, called the Windsor Gallery. It extends very nearly a tenth of a mile; and, like the former, has been entirely blasted by powder. Enough of the rock on the outer side remains to serve as a parapet, or shield, impervious to ball, even could cannon be brought to bear against it. But its elevation places it above the reach of the longest

shot; so that those who serve its guns in times of siege, are perfectly secure from the reach of assailants. They have only to pour down upon the defenceless heads of invaders showers of grape and shells.

"Besides these passages, there are several other galleries lined with artillery, and wrought with extraordinary toil within the outer shell of the massive rock. Staircases occasionally occur, hewn with great regularity; also flues and perpendicular shafts for ventilation and other purposes. Of the magazines, there seems no end.

"There are two or three spacious and lofty apartments, which altogether in boldness of design, and beauty of finish, perhaps, surpass the other wonders of these interior constructions. The most remarkable of these is called Saint George's Hall. It is a stupendous excavation from the heart of a turreted crag, which juts naturally from the surface of the mountain. Externally, it has much the appearance of an artificial tower. Within, an apartment forty yards in circuit, and proportionably lofty, has been hewn with incredible labour. The rock forming the walls and flooring has been perfectly smoothed. But half a dozen yawning port-holes, and a circular funnel leading through the roof for the escape of smoke, sufficiently indicate that other purposes than those of mere beauty were consulted in this curious structure. Six cannon of tremendous calibre (sixty-four pounders,) are stationed here, ready to discharge their thunders on any daring besieger by land or flood. They are so nicely poised as to be capable, with a little exertion, of being pointed in any direction.

"Some idea of the extent of the excavations may be formed from the fact, that they are sufficient to receive at once the entire garrison of Gibraltar; and the troops composing it are never less than five thousand. Not only in the galleries would the latter be completely covered from an enemy's fire, but also in passing along the few open paths edging the surface of the rock, and which communicate between one subterranean post and another. For these paths are all guarded by high parapets of solid masonry, so that even the movements of the soldiery along them, or the carriage of their munitions, could not be perceived by assailants at the foot of the rock." 44-5.

#### *Aqueduct at La Valetta.*

"We came in sight of the noble aqueduct which supplies La Valetta. The route lay along it for several miles, and I had an opportunity of surveying and admiring that most useful construction. I have omitted to observe that though the houses of the city and suburbs are all provided with private cisterns,—every drop of rain-water being carefully preserved by means of pipes, conducting from the terraced roofs to the proper reservoirs,—yet the supply of water was found by no means adequate to the wants of a large and increasing population. Much inconvenience, and at times actual suffering, was the consequence. To provide against such scarcity, Vignacourt, a grand master of great public spirit and munificence, commenced, in an early period of his administration, the aqueduct just alluded to, and finished it, entirely at his private cost, in 1616. By this conveyance an unfailing supply of salubrious water is brought from a central spot of the island called Diar Chandal, over a line of many thousand noble arches extending not less than thirteen miles, and terminating in a grand reservoir in palace-square. Conduits are thence made to take the fountain water into all the public and private tanks of the city. The work being partially decayed, the grand master Roahn undertook its repair about the year 1780; and the whole now displays perfect solidity. Such a costly structure shows the riches which must

have flowed into the private coffers of the Grand Masters of the order of St. John." p. 120.

#### *Archimedes.*

"The memory of Archimedes appears to be universally venerated at Syracuse. From the familiar but respectful mention made of him, he seems to have belonged to an age as recent as that of Franklin; and one is almost tempted in meeting with an aged Syracusan to ask if he did not remember seeing the philosopher in his youth. At any rate, the impression left by his name here is more vivid, apparently, than that associated by us with Franklin. The walls of the conversazioni room are covered with pictures of his mechanical exploits. One is very spirited, and represents his lifting, with his famous levers and grapples, the galleys of Marcellus from the water, and then sinking, or dashing them against the rocks. \* \* \*

"The road winding up a gentle slope at length intersected another, called the Street of Sepulchres, from its leading in a narrow defile between hills faced on either side with ancient tombs. Near the entrance of this passage, and about one hundred yards from the spot traditionally remembered as the place of the Agragian Gate, stands the tomb of Archimedes. The locality agrees very well with the description given of it by Cicero. The ancients were in the habit of burying their dead without the walls of their cities; and the sepulchres of Syracuse came up to its very gates on this quarter. 'There is,' says the Roman orator, 'close by the Agragian port, a vast number of tombs. Examining them with care, I perceived a monument a little elevated above a thicket, whereon was inscribed the figure of a cylinder and sphere. Immediately I said to the Syracusan nobles who attended me, That this must be the tomb of which I was in search.'

"We alighted to take a nearer view of it. In front, is a narrow strip of cultivated, unfenced ground; and just at the entrance a few brambles and rank weeds were growing. The tomb is excavated from a native bed of rock, the face of which, naturally projecting, is shaped about the opening into a rude Doric front, with pilasters and a pediment. No traces of the inscription are visible, nor is this to be wondered at, for even in the time of Cicero, the characters were partially worn away. The entrance of the tomb is sufficiently high to allow a person of full stature to walk in without stooping. The interior is of moderate dimensions. It is truly 'the dark and narrow house.' In a recess on the right, large enough to receive a modern lead coffin, the remains of the philosopher are supposed to have been laid; but the sarcophagus, if any there were, has long since disappeared. On the opposite side are full-length receptacles for bodies; and fronting the entrance there are smaller depositories, cut like the others from the solid rock, and adapted for urns, or the coffins of children. The tomb appears to have been the family sepulchre of Archimedes; but the ashes of the human forms, which once filled its niches, have for ages been dispersed to the four winds.

"The hill, at the foot of which this tomb has been opened, is a vast ledge of rock slightly covered with shrubs and grass. Following the path at its base, I perceived a great many other tombs yawning from its sides, the 'magna frequentia sepulchrorum,' spoken of by Cicero."

#### *The Fountain of Arethusa.*

"This spring, celebrated from remote antiquity, has other pretensions to consideration than the attractions which it owes to the muse. It is a wonderful fountain in itself, gushing up with great copiousness near the sea, and forming a respectable rivulet from its very source. It rises in a grotto naturally arched with a firm roof of stone, so strong that the outer street of the city,

a sort of boulevard, is carried directly over it. The spot is not farther from the sea, in a straight line, than twelve or fourteen yards. The current pours over a rocky ledge into a circular pool, whence it issues by a winding course, tumbling and foaming as it goes, till reaching the seawall, when it leaps headlong into the briny deep. The waters at their source are exceedingly clear and fresh, but they are not permitted to retain their purity even to the end of their short and rapid course. Anciently, it was venerated with divine honours, and a company of nymphs was specially set apart to guard it. Now, it is daily profaned by another set of personages, the common laundresses of Syracuse, who make no scruple to wash their 'lots' of clothes in its waters. \* \* \*

"It is a curious fact that another copious spring rises from the bottom of the harbour, at some distance from the shore, with so much force that the water retains its freshness almost to the very surface. The position is marked by little eddies and bubbles always distinguishable in calm weather; and even when the harbour is ruffled with winds, the water which is drawn up from a little beneath the surface, and just over the site of the spring, is found sufficiently pure for drinking.

"As the second fountain lies in the direction towards Greece, it has been seriously thought by many to justify the poetical conceit of the ancients, that the river Alpheus, after flowing through Elis in vain pursuit of the coy Arethusa, then disappearing under the sea and continuing his course for five hundred miles, rises in this place to join the fugitive nymph. For it is deemed equally heterodox to dispute the tradition, either that the submarine fountain is the Grecian Alpheus, or that the Syracusan Arethusa is the same with that of Elis. In support of these opinions it is alleged, that leaves and flowers, natives of Greece, have risen on the surface of the Sicilian spring; and that a golden cup, won at the Olympic games, and thrown into the Elian Arethusa, was afterwards brought up by this at Syracuse. Strabo devoted a page to a grave discussion of the philosophy and likelihood of the tale." 294-6.

#### *The Earthquake of 1783 at Messina.*

"The earthquake of 1783 was fraught with horrors which, even at this distant day, it is shuddering to contemplate. Memorials of its disasters are still visible in different parts of Messina. A portion of the beautiful Marina,—all of which was either shattered or destroyed,—retains the effects, only partially disguised, of that tremendous visitation. There was scarce a structure in the city which was exempt from some injury. The edifices which have since arisen are built more firmly, and generally not so lofty as before; and their beams are made to protrude through the walls to prevent any sudden dislodgement by the violent oscillation of the ground in future shocks. How far the precaution will avail, there has been no opportunity of determining hitherto by conclusive evidence.

"The earthquake,—I should rather say, the series of earthquakes,—of 1783, gave no sign nor prelude of its approach. Stories are told of the domestic animals having had a premonition of the event; and it is affirmed that the howling of dogs in the streets of Messina was so violent that they were ordered to be killed. But it is difficult to comprehend by what sense they could have received an intimation of such an evil impending; and admitting the fact, it is certain that the citizens suspected nothing in the portent. The onset of the earthquake was sudden as the explosion of a mine,—nay, instantaneous as the lightning's flash. It commenced on the 5th of February, and exclusive of the shocks of that day, there were others particularly appalling on the 7th of the same month, and again on

the 28th of March, besides innumerable minor shocks.

"Dreadful as was the catastrophe to Messina, the city was only the first to encounter the brunt of a calamity which was destined to involve a whole province in ruin. The seat of the earthquake was transferred to the opposite shore, and its greatest energies appear to have been concentrated near the centre of Calabria. But the effects were felt far and wide. It rocked the whole breadth of the peninsula, and extended its ravages north and south over a space of ninety miles. Forty thousand inhabitants perished; and the number is almost incredible of the towns, villages, and separate edifices which were shattered, if not totally demolished. Of some not a vestige remained, for the ground opened and swallowed them up. History records no earthquake, which,—taking into view the vehemence and destructiveness of the shocks, the length of their duration, and the vast field of their operations,—may be deemed a full parallel with this. Others there have been,—mighty, desolating, terrific;—but the earthquake of 1783, in the entire combination of its horrors, stands unexampled." p. 450—2.

#### EMIGRATION.

*Information published by His Majesty's Commissioners for Emigration, respecting the British Colonies in North America.* Knight.

*The Emigrant's Pocket Companion.* By Robert Mudie. London, Cochran & Co.

*Hints on Emigration to Upper Canada.* By Martin Doyle. Dublin, Curry.

*An Address to Persons who desire to better themselves, by emigrating to Canada.* London, Suter.

*Account of New Brunswick, with Advice to Emigrants.* By Thomas Baillie, Esq. London, Rivingtons.

*Sketch of a Plan for the gradual Extinction of Pauperism.* By Rowland Hill. London, Simpkin & Marshall.

*Letters from Poor Persons who have emigrated to Canada from the Parish of Frome, in the County of Somerset.* London, Longman & Co.

ALL writers seem agreed that emigration on a large scale would be beneficial to Britain. Our island is at present too productive in three important things: our machinery produces more goods than we can find a market for—our authors produce more books than readers seem willing to purchase—and our ladies produce more sons and daughters than the country can maintain. For each of these sore evils remedies have been proposed, but nothing satisfactory has yet been settled. As our business is at present with the latter evil—the surplus population—we shall confine our inquiry to that alone; and that of itself has perplexed many clear considerate heads. When bees grow too numerous for their hive to hold, the youthful portion of the community swarm off to a new hive, either near or distant: in like manner that prudent people, the Scotch, pour their swarms of young men to the east, west and south: the Irish follow their example; while the English alone long resolved to adhere in beggary to the soil on which they were produced, and endure all evils rather than forsake their native fields. Education, however, has begun to open the eyes of the lower orders of England: they are making themselves acquainted with the manifold resources of other lands; and for the last two or three years workmen and labourers of all classes have, in vast numbers, emigrated to our possessions in the Canadas, or to New Holland,

In the present distressed condition of the people, it is the duty of the government to encourage emigration to our colonies: they must, however, take care not to encourage away the rich only and the able bodied. We shall see what they are doing by looking at the first work on our list.

When government published this little official tract, we laid out our twopence willingly upon it, and proceeded to read it with attention. "It seems desirable," says his Majesty's Commissioners for Emigration, "to define the nature of the assistance to be expected from government by persons proceeding to these colonies." As this was the very information we wanted, we read on, and were not a little surprised to find the "assistance" set forth in the following manner: "No pecuniary aid will be allowed by government to emigrants to the North American colonies; nor after their arrival will they receive grants of land or gifts of tools, or a supply of provisions. Hopes of all these things have been sometimes held out to emigrants, by speculators in this country desirous of making a profit by their conveyance to North America, and willing for that purpose to delude them with unfounded expectations." Now, any one who reads these words would, in the first place, imagine that government, when they talked of assistance, really desired to do something; and, in the next place, that they had determined to do nothing. This, however, is not the case: "Although government," observes these benevolent Commissioners, "will not make any gifts at the public expense to emigrants to North America, agents will be maintained at the principal colonial ports, whose duty it will be, without fee or reward, to protect emigrants—to acquaint them with the demand for labour in different districts—to point out the most advantageous routes, and furnish them generally with useful advice." Such are the regulations laid down by our government: a line of colonial finger-posts is established to intimate to the bewildered emigrant, that there is fine fishing on Lake Ontario; prime wild turkeys in the wilderness of Erie; capital fresh air on the Huron, and wood and water everywhere. The blundering blindness of all this is quite visible. Our country is not suffering from the presence of the rich, and yet, who but a comparatively opulent person is able, without assistance, to emigrate? The land groans under the pressure of a mendicant population, yet it is quite evident, from what we have quoted, that the government has no intention to relieve us from this crushing load. They tell the poor and the needy, the man half clad, half fed, and nigh half distracted, that the sea is open to convey him upon to the Canadas, and that Messrs. Smith, Payne & Smith, will receive from him a deposit of 20*l.*, not less, and give him a cheque for the same on the Bank at Montreal. Why, how, in the name of heaven, can they suppose, that a fellow creature, whose wages for the last two years have not averaged eight shillings a week, has gathered such a sum together, or that a person who could save so much in Old England, would leave it in quest of better fortune? We should almost imagine from this, that the government is about to adopt the sarcastic advice of some of their ill-wishers, and encourage the rich and the fortunate to emigrate, and leave the mother country as a portion to the poor and the destitute.

The 'Emigrant's Guide,' by Mr. Mudie, is evidently the work of one whose personal experience in emigration, has gone no farther than a march from the mountains of the north to the valleys of the south: he sees through the eyes, and speaks from the statements of others; yet his book, though a little too diffuse, contains much valuable information, arranged so as to be accessible to all. He collects facts with care, and discusses all matters connected with removal from England, and the final settlement in North America, with candour and sagacity. His description of a good settler—one who will readily strike root in the land and prosper—is a most correct one:—

"From this it immediately follows that no man is fit for being an independent emigrant, or even existing at all in a new country, who is not both able and willing to work. He must have health, he must have strength, he must have perseverance, and he must have more consideration than is necessary in an old country, where labour is divided, and every man has his little department marked out for him by the general arrangements of society. He must not only be able to turn his hand to many things, nay, almost to everything that he may require, but he must feel that he is in possession of that power, otherwise he will be in a state of perpetual apprehension, and quite unable to get on. Of course this necessity excludes from the list of emigrants all persons who could not, if they had the proper opportunity, support themselves, and also make some little savings in the old country. The maimed, the mutilated, or the silly, ought not to go there, for as there is no person to give them charity, their only fate would be starvation. The idle and the dissolute, even supposing they possess in a high degree those abilities which they neglect, are, in their present condition, very unfit subjects for emigration; and as those are habits which are reclaimed more by the restraints of society than by any other means, it is doubtful whether they would be benefited by the change, how much soever the mother country might be the better for their absence." 40-1.

Martin Doyle has written his 'Hints on Emigration,' with good sense, good feeling, and with no little knowledge of the subject; and all who desire to emigrate cannot do better than put his little tract in their pockets. As the great question is, who are the persons that should be encouraged to go abroad?—we cannot do better than quote this writer's opinion—he coincides with Mudie:—

"To those who are favoured with steady employment at home, who possess allotments of land, however small, which furnish them with comfortable subsistence, I say, 'Be contented—make no experiments—remain where you are—and trust that a kind Providence will bring order and peace out of the present confusion and discord which distract these realms.'

"But to those differently circumstanced, emigration is most desirable, and perhaps no country in the world is more critically suited than North America to the Irish and Scotch poor in particular; the very place of all others where those who have not a shilling in their pockets and who are accustomed to vicissitudes of climate and hard work, can live best; where all those who have been bred to farm and handicraft work, if industrious, healthy, and sober, have a moral certainty of succeeding. All such persons after two years find themselves in a thriving condition, and are anxious to have their old country friends with them; but mere adventurers—broken down tradesmen, and scheming shopkeepers, may just as well stay and starve quietly at home—such persons would not live anywhere.

"Nor is North America suited to ladies and

gentlemen of very small means, who are unused to do anything for themselves; such persons are in general too tenderly reared, too delicately brought up, to dispense with the services of domestics, whom they could not afford to pay in a country where a good pair of hands is worth much, and who are unable or unwilling to bear the privations of the first two or three years of settlement in the woods; though instances are not wanted of respectable families, with incomes varying from 50*l.* to 200*l.* a year, living most happily and prosperously, and enjoying good society there; but these persons are generally the families of naval or military gentlemen accustomed to rough it, habituated to discipline and self controul, and possessed of adequate zeal and energy." p. 10-11.

The 'Address to Persons who wish to better themselves by going to Canada,' is another of those sensible and intelligent tracts which this great question has called forth; we are, indeed, glad that men who have seen with their own eyes, and who are alike inaccessible to interest or passion, have the benevolence to throw up a few signal lights to guide our swarms of ignorant emigrants from being wrecked and ruined. The government arrangement is, that every individual must have 20*l.* in his pocket; but, it is well known, that 10*l.* will take a man, and 5*l.* a child, safely to Canada; and if work is so abundant as our Commissioners for Emigration allege, why a settler will get employed as soon as he arrives, and money will come pouring in. Of those who should, and those who should not go to Canada, the writer of this little production thus speaks:—

"First, we shall candidly pronounce who ought not to go there, in order that all such persons may save themselves from certain disappointment, after they shall have undergone all the fatigue and expense of a long voyage: viz.

"Those who are happily situated at home, maintaining their families comfortably, and who are able to lay by sufficient for their support in old age, and for the eligible establishment of their children.

"Those who have nothing but birth or wealth to recommend them, or who have no useful occupation. In Canada as in England, it is the active working bee, and not the drone, that gathers the honey to the hive.

"Those who are of a restless, factious, and quarrelsome turn of mind, or those who think that in Canada every one, however wrong-headed, can do whatever is right in his own eyes, without regard to either law, justice, or decorum. Canada is a land of liberty, but it also has its laws, to which all persons without distinction must submit.

"Those who expect to make a fortune suddenly, without much exertion—those who are indolent, or of dissolute habits—ardent spirits being excessively cheap, all those who cannot refrain from a too free use of them, are certain to bring on rapidly, premature disease, disgrace, and death.

"Those who are not seriously disposed to industry and economy had better stay away.

"Those who will be discouraged by the difficulties which very rarely fail to attend a change of country, or who are of too weakly constitution to endure labour and fatigue." p. 1-2.

Mr. Baillie's 'Account of New Brunswick, and Advice to Emigrants,' abounds with accurate information and wholesome counsel: he filled an important situation in that province for eight years; traversed it from north to south, and from east to west; made himself familiar with its resources, capabilities, and wants; and the result of all his observa-

tions is, that an increase of population alone is wanted, to render it one of the most prosperous districts in British America. He, however, thinks, that each family should carry out with them one or two hundred pounds, the application of which would in a few years render them comfortable and independent freeholders; persons with less capital, he thinks, would also do well, but then success would not be so certain.

'The Sketch of a Plan for the gradual Extinction of Pauperism, and the Prevention of Crime,' is the work of Rowland Hill, and must be regarded, we fear, as one of those benevolent dreams which visit the waking thoughts of the gentle and the humane. We agree with him, that the enclosure of commons is a great act of injustice, and also, that much land lies waste and uncultivated over the surface of Britain. But the author seems to have closed his eyes to the fact, that land naturally sterile, (and no other, we aver, is at present uncultivated,) would not only require vast labour and outlay to render it productive, but would demand periodical supplies of rich manure, to keep it up to the remunerating point in the scale of productiveness. This could not, we are afraid, be accomplished without high market-prices. In the West India Islands, when the price of sugar was high, the sugar-canes were planted on poor soils; reduction of price has limited them to rich lands: in like manner, much of the land in the north, which is now laid out in pasture, carried corn in former days; but, as it required more dung and lime than better soils, nature was allowed to regain her original sway. We shall allow Mr. Hill to describe his plan:—

"It is proposed to establish in this country, Colonies similar to those in Holland and Belgium. The Dutch and Belgian Colonies, all of which have been established within the last twelve years, contain about ten thousand individuals, once paupers, but now living in comparative comfort. These people were placed on waste soils, which they have brought into a state of considerable fertility. They are occupied chiefly in cultivating the land, but partly in manufactures; they supply nearly all their own wants and have a considerable surplus for sale. The capital advanced for their complete establishment was on an average about 21*l.* per individual; and the colonists have hitherto paid annually an interest of 5½ per cent. on this capital, with such an addition as will gradually extinguish the whole debt; besides this, many paupers have saved sufficient capital of their own to be able to leave the colony, and establish themselves in independence and comfort. It is conceived that the establishment of similar colonies in the British isles would be productive of similar advantages; and that if a successful experiment were once made, parishes would voluntarily form such institutions. The expense of an experiment it is proposed should be defrayed by government." p. 15-16.

'Letters from Upper Canada,' consists of the communications of a number of labouring men sent out as a speculation, to relieve the parish of Frome, in Somersetshire, in the matter of rates. These letters are all written without dictation or prompting, and express the feelings of men and women desirous of doing well, and who are certainly satisfied, nay, pleased with their situation. We can make room for no extracts, and we regret this the less, as most of the letters have already been made public. We ought to say,

that out of about eighty emigrants, one only has returned, to cry out the water is naught and the ground barren—but there is, as the shepherds phrase it, one black sheep in every flock. We are much pleased with this little characteristic homespun publication—it is worth ten thousand finely-imagined theories and well-penned speculations upon human happiness.

*An Account of the Life, Lectures, and Writings, of William Cullen, M.D., Professor of the Practice of Physic in the University of Edinburgh.* By John Thomson, M.D. F.R.S.L. & E. Professor of Medicine and General Pathology in the University of Edinburgh. 2 vols. Vol. I. Edinburgh, Blackwood; London, Cadell.

THERE is something painful in contemplating the memoirs of those mighty spirits, who for some time past arose in very regular succession in Edinburgh, and stamped upon that end of the island a scientific character, for which there was scarcely any parallel at the same period. Scotland, indeed, was late in feeling those genial rays, which civil and religious liberty made to shine upon most of the lands in which the Reformation had taken effect. But, though the dawn in that part of the country was late, it was lambent: would that its duration had corresponded to its brightness!—but there is a mutability in masses as well as in individuals; and the scientific labours of Edinburgh are now in a great measure turned to writing the biographies of those who, one regrets to say, have passed away, without leaving any corresponding successors.

Into the cause of this change (and it is a change not confined to Edinburgh alone), it would be foreign to the purpose to inquire. It may be, that the general advance of society in knowledge has shorn the stars of science of those beams which once commanded so much attention and so much respect; or, it may be, that, in consequence of the increased intercourse with London, and the comparative proximity into which provincial places have been brought with London by the new modes of conveyance, the metropolis has been enabled to attract the stars from the more distant parts of the British horizon.

Of that, however, only by the way, though it may be worth reverting to at some future period: our present purpose is with Dr. Cullen, or rather with Dr. Thomson, his biographer. Of the latter, we would shortly say, that his book would have been more to our taste if it had been much smaller. Thick books are like thick fogs; they may sometimes magnify the objects seen through them; but they always darken, and in many cases distort. There is no doubt that the letters of Cullen and his illustrious contemporaries, which are interspersed throughout Dr. Thomson's volume, or are attached to it in the form of an appendix of about one hundred and fifty pages, are valuable; and they disclose many interesting traits of those eminent persons far better than any general sketch that the biographer could have given. But Dr. Thomson must excuse us if we say, that the whole volume is raw and uncooked, and, large as it is, there is nothing in it which brings anything like the character of Dr. Cullen before the reader. He must therefore excuse us, if we remove his pages out of the

way for a little, till we have sketched down who and what Cullen was; and then it is probable that his biographer may appear more graciously both to our eyes and to those of our readers.

In some of the minor points relative to places and dates, we are half inclined to think that the biographer is sometimes in error; but those are comparative trifles. It is the genius of Cullen, and not the gossip respecting him, which is the lawful portion of posterity.

William Cullen was born at Hamilton, on the 15th April, 1710. His father was resident law agent to the Duke of Hamilton, one of the magistrates of the borough, and had a small estate in the neighbourhood. Cullen was his second son. His first education was at Hamilton; thence he was removed to Glasgow, and bound apprentice to Mr. Paisley, surgeon, with a view to his attending the Glasgow University during its terms. He left Glasgow in 1729, and repaired to London, whence he went to the West Indies as surgeon of a ship: but it appears that one voyage satisfied him; for, when he returned, he was some time in the house of an apothecary in Henrietta Street. While residing there, he is understood to have acquired that taste for chemistry, which may be said to have laid the foundation of his future fame. Quitting London, in 1732 he resided with Capt. Cleland, in the parish of Shotts. About that time Cullen's chemical knowledge recommended him to the Duke of Argyll, the most influential nobleman in Scotland, and a promoter of science.

Soon after, Hunter, (the eminent collector of the Hunterian Museum,) who was about eight years younger than Cullen, went to reside with him as pupil, at Hamilton, in which place Cullen had settled as a practitioner. From 1734 to 1736 Cullen attended the medical classes in Edinburgh, which were, at that time, very ably conducted by Dr. Monro, the elder, and others. Having completed his studies at Edinburgh, he entered into partnership with Hunter,—Hunter to take the surgical department, which Cullen disliked. This partnership lasted during the time that Hunter attended the classes in Edinburgh; and about the year 1741 Hunter removed to London, and Dr. Cullen, who had the year before taken out his degree at Glasgow, remained at Hamilton, and entered into arrangements with a new partner.

It does not appear, that up to this period of his history, there was any particular promise of future eminence in Cullen. In everything he was above mediocrity; but still he deserved more the character of a thriving man, than of a brilliant one. His father's connexion with the Duke of Hamilton, and his own introduction to the Duke of Argyll, were, in those days, quite sufficient to bring him into notice; and that he was fully as attentive to worldly connexion as to scientific inquiry, is proved by the fact of his holding the office of baillie of the small borough of Hamilton, an insignificant office, absolutely under the control of his patron the Duke. Cullen was, in fact, a sort of physician to the family until 1743, when the Duke died. Cullen had by that time removed to Glasgow, and, in 1746 and 1747, he began to lecture on the Practice of Medicine, with a view to establishing a medical

school in Glasgow, somewhat similar to that which had been so successfully established in Edinburgh. About the same time, Cullen collected apparatus, delivered chemical lectures, and studied German, in order to qualify himself for reading the chemical works in that language. In 1748 he lectured on Botany and the Materia Medica, and he continued these lectures for several years.

Distracted by such a multiplicity of pursuits, occupied professionally besides, and having an extensive acquaintance, with all of whom he lived on the most sociable terms, it is scarcely possible that he could have shone conspicuous in any particular department. But Cullen owed to the steadiness of his purpose, and the delightful equanimity of his temper, far more than he could have been indebted to the most splendid talents, directed to any single branch. At work on all the great subjects which bear upon the theory of the healing art, he was slowly but certainly extending his grasp to all the roots and ramifications of the existing system, in such a way as furnished very clear evidence that he would one day overturn it.

It must be admitted, that, though the genius of Cullen was destined merely to pass over the subject of chemistry, in its way to other and more congenial studies, yet, it passed over like the life-giving and awakening spirit. Black was one of Cullen's students at Glasgow; and, whatever may be said of others, it must be admitted by all candid judges, that Black was the legitimate father of pneumatic chemistry. There is no question, that it was the lectures of Cullen, which gave the first impulse to the genius of Black; and there is just as little question, that, but for the attraction which Black had thrown around chemical science, the arts would in all probability have been without the mighty contrivances of Watt, by which the effective power of Britain has been more than quadrupled, and man has been enabled, almost literally, "to ride in the whirlwind, and direct the storm."—The laborious discoverers of obscure earths, or insignificant acids, should beware how they assail the monuments of the mighty masters of chemical science.

Black, who had been very intimate with Cullen, and very frankly acknowledges obligations to him, removed to Edinburgh in 1752, but he still kept up a frequent and friendly intercourse with his preceptor, as did Cullen's other eminent pupil, Dr. Hunter.

In 1751 Cullen had, through the interest of the Duke of Argyll, been appointed to the Chair of Medicine in Glasgow; and about the same time Adam Smith became Professor of Logic there. Black followed Cullen for some time in the chemical department; and, Smith being promoted to the Moral Philosophy Chair, Dr. Read succeeded him in that of Logic. Thus Glasgow contained, for a time at least, a constellation of talents of the very highest class.

About this time Cullen wrote many tracts on the application of chemistry to the arts; and he became so generally known, that, in 1755, he was appointed joint Professor of Chemistry at Edinburgh. Cullen's admission there was opposed for some time; but his talents ultimately triumphed; and, under his exertions, the chemical class, which had previously been little else than nominal, became

one of the most popular and most numerously attended in the University.

In 1757, Cullen, who had previously been deeply engaged in investigating the existing medical theories, stated opinions which produced a strong degree of excitement against him; but, instead of turning polemic, as most men would have done under the same circumstances, he pursued his purpose steadily, and ultimately triumphed.

It would be improper, in this sketch, to enter upon any of those medical theories, which pass one by one into oblivion, with the fame or the fashion of their authors; but we may just mention, that he sought to overturn the mathematical theory of the celebrated Boerhaave, and to substitute in its place a modification of that of Hoffman. In 1766 Cullen was appointed to the Chair of the Theory of Medicine, in addition to the Chemical Chair, to which he had been appointed ten years previously. On that occasion he resigned the Chemical Professorship in favour of Black, and for some time subsequently he lectured on the Theory of Medicine, and Dr. John Gregory on the Practice. About 1670, the two Professors joined for the purpose of giving lectures on both in the alternate sessions; but the death of Gregory, in the prime of life, put an end to that arrangement, and Cullen continued to lecture on both branches until within a few months of his death, which took place at Edinburgh, on the 10th of February, 1790.

Such is a very short outline of the career of Cullen, a man highly popular not only in the immediate place of his residence, but even on the continent. His lectures, which, though profound in principle, were popular in expression, were usually delivered extempore from very short notes; and he was remarkable for the clearness of his illustrations. When he lectured on chemistry, his experiments were judiciously chosen, and neatly performed. He was particularly beloved by his students; and, besides being their preceptor, he acted as their friend, their father, and their physician,—in these cases without fee. Professionally, and in the business of his life, he was remarkably regular, but without any stiffness or formality; and even when far advanced in life, and engaged in profound inquiries, he enjoyed his whist party, or other innocent amusement of the evening, with all the glee of a man who lives only for the enjoyment of society. His success in the world corresponded with his talents for succeeding; and one of his sons was promoted to the bench as one of the Scottish Judges. Having said thus much of the man, we shall leave the question of his writings, and of the changes which he produced in the medical world, until the appearance of Dr. Thomson's second volume; and we shall venture to make one or two remarks on this volume, regretting that they must be more in the spirit of objection than in that of commendation.

That Dr. Thomson is in possession of a vast mass of materials, is true; and there is little doubt that, in some hands, these might have afforded the means of bringing out a very graphic whole-length of Cullen; and showing how much the different parts of science, with which he was connected, were promoted by the efforts of his long and laborious life. Dr. Thomson's book is, however, so much interrupted by quotation, and the



general tenor of it is so frequently congested by an accumulation of crude matters, that it would be desirable to exhibit some drastic aperient, for the purpose of clearing its *primæ viæ*, before it can be of wholesome service to the public. In a work of this kind, mere style is a minor consideration; but nothing can atone for want of clearness and arrangement. It would be anticipating what we purpose to say afterwards, were we at present to bring forward either the doctrines which Cullen opposed, or those which he sought to establish: but it may not be amiss to mention, that there seems to be far too much display of knowledge in the different theories of medicine; and that all the learning which is introduced, is not so concentrated as to bring out the points at issue. Thus, while the narrative is in a state of perpetually suspended animation, so that it will afford little interest to the reader, we fear that the more actively employed part of the faculty themselves, will not stop to analyze it into the multitude of ingredients of which it is made up. We have our doubts of some of the facts too, although, as we have said before, they are facts of a minor class.

As Dr. Thomson got the family papers, it perhaps would not be fair to hint that he could be in error in anything so simple as the day of Cullen's birth—which a reference to the register at Hamilton would at once rectify; but we had previously supposed, that Cullen was born on the 11th December, and not the 15th April. Dr. Thomson may, however, be correct in that particular. Indeed, as his work is only a fragment, or, to speak more correctly, a conglomerate of fragments, to subject it to very severe criticism, would be hardly fair.

#### WAVERLEY NOVELS, VOL. XXXVI.

*Redgauntlet*. Vol. II. 1832. Edinburgh, Cadell; London, Whittaker & Co.

THE illustrations to this volume, are by D. O. Hill and W. Kidd. The vignette, by the latter, though a little extravagant, is laughable enough. There are but few notes: one or two, however, as they are very brief, our readers may be content to have extracted:—

"At the supposed date of the novel, a man of the name of Merrilees, a tanner in Leith, absconded from his country to escape his creditors; and, after having slain his own mastiff dog, and put a bit of red cloth in its mouth, as if it had died in a contest with soldiers, and involved his own existence in as much mystery as possible, made his escape into Yorkshire. Here he was detected by persons sent in search of him, to whom he gave a portentous account of his having been carried off and concealed in various places. Mr. Merrilees was, in short, a kind of male Elizabeth Canning, but did not trespass on the public credulity quite so long."

#### Concealments for Theft and Smuggling.

"I am sorry to say, that the modes of concealment described in the imaginary premises of Mr. Trumbull, are of a kind which have been common on the frontiers of late years. The neighbourhood of two nations having different laws, though united in government, still leads to a multitude of transgressions on the Border, and extreme difficulty in apprehending delinquents. About twenty years since, as far as my recollection serves, there was along the frontier an organized gang of coiners, forgers, smugglers, and other malefactors, whose operations were conducted on a scale not inferior to what is here described. The chief of the party was one Richard Mendham, a carpenter, who rose to

opulence, although ignorant even of the arts of reading and writing. But he had found a short road to wealth, and had taken singular measures for conducting his operations. Amongst these, he found means to build, in a suburb of Berwick called Spittal, a street of small houses, as if for the investment of property. He himself inhabited one of these; another, a species of public-house, was open to his confederates, who held secret and unsuspected communication with him; crossing the roofs of the intervening houses, and descending by a trap-stair, which admitted them into the alcove of the dining-room of Dick Mendham's private mansion. A vault, too, beneath Mendham's stable, was accessible in the manner mentioned in the novel. The post of one of the stalls turned round on a bolt being withdrawn, and gave admittance to a subterranean place of concealment for contraband and stolen goods, to a great extent. Richard Mendham, the head of this very formidable conspiracy, which involved malefactors of every kind, was tried and executed at Jedburgh, where the author was present as Sheriff of Selkirkshire. Mendham had previously been tried, but escaped by want of proof and the ingenuity of his counsel."

*Tales and Novels by Maria Edgeworth*—Vol. I. 'Castle Rackrent,' and 'Irish Bulls.' London, 1832. Baldwin & Cradock.

ONE of the most beautiful volumes we have seen—perhaps, of the cheap reprints, the most beautiful, excepting only, and that with hesitation, Murray's Byron. Paper, print, binding, all of the best quality, and in the finest taste, and the work illustrated by W. Harvey, who, as a book illustrator, hardly needs our good word. The work is to be completed in eighteen monthly volumes, and a very complete work it will be—cheap enough for the deal shelves of the mechanic, and handsome enough for the boudoir of a lady. We may, perhaps, hereafter, say a word or two on the general merits of Miss Edgeworth's writings.

*The Little Girl's Own Book*. By Mrs. Child. London, 1832. Tegg.

Who after this will say, that trade criticism and independent criticism are the same in their result? We first noticed, and with deserved commendation, this clever little book, a copy having been kindly sent to us by a friend in America: the first consequence was an order by Mr. Nesbit, the American bookseller here, for a supply to be sent to him. We announced their arrival, and the continued demand has led to this reprint by one of the shrewdest publishers in London. It is sure of success, and deserves it.

#### ORIGINAL PAPERS

##### NIGHT.

*From the German.*

BY T. BOSCOZ.

THE world is hushed, and leaves my soul  
Waking, watching thro' the night—  
The deep midnight!—I hear the toll  
Of careless bells;—and lips of might  
Not mortal, seem the dirge to pour—  
"Weep, spirits, weep—thy race is o'er;—

"No more for thee, yon radiant heaven,  
The silver moon and beauteous star;  
No more earth's sweetest hopes are given,  
The world's delights—its peace or war.  
Hark! nature joins thy funeral wail—  
And hope, and love, and beauty fail!"

Spirit of Peace! if such there be—  
And such in Eden's bowers was found—  
Come fling thy mantle over me,  
And bind my heart's unstaunched wound:  
I hear thy call—away—away—  
Receive me to thy realms of day.

#### HONOURS PAID TO GOETHE'S REMAINS.

Weimar, 31st March.

THE Grand Duke appointed Monday last for the celebration of Goethe's funeral obsequies. His corpse was laid out on a couch, overlaid with black velvet, in a spacious apartment, lined with sable trappings, and resplendent with wax lights. Here it remained exposed to the sorrowing inspection of the public at large, during the entire forenoon of that day. The body itself lay on its couch in the centre of the apartment, resting upon pillows of white satin; a wreath of fresh laurel encircled the head; and a Roman toga, likewise of satin, was tastefully disposed round the corpse. On its right was a column, from which a crown of laurel, worked in pure gold, relieved with emeralds, (a tribute from Frankfort, his native town, on the occasion of his academical jubilee), hung suspended. Behind his head rose another column, to which was attached a lyre and a basket—the latter inclosing rolls of parchment, symbolical of the writer's literary labours; and a third column was placed on the left of the body, against which his several diplomas were displayed. At the feet were three other columns, to which the insignia of the numerous orders which princely favour and esteem had conferred upon the illustrious departed, were suspended. Large cypresses were disposed on either side behind the couch of state; and on each side of it stood twenty candelabras of silver: guards of honour of all ranks and classes keeping watch beside them. Three splendid stars, in allusion to Goethe's transition to a heavenly state, hung over his remains. Multitudes came from far and near to bid them a last farewell. The coffin was removed at five o'clock in the afternoon, in order that it might be borne to the destination assigned to it by the late Grand Duke, his enlightened and munificent patron,—namely, by the side of Schiller, in the sepulchre of the grand-ducal family. It was for this reason that the whole ceremony was ordered on a scale of commensurate splendour. Upon its removal, the corpse was placed in the grand-ducal hearse of state, which was drawn by four horses, and surrounded by the members of the cabinet and household, and those of our learned and scientific bodies, part of the clergy and their assistants, military men, and, in short, almost every respectable inhabitant of Weimar following on foot behind. Amongst this throng of mourners, the students of Jena, with roses attached to their sable scarfs, were not the least conspicuous. The train was closed by a line composed of the grand-ducal carriages, in one of which sat Baron de Spiegel, as the representative of the reigning prince. The chief portion of the clergy, in conjunction with a numerous choir, were stationed in the sepulchre. A beautiful hymn greeted the entrance of the funeral procession; to this succeeded a discourse, in which the preacher dwelt upon the heavy account which is required at the hands of those on whom nature has shed her richest gifts; and this was followed by one of Goethe's pieces,† the music to which was composed by his oldest surviving friend, Zeller, director of the orchestra at Berlin, and performed under the superintendence of the celebrated Hummel. The coffin was then delivered into the custody of the Lord Marshal; immediately after which the chapel was cleared, and the ceremonies terminated. The coffin is of oak, lined with lead, and the external inscription is simply the following:—

† Rest thee soft in heavenly slumbers,  
Near thy friend and prince reclined;  
For thy day was nobly spent  
In nurturing thine age's mind.  
'Till space and time have passed away,  
Thy name shall live in mortal breast.  
Then rest thee on thy tranquil couch—  
By earth adored, in heaven thrice blest!

## "GOETHE."

Born the 28th August, 1749;  
Died the 22nd March, 1832."

It is a remarkable circumstance, that the carpet, on which the coffin was laid within the chapel, was an heir-loom in Goethe's family; that his parents stood upon it at the celebration of their marriage; and that, in the instance of the poet himself, it covered the floor, on which the several ceremonies of his birth, marriages, and sepulture were performed.

## THE PENNY MAGAZINE.

THE Papers state that it is intended by this soporific "to allay the irritability of the public mind occasioned by the poisonous trash of cheap literature"—now this wholesale condemnation of the cheap literature is exceedingly unjust. That there are publications offensive to good feeling and good morals, we readily admit, and the sober dullness of the *Penny Magazine* is not likely to put an end to them; but the majority of any established sale, are decidedly creditable. In the *Mirror*, the *Casket*, the *Mechanics' Magazine*, the *Olio*, the *Omnibus*, the *Entertaining Press*, *Chalmers's Edinburgh Journal*, and numberless others, we never read one objectionable word: and in the success of all these, with which alone the *Penny Magazine* can run its course of rivalry, much money, much time, and many anxious hopes and interests have been embarked; and is it becoming in a Society like that for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge to put itself and its resources, its name and influence, in opposition to them? Are they all, "at one fell swoop," to be put an end to, for the purpose of establishing a huge monopoly for the sole benefit of certain parties whom the Society may be pleased to patronize?—If this was the aim and great purpose of the Society, then we have subscribed our guinea in most lamentable ignorance.

The truth we suspect to be, that many honourable men have lent their names, and many simple ones subscribed their money, without inquiring very "curiously" into the management of this Society. Stimulated by circumstances which have lately come to our knowledge, we hunted out a little buff-coated "REPORT" which we remembered to have received some months since, hoping to get an insight through its explanatory pages into this mystery:—but all we found therein was a flourishing List of the Committee, with a List of the Local Committees—List of Honorary Life Members—London Life Subscribers—Country Life Subscribers—Town Annual Subscribers—Country Annual Subscribers—An Address—and—"a very halfpenny worth of bread" in this sea of sack—a balance sheet of some twenty lines! If, indeed, anything can fairly be inferred from the Statement, it is, that the whole expenses of the Society are defrayed by subscription—and that the Society itself is maintained for the sole benefit of certain interested parties, who POCKET THE ENTIRE PROFITS OF THE PUBLICATIONS! We trust, therefore, that at the next general meeting some one of the subscribers will institute an inquiry—will require a clear intelligible statement of the profit and loss on the works already published—a list of the writers, with the sums paid, and other particulars which it may be interesting to the public to be informed of, especially as the Report calls for more money, and complains of its exertions being crippled for want of resources. But, to confine our present inquiry within the narrowest possible limits, we request to know WHETHER THE PENNY MAGAZINE BE NOT THE PRIVATE SPECULATION OF MR. CHARLES KNIGHT, OF PALL MALL EAST, AND WHETHER THE SOCIETY HAVE ANY, THE REMOTEST, INTEREST IN ITS SUCCESS?—We beg to be distinctly understood as not meaning directly or indirectly to

say or insinuate anything against Mr. Knight's conduct: we have always heard him spoken of as a highly honourable and most liberal man; and it is not questioning the acknowledged justness of this character, to presume that he knows his own interest.

## OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

THE decrease of the great eastern pestilence has, we are happy to say, caused the abatement of a literary pestilence which accompanied it: we mean, that thick shower of tracts and pamphlets on cholera, which, without suggesting the least remedy, served only to scatter general dismay and terror. We may almost use the like words when speaking of those innumerable papers and books which have arisen like mushrooms from the great hot-bed of political agitation. This literary shower passes over the heads of mankind like an ill-directed flight of arrows: for all that men have written and argued—and God knows they have done much of both—we would not have them imagine that the country at large fully understands either the extent or importance of the subject. We see all manner of idle expectations held out in speeches, and all manner of as idle fears held out in pamphlets: our two leading Reviews are filled with disquisitions and denunciations: our monthly Magazines overflow with the same sort of bitter matter; and our Newspapers describe the contemplated measure as either dark as perdition, or as bright as Paradise; and a plain man, who seeks information and desires to be enlightened, will be able to find it nowhere—whithersoever he turns to drink, he will cry, "Rot ye, rogues, there is lime in this sack too!" We know—and that is nigh the extent of our knowledge—that literature is enduring a most sorrowful depression, which we would be glad to see removed.

This is rather the stirring season of Art. Most works of interest, however, are for the present locked up in the Royal Academy, awaiting the arranging hands of the Hanging Committee. Two statues of James Watt, one in bronze, and of colossal dimensions, the other in marble, and of the size of life, and both from the hand of Chantrey, are on their way to Glasgow. The former will stand on a granite pedestal in one of the public squares: the latter is destined for the College Library, and is a present from the only son of the illustrious inventor of the steam-engine to the Professors, as a mark of esteem for encouragement munificently rendered to his father. A third statue of Watt, in marble, and of colossal magnitude, from the chisel of Chantrey, is now erecting, we see, in Westminster Abbey.

Report speaks in the highest terms of hope of the forthcoming Water Colour Exhibition. We have no doubt the establishment of the new Society—it is too young to be called a rival—has stimulated the Associates to extraordinary exertion. Mr. Copley Fielding, we hear, will have several; one, a 'Sunset at Conway,' most beautiful. The fertile pencil of Robson has been more than usually successful; particularly in 'Loch Achray,' one of the scenes in Sir Walter Scott's poems. Mr. Harding's drawing for Mr. Parratt, is described to us as most brilliant; the Catholic procession and the numerous figures in this large drawing as admirable. Mr. Dewint

will also have several: two large drawings, a 'Gipsy Camp,' and a 'View of Norwich,' in the usual accurate representation of nature for which this artist is so justly celebrated. Mr. Barrett, among other pictures, has a large classical drawing. Mr. Cattermole will, we fear, have but few works, unless, from the rapidity of his execution, the late sunny days may have stimulated him to exertion; there will, however, be an interior of Haddon, and two or three smaller subjects. Mr. Austen has been industrious, and we have heard his 'Gipsy and Child' well spoken of—so of Mr. T aylor's 'Breakfast Scene' from the Spectator. Mr. Wild's last effort will be there, and such a drawing as must add deeply to public regret, when they hear that, in all probability, it will indeed be the last; it is one of the most elaborate architectural drawings we ever witnessed. Mr. Chisholm sends five drawings, and, if our informant be correct, the reputation they will confer upon him, will make some amends for the indifferent treatment he has received from amateurs and dealers: 'Shakespeare before Justice Levy,' and 'King James and Heriot' will, our friend believes, be universally admired. We hear, too, an excellent report of Mr. Cox's contributions.

Denning's extraordinary copy of Wilkie's 'Chelsea Pensioners,' from which the engraving was made, is, we hear, about to be raffled for; and every subscriber is to have an impression of Mr. Burnet's engraving.

Mr. Mason requests us to contradict a report, referred to in our last paper, that M. Meyerbeer had "expressed himself disappointed at the proportion of instruments in the orchestra," because such report is "calculated to do the composer most serious injury in the eyes of those gentlemen upon whom mainly depends the success of his work;" and could not be true, as he did not hear the orchestra until Monday. Now, as it is very certain, that objections to the proportion of instruments in the orchestra could not by possibility give offence to any human being—the proportion of instruments being widely different from the merit of the performers—and as he might have formed and expressed such opinion in Paris as well as in London, before, as well as after hearing the band, it is evident that Mr. Mason has wholly mistaken the meaning of the passage; and we should not have thought it necessary to say another word on the subject, but that his letter led to some inquiry, and we have reason to believe that the report as stated in the *Athenæum* was correct. It is not indeed very extraordinary that it should be correct, when we consider the relative proportion of instruments in the orchestra at the Académie de Musique and the Opera House. Take this in brief: the proportion of wind instruments being much the same, we have

|                           | At the Academy, | At the Opera, |
|---------------------------|-----------------|---------------|
| Violini ripieni . . . . . | 28              | 18            |
| Viola . . . . .           | 8               | 6             |
| Violoncelli . . . . .     | 12              | 5!            |
| Contra Bassi . . . . .    | 10              | 5             |

The German operas, we hear, will take place on Fridays, for ten successive weeks. Mr. Mason acts wisely, in not giving them three times a week, as he originally intended. Madame Cinti was at the Opera on Tuesday last, and looked as pretty as ever; she will, if we mistake not, be the most successful *prima donna* of the troupe—for taste, inton-

ation, and neatness in execution, her singing is unique. Such a concourse of artists, French, Italian, and German, was perhaps never before assembled in London as at this moment—we counted at least twelve boxes occupied by them alone.

Benefit Concerts are announced in all directions. Some few years ago, the number of these appeals to the charitable benevolence of the musical public, did not exceed a dozen; now, the musical patron is taxed morning, noon, and night. We may perhaps briefly notice the talents of these *bénéficiaires* as their announcements reach us, in order that the public may understand their several pretensions. Such an *exposé* is wanted, to adjust the difference between self-adulation and claims to public support.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

|          |   |
|----------|---|
| MONDAY,  | Royal College of Physicians .. Nine, P.M.     |
|          | Medical Society .. Eight, P.M.                |
| TUESDAY, | Linnean Society .. Eight, P.M.                |
|          | Horticultural Society .. One, P.M.            |
|          | Institution of Civil Engineers .. Eight, P.M. |
| WEDNES.  | Society of Arts .. p. 7, P.M.                 |
|          | Geological Society .. p. 8, P.M.              |
|          | Royal Society of Literature .. Three, P.M.    |
| THURSD.  | Royal Society .. p. 9, P.M.                   |
|          | Society of Antiquaries .. Eight, P.M.         |
|          | Zoological Society .. Three, P.M.             |
| FRIDAY,  | Royal Institution .. p. 8, P.M.               |
| SATURD.  | Royal Asiatic Society .. Two, P.M.            |

#### FINE ARTS

*Gevartius*: drawn on stone from the painting by Vandyke, in the National Gallery. F. W. Wilkin.

*Lord Francis Leveson Gower*: drawn from life on stone. F. W. Wilkin.

THESE are extraordinary works—indeed, the artist himself is an extraordinary man. Mr. Wilkin, we believe, was a professed miniature painter at eleven or twelve years of age—at fifteen he was professionally engaged, at a very high salary, to make copies from the most celebrated pictures of the old masters; and such was their truth and power, that we remember the President West called them, in honourable distinction, “original copies.” When little more than of age, he received a commission to paint a picture of the Battle of Hastings, for the Hall at Battle Abbey, of the extraordinary size of thirty-one feet by eighteen, and received 2000 guineas for it. Since then, he has been uninterruptedly engaged in making portraits, large as life, in chalk, and to such an extent that, we believe, a list of his works would include the names of half the nobility in the kingdom. In the early part of last year he came upon us in a new light, as a lithographic draughtsman, with portraits of Wordsworth, Cunningham, Lockhart and others, and one of extraordinary power, a head of Jesus, after Correggio. He is now understood to have finished his career, as a copyist, with this of *Gevartius*. It is truly admirable, and it would be worse than idleness to waste words in trifling objections. Henceforth, we hear, the artist intends to confine his lithographic works to portraits *from life*, on stone. The advantages of this new and masterly application of lithography are very great. The best engraving is but a fine copy, whereas every impression of such a lithograph must be nearly equal in truth and expression to an original drawing—and that which is done from nature, by an artist of power, can be done but once, nor is it probable that the engraver will equal that which the painter himself cannot. The undertaking was a bold and hazardous one; the means of altering and correct-

ing in lithography are so limited, that nothing short of a life of discipline and training, which, indeed, Mr. Wilkin has had, could justify the attempt; but this specimen of Lord Francis Leveson Gower, in our opinion, at once settles the question of success. This novel application of art is, to us, extremely interesting. If it be generally adopted, a selection from such heads will be a work of great value to the living, and still more to future generations. We have said little of the merit of this portrait as a work of art, because any work is comparatively unimportant when considering the art itself, and its power; but, in courtesy, we must finish our digression with one word of criticism, and shall add, that in delicacy and high finishing it is as soft and beautiful as a work of Correggio's.

*The New Coat*: painted by David Wilkie; engraved by Warren. Leggett.

WILKIE never undertakes to tell a story without telling it; and the story of this little picture is well told: the quiet pleasure of the youth looking back towards a glass, fully satisfied with his own shape and the dexterity of Snip; and then the open-mouthed anxiety of the artist—for we may not call him tailor—are in the painter's own unequalled manner.

*The Clubbist*: painted by David Wilkie; engraved by Raddon. Leggett.

THIS picture of a tippling and vociferous club is clever, but not so much so as most of the latter productions of the same artist; as, however, his works are not numerous, we are glad to see anything from his hand, for he never fails in truth and nature.

*The Destruction of the Cities of the Plain*: designed and engraved by James G. S. Lucas.

WE observe that Mr. Lucas is so much satisfied with the *Spectator* for saying that his works are as good as Martin's, *saving the originality of style*, that he has quoted the words as a recommendation to his productions. Though we think he has neither the harmony of light and shade, the skill in perspective, nor the wondrous splendour of Martin, we consider the ‘*Destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah*’ as a work of great picturesque beauty.

*The Hon. Mrs. Howard*: painted by Davis; engraved by Cochran.

THIS portrait numbers as eighty-ninth of that series called the Female Nobility, published in *La Belle Assemblée*, and deserves the praise of being soft, graceful, and agreeable.

#### MUSIC

##### KING'S THEATRE.

ROSSINI's Opera seria, ‘*Elisabetta Regina d'Inghilterra*, performed fourteen years ago for the benefit of Madame Fodor, was revived on Tuesday last, for the début of Signora Tosi. This lady is about thirty years of age, has a commanding figure, is dignified in her deportment, and possesses histrionic powers inferior only to Pasta's; her voice below *z* on the fourth space, is weak, and her upper notes to *c* are piercingly acute when forced. When executing rapid passages, her tremulous enunciation reminded us a little of Catalani, but this can hardly justify the comparison which has been quoted from Mr. Inglis's clever work on Spain; indeed, it strikes us as probable, that, had the faithful subjects of King Ferdinand witnessed successively a Fodor, Camporese, Sontag, Malibran and Pasta, they would have restrained their admiration, and saved the *Diario* a quire or two of waste paper. Throughout the evening the lady evidently laboured under great nervous excitement. The quality of her voice

being weakest in those notes which usually depict passion with the greatest effect, it speaks much in favour of her dramatic talent, that she portrayed with so much energy and success the conflicting feelings which agitate the bosom of the haughty queen. The original aria of this opera, known as ‘*Una voce poco fa*,’ was afterwards introduced by Rossini, with some slight alterations, into ‘*Il Barbiere*,’ and Tosi, by way of novelty, substituted one by Pacini.

This opera, speaking generally, contains many original melodies, some pleasing concerted music, and a few novel effects in harmony and instrumentation—it is generally considered a weak production; but we incline to believe that the opinion originates in there being no “basso” in the principal characters, to give richness to the combinations. The duet, with Winter, was the best singing of the evening—and the duet itself is full of expressive melody and character. The aria of Mathilde, in the first act, a scena for Norfolk, in the second act, were omitted; and for a duet between Norfolk and Leicester, was substituted an old hackneyed composition from Ricciardo, which has also been heard this season, in ‘*Mosé in Egitto*.’ Signor Vaccai did not allow any omissions, or stale intrusions, in his opera, and we ought not to have had so mutilated a representation of ‘*Elisabetta*.’ In a divertissement between the acts, Madame Herbele, a German dancer, made her first curtsy to an English audience. We cannot doubt that this lady will prove a most valuable addition to the corps de ballet, which is now the most effective we ever remember—she is as graceful as Taglioni herself, and, in some points, her superior.

The same opera was repeated on Thursday, and Tosi sang with more confidence and increased success. The best scenes of the drama were destroyed in interest by the assumed nonchalance of Madame Puzzi, who probably thinks herself degraded in taking a second part, when, in fact, she marred the effect of every concerted piece from her incompetency to sing the passages correctly in time and tune. The fine trio in the second act deserved better treatment; Tosi and Winter were most deservedly applauded, and the Signora again encored in the last finale. The *sautés* and bewitching look of the *Allemande* (Herbele)—the aerial flights of the *Italianne* (Brugnoli), and the neatly-executed *pas* of the *Française* (Le Compte), obtained an encore for each of their dances; their effects were quite extraordinary.

Lablache, we see, is announced to sing this evening and twice next week at the King's Theatre, previous to his departure for Naples.

##### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Etudes Préparatoires*: pour le Piano, faisant suite à l'Indispensable. Par. C. Chaulieu. Cocks.

THESE studies consist of thirty-six movements, in a variety of styles and keys, having an especial object in view, which is explained in English at the commencement of each. To practise with advantage, studies calculated for the perfection of pianoforte playing, these *Etudes* will gradually smooth the way. They contain the modifications of sound scrupulously indicated, the passages carefully fingered, and nothing neglected to initiate the aspiring student in the art of playing modern music in a proper style.

*Cinq Airs de Ballet*, from ‘*Robert le Diable*,’ as Rondos for the Pianoforte. By Herz. No. 1, 2, 3. Chappell.

THERE is more original and tasteful melody in one of the dances, which Rossini has composed for the French adaptation of ‘*Mosé in Egitto*,’ than in all these five airs together. No. 3, a

'*Valse des Démon*s,' pleases us best; it is very characteristic. The arrangements, not difficult, are in the style of those of Auber's music, by the same author.

*Anthem, composed for the Coronation of William the Fourth, arranged by the author, T. Attwood, for two performers on the Pianoforte, with accompaniments (ad lib.) for Harp and Flute. Novello.*

Mr. Attwood's experience in arranging for these instruments, best qualifies him to do justice to his composition. The harp is judiciously and sparingly employed to fill up the harmony, and the flute to sustain the melodies. We have already reviewed the original composition, and have only now to recommend it in this new form.

*Will you go?* G. Linley, Esq.

*The Union of the Roses.* C. Hodgson. Duff & Co.

THE first of these ballads is gay and pleasant—its melody and accompaniment simple and natural. The second is more descriptive, and the music is appropriate. Both compositions are good of their kind.

*Ah! Lovely Isabel!* Cavatina sung by Braham, in '*Robert le Diable*.' Meyerbeer.

*When I bade Normandy adieu:* sung by Mrs. Wood in ditto. Chappell.

THE first of these songs is simple, short, easy, not very original, and, by any other composer, would scarcely deserve particular attention: the second has character, pleasing melody, and a diversity of harmony. We anxiously wait to hear these compositions sung in their original situations, under the eye of the composer.

*Three Airs de Ballet, arranged as Rondos for the Pianoforte.* By Herz. Chappell.

THIS is the third number of dances from Auber's petite opera '*La Bayadere*.' They are tastefully adapted to show off a moderate player without the cost of much labour, nor do they contain the usual difficulties in skips of the bass, for which Herz is but too remarkable.

### THEATRICALS.

THE customary 'Easter Offerings' have been made at both theatres. We should much like to have to report strongly in favour of both, because, each house having been recently provided with a successful first piece, an attractive second would have been doubly valuable to their respective treasuries. Consistently with truth, this cannot be done; and, at the expense of it, even our feeble support is not to be had. We are quite aware, that productions of this nature are not to be attacked with a tomahawk in one hand, and a scalping-knife in the other; but, making all due allowance, it must be admitted, that they are both unusually dull. Covent Garden has certainly the best of it; but the pre-eminence is not a very enviable one. It is quite true, that these pieces are intended more for children of the lesser than of the larger growth; but it is precisely on that account that their plots should be the more intelligible: and, that care should be taken to convey a wholesome moral in a simple and pleasing shape. There is generally a good prince protected by a good fairy, who ultimately triumphs over some wicked usurper or seducer, who is effectually supported in all but the last scene by a bad fairy. But this is not enough: the good, equally with the bad, almost invariably bring their characters from their last places; whereas, to make the lesson really useful to the minds of young people, the qualities of both parties should be put to an early test, before their faces. They would then start

with a strong interest upon the side of virtue, grounded upon actual evidence, instead of hearsay; and the effect would be permanent, instead of passing.

### DRURY LANE.

ON Thursday a new play, in five acts, called '*The Merchant of London*,' was produced here; it is, we understand, written by Mr. Serle, the actor, lately of the Coburg Theatre, but formerly of Covent Garden. The impression we had of this gentleman, as an actor, was always favourable. It is evident that he is a man of sense, of education, and of discrimination; indeed, nothing but a voice naturally defective, seems to stand between him and the highest honours of his profession. How he is ever to pass this barrier we know not, but we should much like to see him do so—for his own sake and for that of the public. Thursday is rather too late in the week for us to enter into any very minute detail of a piece produced on that night, and, therefore, not knowing how soon the '*Devil*' may fetch our remarks, we will, at starting, say, that '*The Merchant of London*' is a clever play, highly creditable to Mr. Serle's industry and talents. The plot is, upon the whole, good, though it is eked out by some glaring improbabilities—such, for instance, as *Fitzalan's* trusting a letter, in his own handwriting, addressed to a lady, and without any superscription, in the hands of two people, whom he has just before convicted of wilfully slandering him. The language is good, and sometimes forcible, though it does not possess much of the genuine spirit of poetry. The incidents are mostly good; and the characters well drawn. We would not willingly injure the plot by an incomplete report of it, but we must attempt an outline. *Scroope*, the merchant, full of wealth, and of an unexplained hatred towards *Lord Beaufort* and all the members of his family, has taken advantage of the necessities, caused by their extravagance, to get their estates and persons by degrees within his power. He has a niece, *Mariana*, whom he fondly loves; and who has various suitors, amongst others, *Richard Fitzalan*, a page in the service of *Lord Beaufort*. This is the favoured one, and '*The Merchant*,' bent on his niece's happiness, consents to their union, to the exclusion of *Edward Beaufort*, who seeks her hand only for the money it is known her uncle can give her, and of two silly persons, *Parallel*, a pedant, and *Flaw*, a dissipated attorney. *Edward Beaufort*, disappointed and enraged, employs a party of ruffians from Alsatia to carry off *Mariana*. *Scroope*, frantic at the loss of his niece, puts all the power of the law in force against *Lord Beaufort* and his son, the latter of whom he causes to be arrested; *Mariana* has been in the meantime released by the connivance of two of the gang, and is restored in the last scene to her uncle and her lover. It appears that *Scroope*, when young and poor, had offended the pride of the Beaufort family, by a secret marriage with the sister of the present Lord, who, upon a discovery, had forced him to fly the country by an accusation of heresy, and driven his wife to a convent, where she died. Under a feigned name, he commenced business as a merchant, accumulated vast wealth, portions of which he has from time to time applied as before stated; and he now discovers himself to his brother-in-law, *Lord Beaufort*, and prepares to revenge himself on him, by driving him and his family from their forfeited possessions. His better feelings are worked upon, in consequence of a disclosure made by *Lord Beaufort*, that the page, *Edward Fitzalan*, is his (*Scroope's*) son, by the ill-fated marriage in question—the guilty are pardoned, and the good made happy. Mr. Macready, in the merchant, was much applauded; much of his acting was extremely

natural and effective, but it was disfigured by those mannerisms in which he will indulge. We think him clever enough to do without them, and are only sorry that he does not agree with us. Mr. H. Wallack made a very respectable villain; Mr. Cooper a ditto lover and page. Mr. J. Russell acted the pedant remarkably well; and Mr. Harley did his best with *Flaw*. Two parts, though they were trifling ones, were acted in this piece to perfection—a cut-throat Alsatian by Mr. Bedford—and a tailor by Mr. Salter. In France they would have received their due share of applause—*here* they got none. We borrow much of our neighbours from behind the curtain: we should like to see a little borrowed from before. Mrs. Orger and Miss Phillips did all that could be expected from them in their respective parts. We have much pleasure in congratulating Mr. Serle upon the deserved success of his play. It was well received throughout, and Mr. Macready was warmly applauded when he came forward to announce it for repetition "on Saturday." This brings us at once to the absurdity and falsehood of the puff put forth in large letters in the bills. This precious effusion, proceeding in their usual strain, asserts, that there was a "unanimous call for its repetition by a fashionable audience." Now, it happens that the audience was neither fashionable nor crowded, and that the call for its repetition was by no means unanimous. When Mr. Macready said it would be repeated on Saturday, two or three people in the upper boxes called out in unison "To-morrow—to-morrow;"—but the call was not taken up or joined in by the rest of the audience; and, though we are willing to admit, that it might have proceeded from a pardonable weakness on the part of the author's friends, we would venture a wager, that those two or three who made it had no intention of being present the next night—and that they were not so, unless they had special orders for the purpose. We feel it a duty to mention this, because, we perceive, that advantage has been taken of it to lay aside Mr. Planché's clever play called '*The Compact*,' and we do it to enable all authors—a race for whom we have more than once professed much more regard than we feel for the generality of those who trade in their brains—to take warning by Mr. Planché's untimely fate, and never to make a bargain with any manager or managers for any piece which places their remuneration upon a nightly scale. Mr. Planché has done so, we understand, in the present instance, and he suffers for it. Managers are "honourable men,"—all honourable men: they are "spirited," "liberal," "active," and "enterprising"—all this we know, and we know that they have the best feelings towards authors, particularly those, by whose previous exertions they have pocketed hundreds: but from some unforeseen accident this arrangement never answers to an author. Everybody knows that Drury Lane Theatre is nearly deserted, and everybody who wishes well to the Drama laments it; but what can an author do more than write a piece which is thoroughly successful with those who come to see it? He has no extra reward if the theatre is ever so prosperous at the time; and he ought not to suffer because it happens to be in disrepute. "Due notice" of the next representation of '*The Compact*' is all nonsense. This Mr. Planché must know, and he may therefore calculate to a fraction the value of his *Compact* at Drury Lane Theatre. We hope Mr. Serle has taken better care of himself.

'*The Magic Car; or, Three Days' Trial.*'—*Kemserai*, king of Serendib, wishing to travel, visits the city of Medhuscia. *Almanzor*, a young Persian nobleman, having travelled, returns home to it. Both find the people sorrowful and silent; but neither can find the reason. In vain *Kemserai* "gives it up," for still nobody

tells him. *Almanzor*, though puzzled, resolves to "guess again." He inquires of all his male friends; but neither they nor his inquiries answer. He applies to the ladies: to his increased astonishment, they are silent. Convinced, from this last phenomenon, that there must be either something or nothing worth telling, he perseveres, and, as will sometimes happen, prevails. It appears that a Magic Car has been lately plying for hire at one of the gates of the city, and that all who, tempted by the opportunity of having a ride for nothing, have gone by it, have, after an absence of two days, returned silent and sad. This news he communicates to *Kemserai*, who, nothing daunted, forthwith books an inside place. He is set down in "*Cassandra's* gorgeous Palace on the Silver Lake;" and the cause of the mystery is explained. All young men, on their arrival there, are subjected to various temptations. He who resists for three days is to free *Zeluca*, Queen of Medhuscia, and, as is usual at coronations, "take her for his fee." *Kemserai* undertakes the task, and succeeds in it. Almost, not quite, within a few hours of the end of his probation, he exceeds in his potations, becomes rude to *Zeluca*, and his carriage comes without his ringing for it. *Almanzor* follows to the Palace, resists, like—we don't know what, but certainly like anything but a Persian—all the temptations thrown in his way, and seems likely to come in for the prize. At length, even his stern virtue is in danger; but assistance is at hand: *Cassandra*, who, be it observed, is Queen of the Fairies, is at variance with *Gironda*, King of the Fairies—why, we are not told: they are not described as man and wife, and therefore there is no obvious reason for their quarrel. Through the agency, we suppose, of *Gironda*, a draught of the "transforming waters," which had been intended for somebody else, is swallowed by *Cassandra*. This operation immediately makes her old and ugly—sobers and saves *Almanzor*—enables him to complete his "three days' trial," and entitles him to the hand of *Zeluca*, whom he immediately hands over to *Kemserai*, as a just reward for his not having had virtue enough to earn her.

*Moral*.—Nothing.

Of the acting it is not necessary to speak; there was nothing to act. We must however say, that Mrs. Humby, Mr. Harley, and Mr. Cooper, are entitled to pity and thanks. The scenery calls for no particular remark. The music, by Mr. T. Cooke, was pleasing and appropriate.

#### COVENT GARDEN.

'The Tartar Witch and The Pedlar Boy.'—*Asim*, Prince of Sensi, (Mrs. Vining), is in love with *Cepherenza*, Princess of Honana, (Miss Cawse). Their proceedings are thwarted by *Benaska*, a roving Tartar chief, aided by *Maga*, the Tartar witch, (Miss Taylor); and forwarded by chance, as it would appear, personified by *Zamti*, the Pedlar Boy, (Miss Poole). *Zamti* is always at hand when he is wanted, whether it be to blow out lamps or brains. In the end, the fortunes of the good Prince and Princess go up, and the naughty Fairy goes down; and *Asim*, in return for little *Zamti's* having made a man of him, helps him off with his little coat, (the least he could,) and, to the astonishment of every body, makes a fairy of him. Why this should be, neither we nor the author can tell. Nothing has been done by the Pedlar Boy, which might not have been effected by any other sharp lad; and none but mortal agency has been used; no matter—it is for the better carrying on, or carrying off of the plot, and we must take it as we find it.

*Moral*.—The same as at Drury Lane.

The piece is, as we have said, better than the Drury Lane one, but it is by no means equal to

many we have seen of Mr. Farley's. Miss Poole had not much to do, but she did her best, which, be it observed, is generally the best. Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, and Mrs. Tayleure, had some comic business divided into three bad parts between them; they did the most they could with it; one scene, in which Keeley, being surprised in a stolen visit of courtship, escapes up the chimney, gets out at the top, and falls through a sky-light next-door, was droll enough; and when the scenery works better, which doubtless it does now, it will be likely to tell well. Mrs. Vining danced and fought as she always does, like a man, and had the good fortune to secure the especial patronage of a young gentleman near us in the dress boxes, who honoured her with several laudatory exclamations in the true Oh, my! and Oh, cry! voice which Mr. Mathews has immortalized. Once, in particular, we remember his calling out, with an intensity of interest, which we would give a quarter of a hundred of our best pence to feel again in an Easter piece, "See Pal see, *Asim* has got a sword; Oh, cry! how well *Asim* fights." This was a genuine tribute from one of those for whom such pieces are more particularly intended; and we shall conclude our notice with it, because it will, perhaps, induce many of the joyous little fellow's fellow Oh, cry's! to ask Ma, to ask Pa, to let them go to Covent Garden, and see "how well Prince *Asim* fights."

'The Hunchback' continues its career of richly-merited popularity, and will, we hope, do so to the end of the season. Will the management pay this admirable play the just compliment of announcing it without puff? We would fain see a man of Mr. Knowles's genius protected against this Bartholomew Fair indignity.

#### MISCELLANEA

MAY is considered by the superstitious as an unlucky month to marry, or, as the Scotch say, "uncannie."—A lady, who was courted in April, being solicited by her lover to name the day in the following month for the wedding, replied that May was an unfortunate month; and, being asked to name it in June, asked if April would not suit just as well!

*Natural History*.—The earliest account we have of the singing of the cuckoo in the neighbourhood of the metropolis this season was in Wimbledon Park, on the morning of Tuesday the 17th instant; and the first recorded song of the nightingale was heard from the royal gardens at Kew, on the night of Sunday the 22nd.

The summer birds of song appear to come in rather more than usual numbers this season; there is a remarkable appearance of blossom upon the trees, and insects threaten to be to the full as numerous. It has been observed, that in years when the birds throng, their insect food throngs also. The common garden snail is more than usually annoying.

*Periodical Literature of Sweden*.—At the beginning of last year, there were twelve periodicals and sixty-nine newspapers in Sweden. Of the former, four were published in the capital, two in Upsala, and one in Lund; of the latter, seventeen in the capital, and seven in Gothenburg. The circulation of the most popular was but limited, with the exception of the official organs of government, none perhaps had more than 1200 subscribers, while the majority had less than 500. The newspapers, which are almost all in the interest of the opposition, are said to spring up and disappear like mushrooms; generally, however, it is only with a change of title. These changes are forced upon them by the legal state of the press: while it is declared free, journals cannot be published without a licence from government, which may be withdrawn at pleasure. It is not uncommon, there-

fore, for a journalist to have a reserve-licence in his pocket, and to hurry out a new paper as soon as the existing one is suppressed. As the new ones require no farther change in their title than the addition of some word, they contrive to print this so small, that the old title always remains conspicuous. Following this course, one paper contrived, in the course of one year, to appear with the following five titles:—*Medborgaren* (i.e. Citizen)—*Svenske* (Swedish) *Medborgaren*—*Den svenske Medborgaren*—*Den svenske Medborgaren i Stockholm*—*Svenske Medborgaren i Stockholm*. They are said to be conducted with more violence than talent. The best literary and scientific periodical is called *Svea*; but although it was established in 1817, only thirteen numbers of it have yet appeared. Two of the periodicals are theological.

*Austrian Censorship*.—"The interesting account in your last paper on the mysterious operations of the Austrian censorship, reminds me of a fact which has lately come to my knowledge, and which may serve as an illustration of that curious statement. An acquaintance of mine, whose name and residence, for obvious reasons, I suppress, lately wrote a grammar, and, having obtained the permission of one of the imperial princesses to dedicate his book to her, submitted it to the censorship,—confident that so harmless a work as a grammar, under such high auspices, could not fail to obtain the *Imprimatur*. But, to his astonishment, it was refused, and the MS. returned with a reprimand to the author, for having dared to offer it to the pure eyes of the princess, before it had received the sanction of the authorities. But the reason given for their refusal is very remarkable, and shows that the Austrian censorship is actuated by more than mere political motives, viz. the pecuniary interests of his imperial majesty's lieges; for he was told, that, although there was nothing in his book contrary to good government, religion, and good morals, a new grammar of that language was not wanted, inasmuch as there were several good ones in existence, the proprietors of which might be injured by his interference, without any benefit resulting therefrom to the public!"—*Correspondent*.

*The Lumber Coves, Quebec*.—Those who know and admire the value and creative power of trade and industry, the main sources of individual and public prosperity, would do well to visit the lumber coves in the vicinity of Quebec. About twenty years ago, there was hardly an inhabited house from the ship-yard Cape Diamond to Sillery, a distance of four miles; there are now probably five or six hundred, from the boarded hut of the day-labourer, to the substantial stone buildings of mercantile houses, neat counting-houses, well-furnished stores and tradesmen's shops, comfortable and spacious taverns and boarding-houses. The whole beach is covered with lumber; booms, wharfs, and ship-yards are provided; and the population is probably upwards of 3000 souls, besides the crews of 100 vessels sometimes loading at the same time, and numerous raftsmen from the upper countries. Here you may meet with people of all nations and tongues, generally peaceably, but earnestly, pursuing their various occupations; the manly, abrupt, and honest Englishman; the warm-hearted and ready-witted Irishman; the active, cheerful, and polite Canadian; the silent, intelligent, and calculating Yankee; and the industrious and frugal German. Even the Greek from Constantinople has found an asylum in the Lumber Coves of Canada.

*Executions*.—Hanging is, of a truth, a merciful infliction, when compared with the martyrdom, which the criminal underwent in former—"the good old" times. Take the following as a deplorable criterion. Two brothers, of the order of Barons, and bearing the name of



Chlewee, had become infamously notorious by their atrocities on the high roads. They were taken and sentenced to be impaled at Prague in 1512. The one died instantly; but, the stake having been driven through the other in an ineffectual way, the executioner drew it out and impaled the criminal a second time, and, failing again, repeated the cruel task a third time, upon which the wretch turned round to his butcher and exclaimed, "The stake does not do its office properly by me!" He was, however, exposed in this state upon the scaffold, and besought the bystanders to loosen his hands, as he should then have an opportunity of making his escape! During the following night he contrived to break the stake asunder, and creep, with the remnant through his body, to Headeau, where he laid himself down on some manure near St. Benedict's, and, after having had the sacrament administered to him at his own solicitation, gave up the ghost.—*Scriptor. Rer. Bohemicar.* iii. 334.

**Morals at Sparta.**—Plutarch informs us, that Geradas, a primitive Spartan, was asked by a stranger, what punishment the law of his country had appointed for adulterers? He replied, that there were no adulterers in his country. But, continued the stranger, "suppose there were one, and the crime were proved against him, how would you punish him?" He answered, that the offender must pay to the plaintiff a bull, with a neck so long as that he might reach over the mountain Taygetus, and drink of the river Eurotas, which runs on the other side. The stranger, surprised at this, said, "Why, it is impossible to find such a bull." Geradas replied with a smile, "Tis just as impossible to find an adulterer at Sparta."

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

| Days of   | Thermom.  | Barometer. | Winds.       | Weather.   |
|-----------|-----------|------------|--------------|------------|
| W. Mon.   | Max. Min. | Noon.      |              |            |
| Th. 19.   | 60 40     | 29.39      | W. to N.W.   | Hail, P.M. |
| Fr. 20.   | 54 36     | 29.50      | S.W. to W.   | Rain, P.M. |
| Sat. 21.  | 63 39     | 29.96      | W.           | Clear.     |
| Sun. 22.  | 67 46     | Stat.      | S.W. to S.E. | Ditto.     |
| Mon. 23.  | 67 46     | 29.60      | S.E.         | Cloudy.    |
| Tues. 24. | 56 43     | 29.63      | N.           | Ditto.     |
| Wed. 25.  | 57 40     | 29.69      | N.W.         | Ditto.     |

**Prevailing Clouds.**—Cirrostratus, Cymoid-cirrostratus, Cumulus, Cumulostratus.

Nights and mornings for the greater part fair.

Mean temperature of the week, 51° 5'.

Day increased on Wednesday, 6h. 42 min.

#### NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

**Forthcoming.**—Cavendish and his Critics, or, Whig versus Tory.

The Book of Private Prayer; to which will be added a Scriptural Calendar. 2nd edit.

On the 1st of July will appear No. 1. of *La Cour des Dames*, a Monthly Gazette of Fashion, Literature, and the Fine Arts. Under the superintendence of Mr. Harral, late Editor of *La Belle Assemblée*.

A Queer Book, by the Ettrick Shepherd.

Mr. Babbage is on the eve of issuing a work on the Economy of Machinery and Manufactures: to comprise, in a small compass, the results of his observations as to the various mechanical processes, and the internal domestic economy of the great manufactories, and the political economy of manufactures: the whole rendered popular by a continual reference to practical illustrations.

An Historical Sketch of Sanscrit Literature, with a biographical account of manuscripts and printed books in that language.

Demerara, a Tale by Harriet Martineau, being No. 4. of *Illustrations of Political Economy*, 1s. 6d.

[List of Books published did not reach us.]

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS

Thanks to N. M.—G. C.

A note is left for W. J. It should have been forwarded had we known his address.

The MS. was returned to H. W. W. according to the address, but he was not known there. It has, therefore, been ever since at our Office.

The 'Fair of May Fair' has arrived too late for review this week.

**Erratum.**—In the Review of Achmet's Feast in *Athenæum*, April 21, the name of the Author should have been Bird instead of Boid.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS

##### Sales by Auction.

##### THE LATE MR. WAKEFIELD'S PICTURES.

MR. STANLEY respectfully announces that on Tuesday next, the 1st of May, will be submitted to PUBLIC SALE, at his Rooms, 31, Old Bond-street, by Order of the Executors, without the smallest reserve, the entire COLLECTION OF PICTURES AND PRINTS, the property of the late JOHN WAKEFIELD, Esq. of Worthing; comprising genuine

Works of  
P. Potter  
Hobbema  
Reubraudt  
F. M.  
Rackbuysen  
G. Flink  
Vermeer  
Vernieuwen  
Titian  
P. Veronese  
Palma  
Albano  
Proccacci  
Mola  
Tintoretto  
Manno

And many others of the Italian and Dutch Schools. May be viewed two days preceding, and Catalogue had at the Rooms; and at Mr. Stanley's New Gallery, in Maddox-street, Hanover-square.

##### IMPORTANT SALE.

The KING OF SPAIN'S magnificent Vases of Oriental Porcelain, splendid Japan Cabinets, Florentine Mosaic Tables, and a Collection of Pictures of the first class and highest quality.

MR. STANLEY has the honour of announcing to the Nobility and Gentry, Connoisseurs and Amateurs of the Fine Arts and of Vertu, that he will SELL BY AUCTION, at his New Gallery in Maddox-street, Hanover-square, on Wednesday, May 9, and following day, a singularly beautiful and truly VALUABLE COLLECTION OF PICTURES of the highest class, consisting of the works of the most eminent ITALIAN, SPANISH, DUTCH, and FLEMISH Masters, remarkable for the tasteful selection of Subjects, and the admirable purity of their condition. Also, the superb Assemblage of Twenty MAGNIFICENT VASES OF ORIENTAL PORCELAIN, manufactured expressly for the KING OF SPAIN, and bearing the Royal Arms; SLENDID CABINETS of the finest Japan; FINE FLORENTINE MOSAIC TABLES; a few choice BRONZES; and other Articles of a costly description highly interesting to dilettanti. Catalogues may be had at the Gallery and Offices in Maddox-street, and of Mr. Stanley, Auctioneer, 31, Old Bond-street.

By Mr. SOTHEBY and SON, at their House, Wellington-street, Strand, on Wednesday, the 9th day of May, 1833, and the following day, at Twelve o'clock,

THE CHOICE AND SELECT COLLECTION OF PAINTINGS and DRAWINGS, of the Modern English and French Schools, the Property of ALARIC A. WATTS, Esq.; including many of the Subjects engraved in the 'Literary Souvenir,' and other Illustrated Publications.

Among the Drawings are very fine Specimens of the following Artists:

|                 |                   |                      |
|-----------------|-------------------|----------------------|
| Atkinson        | Fleming (Copley)  | Landseer (Charles)   |
| Barrett         | Fleming (Thomas)  | Laurence (Sir Thos.) |
| Beaume          | Fleming (Newton)  | Martin               |
| Bentley         | Finch             | Monvoisin            |
| Bonington       | Fragonard         | Nash                 |
| Boys            | France            | Prosser              |
| Cattermole      | Fleming           | Pary                 |
| Charlet         | Green             | Pyno                 |
| Culpeper (Leon) | Hartling          | Ramelet              |
| Cox             | Hollins           | Robson               |
| Colin           | Holmes            | Roberts (David)      |
| Cosway          | Holmes            | Stollard             |
| Crowen          | Hamilton          | Stanley              |
| Danby           | Ince              | Stephanoff (F. P.)   |
| Dauzat          | Jadid             | Stephanoff (James)   |
| Decamps         | Johannot (Alfred) | Terner               |
| Delacroix       | Johannot (Tony)   | Veruet (Lazus)       |
| Dewint          | Josand (Baron)    | Westall (W. J.)      |
| Declaine        | Jones             | Westall (R.)         |
| Essex           | Leslie            |                      |

The Pictures include Specimens by  
Allan  
Arnold  
Boue (R. T.)  
Boxall  
Decamps  
Edmondstone  
Fragonard  
Fraser  
Gandy  
Gill  
Giroux  
Hollins  
Jadid  
Lepoltevin  
Reynolds (Sir Josh.)  
Stollard  
Westall (E.)  
Wheatley  
Wood  
Wright

To be viewed on Monday, May 7, and till the time of Sale, when Catalogues may be had.

#### On Tuesday, May 1, No. 63, price 1s. 6d. of the MONTHLY REPOSITORY.

Containing, 1. Goethe—2. On Irish Scriptural Education, by an Irish Presbyterian—3. Rise and Progress of the Doctrine of the Trinity—4. Lisee, a Tale, by the Author of 'Traditions of Palestine'—5. Palatina Illustrative of Sacred History—6. The Leeds Controversy on the Christian Name—7. The Bible Society—8. Critical Notices—9. Correspondence.  
C. Fox, 67, Paternoster-row.

#### BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE. No. XCIV. for MAY, 1833.

Contents.—1. Tennyson's Poems—2. Homer's Hymns. No. 3. Ceres—3. Dumont's Recollections of Mirabeau—4. Tory Mirale—5. The Song of the Gifted. By Mrs. Hemans—6. Impressions of Edinburgh. By P. H. R. Esq.—7. The Tale of the Isle of Rügen—8. The Great W. India Navigation—9. The Jewess of the Cave. A Poem. In Four Parts—10. Domestic Manners of the Americans—11. The Reform Debate in the Lords.  
Printed for William Blackwood, No. 45, George-street, Edinburgh; and T. Cadell, Strand, London.

#### JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES. THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE for MAY, Price 3s. 6d.

Contents.—1. Portrait of JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES, from a Painting by Gideon Mauston, Esq.—2. A Tale, by the Author of 'Hunchback'—3. A Critique on Miss Kemble's Critics—4. A Paper on the recently-discovered Bones of Cicero—5. Lamentations of Landlord—6. Resources of Austria—7. William Hall—8. Rights of Dramatists—9. Fresh Water Wharf, by the Author of 'Three Contrasts and a Desert'—10. Legal Monopoly—11. Conversations with the Double-figured Youth—12. The Galley Slaves—13. Pericles; a Tale of Greece—14. Raubles in Germany—15. Sonnet to a Dead Lion—16. The Reigning Vice—17. The Little Great and the Great Little—18. The Two Professors—19. Fair Morgan's Wedding—20. Notes of the Month, Reviews, &c.  
Whittaker and Co. London.

On Monday next will be published,

#### TAITS' EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, No. 11, for May, 1833.

Contents.—No. 1. The Second Reading—2. The World of Books—3. Song of the Rhenish Provinces—4. The Irish Penman—5. Wheelwright—6. The Sub-Lieutenant in Italy—7. The Tri-Color—8. Use and Abuse of Political Terms—9. Slavonian Poetry—10. Scottish Ballad; by W. Motherwell, Esq.—10. A Soldier's Tale; by John Malcolm, Esq.—11. Present State of Scottish Lairds and their Tenants—12. Female Letter-Writer—13. EIKON BATHILIKE; or, the Portraiture of his late Sacred Majesty—14. Political State of the three Northern English Counties—15. The Philosophy of Shaking Hands—16. Non-Propaganda; or, Doves Resolved—17. Scottish Yeomanry—18. Keep Him Down—19. Incidence of Tithes—20. British Writers on America—21. Scotland Taxed because of Church of Englandism—22. On a Sharp Debate in a certain Noble House—23. Irish Melodies, Nos. 1. and 11. No. Series—24. Monthly Register.  
Printed for William Tait, Edinburgh; Simpkin and Marshall, London; and John Cumming, Dublin.

TO THE CLERGY, LAND-OWNERS, MAGISTRATES, ETC. THE BRITISH MAGAZINE OF RELIGIOUS AND ECCLESIASTICAL INFORMATION, PAROCHIAL HISTORY, DOCUMENTS respecting the STATE of the POOR, PROGRESS OF EDUCATION, &c.,—for MAY, price 2s.

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# THE ATHENÆUM

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## REVIEWS

*Pen and Pencil Sketches of India.* By Capt. Mundy, late Aide-de-Camp to Lord Combermere. With twenty-six Illustrations by Landseer of Indian Field Sports. 2 vols. London, 1832. Murray.

Many valuable contributions have lately been made to our stock of knowledge on India and Indian life, but a work like this, full of light, pleasant, graphic sketches of scenes, such as they pass under the eye of an intelligent traveller, was still wanting; and we shall be somewhat surprised if it be not eminently successful. There is a freshness and off-hand vigour in the Captain's descriptions, that bring everything vividly before the reader; but, as the public are rather anxiously awaiting the appearance of his work, and as this will be the very first notice of it, we think it better to put the author prominently forward, and reserve our comments until after the publication.

### *A Day in Calcutta.*

"In the hot weather—and nine months of the twelve are hot—the Anglo-Bengalee—unless he has been late at a party the night before, or loves his bed better than his health—is roused by the punctual warning of his bearer, 'Sahib! Sahib! it has struck four,' and completing, by the assistance of the same domestic officer, a hasty toilette, he mounts his Arab, and by half-past four is taking his constitutional canter round the dew-freshened race-course. There—unless, as is sometimes the case, he be too languid to be social—he joins company with some of the many acquaintances he is sure to fall in with; and discusses the merits of the last batch of claret, 'per petite Louise,' from Bourdeaux, or the last batch of misses, 'per Duchess of Bedford,' from England; the last act of Government, or the last dinner at Gunter's. Or, if there be any that he has chanced to fall out with, he may on the same spot, under the well-known 'Great Tree,' discuss his point of honour without danger of interruption. During the months preceding the races, the training of the horses affords the sporting world of Calcutta an additional incitement to the healthful practice of early rising.

"At six, or soon after, that arch-enemy of European constitutions, the sun, begins to dart, from above the tall mansions of Chouringhee, its intolerable rays across the hitherto thronged plain; and the 'Qui hi' who has any respect for the well-being of his liver, shrinks appalled from its increasing disk, sneaks home, delivers his reeking horse to the attendant syce, and, exhausted with the monstrous exertion he has undergone, creeps under his mosquito curtain, and dozes, a bearer fanning him, until half-past eight.

"A bath—the greatest luxury in India—and perhaps shampooing wind him up for the breakfast of tea, muffins, and pillau, at half past nine; after which those who are fortunate enough to have offices, repair thither in buggy or palanquin; and, with white jacket on back and pun-

kah over head, earn, tant bien que mal, their rupees and their tiffin. This subsidiary meal is a favourite mid-day pastime of both the ladies and men of the Presidency, and is the only repast at which appetite generally presides. A rich hash, or hot curry, followed by a well-cooled bottle of claret, or Hodson's pale ale, with a variety of eastern fruits, are thus despatched at 2 o'clock, forming in fact a dinner, whilst the so-called meal at 8 o'clock would be better named supper.

"Idle men employ the above hours in visiting, billiards, or the auction-rooms. In the former ceremonial, should the visitor, going his rounds, find the gates of the 'compound' closed, he is to deduce that the Bebee Sahib is not visible. Should they be thrown open, on the contrary, he draws a favourable augury—(which, however, may still be negated by the Cerberus Durwān)—dashes through the portal, draws up sharp under the columned entrance, jumps out, and is received at the door—(there is not a knocker in all India!)—by a respectful but pompous and most deliberate jemadar, who, striding before the Bhar-kee-Sahib—the ivory tassels of his dagger rattling as he walks—leads him through a darkened ante-room, (where another attendant, within hearing of the delicate 'Qui hi!' of the lady, rises wakefully and salaams, or sits sleepily and nods), and finally introduces him by his name (strangely distorted, however) into the yet more obscured sanctum. Here, seated in luxurious fauteuil, and fanned by the wavings of the heavy-floated punkah, the eyes of the visitor (albeit as yet unused to the tender twilight of the hermetically-closed apartment) discover the fair object of his visit. He is seated; obvious topics are dispatched, and happy is it for absent acquaintances if the late arrival of a ship, or a new novel is at hand to furnish external matter for discussion. In default of this diversion, living victims are offered up at the shrine of tittle-tattle—I won't call it scandal—'attentions' and 'intentions' are anatomized; flirtations analyzed; couples, as adverse as fire and water, are wedded and bedded; and friends, as attached as twin-brothers, are paraded with 'pistols for two' under the 'Great Tree.' The lady's ivory stiletto, urged by her white fingers rendered still whiter by Indian seclusion, is not more actively employed in torturing her tambooured muslin, than is her tongue in torturing and distorting facts—I won't say characters—the gentleman attacks the men, the lady the women; each defends the opposite sex, and they separate mutually satisfied with themselves,—not overhearing the exclamation from the neighbouring verandah, 'There is Captain A. only just going away from Mrs. B.; what can he have been doing there these three hours, whilst Mr. B. is at office?'—but this smacks of persiflage! To our subject.—The tiffin being concluded, many have recourse to a siesta, to recruit their forces and to kill time.

"Towards six, the orb of day, tending towards the western horizon, begins to relax the vigour of his rays; the lengthening shadows give evi-

dence of his decline; and ere he has quite deserted the glowing heavens, the echoes of Calcutta are awakened by the rattling—rattling indeed!—of hundreds of equipages, from the lordly coach-and-four to the less-aspiring but dapper buggy; from the costly Arab charger to the ambling Pegu pony. All hurry to the same point, urged by the desire of seeing and being seen; and indeed those morose few, who are not instigated by these all-potent motives, are obliged to resort to the same mall, as the only well-watered drive. At dusk the Course and Strand are deserted:—except by a few choice spirits, who love to breathe the cool air of moonlight and to listen to the soft whisperings of . . . . . the evening breeze, rather than the coarse steam of viands and the bubbling of houkaks—the world of Calcutta is dressing for dinner; and by 8 o'clock it is seated at that important, but often untasted meal. In the hospitable mansions of the 'upper servants' of the Company the tables groan under the weight of massive plate, and, what is worse, under whole hecatombs of beef and mutton. I have frequently seen—horresco referens!—in a side-dish, which would have been much more appropriately tenanted by an appetizing fricandeau or a tempting riz de veau,—two legs of mutton, or twin turkeys; yet with all this profusion, scarcely any one has sufficiently recovered from the heavy tiffin despatched at two, to be able even to look without shuddering upon the slaughtered herds—much less to taste two mouthfuls.

"Champaign and claret, delightfully cooled with ice or saltpetre, are real luxuries; and, ere the last course is well off the table, an isolated bubble announces the first houkah! others drop in, the jingling of Suppooses is heard; a rich, though rather overcoming odour pervades the air; handsome mouth-pieces of amber, gold, silver, or Videri, decked with snowy ruffles, insinuate themselves from under the arms of the chairs; and the pauses in the sometimes languid and ill-sustained conversation are deprived of their former awkwardness by the full sonorous drone of a dozen of these princely pipes." 292.

### *Nocturnal Bathing.*

"On the occasion of a grand nocturnal bathing ceremony, held at the great tank called the Indra Damán, I went with a party of three or four others to witness the spectacle. The walls surrounding the pool and a cluster of picturesque pavilions in its centre were brilliantly lighted up with hundreds of cheraugs, or small oil-lamps, casting a flickering lustre upon the heads and shoulders of about five hundred men, women, and children, who were ducking and praying, à corps perdu, in the water. As I glanced over the figures nearest to me, I discovered floating among the indifferent bathers two dead bodies, which had either been drowned in the confusion, or had purposely come to die on the edge of the sacred tank; the cool and apathetic survivors taking not the slightest notice of their soulless neighbours." ii. 261-2.

### *Eastern Luxury of Bathing in the Ganges.*

"The streams are alive with those river-pests, alligators, whose penchant for human flesh renders that chiefest luxury in a tropical climate, bathing, a matter of extreme danger. Yet it is

† Enclosure round the house.  
‡ The Lady.  
§ Porter.  
|| Strange gentleman.

strange to see with what perfect nonchalance the native dandies, in case of necessity, take the water.

"A beautiful specimen of an alligator's head was here given by Mr. Alexander to Lord Combermere. He was rather a distinguished monster, having carried off at different occasions, six or eight brace of men from an indigo factory in the neighbourhood. A native, who had long laid wait for him, at length succeeded in slaying him with poisoned arrows. One of these notoriously ghaut-frequenting alligators is well nigh as rich a prize to the poor native, who is fortunate enough to capture him, as a Spanish galleon is to a British frigate; for on ripping open his stomach, and overhauling its freight, it is not unfrequently found to contain 'a choice assortment'—as the Calcutta advertisers have it—of gold, silver, or brass bangles and anklets, which have not been so expeditiously digested as their fair owners, victims of the monster's voracity." ii. 192-3.

#### *Visit of Ceremony to the Maha Rajah.*

"At sunrise we all mounted our elephants, and the prince having joined the procession, we started for the British Residency. Our group of elephants, escort, and guard were, during the whole march, completely surrounded and hemmed in by the swarms of horsemen, forming the suite of His Highness. They marched totally without order, and might be seen in straggling parties caracoling and circling their well-broke horses, as far as the eye could reach. The plain looked like a Birnam wood of spears. \* \* \*

"At half-past two, his Excellency, accompanied by the whole Staff, en grand costume, proceeded to pay a visit of ceremony to the young Maha Rajah. We were all mounted on elephants, and preceded by the cavalry escort. The road for four miles was lined by the Mahratta troops at extended order; and they were, for the most part, well mounted and armed. The men appear to have no particular uniform, but the most usual costume is a jacket of thickly-quilted cotton, which is proof against sword cuts, though it is penetrable by the spear or bullet. Some few of the officers saluted the Commander-in-chief, but the horsemen scowled sulkily at us as the cavalcade passed, and showed no mark of courtesy or respect. About half-way between our camp and the fort the Resident caused our party to halt; as that spot had been diplomatically calculated to be the exact distance which the Maha Rajah, in consideration of Lord Combermere's rank as Commander-in-chief and Member of Council, should advance to meet us. His Majesty—doubtless purposely—kept us waiting for half an hour; and when at length he did make his appearance, there was so much preliminary conversation, so much court by-play between the British Resident and the Mahratta M. C., who were, perhaps, employed in exacting and refusing, *de part et d'autre*, some paltry point of etiquette, that the sun, disgusted with the farce, went down without witnessing the presentation. \* \* \*

"Every invention of barbaric pomp was lavished on the elephants and equipages of the Rajah's immediate suite. The elephant of the Hindoo Rao, in particular, was the most beautiful animal I ever saw, and caparisoned in the most costly style; the whole of his head and trunk was painted in the richest colours; he wore a deep frontlet of solid silver net-work, and each of his huge tusks was fitted into a sheath of silver richly embossed; massive silver chains encircled his legs (which were about circumference with a forty years' oak-tree); large and sonorous bells of the same metal depended from his side; his ears were decorated with silver ear-rings, about six feet long; and his housings, the fringe of which reached nearly to the ground, were of velvet, embroidered in gold and silver. And here I should remark, that the Mahratta ele-

phants—at least, those which are merely used for the Suwarree, have a style of gait and maintain peculiar to themselves, and are as superior in appearance to ours, as the English thorough-bred racer is to the earth-stopper's hack. The Company's elephants, probably from having been rode too young, and oppressed with burdens, shuffle along with short steps, their necks bent, and their heads hanging with the melancholy air of an Oxford-street hackney-coach-horse. The Mahratta elephant strides majestically along, his head elevated far above his shoulder, and his tusks standing out horizontally. The chiefs pride themselves greatly upon these animals, and take pleasure in teaching them a variety of tricks. As the procession passed, one of the courtiers, who was riding or driving his own beautiful little elephant, made it kneel down and salaam with its trunk, and then follow the cavalcade, still on its knees, for about one hundred yards.

"As soon as Scindia had arrived within one hundred paces of our party, he drew up his elephant. \* \* \*

"The two parties descended simultaneously from their houdahs, and confronted each other, more like bitter enemies preparing to come to blows, than as friends meeting in amity and concord. The old Commandant, with his triangular, knave-of-spades face—then came forward, and, with the Resident, led the officers of the Staff up by twos, to be presented to the Maha Rajah, who—no doubt well schooled beforehand—coolly and indifferently returned our salaams. \* \* \*

"As soon as the English Staff had undergone presentation, the Mahratta courtiers were, to the number of forty, introduced in like manner to the British Chief: some of them were very richly accoutred, and others, on the contrary, most shabbily and even squalidly attired. There was one ragged lord, in particular, whom, by his greasy cotton jacket and unreeped chin, I had mistaken for one of the low-born multitude; and under that impression, when he crushed his way and his fat person, not 'perfumed like a milliner,' before me, and thrust his long sword over his shoulder into my face, I struck his toledo up, and pushed him back with my elbow. He looked ten thousand daggers, and twisted his long moustachios most savagely; and I was not aware that I had underrated his dignity, until I saw my friend ushered up in his turn among the nobles, to receive the embraces of his Excellency. The accolade fraternelle between his Lordship and the boy-King next took place; after which ceremony we all remounted our elephants, and having given his Majesty a quarter of an hour's start, in order to allow of his reaching the palace before us, we followed him to the 'Mahratta Camp.' ii. 58—66.

#### *Woman, in her Social and Domestic Character.* By Mrs. John Sandford. London, 1831. Longman & Co.

THE perusal of this little volume has deepened our conviction in the truth of a remark made in a former *Athenæum*, that, in books, women rarely make good Mentors to women. Any real insight into the heart and opinions of the sex—any high estimate of their duties, must not be sought in the ethical writings of women. Even those who have the power, seldom go lower than the surface of their subject, and, admitting that they see, they rarely expound the *whole* truth: and why? because they indite moralities concerning themselves, under a paralyzing fear of man; because all that they decry, and all that they inculcate, is subservient to the opinions and tastes of man. It is otherwise, when a woman writes fiction: she then fancies herself veiled,

and often enunciates important truths; the fear of man somewhat departs from her mind, and she becomes (by comparison) free, natural, and unconventional. We must re-assert, that, whatever else they can do, they hardly ever advise the sex *in print*, without injuring the great and holy cause of female improvement. They are timid, and temporize from complaisance; or they have not comprehensive minds, and temporize from weakness; or they sigh under the conventionalities that environ them, and temporize from policy: but in all cases, they temporize. Some forty years ago, a few female spirits, in their eagerness to extend the rights of cultivation, made shipwreck of many things, without which, cultivation is a curse. That reign of audacity among female moralists, was succeeded by the reign of timidity; and the present little volume, by Mrs. John Sandford, offers no views brighter, bolder, or more enlarged, than Mrs. Chapone, or Mrs. Priscilla Wakefield, offered long ago. In fact, the claim on behalf of female intellect, is couched in a far humbler tone, the sphere of female duty is made far narrower, and the avowals of female inferiority and folly, are ungracefully frequent and severe. We can hardly recollect a virtue or an accomplishment, inculcated without some reference to the pleasure of man; that is not less set forth as rendering the possessor a more valuable possession: now, a woman, with all her social dependence, can never cease to be a separate and responsible intelligence; but Mrs. Sandford's ultra doctrines of adaptation, amalgamation, and subordination, go far to make this forgotten. Mental culture is treated as a higher branch of cookery, and recommended, as were diet-drinks and possets in antique books of pharmacy. It is possible to sensualize knowledge; and this is done when the main motive given for its pursuit is, *to please*—no matter whom, or what, but to please. The same may be said of moral duty;—inculcated on any other than broad general principles which appeal equally and indiscriminately to all human beings, it is a false thing; a fashion, not a truth. What, in a Mentor, can be much worse than the following style of praising a virtue?—

"Gentleness is, indeed, the talisman of woman. To interest the feelings is to her much easier than to convince the judgment; and the heart far more accessible to her influence than the head. She never gains so much as by concession, and is never so likely to succeed as when she seems to yield.

"Gentleness prepossesses at first sight: it insinuates itself into the vantage ground, and gains the best position by surprise. Whilst a display of skill and strength calls forth a counter array, gentleness at once disarms opposition, and wins the day before it is contested." p. 14.

Again:—

"The mere suspicion of irreligion lowers a woman in general esteem. It implies almost a reflection on her character, for morality cannot be secure without religion. A woman must hold no converse with the enemies of either. She knows that the romance, which invests impiety with the charm of sentiment, must not lie upon her table; nor must she be supposed to be acquainted with the poem, which decks out vice with the witchery of song.

"Religion is indeed a woman's panoply, and no one who wishes her happiness would divest her of it; no one who appreciates her virtues would weaken their best security." p. 36.



Queries—Does Mrs. Sandford think the Ten Commandments exclusively of the feminine gender? or does she think expediency a noble motive? or is religion a great game of "Profit and Loss"?

The germ of many faults in Mrs. Sandford's book lies in her low estimate of the female understanding. The following sentences are a first-rate admission:—

"The great end of knowledge is to learn to think; and of this women are quite capable. They are capable of moral and intellectual efforts; and the more they improve their mental faculties, the more useful will they be, and the higher will they rise in the social scale." p. 89.

This style of writing reminds us of a passage in the preface to two reverend quartos published in 1779, wherein the author, after intimating that he writes solely for the instruction and amusement of the fair sex, declares, with a fine spirit of consideration, that he has carefully studied plainness of language, and has wholly omitted all words that are not English. Kind, considerate, humane, dead Dr. Alexander, wert thou alive, and were we of woman kind, how much rather would we fall into thy hands, than into Mrs. John Sandford's! We have been accustomed to think, that, within the last thirty years, women have fairly entitled themselves to intellectual honours,—and that, whatever room may remain for improvement, our authoresses are altogether a creditable portion of the literary light infantry. True, there are no grenadiers among them; but they keep step, march in time, have an excellent band, and stand to their colours, as well as their betters. Concerning women of letters, Mrs. Sandford utters grave discourse, which, had Swift met with in Bishop Burnet, he would have characterized as "dark nonsense"; and had we, who know very many of these women, any conviction that Mrs. S. knew one, we should have passed her strictures with a sigh. She has fears that women are being spoiled by over-estimation—would have them cultivated as, of old, the laity were to be taught, far enough for slavish conviction, not far enough for independent conviction. She also opines that they obtain literary reputation too easily—and that criticism is over-complaisant to their efforts. She gives a striking sketch of a modish *bas bleu*, with her "speech, a jargon of hard terms and words, of Johnsonian length,"—which, doubtless, our literary readers will admire for its graphic truth. Women of letters *have* faults, and we know them thoroughly; but they are not the faults pointed out by Mrs. J. Sandford: and hers is not the way to cure them. She does, however, point out a few instances of female superiority, and names, amongst others, the venerable Joanna Baillie, as "a living reminiscence" of 'The Legend of Sappho':—that lady of the lyre, two lovers, and a leap, has been a great misfortune to after-poetesses; all are compared to her, she to all, and all without justice. "Again," says our authoress, "an unsound judgment is found in many women of attainment—[was a *man* never a clever fool?]. We are surprised to see so much weakness combined with so much acquirement, and to meet a woman who can talk Greek, without being able to act common sense."

"Talk Greek!" unless the lady mean *Romance*, we fancy she would, indeed, be sur-

prised, not merely to hear a woman, but even a candidate for the mitre, *converse* in the language of Homer! If Mrs. Sandford is really acquainted with such a "talking bird," she also probably knows its fellow wonders, the "golden tree and the singing water." But we must conclude; all the faults of the book proceed from a mean notion of female capacity, and a stern estimate of female duties. The book contains many shrewd, sensible remarks; but it will not advance, it will rather impede the progress of really rational treatment and education of women. Mrs. Sandford does not comprehend the transition state, through which women, no less than men, are passing. With the exception of some passages in the chapters on Female Romance, there is a hard, cold, dry spirit afloat. But those passages are admirable, both in feeling and in thought; and though we have deprecated so much in the book, we respect the earnest, well-intentioned, upright author.

*Tales of the Alhambra.* By Washington Irving. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1832. Colburn & Bentley.

In the works of Washington Irving there is more polished elegance than rough strength: he is always graceful and neat, flowing and harmonious; he has few errors either in language or in sentiment; his art in blending the humorous with the pathetic is not little, nor is he deficient in knowledge of human nature, nor unskilful in the delineation of human character. He has, however, less of simplicity and vigour than we wish; his imagination cannot exercise much power over the past: his American characters far surpass all his other delineations. The present work dawned on his fancy as he mused amid the magnificent ruins of the Alhambra; it has been his wish to recall the days when the Moors ruled in the fairest provinces of Spain, and when deeds of arms were frequent between them and their Spanish neighbours. To recall the dead to life, to make them move and act in character, requires a genius of a high order; nor can we withhold the praise from the author, of having in several of his stories succeeded in this difficult art. We are, however, of opinion that his success in delineating from the living is at least equal to his drawings from the dead,—and were proof of this required, the present volumes would supply it at once. Indeed, we know of few who can equal him in the art of transferring living and breathing flesh and blood to his canvas. On his way to the Alhambra he describes the people and the land—in the following passage Spain lies before us as clear and plain as the landscape at our window:—

"And here, before setting forth, let me indulge in a few previous remarks on Spanish scenery and Spanish travelling. Many are apt to picture Spain to their imaginations as a soft southern region, decked out with all the luxuriant charms of voluptuous Italy. On the contrary, though there are exceptions in some of the maritime provinces, yet, for the greater part, it is a stern, melancholy country, with rugged mountains, and long sweeping plains, destitute of trees, and indescribably silent and lonesome, partaking of the savage and solitary character of Africa. What adds to this silence and loneliness, is the absence of singing-birds, a natural consequence of the want of groves and hedges. The vulture and the eagle are

seen wheeling about the mountain-cliffs, and soaring over the plains, and groups of shy bustards stalk about the heaths; but the myriads of smaller birds, which animate the whole face of other countries, are met with in but few provinces in Spain, and in those chiefly among the orchards and gardens which surround the habitations of man.

"In the interior provinces the traveller occasionally traverses great tracts cultivated with grain as far as the eye can reach, waving at times with verdure, at other times naked and sunburnt, but he looks round in vain for the hand that has tilled the soil. At length, he perceives some village on a steep hill, or rugged crag, with mouldering battlements and ruined watch-tower; a strong-hold, in old times, against civil war or Moorish inroad; for the custom among the peasantry of congregating together for mutual protection, is still kept up in most parts of Spain, in consequence of the maraudings of roving freebooters.

"But though a great part of Spain is deficient in the garniture of groves and forests, and the softer charms of ornamental cultivation, yet its scenery has something of a high and lofty character to compensate the want. It partakes something of the attributes of its people; and I think that I better understand the proud, hardy, frugal, and abstemious Spaniard, his manly defiance of hardships, and contempt of effeminate indulgences, since I have seen the country he inhabits.

"There is something, too, in the sternly simple features of the Spanish landscape, that impresses on the soul a feeling of sublimity. The immense plains of the Castiles and of La Mancha, extending as far as the eye can reach, derive an interest from their very nakedness and immensity, and have something of the solemn grandeur of the ocean. In ranging over these boundless wastes, the eye catches sight here and there of a straggling herd of cattle attended by a lonely herdsman, motionless as a statue, with his long slender pike tapering up like a lance into the air; or, beholds a long train of mules slowly moving along the waste like a train of camels in the desert; or, a single herdsman, armed with blunderbuss and stiletto, and prowling over the plain. Thus the country, the habits, the very looks of the people, have something of the Arabian character. The general insecurity of the country is evinced in the universal use of weapons. The herdsman in the field, the shepherd in the plain, has his musket † and his knife. The wealthy villager rarely ventures to the market-town without his trabuco, and, perhaps, a servant on foot with a blunderbuss on his shoulder; and the most petty journey is undertaken with the preparation of a warlike enterprise." i. 4—7.

The people, too, are delineated with the same fresh and graphic fidelity:—

"The dangers of the road produce also a mode of travelling, resembling, on a diminutive scale, the caravans of the east. The *arrieros*, or carriers, congregate in convoys, and set off in large and well-armed trains on appointed days; while additional travellers swell their number, and contribute to their strength. In this primitive way is the commerce of the country carried on. The muleteer is the general medium of traffic, and the legitimate traverser of the land, crossing the peninsula from the Pyrenees and the Asturias to the Alpuxarras, the Serrania de Ronda, and even to the gates of Gibraltar. He lives frugally and hardily: his alforjas of coarse cloth hold his scanty stock of provisions; a leathern bottle hanging at his saddle-bow, contains wine or water, for a supply

† Mr. Irving is certainly wrong in this assertion, and we need not offer further proof than that no person can carry a gun in Spain without a licence—for which licence he must pay.

across barren mountains and thirsty plains. A mule-cloth spread upon the ground, is his bed at night, and his pack-saddle is his pillow. His low, but clean-limbed and sinewy form betokens strength; his complexion is dark and sunburnt; his eye resolute, but quiet in its expression, except when kindled by sudden emotion; his demeanour is frank, manly, and courteous, and he never passes you without a grave salutation: 'Dios guarde à usted!' 'Va usted con Dios, Caballero!' 'God guard you! God be with you, Cavalier!'

"As these men have often their whole fortune at stake upon the burthen of their mules, they have their weapons at hand, slung to their saddles, and ready to be snatched out for desperate defence. But their united numbers render them secure against petty bands of marauders, and the solitary bandolero, armed to the teeth, and mounted on his Andalusian steed, hovers about them, like a pirate about a merchant convoy, without daring to make an assault.

"The Spanish muleteer has an inexhaustible stock of songs and ballads, with which to beguile his incessant wayfaring. The airs are rude and simple, consisting of but few inflexions. These he chaunts forth with a loud voice, and long drawing cadence, seated sideways on his mule, who seems to listen with infinite gravity, and to keep time with his paces, to the tune. The couplets thus chaunted, are often old traditional romances about the Moors, or some legend of a saint, or some love-ditty; or what is still more frequent, some ballad about a bold contrabandista, or hardy bandolero, for the smuggler and the robber are poetical heroes among the common people of Spain. Often, the song of the muleteer is composed at the instant, and relates to some local scene, or some incident of the journey. This talent of singing and improvising is frequent in Spain, and is said to have been inherited from the Moors. There is something wildly pleasing in listening to these ditties among the rude and lonely scenes that they illustrate; accompanied, as they are, by the occasional jingle of the mule-bell.

"It has a most picturesque effect also to meet a train of muleteers in some mountain-pass. First you hear the bells of the leading mules, breaking with their simple melody the stillness of the airy height; or, perhaps, the voice of the muleteer admonishing some tardy or wandering animal, or chaunting, at the full stretch of his lungs, some traditional ballad. At length you see the mules slowly winding along the craggy defile, sometimes descending precipitous cliffs, so as to present themselves in full relief against the sky, sometimes toiling up the deep arid chasms below you. As they approach, you descry their gay decorations of worsted tufts, tassels, and saddle-cloths, while, as they pass by, the ever-ready trabuco slung behind the packs and saddles, gives a hint of the insecurity of the road." i. 7—11.

The following is a softer picture; the painting has the same fine ease and grace, and light and shade:—

"While we were supping with our Drawcansir friend, we heard the notes of a guitar, and the click of castañets, and presently a chorus of voices singing a popular air. In fact, mine host had gathered together the amateur singers and musicians, and the rustic belles of the neighbourhood, and on going forth, the court-yard of the inn presented a scene of true Spanish festivity. We took our seats with mine host and hostess and the commander of the patrol, under the archway of the court; the guitar passed from hand to hand, but a jovial shoe-maker was the Orpheus of the place. He was a pleasant-looking fellow, with huge black whiskers; his sleeves were rolled up to his elbows, he touched the guitar with masterly skill, and sang little amorous ditties with an

expressive leer at the women, with whom he was evidently a favourite. He afterwards danced a fandango with a buxom Andalusian damsel, to the great delight of the spectators. But none of the females present could compare with mine host's pretty daughter, Pepita, who had slipped away and made her toilette for the occasion, and had covered her head with roses; and who distinguished herself in a bolero with a handsome young dragoon. We had ordered our host to let wine and refreshment circulate freely among the company, yet, though there was a motley assembly of soldiers, muleteers, and villagers, no one exceeded the bounds of sober enjoyment. The scene was a study for a painter: the picturesque group of dancers, the troopers in their half military dresses, the peasantry wrapped in their brown cloaks; nor must I omit to mention the old meagre Alguazil, in a short black cloak, who took no notice of anything going on, but sat in a corner diligently writing by the dim light of a huge copper lamp, that might have figured in the days of Don Quixote." i. 18—20.

We are not sure that the 'Tales of the Alhambra' will augment the fame of Washington Irving: they will, however, detract nothing from it, and that is high praise.

#### CABINET CYCLOPEDIA.

*History of Spain.* Vol. II. Longman & Co.

THE same indefatigable research, and the same general accuracy which marked the first volume, and received our warmest commendation, equally distinguish the present. It embraces a great part of the Mohammedan domination, and the history of the kingdoms of Asturias, Leon, and Castile, from Pelayo, to the death of Ferdinand the Catholic. The narrative is admirably condensed; but no power of learning or patience could compress into a pocket volume the many stirring events which marked the period—it, in consequence, but too much resembles a chronological table.

Although we are inclined to give the writer the greatest credit for a rigid examination of his authorities, we are of opinion, that critical scepticism has upon occasions been carried too far; as when he all but denies the existence of the Cid. From what is said of Risco's manuscript, we feel assured that the writer has not read Quintana's work—and we the more regret this, convinced that he would otherwise have abridged that life in his note, rather than have repeated the fabulous exaggerations of the romances. A more important objection, is the want of information, relating to the political institutions. In this respect, the work is emasculated enough to pass under a censorship, and to have had its title-page graced or disgraced with "*En la Imprenta Real.*" We trust this will be corrected, so far as is now possible, in the subsequent volumes. However, after all fair allowances have been made, we think it due to the writer, be he who he may, to repeat, that we know of no History of Spain that equals this for general accuracy and historical research—it was much wanted, and will be a valuable addition to every library.

*A Queer Book.* By the Ettrick Shepherd. 1832. Edinburgh, Blackwood; London, Cadell.

It has been whispered for some time among our literary coteries, that 'The Queer Book,'

in the announcements of Blackwood, was no other than a satiric work, in which the author of 'The Spy,' and the 'Chaldee Manuscript,' had vowed that he would draw a full-length portrait of our proud metropolis, with all its people, high and low, rich and poor, illiterate and learned. This spread a general alarm amongst all those who had "held the hare and hunted her," with the poet of Altrive. All who had criticized his mountain manners—his Yarrow tone of voice—his attachment to pleasant drinks—his amusing vanity—his love of singing his own songs, and speaking of his own merits or defects,—or who had smiled at his ingenious scale of birth-right, by which he proved that he was a greater poet than Burns—all felt qualmish and uneasy: but now the flutter of their bosoms may be stilled, for, instead of being a book bitter, biting and personal, it is a volume of harmless verse, treating of love, war, and witchcraft. It is, nevertheless, a Queer Book—so wild, and yet so natural—so strange, and yet so true to popular belief, that we are inclined to rank many of its pages with the most successful of all the poet's attempts, saving always the incomparable 'Kilmeny.' He offends here, as often as he does elsewhere, against good taste in various of his delineations; nor is he so credible in some of his legends—'The Witch of Ezdale Moor,' for instance—as we have seen him; he has also his full quantity of weak lines; but then there is such a mingled dash of pathos and humour—so much real, natural, unaffected vigour, that we cannot help loving the strains of his moorland harp, and rejoicing in his joy, or sorrowing with his sorrow.

There are six and twenty pieces altogether in this volume, and not one of them without merit: some of them, indeed, are in conception and handling but little to our liking, such as 'The Witch of Ezdale Moor,' and 'Jock Tait's imaginary Visit to Hell;' still, genius, and that of a singular kind, is present in the worst. 'Elen of Reigh' is a sweet poem: the commencement, though beautiful, is unequal to the rest:—

Have you never heard of Elen of Reigh,  
The fairest flower of the North Countrie?  
The maid that left all maidens behind,  
In all that was lovely, sweet, and kind:  
As sweet as the breeze o'er beds of balm,  
As happy and gay as the gamesome lamb,  
As light as the feather that dances on high,  
As blith as the lark in the breast of the sky,  
As modest as young rose that blossoms too soon,  
As mild as the breeze on a morning of June;  
Her voice was the music's softest key,  
And her form the comeliest symmetry.

But let bard describe her smile who can,  
For that is beyond the power of man;  
There never was pen that hand could frame,  
Nor tongue that falter'd at maiden's name,  
Could once a distant tint convey  
Of its lovely and benignant ray.  
You have seen the morning's folding vest  
Hang dense and pale upon the east,  
As if an angel's hand had strewn  
The dawning's couch with the eider down,  
And shrouded with a curtain gray  
The cradle of the infant day?  
And 'mid this orient dense and pale,  
Through one small window of the veil,  
You have seen the sun's first radiant hue  
Lightening the dells and vales of dew,  
With smile that seem'd through glory's rim  
From dwellings of the cherubim;  
And you have thought, with holy awe,  
A lovelier sight you never saw,  
Scorning the heart who dared to doubt it?  
Alas! you little knew about it!  
At beauty's shrine you ne'er have knelt,  
Nor felt the flame that I have felt;  
Nor chanced the virgin smile to see  
Of beauty's model, Elen of Reigh!

The poem most to our liking, is called 'Colin and Kate, a Sunday Pastoral;' it is

at once arch and pious, humorous and pathetic—the hero and heroine had set out for the kirk; but, in beguiling the way with conversation, they were too late for the sermon, and so took to the sunny hill-side, and did their best to be happy :—

COLIN.

Whist! Kate! an' speerna that again—  
There's maybe mae to blame than ane;  
There are some things 'tween man and maid  
Mair natural to be thought than said;  
But now, our resting-place is here,—  
Come to my side, my comely dear,  
Close to my side, nor ance avert  
The vision dearest to my heart.  
Look round you, Kate; the scene you see  
Is wild as mountain scene can be;  
Here sit we in a hollow swarth,  
Scoop'd from the bosom o' the earth;  
Our palace-wall the shaggy fell;  
Our couch of state the heather-bell;  
The sounding rivulet, combined  
With music of the mountain wind,  
The only anthem which we list;  
Our canopy the yielding mist;  
Yet here, within our desert den,  
Far frae the walks and eyes of men,  
Think o' our heavenly Maker's kindness,  
For a' our sins an' mental blindness:  
Beyond the bliss o' kingly bowers  
An earthly happiness is ours.

O Katie, when this scene I spy,  
Imbedded in thy deep-blue eye  
Like a wee vision o' the mind,  
A dream of heaven and earth combined,  
My ardent soul is all on flame  
With a delight that wants a name—  
A flame so holy an' divine,  
An angel's heart might envy mine.  
My own wrapt image, too, I see,  
As if I stood 'twixt heaven and thee—  
Forbid it, a' ye powers above!  
An' oh, forgive this tear o' love!  
For ne'er was vision so complete  
In window of a soul so sweet.

KATE.

Colin, I likens sic pathetics;  
When chaps get into their poetics,  
They rave on like the winter winds,  
An' mischief whiles comes in their minds:  
Sae, that I still may hand you dear,  
An' keep you sober and sincere,  
Kneel down upon that purple lea,  
An' pray to God for you an' me—  
The path o' grace has a beginning,  
An' praying winna gang wi' sinning;  
'Tis sweet an' comely to express  
Our homage in the wilderness,  
An' train our youthful minds a way  
Frae courting on the Sabbath day.

Colin, without another word,  
Kneel'd down upon the lonely sward,  
His comely face turn'd to the sky,  
With ardour in his dark blue eye;  
And thus unto his God he pray'd,  
As near as 't can in rhyme be said :—

COLIN.

We have no earthly thing to crave;  
We are more than happy with what we have;  
We have youth and health, and love beside,  
And thee for our father and our guide;  
Thy own blue heavens smiling o'er us;  
Religion, hope, and the world before us;  
And all we can do, is to express  
Our gratitude and our thankfulness.

One blessing would earthly hope fulfil,  
If 'tis accordant with thy will:  
May we two, kneeling thee before,  
Be join'd as one for evermore!  
And that a prospect may remain,  
Of acting earthly scenes again;  
May she be as a fruitful vine—

KATE.

Stop, Colin, stop! I canna join!  
Ye may pray for marriage gin ye will,  
To think of that can do no ill;  
Its sinless joys our God will grant them—  
We 'll pray for bairnies when we want them.  
Ye coo'dna ask for aught that's worse,  
Than the heaviest portion o' woman's curse.

COLIN.

Ah, my dear Kate! gin ye be spared,  
You 'll change your chime on that a ward.  
If pure affection's from above,  
If "love is heaven, and heaven is love,"  
If loveliness conceived may be,  
Can eye a sight so lovely see,  
As a young comely mother's rest,  
With sweet babe to her bosom press'd;  
Its round and chubby cheek laid low,  
Misshapen on her breast of snow?  
Ah, Kate! if pure, unmingled bliss  
Be found in life's imperfections,

All love, all fondness is outdone  
By mother's o'er her first-born son:  
That glow is bright, its workings kind,  
Calm, chasten'd, ardent, yet refined.  
I think—O! may I be forgiven—  
That nought can lovelier be in heaven,  
Far less upon the earth below;  
Methinks I see the vision now—

What, Katie, do ye rue our meeting?  
I think ye're fuffing now, an' greeting?

KATE.

Tuts! what for will ye speak sae queer,  
Of things unmeet for maiden's ear?  
I canna bide that stuff sae sensuous,  
It sounds like something that's licentious:  
Yet these are truths the heart that strike—  
Ye may pray for babies gin ye like.

We have praised the verse of this volume:  
it has other merits—the printing is truly  
beautiful; the paper excellent, and the whole  
getting up superior to any work we have had  
lately from the shop of Blackwood.

*Calabria during a Military Residence of  
Three Years; in a Series of Letters. By  
a General Officer of the French Army.  
From an Original MS. London, 1832.  
Wilson.*

We opened this volume with good hopes, and have not been disappointed. A military residence in Calabria in the years 1807, 8, 9 and 10, was not indeed likely to offer a French officer any very advantageous opportunities for studying the manners and character of the people, or of pushing his researches much beyond the direct line of his military adventures: but, galloped over as Italy has been of late years, Calabria still remains a *terra incognita*; and we could not fail to glean some information from any work written in plain sincerity, and without affectation. To this praise the present volume is fairly entitled. The character of the work is written intelligibly in every page: there is no pretension about it; it is not eked out with weighty compilations and discussions about the locality of ancient cities, and the ancient names of mountain torrents; it is a living picture, such as Calabria presented it to the writer; his three years' residence is fairly described as a brisk brigand hunt from first to last—adventures by flood and field in a country of romantic beauty and interest, with the faithful observations of a sensible man on the cities and people as they passed under his observations. It is not, therefore, a work to be critically examined, and, after an acknowledgment that we have passed some hours very pleasantly in the reading of it, we shall proceed at once to make a few extracts.

The following account of the passage of Campoternese will a little startle those who have faith in the eternal sunshine of southern Italy; and our own experience can testify to its general accuracy :—

"On the morning of the 2nd of December I was directed to ascertain whether the passage of the torrent was practicable. The country people who accompanied me sounded the fordable parts, and assured me the water had considerably subsided, so that in two hours more we could pass over in perfect safety. Eventually the battalion got off from this dangerous spot without any accident; but the greatest difficulties yet awaited us. As the torrent had retarded our march, we had yet twenty miles to go before we could reach our provision dépôt at Castrovillari, and at this season it is dark before five o'clock. . . .

"As we advanced, a hail-storm of the most piercing cold, pelted incessantly against our

limbs, which were already benumbed from crossing the torrent. The tempest still continued to increase in violence, till, sweeping over the immense plateau which crowned the mountain, it blew a tremendous hurricane, terribly grand and appalling. We were too far advanced to retire. It would, however, have been prudent to return to the village of Rotonda, but we feared that repeated delays on our march, might subject us to censure. We advanced then, with extreme difficulty, struggling against a furious wind, which dashed its sharp, penetrating hail against our faces. Several soldiers, overcome with cold, and whose energies were exhausted, dropped down from faintness, and perished in the midst of the snow, before any assistance could be rendered to them. The near approach of night made our position the more critical. At length, after having struggled for three hours, against all the agonies of death, the battalion gained the other side of this direful mountain, whence a rapid descent brought us speedily to the plain below. . . .

"We were very uneasy about the fate of those men who had remained behind, and of our baggage: they only arrived after having made a considerable round to avoid the torrents and the marshy swamps of the plain. The officer commanding the escort informed us, that the muleteers, declaring their inability to encounter the storm, had pointed out the huts of some charcoal-burners, where the detachment took refuge. The following day, on crossing the mountain, he found twenty-two soldiers of the battalion stretched dead in the snow." p. 12—19.

So little is known of the cities of Calabria, that we shall extract a notice of one or two.

Nicastro.

"Nicastro is a large, well-built town, situated at the entrance of hither Calabria. The woody hills with which it is almost surrounded, and the lofty towers of an old castle that commands it, give to the place an appearance quite romantic and picturesque.

"We have spent two days in exploring the localities of the bay, with which it is necessary that we make ourselves well acquainted. The mountains that environ it stretch out towards the sea on the one side as far as Cape Suvero, and on the other as far as the point on which the little town of Pizzo is built. This space, forming a circular tract of about twenty-five miles, is partly covered by a thick forest, and traversed by two rivers, the Angitola and the Amato, whose waters, not having sufficient vent, render the soil marshy and the air humid: two circumstances which, though favourable to vegetation, are still most injurious to health, for they never fail to generate diseases in the hot months. That part which is not inundated, produces Turkey corn in abundance, and this constitutes the principal support of the inhabitants; in the low grounds there are large plantations of rice, and we met with some sugar-canes which were perfectly well-grown. Olives, rising to the height of forest-trees, spread over all the upper tracts, but the oil is of a bad flavour, and used only in manufactories. A number of farm-houses and fine country-seats are scattered over the whole plain, particularly in the neighbourhood of Nicastro. This charming region, from which the confined waters might very easily be removed by a free issue, never experiences any of the rigours of winter. So soon as the autumnal rains have ceased, the softest and most equal temperature renders it a delightful abode. The mountains, on which are seen a great number of villages and detached dwellings, present a singularly pleasing aspect; and from the great fertility of the soil, the inhabitants might lay up abundant and varied stores, did they but know how to avail themselves of the vast bounty offered to them by indulgent nature." 73—75.

*Monteleone.*

"Monteleone is built upon a little eminence, which commands a vast elevated platform, situated between the bay of St. Euphemia, that of Gioia, the chain of the Apennines, and the sea. A magnificent spectacle presents itself on every side, and the view is crowned in the distance by the bluish smoke of Etna. The appearance of this little town, surrounded by a castle encompassed with fine trees, is equally pleasing and picturesque. Its population is about seven thousand souls. It has some streets regularly built, and embellished with fine houses. Lofty mountains, covered with forests, rising majestically close to the town, secure it from the winds and hoar frosts of the north; the springs which issue from the foot of these mountains fertilize the surrounding country, and moderate the excessive heat of summer, rendering this town a most agreeable abode at every season of the year." p. 121—2.

*The Route from Palmi to Scylla.*

"Palmi, built upon the sea-coast at the foot of Monte Corona, is one of the finest towns that can be met with in any country. Destroyed by the earthquake of 1783, it has been rebuilt on a regular plan. The centre of the town is occupied by a grand square, with a superb fountain playing in the midst of it. The surrounding country is delightful, and the inhabitants have an appearance of health and comfort rarely to be found in Calabria. On setting out from Palmi to Scylla we entered a forest of chesnut-trees, whose height was prodigious. • •

"On quitting these fine chesnut-trees, we beheld all at once, and as if by enchantment, a view so transporting, that an involuntary burst of surprise and admiration escaped us. The Strait which separates Sicily from Calabria, always animated by a great number of ships and small craft, which cross each other in every direction, produces an extraordinary effect. In the distance is seen the superb Messina, with its magnificent harbour and splendid country, covered with beautiful seats. Towns, villages, and palaces are grouped together on the acclivity of mountains covered with the finest verdure; lastly, that vast colossal mass, Mount Ætna, which by turns fertilizes and ravages Sicily, terminates a horizon, the charms of which are inexpressible. Setting out before daylight to contemplate the height of the mountain, we beheld the sun's earliest rays emerging from the bosom of the deep and gilding the summit of the volcano, which is covered with eternal snows. The moment being favourable to distinguish, at least in distant perspective, the varied beauties of this sublime picture, we remained admiring it till the instant when the sun, expanding its light over every object, gave an equal tinge to all with its vivid brilliancy. After a quarter of an hour's walk across some thick fern, the colour of which could scarcely be discerned, it was so covered with dust, we reached a field occupied by the 20th regiment, and here I learned the cause of this singular appearance. The regiment having been out at exercise very early on the morning before, found itself suddenly enveloped in the thick ashes which the wind wafted down from Mount Ætna, and which fell in such quantities during a quarter of an hour, that they were obliged to take shelter in their barracks." p. 112—116.

*Reggio.*

"It is impossible to imagine anything finer than the country round Reggio: it yields at once the choicest and the most varied productions. Numerous rivulets and springs gush forth from the foot of the neighbouring mountains, meandering through bowers formed of orange and lemon-trees, and diffusing in their progress both freshness and fertility. It is a vast garden, decked out with aromatic groves, which realize

the *beau idéal* of Paradise. The sea shores present an enchanting prospect at all points. The Strait resembles a majestic river, which opens to itself a passage between two lofty mountains: the currents purify the air, and cause a breeze which moderates the great heat of the summer season: in a word, the climate, soil, and situation of Reggio, present to the imagination all that poetical fable has invented as most alluring and seductive. This happy country carried on before the war a considerable trade in silk, wines, oil, and oranges." p. 120-21.

*Orsomarzo.*

"It would be extremely difficult to meet with any situation more sublimely terrific and extraordinary than the spot where this village lies engulfed. Surrounded on all sides by gigantic mountains, terminating in conical points, it seems, as it were, placed at the bottom of a vast well. The descent is by a steep flight of steps, following the windings of a torrent, which rushes down with a loud roaring, and forms grand cascades. This torrent passes through the village, whence, finding vent through the narrow cleft of a rock, it fertilizes a fine well-cultivated country, which presents a most striking contrast with the horror inspired by this hideous abyss.

"It appears inconceivable how any human beings could ever have thought of fixing their abode in such a place. The path which follows the course of this torrent is cut through the rock." p. 337-8.

We recommend this volume to all who desire to pass an evening pleasantly.

*The History of Godmanchester, in the County of Huntingdon; comprising its Ancient, Modern, Municipal, and Ecclesiastical History.* By Robert Fox. 8vo. London, 1832. Baldwin & Cradock.

"Anciente and reverend" antiquaries, as we write ourselves, admirers of the quaintness of Verstegan, the laborious matter-of-fact of Dugdale, and the prosing of Tom Hearne, we yet bid good morrow to any new labourer, and good speed to every antiquarian work,—whether embracing the "ample space and verge enough" of a whole county, or confining its less ambitious survey within the narrow limits of a single parish. We rejoice even in that dilettante taste for antiquities, which renders the literary coterie of remote villages, proud of the pinnacled beauty of their church spire—of the picturesque ruins of their castle—and anxious to celebrate in prose, or "sweeter verse," even the mouldering brass in the chancel, or the crumbling sculpture of the font,—because this taste affords a pledge, that our few remaining relics will be guarded with reverend care.

No young gentleman who, with his best Braham pen, has indited a sonnet to the market-cross of his native town, on the rose-tinted page of a lady's album, would, in after years, when arrived at the dignity of bailiff, or the authority of mayor, vote for its destruction;—nor would the country gentleman who, for the edification of admiring friends, had compiled a minute account of his parish church, including its three dozen of epitaphs, and the monument of Sir Somebody, wiggled to the life, and attended by angels, gazing and wondering how they should heave so stout a gentleman to the sky, permit destruction to fall on that place whence he first gathered the laurels of authorship; but would rather summon Mr. Gwilt, and at his own proper cost and charge defray the expense of reparation.

But to come to the work before us, we sincerely commend the industry which Mr. Fox has exhibited in every chapter of his work, and the attention which has been bestowed on its "getting up." It is, however, rather as supplying a deficiency in local history, that the work is important, than for any very peculiar attractions in the town of Godmanchester itself. Towns which have gained a place in the general history of the country—or which have been the residence of celebrated families—or boasted the possession of some splendid and wonder-working shrine—or someroyally-endowed and royally-protected abbey—or have become celebrated by the extent of their early commerce, or the importance or peculiarities of their ancient manufactures:—these are what the antiquary more willingly takes as his theme. Now, the town of Godmanchester has none of these sources of interest; it has, however, the claim of a very high antiquity, having been a Roman station. Subsequently to the Saxon conquest it became a Danish settlement, and exchanged its name for that of Gormundceaster, in honour of Gormund, more commonly termed Guthrum, the celebrated Danish leader. At the period of the compilation of the Domesday Book, it was a village belonging to the king, inhabited only by villeins and bordars. In the reign of John, the "men of Gumercestr" were emancipated from their state of thralldom, by that monarch's grant of the manor at a fee farm rent of 150*l.* per ann.; and since that period the town seems to have continued in a prosperous state, and but slightly disturbed by those political changes which exercised such important influence on many other towns. Still the "men of Gumercestr" were not without their own peculiar sources of discontent and annoyance, or of boast and rejoicing. Under the first head, we may place divers unconscionable proceedings of Sir Reginald Grey—a powerful baron in the reign of Edward the First, who seems to have been foremost in the work of obstructing the river Ouse, which at this period was navigable for vessels as far as Godmanchester; and, in subsequent times, similar proceedings on the part of the Abbot of Ramsey and the Prior of Huntingdon, which ended by completely stopping the navigation. But then, to counterbalance this, the "men of Gumercestr" received an additional charter from Richard II., confirming to them the charter of John; and another from James the First, which is still in force. They also boasted numerous religious guilds and chantries, and many bequests to the poor. A free grammar school was also founded in the reign of Elizabeth, and subsequently other schools;—much of the information relating to these is derived from original documents, and is curious and interesting. Should Mr. Fox, on any future occasion, appear before the public, we would recommend him not to be so anxious after numerous authorities, for any historical or biographical fact, but content himself with two or three well selected. Standard authorities, on historical and antiquarian subjects, are indeed few; and, in the greater number of instances, information derived from sources as nearly contemporaneous as the subject will admit, will be found the most correct. We must therefore protest against Hume being, in any instance, brought forward as authority. All

that he furnishes respecting the sources of the ancient royal revenue, will be found in Madox's Exchequer; while for public instruments and documents of every kind relating to the state, let the writer repair to the invaluable collection of Rymer, especially that new edition lately edited with such laborious skill, under the superintendence of the Record Commission. Nor is it only on subjects of antiquarian research that an author would do well to inquire into the character of his authorities: he needs the exercise of great caution even in selecting from works comparatively of yesterday. We wish Mr. Fox, in his memoir of that celebrated leader of the English presbyterians, Stephen Marshall, had followed this rule; he would then have found that Walker's 'History of Independency' is a work which even the most ultra-Tory is ashamed to acknowledge. The vulgar phrase derived from that contemptible book, "a set of godly cut-throats," is a disgrace to the volume, and a libel on the historical knowledge of the author;—if the mild and conscientious Stephen Marshall is thus to be classed, what terms are to be applied to those who actually drew the sword? The day has past away, we trust, for ever, when men, neither deficient in sense or learning, applied the scurrilous epithets of "canting crew" and "presbyterian rebels," to those great men who, at hazard of fortune, fame, and life, stood between the country and destruction.

It would be unjust, however, to conclude without affording our readers some specimen of the information contained in this handsome volume: we therefore select the following document from the town records, showing that even at the close of the fifteenth century, *villanage* was not entirely disused:

"Court-holdyn at Godmynchest" the Thursday next before the feste of Synt Thom Apli A° Rgni henr vij xiiij°. To this court cam John Foster and Rychar Foster, and delyvd to Willm Arwait and John Laxton bayliffs this lett° foloyng.

"Ryght welbeloued friendis I recommaunde me to you, and wher° as now of late it hathe ben seyed and surmysed by divs psons that Rychard fost° and John Fost° schulde be villens and bondmen of blode to me belonging to myn mans of hamton and wynwyke to ther gret noys and detryment and for as myche as it is medefull to schewe the truthe of any dowte I ascerteyn you and evy of you of very truthe that the seyd Rychard Foster and John Foster bene free borne and of fre condicone and not bonde to me, nor to no man that I have w° in y° Reine of Yngland that I knowth,—god who have yow in his moste assured keypyn, geyvn undyr myn Synet and Synemanuell at Bokyngham Castell the xvth day of Decembyr.

"By Sy Willm Knyvett."

The following quaint document we insert for the amusement of our lady readers:—

"Gumecester—Ad visum Franci Plegii ibm tent in festo Sci Michis Anno viii Caroli R.

"It being proved upon the oath of M<sup>re</sup> gret Conyers and others taken before the Bailiffs (that whereas the Bailiffs by their constitutions had cast out gleanes and peaze out of the houses of divers ill-disposed psons that lay at the backs of their chimneys and in other places of ther houses in great daunger of firing both ther

houses and ther neighbours) that Dorothe Walpoole widowe did take a fire stick in her hand and swore by God's blood she would set the gleanes and peaze the Bailiffs had cast out of her house on fire, and bid a red plague of God light upon the Bailiffs and all that came with them and that they might rotte like dewe against the sunne, w<sup>ch</sup> fire stick being snatched out of her hand she took up another and swore she would set her house on fire were it not for William Maile's house: for which her disorder M<sup>re</sup> Bailiffs sent her to the stocks from whence she was by authority sent to the house of correccion and ther punished according to her deserts and to the terror of all other lewde queanes not conformable to good government."

*The Fair of May Fair.* 3 vols. London, 1832. Colburn & Bentley.

THE tales which compose these volumes are said to be from the pen of Mrs. Gore; and there may be some truth in the supposition, for they treat of the manners and manœuvring of the gentler sex, with the sarcastic acuteness of one who seems both by nature and observation to be familiar with such quicksilver topics. There are three classes of novel writers: the first knows all about the world and its ways—the second knows much about the workings of the human heart—and the third unites the knowledge of both: it is to the first of these classes the present writer properly belongs. She is shrewd, penetrating, and full of worldly wisdom—she is also sneering and sarcastic—she has taken accurate measure of the well-padded, curled, painted, and perfumed body of fashion, and made herself acquainted with the artificial manners of polished life—she is great in all matters concerning dress, and matrimony, and elopements—she discourses of those amiable and polished persons

Who gave the ball or paid the visit last, with an air quite official and patronizing; and, on the whole, we know of few writers of the present day on whose pages, upon occasion, the courtly and the high-bred look more in character: but then we must leave the reader to determine the value of such artificial exhibitions.

There are six tales in these three volumes—viz. 1. The Flirt of Ten Seasons—2. The Separate Maintenance—3. Hearts and Diamonds—4. A Divorce—5. My Grand-daughter—6. The Special Licence. The names denote the leading characters of each, and the merits of the whole are nearly balanced. The tale most to our liking would be less acceptable from its nature, in extracts, than others one degree lower in the scale of merit, though it would be easy to find clever specimens in any of the narratives. We choose to confine ourselves to the 'Flirt of Ten Seasons,' inasmuch as we consider the Flirt—a certain Honourable Adela Richmond, and her plotting mother, Lady Germaine, as very cleverly drawn—or rather painted—for it came to that at last. The first appearance of the Flirt is very good:—

"In marking by lustrous the progress of our heroine through the various vicissitudes of childhood, girlhood, and womanhood, we do not purpose to neglect those minor shades and gradations which intervene from year to year—from day to day—nay, hour to hour—in the picture of life; but it is necessary to establish the frame-work of the canvas from that happy epoch of Adela's existence which saw the harness of the governess laid aside, the Italian grammar

exchanged for the Court Guide, the muslin frock expanded into the brocaded train, the flaxen ringlets raised from her shoulders and braided into a Grecian contour. Lady Germaine had resolved that her daughter should remain a child till she was almost a woman; and, now, by a transforming touch of the wand of Fashion, chose that she should become a woman, though almost a child. From the hour she was presented at court, Adela found it decreed that her laugh should subside into a smile—her natural demeanour into a graceful glide—her playful frankness into a courteous discretion. It took her full a week to make her own acquaintance after the singular metamorphosis effected by Lady Germaine's interposition." i. 4-5.

Adela was every way qualified for carrying on a successful campaign against man and the monied interest—she was young, lovely, high-born, and rich—she had a passion for whatever was externally graceful and imposing; and, consequently, there was little fear that her heart would interpose between her and any splendid alliance she might contemplate; yet nothing could end more unfortunately than all her speculations. She set the shafts of her beauty and wealth against a Sir Burford Raymond—a virtuoso, with fifteen thousand a year—and imagined that she had made a decided impression: the following passage will show the result:—

"It was really amusing,—at least it would have amused any one but Nicodemus Fagg, who was alone present on the occasion, and was too much of a manœuvrer on his own account to see any matter for jest in the avidity of others,—to observe the inventorial eye with which Lady Germaine made the tour of Sir Burford's mansion. All that she saw or heard was with reference to Adela, to a liberal settlement, to a widow's thirds. What cared she for Pæstum or Pompeii,—or whether the Guido to which her observation was directed by Sir Burford, had originally graced the Houghton collection or the Lanfranchi palace?—While her host was talking to her of the incense-pots and pateræ in use among the Phœnicians, exhibiting an unimpeachable specimen of Corinthian metal, or rehearsing the beauties of the sardonx of Polycrates while he paraded a chalice adorned with studs of that precious gem,—Lady Germaine was secretly reverting to the possibility that all these treasures might be made hair-locks, and alienated from the personality so precious to the cupidity of widowhood. The only interest vouchsafed by the dowager to the objects placed before her eyes, arose from a doubt concerning their reconvertibility into the currency from whence they sprang: the only care entertained by the daughter, in surveying the home she was already determined to render her own, arose from incertitude whether a suite so encumbered with objects of virtù, were favourable to fashionable hospitality?—She almost doubted whether Sir Burford would not prove too blue to be a giver of balls.

"But this was a minor point to Lady Germaine. The Hon. Lady Raymond, of Langdale House and Seamore Place, would be quite enough of a personage to satisfy her ambition for her daughter. Sir Burford, it is true, was a twaddler,—a man of a circle;—but he would the less interfere with the amusements and vanities of his young wife. She made it appear pretty plainly (so plainly that even Nicodemus could decipher the text without spectacles) that the *cognoscentis* had only to propose, to be enabled to add the prettiest woman in London to his collection of rarities.

"Why did he hesitate?—Was he aware that the existence of his handsome cousin of the Guards might interpose a dangerous obstacle to his conjugal happiness?—Did it occur to him



that twenty and four-and-forty are epochs divided by twenty-four fatal anniversaries of mortal nature?—that the bright ringlets of the fashionable belle were less accordant with the outline of his own bald pate, than the heads of Paris and Helen in his favourite intaglio?—that

*Middle age and youth  
Cannot live together!—*

that the Almack's Goddess, the nymph of the park, would certainly have experienced little inclination for a niche in his gallery, had it not been for the splendour of the car on which her journey thither was to be executed?—No! he thought of none of these things!—Regarding himself as the most attractive of mankind, as a *partie* inferior only to the Duke of Derbyshire, he still hesitated, from secret motives, to throw the Satrap kerchief of election to the lovely Adela Richmond. This vacillation of mind was extremely tiresome and perplexing to Lady Germaine. What was the man about? Opulent, independent, in every sense his own master, what *could* prevent him from accelerating an event, which forty-four years subtracted from three-score left him so little leisure to enjoy? Perhaps he was breaking off some unsatisfactory connexion:—perhaps he was building a carriage,—perhaps a wig;—but why not propose *ad interim* and terminate the dilemma? Still he went on accepting her ladyship's dinner-parties,—sitting nailed to a chair at the back of her ladyship's opera-box,—calling her ladyship's carriage:—but why not propose?—Could it be respect to the memory of his father, which suggested the delay of so festive a rite as the hymeneal? Absurd!—impossible! in the nineteenth century, and a man so intellectual. No! no! Sir Burford Raymond was too much of a philosopher for the old woman's prejudice of filial tenderness.

"May passed away,—June came and went with its roses,—strawberries were already out of season (except for the 'lower classes') and cherries were becoming plebeian food;—yet no proposal!—Lady Germaine grew angry; and began to lament that her nephew Lord Germaine was still at Eton, and too juvenile to be alarming either as a rival or antagonist. Certainly the conduct of Sir Burford was such as to call for explanation. For three months he had entirely engrossed her daughter's attention. He must have seen that, in compliment to his mute courtship, Adela had remained sedentary at half the balls of the season; had given up waltzing, riding, flirting; had sobered herself down to the decorum of the middle-aged Strophon: had assumed the sententious prosiness of the learned Fellow, the demure gravity of the 'English gentleman.' She had forfeited half her natural graces by forming herself on the model of a Dorsetshire Baroness! All this was lost time, unless the head of the house of Raymond had *serious* intentions. Another season was gone;—gone in fruitless manœuvres, and most unsatisfactory self-denial. It was difficult to say whether Lady Germaine were most irate against Sir Burford, her daughter, or herself.

"In the midst of her misgivings and vexations, it struck her that the Reverend Nicodemus might be the secret enemy, the preacher of precaution. Such a Tartuffe as he looked:—so sly, so smooth, so mischievous!—Surely a man with so glozing a smile, and a voice so hypocritically tuneful, must be open to bribery and corruption? Lady Germaine took to helping him at table to the heads of the carp, the *foie gras* of the *ragout mâté*, the thighs of the pheasant poul; nominated him her Chaplain, and enclosed him a hundred pound note in the letter of appointment. The Reverend Nicodemus accepted, bowed, smiled, and ate,—but said not a word; when, three days after the last-named act of munificence, 'SIR BURFORD RAYMOND, BART. for Italy,' was announced among the fashionable

departures: while the learned Pundit and his new chaplain forwarded to the Dowager their cards of P.P.C. by the hands of the under footman." i. 83—9.

It fared no better with all her other speculations, and, after a ten years' campaign, Adela—admonished by beauty which required frequent repairs to keep up to the conquering place—was obliged to sit contentedly down in single sorrowfulness, and lament the insensibility of all men, monied or titled. Those—and in this fortunate island they cannot be few—who have some leisure hours to dispose of, may bestow them with much entertainment to themselves on these amusing and sarcastic volumes.

*The Extraordinary Black Book.* A new edition, greatly enlarged and corrected. By the Original Editor. London, 1832. E. Wilson.

THE original editions were portentous, and alarming enough; and we are happy to say, that the additions do not appear to be in the "dead weight," but in tables, abstracts, comments, and new chapters. The nature of the work is well known, and we believe it is generally admitted to have been compiled with great care.

*Population of Great Britain, according to the Returns made to Parliament in 1831; together with the Annual Value of Real Property as assessed in 1815.* Arranged alphabetically by John Gorton. London, 1832. Chapman & Hall.

WE have had several works published since the late Population Returns, but the alphabetical arrangement gives such facilities for reference, that we have not seen one where the information sought for could be so easily obtained as in this; and the value of property, as assessed in 1815, is a valuable addition. The work is arranged in columns, under the heads 'Names of Places'—'Parish'—'Counties'—'Assessed Annual Value'—'Population';—there is not, therefore, one superfluous word.

#### MEDICAL WORKS.

*The Dissector's Guide, or, Student's Companion.* By Edward William Tuson, Esq. London, 1832. Wilson.

THIS is an excellent manual; the perspicuity and accuracy with which it is written will make it an invaluable guide to the student in this most important study. The plan followed is excellent; and the wood-cuts with which the work is filled, are remarkably neat and accurate.

*Some Observations on the Utility of Fumigating and other Baths applied for the use of various Diseases.* By Jonathan Green, M.R.C.S. London, 1832.

WE seldom take up a work of this nature without anticipating that it will be full of quackery; we have, therefore, great pleasure in acknowledging, not only that Mr. Green's work is free from it, but that it contains much valuable medical information on the use of baths.

*The Catechism of Health; a Sure Guide to Health and Longevity.* By B. C. Faust. Translated from the German. London, 1832. Richardson.

THIS little work does not deserve the severity with which Dr. Granville is pleased to speak of it in the preface to his 'Catechism of Health.' Though it is very far from being perfect, it contains many valuable rules and precepts, and is written in that perspicuous and intelligible manner which is one great merit in works of this kind.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

THE Ettrick Shepherd, we fear, has become a victim to these vacillating times—his journey to London, from which so much was expected, has ended disastrously, and the 'Altrive Tales,' on which he depended for bread, have been stopped, at least for a time. First, the fastidiousness of a bookseller, respecting the way in which the poet worded his description of dealings between them, delayed the work for a week; and secondly, the embarrassment of his publisher stopped the work after one volume only had been given to the public. Alas, for our good shepherd! he is as ignorant as a babe in the ways of the world. He came up to London like a lamb to the market: all who smiled he reckoned friends; all who shook him by the hand he accounted patrons; he mistook the applause which he received, for the voice of fame, and reckoned a London bookseller the heir of the gold-bin in the Bank, where a shovel stands ready to deal out the sovereigns. He believed that his day of happiness was come, or at hand: but it was all a dream; he has had a rude awakening. We are exceedingly sorry for him. The Magazines are rather strong this month: that of *Tait* has improved; *Fraser* has some clever things; *Blackwood*, a bright article on Tennyson's poems; *The New Monthly*, some smart papers; *The Metropolitan* is, on the whole, a good number; *The Monthly* promises well: a little satiric poem which it contains on Pitt's statue in Hanover Square, is, however, a mistake; the wit which is sharp upon a marble figure, is thrown away upon a bronze one. Of literary announcements, there are next to none: a Highland Tale is promised by Frazer, author of 'The Persian Adventurer;' Mr. Bull has purchased *La Belle Assemblée*, and the Hon. Mrs. Norton becomes editor; and Mr. Harral, the late editor, announces a new monthly work of the same nature, to be called 'La Cour des Dames.' The Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge announce a Gallery of the most Eminent Men—and have named a hundred as a specimen of the whole: neither Ben Jonson nor Samuel Johnson is of the number; Kosciusko, however, is, for his engraved portrait has found its way into the windows as a specimen.

The Royal Academy Exhibition will open on Monday next. The number of exhibited works exceeds all former example. There will be near fourteen hundred, we hear, in all; the usual amount is little more than twelve hundred; the pictures are smaller than usual; and several hundreds, many of them clever, have been unavoidably excluded. In the sculpture-room, there are some fifty marble busts; many from the hands of Baily, Behnes, Rennie, Joseph, and others; none apparently of commanding excellence. There are five or six statues: one of Canning, very manly and graceful, by Chantrey; a statue of Thomson the poet, by Rossi—life-like, and in the style of those dishabille figures made by Roubiliac; a female figure of great beauty, by Baily; a Cymbal-player, by Westmacott the younger, and a Gipsy Girl and Child, by Westmacott the elder—a creation of original beauty, and assuredly one of the very finest works that ever came from the artist's hand. There is also Two Boys, by Wyat,

of Rome, chiselled from one piece of marble: they are prettily grouped, and neatly carved; but Roman dresses sit ungracefully on the "Sons of — Thompson, Esq." Pitts has a little poetic work of great merit from Shakespeare's 'Midsummer Night's Dream'; the chief personage is our mischievous friend Puck, triumphantly seated on a mushroom, supported by swarms of elves; the modelling is coarse, but the spirit is fine—there is poetry in this same Pitts. Duncan's Horses, which ate each other, are put into a small-sized group by Lough; they are very wild and very extravagant, and not very natural. There is a bust by Baily of Lord Brougham, exceedingly like, but most superciliously sour; one of the King, by Francis, very narrow on the brow, and very wide at the cheeks; one of Lord Eldon, taken perhaps on the day of the second reading of the Reform Bill, for he looks sad and miserable. The finest bust, to our fancy, in the place, is that of a little girl by Henry Weekes: it is a sweet and a graceful thing.

The German operas, we perceive, are to take place on Wednesdays as well as Fridays. Considering that the most distinguished musicians in the Opera orchestra are engaged at the Antient Concerts on the former evenings, we cannot hope to have a very efficient band. This is the more to be regretted, since the effect of the orchestral accompaniments in the classical compositions of the German school constitute a very important feature; and to execute them well, would require the fullest extent of our musical resources.

We rejoice in the presence of Meyerbeer, for an author's superintendence is the best security we can have for a fine performance of an opera. Meyerbeer is an opulent amateur, devoted to his art, and not likely to idle his time in fashionable coteries or forfeit his engagement should a more lucrative one offer, as Rossini did. On the first night of 'Semiramide,' the execution was most imperfect and unsatisfactory, and the success extremely doubtful: how could it be otherwise, when a rehearsal of some of the music was actually going on, when the doors were opened? Meyerbeer is too much devoted to his art, and loves honest fame too well to hazard such things. 'Il Crociato in Egitto' was well performed under the management of Ayrton, and we hope and believe the *chef-d'œuvre* of the same composer will now have justice done to it. We also hope, that Meyerbeer will make such alterations in the mode of conducting, leading, beating time, and the other mummeries, as shall concentrate the attention of all parties,—principals, chorus, and band.

We understand his Grace of Devonshire has some scruples about allowing 'Robert le Diable' to be performed in French. We know not exactly what the difficulties may be; French performances have heretofore taken place at the Italian Opera House, and it is so desirable to have the original work performed, that we hope a point may be strained to gratify the public. Meyerbeer has the reputation of having by this opera made a sort of revolution in musical declamation, by altering the system of French recitative: it is evident, therefore, that the music and the language are intimately blended in feeling, and no translator could hope to attain the same excellence. We know Meyerbeer himself is exceedingly anxious on this subject.

Mendlessohn, the distinguished musical composer, is arrived in London. We heard some time ago that he had composed an opera for Covent Garden Theatre; let us hope that the report will prove true. We have not forgotten his descriptive overture to the 'Midsummer Night's Dream.'

While we are gossiping on literature and art, our friends will excuse us for reminding them that this is the "merry month of May," and that the LITERARY FUND Society have their annual dinner on Wednesday, and the ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND on Saturday—both excellent institutions; and we trust there will be a strong muster of all who love either art, literature, or good fellowship.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

##### ROYAL SOCIETY.

May 3.—Dr. Bostock, Vice President, in the chair.—The following were read:—A report upon Mr. Lubbock's paper, entitled 'Researches in Physical Astronomy,' by the Rev. William Whewell, the Rev. George Peacock, and the Rev. Henry Coddington;—'On certain Irregularities in the Magnetic Needle, produced by partial Warmth, and the relations which appear to subsist between Terrestrial Magnetism, and the Geological Structure and Thermometrical Currents of the Earth,' by Robert Ware Fox, Esq., communicated by Davies Gilbert, Esq., M.P.; and, 'A new method of generating Steam,' by Jacob Perkins, Esq., communicated by Ralph Watson, Esq.

Charles Boileau Elliott, Esq., was admitted a Fellow, and the Very Rev. George Chandler, D.D., proposed.

We are glad to make room for the very interesting communication from Mr. Perkins.

##### *A newly-discovered system of generating Steam, by Jacob Perkins, Esq.*

In the year 1823, I commenced a series of experiments, on the generation of highly elastic or compressed steam.

At the commencement of these experiments, I was impressed with the importance of keeping the water, which was to be converted into steam, in close contact with the heated metal, in which it was contained, having observed, that water on the surface of fluid iron was very little affected by its heat; although the same fluid metal, if made to fall upon the water, would explode with a much greater force than gunpowder when ignited.

This remarkable fact dwelt forcibly on my mind, and urged me to try experiments of several kinds, and modified in various ways. I would mention the two following as the most important of the many experiments which I made; since they afford a convincing proof, that much yet remains to be done in the formation of steam.

The first experiment was that of heating, to a white heat, a massive cast-iron cup, and, whilst it was allowed to cool gradually, to place in it several measures of water in succession, as soon as each previous measure had evaporated to dryness. The following was the result:—

|                                    | Seconds. |
|------------------------------------|----------|
| The first measure evaporated in... | 90       |
| The second .....                   | 80       |
| The third .....                    | 59       |

At this third evaporation, the vapour, or steam thrown off, began to appear, and became distinctly visible during the evaporation of the succeeding measures of water.

|                                     | Seconds. |
|-------------------------------------|----------|
| The fourth measure evaporated in... | 30       |
| The fifth .....                     | 20       |
| The sixth .....                     | 12       |

The seventh measure exhibited what I term the *evaporating point*—it evaporating suddenly in a dense cloud of steam—

|                                  | Seconds. |
|----------------------------------|----------|
| In .....                         | 6        |
| The eighth measure evaporated in | 10       |
| The ninth .....                  | 20       |
| The tenth .....                  | 32       |

and the ninth measure did not boil.

The first measure of water, although contained within the iron cup, when at a white heat, was perceptibly not in contact with the metal, but was repelled from it to some distance, in a state of buoyancy, and there moved freely in every horizontal position.

So circumstanced, the water evaporated slowly; but when, by the evaporation of successive measures, and the consequent lapse of time, the iron cup cooled down to the *evaporating point*, the water then evidently came in contact with the iron cup, thereby causing an augmented rate of evaporation, in the proportion of 90 to 6, or as 15 to 1; the rate being increased or multiplied fifteen times—or, in other words, a given quantity of water became converted into steam fifteen times quicker, at a *moderately low*, than at an *intensely high degree* of heat.

The second experiment was, that of preparing two cast iron massive cups, cast in the same mould, and weighing about twelve pounds each; from the bottom of one of these cups, ten sharp-pointed spikes were made to project vertically, two inches in length, and a quarter of an inch broad at the base.

These two cups were heated equally to a white heat, when into the cup *without* the spikes, one measure of water was poured, whilst into the cup furnished with the spikes *four* equal measures of water were poured. The result was, that the one measure of water which was placed in the cup without the spikes, and the *four* measures of water which were placed in the cup with the spikes, disappeared at the very same instant of time.

It was observed, upon taking from the fire the cup having the spikes therein, that the upper extremities or points of the spikes were instantly cooled down below the *evaporating point*, whilst, at their base, the metal was at a white heat; thus proving that the *evaporating point* must have been found at some intermediate space between the two extremities of the spikes.

Many modifications of this system of evaporating were made, with the view to its adaptation to some useful purpose.

During the progress of these experiments, practical difficulties continually presented themselves; but at length an idea occurred which led to the following result.

I had observed, if one vessel filled with water were placed within another vessel also filled with water, that the contents of the outer vessel might be made to boil, and that with the utmost rapidity, without the smallest steam-bubble being formed in the inner vessel. The cause of this result appeared to be, that a vast deal more heat had been taken up by the outer column, than by the inner column of water; yet, be it remarked, the thermometrical temperature of the water was the same in the two columns.

The heat required to generate any atmospheric steam in the inner column, could not, of course, be obtained from the outer column: here there must be more or less difference in the specific gravity of the water in the two columns, and that in proportion to the quantity of steam generated in the outer column.

To take advantage of this illustration of a law of nature, a cylindrical tin vessel was made, twelve inches in diameter, and eight inches in depth, with a tube three inches in diameter, and eighteen inches deep affixed to its base at the centre. This tube was open at the top in-

ternally, and closed at the bottom. An inner tube, open both at the top and at the bottom, was placed inside the three-inch tube, supported upon legs about one inch from the bottom, leaving a space between the two tubes of above a quarter of an inch all around.

After filling the two tubes with water, the vessel was placed on a furnace of intense heat, leaving the tube completely immersed therein; when, the water in the inner tube, and the water which was mixed with the steam in the outer tube, soon beginning to circulate, there was produced a most rapid generation of steam; for the water in the outer column, taking up the heat as rapidly as it was given off from the fire to the metal, the current in its upward course, swept off the bubbles of steam at the instant of their formation. Such indeed was the force or power of the upward continuous circulating current, that it carried with it substances of varied kind, which ultimately were driven to, and rested on the enlarged base of the cylindrical vessel where the water was quiescent.

These experiments have fully demonstrated, and that by the unerring law of nature, the important point before alluded to—namely, that of keeping water in close and undeviating contact with the heated metal in which it is contained, and that at the exact *evaporating point* calculated for the generation of steam, unattended by those numerous inconveniences incident to the present system.

The object of this paper has not been to enter into a detailed statement of the purposes to which this new system of generating steam may be made subservient, but simply to endeavour to explain the law itself, and the circumstances which led to its discovery, assured that the scientific mind will quickly perceive its numerous and important applications.

#### LINNÆAN SOCIETY.

May 1.—A. B. Lambert, Esq. in the chair.—Hugh Cuming, Esq., of Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, was balloted for and elected. A notice was read from Mr. Foljambe, of the capture, near Doncaster, of an example of *Falco rapipes* of Bechstein, a beautiful small species of European Falcon, that rarely visits this country, but has lately been added to the British Fauna; a paper by Mr. David Don, librarian, was also read, entitled, 'Some remarks on the plants that yield the cascarilla bark.' Various donations in books and dried plants were on the table. The anniversary will take place on the 24th inst.

#### ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THE anniversary of this flourishing society was held on Monday last in the theatre of the Royal Institution—Lord Stanley, President, in the chair. The annual report, read by the Secretary, stated, that the Society had gone on increasing in prosperity each succeeding year since its formation. The receipts, during 1831, were 17,663*l.*, being an increase upon the preceding year of 1857*l.* The number of new members, admitted within the said period, was 320; the visitors to the Gardens were 258,936; and the whole number of effective members belonging to the society, 2074. The report, which included various other particulars relating to the Farm, Museum, Gardens, and accession of ground in the Regent's Park, appeared to give very general satisfaction, and was ordered to be printed for distribution among the members.

The usual monthly meeting of the Society was held in Bruton-street, on the 3rd inst. Baring Wall, Esq. M.P. in the chair. Twenty-nine new members were elected; the visitors to the Gardens during April, were 12,777, and the balance in hand on the monthly accounts was stated to be 475*l.* 8*s.*

#### HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

May 1.—This being the anniversary meeting of the Society, the usual routine of affairs took place, viz. the election of officers, &c. for the ensuing year, the reading of the annual report of the auditors, and other matters incidental to such an occasion. We are happy to state, that the report of the condition of the Society's finances was of such a nature as to give much satisfaction.

The exhibition was again very attractive, including as it did many of the most beautiful inhabitants of our stoves, and of the open ground. A curious sowing-machine, from Lord Vernon, was also examined by the Fellows.

Two papers were read on the construction of hot-beds, the heat in which was obtained through the means of hot water. The first was communicated by Mr. Nash, of Royston; the second, by Mr. Osborn, of Ramsgate.

Seven gentlemen were elected Fellows of the Society.

#### WESTMINSTER MEDICAL SOCIETY.

April 28.—Mr. Chinnock in the chair.—This being the last meeting of the Society for the session, the discussion 'On the nature, character, and treatment of Cholera Morbus,' was concluded, by the adoption of the following resolution—Dr. Granville moving, and Dr. J. Johnson seconding—"That the Westminster Medical Society, having devoted the uninterrupted space of six months to the serious and dispassionate consideration of the malady which has been prevailing in England since the latter end of September last, and especially in the metropolis; and, having heard the several arguments, depositions, doctrines, and facts, of the many members practically as well as theoretically engaged in that important inquiry, declare, that, in the opinion of the majority of the Society, the evidence brought forward to prove the said malady to be a CONTAGIOUS disease has completely failed; and that every circumstance which has come to the knowledge of the Society, shows the disease in question to have begun, progressed, and ended in the ordinary way of every other epidemic disorder."

The question as to the contagious or non-contagious character of this complaint, has occupied this Society's attention during the whole of the past session; and as the arguments and facts brought forward at the several meetings, had in many other shapes, been laid before the public, we did not give our usual epitome of their proceedings. We hope to continue our reports of the next session, when the discussions assume a tone of general or public interest.

The Society adjourned to the second Saturday in October.

#### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

|          |                                      |             |
|----------|--------------------------------------|-------------|
| MONDAY,  | Phrenological Society.....           | Eight, P.M. |
|          | Medical Society .....                | Eight, P.M. |
| TUESDAY, | Medico-Botanical Society .....       | Eight, P.M. |
|          | Medico-Chirurgical Society .....     | p. 8, P.M.  |
| WEDNES.  | Institution of Civil Engineers ..... | Eight, P.M. |
|          | Society of Arts .....                | p. 7, P.M.  |
| THURSD.  | Royal Society .....                  | p. 8, P.M.  |
|          | Society of Antiquaries .....         | Eight, P.M. |
| FRIDAY,  | Royal Institution .....              | p. 8, P.M.  |
| SATURD.  | Astronomical Society .....           | Eight, P.M. |

#### FINE ARTS

#### EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

SHOULD any one suppose there is something mean in the sound of paintings in water colours, let him go to the gallery in Pall Mall East, and be convinced, as we have been, that there is nothing mean in the look of such works; nay, they may perceive that it contains compositions which for science, conception, and effect, are

second to little in oil. It is true that the materials of which these pictures are composed, may not stand the wear and tear of time like works in oil colour, though some of the fine old water-colour pictures of Italy are enduring yet; and it is also true, that the world esteems such works but lightly, as compared with compositions in colours, which are supposed to be not only more lasting, but richer in effect. Be that as it may, we should like much to see a few of the landscapes of the Royal Academy hung beside some in the present collection by Copley Fielding, Robson, and De Wint; nay, we should not be alarmed, were we to hear that some of our Academy limners of beauty and loveliness, desired to place their works near the picture of 'Brunetta and Phillis,' by Miss LOUISA SHARPE, now in the Water-colour Gallery: we should feel little alarm for the lady. In truth, we think this is a very creditable Exhibition: the gallery is filled with works, to the amount of four hundred and odd, many of which are of high excellence; indeed, there are few in which we cannot recognize nature or science. We shall now proceed to point out a few, of which we think favourably, taking them as they appear in the Catalogue, and speaking of them just as we feel, and not otherwise.

1. 'Dunkeld;' G. F. ROBSON.—There is much truth and some beauty in this well-known scene; but it is on the lonely heath and the wild sea-shore where this artist shows most mastery.

3. 'King Cophetua and the Beggar-maid;' H. RICHTER.—His Majesty seems sufficiently enamoured, nor is the maiden at all loth. The colouring and expression are natural, but the beggar-maid is attired like a princess, in defiance of the title of the picture.

22. 'The Welsh Harper;' G. F. ROBSON.—In a lonely valley, where the sun is shining on hill and rock, on castle and lake, the old harper touches his strings, and though the listeners are few, they seem sensible of the sweetness of his music. The landscape, nevertheless, is the chief object of attraction; though made up of many parts, all is blended by the skill of the painter into an harmonious whole.

45. 'Piazzetta, Venice;' S. PROUT.—This is a very literal transcript of the scene, but then almost all parts of the "Sea Sodom" are beautiful: here we have houses, and water, and people, copied perhaps as the artist saw them; yet no one can accuse the picture of deficiency in either beauty or harmony.

46. 'Scene on the Braes of Balgaiddo, Perthshire—Evening;' G. F. ROBSON.—Barren though this landscape be, the artist has extracted beauty and splendour from the sterile waste. The varied outline of the hills lies against a clear unclouded sky; the moon touches rock and bush with her light, and shows her image, tranquil and pure, in the deep clear lake below.

60. 'At Ratisbonne;' S. PROUT.—This artist is here in his strength; his pencil revels in the picturesque architecture which he loves: a grand old Gothic tower, with its time-worn niches filled with mouldering statues, and citizens standing round in groups pursuing their daily occupations.

62. 'Windsor, from Brockhurst—Clearing up after a shower;' W. TURNER.—The sun throwing a slanting light on the moist grass below, and the lofty towers above, produces a fine effect. The central tower, we are afraid, leans a little on one side; and the grass, we suspect, is greener than even grass on a river bank should be.

63. 'A Gipsy Camp;' P. DE WINT.—This painter seems well acquainted with that roving people called the gipsies—they love the lonely valley, the sheltered nook in the forest, the den among the hills, and even the ruined tower. There the men mend china, the children watch the asses, and the women wander forth to tell fortunes and fitch linen.

70. '*Interior of Henry the Seventh's Chapel, Westminster*;' C. WILD.—The perfect truth of this delineation is wonderful: it happened that when we saw the picture, we had just come from the Abbey, and all its wondrous carvings in metal and wood and stone were fresh in our memory. The artist has drawn the stalls of the knights with a precision and beauty equal to aught in the Exhibition. We wish so well, both to the chapel in stone and the chapel in water colours, as to wish the knights' banners away; they narrow a scene already sufficiently narrow, and hide some of the finest gothic sculpture England ever produced. We cannot, however, take leave of this picture without bitter regret: it is, we believe, admitted by his associate brothers, to be one of the finest architectural drawings ever exhibited; and it will be, we fear, the last by this indefatigable artist and excellent man. It was in painting this laborious picture, that Mr. Wild's eyes were first affected—and even this drawing has been finished by Mackenzie. The Catalogue, in attributing it wholly to Mr. Wild, does him but justice; Mr. Mackenzie has acknowledged, that, in finishing it, he but perfected the painter's intention.

83. '*Scene between Inveroran and King's House, Argyleshire*;' COPLEY FIELDING.—The poetical abounds in the works of this painter; in the rudest scene in nature, he can find the rudiments of grandeur. Here a sudden shower falls upon the ridges of the distant hills; the wind seems to be beating the rain into the brae side, and sweeping the water-flags and rushes as if it would remove them from the earth; the cattle scamper wild and look for shelter, which seems not at hand; and the plaided herdsmen follow, cowering and holding their bonnets like Tam O'Shanter when riding against the blast.

84. '*Pastorella discovered by the Shepherd*,' vide Spenser's *Faerie Queen*, book 6. canto 12, G. BARRETT.—We know not if there be any relationship in blood, but unquestionably there is in genius, between the Barrett of this picture, and the Barrett who flourished in the days of Wilson and Gainsborough. This is not so manifest here, as in other pictures in the gallery; we are not certain, however, that we should have noticed him at present, had it not been for the good sense he has shown, in seeking for a subject in Spenser. The poet is full of such beauties as look well in painting, and Barrett has produced a work which, though not equal to the muse of the poet, is such as we may safely praise.

87. '*Interior of the Choir of Oxford Cathedral*;' C. WILD.—Though perhaps not equal to the Chapel of Westminster, by the same hand, this is, nevertheless, a very beautiful work; it is difficult, we know, to give massiveness and breadth to the innumerable lines and intricacies of Gothic architecture, but Mr. Wild has succeeded in doing what few can do well.

88. '*At Wartsburg*;' S. PROUT.—Our friend takes delight in names which are anything but descriptive; to be at Wartsburg with Samuel Prout, is to be one of a crowd of devout pilgrims at the door of a religious house: nor can we well divine what is going on, for the exterior of the place seems too dark for devotional exercises, and the patron saint, at the entrance, obtains obeisance but from few.

92. '*Fountain's Abbey*;' P. DE WINT.—This is a little work, but, like a diamond, though small, it is valuable. The mouldering ruin, once a princely abbey—the deep green wood—the verdure of the fields—and the bright broad sky, are as finely united here as they are in nature.

97. '*View on the Downs above Arundel Park, Sussex*;' COPLEY FIELDING.—With almost any other painter, this would have been an indifferent picture; the Downs are barren and bare, yet the unfruitful scene has enabled the artist to

show the mastery of his skill; there is nothing to describe by words, yet the spectator will think this a very fine work.

98. '*The Charlton Woods, near Greenwich, with Fallow Deer*;' ROBSON and HILLS.—Nothing can well surpass the natural beauty of the group of wild deer, which graze on the foreground of this fine picture: the wood, the water, the sky, and the green sward, are all forgotten, beautiful though they be, as we look at the fallow deer—nature cannot be more natural to the eye.

99. '*Beringer Palace*;' S. PROUT.—A piece of rich and grotesque architecture.

100. '*The Great Hall, Haddon*;' D. COX.—A picture more sparkling perhaps than natural; yet the truth and beauty of the delineation merit much praise.

101. '*St. Michael's Mount, Cornwall*;' H. GASTINEAU.—It is no easy matter to paint up to our expectation, in a scene every way so eminent as that of St. Michael's Mount; yet the artist has gone far to satisfy us. We cannot persuade ourselves, that romance has utterly forsaken that far-famed place; it was there where Jack the Giant Killer commenced his career; and were we to visit the Mount, we should expect to find the foundations of the Giant's Castle, and some traces of the deep pit in which the "right valiant Cornishman" caught his too confident enemy.

111. '*Arethusa, pursued by Alpheus, is transformed by Diana into a Fountain*;' T. FIELDING.—There is something clever in this: the lady seems dissolving silently down, her limbs take a watery hue, and her long descending hair seems melting and flowing away.

112. '*Vessels in a stiff breeze off Calshot Castle, Hampshire*;' COPLEY FIELDING.—A good sea scene, with agitated water, struggling ships, and startled sea-fowl.

123. '*Ghent—Morning*;' S. AUSTIN.—Our painters are true islanders, they love sea-side scenes; here we have the masts of trading vessels mingling with the architecture of the city, and water uniting itself with both.

125. '*A Water-mill near Bangor*;' P. DE WINT.—We like this picture much: hills rise in the distance, while, in the foreground, a busy stream comes foaming into the buckets of a mill-wheel, and the water, spreading out into a small lake below, affords a cool retreat to some cows, which stand cooling their hoofs and looking landward at their pastures.

133. '*Fishing Hut at Ventnor, Isle of Wight*;' W. EVANS.—An enterprising fisherman has established his hut in a wild and lonely place, and while he spreads his nets in the bay, his children gambol on the grass; while, from the smoke issuing through the top of the hut, we can guess that something pleasant is in preparation against his return.

[To be continued.]

#### PUBLIC STATUE OF CANNING.

ON Wednesday last, a bronze statue of George Canning, from the foundry of Mr. Westmacott, was placed on its pedestal in Palace Yard. The figure is colossal, and measures twelve feet high; the head is bare; a loose robe falls from the shoulders as low as the plinth, and the likeness, though not very striking, will probably satisfy the public more than the outline or form of the statue. A statue in bronze, we have always held the belief, can be distinguished as a human figure by the outline alone; even our rude gothic sculptors knew this, and the brass-plate figures which they inserted so frequently in grave-stones, and of which there are some fine specimens in Westminster Abbey, are one and all beautiful in the outline. In truth, a bronze figure is only a dark mass, when viewed at a little distance; a skillful artist, therefore, works in the spirit of his materials, and pro-

duces a shape which will be recognized to be human at least, though seen a league off: it is otherwise with the statue of Canning. The principle to which we have alluded, has been so little heeded, that the back of the figure looks like a cloak spread out in the air; nor is the front view any better a little way off—we can only guess it to be a man, from seeing a head at the top. The pedestal is as little to our liking as the statue; it is a pedestal divided into stories, and, though not large, is clumsy. It is in no insulting spirit that we say, it is less worthy of the eminent artist or the distinguished orator than it ought. The colour too is glowingly green: this, we know, will change by exposure in the open air. The shape and the hue will call forth many sharp remarks we imagine.

*The English School.* Engraved in Outline upon Steel, with Explanatory Notices by T. Hamilton. No. XXX. & XXXI. London, 1832. C. Tilt.

FROM the regular appearance of this work, we hope the proprietors have met with the encouragement they deserve. The present numbers contain 'Death's Door,' by Blake; 'Surrender of Calais,' by Bird; 'The Seventh Age,' by Smirke; 'Rotterdam,' by Calcott; 'Nature blowing Bladders,' by Hilton; 'Pluto and Proserpine,' by Pitts; 'Celadon and Amelia,' by Wilson; 'The Letter of Introduction,' by Wilkie; 'Thetis and Achilles,' by Banks; 'Infancy of Jupiter,' by Cristall; 'Trial of Lord Russell,' by Hayter; 'The Statue of Newton,' by Roubiliac. Works of various merit, and not very equally engraved—but it would be a little unreasonable to require perfection for eighteenpence!

#### MUSIC

##### KING'S THEATRE.

WE have not lately been more gratified than on Saturday last, at the representation of 'Il Barbiere.' We rejoiced in the re-appearance of that incomparable musician, singer, and actor, Lablache, in the unequivocal success of Madame Cinti Damoreau, and in the full and brilliant house, which must have gladdened the heart of the manager after his long-deferred hopes and grievous miscalculations.

There was possibly a little selfish exultation on our part at the enthusiastic applause with which Mad. Cinti was received: our still small voice was the only one that sounded a note of rejoicing on her arrival, and it was the first trumpet we could conscientiously blow before any of all the "eminent artists," who have made their several appearances and disappearances this trumpeted season. How often have we anxiously desired to whisper a word of caution in the ear of the manager, when engagements have been talked of!—and it is not presumptuously that we now remind him, that every one of our predictions have been fulfilled. The voice of Madame Cinti, though weak, is delightful, throughout the whole compass; her embellishments are always in keeping with the character of her music, and her intonation is perfection! She was encored in Rodé's air, (the music lesson in the second act,) which she executed—allowance being made for power of voice—quite equal to Sontag.

The dancers have now their several factions, and the result is, the uproarious applause of all. We are content that it should be so, seeing it is one of the best *corps de ballet* we ever remember; and this spirit of partizanship tends to fill the house.

On Tuesday we were promised a melange to exhibit Lablache, Cinti, and Tosi; Cinti, however, was taken ill, and instead of the first act of

'Il Barbiere,' we had the second of 'Olivo e Pasquale,'—the only decent composition in it, the duet in the second act, being omitted. The first act of 'La Sonnambule,' in which Brugnoli and Le Compte were called on to repeat their several dances, was followed by the first act of 'L'Esula di Roma,' with Lablache and Tosi substituted for Mariani and De Meric.

Lablache took his farewell benefit on Thursday last: he sustained the characters of *Don Giovanni* and *Don Geronimo*, in the first acts of the chefs-d'œuvre of Mozart and Cimarosa. In those seductive scenes with *Zerlina*, requiring the utmost delicacy, tenderness, and intensity of musical expression, the uncontrollable power of his voice denied him the possibility either of doing justice to Mozart's music, or his own feelings,—for he evidently understood the author; and in the finale produced the greatest possible effect. Mad. Cinti Damoreau was delightful, when she was audible; but the florid and sometimes too loudly executed accompaniments, frequently drowned her voice: we cannot forget the *Zerlina* of Malibran; and we think Cinti might have thrown a little more life into her acting. Mad. De Meric has completely established her claim to the rank of a *prima donna*; the music of *Donna Anna*, we have heard executed by a more agreeable voice, but rarely so well expressed. De Begnis played *Leporello* in his best style,—but which is a thousand degrees below that of Lablache. In the first act of 'Il Matrimonio,' Lablache was, of course, the chief attraction, and exerted himself most successfully. After the opera, he came forward to receive the deafening plaudits of a crowded audience. Mad. Cinti sang a very interesting aria between the acts, accompanied on the flute by Tolou, from Paris; a well-executed cadenza, at the end of the song, gained much applause.—Mad. Brugnoli, we regret to say, was suddenly seized with illness, and could not dance in the ballet.

#### FIFTH PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

It is said of Beethoven, that he never composed a piece of music, without previously picturing in his mind a scene from nature, or some connected story of dramatic incident and interest. True, or not, we have no defined notion what his compositions are intended to describe, except in the *Pastorale Sinfonia*, performed at this Concert. This production is the most perfect specimen of orchestral, descriptive, imitative, and characteristic music ever composed; yet, how much more intelligible would it be, if the meaning of each movement were to be inserted in the programme, to fix the attention at once on the design of the author. Such illustrations cannot be objected to, since Beethoven thought it necessary to publish them with his music. Bereft of association, and speaking of it merely as an ordinary *sinfonia*, we should say it is rather long; but previous hints of the author's intentions, render us capable of tracing a variety of lovely and finely-depicted scenes. Madame de Meric, Miss Bruce, and Monsieur Begrez, sang 'Pria di partir,' from 'Idomeneo.' It was rather a severe test for Miss Bruce's talent; in fact, the concerted music of Mozart requires great judgment, in addition to vocal skill; but we are bound to add, that she succeeded beyond our hopes, certainly beyond reasonable expectation. Miss Shirreff also joined in a quartet, 'Andio ramingo,' from the same opera. J. B. Cramer, with his brother, Messrs. Moralt, Lindley, and Dragonetti, played a quintet of his own composition. The scena, from 'Clemenza di Tito,' "Non piu di fiori," sung by Madame De Meric, and accompanied on the Corno di Bassetto, by Willman, was a rich treat; the allegro was played rather too slow, and lost something of its character! Cherubini's overture, 'Les Deux Journées,'

closed the first act: we believe this was the first of his overtures played in London, and for grandeur of thought and originality of instrumentation, the introductory adagio stands unequalled in our estimation; the majestic passages of the double basses, the *tremulando*, the forzandos of the horns, the bewailing effect of the flutes and oboes, suspending detached melodies, in imitation of the first violins, are powerfully contrasted by the tenderly expressive harmony in the two first bars. Haydn's 'Sinfonia, No. 7,' still delights us: how the extravagant modern contrapuntists must feel humbled, when they listen to the simple and elegant music of this venerable composer. Spohr's overture, 'Der Berggeist,' terminated the performances. The sudden bursts of the brass instruments at the *coda* were tamely pronounced: nor are we surprised that performers at the extremity of the orchestras should be doubtful of their *reentrées*, when leaders play, and conductors beat time, where they cannot be seen. A Mr. Loder, from Bath, had the honour of leading, and our facetious friend, T. Cooke, conducted.

#### MUSIC IN THE PROVINCES.

THE CHEVALIER NEUKOMM'S ORATORIO AT MANCHESTER.

To the Editor of the Athenæum.

THE circumstance of a great musical work having been brought out with credit in a provincial town, and that too without the instrumental assistance usually derived from London, argues such an advance in the art amongst us, that it has seemed to me not altogether unworthy of a notice in your columns; and I furnish this, in the pleasant conviction, that that same delightful art has passed through one stage of its transformation from the state of a costly exotic, nourished and possessed as a luxury by the few, to that of a household delight and public recreation of the many who compose the middle class.

I have just returned from hearing the Chevalier Neukomm's Oratorio of Mount Sinai, performed at Manchester. To him the musical public of England is indebted for the revival of a style of writing almost unknown, and altogether disregarded since the days of Haydn's canzonets. The lovers of something better than the "Buy a Brooms" will always turn with pleasure to the spirited and characteristic music with which he has clothed the exquisite lyrics of his friend, Barry Cornwall. In particular, the Manchester people will recollect with pride, that expressly for one of their meetings he set to befitting music that magnificent hymn by Milman, 'The Chariot—the Chariot.'

This splendid composition opened the Concert on Tuesday evening. The words are taken in duet for soprano and alto, supported by a full chorus, and accompanied by a band of brass instruments with organ obligato. To describe adequately, by musical phrases, the awful summations, on the hearing of which, are

The depths of the stone-covered monuments stir'd;—the majesty of the judgment—where the Almighty is enthroned in his glory to pronounce sentence on the dead of all ages;—the pleadings of faith for mercy in "that day of wrath," is no easy task: but the master has attempted it fearlessly, and succeeded.

The Oratorio of Mount Sinai has, I believe, been performed at the Classical Harmonists' Society, in London, and I shall not therefore attempt an analysis of a work which other and abler listeners than myself have examined, judged, and admired. Yet I cannot pass without making honourable mention of the manner in which it was performed. It is a rare, if not an unprecedented circumstance, that an orchestra, totally unassisted by any stranger strength, should do justice to, or even attempt to produce a work so complicated as the one in question.

Yet the Manchester band executed their task successfully—to their greater merit, when it is farther stated, that many of the instruments are in the hands of amateurs; but they assemble regularly once a fortnight, and classical music is rehearsed under the direction of an able and enthusiastic leader (Mr. J. Z. Herrmann), a practice which cannot but lead to good results.

Though comparisons are proverbially disliked, I cannot help attempting to characterize the three great oratorios produced by Spohr, Ries, and Neukomm, in the course of the last few years. I should say, that the 'Last Judgment' was excellent for the sweetness of its melody and the richness of its harmonic combinations—the 'Triumph of Faith' striking by its wild dramatic fancy and fire—and the 'Mount Sinai' eminent for a uniform dignity of style.

This brief notice of the arts in the provinces will, I trust, be interesting to many of your musical readers.

Yours, &c.,

H. F. C.

Liverpool,

April 26, 1832.

*The Favourite Airs in Meyerbeer's Opera, 'Robert le Diable.'* Arranged for the Pianoforte by Adolphe Adam. Books I. & II. Chappell.

WE shall reserve our remarks on the general excellence of this music, until we hear it under the author's direction at the King's Theatre. These arrangements are good, and contain all the necessary harmony for effect, without being difficult. We do not find, however, in these books, the waltz in A minor, which struck us as being one of the most original and characteristic movements in the opera.

#### THEATRICALS

##### ADELPHI THEATRE.

THE third volume of Mr. Mathews's 'Comic Annual,' was published on Wednesday. We have much pleasure in announcing, that it is, upon the whole, even more amusing than either of its predecessors—excellent as they were. We anticipate for it a great sale. It would be strange, indeed, if an entertainment, which lasts for nearly four hours, and is delivered by one person, did not present some trifling flaws for those to peck at, who are inclined to do so. The undisputed perfection of many of its parts, must, of itself, lay the others open to cavil—but it is only by comparison with himself, that Mr. Mathews can be found fault with, and thus blame becomes involuntary praise. The worst that he does, would make the reputation of any body else. In his peculiar talent, he has been, is, and will, no doubt, remain unrivalled—nay, more—unapproached. If we were to suggest any improvement in his entertainments, we should be inclined to say, that the introductory descriptions of Characters which he is about to personate are superfluous. The moment he assumes a partial disguise, the man, or woman, as the case may be, whom he purports to represent, is before us in *propria persona*. We feel, at once, that we have seen the individual before, though we cannot recollect where. It is scarcely worth while to select particular points for praise, when we can conscientiously recommend all—but if we must do so, we should mention, *Mr. Bachelor Winks*—*Mr. Anthony Sillytynx* and his Hibernian Housekeeper—*Bob Tenterhook*, the Yorkshire Genius—*Sir Griffith Jenkins*, the Welch Fox-hunter—the Melancholy Barber—*Mrs. Oberfachlich*, the Dutch Original—the dialogue between *Mrs. Hogsback* and *Mary Briggles*—*Tom Piper*, an old Sailor—(a sketch as true to nature, as nature is to herself)—and *Mr. and Mrs. Masculine*. In giving the above as the prominent characters, we believe we have given about nine-tenths of the whole. There is no doubt about our being right so far—the only question is, whether we are not wrong in



omitting any. The best songs are 'The Fox Chase,' and 'The Hackney Coach.' The Monopolologue is a decided improvement upon all previous ones. It is called 'The Eddystone Lighthouse,' and, though it cannot be denied, that the subject is an "out of the way" one, it is most happily chosen. There are but five characters represented, yet these, from the peculiarity of the situation, seem almost a crowd. We have *Donald McQuigh*, a Scotch sailor, and *Adam Child*, (aged 90); "Two Light-keepers, whose turn it is to be relieved," and whose being relieved, we should regret, if they were not replaced by *Bat Owlet*, a ci-devant cobbler, who is miserable himself, and delights in making every body else so, and *Tom Merryweather*, a jolly sailor of the Dreadnought school, who can stand any quantity of wet, either inside or out. We ought not to forget *Sally Grogum*, an esteemed bum-boat woman, who comes to the lighthouse with supplies; in short, we ought not to forget any portion of this admirable entertainment; and if we were allowed time and space, we doubt whether we should—such is the strong impression made on us. Mr. Mathews, at starting, expresses a modest hope, that his audience will find "him and his table, as green as ever." In the present instance, we have found them both so. And our only regret, in closing a notice of this unequalled artist is, that his freshness cannot remain annually renewable, like that of his cloth. No matter—he is an honour to his cloth, whether we speak of him as an actor or as a man. May he enjoy all that he can wish, while his exertions continue, and all that he can want afterwards.

The present entertainment is written, we understand, by Mr. Peake. It does him infinite credit. Report says, that this credit should be shared with Mr. Charles Mathews: we know not how this is; but this we know, Mr. Peake is clever enough to spare a portion of the credit given to him, and Mr. Charles Mathews is clever enough to obtain his portion of credit, let him work side by side with whom he may.

#### FRENCH PLAYS.—HAYMARKET.

Whenever our personal opinion respecting the merit of any performer is more favourable than that of our "pensive public," we are not accustomed to make a secret of it; but when, on the other hand, the many-headed monster passes a vote of approval, we find no pleasure in entering our protest on the journal of the house. So let it be with Mons. Arnal. He has many staunch admirers, and to them, and to their good keeping, we leave him. Besides, he is now departed—theatrically dead—dramatically defunct—and, as "*de mortuis nil nisi bonum*," is an apophthegm, generous if not just, we will say of him that he was an actor gifted by nature with that enviable and endless flow of spirits, which seems to be an heir-loom in every French family; and which, happily for them, even *l'abolition entière de la loi de descente* could scarcely affect in that laughter-loving and laughter-moving people. M. Arnal is also an industrious and a zealous member of the sock; and, if we could only add—but we will not attempt to add, lest we should make a mistake and subtract. After scrambling through a mountain-pass, with incessant annoyances, and only momentary beauties to reward our toil, how delightful it is to break suddenly upon the undeviating perfection of an Italian landscape! Up to Wednesday we are free to confess that we were in the mountain-pass, but then our eyes rested on Madame Albert, and fastidiousness itself (we don't mean ourself) was silent.

We remember this lady's début at the Nouveautés in Paris, and we remember also our promise to a friend sitting with us, that she should one day become a brilliant ornament of her profession. We thank her for keeping our word.

Although born and bred amidst the contagion of those acquired defects by which the French too often mar their native genius, Madame Albert has had the boldness to think and act for herself. Her quick perception has enabled her to distinguish at once between a genuine and a false taste; and, while seizing upon every adorning art in which her countrywomen excel, she has not suffered herself to be allured even by them from the true path of nature.

We have more than once seen a French actress in the very climax of a deep feeling, before she could consent to give that feeling its due expression, stay to adjust some *faux pli* of her dress. It is true, the interruption was but momentary, but its effect, or rather defect, was lasting. Madame Albert has reformed this altogether; she is nature's child, and does not seem to be ashamed of the connexion. We might indeed call her nature's *Grand-child*; for her person is little enough, and her mind large enough to justify the use of the term in its double sense. We have left ourselves little room to speak of the two pieces, in which our favourite appeared on Wednesday. In the first, 'Isaure,' she gave evidence of a mind capable of appreciating, and a talent capable of developing the truest and most touching pathos. Her early scenes were tenderness and devotion themselves. In those which succeeded, her growing anguish gradually deepened into despair; and, at the close, her madness and death were appalling. We have seen nothing like Madame Albert for many a long year; and we wish that some of our aspirants could be prevailed upon to think more of her; so should they, one day, assuredly, be justified in thinking more of themselves.

In the second, 'La Fiancée du Fleuve,' Mad. Albert was as naïve as joyous, and as arch as she had before been sad, harrowing and terrific. She sang some not very easy airs, so as to do credit to her master, Blangini; and so also as to make us wish that her companion, Mons. Paulin, would sing better, or not at all. She was more than once encored; and in the couplet which she sings to her lover in the cave, she, in pronouncing the words, '*Gardes vos yeux*,' put her fairy form into an attitude of such exquisite grace and beauty, that a simultaneous burst of applause rang through the house.

In conclusion, we thank Monsieur Laporte, for bringing us this finished artiste, and feel pleasure in paying him the just compliment of saying, that he is every way worthy to act with her.

#### MISCELLANEA

From the genial showers that have occurred in the course of the week, and the total absence of frosts, the early wall-fruit may now be considered as secure, as well as many of the standard plums. The pear blossom is unprecedented in number, and in the size and beauty of the corollas. The grass and grain crops are also very promising. Autumn wheats are very luxuriant, there having been no weather in early spring to 'throw them out,' on soils of even tolerable condition. The spring crops 'tiller' very vigorously; and we have seldom seen a finer 'stool of grass,' either on upland or meadow. The progress, till of late, has been rather slow; but it has been very gradual and very sure.

*Anecdotes of the late Polish War.*—At the commencement of the war, four brothers entered the army together, while the fifth remained at home, to superintend the management of the estate. The ladies of the neighbourhood, hearing this, sent the stay-at-home a distaff, as a token of his reception among the sisterhood.—A Gallician lady, being solicited in marriage by a young man of rank and fortune, said, "I believe I could be happy with you; but the way to my heart lies

through Warsaw." The lover took the hint, and fought bravely in the ranks of his countrymen, till their cause had become hopeless; and then the lady became his bride.—The 4th regiment, which so gloriously distinguished itself during the Polish struggle, was Constantine's favourite. When the Poles were beating the Russians in the streets of Warsaw, at the breaking out of the revolution, this singular being called out, with pride, to his countrymen, "Do you see the effects of my drilling? But you will be more surprised when you see my fourth regiment fighting against you." This celebrated regiment, although repeatedly cut to pieces, was always at its full complement, from the accession of volunteers. A young officer being asked, whether he did not belong to the Glorious Fourth, "Yes," he replied; "but of the third edition."

*The Press in Germany.*—Notwithstanding the decision of the diet at Frankfort, against the liberty of the press in Germany, the grand duke of Baden, faithful to his constitutional oath, seems determined to disobey its arbitrary mandate, and to carry into immediate execution the law for the establishment of the liberty of the press in his country, lately passed by the States. A journal, edited by three deputies of the lower chamber, appears at Freiberg, under the title of 'Der Freisinnige.' It is written with great good sense and moderation; but as it is entirely exempt from censorship, it causes no little uneasiness to the despotic governments.

*Censorship in Prussia.*—Either German writers have lately become bolder, or the Prussian government is growing more timid, since we find that the numbers of prohibited works in that country, amounted, in 1828, to no more than 4; in 1829, to 1; in 1830, also to 4; but, last year, to nearly 40.

*American Freedom of the Press.*—It is stated by Mrs. Trollope, in her amusing work on America, that every deputy postmaster is required to make a return to the Secretary of State of the titles of all newspapers received at his office for distribution. The political character of each paper being known, a ready index to the political feeling of any particular part is thus at once obtained; and how far its use might be extended we leave to the curious to inquire.

*Russian Periodicals.*—It would seem that the year 1830 has, in Russia, been as fatal to periodicals as the cholera was to the people; since no less than nine of the scanty number which spread their dim light over that vast empire, ceased to exist. A few others, however, have sprung up in their stead in the course of last year.

*West Indies.*—A History of the European Colonies in the West Indies, under the modest title of 'An Essay, &c. by C. E. Meinicke,' has appeared at Weimar, in one volume; and is highly spoken of by the German reviewers.

*Conversation's Lexicon.*—This celebrated work, one of the best encyclopædias ever published, is now translating into English (in the United States), French, Italian, and Magyar (Hungarian); each translation being, of course, adapted, curtailed, or enlarged, according to the wants of the respective nations for which it is designed. It will be hereafter a curiosity to compare the historical portion of the Austrian editions with those of the French and American.

*Belgian Ingenuity.*—It is stated in a Belgian journal, that the manufacturers of Belgium have hit on the following scheme to get at our improved methods of manufacture: a number having associated, by subscription, for this purpose, and each made a note of what he is specially desirous to be informed of, the whole of the queries are to be entrusted to some intelligent artisan, who is to visit this country, and obtain the answers to the various questions propounded.



## MR. LEIGH HUNT.

THOUGH the publication of books by subscription is no longer the mode, as it was in the days of Pope and Dryden, when those eminent men resorted to it, and when Prior, who had been an ambassador, did not scruple to let it be turned to his account by his friends,—and though there are many reasons why the revival of the custom is not desirable, especially in these days of universal penmanship, yet occasions have now and then occurred, when, as in other instances, delicacy has vindicated the most delicate of its privileges, and converted what was objectionable in ordinary to a means of showing its sense of claims out of the common path.

The uninterrupted literary labour of many years, with the exhaustion it is calculated to produce,—exhaustion, still continued, in a state of health always too much drawn upon, and sometimes threatening to be fatal,—domestic difficulties with which every man of spirit and feeling may sympathize,—and the common cause of the world of letters, (for it is the particular wish, both of those who differ, and of those who agree with them, that all other considerations connected with his literary efforts, should be left out of the question,)—all these reasons, and all which they can imply to delicate understandings, have induced some of the friends of Mr. Leigh Hunt to take upon them one of the latest of offices, and endeavour to expedite for him what it might take many more tedious months, and many another illness, to accomplish. In a word, they would put him in possession of his difficulties.

It is proposed, for this purpose, that the Poetical Works of

Mr. Leigh Hunt, now first brought together, and selected by himself, (with corrections and emendations, the result of his experience,) and accompanied by notes, and a new general preface, should be printed in one very handsome volume, octavo, price a guinea, and published by subscription. A selection from his Prose Writings would have accompanied them, but these are in the hands of a bookseller, who will not give up the copyright, and who is about to bring them forth.

In this edition will be printed a New Poem by the Author, in Two Cantos, the first of any length he has written for many years.

Several of the friends of literature, having been made acquainted with the pressing difficulties with which a man of genius is unapparently sinking, are anxious to unite in one common purpose of justice and benevolence towards him, that they may testify their respect of intellectual exertion, and rescue the cause of letters from an unworthy reproach. They approve of the announced plan, proposed with a view to a general subscription. They invite every friend of genius in the community to join with them in promoting its success; so as to secure, by their united exertions, a solid testimony to Mr. Leigh Hunt, of their desire to see a man of letters, of his standing and reputation, not only rescued from the immediate danger of necessity, but put in possession of such a security of means, as would no longer leave him to the chance of repeated illness, and all the anxieties they produce, in a man of sensibility and a father.

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Edinburgh Wilson, Esq.

Dinner at Six o'clock precisely. Tickets, 20s. each, to be had of the Stewards; also of Mr. Snow, at the Society's Chambers, 4, Lincoln's Inn-fields; and at the Bar of the Freemasons' Tavern.

JOSEPH SNOW.

**ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND.—**

Under the Patronage of the KING.—Established 1810. Incorporated by Royal Charter, August 2, 1837.—The TWENTY-THIRD ANNIVERSARY DINNER will take place in Freemasons' Hall, on Saturday, May 12—

Lord FRANCIS LEVESON GOWER in the Chair.

STEWARDS.

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The Earl of Surrey  
Samuel Angel, Esq. &  
G. Baevel, jun. Esq.  
Wm. Boxall, Esq.  
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Tickets may be had of the Stewards; at the bar of the tavern; and of the Secretary, 112, Mount-street, Grosvenor-square. Dinner on Table at half-past 5 for 6 precisely.

JOHN MARTIN, Sec.

**UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.—GERMAN LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.**

Dr. Hausman will begin on Monday, the 7th of May, at Six o'clock, P.M., an Elementary Course of Thirty Lectures on the German Language, to be continued every Wednesday, Friday, and Monday, at the same hour. Fee 3s. 10s. Dr. Hausman intends to read during the next Session with those Medical Gentlemen who are desirous of becoming acquainted with Medical subjects, for which they would be prepared by attending the above Course.

**ELECTRICITY, MAGNETISM, and ELECTRO-MAGNETISM.** Dr. Ritchie will commence a Popular Evening Course of Sixteen Lectures on the same Subjects, on Tuesday the 8th of May, at Seven o'clock, to be continued every Tuesday and Friday at the same hour. Fee 2s.

It is not necessary that persons attending either or any other Course of Lectures in the University should be matriculated Students. THOMAS COATES.

Council Room, April 16, 1839.

**THE Twenty-eighth ANNUAL EXHIBITION of the SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS, WILL OPEN ON MONDAY next, May 7, at their Gallery, Pall Mall East.** Open each day from Nine till Desk.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.

R. HILLS, Secretary.

**SOCIETY of BRITISH ARTISTS, Suffolk-street, Pall Mall East.**

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THE Artists of Great Britain are hereby respectfully informed, that the ANNUAL EXHIBITION of the WORKS of LIVING ARTISTS will open at the NEW EXHIBITION ROOMS, in Church-street, Liverpool, on the 30th day of July next, and that all Works of Art intended to be exhibited there, must be sent in, directed to me, on or before the 16th day of July next.

HENRY TRAVIS,

April 27th, 1839.

Secretary to the Liverpool Academy.

**THE FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW,** No. XVIII. will be published on Wednesday, the 9th inst. 30, Soho-square, May 1, 1839.

BYRON.

In the press, and will be published in a few days, uniform with Mr. Murray's present Edition of Lord Byron's Works, **COMMODORE BYRON'S NARRATIVE** of his SHIPWRECK and SUFFERINGS.

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[No. 2.] for the present month

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# THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 237.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1832.

PRICE  
FOURPENCE.

This Journal is published every Saturday Morning, and is despatched by the early Coaches to Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Dublin, and other large Towns, and reaches Liverpool for distribution on Sunday Morning, twelve hours before papers sent by the post. For the convenience of persons residing in remote places, the weekly numbers are issued in Monthly Parts, stitched in a wrapper, and forwarded with the Magazines to all parts of the World.

## REVIEWS

### MANUFACTURES,

*Being an Article under that Title, from the Pen of Mr. Babbage, in Parts 22 and 33 of the 'Encyclopædia Metropolitana.'*

THIS article is deserving of more than ordinary public attention, and therefore it is that we must express our regret that the circulation is limited to the costly publication in which it appears. Had it been published separately, and in a cheap form, its usefulness would have been very much extended.

We, who live in the midst of manufactures, in a high state of improvement, pass them over as matters of indifference; but if we were to be deprived of them, our existence would be rendered comparatively miserable: and were it possible for a man who lived in the seventeenth century to get a peep at England in the nineteenth, he would fancy himself in a land of enchantment. To say that all the human beings now living in the world, could not do as much for promoting human comfort as England does by means of her implements of manufacture, would be saying but little; for there are many single manufactures, to which the unassisted natural powers of man, whatever were their numbers, would be wholly inadequate. But we must allow Mr. Babbage to state these advantages in his own way.—The following are his opening sentences:

"There is perhaps no single circumstance which distinguishes our country so remarkably from all others, as the vast extent to which we have carried our contrivances of tools and machines for forming all those conveniences, of which so large a quantity is consumed by almost every class of the community. The amount of patient thought, of repeated experiment, of happy exertion of genius, by which our manufactures have been created and carried to their present excellence, is scarcely to be imagined. If we look around the rooms we inhabit, or through those storehouses of every convenience, of every luxury that man can desire, which deck the crowded streets of our larger cities, we shall find in the history of each article, of every fabric, a series of failures which have gradually led the way to excellence; and we shall notice, in the art of making the most insignificant processes calculated to excite our admiration by their simplicity, or to rivet our attention by their unlooked-for results.

"The accumulation of skill and science which has been directed to diminish the difficulty of the production of manufactured goods, has not been beneficial to that country only in which it is concentrated: distant kingdoms have participated in its advantages. The luxurious natives of the east, and the ruder inhabitants of the African desert, are alike indebted to our looms. The produce of our factories seems to have preceded even our most enterprising travellers. The cotton of India

is conveyed by British ships round half our planet, to be woven by British skill in the factories of Lancashire. It is again set in motion by British capital, and transported to the very plains whereon it grew; it is repurchased by the lords of the soil which gave it birth, at a cheaper price than that at which their coarser machinery will enable them to manufacture it themselves."

The first chapter is devoted to a summary of mechanical principles. It is a mere catalogue, of course; but very clear and very striking. The three uses of machinery and manufactures are, "the addition which they make to human power; the economy of human time; and the conversion of substances apparently the most common and most worthless into valuable products."

The principal illustration of the first, is the moving of a block of stone. It is found, that when the stone is placed on a wooden platform, and drawn along a wooden floor, with rollers only three inches in diameter between, one fiftieth of the weight which would be required to drag it on the surface of the floor, is sufficient to move it along: so that by this very simple contrivance, one man can do the work of fifty.

The illustrations of the second are, the improved glazier's diamond, and gunpowder; but it is obvious that illustrations might be taken without limit.

We shall quote a portion of the illustration of the third:—

"Instances of the production of valuable matter, from the most worthless materials, are constantly occurring. The skins used by the gold-beaters are produced from the offal of animals. The hoofs of horses and cattle, and other horny refuse, are employed in the production of the prussiate of potash, that beautiful yellow crystallized salt, which is exhibited in the shops of some of our chemists! The worn-out saucepans and tin-ware of our kitchens, when beyond the reach of the tinker's art, are not utterly worthless. We sometimes meet carts loaded with old tin kettles and iron coal-scuttles, traversing our streets. These have not yet completed their useful course; the less corroded parts are cut into strips, punched with small holes, and varnished with a coarse black varnish, for the use of the trunk-maker, who protects the edges and angles of his boxes with them; the remainder are conveyed to the manufacturing chemists in the outskirts of the town, who employ them, in conjunction with pyrolineous acid, in making a black dye for the use of calico-printers."

The use of tools is illustrated by a reference to the manufacture and arranging of needles, hob-nails, &c.; and then follow some observations on the nature and application of power. The speculations on the velocity which water acquires, in consequence of the different rates at which it moves, at different heights above the earth's surface, strikes us as somewhat ludicrous. Mr. Babbage himself admits that it is very small.

"It (falling water) will, therefore," says he, "accelerate, although to an almost infinitesimal extent, the earth's daily rotation."

These words are not very clear, and we wish Mr. Babbage had inserted the word "only," after the word "although." Indeed, the matter at issue is one that admits of doubt, if it were worth while to doubt about it; for rivers that run west, must neutralize the effect of those that run east, and those that run north or south can have no effect.

Mr. Babbage does not, however, linger long on such matters. He goes on to illustrate the accumulating of power by means of fly-wheels, and weights let fall from a height. Then comes the regulation of power by the centrifugal governor, by dampers, by vanes, and other contrivances. After that, instances are given of the increasing of velocity, in which large and small wheels, tilt hammers, and others contrivances, are mentioned. Next comes the diminution of velocity, as it occurs in roasting-jacks and many other instruments. Allied to that, is the extending of a quickly-accumulated power over a long time, as in the winding up of clocks and watches, in which the work of a few seconds or minutes lasts for a day or a week.

The next division is the accelerating of natural operations; which is well illustrated by the modern methods of tanning and bleaching. Combinations of power are next treated of, and perhaps Bramah's hydraulic press is as striking an illustration as could be given.

That is followed by a very short notice of the performance of operations "too delicate for human touch." We wish that Mr. Babbage had said nothing about the delicacy of human touch; for we have seen line ruling by the hand which was performed by the touch alone, without any assistance from the eyes, and which yet produced several millions of squares in the inch. Machinery is all very well, but it cannot come in comparison with the hand, until man shall be possessed of the skill of the hand-maker. The registering of operations, or work done, by means of machinery, is illustrated by references to steam-engines, coining-presses, and other contrivances.

The economy of materials is the next, and a very important branch of the subject, though, perhaps, more striking illustrations than the sawing of planks, and the making of printers' types, might have been given. Printing types and punches are, however, good illustrations of the similarity of copies of the same work; and turning is probably the best instance of accuracy.

The different modes of copying are among the happiest and the most economical processes in the arts. Mr. Babbage reduces them



to five methods of exact copying, and two of copying with altered forms.

The methods of exact copying are, printing, casting, moulding, stamping, and punching; and the varying ones are, "elongation," and altering the dimensions. These arts of copying are the most important of any, and to them, more perhaps than to anything else, we are indebted for the abundance and cheapness of our comforts.

The various modes of printing from hollows, copper and steel plates, music, calico, and stencilling, are briefly, but clearly, defined. Then come the more important operations of printing from surfaces,—wood-blocks, moveable types, stereotypes, calico-blocks, and oil-cloth printing. The printing of paper-hangings is nearly allied to the last of these; but it should have been enumerated. Then follow short notices of letter-copying, printing on china, and lithographic printing. The second of these is generally printing from engraved copper; but still it is not the copper, but coarse paper printed from the copper, which is applied to the china.

Copying by casting is of course done by substances that can be rendered fluid, and which afterwards become solid. Metals, plaster (sulphate of lime), and wax, are those chiefly used. The metallic castings, in iron and brass especially, that are produced in England, are truly wonderful; and it is scarcely possible to calculate the manual labour which would have been necessary to prepare the whole. How many years, for instance, would it take a man with hand tools to make a cannon, or one of those cast-iron corinthian capitals which can be purchased for a few shillings! The pipes that convey water and gas through London, would have employed all England for a century, if there had been nothing but hammer and tongs.

Moulding is the next mode of copying. It is applied to substances which, though soft, are not fluid—brick-making, embossed china, various kinds of glass, works in horn, embossing on cloth and leather, in metals, and in various other arts, some of them exceedingly curious, and all of them calculated to reduce the price of articles.

Stamping has reference chiefly to metals; and is exemplified in coining, button-making, and many other operations. The following account of Clichée may be new to some of our readers:—

"This curious method of copying by stamping is applied to medals, and, in some cases, to forming stereotype plates. There exists a range of temperature previous to the melting point of several of the alloys of lead, tin, and antimony, in which the compound is neither solid nor yet fluid. In this kind of pasty state it is placed in a box under a die, which descends upon it with considerable force. The blow drives the metal into the finest lines of the die, and the coldness of the latter, immediately solidifies the whole mass. A quantity of the half-melted metal is driven about by the blow in all directions, and is retained by the sides of the box in which the process is carried on. The work thus produced is admirable for its sharpness; but it has not the finished form of a piece just leaving the coining press. The sides are ragged, and it must be trimmed, and its thickness equalized in the lathe."

Punching is employed only on solid substances; and the punch is adapted either for making holes or cutting out pieces, according

to the effect desired. Some of these operations are wonderful; and none more so than printers' types, the moulds for the faces of which are struck in copper plates by steel punches.

Copying by elongation, includes many valuable departments of art, such as the drawing of wires, of tubes, of leaden pipes, and the rolling of iron.

Copying with altered dimensions, contains also some very curious operations. They proceed generally upon the principle of similar triangles. The pentograph, the lathe, and the screw, are the chief instruments; and some of the results are highly ornamental. But we must close this notice: Mr. Babbage's paper is valuable for the information it conveys, and more valuable for the desire of information, which it cannot fail to excite in all who have the pleasure of reading it. We hope shortly to notice the continuation article: the subject is one of great public interest, and it is treated in a masterly manner by Mr. Babbage. Unfortunately, his essay is not accessible except at the cost of an Encyclopædia; and, therefore, our readers have an especial right to require from us a comprehensive notice of it.

*The Way to get Married.* By the Author of the 'Book of Economy.' London, 1832. Thomas.

WE happen to have, amongst our female acquaintance, an unusual proportion of spinsters. Half our she-friends, two-thirds of our sisters, three-fourths of our cousins, and all our aunts, are single women. Why the poor things should be so neglected, has oftentimes puzzled us—but the author of 'The Way to get Married' has opened our eyes, and we have been able to trace each separate mischance to its source. Our gentle Jemima was none of the termagant, who "thumps the piano when compelled to practise—boxes her younger brother, and bruises the nursery-maid." She was mild as milk, and a very angel in the eyes of Mr. John Robinson, till he saw her in chintz:—

"A frown, a night-cap, curl-papers, a morning gown, a peeping petticoat, or a stay-lace—will put your swain as he enters, upon *thinking*; from thinking he will proceed to *comparison*; from comparing to *weigh*; and, before you can exclaim 'Jack Robinson!' you may kick the beam!" p. 25.

No one could talk of Rebecca as "a slattern till company is expected, and then she all at once becomes a very virago at her toilette." She was quakerlike even in her neatness—but then she looked silly at a syllogism, and was dumbfounded by Baralip-ton:—

"What is CONVERSATION then? Why, it is that faculty, which in its best state, can only result from a patient self-examination. As a guide to this task, read Watts's Logic!"

Susan was, and is, the best private singer we know. She never "affects to play, but really screams a song," as our author deprecates. She was as modest as melodious, and might have married a schoolmaster; but she suffered herself to be at home to him every Wednesday and Saturday, his half-holidays.

"I would have you limit your Lover gradually, to seeing you one day in the week."

The case of Juliet was still harder. She gave up her doll for a dangler, and loved

through two whole Olympiads—but with less luck than the author's little friend:—

"I have known a very sweet little girl of ten years of age receive the visits of a Lover whose age was twenty: after a courtship of eight years they were married."

The marriage of poor Juliet was broken off abruptly,—and certainly none of our readers could guess the cause of the catastrophe. She played at chess it is true—but she did not make a move from white to black in her beau's eye:—

"CARDS create disputes; and as to CHESS, I have known a young gentleman go home with a swollen eye and a bleeding nose, after a long contest."

Neither did she imitate the author's Miss Hoyden, who "twitches Mr. Magog's pigtail, treads on her father's corn and grinds it, and puts a pin in Miss Shufflebustle's chair." She never played "Love's Young Dream" in a wrong key:—

"As it respects your more sensible swain, remember, that some keys bewitch in a higher degree than others; always hit the right one; at all events never let it be a *bone of contention*!"

She never reminded her sweetheart of the "Até of your house and home,—the follower of an Arab tent—a drag at the heels of gipsies—or the Semiramis of Billingsgate!"—The cause of the rupture—Ods pippins and codlings! what a cause!—was a hard-hearted russeting. For a farthing apple, rather stony at the core, this Capulet lost her *Montague*!

"I remember, when on a visit in the country, the circumstance of a young gentleman who liked every thing *soft*. An egg every morning, boiled by the elder of the young ladies (who managed the house) exactly two minutes and a half, won his heart, aye every inch. (The jokes of the company on this occasion might be called egg-flip!)—Well, every thing throve admirably for a month, when, O ye Gods! an apple-dumpling, of which the fruit was as hard as granite, made its appearance at the dinner-table! He became petrified to the core; and broke off the match instantane."

Let our fair readers take these warnings if they wish to walk prosperously in the 'Way to get Married.' Having extracted the whole juice of the work, to advise any one to purchase the rind and the pulp would be paying too bad a compliment to the 'Book of Economy,' and the 'Way to get Money,' by the same Author.

*Contarini Fleming.* 4 vols. London, 1832. Murray.

THE author calls this novel a psychological autobiography: he might as well have called it a psychological curiosity, for it is certainly a very singular work. We have heard of an ailing man, who, despairing to find in one medicine a cure for his many complaints, collected together all manner of drugs and powders, heated them over a slow fire, and distilled an essence from the whole, which gave the relief he desired: in like manner our author has extracted, as it were, the square root of many a wild kind of work, such as England and Germany readily afford, and applied it to the composition before us. The result is, a sort of feverish style, which offends twice where it pleases once: there is no repose; all is convulsed and agitated. Having settled the style to his liking, the

author's next labour was to find a hero to match, and as such was not likely to be found in nature, he called on fancy to create one. Fauconberg, Hotspur—nay, Maximin himself, are men of frost and snow compared to Contarini Fleming; the motions of a will-o-wisp are fixed matters of rule, in reference to his. Had William Gifford lived in these days, how he would have rejoiced in the dissection of the writer of this psychological autobiography: to catch one who transgressed against all the literary commandments of the *Quarterly Review* would have delighted his spirit: he would have cut him into as many things as Dido did the bull's hide with which she meted out the ground plan of Carthage. We have heard and read of sundry wild youths—all impulse, imagination, and fire—but none like Contarini. He is madly in love at seven with one eight years older than himself—a poet at ten—a painter at twelve—captain of a band of dandy robbers at sixteen—author of a romance embodying his own acts at seventeen—a Secretary of State at eighteen—a Count and Minister at nineteen—a husband at twenty—a widower at twenty-one—and a hairbrained creature always.

Wild and extravagant as the work is, it nevertheless abounds in fine passages—in noble sentiments—in high speculations—knowledge of the human heart—and much that is truly eloquent. The impulses which the hero obeys are impulses of heaven, but he carries them too far—he never stops at the winning-post—his aim is virtue, and his end folly—he is as restless as a feather in an eddy, and whirls and dances about, embracing all opinions and abiding by none. All this aids, no doubt, in the picturesque; but it wears the reader, who longs for a reposing-place, and wishes to see the hero during a lucid interval. In short, a work so wild and so wise—so grotesque and so beautiful—so natural and so unnatural—it has not been our luck lately to encounter. To follow the hero through his delta of a career, is impossible: we prefer giving a few extracts, to writing a description of his sayings, and doings, and wanderings in Germany, and Italy, and Spain, and Turkey, and Egypt, and Cælo Syria.

Contarini is the only son of a first marriage, and, though beloved by his father, he is less the object of his step-mother's regard; it must be owned that she disliked him for fair reasons—he was an intractable child.

"My quiet inaction gained me the reputation of stupidity.—In vain they endeavoured to conceal from me their impression. I read it in their looks; in their glances of pity full of learned discernment, in their telegraphic exchanges of mutual conviction. At last, in a moment of irritation, the secret broke from one of my white brothers. I felt that the urchin spoke truth, but I cut him to the ground. He ran howling and yelping to his dam. I was surrounded by the indignant mother and the domestic police. I listened to their agitated accusations, and palpitating threats of punishment, with sullen indifference. I offered no defence. I courted their vengeance. It came in the shape of imprisonment. I was conducted to my room, and my door was locked on the outside. I answered the malignant sound by bolting it in the interior. I remained there two days deaf to all their intreaties, without sustenance, feeding only upon my vengeance. Each fresh visit was an additional triumph. I never answered: I never moved. Demands of apology were exchanged

for promises of pardon: promises of pardon were in turn succeeded by offers of reward. I gave no sign. I heard them stealing on tiptoe to the portal, full of horrible alarm, and even doubtful of my life. I scarcely would breathe. At length the door was burst open, and in rushed the half-fainting Baroness, and a posse of servants, with the children clinging to their nurses' gowns. Planted in the most distant corner, I received them with a grim smile. I was invited away. I refused to move. A man-servant advanced and touched me. I stamped, I gnashed my teeth, I gave a savage growl, that made him recoil with dread. The Baroness lost her remaining presence of mind, withdrew with her train, and was obliged to call in my father, to whom all was for the first time communicated.

"I heard his well-known step upon the stair. I beheld the face that never looked upon me without a smile, if in carelessness, still, still a smile. Now it was grave, but sad, not harsh.

"Contarini," he said, in a serious, but not angry voice, "what is all this?"

"I burst into a wild cry, I rushed to his arms. He pressed me to his bosom. He tried to kiss away the flooding tears, that each embrace called forth more plentifully. For the first time in my life I felt happy, because, for the first time in my life, I felt loved." i. 14—17.

Of his early susceptibility take the following specimen: the author seems to have had Lord Byron in his eye both here and hereafter in the narrative:—

"I saw there was an unusual bustle in the house. Servants were running to and fro doing nothing, doors were slammed, and there was much calling. I stole into the room unperceived. It was a new comer. They were all standing around a beautiful girl expanding into prime womanhood, and all talking at the same time. There was also much kissing.

"It appeared to me that there could not be a more lovely being than the visitor. She was dressed in a blue riding-coat, with a black hat, which had fallen off her forehead. Her full chestnut curls had broken loose. Her rich cheek glowed with the excitement of the meeting, and her laughing eyes sparkled with social love.

"I gazed upon her unperceived. She must have been at least eight years my senior. This idea crossed me not then. I gazed upon her unperceived, and it was fortunate, for I was entranced. I could not move or speak. My whole system changed. My breath left me. I panted with great difficulty. The colour fled from my cheek, and I was sick from the blood rushing to my heart.

"I was seen, I was seized, I was pulled forward. I bent down my head. They lifted it up, drawing back my curls; they lifted it up covered with blushes. She leant down, she kissed me—Oh! how unlike the dull kisses of the morning. But I could not return her embrace; I nearly swooned upon her bosom. She praised, in her good nature, the pretty boy, and the tone in which she spoke made me doubly feel my wretched insignificance." i. 23—5.

After conquering his step-mother in a skirmish of tongues, he carried his wayward temper to school, where it soon furnished his hands with employment. He was not, however, always either fighting or studying—he was sometimes raving—he imagined himself in love with Mary Magdalen!

"Ha ha!" I cried like a wild horse. I snorted in the air, my eye sparkled, my crest rose. I waved my proud arm. 'Ha ha! have I found it out at last! I knew there was something. Nature whispered it to me, and Time has revealed it. He said truly, Time has developed everything. But shall these feelings subside into poetry? Away! give me a sword, give me a sword! My consular blood demands a

sword. Give me a sword, ye winds, ye trees, ye mighty hills, ye deep cold waters, give me a sword. I will fight! by heavens, I will fight! I will conquer. Why am I not a Doge? A curse upon the tyranny of man, why is she not free? why am I not a Doge? By the God of Heaven, I will be a Doge! Oh! thou fair and melancholy saint," I continued, falling on my knees, 'who in thy infinite goodness condescended, as it were, to come down from Heaven to call me back to the true and holy faith of Venice, and to take me under thy especial protection, blessed and beautiful Mary Magdalen, look down from thy glorious seat above, and smile upon thy elected and favourite child!' " i. 148-9.

If his own strange passions led him astray, the instructions of his father were not of a kind to set him altogether right—listen to the old man's heresy in the matter of women:—

"Talk to women, talk to women as much as you can. This is the best school. This is the way to gain fluency—because you need not care what you say, and had better not be sensible. They too will rally you on many points, and, as they are women, you will not be offended. Nothing is of so much importance, and of so much use, to a young man entering life, as to be well criticised by women. It is impossible to get rid of those thousand bad habits, which we pick up in boyhood, without this supervision. Unfortunately, you have no sisters. But never be offended if a woman rally you. Encourage her. Otherwise, you will never be free from your awkwardness, or any little oddities, and certainly never learn to dress." i. 280-1.

Thus prepared by nature and education to act a wild part, he only wanted a stage to show himself on, and this was soon found. He went to college, gained a gold medal, but disliked the strict discipline of the place, and, with a few companions, as mad, but not so romantic as himself, fled from the university, and commenced the profession of robbers in an old castle, in the midst of a forest.

When this freak was over, he returned home, and, as his education in the forest had prepared him for public business, he was made secretary to the government, of which his father was a member; to show the finer qualities of his nature, he wrote a bitter lampoon on all and sundry friends and foes, including even himself—though, of this, like Byron, in 'Childe Harold,' he was not aware. A foe, of whom he had never before heard, made his appearance in the shape of a critic:

"With what horror, with what blank despair, with what supreme, appalling astonishment, did I find myself, for the first time in my life, a subject of the most reckless, the most malignant, and the most adroit ridicule. I was scarified—I was scalped. They scarcely condescended to notice my dreadful satire, except to remark, in passing, that, by the bye, I appeared to be as ill-tempered as I was imbecile. But all my eloquence, and all my fancy, and all the strong expression of my secret feelings—these ushers of the Court of Apollo fairly laughed me off Parnassus, and held me up to public scorn, as exhibiting the most lamentable instance of mingled pretension and weakness, and the most ludicrous specimen of literary delusion, that it had ever been their unhappy office to castigate, and, as they hoped, to cure.

"The criticism fell from my hand. A film floated over my vision, my knees trembled. I felt that sickness of heart, that we experience in our first serious scrape. I was ridiculous. It was time to die.

"What did it signify? What was authorship to me? What did I care for their flimsy fame,—I, who yet not of age, was an important functionary of the state, and who might look to its

highest confidence and honours. It was really too ludicrous. I tried to laugh. I did smile very bitterly. The insolence of these fellows! Why! if I could not write, surely I was not a fool. I had done something. Nobody thought me a fool. On the contrary, everybody thought me a rather extraordinary person. What would they think now? I felt a qualm." ii. 182—4.

From being the object of criticism, he became, in process of time, a man wise in the sacred mystery himself. The following decision respecting poetry, seems to have some foundation:—

"It appears to me, that the age of Versification has past. The mode of composition must ever be greatly determined by the manner in which the composition can be made public. In ancient days, the voice was the medium by which we became acquainted with the inventions of a poet. In such a method, where those who listened had no time to pause, and no opportunity to think, it was necessary that everything should be obvious. The audience who were perplexed would soon become wearied. The spirit of ancient poetry, therefore, is rather material than metaphysical. Superficial, not internal; there is much simplicity and much nature, but little passion, and less philosophy. To obviate the baldness, which is the consequence of a style where the subject and the sentiments are rather intimated than developed, the poem was enriched by music, and enforced by action. Occasionally, were added the enchantment of scenery, and the fascination of the dance. But the poet did not depend merely upon these brilliant accessories. He resolved that his thoughts should be expressed in a manner different from other modes of communicating ideas. He caught a suggestion from his sister art, and invented metre. And in this modulation, he introduced a new system of phraseology, which marked him out from the crowd, and which has obtained the title of 'poetic diction.'

"His object in this system of words was to heighten his meaning by strange phrases, and unusual constructions. Inversion was invented to clothe a commonplace with an air of novelty; vague epithets were introduced to prop up a monotonous modulation: were his meaning to be enforced, he shrank from wearisome ratiocination and the agony of precise conceptions, and sought refuge in a bold personification, or a beautiful similitude. The art of Poetry was to express natural feelings in unnatural language." iii. 154—67.

The following, respecting taste in architecture, applies to other arts:—

"Alhambra is a strong illustration of what I have long thought, that however there may be a standard of Taste, there is no standard of Style. I must place Alhambra with the Parthenon, the Pantheon, the Cathedral of Seville, the Temple of Dendera. They are different combinations of the same principles of taste. Thus we may equally admire *Æschylus*, *Virgil*, *Calderon*, and *Ferdousi*. There never could have been a controversy on such a point, if mankind had not confused the ideas of Taste and Style. The Saracenic architecture is the most inventive and fanciful, but at the same time, the most fitting and delicate, that can be conceived. There would be no doubt about its title to be considered among the finest inventions of man, if it were better known. It is only to be found, in any degree of European perfection, in Spain. Some of the tombs of the Mamlouk Sultans in the desert round Cairo, wrongly styled by the French 'the tombs of the Caliphs,' are equal, I think, to Alhambra. When a person sneers at the Saracenic, ask him what he has seen. Perhaps a barbarous, although picturesque, building, called the Ducal Palace at Venice. What should we think of a man, who decided on the

architecture of Agrippa by the buildings of Justinian, or judged the age of Pericles by the restorations of Hadrian? Yet he would not commit so great a blunder. There is a Moorish palace, the Alcazar at Seville, a huge mosque at Cordova turned into a Cathedral, with partial alteration, Alhambra at Granada, these are the great specimens in Europe, and sufficient for all study. There is a shrine and chapel of a Moorish Saint at Cordova, quite untouched, with the blue mosaic and the golden honeycomb roof, as vivid, and as brilliant, as when the San-ton was worshipped. In my life have I never seen any work of art more exquisite. The materials are the richest, the ornaments the most costly, and, in detail, the most elegant and the most novel, the most fanciful and the most flowing, that I ever contemplated. And yet nothing at the same time can be conceived more just than the proportion of the whole, and more mellowed than the blending of the parts, which indeed Palladio could not excel." iv. 8—11.

We have not room to relate how Contarini fell in love with his cousin, by means of a vision—found her at Venice—married her in Italy—buried her in Candia; and then rambled over the earth discoursing on poetry, painting, war, love, criticism, religion, and infidelity, till the death of his father made him master of a plentiful fortune. He concludes his autobiography, that he may lay the foundation of a palace of that kind of picturesque architecture, called the Saracen. As the author has now evoked from his spirit the devil of romantic madness, we shall be glad to meet him in a soberer composition.

*The Radical: an Autobiography.* By the Author of 'The Member,' 'The Ayrshire Legatees,' &c. London, 1832. Fraser.

The announcement on Wednesday morning, would have perplexed any ordinary man who might have written a volume like this. Not so Mr. Galt—the last sheet or two is forthwith cancelled—a dedication is dashed off to "Baron Brougham and Vaux, *late* Lord High Chancellor," and the work comes most opportunely before the public, to excite a wonder and a laugh. In fact, it is impossible not to laugh at it; and we think the Radicals will enjoy the joke quite as much as either Whigs or Tories. Nathan Butt, the hero of the tale, is an absurdly clever caricature—he begins his career by imprinting for ever his first four cutting teeth on the thumb of his grandmother, with an instinctive horror of the tyrannical assumption of the old lady. Of course, his youth is made miserable by the same sort of parental despotism; for even "his mother never permitted her children to evince the slightest independence." Nathan was, in fact, born a patriot, and had not been twelve months at school, before he reasoned after the following fashion:—

"It has from time immemorial been the artful aim of all education to obscure the sense of natural right. To education, therefore, I am inclined, with Mr. Owen, to ascribe all the vice and distress which deform our human condition. The antipathy, indeed, which we are taught to foster in ourselves against those ebullitions of feelings misnamed crimes, is purely conventional. The opulent and aristocratical, who have usurped the possession of property, and who by a strange fraud have wrested the privilege of legislation from the general human race, have found this essential to their interests; and, accordingly, the indulgence of even the most ordinary feelings is branded in their vocabularies with epithets of iniquity." p. 9.

He proceeds after this to rob the parson's orchard, on the principle, that church property is public property—and, throughout his life, acts upon much the same inconsequential reasoning. Absurd as all this must appear, there are some scenes in the volume exceedingly natural and touching. The character of the wife is most truly feminine; and the one serious controversy, which alone disturbs the harmony of their married life, is positively affecting, from the honest sincerity of all parties, Nathan himself included:—

"In the course of the second year after our marriage, my first-born in wedlock, a son, came to light. At that epoch there was a moderation in men's minds, such as had not been experienced for some years. The French, under the fatal dominion of Napoleon, had lost much of their interesting character. He had degraded himself by a union with the sentenced blood of Austria; and those who had once thought they saw in him the deliverer of the human race, were mortified by his apostasy. The effect of this made me, as well as all of my way of thinking, shrink back into ourselves, and seek to obscure our particular opinions, by a practical adherence to the existing customs of the world—errors and prejudices, which we never forgot they were.

"It thus happened, when Mrs. Butt proposed to me that our child should be baptised, I made no objection; only remarking, that it was a usage to which we must submit, and the expense being inconsiderable, it was not a case in which we should shew ourselves different from our neighbours.

"Sometimes before, I had observed, that she was not very well satisfied with an occasional word which dropped from me respecting priestcraft and ecclesiastical usurpation; but as my father was a Presbyterian, she ascribed those accidental strictures to the tenets of his sect, supposing me of the same persuasion. But that I should speak of baptism as deserving of consideration only on account of the fees, produced an effect for which I was not prepared.

"She was standing when she put the question, and I was reading the book of a recent continental traveller, a man of liberal principles, who had shrewdly inspected the world, and correctly discerned its prevalent errors and abuses; for it was, indeed, chiefly from such travellers that I obtained right expositions of these controverted topics. Without raising my eyes over the edge of the leaves, I gave her the answer quoted; to which she made no reply, but, retreating backwards to the elbow-chair opposite, sat down and drew a sigh.

"Not expecting that anything particular was about to take place, I took no other notice of her consternation, than by casting a glance over the top of the book; which she observed, and, wiping her eyes, suddenly rose and went away, and wrote to my mother on the subject. In the course of two or three days, on the evening before the day appointed for the christening, the old lady made her appearance; having come, as she unhesitatingly declared, to witness the solemnity.

"I welcomed her as she justly merited to be from me, for although in some things she was wilful, as most parents are, she, nevertheless, had made herself, by her kindnesses, a cosy corner in my bosom, and I was sincerely glad to see her,—a little surprised, however, at her unexpected visit.

"Early next morning my father also arrived by the mail. He had travelled all night, and seemed in rather an irksome humour. After swallowing a hasty breakfast, he went directly to my uncle; saying, in a manner that struck me as emphatical, that they would both dine with us, adding, 'The ceremony must be de-

ferred till the evening; and, grinning with vehemence, he shook his stick at me as he left the room, adding, 'You blasphemer, to break my heart in this manner!'

"The secret motive of the visit was thus immediately disclosed; for no sooner was his back turned, than my mother and Mrs. Butt took out their handkerchiefs—as evidently preparatory to a scene, as the drawing up of the curtain is to a tragedy.

"Much has your poor wife, Nathan Butt, endured; but this is beyond pardon. I have come a long journey, and your worthy father has travelled all night—a dreadful thing at his age. We can, however, forgive all that; but who will forgive you for making the baptism of your first-born, a consideration of parish fees, with no more reverence for religion than if you were a sucking turkey?"

"Do turkeys suck?" said I: 'that they are irreligious is doubtful. I have often myself noticed, that they, as well as other poultry, never take even a drink of water from the dub, without lifting their heads and eyes towards the heavens in thankfulness.'

"Oh, Nathan, Nathan!" was her exclamation, in an accent of grief that smote my very heart, 'what will become of you and your poor baby? for now ye're the head of a family. Oh, oh!'

"I made no answer; but I could not help wondering at the folly of the general world, in thinking religion something different from the forms and genuflections in which its offices are performed; or that there was aught in it beyond the ingenuity of those who in different ages had invented its several rites, as a mode of levying taxes for the maintenance of their order. And I turned to my wife, who was sitting hard by, and, with really more asperity than I ever made use of to her before, said, 'What is the meaning of this? Surely you very well knew that I was quite neutral in my wishes on the subject. If you desired our boy to be made a Christian, I had no objection: by making him undergo the ceremony, he could not, therefore, be less a man. You might have spared me from the reproaches of my father and mother, whose prejudices, at their time of life, it is vain to assail, and allowed the infant to be baptized quietly, and without much ado.'

"Her reply filled me with amazement: 'In all temporal things, Nathan Butt, I considered it a duty, a sworn duty, to obey you; and never, till this occasion, have I ever felt a wish to depart from the strictness of my marriage vow. But, Nathan, this is not an earthly and mortal matter; the soul may be in danger of hell-fire by us; and religion admonishes me, yea, strengthens me, poor, weak, and silly thing that I am, to give this sentenced scion of a fallen race the chance of salvation.'

"I was confounded by her energy, and I pricked up my ears, for her manner was full of a fine enthusiasm, and she spoke like the Pythia. My mother then took up the strain, but with more familiar rhythm.'

"She entreated your father and me," said the old lady, 'to come to her aid; for she could not in conscience allow you, in your present state of unbelief, to take upon you the baptismal vows. Your father and uncle are to be the sponsors.'

"And am not I to have anything to say in this affair?" replied I, a little fervently; for it seemed to me then, as it has done ever since, something beyond all toleration, that a father should, by any occult influence of the theocracy, be thus deprived of his natural right.'

"Do you deserve to have any?" cried my mother.'

"My answer was sedate: 'I do not reckon on what I may deserve, but only on what is due to me as a parent.'

"This, Nathan," said my wife, 'is not what

is due to a parent. God has revealed, that, by baptism, the condemned souls of the tainted race of Adam will again be rendered acceptable to his love; but wherefore it has been made the qualification for that election is a mystery. Yes, Nathan, I may in this be a disobedient wife, but there is holiness in the disobedience; and I hope that our dear baby, by receiving the sign and impress required by the Redeemer, will become eligible to partake of the blessing.'

"Why should there be mysteries in the world?" said I.

"Why should you be in the world?" exclaimed my mother.

"Hem!" was all I could say to this jargon; but, to do my wife justice, she spoke, as it were, with the voice of an oracle. At other times, the terms of her phrases were like those of other women—simple, and not more to the point than needful; but that day, her mien and elocution were impassioned, and her accent high, yet melancholy, like that of the afflicting spirit in a painful task of mercy.'

"I grew uneasy with her exhortations; and being irked too by my mother's vituperative persuasion, rose and went away."

The christening itself, and the mild exhortation and tolerant spirit of the dissenting minister, have much true and touching paths—but we have little room left at this last hour—and the reader will easily understand by the dedication, that at the last hour only could the work have been received.

*Prometheus Bound.* A Tragedy translated from the Greek. By Thomas Medwin, Esq. London, 1832. Pickering.

THE Prometheus of Æschylus has no parallel in the literature of the world; it stands alone in its naked majesty unapproached and unapproachable—a gigantic conception filling the mind with wonder and with awe—a creation of which all imitations must be as the brazen clashings of Salmoneus to the thunders of Jupiter. It is an exhibition of intellectual energy so confident in its own strength as to defy even eternal torments; of a will so determined on freedom as to rise superior to destiny, of endurance that scorns even the vengeance of an omnipotent. We have not forgotten Milton's Satan, when we say, that there is no parallel to this stupendous representation. Satan and Prometheus are beings of a very different order: the character of the latter is purely intellectual, that of the former is mingled with baser qualities; nothing but what is noble meets our view in the Titan, who suffers for benefiting mankind; but fraud and treachery are essential parts of the description of the prince of evil. That Milton borrowed some traits for the character of Satan from Æschylus, cannot be doubted, but they have been so altered by being harmonized with others of a far different nature, that all resemblance is lost. Both may therefore be fairly considered original conceptions, alike in their gloomy magnitude, but in every other respect dissimilar. On a former occasion (see No. 186) we alluded to the great political events that Æschylus had witnessed as among the causes that predisposed the mind of Æschylus to form those massive and gloomy conceptions, which alone his genius loves to delineate; he had seen the greatest human power united with the greatest human malignity; he had witnessed an exhibition of free energies unconquered by defeat, unsubdued by misfortune and indestructible amid destruction. He had beheld a nation with-

out a country, citizens without a city preserving all the rites, usages, and forms in their full vigour as perfectly as if no Persians polluted the hills of Attica, and as if the barbarian torches had failed to consume "the city of Minerva": but when of Athens nought visible remained but its ashes, the sport of every wind of heaven, the city still existed in the hearts of the citizens, based on a surer foundation than the rocks of the Acropolis. Such events naturally tended to direct the mighty mind of the father of tragedy to that inexplicable struggle between destiny and volition, which Milton declares to surpass even angelic comprehension: undaunted by "the shadows, clouds, and darkness, that rested upon it," he rushed to the extreme boundary that limits human knowledge, and casting no glance on "the things that were behind," loved to gaze on the vast and dark expanse before him, peopled with the spectral phantoms of imagination, wandering in terrible indistinctness through the gloom. A traditional religion, fast fading from the view of his cotemporaries, not a little tended to give substantial existence to these vague and mysterious notions. It was recorded, that another celestial dynasty had ruled the universe before the throne of Jupiter had been erected on Olympus, and the vague indistinct form of the traditions that related the revolutions of the gods, at once stimulated and awed the imagination. For the character of the Titanian deities we must be contented to refer to Mr. Keightley's admirable Treatise on Mythology; a work equally remarkable for extensive research and sound philosophy—a rare union of great erudition and much common sense. For our present purpose it is sufficient to observe, that the more ancient deities of the Greeks appear to have been, like those of the Asiatics, in a great degree elementary; not actuated by human passions, and scarcely susceptible of human feelings. The very indistinctness that shrouded these gloomy beings recommended them to the vast imagination of Æschylus; they possessed that attribute of the terrible which, in the book of Job, makes our flesh creep with horror—"a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up: it stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof."

But it is in the drama before us that Æschylus labours most strenuously and most successfully to embody those mighty and mysterious imaginings which seem the very essence of his soul. The drama opens with a scene which we can scarcely venture to describe. Prometheus, at once a god and a personification of human powers sublimed, appears stretched on a rock in the Scythian deserts: Strength and Force are riveting the adamantine chains—beings destitute of compassion, blind slaves of the destiny that rules on Olympus: Vulcan, though equally bound to obey the behests of Jupiter, cannot restrain his pity, and is taunted by Strength for yielding to the soft emotion. They strain the limbs—they twist the chains—they secure the fetters of the Titan; "the iron enters into his soul;" but he sustains all in the majesty of silence—not a word, not a sigh, not a groan, escapes him. It is not until the tormentors have departed that he bursts forth with his magnificent appeal to universal Nature:—

Best and divinest air! ye swift-winged winds!  
Ye river springs! and ocean billows! ye  
That countless in your multitudes laugh out  
With long loud peals—exulting to be free!

Earth, universal mother of all life!  
And thou, O Sun, whose eye pierces all nature,  
You I invoke! look on me what I suffer,  
From gods, a god!

His solitude is broken by the appearance of the compassionate ocean nymphs, the most lovely, the most tender, and the most spiritual of all poetic creations—they thus announce themselves:—

Fear not! fear not! We come! we come!  
Sailing in our air-borne ship,  
To this eagle-height, from our ocean home,  
On a voyage of sweet companionship;  
The winged winds, the messengers of our way—  
Our father wished, and might have urged our stay;—  
But when the loud and iron sound  
Of strokes on strokes, in quick rebound,  
Filled with its echoes dread our caves,  
In pity, then without delay,  
We cast our maiden blushes far away,  
And with unsandal'd feet sprung upward from our waves.

The conversation of Prometheus with the nymphs, alternates between vivid description of the past, and faint glimpses of the future, mingled with uncontrollable bursts of present agony. It is interrupted by the Titan Oceanus, who vainly recommends submission. Oceanus retires, and the nymphs again hear the obscure prophecies of the Titan; the choral odes in which they reply, are unparalleled in force and beauty; we select the epode of the chorus preceding the introduction of a new character:—

And what is man, that thou hast given  
To him the choicest gifts of Heaven?  
Expect you from that reckless race  
Or gratitude, or aid, or praise?  
What is the race of mortals—say!  
The ephemeral insects of the beam,  
The shadowy shapes that people dream,  
And vanish with the day,  
Are not more real than they!  
And shall the vain designs of man  
Pervert Jove's all-harmonious plan?  
These truths I have been taught to see  
In thy funeral fate,  
And new the strain of woe to me,  
And different far from that which late  
I sung for thee,  
When to your Hymeneal bed,  
With nuptial rites and offerings due, you led  
My sister fair, Hesione.

Io, another victim of persecution, enters, and amid all his own tortures, Prometheus feels sympathy for hers. The departure of Io hastens the catastrophe. Mercury enters, and threatens the vengeance of Jove, if Prometheus will not explain the dark threats that he had uttered, and the secret calamities which he menaced against Jove. His stern refusal is in a tone of the most insulting defiance:—

There is no outrage,  
Torment, or artifice of Jove, that can  
Alter my firm resolve; never will I  
Dispense my knowledge, till he loose these chains.  
Then let him hurl his lightnings as he will,  
And shake the solid earth with all his thunders;  
Four down a hurricane of white-wing'd snows  
To sweep resistless ruin, and confound  
And mingle all things: me he shall not move,  
Nor shake my purpose never to reveal  
By whom shall fail the tyrant.

Threats and remonstrances prove equally unavailing to change this firm resolve; the refusal is scarce completed, when the thunder rolls, the lightning flashes, the earth quivers as in agony, the winds rush from the four quarters of heaven, and amid this elemental confusion, the rock with the unconquered and unconquerable Prometheus, sinks into the unexplored regions of the lower world.

Of Mr. Medwin's translation, we can speak in terms of great but not unqualified praise. It is by far the best version of the Prometheus in our language, and will give the mere English reader a correct, though but a faint notion of the sublime original. Still Mr. Medwin's is not the hand that can "bend the bow of

Ulysses;" and now that Shelley is gone without leaving his mantle to any successor, we know not where to find one competent to the task. Accurate knowledge, love of the author, zealous fidelity, and no small share of poetic power, we gladly concede to Mr. Medwin; but, after all, his translation is a plaster-cast—the vitality, the soul-searching energy, the super-human vigour of the Greek is wanting. We may, however, bestow on the translation the tribute of praise conceded to Phaeton—

"Magnis excidit ansis."

*Specimens of Tragic Choruses from Sophocles.* Translated into English verse. London, Fellowes.

We are always anxious to encourage every attempt to extend the knowledge of the Greek dramatists, for we regard them as the best guides to all that is truly great in poetic conception. The specimens in this little work, are taken from that splendid trilogy on the misfortunes of the Theban royal family, which still remains unrivalled for its pictures of dire calamity, relieved by the display of the most pure and tender affection. If the translations are, as we conjecture, the work of a very young man, they afford good promise of future excellence; but he must read and think deeper than he has yet done, before venturing on the larger work of which he has now given us the specimens.

*Le Livre des Cent-et-Un.* Vol. IV.

[Third Notice.]

THE singular paper from which we have made the following translations, was contributed by M. Arago, and written, as he himself informs us, whilst he was labouring under aberration of mind. It purports to be an account of the madhouse kept by Dr. Blanche, and in which the author was confined during his malady:—

"The history of a madhouse, written by a madman, must be a curious production. I was mad when I wrote these pages. On the return of reason, I chose to read them. Everything they contain is so accurately exact, that I thought it best to make no alteration in them; they form a likeness which I should spoil by retouching."

*The Author's Arrest.*

"I was arrested at six o'clock in the evening, by four robust fellows, who seized me behind. I attempted resistance—I was powerless. In acute pain and almost dying, what could I do? 'In the King's name!'—could I withstand such authority as this? I was not delirious, and yet I tried to resist; but, with a couple of jerks, I found myself thrown into a coach which was waiting to receive me.

"The drive was long. The men who accompanied me, talked of the beauty of the city, the coolness of the night, and if I but sighed, advised me to call forth my courage and show that I was a man. Who could fancy lessons of courage given by a mouchard†? Does a mouchard ever come in contact with a man, except to arrest him from behind?

"Our progress was slow; and my heart, though horribly tortured by violent passion, had time to become full with another feeling, that of indignation. To be collared by a mouchard! What an outrage! During the disturbances, I had

† A mouchard is a secret spy of the French Police, generally a condemned thief, let loose upon the community, by the perfidious policy of the Prefect of Police, to pry into the secrets of families, and detect crime after seducing others to its commission.

met with a similar affront. The mouchard, without moral existence, is the mere machine of power;—a base coward, he is the agent of force. No, I am wrong: a mouchard is the most courageous of men, for he braves that which all other men dread the most—public contempt.

"We came at length to our journey's end. I remember the minutest circumstances of those heavy and eternal hours which tortured me so horribly. We have so many fibres alive to pain and grief! I thought I was entering the house of a judge of instruction, or a *Procureur du Roi*. I had been led to suppose so on the road, and had been told of daggers, and incendiarianism, and murder. I had listened to my conductors like a man who regrets not having done sufficient to justify the rigour inflicted upon him; and when I appealed to my confused recollections, I was almost furious at having possessed command enough over myself to refrain from bursting every bond that attached me to society. Despair, like grief, has its distinct gradations.

"Having crossed a small court shaded by a few trees of sad and sombre foliage, I entered a vast apartment almost filled by an immense horse-shoe table. At first, I supposed it to be the hall in which the question is administered, and with a shudder I looked round for the instruments of torture.... I was politely told to be seated. . . .

"What a picture was before me. Pain—stupidity—laughter without gaiety—weeping without tears—one single face of pity, that of Mad. Blanche;—and, all this, agglomerated, as it were, in a space scarcely ten feet square.... My brain turned—I thought I was dreaming;—I wanted to know, yet feared to learn.

"I had time for observation. The weakness of my body seemed to impart energy to my soul. A little man, round, red, and pimply, was seated in an arm-chair, looking at me with stupid eyes, and laughing at my cadaverous complexion. How dared he laugh? I had twice turned away from this face so stupidly ironical, so ignobly sardonic; yet still he ogled me with his odious grin. I thought it a gross insult, and my fingers of iron were already hovering around his cheek, when a soft and compassionate voice bade me be seated. The voice of a woman has alone power to calm the workings of my excited soul;—I obeyed, my ire evaporated, and I listened with tolerable patience to the conclusion of a sonata played on the pianoforte by a female boarder about twenty years of age. Mad. B— was mad, as I afterwards learned, when not playing upon the pianoforte.

"But the *Procureur du Roi* came not, and there was a profound silence in the next room, where, as I supposed, I should be subjected to a painful trial.

"'Show the gentleman to his room,' said the benevolent fairy to a servant, who had not left my side since my entrance. He led the way—I followed like an automaton. After threading two or three corridors and ascending as many staircases, I was forcibly thrust into a room whose window was garnished with iron bars and lattice-work of the same metal. A sorry bed, two chairs, and a strait-waistcoat, composed the furniture of my apartment.

"My conductor had been joined by one of his comrades. 'What are you doing? What do you want?' I said.—'We are to wait upon you, Sir.'—'I want nothing; leave me.'—'We are ordered not to leave you, Sir.'—'Will the *Procureur du Roi* soon come?'—'It will not be long first, Sir.'—'He will do well to make haste if he wishes to examine me, for I am losing my strength.'

"I went to bed only half undressed. 'If you please, Sir, we have barley-water in that jug.'—'Why barley-water?'—'Dr. Blanche ordered it.'—'Where am I then?'—'At Dr. Blanche's.'



"The fillet fell from my eyes. I thought myself a conspirator, and now discovered that I was only a madman."

*Dr. Blanche, his Patients, and his House.*

"The Doctor came in. I courageously prepared myself for the pump-bath; for his language, far from consoling me, froze the little blood that remained in my body. He talked to me of murder, assassination, incendiarism. These were the words fixed upon. I thought him mad, and I pitied him—I, whom none seemed to pity!

"All night, a man bellowed in the next room. It was a maniac demanding his liberty. As for me, I contemplated in sullen despair, the walls and bars by which I was surrounded. I had a thousand lives for suffering, but not a single hand to strike with. . . .

"Dr. Blanche returned. His urgings of reason quieted the effervescence of my ideas, and I thought no more of self-destruction. Wrapped in a brown cloak, a young man of five and twenty stood by my side in deep and sad meditation. The fire of two pistols had been unable to destroy him. Both balls had traversed his upper jaw, and found an outlet between his eyes. Some beings are cruelly persecuted by fate! This unhappy man is still alive!

"Another well-dressed individual with a smiling countenance and gracious expression, seated himself next me, and politely inquired after my health. I know not what I answered; but he took a violin, and, with remarkable vigour and precision, played variations upon a well-known air. I think I paid him some compliments. 'Oh! Oh!' replied he, 'I have many other talents! I perfectly recollect being Gengis-Khan, Mahomet, and Napoleon. Pray, Sir, do you remember what you have been? when the brain leaves your skull to pass into another . . . ' Mad. Blanche told him to be silent, and he obeyed, laughing.

"I had leave to walk in the court and garden. Here I saw and studied; and I can describe, because I am in full possession of my reason.

"On the summit of Montmartre, upon a hill-lock surmounted by the gigantic sails of several windmills, stands a large irregular edifice, whose white front, of rather elegant architecture, attracts the looks of the curious. A ground-floor, a first and second story, of fourteen windows each, some with iron bars, others with simple trellis-work, form the front of the mansion. Two small wings, the left of which is inhabited by the Doctor and his family, seem to have been added to the building subsequently to its construction; there is a little verdure between the house and iron-railings in front, which space is termed the court.

"At the back of the house are also two stories opening upon an English garden, small, but pretty. Sick, idiots, and madmen, walk in it at their pleasure. They whose madness is dangerous, are separated from the others by high wooden palisades, which they can neither pull down nor climb over. On one side is pain, on the other despair;—here, moral suffering in the excess of its poignancy—there, physical pain and mental affliction in their most lamentable form;—bitter tears are shed in the one enclosure—the other displays scenes of a more sombre and more corrosive kind. I should prefer the affliction which annihilates reason!"

*The Mother of the Tiger of Portugal.*

"Each of the rooms I visited, recall heart-rending dramas. In this cell was, and is still confined, a noble Portuguese, whose brother, only twelve years of age, was hanged at Coimbra, as the accomplice of a plan to overthrow the existing form of government. 'What shall we do with this child?' said the Chief Judge to a woman; 'he is only twelve years old.'—'Twelve years old!' she replied, 'so much the better! Let him be hanged forthwith, he will sup with angels.

And let his brother, a little older, witness the execution from the foot of the scaffold.' The woman who thus commanded the cold-blooded murder of a child, was the mother of Don Miguel. The execution took place—and the brother, who witnessed this horrid spectacle, lost his senses. The care and ability of Dr. Blanche restored him to health; but, still pursued by the phantom of his brother's strangled corpse, he became mad a second time."

*Madame Lavallette.*

"Here again is a room connected with historical associations. Surrounded by these bare walls, a heroic female, whom joy had deprived of her senses, spent many a tedious day—many a long, interminably long night. Here, upon this very pallet, did the lovely and noble Mad. Lavallette shed many bitter tears of imaginary woe. Sir Robert Wilson, Bruce, and Hutchinson, had rescued her husband from the royal murderer's power. Glory to them! The Count has since paid his last tribute to nature, not to kingly tyranny—and Mad. Lavallette owes to Dr. Blanche an almost miraculous cure."

There are some other recollections, but the subject could hardly be carried farther with propriety, or with satisfaction to English readers.

*Lectures on the Coinage of the Greeks and Romans.* By E. Cardwell, D.D. Oxford, Collingwood; London, Murray.

Professor Heeren, if not the first who directed the attention of classical students to the importance of investigating the political economy of the ancients, was certainly the writer whose researches on the subject produced the most valuable results. He not only elucidated many obscure transactions, and explained many occurrences apparently so strange as to be deemed improbable, but he made history a practical guide to the politician, by showing that the observance of those principles which the ingenuity of Adam Smith and his followers has formed into a system, was the chief cause of the prosperity attained by ancient commercial states, and the neglect of them invariably followed by decadence and misery. In this very interesting volume, a topic is discussed, which Heeren has touched but slightly, but which is of the utmost importance—the monetary system of the Greeks and Romans. A few years ago, a work emanating from Oxford, with the same title as the present, would have been either a dry numismatic catalogue, or a heavy dissertation, containing a marvellous quantity of profound learning, but with little of common sense, and nothing of practical utility. But the noble spirit of improvement which dictated the foundation of a professorship of political economy at Oxford, and which has produced the valuable lectures of Senior and Whately, exhibits its genial influence in this work, and makes it one of those volumes, unfortunately too rare, worthy of the university where the lectures were delivered, and worthy of the age in which they are published. We were particularly pleased with the author's account of the state of the Athenian currency, and of the beneficial results that attended the adoption of a liberal commercial system in that celebrated republic. No other writer has bestowed the same attention on the banking system, which grew up as commerce extended, and, consequently, no other writer has so fully revealed to us the sources of that wealth which made the barren coasts of Attica surpass, in riches

and in beauty, those parts of Greece to which nature had been most bounteous. From the nature of the subject, the author of these lectures could not add many new facts to our present stores of historical information; but, what is at least equally valuable, he has explained obscurities, cleared up difficulties, and given identity and consistency to portions of history the most valuable and important in the annals of mankind.

THE WARDEN OF GALWAY.

We have received from a friend in Dublin the following account of the new tragedy, which has obtained unprecedented popularity in the Irish capital.

The narrative on which the tragedy of 'The Warden of Galway' is founded, is simple, and, in its leading incidents, generally supposed to be historically true. The town of Galway, previously to the civil wars in 1641, was a place of much commercial importance. Walter Lynch, its chief magistrate, had sent his only son Roderic to Spain on a mercantile speculation. The young man, during his residence abroad, dissipated the money intrusted to him by his father, and to conceal the circumstance, had, during his voyage homewards, seized an opportunity of flinging overboard a young Spaniard, a friend of the family, who was returning with him, and of possessing himself of the property of his murdered friend. On his return he was immediately married to a ward of his father's, to whom he had been long betrothed. The cause of the Spaniard's death was however discovered immediately after the marriage by the compunctions of Connor, Roderic's servant, who had been an unnoticed witness of the murder. Roderic Lynch was brought to trial, confessed his guilt, and was condemned to death by his father, who, as chief magistrate, presided at the trial, and whose duty it also was to see the sentence put in execution. Roderic's young wife immediately hurried away to the Lord President of Connaught, to whom her late father had done signal service, to solicit a pardon. During her absence her husband was brought out for execution, but the townspeople interfered and attempted a rescue; and Walter Lynch, that justice might not be defeated, ordered the guard to convey the prisoner to his own castle in the town: while there, the young wife, accompanied by her husband's friends who had collected round her on her return with the pardon, endeavoured to force her way into the warden's apartments, who, mistaking this effort for a new and more violent attempt at a rescue, ordered his son to be instantly executed out of one of the windows. His mandate was obeyed, and when the doors were thrown open, and the anxious wife rushed in with the pardon, the first object that presented itself was the lifeless body of her husband.

We shall first extract Connor's (Roderic's servant) description of the murder, which he gives at the urgent solicitation of father Dominic and his own wife Evelyn:—

Connor. We sailed on our return from Talos mouth, All full of joy and hope, my master Roderic And his young friend Velasquez, who proposed Here to resume his studies, and bore with him A hoard of wealth for traffic from his father.— My lord—alas the day!—had rashly spent The monies trusted him on leaving home For similar intents, in revelling, In feasts, and shows, and dice.

*Evelyn.* Oh! miserable,  
Lost, lost young man! lost lady!  
*Dominic.* Is it possible?  
*Con.* As we drew near our native shore, he grew  
Daily more pensive, more reserved—would walk  
The deck with hurried step—then sit alone  
In mullen, sad abstraction. Vainly his friend  
Tried and cheered, derided, sympathised,  
Tried every changing mood of changeless friendship.  
He'd rouse him for the moment—then fall back,  
Desponding, into his own gloomy musings.  
One night—

'Twas a night  
Such as kind heaven in bounty would vouchsafe  
To those who sighed for home. Oh! that a deed  
So foul should stain the face of that night's heav'n!

*Dom.* Come to the point at once.  
*Con.* The young Velasquez  
Sat on the poop, gazing in silent transport  
On the bright theatre of moon, stars, sea,  
Decked out in nature's loveliest livery;  
My master took the helm, and told the pilot  
He'd ease him for a period of his charge,  
While the true gale and trim-set sails required  
But little of the seaman's care. None now  
Remained above, save the two youths and I,  
Who lay unnoticed on a sail-cloth forward;  
When, all at once, my lord—no notice given—  
No word exchanged—darted upon Velasquez—  
Plunged him,—Oh, heaven! I hear the plunge even  
now—

*Dom.* Go on—go on.  
*Con.* Nay, when the wretched youth  
Had seized the gun-wale with a dying gripe,  
He struck him, all imploring, spurned him down,  
And dashed him in the deep. One cry,—that cry  
Will never quit my ear,—and all was over.

Immediately after his marriage the work-  
ings of an unquiet conscience urge Roderic  
Lynch to endeavour to find what effect any  
future discovery of his guilt might have on  
his wife's affection:—

*Roderic.* And yet, suppose,—  
For the sole sake of supposition,—fancy  
You were attached to one, as now to me,  
Who, under guise of all these splendid virtues,  
Which, thanks to my good stars! have won me you,  
Concealed a conscience stained with some foul blot,—  
Say he had committed—say—no matter what—  
Some fell deliberate act of dark malignity—  
Suppose, in short, the angel of your pure  
And youthful visions was revealed at once  
A demon—

*Anastasia.* My Roderic, what a fancy!

*Rod.* Nay—but, what then?

*Anas.* What then! Oh! were I doom'd  
To encounter such a change,—were it possible  
The man I loved could be the thing you picture;—  
'Tis too absurd to dwell on.

*Rod.* Nay, but, dearest,—  
Suppose the fancy true,—would you still love him?  
*Anas.* Love him! No, no. Were such my wretched  
lot,

I'd scorn myself for having, even unknowingly,  
Been the weak victim of a foul delusion.  
Love him! I'd spurn the wretch.

*Rod.* Would you spurn me?

*Anas.* You, Roderic! you! Come, come,—you think  
our happiness  
Too pure for this mixt world, and fain would dash it,  
Like the old tyrant, with some little drop  
Of self-created bitter, to ward off  
The envy of the gods. Nay, my dear love,  
Were I to moralise, I'd say, even now,  
Blest as we are with all that man calls blessings,  
We must expect our share of this world's sorrows,  
But not in such forms as your fancy pictures.  
Come, shall we to the hall to see what music  
Will best accord with our festivities?

After Roderic's conviction, his wife visits  
him in his dungeon:—

*Rod.* Ha! who comes here?  
Through the dull gloom to give a gloomier welcome?  
Oh, heav'n! 'tis she, 'tis she. She comes, she comes—  
To vent an universe of wrongs upon me.

[*Anastasia enters.*  
This is too much. Demon of retribution,  
You might have spared me this—

[*A long pause.*  
Speak, speak, and curse me.

*Anas.* My husband!

*Rod.* Heav'n! is it possible?

*Anas.* My husband! [*throwing herself on his neck.*  
*Rod.* Do I hear right? Can you then speak to me?  
Can you forgive me? You, whose voice was raised  
In bitterest execration of the wretch  
That could—Oh, heav'n!—that *did* deceive, betray,  
Thy innocence—thy worth.

*Anas.* I am thy wife—  
Thy wedded wife. Before high heav'n I vow'd  
To cling to thee in sickness and in health,  
In weal and woe, till death shall sever us.

And I will keep that vow—will keep it—must!  
The iron bars may hold thee from my clasp,  
The iron gripe of death may wrest thee from me;  
But wedded love is stronger far than iron,  
Mightier than death. A palace lately held us,  
And I enjoyed a palace for thy sake:  
A prison now confines thee, and thy prison  
Shall be my palace. Yes; here I'll sit by thee,  
Speak to thee, comfort thee, weep with thee, pray  
with thee.  
Go where thou wilt, be sure thou hast me beside thee;  
And when the stroke of death shall rend the bands  
That join us now, 'twill be but for the moment:  
It may tear flesh from flesh; but, oh! the bond  
Of heart to heart is never, never broken.

The following is an extract from the scene  
where the wife intercedes with her guardian,  
the Warden, for her husband's life:—

*Walter Lynch.* My daughter! why this posture?  
rise and speak.

*Anas.* Do I address the father or the judge?

*Walter L.* To you and your concerns a father ever.  
But if you come a pleader to reverse  
The law's just sentence—

*Anas.* Here then I'm fixed, a pleader—  
But not against the law. The law has had  
All that law can ask: the crime detected,  
The perpetrator brought to light, convicted,  
Exposed to ignominy, sentenced, doomed.  
The bitterness of death,—its awful preludes  
Already swallowed,—all undergone, save that  
Which one short word from you can spare, and none  
Be injured by its utterance.

*Walter L.* Anastasia,  
I thought you knew me.

*Anas.* Oh, Sir, know yourself;  
You are a man, high above men, possessing  
In ample measure all that raises them  
Above the groveling brute. Oh, quench not then  
The effervescence of those kindlier feelings  
Which struggle,—yes, I know they struggle hard,  
Even now, within your bosom, to attain  
Their due pre-eminence. Let not severity  
Triumph o'er nature in the guise of justice.

*Walter L.* Arise, my daughter!

*Anas.* Am I your daughter? Father!  
You bade me call you so. Be then a father  
In truth, and not in act of speech alone.  
Give to your daughter life, by giving it  
To him who also calls you father,—him,  
The offspring of your first affections,—him,  
The darling of your gentlest, kindest hours,—  
Him, whom so often in your arms you've raised,  
Glowing with life and beauty, and called on him  
Thousands of blessings from the fount of mercy.  
Oh, pardon him, who now lies abject, vile,  
The humblest of the humble. If too great  
The boon of liberal pardon, let him live.  
Let him an ever-during death endure,  
Rejected, outcast, lost, unparented,  
Cut off from all his former world—sunk, buried,  
Entombed in the affections of a wife.  
Oh, Walter Lynch! a wretched wife implores you:  
Think on your own lost wife. Wherefore is she  
Not here with me, to cry, My son, my son!

*Walter L.* If I remain I'm lost. Let go—let go:  
Relax your hold: in mercy, let me leave you.

*Anas.* Mercy! He has said it—he has spoke that  
word

Of blessed omen: he cannot now unsay it.  
Mercy! oh, once more—mercy! mercy! mercy!

*Walter L.* Nature, lie still: I must not, cannot  
suffer

A woman's voice to mar the man within me.

[*He breaks from her, and rushes out.*

*Practical Suggestions for the Internal Reform of  
the House of Commons.* By a Parliamentary  
Secretary. London, 1832. F. C. Westley.

We have no personal knowledge of the subject  
treated on, in this little pamphlet, but it seems  
well worthy attentive consideration. The writer  
had, it appears, made more progress in a work  
intended to illustrate the business arrangements  
of the House of Commons, and to show the  
effect in delaying and thwarting its measures,  
when he was induced to hurry out these rough  
notes, in consequence of the proposed appoint-  
ment of a committee to consider the best mode  
of regulating the presentation of petitions, and  
in the hope that they might suggest to the house  
the propriety of considering the whole question.  
It is certainly one of great practical consequence,  
and the writer is evidently well conversant with  
the working of the system.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS

### FRIENDSHIP AT FIRST SIGHT.

SWEET girl! who o'er my waste of life,  
A flitting charm for cares and strife,  
Came, like some beauteous bird at sea,  
To mariners struggling wearily  
'Mid Ocean's vexed immensity—  
A thing to note in smiles and gladness,  
'Mid doubt and danger, fears and sadness,—  
To note a moment, and no more,  
Then turn from, unto toil and roar.  
Young creature! fair and talent-born,  
Good, gentle, and, I fear, forlorn!  
My memory of that little day,  
When, on the wide world's common way,  
We met—to part—and part for aye!—  
The feelings deep it loves to trace,  
Words cannot tell, nor years efface!

Too lately met! too quickly parted!  
How spirit-checked and sunken-hearted,  
I saw thee, 'mid the scrambling throng,  
On the chance road we whirled along,  
Turn from me,—look, and disappear,—  
Alone! no friend or brother near!

Alone, alone, and far from all  
On whom thy gentle voice might call  
For word or guidance, cheer or aid,  
If sad, or doubtful, or afraid!  
Alas! perhaps from friends like those,  
Thou wert, indeed, too far away!  
Perhaps they were not friends—but foes—  
Who launched thee on the world that day!

Feelings—more dread than distance—threw  
A wild, perhaps, 'tween them and you;—  
Or, ah! those eyes of mildest blue  
Perhaps had seen the cold grave close  
On all the hearts that once were true!  
Young creature! could a fate so drear  
Be that of one so good and dear!

I asked thee not to speak a word,  
Which might thy state or name accord—  
I would not—durst not—meanly pry  
Into thy bosom's privacy;—  
But ne'er respect and tenderness,  
A harder duty did impress  
Than that forbearance; it was pain,  
And some denial, to refrain  
From seeking a relief to all  
The fears which came at fancy's call!

Within a day, known, loved, and lost!  
Not a boy's love—no fervours vain  
Of selfishness my bosom crost;—  
But, to ward off one moment's pain,  
One word, one look of wrong from thee,  
Against a world I could have ta'en  
A brother's place—oh, cheerfully!

Thy very name I know not yet,  
And mine to thee is all unknown;  
Still, from the moment that we met,  
Our minds and hearts took kindred tone;  
Two of a group of strangers, we  
Ceased to be strangers to each other—  
A sister dear thou wert to me—  
And didst thou wish I were a brother?

And when the time of parting came,  
And thy small hand to mine was given,  
What meant the tear-dimmed smile, half shame,  
Half grief, with which my heart was riven?  
Was it regret? It was! I feel,  
And glory in that mute appeal!

And this—is this, indeed, the lot  
Of kindred feeling here below?  
With those we love, permitted not  
To journey on, as on we go—  
But with the cold, the bad, the base,  
Condemned to tread life's weary way,  
Wearing to them a brow and face  
Almost as treacherous as they!

## ON YOUTHFUL AUTHORSHIP.

A poem, called 'Sherwood Forest,' published by the Literary Society of Nottingham, from which Society it had, in manuscript, received a prize, recently fell into our hands. We have several reasons for noticing this poem. It is the first appearance of a young lady of Mansfield; it is creditable as a performance, and brilliant as a promise; and we wish to make a few remarks on the subject of young authors and youthful authorship. We know nothing of Miss Williams, but we understand that she is a young lady of great modesty and considerable attainments, particularly in departments generally considered adverse to poetry,—namely, the exact sciences. But this, like many general opinions, is a popular fallacy: no knowledge is unfriendly to poetry; technical expressions may be inadmissible—subjects that are scientific and mechanical will ever require to be developed in prose;—but scientific studies, considered as a *part* of intellectual cultivation, will only tend to make the poetic mind stronger and more fertile—wider in its sweep, and more varied in its allusions. We must not have poetry sneered at by the men of weights and measures; for, as our young authoress well exclaims—

O! what a voice of eloquence may dwell  
In the low murmuring tone of one small wretched  
shell!

Neither must we have the muse of poetry contumacious and conceited, snuffing up the wind like the wild zebra of the desert, mocking at the hunter, and scorning the cry of the driver. We would by no means recommend Miss Williams (whom we hope in time to meet again) to surrender severer exercises; but we would hint to her, that poetry is itself a science, and as such we would recommend her to study it—not in rules or lectures, but in the calm, yet fervent perusal of the great sons of song—the profound melodists of our native tongue—the prophets no less than the minstrels of our land. Nor would we by any means have her neglect the best minor poets, either of the past or present day. Many there are who, like David's "chiefs of the thirty," attain not to be classed with "the three," but yet are mighty men, expert at their weapons, and able helpers of those who aspire to the same warfare. She need not fear (the common fear of aspirants) becoming an imitator, because she becomes an admirer—any more than a young painter need restrain himself from studying the old masters, lest his pencil should become that of a copyist. In no case can this occur where the mind possesses innate power—where it is the spirit rather than the mechanism that is examined—where there exists genuine ambition after excellence—and where the study is regarded as subservient to the progress of intellect, rather than as a stepping-stone to immediate effect. There are minds to which we should give directly contrary advice; but then they are minds already so imbued with the knack, not to say vice, of imitation, that, if admitted to hear the Alleluias of the Seraphim, they would, instead of being hushed and hallowed, instantly strike up a caricature on their own Jew's harps or bagpipes. There is in the poem before us much fancy and feeling; but there wants precision of language, definiteness of thought, and condensation of imagery. Thoughts and words ought to possess the

same propriety of form and fitness that exists between the sword and the scabbard. Language and emotion ought to have the exquisite similitude of the voice and the instrument. We have no right to quarrel with a poet for possessing an inferior portion of genius, a less degree of the divine vision and inspired faculty, than the Father of Spirits may have bestowed on his brethren; but we have undoubted right to blame him when he does not cultivate and bring to perfection the portion assigned him. There is often a wonderful reward attached to the faithful and wise stewardship of inferior powers.

In small proportions we just beauties see;  
And in short measures life may perfect be.

Were the exceeding ambition of being esteemed "some great one," superseded by the ambition of being "perfect in that which concerneth us," what a sudden and spring-like verdure would flush our literature! How many clever and amiable writers, only rendered ridiculous by straining after the semblance of some favourite but unattainable model, would subside into themselves with dignity and grace, and, using their powers in accordance with their strength, would please, satisfy, and perhaps instruct. And the application of this principle to criticism is fraught with that lesson which criticism now most needs, charity:—

A lily of a day,  
Although it fall and die that night,  
Is still the plant and flower of light.

No one ever despised the galaxy who had beheld it through a telescope: flowers and stars may differ in glory; but, if perfect flowers, and real stars, the meanest has its beauty, and the least its use. "A florist who would produce the finest tulip, would set apart a spacious bed for the roots of that flower, and would feel no disappointment when he saw a great majority grow up with no exquisite variegation of colours. There were, many times over, a greater number of dramatists in the age of Shakspeare, than in any other period of English literature." If we would foster merit, we must have great patience; and merit that desires to thrive and come to perfection, must have great patience too. The view of this axiom that affects critics, we shall reserve for private meditation: our business now is with young writers; and we shall only discourse publicly on the view that affects them.

One of the most startling features in our times, is impatience of labour that does not produce an immediate result; and this impatience is impressed most strongly on the proceedings of young literary talent. Literature has become a profession, chiefly followed for its revenue of present profit and present praise. As a body, our young writers are brilliant, but fragmentary—showy, but crude—clever, but with small depth either of soil or root. Nearly all begin too early, and so are never more than clever; whilst, as their numbers increase, there is a growing similarity in their productions, and in the worth of them. The need of intellectual training before encountering literary enterprise, is little recognized and rarely acted upon. Swiftiness of foot and sleight of hand are the prized and marketable qualifications; and the name and fame, which was, and which ought to be, the prize of continued labour and matured effort, is claimed and bestowed—for sketches, fragments, promises, and episodes. Many reasons extenuate this impatient spirit. The

literary profession *was* profitable, and *is* so deductive: it affords a passport to brilliant society; and to put off being flattered and courted for a clever trifle to-day, in the dull chance of deserving solid praise for a valuable work a few years hence, is a sore trial for literary flesh and blood. It reminds us of the quaint show seen in the Interpreter's house, by the wondrous John Bunyan;—and for the benefit of those scions of rising genius, who may obtain enduring honour if they will not prefer present and trashy notoriety,—even for those who may one day be England's literary boast, if they will give up for awhile being her morrice-dancers, her ballad-singers, and her buffoons,—we shall copy the allegory, leaving to them the application.

"I saw, moreover, in my dream, that the Interpreter took him by the hand, and had him into a little room, where sat two little children, each one in his chair. The name of the eldest was Passion, and the name of the other Patience. Passion seemed to be much discontented, but Patience was very quiet. Then Christian asked, what is the reason of the discontent of Passion? The Interpreter answered, the governor of them would have him stay for his best things till the beginning of next year, but he will have all now; but Patience is willing to wait. Then I saw that one came to Passion, and brought him a bag of treasure, and poured it now at his feet, the which he took and rejoiced therein, and withal laughed Patience to scorn. But I beheld him awhile, and he had lavished all away, and had nothing left him but rags. Then said Christian, now I see that Patience has the best wisdom, because he stays for the best things: also because he will have the glory of his, when the other has nothing but rags."

We are aware, that to many of the youthful possessors of literary talent our Fabian advice will be unpalatable; and to some, from the pressure of circumstances, impossible: nevertheless, we cannot but hope that a few will give it attention. In studying the lives of men of letters, they will perceive, that the truest reputation has been a thing of growth, and of time, of labour, of trial, and of patience;—

'Twas not the hasty product of a day,  
But the well-ripened fruit of wise delay.

They sowed before they expected to reap—they digged deep, and laid their foundation on a rock—they did not consider authorship the only profession exempt from a noviciate, and, because the most noble, to be followed with least care:—they did not stud their fame with a series of tiny brilliants—they preferred the solid glow of a single massy diamond: they did not regard truth and knowledge merely as attainments to be hurried into print, or transmitted into talk—they garnered them in their souls, as the rod of the Hebrew High Priest was laid up in the silent sanctuary, and at the appointed time the world felt the blessing, for they brought forth buds and bloomed blossoms, and yielded fruit. Delay is not disappointment: wherever there is intellect, all studies, all vicissitudes, all objects, and all occupations, tend to enrich and develop it. The knowledge gained to-day may not be of use for years, but it is not therefore lost: when Samuel Johnson in obscurity translated the History of Abyssinia for five guineas, he laid the foundation of Rasselas, the work of his manhood and his fame.

The tendency of these remarks will be

grievously misunderstood, if it is supposed that they are intended to depress youthful talent, pining to make itself seen, and heard, and felt: far from it: we only desire youthful talent to lay seriously to heart the requirements and the difficulties, as well as the rewards of literary life; we only entreat the young enthusiast, as he values the health of his mind and body, to pause and meditate long, before he adopt as a *profession* one, in which, if he succeeds, he may find the shadow outstretch the substance—before he begin a race in which the crown is oftener of fading leaves than of gold—before he encounter a strife from which he may return broken-hearted and dismayed. The pursuit of letters is a noble pursuit—therefore, to be commenced and continued in a genuine and noble spirit. It is not to be treated as a light and easy play, that has vanity for its origin, amusement for its end, and profit for its reward. The young enthusiast who would fain persuade himself that a celestial call summons him to this pursuit, should muse upon it in those dim yet price-less libraries, where of old sat pale and solitary students, till their hair was silvered and their stature bent, reverently yielding their faculties and their days and nights to the lore gathered round them, adding, at last, some volume of their own, which, although the labour of a life, they added with simplicity, with “meekness of wisdom,” and self-distrust. Or if the enthusiast turn from these solitary students and these austere studies, to those works of imagination that successive centuries have acknowledged perfect in their kind, let him still remember, that their authors wrote them not till time had knit their powers into mental manhood—till keen observation of their species, if not travel, extended to many lands, had crowned their reading with experience—had united reflection to native wit, and placed the sceptre of philosophy in the hand of genius. Such review might for a time dishearten him, but, if possessed of genuine intellectual enthusiasm, he would take courage and go forward. He might yet pour out his thoughts—he would still dream dreams, and behold visions; authorship might still be the goal of his ambition, but the goal would be further off, and the ambition would be purified. A divine thirst for knowledge—a passion for perfecting and furnishing his mind—a docile reverence for all goodness and all wisdom—a walking as in white raiment—a composed and modest, yet fervent and courageous spirit, would mark the Neophyte of the Muses—and his coronal (no matter whether of few or many leaves) would at last be twined of

Green strength, assure hope, and eternity.

Then to the pursuit of letters might be transferred Jeremy Taylor's sublime description of friendship, as embodying “the greatest love, and greatest usefulness, and the most open communications, and the noblest sufferings, and the most exemplary faithfulness, and the severest truth, and the heartiest counsel of which brave men and women are capable.” At present, of many, who aspire to this pursuit, may with too much truth be used the words of the same writer in another place—“they read with the eye of a bird, and speak with the tongue of a bee, and understand with the heart of a child—that is, weakly and imperfectly.”

## STANZAS.

Methinks I love all common things,  
The common air, the common flower,  
The dear kind common thought that springs  
From hearts that have no other dower,  
No other wealth, no other power,  
Save love; and will not that repay  
For all else fortune tears away?

Methinks I love the horny hand  
That labours until dusk from dawn,  
Methinks I love the russet band,  
Beyond the band of silk or lawn;  
And, oh! the lovely laughter drawn  
From peasant lips, when sunny May  
Leads in some flowery holiday!

What good are fancies rare—that rack  
With painful thought the poet's brain?  
Alas! they cannot bear us back  
Unto happy years again!  
But the white rose without stain  
Bringeth times and thoughts of flowers,  
When youth was bounteous as the hours!

E'en now, were I but rich, my hand  
Should open like a vernal cloud,  
When 't casts its bounty on a land,  
In music sweet but never loud;  
But I am of the common crowd,  
And thus am I content to be,  
If thou, sweet love, will cherish me!

C.

## LANDSCAPE ILLUSTRATIONS OF LORD BYRON. No. II.

[Our own opinion on this beautiful work has been given heretofore, and differs from our intelligent correspondent's in many points; but he is entitled to be heard, and his observations well deserve the attentive consideration of all artists. They are in the spirit of some which we thought it our duty to make on the last ‘Landscape Annual.’]

THE commencement of this work gave promise of more excellence than we find realized in the number now before us. There is a general feeling among many of the subscribers that it is unworthy its predecessor; we confide, however, in the taste and judgment of the enterprising publisher to remove this disappointment, by an improvement in the subsequent parts. We still hope that this will be the most beautiful set of Illustrations that have hitherto been made for our great modern poet; and such indeed it ought to be, considering the certainty of the sale, the known talents of the artists, and the ample materials fit for illustration that exist in so many portfolios. With this view, it is hoped that the few strictures here made, in a spirit of fair and honest criticism, will find a place, Mr. Editor, in your journal, which, having for its object the advancement of literature and the arts, must be of real service to the country when it proportions due praise with just criticism, and is not unnecessarily indulgent, or to be led away by a respect for mere names. The artists employed on this work are deservedly high in public estimation, but names are not all we require: care should be taken that the subject be adapted to the particular province of the artist, to his occupations, and to his way of thinking. That such is not the case, is the reason we have to regret, in some of the scenes, the absence of that spirit and truth which we find in nature.

Any one who is acquainted with the climate of Greece, or has formed an idea of it from the vivid descriptions of the poet, (which these Illustrations profess to embody,) will ask, when he observes the two views of Athens, if this is Greece? Mr. Stanfield, we believe, has not visited the south of Europe; but why give the dismal northern skies to the country

Where every season smiles?

The illustrator ought to be guided by the expressed feeling, and the poet he undertakes to

illustrate. Byron talks of the “rainbow tints” of “the bluest sky,” and uses every term that describes the warmth, the glow, and the purity of Grecian landscape. Such gloomy days as are here represented, may be seen even in a country where there is constant fine weather for ten months in the year; but surely the object of a picture is to convey the best idea of the scene, not only in the form, but in the expression of the climate. Such truth we find in Claude's compositions, and in that lies half their charms. In a recent work,† the same just feeling is shown in a subject called ‘Grecian Landscape,’ illustrating an exquisite passage of ‘Childe Harold,’ here the spirit, and the “bella natura” of Greece are classically treated, in a rich harmonious composition; the painter appears worthy of the poet, and the sentiment of both is admirably conveyed in the engraving. When, on the contrary, the representations of scenery not only do not approach, but give an opposite impression to the reality, we experience the disappointment which made Forsyth exclaim—“Oh, these lying prints!”—but he was angry with them for excessive embellishment, whilst we object to these because justice is not done to the beauty that actually exists.

Our landscape painters who have formed their reputations from studies in England, are naturally influenced in their works by the character of our own country, and they with difficulty consent to dismiss from their minds those fine combinations of clouds, and Turner-like effects, to which they have been accustomed. They are greatly influenced, too, by the applause the public have given to these sky effects, whether in the paintings of our own masters or in those of the Dutch and Flemish school.

It is evident, that, from this cause, the style of most of the artists employed in the embellishments of the Annuals is injured, when they represent southern scenery. A comparison of the successive series of these beautiful works will enable us to observe, that the character of the country becomes each year more and more lost; sight of in an ostentatious display of clouds, like Alps, till the scene itself sometimes is of minor consequence, a mere accessory in the composition. There is a ‘View of Naples from the sea,’ in the ‘Landscape Annual’ of the year, which might pass for ‘Dutch Fishing-boats in a breeze.’ Of the many views of this town and its neighbourhood, they are all (the Bay of Baia alone excepted) represented under our own dreary sky. Such days do certainly occur, but they are exceptions, in a country where, to use the words of a modern traveller,‡ “there is a continued return on each successive morning of unchanging lovely weather, where you lie down and rise to the same glorious light.” What we look for in the gay and brilliant Naples, is the warmth of its own sunny climate, not for the cold and gusty rawness of the north.

With greater force do these remarks apply to Greece, because there the atmosphere is, if possible, still more pure, and is evinced to be so by a greater depth of blue in the sea and sky. One of the views of Athens has been given nearly from the same point, by Williams, and it appears to have been the type for this by Mr. Stanfield. It is under the effect of a storm, but is treated with more poetry and feeling, for it is evidently one of those accidental effects in the Mediterranean, from a sudden and violent thunder-storm. The storm is passing over the town, and, by throwing a strong light on the temple of Jupiter Olympius, in the foreground, has given the proper brilliancy to its marble columns. The appearance of the other view is that of habitual bad weather—more suited to Edinburgh or Stirling Castle, than to the Acropolis

† Williams's Views in Greece.  
‡ Dr. Bell's Italy.

of Athens. The figures, too, reclining in the foreground, are in direct contradiction, for they seem to be enjoying themselves in the sun. The fact is obvious, that the sketch was made and ought to represent the lovely weather of Athens, where the sun—

O'er his own regions lingering loves to glow.

We cannot bestow more praise on the view of the 'Convent, with the Monument of Lysicratés.' The sketch and the picture are again at variance. We observe, that every object and every projection throws a strong shadow, that the side of the convent is illumined—whence does the light come? there could be no sun in such a sky, which is a dark mass, furrowed like a ploughed field. We regret, that Mr. Page had not made the drawings as well as the sketches. This artist passed a long time in the Levant, has taste in choosing his points of view, and has had ample opportunity of studying the local effects and colouring. He would, at all events, be able to give more faithful representations, than any artist can, who, however high he stands in his profession, wants the feeling from habit and association, for what he has never seen.

We wish to say a few words, before we close our remarks, on the print of 'Ali Pacha.' It is so unworthy the name that appears below it, that we may safely give the performance to a pupil—indeed, there is a want of confidence in the hand, that decides the fact of the authorship of this inferior stippled plate. Having seen and known the Pacha, we can assert, that the character and costume is not more correct than the execution is indifferent. There are very good likenesses of Ali Pacha, correct in drawing and dress; and one by a French artist, M. Duprè, has been published in France and in England.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

No one talks of Literature in these stormy and changeable times. It seems to be utterly forgotten by all but those who in better days lived by it. There are even few books advertised: in a double sheet of the *Times* we did not observe a single volume announced. Literature will gradually sink into pamphlets and papers; for such is the agitated state of the public mind, that no attention is paid to anything but speculations on reform and change of rulers. It is, however, equally our duty and our pleasure to hold fast by the permanent, and to cling to literature and its humanities.

We have said much of what we had to say on Art in our notice of the Exhibition. We before mentioned, that a statue of Canning had been erected at Westminster: it is curious to read the various opinions of the various papers on its merits and defects. With one, it is all elegance and nature: with another, the figure stands in a posture unnatural and absurd: while a third declares it to be far inferior to the statue of Pitt, by Chantrey, in Hanover Square. We have already stated our own opinion of it, which differs from them all. The most remarkable circumstance is, that one of the papers attributed it to Chantrey, and railed at the artist in good set terms for making a statue so unworthy of his fame.

'Robert le Diable' is in preparation, and the chorus-singers are being disciplined by Mr. Harris. We understand that the German *artistes* who did such ample justice to the choruses of the Freischütz on Wednesday night are to execute those in Meyerbeer's opera, with the assistance of several English chorus singers who understand and can pronounce French. We regret to say, that Meyer-

beer must positively leave this country on the 20th, unless information, which he expects from Berlin, shall enable him to defer his departure a few days longer. There is little probability of 'Robert le Diable' being performed before that time; and it is anxiously to be desired, that the composer should be present, at least, on the first representation. The manager has liberally offered to go to any expense that Meyerbeer may desire, in order to get up this opera in a manner worthy of the master, provided the latter will stay. As, however, the possibility of his remaining here depends on circumstances which he cannot control, we think it well to mention, that the distinguished composer has no engagement with Mr. Mason, and came here entirely at his own personal cost, in the hope that he might render some assistance in the bringing out of his opera, and with an anxious wish that the English public should have a fair opportunity of hearing and determining on the merits of his celebrated work.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

##### ROYAL SOCIETY.

May 10.—John William Lubbock, Esq., Vice President and Treasurer in the chair.—The reading of Mr. Robert Were Fox's paper, entitled 'On certain irregularities in the Magnetic Needle, produced by partial warmth, and the relations which appear to subsist between terrestrial Magnetism and the geological structure and thermo-electrical currents of the Earth,' was resumed and concluded. Lord Northampton, and Archibald John Stephens, Esq., were admitted Fellows of the Society.

##### ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

##### General Anniversary Meeting.

May 4.—Right Hon. Lord Dover in the chair. The chairman, in his annual address, after adverting to the resignation of the Bishop of Salisbury, the late President, proceeded to consider, as a subject of historical and literary interest in accordance with the Society's objects, the question lately brought forward regarding the death of Richard II. King of England.

It is well known that the old account of the manner of that monarch's death, so long implicitly received, viz. that he was slain by Sir Piers of Exton, and his assistants, in Pomfret Castle, has been, for some time, exploded. This account Mr. Amyot has shown, in a paper published in the *Archæologia*, to be incorrect, and at variance with all the contemporary narratives of that event, which agree in ascribing the King's death to voluntary starvation.

In 1829 Mr. Tyder, in his 'History of Scotland,' again raised a controversy upon this subject. At the end of his third volume he has published an elaborate and ingenious essay on the death of Richard II.—since adopted by Sir W. Scott, in his 'History of Scotland,' rejected by Sir James Mackintosh, and answered in the *Archæologia* by Mr. Amyot,—in which his object is, to establish the following statements:—That Richard effected his escape from Pomfret, and being discovered in Scotland by Donald, Lord of the Isles, was sent by him to Robert II., king of that country; by whom, and after that king's decease, by the Duke of Albany, the governor of the kingdom, he was honourably treated; and that he died in Stirling Castle in 1419.

His Lordship, from an elaborate examination of the evidence on which Mr. Tyder founds his opinion of the truth of this narrative, compared with the authorities and arguments brought against it by Mr. Amyot, and in support of the

account previously adopted by the latter, concurs in the disbelief of the fact of King Richard's escape from Pomfret, and in the opinion that he died there, in the manner alleged by the writers whose testimony is adduced by Mr. Amyot.

The noble chairman's address was followed by the Secretary's report of the proceedings of the Society during the last year; the most prominent topics in which were—the state of the Society's funds; the circumstances relating to the resignation of the presidency by the venerable and learned Bishop of Salisbury, and an abstract of papers read at the ordinary meetings. We should be glad to be able to announce a more satisfactory report in regard to the first of these topics.

Since the anniversary of 1831, the Society has suffered severely in its list of members, by death; as the following names of the more eminent members, deceased in the course of the year, will show:

Mr. Roscoe, Mr. Crabbe, Archbishop Magee, M. Champollion, Mr. Bilderdijk (the Dutch poet), Mr. Impey (late the Society's Treasurer), Mr. Duppa, &c. &c.

Some discussion (in which the Bishop of Bristol, the Chairman, Mr. Sotheby, and Mr. Jacob, were the chief speakers), arose, after the reading of the report, respecting the propriety of a further application to His Majesty, for a renewal of the annual payment to the royal associates, granted by King George IV., but no resolution was adopted.

The following elections took place for the ensuing year:—

President: The Right Hon. Lord Dover.

Vice-Presidents: The Right Rev. the Bishop of Salisbury (late President), his Grace the Duke of Rutland, the Earl of Carlisle, the Earl of Munster, the Right Rev. the Bishop of Bath and Wells, the Right Rev. the Bishop of Bristol, the Right Hon. Lord Bexley, the Right Hon. Charles Yorke, the Rev. G. Richards, D.D., William Martin Leake, Esq.

Council: Sir Gore Ouseley, Bart., Sir Thomas Phillipps, Bart., the Rev. H. H. Baber, W. Banks, Esq., the Rev. Gilbert Beresford, John Caley, Esq., the Rev. Richard Cattermole (Secretary), the very Rev. G. Chandler, D.D., the Rev. Henry Clissold (Librarian), Henry Hallam, Esq., Wm. R. Hamilton, Esq. (Foreign Secretary), William Jacob, Esq. (Treasurer), William Jerdan, Esq., F. Madden, Esq., Lewis Hayes Petit, Esq., William Sotheby, Esq.

Treasurer: William Jacob, Esq.—Auditors: David Pollock, Esq., William Tooke, Esq.—Librarian: The Rev. Henry Clissold.—Secretary: The Rev. Richard Cattermole.—Foreign Secretary: W. R. Hamilton, Esq.—Accountant and Collector: Mr. Thomas Paull.

##### INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

March 13.—The President, T. Telford, Esq. in the chair.—A communication from Mr. Sibley was read, being a description of the apparatus put up by him for warming and ventilating the Hanwell Asylum, by means of the circulation of hot water through pipes. Six four-horse high pressure boilers are placed in the basement-story, to each of which is attached, one quarter of a mile in length of four-inch cast iron pipe, which conveys the hot water round the building, and back to the boiler: the arrangement of the pipes, &c. was shown by a drawing.

A model of a steam-boat, on a scale of half-an inch to a foot, was placed on the table for illustration, constructed by an eminent ship-builder, of Liverpool: it was stated, that a considerable number of vessels had been built after this model, amongst them the *Hibernia* (a South American boat), the *Lusitania*, and the *St. Patrick* were mentioned. The dimensions are 160 feet from stem to stern, breadth of beam inside,



19 feet 6 inches. The draught of water is 12 feet 6 inches; she carries 80 tons of goods; weight of boiler and machinery being about 120 tons.

Mr. Aitcheson's plan and section of the piers of the old London-bridge was laid on the table, and the paper which accompanied it, containing many interesting particulars regarding this ancient structure, was read by the secretary; the subject was further illustrated by a great variety of specimens of timber, stones, and mortar, from the old bridge.

A specimen was produced of South Wales coal (from the Swansea pits), the remarkable fracture of which had been mentioned on a former occasion. The weight of a bushel is from 90 to 93 lbs., a bushel of Newcastle weighing 84 lbs.. It was stated to be capable of producing 15 to 20 per cent. more steam than an equal bulk of the last-mentioned coal.

Some fine specimens of petrified wood were received from Mr. Swinbourne, and laid on the table.

Mr. Samuel Hemming, an associate member, was introduced.

Mar. 20.—The President in the chair.—The subject of, 'The Durability of various kinds of Timber under different circumstances,' was resumed, and in connexion with it, the statements made last evening, respecting the materials of Old London Bridge, were taken into consideration. Many important facts which had come under the personal observation of different members, were elicited during the discussion which ensued. The oldest specimen of timber under water which was mentioned, was that of some stakes of oak or elm, from the bed of the River Thames, said to have been driven there by the Ancient Britons, to obstruct the passage of the Roman cavalry under Julius Cæsar: the timber was in a fair state of preservation.

On the subject of the Gas Vacuum Engine being introduced, a communication was made of the performance, and also a detailed account of the manner of working one of these engines. The general principle may be stated shortly, as the introduction of gas into a cylinder, so as to be inflated; by the combustion of the atmospheric air, a partial vacuum is created in the cylinder, into which the water rises through a suction pipe, and in part fills it.

Mr. John Buddle was proposed as a corresponding member, and Mr. William Moseley as an associate.

Mar. 27.—The President in the chair.—The durability of various kinds of timber, &c., being continued, it was mentioned as a singular fact, that in the Cornish Copper Mines, the pump-roads, which are principally of Norway bark, as well as the braces and other timbers, are apt to become unsound, and covered with fungus at the place where they are subjected to the action of the land water above the adit to which the mine-water is pumped, while the parts only exposed to the mine-water, remain perfectly sound and clean. Under the impression, that mine-water possessed the power of destroying the sap or vegetating principle of timber, and thus be found a preservative against the dry rot, a quantity of timber intended for ship-building, was sent from Plymouth some years ago, and steeped in copper-mine water; but the result of this experiment was not yet known.

An analogous experiment was stated to have been tried thirty years ago at Philadelphia, U. S., at which place, a large frigate was built of timber that had been previously boiled in a solution of common salt in water, with the view of increasing its durability; the unexpected consequence was, that in the short space of three years, the ship became unserviceable, from the total decay of her timbers.

Some remarks were made on the application

of the high pressure engine, with tubular boilers, to steam-boats, and accounts were communicated of the performance of some of these engines, in this (new) application of their power.

Mr. Benjamin Hallen was elected an associate.

Mr. William Turnbull's treatise on the strength, flexure, and stiffness of cast-iron beams, was received from the author.

Mr. Henry H. Price, corresponding member, was introduced.

#### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

|          |   |
|----------|---|
| MONDAY,  | { Royal Geographical Society .. Nine, P.M.<br>Medical Society ..... Eight, P.M.   |
| TUESDAY, | { Horticultural Society ..... One, P.M.<br>Institution of Civil Engineers .. Eight, P.M.                                    |
| WEDNES.  | { Geological Society ..... ½ p. 8, P.M.<br>Royal Society of Literature .. Eight, P.M.<br>Society of Arts ..... ½ p. 7, P.M. |
| THURSD.  | { Royal Society ..... ½ p. 8, P.M.<br>Society of Antiquaries ..... Eight, P.M.  |
| FRIDAY,  | Royal Institution ..... ½ p. 8, P.M.  |
| SATURD.  | Royal Asiatic Society ..... Two, P.M.   |

#### ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS AND SCIENCES AT MUNICH.

*Anniversary—Faraday's latest discovery—President's Tribute to the Memory of Goethe—Martin on the Aborigines of Brazil—Hormayr on the Bavarians in the East.*

Munich, March 28th.

A numerous and most distinguished auditory attended the commemoration of the Seventy-fifth Anniversary of the Institution of our Royal Academy, which, according to established usage, held a public sitting on the occasion. The Chevalier Von Schelling, as President, opened the proceedings with a brief comment on the latest discovery made by Mr. Faraday, in which he glanced at the labours and brilliant success of Volta and Galvani, and the effects of accident on the most splendid discoveries. He then delivered a short address, in which he dwelt with great feeling on the death of Goethe, the intelligence of which mournful event had reached this capital but a few hours before. Short as were Schelling's expressions, yet, coming, as they did, unexpectedly, and immediately succeeding topics of a purely scientific nature, they produced a sensation, which I need not attempt to describe.—"These are times," said the President, "in which men of enlarged experience, of resolute soundness of understanding, and of a purity of mind above the very breath of suspicion, lend, by their very existence, a high degree of permanency and weight, to the character of their times. At a period like the present, the literature of Germany, and not merely that literature, but Germany itself, in being deprived of such a man as Goethe, sustains a loss, which may well be classed amongst the severest which could befall it. We have lost one, who, amidst every internal and external convulsion, stood immovable, like a gigantic column, to which the multitude were accustomed to look up, as to a Pharos that diffused a pure and shining light on every pathway of the human mind;—who, opposed by the very constitution of his nature to whatever was allied with anarchy and lawlessness, owed at all times the sway which he exercised over the minds of others, to the sway which truth exercised over his own mind, and his consummate mastery of that vigorous and healthy understanding with which he was endowed;—and in whose mind, eye, and—if I dare add as much—in whose heart, his country never failed to find, under every possible circumstance which related to art or science, poetry, or active life, a depth and solidity of judgment, which were the emanation of superior wisdom, and a final award, that conciliated every conflicting feeling and opinion. Amidst every domestic struggle, our

country continued rich and powerful in mind, so long—as GOETHE LIVED!"

The President was followed by Dr. Martin, the fellow-traveller of the late Academician Von Spix, whose investigations, conjointly with Von Martins, have led to one of the most valuable publications which we possess on the Brazil. † He read a memoir on 'The state of the legal customs among the aborigines of the Brazil,' in which, however, his main object appeared to be that of showing, that the *Red-race* are on the eve of extinction; and that human kind, such as they are found in what is denominated the New World, do not consist of a *modern* generation; but that they are the relics of a state of civilization, which has ceased to exist for thousands of years.

The next speaker was Baron Von Hormayr, who, as a prelude to his contemplated 'History of Bavaria,' on last year's anniversary, had discoursed on the ancestry of the Royal House of Bavaria, and in 1830, on the *Monumenta Boica*. Following up this design, he now spoke of 'The Bavarians in the East'; dwelt upon the part which they took in all the Crusades, their memorable pilgrimages and voyages of discovery, and their share in the deliverance of Hungary from the Turks, as well as in the recent emancipation of Greece. His panegyric and remarks on the latter of these topics, were received with a cordiality of feeling, which the presence of the Grecian Sovereign elect, Prince Otto, a youth of great promise, greatly contributed to enhance.

#### FINE ARTS

##### EXHIBITION AT SOMERSET HOUSE.

THIS is the Sixty-fourth Exhibition of the Royal Academy; it contains in all 1229 works of art—of these, 121 are pieces of sculpture, probably as many more are belonging to architecture, leaving a vast residue to painting. In all these departments of art, there are productions of high merit; some charm us by their quiet grace and their tranquil beauty, some by their pure and unmingled nature—transcripts from society or the field; some please us by the splendour of their colours, by their fine light and shade; others are remarkable for scientific severity; a few have history stamped upon them; and some dozen or so are allied to poetry, by the verse which they seek to embody, or, nobler still, by a visible feeling and fancy of their own. Poetry and history, however, are still less worshipped than we could wish: it is true that inspiration is not a common gift to the sons of men: when all those who write mere verses, and those who make legs and arms, and heads, and habits, are subtracted from the sum total of the ranks of genius, the children of true inspiration will be found to be few in number. Turner, and Jones, and Etty, and Howard, and Hilton, and Wilkie, and Leslie, and Callcott, and probably one or two more, have distinguished themselves by works allied or belonging to poetry and history; we would say, that the '*Italy*' of TURNER, and the '*Three Children*' of JONES, are the highest, or at least the purest, efforts of imagination in the place; and that the '*John Knox*' of WILKIE, and the '*Catherine and Petruccio*' of LESLIE, are the pictures which will be most admired, because they unite the low with the lofty, and address themselves to all qualities of mind and all conditions of society. We have not forgotten in this hasty estimate, either Howard or Etty, the latter of whom has painted a wild "Imagination," such as the eminent painters loved to sketch of old, but it hovers so near the border land, which separates fancy from absurdity, that we must with reluc-

† For the only notice of the third volume of this work which has yet appeared in England, see *Athenæum*, No. 223.

tance exclude the splendid error from our list. The landscapes are numerous, one hundred and fifty or so, and many of them excellent: Turner we have already praised; Callcott is little behind Turner in imagination, and equal to him in every thing else, and, moreover, has more variety in his works this season than we have ever seen before; the younger Daniell has some charming Indian scenes, which we wish we could buy, particularly the Hirkarrah Camel and his dromedary-like rider—a little thing of singular beauty; Collins continues to add to his well-earned reputation, by his fine sea-side scenes and his fish-like fishermen; Arnold too has some notable things. In that department of art, which lies between the high historical and the domestic, there are many pictures of singular beauty: Cooper has not forgotten his skill in skirmishing, and in the sterner toils of battle—there are some glorious bits of colour, and life, and character, scattered through his compositions; Allan has nature equal to any one, and colour surpassing all his former efforts; his *'Sir Walter Scott in his Armoury,'* is painted with such skill and care, that the nearer the view the fairer is the picture. Edwin Landseer has several pictures, such as the *'Two Pets,'* and the *'Heron and Falcon,'* surpassed by nothing but nature: Mulready has a small work, but that is no matter, he has the art of saying much in little: Newton has left us something to remember him by; but perhaps one of the most successful things of the kind, is *'Rustic Civility,'* by COLLINS.

Of portraits, the amount is enormous, nor are there many of great excellence; out of the 563 which we counted, there are perhaps not more than an hundred uniting elevation of character with that elegant ease, clear depth of colour, and scientific skill of handling, which distinguish the best paintings. Phillips and Pickersgill have several portraits, which are certainly not surpassed, if equalled, by any in the Exhibition. Wilkie has painted a likeness of His Majesty, which surprises by the depth and vigour and harmony of the colouring, and the President exhibits some capital heads; on the whole, however, portrait has descended a point or two compared to former Exhibitions. In architecture there is less too, we think, to commend than formerly: Gandy has made a stair to heaven, and other artists have given restorations of antique temples and towns. The sculpture-room contains a number of excellent works: we wonder, however, that any artist of taste can think of placing a work of genius in such "a dark opprobrious den;" the room is so ill-lighted and so small, that nothing can be seen to advantage—nothing, indeed, as it really is. Chantrey's fine statue of Canning, shows its legs at the expense of its head; and though we knew it to be the same work we had seen in the sculptor's study, yet the change for the worse made it look so different, that it fell fifty per cent. in our estimation. In the present disastrous situation of the country, with a question which, like a disturbed ghost, no conjuring can settle, we cannot hope for a new building worthy of receiving the labours of our artists: this is the more to be deplored, as a love of art is spreading far and wide, and works of merit are growing annually more numerous. We shall now proceed and describe as clearly as we can a few of the principal works, taking them as they are numbered.

1. *'Death of Sir John Moore, K.B.,'* JONES, R.A.—The hero of Corunna is represented dying, surrounded by his principal officers, Anderson, Colborne, Napier, Percy, and Stanhope. A highlander soldier or two look mournfully on, and not the least interested in the scene, is a Spanish chief, whose broad hat and swarthy face contrast finely with the fairer islanders. The colouring is natural, and the

grouping good; but the heroic sentiment, necessary for such an event, is less to our liking.

2. *'Sunset at Camoglia, a small Sea-port near Genoa,'* CALLCOTT, R.A.—This is a fine mixture of sea and shore. The former is, perhaps, the most natural representation of salt water that we ever saw in art; the hue is of that kind, known among the vulgar by the name of bottle-green, the exact colour of old ocean, when his waves are gently agitated: there are ships in the bay, and people on shore, all very beautifully done—but commend us to the sea.

15. *'Portrait of General Lord Hill, Commander-in-Chief,'* PICKERSGILL, R.A.—Here we have great depth of colour and truth of character; our praise can go no farther; it has been the pleasure of nature to make this distinguished leader too stout in body for being graceful, and it has been the pleasure of the artist to show all this, by painting him in tight close-buttoned regimentals. With how much skill as well as propriety could the painter have found a remedy in a military cloak.

20. *'An Imaum-barrak, or Mausoleum of a Mahometan High Priest, at Sassarem, in the Province of Bahar, East Indies,'* W. DANIELL, R.A.—The paintings of Daniell are generally of an eastern character, and, in colour and handling, quite original. They seem all to have been limned under an eastern sky: the air is rarefied by the heat of the sun; the shade of the trees is unlike that of our ungenial clime; and there is a picturesque splendour in the buildings, and a luxuriance in the flowers, such as we find nowhere else. As we like the enjoyment of new sensations, we usually look at these eastern scenes first.

28. *'The Fair Maid of Perth—St. Valentine's Morn,'* ALLAN, A.—This northern artist has usually but one or two works in our Exhibition; and we are grieved for this the more, because his paintings are full of nature and original character. He sometimes, it is true, mingles clumsiness with elegance, and is too fastidious about detail, but on the whole he leaves an impression on the mind which is slow in passing away. The painting of the Fair Maid of Perth has many beauties and few faults; among its beauties we reckon, besides the general air of the picture and the fine light and shade, the honest and gladsome face of the old Glover, who sees with such unfeigned joy the affection of his beautiful daughter for the renowned Harry Wynd. The smith, we must confess, resembles the description of Scott too closely: the magical skill of the writer enabled him to make an excellent rustic hero out of very clumsy materials, as regards exterior; the pencil has attempted a fac-simile from the pen, and we cannot praise it: the art of Scott was laid out on the mind; the art of Allan was necessarily laid out on the body as well as intellect: and what sympathy have we for heroes long of the arm and short in the body?

29. *'Rustic Civility,'* COLLINS, R.A.—A picture much to our liking in all things. Three peasant children have been gathering sticks, and are come to a gate, towards which, a rider of rank approaches—the youngest squats unconcerned on the ground, while the eldest, with a singular mixture of bashfulness and awe in his face, puts his hand to where his hat should be, and makes an obeisance with his looks. Now we could not describe the work, without speaking of the rider, but the artist has told all that we have told, and more, without painting him.

37. *'Battle of Naseby, a Sketch,'* ARNOLD.—We always encourage as much as we may, all artists who venture upon the hazardous line of the historical; there is an animation in this picture, which reminds us of Cooper, and much of which Cooper need not be ashamed: it is but justice, however, to the latter artist, to say,

that he painted and exhibited a picture from the same passage in history, some six or seven years ago. The whole was admirable, save the Earl of Carnwath, who was on horseback, in Highland kilts; now, the Scotsman was a Lowlander, and had no more right to the kilt, than a Londoner has to a leek on St. David's day.

52. *'Scene in the Isle of Wight,'* W. DANIELL.—There is nothing eastern here, but much that is of our own stormy coast. The sea is agitated; the waves, in one long continuous undulating swell, are throwing the foam, and ejecting weeds far up the rocks, and over the beach.

61. *'The Ruined Tomb,'* CALLCOTT, R.A.—The sun, almost unseen, is shedding its light far over sea and shore, and down a valley, where on every side arise the ruins of an ancient city. A time-worn tomb stands by the way side, over which some peasants are leaning, ruminating on the uncertainty of all things human. The scene is a fine one, and not in Callcott's usual manner.

62. *'Portraits of Lady Cooté and Child,'* PICKERSGILL, R.A.—One of the best and loveliest works in the Exhibition. The lady, though not so young as she has been, has a maternal beauty in her looks, which is sufficient for all the purposes of fine painting; she indulges her babe in her bosom, as if such sweet office were nothing new to her; but the child is a lovely one, and much becomes the mother. We looked long on this charming work.

67. *'Portrait of the Rev. Dr. Buckland, Professor of Geology, Oxford,'* PHILLIPS, R.A.—This we consider an admirable painting, as well as a wonderful likeness; there is an air of manliness and vigour about the work, which we see too little of in this department of art. The Professor stands meditating, with the fossil skull of some extinct species of animal in his hand; his look is full of meaning, and there is an evident connexion between his thoughts and the text-bone in his hand.

68. *'Medea meditating the Murder of her Children,'* HOWARD.—There is a sad untroubled beauty in the mother, and a quiet loveliness in the children, which unite in forming a picture singularly affecting.

70. *'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage—Italy,'* TURNER, R.A.—This is one of the noblest landscapes of our gifted artist; it has all the poetry of his best pictures, with all the true natural colouring of his less imaginative compositions. We sat down before it, and felt deeply moved by the far extending glory of the scene: we behold for hundreds of miles, at least we imagined so, the most glorious vallies, the most gorgeous ruins, the most picturesque hills, and in the centre of all, a broad river, spanned by an antique bridge—but, such a bridge!—one constructed in the infancy of Italian empire: and such a river!—so broad, so deep, and so clear; here shaded by innumerable trees, there showing the shadows of ruined temples on its bosom, whilst in other places it flowed broad and silvery in the light of the sky.

[To be continued.]

*The Byron Gallery. Part I. London, 1832.*  
Smith, Elder & Co.

WE are a little in arrears in this department of our paper, but we cannot defer, even for another week, to make honourable mention of this beautiful work. It is got up in the very finest taste, and, seemingly without consideration of expense. The present number contains illustrations of the *'Bride of Abydos,'* *'Manfred,'* *'The Two Foscari,'* *'Don Juan,'* and *'Beppo,'* from the pencils of Richter, Corbould, Stothard, and J. P. Davis; engraved by W. Finden, Romney, Portbury, E. Finden, and Goodyear. Richter's first picture was noticed by us a short time since; Corbould has exceeded our expectations; Stothard is always interesting and delightful;

Richter's *Lovers* is truly a most sweet picture, and Davis has been eminently successful. All the engravings are good; and, indeed, we have not often seen a work more deserving public patronage, and the price brings it within the reach of most persons.

## MUSIC

### KING'S THEATRE.

THE performances on Saturday and Tuesday must have grievously disappointed the public—thrice have Rosa Mariani and Grisi been announced—and it is only now expected, that they will make their debut this evening in Pacini's opera seria, 'Gli Arabi.' From mawkish Italian singers and vapid Italian music, we turn with extreme delight to the admirable execution of 'Der Freischütz,' by the German company, on Thursday last. The three principal characters by De Meric, Heitzinger (a pleasing tenor), and Pellegrini (a bass), have been ably sustained by Mrs. Wood, Messrs. Braham and Phillips, in the English version; but here all comparison must end. The second soprano, Madlle. Schneider, sang and acted with such naïveté, as gave an interest and importance to a part, which has never been at all adequately represented on the English stage. Such an *ensemble* in concerted and choral dramatic music was never heard in this country, and we seriously advise Mr. Mason immediately to enlist the services of Herr Schellard, the Kapellmeister, for the Italian operas. Although the orchestra was weak, the principal performers being engaged at the Antient Concerts, the perfect execution of the music was miraculous, and could only be attributed to the skilful and maestro-like conducting of this gentleman.

### ANTIEN CONCERTS.

THE Earl of Derby's selection for the seventh Concert, consisted of some fine choral music, from the sacred works of Haydn, a sinfonia of Mozart, and several standard compositions of excellence, by the old masters. The Duke of Cumberland's determination to abide by old laws and ancient custom, was again pretty evident in his selection for the eighth Concert, which was the duldest of the season, and did not contain a single vocal piece by Haydn or Mozart. At both Concerts, the brilliant powers of Mrs. Wood, or some equally eminent vocalist, would have been a most acceptable addition. The instrumental performance was most perfect and effective.

## THEATRICALS

### DRURY LANE.

A ballad opera, called 'The Tyrolese Peasant,' was brought out here on Tuesday last. It will have a run, if it makes haste to run in again—otherwise not. As a drama, it is entitled to take rank immediately behind the feeblest previously produced. Feeble is so truly the word for it, that, to deal roughly with it in the way of criticism, would be almost like striking a woman. There is no active offence in it beyond the ultra-French absurdity of the main incident—the blindness of the old man; but, with reference to this, it is really puzzling to pronounce which is the more ridiculous,—the way in which he becomes so, or the way in which he is cured. The piece seems to be a poor translation from a poor French original. It is a thin soup made from the bones of 'Clari.' It is attributed to a gentleman who has done so much better before, that we will not mention his name, for fear of doing him wrong. After waiting so long for Mr. Bishop to break silence in the way of composition, it is truly lamentable to find him doing so in a piece which no one, who knows the inside of a theatre from the out, could, as it appears to

us, seriously think would, at best, do more than escape condemnation. Mr. Bishop's music has enabled it to do this, but nothing can make it attractive. There are three very pretty ballads, and there would, most probably, have been a fourth, but for Miss Pearson's introduction of one by some inferior hand. The rest of the music is creditable to the composer; but, without making any charge of direct plagiarism, we sincerely wish he would write more like himself, and less in the style of other people. Mr. Templeton took great pains, and obtained considerable applause; and Mr. Seguin sang his music steadily, but he advances slowly in his acting.

## MISCELLANEA

*Anniversary of the Literary Fund.*—The dinner, though not numerous, was well attended, and the report of the treasurers every way satisfactory. The political excitement of the day (Wednesday) was made manifest, as the usual healths were drank;—a circumstance more to be regretted than wondered at. Meyerbeer was present, but, with a modesty natural to genius, declined the honour of a seat at the president's table, to which, by courtesy, he was entitled, and dined with some friends among the company: but, on the removal of the cloth, it became known to Dr. Croly (one of the registrars), that this distinguished foreigner was present; and he came immediately, accompanied by Sir John Malcolm, to invite him to the upper table. The composer's health was afterwards drunk with enthusiasm, and he returned thanks in a very neat speech.

*Cheap Literature.*—Since our last, half a dozen new publications have made their appearance. We have the *Halfpenny Magazine*, the *True Halfpenny Magazine*, and the *Halfpenny Library* now before us; they are all creditable, but the *Halfpenny Library* is excellent. A *Halfpenny Supplement* is, it appears, to be given every month, and the first will contain "a complete history of England, illustrated with portraits of every British Sovereign!" We recommend this work to the especial protection of all who dislike monopolies; it is better than the *Penny Magazine*, besides containing considerably more matter, and at one half the price. As the Society for Diffusing Useful Knowledge can have no other object than to circulate wholesome and cheap literature, we trust this work will have their patronage and support; that they will give to the publication the sanction of their name, and lend their copyright works and engravings to the publisher on the same terms as to Mr. Knight. We recommend the proprietor to make immediate application.—[We think it necessary to state, in consequence of a very absurd report, originating, perhaps, in the accident of the *Halfpenny Library* being published at our former Office, that we have no interest in that publication, nor even a knowledge of any person connected with it.]

*Frame Tablets.*—We noticed some time since the introduction by Messrs. Vizetelly & Branson of these frame tablets, for mounting drawings and engravings. We have now seen specimens in gold that are truly beautiful, and we recommend our lady artists, who desire to show off their own tasty works to the best advantage, to look at them immediately: they will be delighted.

The Royal Library at Paris has sustained further losses by theft, consisting of a quantity of MSS. on paper and parchment. The French feeling of respect for public institutions would seem to be on the decline.

*Population of Warsaw.*—According to a recent census, Warsaw now contains only 113,953 inhabitants. As the population before the revolution amounted to 150,000, it follows that this dreadful struggle cost the capital of Poland

alone, 35,000 inhabitants. It is computed, that out of these, 10,000 died of the cholera and malignant fevers, 5000 in battle, and that the remainder are dispersed, and become wanderers on a foreign soil. There are now one-eighth more females than males; and the Jews form one fifth of the whole population.

*Signs of the Times.*—From 250 to 300 marriages per month are said usually to take place at Paris; but last month they only amounted to twenty-five!

*Dutch Parsimony.*—A German clergyman, who lately travelled in Holland and England for the purpose of raising contributions for the support of his impoverished church, relates the following characteristic anecdote:—A Dutch merchant very readily presented him with fifty florins; but, perceiving that he at the same time cast a rueful glance at the canvas bag which contained the money, the clergyman said, "I shall send you the bag back again."—"I thank you sincerely," said the Hollander, with a smile of satisfaction; "do so, if you please; bags are very scarce."

A mechanic at Marseilles, on reading the Prefect's notice to the public, enjoining the assembled citizens to return to their occupations, exclaimed, "That is soon done: we have only to fold our arms!"—*Corsaire.*

*European Population.*—A German periodical (*Hesperus*) contains some very fanciful speculations on the causes which affect population, from which we have selected the following particulars: The increase and decrease of marriages in a country are naturally influenced by great events, such as peace and war, public prosperity and public calamities, famine and disease; but, here we are told, that political feelings exercise an influence: thus, in Prussia, the number of marriages was greatly increased after the expulsion of the French. During the years 1817, 1818 and 1819, when the political prospects of that country were in their zenith, 1 person was married in 98; in the subsequent years the numbers again fell to 1 in 103, 1 in 111, and 1 in 118. In France, from the year 1815 to 1822, the number of marriages was much less than before the Revolution, although the population was greater by several millions. After 1817, the number of annual marriages increased by about 8,000, and continued stationary at that rate till 1821; but, in 1822, after the evacuation of the country by foreign troops, the number quickly rose by 26,000, and, in the ensuing year, even by 40,000. But it again declined during the obnoxious administration of Villele, and again increased after the overthrow of his ministry. Even in Russia, from 70 to 80,000 couples less than usual were married in 1812.

The proportion of deaths among children under 5 years, is also remarkable, as it seems to keep pace with the degree of education and comfort of the inhabitants. It is smallest in the large towns; and would be smaller still, if it were not for those who die in workhouses and hospitals, deserted by their parents.

The degree of fertility of marriages seems to vary between 3,500 and 5,500 children to 1,000 couples. The author, from an average of more than 77 millions of births, and 17 millions of marriages, all extending over a period of several years, comes to some results, from which we shall extract two or three of the most interesting. To a thousand marriages, there were born in the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies . . . 5,546 children

In France . . . . . 4,148

In England . . . . . 3,565

In Zealand . . . . . 3,439

The Two Sicilies and Zealand being the extremes. Marriages appear to be less prolific, as the countries lie nearer to the north.

A fourth point of importance in these investigations, is the growing excess of males over fe-

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males, since the general peace; which, if correctly stated, is not a little alarming, and seems to make a periodical return of war an indispensable evil. Thus, in Russia, the increase of males over females, in 15 years, was 804,453; in France, 347,254; in Prussia, 69,764; in Naples, 25,796; in Bavaria, 8398; in Bohemia, 69,172; in Sweden, 15,195; in Württemberg, 6877; in Hesse, 3361; in Nassau, 6484;—briefly, in a total population of 101,707,212, an excess of 1,556,754 males. If this proportion be applied to all Europe, with a population of 215 millions, the excess of males would amount, in the same period of peace, to 2,700,000. In the southern provinces of Russia, near the Caucasus, in the two Americas, and at the Cape of Good Hope, the disproportion is still greater.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

| Days of the Week. | Thermom. Max. Min. | Barometer. Noon. | Winds.     | Weather.   |
|-------------------|--------------------|------------------|------------|------------|
| Th. 3             | 62 46              | 29.05            | W to S W H | Rain, A.M. |
| Fr. 4             | 53 39              | 29.45            | E.         | Cloudy.    |
| Sat. 5            | 62 48              | 29.85            | S.W.       | Ditto.     |
| Sun. 6            | 68 51              | Stat.            | S.W.       | Ditto.     |
| Mon. 7            | 75 48              | Stat.            | S.W. to W. | Clear.     |
| Tues. 8           | 73 40              | 29.65            | W. to N.   | Ditto.     |
| Wed. 9            | 55 37              | 30.05            | N.W. to N. | Cloudy.    |

*Prevailing Clouds.*—Cirrostratus, Cumulus, Cumulocirrus.

Nights and mornings fair during the latter half of the week. Thunder, A.M., on Monday.

Mean temperature of the week, 46°.

Day increased on Wednesday, 7 h. 32 min.

## NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

*Forthcoming.*—The Return of the Victors, a Poem, by William Dalley.

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The Rev. K. Equire is preparing a new edition of his Exercises for Greek Verse, which will be ready very shortly.

Early next month, will appear the Literary Pantheon; or, a Series of Dissertations on Theological, Literary, Moral, and Controversial Subjects, by Robert Carr and Thomas Swinburn Carr.

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## TO CORRESPONDENTS

Correspondents must excuse us until next week.

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## REVIEWS

*Mémoires de Madame la Duchesse d'Abrantès, ou, Souvenirs Historiques sur Napoléon, la Révolution, le Directoire, le Consulat, l'Empire, et la Restauration.* Troisième Livraison—containing volumes V. and VI. Paris, 1832. Ladvocat.

THE long-announced publication of this third *livraison* has at length taken place, and the volumes have reached us with all possible dispatch. Although the work has arrived after our editorial arrangements for the week are completed, we shall, nevertheless, manage to gratify our readers with a first notice of these truly entertaining Memoirs. It must not, however, be imagined, that we present the following extracts as the brightest gems of the work: they have been chosen as those best adapted to the peculiar circumstances under which this hasty notice is written—more time will enable us to do more justice in future translations.

In these new volumes, Madame la Duchesse is worthy of herself. The same graceful and flowing style, the same ease of narration, the same originality of thought, pervade this third part of the most entertaining memoirs which have appeared upon the French Revolution; and perhaps the most important, embracing, as they do, the consequences attendant upon its progress through a lapse of nearly thirty years. The Duchess of Abrantès is no ordinary woman. She thinks and acts for herself; and in her opinions on the most trivial matters, as on the most important, will be found that independence of thought and sentiment, which stamps the master mind. Should we be thought a little too enthusiastic in our praise, let it be remembered, that we have had many opportunities, besides the perusal of her writings, of judging of her talents.

Our first extracts have reference to the horrible excesses committed at Avignon, early in the Revolution; and these details are the more valuable, because they are not recorded in any other work:—

### *Jourdan the Beheader.*

"It is necessary to state, before relating this short history, that the delightful city of Avignon, so beautiful of itself, and so delightful as associated with the recollection of Petrarch and Laura, was, at the period of the revolution, a prey to the most atrocious and unheard of crimes. Definitively united to France by a decree of the national assembly, the Venaisian county brought us hatred and vengeance, whose torch was lit by that of our own civil discords. Banditti, freed galley-slaves, and criminals of all descriptions from the coast of Italy and the Islands of the Mediterranean, assembled at Avignon, and spread murder, pillage, sacrilege, and devastation over the country. They acknowledged a chief, who afterwards ac-

quired great and dreadful celebrity. This was *Jourdan the Beheader.*

"Born in *Les Cévennes*, this celebrated brigand was at first a smuggler, but, as he did not limit his prowess to the exercise of this dangerous profession, he was apprehended and sent to the prison at Valence in Dauphiné. Having made his escape, with six others, he dropped his real name of *Jouve*, and assumed that of *Jourdan*, under which he perpetrated the most dreadful crimes. Having again attracted the attention of the officers of Justice, he left off *business*, ceased to lay travellers under contribution upon the highway, and came to Paris. Here he worked as a journeyman blacksmith and farrier, and afterwards entered the service of the Duke of Orleans, but was soon turned away for stealing. A *penchant* for pilfering was too strongly rooted in his heart to be resisted; and before he served the Duke of Orleans, he had been discharged for theft by a farrier of the Rue Clos-Gorgeot, with whom he had lived.

"He now returned to Avignon, whither he carried fire and sword. Some persons at Avignon believed that he had acquired the ominous surname of the *Beheader*, from the circumstance of his having, on the day the Bastille was captured, cut off the head of M. de Launay, the governor of that fortress. But this is incorrect. Jourdan's crimes are sufficiently numerous, without imputing to him those of other people. He who mutilated the unfortunate De Launay, was a tall old man with a long white beard; and was so described on the 6th of October."

### *The Marquis d'Aulan.*

"On the 10th of June, 1790, M. Demanez, Marquis d'Aulan, the most esteemed man at Avignon, and the most deserving of such esteem, from the good he did, and from the practice of every virtue, was carried by the crowd towards a gallows fifty feet high, raised upon the *Place du Palais*, and upon which the mob were about to hang the Marquis de Rochegude, the Abbé Offraye, and one Aubert, a silk-mercier, who possessed considerable property at Avignon. When M. d'Aulan saw his unhappy countrymen excited by a sanguinary frenzy, which assimilated them to the most ferocious of wild beasts, he spoke to them with that accent of truth and virtue, which was wont to calm the most furious. But on that fatal day of murder, his voice was lost; nothing was listened to, and nothing heard, save the cries of the victims. M. d'Aulan was not discouraged; but, with a perseverance and courage, which many others would not have shown to save even their own lives, succeeded in getting close to the gallows tree. As he arrived, the executioner was struggling with a carrier belonging to the country, named Buffardin, whom the people had condemned to be executed upon suspicion of monopolizing corn. The poor man was innocent, and M. d'Aulan knew it well.

"'Ye are a herd of monsters,' he cried, as he flew to the assistance of the carrier, whom he helped to get rid of the hangman. 'Ye are worse than tigers. What has this unfortunate man done to you? Would you take his life? And what are to become of his wife and children—who is to provide for them? Thirst you still

for blood? Do you require another victim? If so, leave that man and take me, but on condition that I shall be the last.'

"'He is right! He is right!' cried the multitude. Among the latter, were many individuals who knew the worth of the Marquis d'Aulan, justly termed the father of the unfortunate. But their attempts to speak in his favour, were unsuccessful; their voices were drowned in the cries and vociferations of the wretches who surrounded the gallows.

"'Yes! yes! they exclaimed: 'since he chooses to pay off the scores of the carrier, let him die!'

"And the noble-minded Marquis was immediately hanged."

### *The Tour de la Glacière.*

"What saved the city of Avignon on this fatal day, was the coolness and courage of the Chevalier d'Aymar, mayor of Orange, who, with his national guard, restored tranquillity,—for a time at least. It was on the 6th of October of the following year, that the horrible catastrophe of the *Tour de la Glacière* took place. A man of the name of L'Ecuier, addressing the people in the church of the Cordeliers, was stabbed to death with scissiors by a troop of women, or rather furies. They themselves carried the body in procession round the city, stating that it was the corpse of a victim, whose murder must be avenged. The people rose, broke open the prison, and tore from their asylum of grief, wretches who now feared to leave it, and clung with despair to the bars of their cells. Sixty-three individuals of all ages and both sexes, were precipitated into the *Tour de la Glacière*, into which quick lime had previously been thrown, but without water. The first who reached the bottom were suffocated; and among these were M. Lami, the architect, and his son. They were found close to each other, the son kneeling before his father."

The following account of Cimarosa will be some relief to this dark tale of horrors, and we hope interesting to our musical readers:—

### *Cimarosa.*

"This great master of harmony was born at Naples (Capo-di-Monte), and educated at the Conservatory of Loretto, where he followed the school of the incomparable Durante. On leaving the Conservatory, he, like all other young composers, had to seek a patron, which he had the good fortune to find in Madame Ballante, whose immense wealth enabled her to afford liberal encouragement to the fine arts. She supported with her patronage the genius of the young musician, and she soon had the satisfaction to perceive that his growing celebrity conferred a considerable degree of honour upon herself. Madame Ballante had a daughter, who heard not with indifference the beautiful voice of Cimarosa giving utterance to his still more beautiful music. She soon loved him deeply; and Madame Ballante, with the feelings of a mother who had alone in view the happiness of her child, consented to their union. Its joys were, however, of short duration; for after a few fleeting months of bliss, the young and tender wife was cut off in the midst of her hap-

piness, and Cimarosa left the widowed father of a son. His grief was overwhelming: but he at length yielded to the entreaties of Madame Ballante to marry again. This lady had adopted and brought up an orphan girl as her child. She took her to Cimarosa: 'This, my friend,' she said, 'is my second daughter.' Alas! happiness seemed not destined for a man so peculiarly qualified to enjoy it as Cimarosa. His second wife died very young, leaving him a son and a daughter.

"Cimarosa had a fine mind: his feelings were those of a being superior to the best of ordinary men. He had great powers of intellect, and an abundant store of general knowledge, independent of the fine spirituality of his transcendent genius. He sang better than the most celebrated artists; and his manner of accompanying was beautiful beyond description. My brother, who was a passionate admirer of Cimarosa's compositions, as all must be who can *feel* music, told me that he once had a musical battle with this celebrated composer, which lasted a whole morning. It was who should first tire the other. Cimarosa was at the piano, and my brother at the harp. The former would give out a subject, and Albert would make variations upon it on his harp. Cimarosa would then sing it in every key, and in every measure, as *barcarola*, *canzonna*, *polacca*, *romanza*, &c. 'These were the most agreeable hours,' my brother has often said to me, 'that I ever spent.' The facility of improvisation is an extraordinary and enchanting gift of nature, which Cimarosa possessed in rare perfection; and when, at a party, he sang extemporaneously a delightful song, to which he improvised words with marvellous facility, it was impossible to avoid bestowing upon him the epithet of *divine*, of which my personal admiration of him justifies the use in this work. He was a lively, pleasant companion, fond of laughter; and he possessed, in the highest degree, that quality so generally the concomitant of superior genius,—I mean, generosity. How many unfortunate emigrants were succoured by Cimarosa! At Paris, when the beautiful *Anna* of the 'Matrimonio,' 'Pria che spunti,' or 'Quelle pupille tenere,' elicited almost frantic applause, it is well known that the profit of these immortal productions was devoted to assuage the misfortunes of many of our unhappy countrymen. But we were then living under a government unable to appreciate the virtue of such a man. Instead of a civic crown in the name of the admiring country, persecution, fetters, and torture were the rewards bestowed upon Parthenope's brightest glory, for having exercised the most noble philanthropy. It is well known that the persecutions which Cimarosa underwent were the cause of his premature death.

"Madame Ballante, also a victim of the troubles which divided their beautiful country, lost all her fortune. A mind like Cimarosa's could only utter accents pure and lovely as his thoughts. He had the happiness to receive his benefactress at his own house. 'You are mistress here,' said he, 'for is not everything I possess yours? Are you not my mother,—nay, more than mother, my best and dearest benefactress?'

"Cimarosa endeavoured to struggle against royal terrorism, but it was of no avail. Neapolitan terrorism was more exquisitely atrocious than any other, and its cruelty more permanently active; which is saying a great deal. The horrible crimes committed at Naples are generally unknown; but when the eye of historic research shall penetrate that page of iniquity—when it shall behold the murders, the judicial robberies, the religious persecutions—the mind of the honest historian will shrink back with horror. And when he afterwards learns that a woman—aye, a woman—commanded the exe-

cution of all these horrors, what will he then feel?

"Cimarosa, scarcely fifty years of age, died on the 10th of January, 1801. His name and works will be immortal."

Madame la Duchesse, in her account of the private theatricals at Malmaison, relates a laughable anecdote, which we here transcribe:—

#### *Isabey and the First Consul.*

"I have already stated that our actors were very good. One of the best,—perhaps the very best, with the exception only of Hortense,—was Isabey, the miniature-painter. Although useful to us, he suddenly ceased taking a part in our plays. This circumstance has been but obscurely explained: it originated in the following ludicrous cause.

"One day, the first Consul, having returned from his ride, crossed the small gallery next to the middle saloon at Malmaison, and stopped to look at a book of engravings placed upon a table at the end of the gallery looking into the park. Isabey, who had just left the theatre, entered through an opposite door. At this period the first Consul was very thin, and wore the uniform of the *Guides* or *Chasseurs à Cheval*, belonging to the body guard. Eugène Beauharnais was then colonel of that fine regiment. Isabey, who had not heard the first consul come in, seeing at the end of the gallery a short, slim personage, dressed in the uniform of the *Guides*, and wearing two epaulets, naturally concluded that it was Eugène Beauharnais, with whom he was very intimate, and whom he determined to *surprise*. Dextrous, light, and easy in his motions as a cat, he advanced softly without making the slightest noise, and, seizing a favourable opportunity, leaped with a single spring upon the shoulders of the first Consul, and sat astride upon his neck. Napoleon, who thought that the house was falling over his head, and that the devil had come to strangle him, was thrown down by the impetus of the demon. He rose, got rid of his strange collar, which in his turn he threw with violence upon the ground, and presented to the stupefied countenance of Isabey features which he certainly did not expect to behold at that moment.

"'What means this joke?' said he, in a severe tone.

"'I thought it was Eugène,' stammered the young artist.

"'And if it had been Eugène,' replied the first Consul, 'was it necessary to dislocate his shoulder?' Saying this, he left the gallery.

"This story soon got wind, notwithstanding the care taken to prevent it. The first Consul had too much tact not to know that the laugh was not on his side. Isabey had the same perception of the ridicule that would fall upon Napoleon, and both would fain have covered the circumstance with the veil of silence. But whether the artist, in the first moment of his alarm, had related the circumstance to Eugène himself, or whether the first Consul had said something to Madame Bonaparte, certain it is, that the matter became known. Pains were afterwards taken to contradict the story. If this ridiculous circumstance were the cause of Isabey's departure, and his forced secession from our dramatic company, it was a palpable injustice, and one without object; for, to avoid laughing at the idea of Isabey thus scaling or escalating the first Consul, it was necessary to be descended in a direct line, and without *mésalliance*, from either Timon or Heraclitus."

The following places the character of Napoleon in an amiable light.

#### *Anecdote of Napoleon and Junot.*

"A woman of high rank and fashion was implicated in a conspiracy under the consulate,

by the selfish thoughtlessness of a young hair-brained coxcomb, who asked her for an asylum. I forget whether it was in the affair of the infernal machine, or that of Chevalier; but it is certain, that the lady had no concern whatever with the plot, of which she was totally ignorant. The young man was a lieutenant in Colonel Fournier's regiment. He was deeply implicated; and instead of giving a candid explanation to the person to whom he applied for concealment, and whom his application might involve in serious difficulties, he concealed from her the political motive of his proscription. The *gendarmierie*, who traced him closely, soon found him out, and took him from under the protection of Madame Montesson; for his benefactress was no other than that distinguished lady. As soon as she knew the truth, she sent to request that Junot would come to her. The first Consul had the highest esteem and regard for this lady; Madame Bonaparte was much attached to her; she was herself deserving of the high consideration she enjoyed; and the idea of her name appearing in any judicial proceedings, was in the greatest degree painful to her. Junot immediately perceived that she was in no way to blame; the report was altered, and the name of Madame Montesson did not appear in it, because it was unnecessary. Some time after this, the first Consul said to Junot:

"'In whose house was the young lieutenant of the twelfth arrested?'

"Junot was at first taken by surprise, but, soon recovering his presence of mind, he recollected that he had made the police officers put in the report, that the lieutenant was apprehended in the Champs-Élysées. He made the same statement to the first Consul; the latter began to laugh.

"'Thy memory is none of the best, friend Junot,' he said, pulling Junot's ear. This caress, a strong voucher for the absence of angry feelings, tranquillized Junot. 'Thou hast forgotten: he was taken at Madame Montesson's.' Then looking serious, Napoleon added:

"'My dear Junot, thou didst well to comply with Madame Montesson's request; for she is a woman for whom I entertain the highest respect. Thy conduct was, therefore, very proper, in causing her name to be omitted in the report; but thou shouldst have communicated it to me verbally.'

"Here we have a specimen of that peculiarity of Napoleon's temper, which made him desirous of knowing EVERYTHING, and evince displeasure at the least mystery. Junot begged to know the name of the secret informer—it was Fouché."

The following is an anecdote of the ancient régime.

#### *Madame, wife of Monsieur, and M. de Crequi.*

"Madame, the wife of Louis XVIII., being one day at Versailles, in her house of Montreuil, with M. de Crequi, whose acute and caustic wit was so well known, said to him in a complaining tone—

"'Can you imagine, M. de Crequi, that the Queen carries her enmity towards me so far, that she accuses me of being too fond of my gardener? See how blind hatred is! Why, the poor man is infirm, and eighty years old. Only look at him, and see how he walks.'

"'Madame,' replied M. de Crequi, bowing low, 'Your Royal Highness is in too exalted a station to be injured by words. But I must rectify a mistake under which you appear to lie. It is not that lame and gouty old man whom report has made the hero of this calumny, but that handsome young man of five and twenty, whom I perceive further down, watering the flowers.'

Madame Recamier was the rival beauty of Madame Tallien. All Europe has resounded

with the fame of her exquisite loveliness. Several years have now elapsed since Madame Recamier, shining in the full splendour of matronly beauty, retired from the world to spend the remainder of her life in solitude and religious meditation. We think the amiable Duchess's account of this once leading star of beauty and fashion at Paris, may excite interest.

#### Madame Recamier.

"The first time I beheld Madame Recamier was at M. de Sprengporten's. I had often heard her mentioned; and I confess that my mother had, in some measure, influenced my judgment of her, by persuading me, after she had persuaded herself, that Madame Recamier was what is commonly called a *wonder*; that is to say, a person exaggerated beyond her just claims to celebrity. How then was I surprised when I caught the first glimpse of that lovely countenance—so blooming, so young, and so exquisitely beautiful. But how much greater was my astonishment when I perceived the painful timidity with which she supported her triumph! It could be seen, no doubt, that she was pleased and happy at being deemed the Queen of Beauty; but it was also evident, that she was pained and terrified at the angry glances of her humiliated rivals, whom certainly the disclosure of their envy did not render one jot more amiable, and who, for the sake of their own interest, should, like me, have contemplated with calm delight, her lovely features, and have exclaimed, as I did, 'Heavens! how beautiful she is!'

"And, in truth, Madame Recamier deserved the epithet of beautiful, so rarely bestowed upon just grounds, and yet so prodigally lavished. Such praise is given to even ordinary women; and politeness and good-breeding think they have performed all that is required of them, when, of a woman who might pass through life without being remarked, although perhaps rather good-looking than otherwise, who must needs be praised because she has a large fortune and keeps open house, they say, 'She is a beautiful creature!' Thus is the word destined to describe all that nature has produced most exquisitely perfect, rendered common-place, whilst it would certainly have been more proper to say, 'She is a fine woman!' Now, in my judgment, nothing is more vulgar than those faces with large eyes, a straight nose, a mouth adorned with pearly teeth and red lips, accompanied by handsome shoulders and a good leg and foot—I will even add, a finely-moulded hand and arm. Demand from those eyes one soul-kindling look—from that mouth one single smile conveying the sacred expression of intellect—that Grecian or Roman nose to diverge a hair's-breadth from its solemn right line, and show, by a slight motion of the nostrils, that there is a play of muscles in that face;—demand this, and you will get no answer;—you will find a statue in fine marble, but mute and cold.

"It is different with Madame Recamier. Her look beams intellect, her smile is lovely, her words full of benevolence, and her accent 'sweet music.' The first time I saw her, she made a profound impression upon me. I admired her with that sensation which we experience in contemplating a perfect work; and I have since endeavoured to account for my feelings. I attribute them as much to the perfection of her mind as of her person. She was a compound of ingenuous gracefulness, talent and goodness, harmonized by that delicacy which alone forms the charm of loveliness. I have often discovered a resemblance between her and the Madonnas of the pious Italian painters; but this resemblance was purely intellectual. It proceeded not from regularity of

features, but from that soul which animated her eyes and beamed forth from under her long eyelashes, and from the high and intellectual forehead, blushing under its fillet of leno, the only head-dress with which, for many years, she set off the charms of her countenance. In the smile which so often separated her lips of rose, you might perceive the innocent joy of a young and ravishing creature, happy to please and be loved—who saw nothing but bliss in nature, and answered the salutation of love which met her on all sides, by an expression of silent benevolence. She was grateful to life for being so beautiful and joyful.

"In England, Madame Recamier encountered the same enthusiasm. There was always a crowd wherever she passed. The charm, whose power I have before expressed, has the same magic influence among all nations. There is in beauty and goodness an authority which is exercised without appeal.

"When I first met Madame Recamier at M. de Sprengporten's, she was in the bloom of beauty, and the spring-time of her brilliant existence. M. Recamier was at the head of one of the greatest banking-houses at Paris. His reverses were unexpected—they could not be foreseen;—for how could it be believed that one of the most respected and useful members of French commerce would be allowed to encounter singly, and without aid, the brunt of disasters such as M. Recamier suffered? He could, therefore, at the period I am speaking of, afford to lavish upon his young and lovely wife every enjoyment of luxury and opulence, and thus repay, though inadequately, the affectionate attentions, and the happiness with which she embellished his life. His house, fitted up by Bertaut, was a delightful place of residence; and nothing could be compared to the parties he gave to the foreigners recommended to him, and whom certainly the desire of seeing Madame Recamier had influenced in selecting him for their banker. Curiosity first attracted them to his house, and they were fixed there by a charm, operating upon the aged as upon the youthful,—upon women as upon men."

#### MANUFACTURES.

*Being an Article under that Title, from the Pen of Mr. Babbage, in Parts 22 and 33 of the 'Encyclopædia Metropolitana.'*

[Second Notice.]

THE second chapter of Mr. Babbage's treatise, which is much larger than the first, is devoted to the economical principles of manufactures. The leading points discussed in it, are,—

1. The division of labour.
2. The size of factories.
3. The position of factories.
4. The application of machinery.
5. The duration of machinery.
6. Combinations.
7. Taxes and restrictions; and
8. Exportation of machinery.

The advantages of the division of labour, in producing cheaper and better articles, is now very generally admitted; but, that there are also evils attendant upon it, cannot be denied. If man is to be considered merely as a machine for the performance of labour, and worthy of no more care and consideration than the mere money price of the labour which he has performed, the division of labour would be an unmixed good. But the moment that view of man is taken, there arises the question—"for whom should he labour?" And, if it be not "for his own enjoyment as a rational and thinking being," truly the answer is not easy to be found.

That pins are cheaper and neater, for passing through the hands of many, we admit is true, and it is true that they are cheaper and neater still, when they are made by a machine driven by a man—or a mill-horse. But people work at these extreme "division-of-labour" branches from their very infancy; and for every pair of hands thus employed, there is a mind sacrificed. "*N'importe*," says the political economist, "pins are excellent and cheap." Be it so: *Chacun à son goût*. "Slavery" is an ugly term; but a slave in the open fields, with the shining sun and the springing plants to look at, is happy, compared to him who turns a wheel and holds a piece of wire, from his cradle to his grave. The additional argument, stated by Mr. Babbage in favour of the division of labour, is a good one. It is, in substance, that a judicious division of the processes among a number of hands, enables the master to set each to the work for which he is best fitted, and thus to have no unemployed human power. In the application of that principle, there remains much to be done; but there is one great obstacle in the way—children go to their employments before either their strength or their talents be developed. If half the money which has been laid out upon *infant schools* had been laid out for the *prevention of infant labour*, the effect upon the moral and physical health and efficiency of the population would have been most beneficial.

The illustrations which Mr. Babbage gives of this point, are clear; and the analysis which he recommends of the processes of manufactures, is judicious. The pin-making, and the comparison of the hand-making with the machine, are amusing.

At the calculating machine, Mr. Babbage is quite at home; but the old "counting board" for accounts would have been a better illustration than the three clocks. That board had wheels for pence, shillings, and pounds, with any number of figures for the last. A complete revolution of each wheel, turned the wheel above it one mark; and the wheel turned, showed what remained. Thus, if the pence wheel stood at 7, and 9 had to be added, the shillings wheel moved one more, and the pence wheel stood at 4. In subtracting, the wheels were turned the other way. In multiplying, each was turned as many times the addition way as the multiplier; and, in dividing, each was turned as many times the subtraction way as the divisor.

The principle that should regulate the size of factories, is well stated; though we doubt if the manufacturers themselves will admit it. Their belief, like that of farmers, is, that their own method is the best. "When," says Mr. B., "the number of processes into which it is most convenient to divide it, (the manufacture,) is ascertained, as well as the number of individuals to be employed, then all other manufactures that do not employ a direct multiple of this number, will produce the article at a greater cost." That is not only true, but we have some suspicion that it is a truism, and is but another way of saying that a well-regulated manufactory is preferable to an ill-regulated one. At all events, the analysis by the manufacturers would do good—we cannot have too much analytical knowledge—atomy, thorough dissection, is the foundation of all useful knowledge; and lumping things, without

knowledge of their parts, is the bane of knowledge—the strong hold of quackery and imposition. The “bundle of rods” has, perhaps, more applications than any other fable; and till ignorance is divided, we cannot conquer it. In considering this part of the subject, it must be borne in mind that it is the mechanical parts only of the process that should be divided. Every man in the factory should, if possible, know the whole, because, then, when skilful hands improve their own departments, they can make them in such a way as to be most advantageous to the whole; for it is the interest of every hand in a manufactory, that every other hand should be as skilful as his own, however different their operations may be. Each man should consider that it is not the master, but the men themselves who pay the wages; and so the more skilfully they all work, they will fare the better.

Large capitals sometimes come in for a share of the odium which is properly expressed against unfair monopoly, though the evil of the monopoly is not the power, but merely the abuse of the power. A large capital, like great talents, should be the means of great good; and in the majority of cases it is so. The aberrations of genius are indeed far more glaring than those of the blockheads; but we must not allow the blockheads the foremost place on that account. Dead men never commit crimes; but they do no good. Great capitals ought to do great good. Mr. Babbage instances the advantage both in economy and in character; and he is right: and that point might have borne more extensive illustration, and perhaps ought, as it would tend to root out a prejudice.

With regard to the position of factories, the question is not very clearly expounded: and indeed it depends on many principles, which it is difficult to generalize. Where the cost of the materials and that of getting the produce to market, form a minimum, that is clearly the best place. That, however, depends on many circumstances. One would not at first suppose that Lancashire was the very best place for the people of India to erect factories for spinning their cotton, and yet such is the fact. It sounds too a little curious at first, when one is told that the glass-maker to the King of Persia, and the watch-maker to the Emperor of China live in London: and that the belles of London and Paris have their manufactories of attar of roses on the banks of the Ganges.

On the application of machinery, Mr. Babbage is at home again—rather fatigued too, for he dozes, or at all events dreams a little. The stocking-frame and engine-printing are all very well; but the idea of conveying the mail-bag to Bristol by an apparatus of posts and wires, borders on the ludicrous, and puts one in mind of the project of the exhausted tube, by means of which the mail coach (if we remember rightly) was to be sent to Brighton with the velocity of a cannon-shot. The idea of propelling a vessel, crew and all, below water, by means of air condensed to a liquid, is rather strange; and we can never think of those submarine peregrinations, without being put in mind of Dean Shipley's proposal to relieve our army, when hemmed up by Washington in America, by means of a tunnel from the mines in Wales to the Atlantic. There seems, however, to be

a fondness for these matters among philosophers. Some years ago Professor Leslie had high expectations from an “odd pile,” of which somebody exhibited a sort of model in Edinburgh, and in which it was proposed to come to London. Now, before those matters are entered upon, we would humbly propose one more worthy of recondite inventive powers—LET THEM FIND A STEAM-ENGINE THAT CAN RECOMPOSE ITS OWN FUEL, *that is possible*, and would be invaluable.

The slumber is not long, however; and the remarks that follow on the province and comparative simplicity of mechanical invention, and the line that separates it from physical and chemical experiment, are very judicious. These remarks, and those on failure, and on the danger of reinventing that which has been invented before, are well worthy of being read.

The remarks on the durability of machines and manufactured articles, are judicious.

Mr. Babbage condemns combinations in general, whether of masters or of men. At the same time he gives some instances in which combination—strikes among the workmen, have led to the invention of machines, which did the work far cheaper. It is needless to add, that the workmen suffer in all combinations; and that combinations for equality of wages are bounties on bad workmen, and taxes on good.

On the effect of taxes and restrictions, and the exportation of machinery, we have no room to enter in the meantime. The effect of taxes and restrictions on the productive powers of the country, every one knows to be mischievous; and Mr. Babbage has some very sensible remarks on the fertility of the objections usually made to the exportation of machinery.

The points discussed in this second chapter are of a much more general and less technical character than those in the former; and what Mr. Babbage states, can be regarded only as a catalogue; but it is, in the best sense of the word, a Catalogue Raisonné.

In taking our leave of this subject, we are happy to correct an error into which we may have led the reader in our former notice—Mr. Babbage's paper is prefatory to *one* volume of the Encyclopædia, which will treat solely of the application of machinery to manufactures, and which may be considered as a separate work as well as a portion of the Encyclopædia, and may be *purchased separately*. We rejoice in this, because the general circulation of such treatises is more wanted than almost any other kind of reading; and it is most wanted among those who are the least able to purchase, and at leisure to read voluminous Encyclopædias.

*The Democrat, a Tale; and the Hugonot, a Tale.* 3 vols. London, 1832. Bull; Hatchard & Son.

WE rise from the perusal of these volumes disappointed and sorrowful: they display much amiable feeling, no small power in the conception and delineation of character, no little talent for graphic and vigorous description; but the writer, unfortunately, has been too anxious to blend the sermon with the novel, and the result has been a failure. It is a sign of good dispositions rather than good sense to try to make the circulating library an auxiliary either to the cathedral or the con-

venticle, for the attempt shows a lamentable ignorance of the true nature and use of fiction. The novelist may, and ought, to inculcate sound moral principle, not by putting long and laboured abridgments of Paley and Erskine into the mouth of one of his *dramatis personæ*, but by showing these principles in active operation—affecting life and conduct. A great evil resulting from the attempts to convert infidels by means of fictitious narrative, has been the suggestion of doubts to the minds of sincere believers, doubts of which the authors by no means supply adequate solutions. Tremain himself, unquestionably the best novel of this class, has produced mischief by unsettling the faith of many who never knew before that Christianity was liable to the objections which the author has put into the mouth of his hero: whether this evil has been counterbalanced by its having made any converts from infidelity, we have yet to learn. But the author of the tales before us has undertaken to teach politics as well as religion, and has laboured to revive the exploded doctrine of passive obedience. The attempt has been made a century too late; that slavish dogma is dead and buried, and no *Resurgam* is inscribed upon its tomb.

*Sketch of the History of the Church of England to the Revolution 1688.* By Thomas Vowler Short, B.D., Student of Christ Church, and Rector of Kingsworthy, Hants. 2 vols. Oxford, 1832. Printed for the Author.

“The author of the present Sketch discovered, after he had been admitted into orders, that the knowledge of English ecclesiastical history which he possessed was very deficient. It was on a point concerning which, information was not to be readily obtained, but in which he felt that he ought to have made diligent search during the professional preparation of himself, on which every educated man, who is engaged in the instruction of others, is peculiarly bound to enter; he was distressed, that his knowledge of the sects among the philosophers of Athens was greater than his information on questions which affect the church of England; and he determined to devote a considerable portion of those few hours which a laborious employment left at his disposal to the study of the history of our own church.”

Such is the history of the composition of this work. The story of ignorance is not that of the reverend author alone—the same may be said of hundreds of his fellow students; nor can it well be otherwise: so much of human life is consumed in the study of the ancient languages, that little time is left to acquire extensive knowledge of anything modern; he who is great in Latin and in Greek may be as ignorant as he chooses of all works of learning and genius, written in any living language. With regard to the History—the fruit of the author's desire to instruct himself in clerical knowledge—it exhibits everywhere a love of truth, a patience of research, and a desire to be candid and indulgent. Nor is the author deficient either in the construction of his narrative, or in the delineation of such characters as honoured the church by their benevolence and genius, or injured it by their passions and ambition. It is, however, far from being such a work as we could wish to see—it is too contracted and sketchy: the Reformation alone would require the space which the whole

history occupies; nor do we anywhere see the true cause of the overthrow of the church of Rome stated. It has always appeared to us; that Rome was right in much that we upbraided her for; she was right in spreading a knowledge of christianity among people, whose language she did not know, by means of signs and symbols; and she was right in preserving the prayers and precepts of religion in Latin, amid the barbarous jargons which were then spoken in Europe: but she was wrong in clinging to her symbols and her Latin when printing diffused knowledge, and learning, becoming universal, settled the national languages of Europe. We recommend these volumes to such readers as have not patience or leisure to consult rare or extensive works: the style is plain and unostentatious.

*Pen and Pencil Sketches of India.* By Capt. Mundy, late Aide-de-Camp to Lord Combermere. With twenty-six illustrations by Landseer of Indian Field Sports. 2 vols.

[Second Notice.]

WE were obliged last week to defer our second notice of these entertaining volumes, to make room for other novelties. We shall now resume our extracts, after commending the work itself to all who desire to pass a few hours delightfully. The following is an account of the introduction of the Commander-in-Chief to

#### *The Great Mogul!*

"The Dewānee Khās is a beautiful open edifice, supported on white marble columns, the whole elegantly inlaid and gilt. The roof is said to have been vaulted with silver in the more prosperous days of the Delhi empire, but it was spoiled by those common devastators of India, the Mahrattas. Around the cornice still remains the (now, at least, inapplicable) inscription, 'If there be a Paradise upon earth, it is this, it is this.' The throne, occupying the centre of the building, is raised about three feet from the floor, and shaded by a canopy of gold tissue and seed-pearl. There are no steps to the front of the throne, the entrance being in the rear. Seated cross-legged upon it, and supported by surrounding cushions, we found the present representative of the Great Mogul. He is a fine-looking old man, his countenance dignified, and his white beard descending upon his breast. On his right hand stood his youngest and favourite son, Selim, and on the left the heir-apparent, a mean-looking personage, and shabbily attired in comparison with his younger brother. It was impossible to contemplate without feelings of respect, mingled with compassion, the descendant of Baber, Acbar, Shah Jehan, and Aurungzebe, reduced, as he is now, to the mere shadow of a monarch; especially when one reflected that, had it not been for European intrigues and interference, this man, instead of being the dependent pensioner of a handful of merchants, might perhaps still, like his ancestors, have been wielding the sceptre of the richest and most extensive dominions in the world. Whilst employed in these cogitations, a provoking wag whispered in my ear, 'Do you trace any resemblance to the Mogul on the cover of a pack of cards?' and I with great difficulty hemmed away a violent burst of laughter in the presence of 'the Asylum of the Universe.'

"The old monarch, mindful of his dignity, scarcely deigned to notice, even by a look, the Commander-in-Chief as he approached to present his 'nuzzar' of fifty gold mohurs.† He

did not even bondescend to raise his eyes towards the rest of the party, as we advanced one by one, salaamed, and offered our three gold mohurs. His air, however, was not haughty, but he affected a sleepy, dignified indifference, as he scraped the money from our hands, and handed it to his treasurer. The staff presented likewise a nuzzar of two gold mohurs to the heir-apparent.

"On receiving Lord Combermere's offering, the King placed a turban, similar to his own, upon his head, and his lordship was conducted, retiring with his face sedulously turned towards the throne, to an outer apartment, to be invested with a khillāt, or dress of honour. In about five minutes he returned to the presence, attired in a spangled muslin robe and tunic; salaamed, and presented another nuzzar. The staff were then led across the quadrangle by the 'grooms of the robes' to the 'green room,' where a quarter of an hour was sufficiently disagreeably employed by us in arraying ourselves, with the aid of the grooms, in silver muslin robes, and sirpeaches or fillets, of the same material, tastily bound round our cocked-hats. Never did I behold a group so ludicrous as we presented when our toilette was accomplished; we wanted nothing but a 'Jack i' the Green' to qualify us for a May-day exhibition of the most exaggerated order. In my gravest moments, the recollection of this scene provokes an irresistible fit of laughter. As soon as we had been decked out in this satisfactory guise, we were marched back again through the Lāl Purdar and crowds of spectators, and reconducted to the Dewānee Khās, where we again separately approached His Majesty to receive from him a tiara of gold and false stones, which he placed with his own hands on our hats. As we got not even 'the estimation of a hair' without paying for it, we again presented a gold mohur each. The Honourable Company, of course, 'paid for all,' and our gold mohurs were handed to us by the resident. It was a fine pay-day for the impoverished old Sultan, whose 'pay and allowances' are only twelve lacs of rupees, or 120,000*l.* a-year. His ancestor the Emperor of Acbar's revenue, was somewhat better; including presents, and estates of officers of the crown falling in, it amounted to about fifty-two millions sterling."

#### *Gigantic Observatory near Delhi.*

"Rode with Mr. Trevilyan, who is an excellent cicerone, to see some interesting ruins in the neighbourhood. The first place we reached was the gigantic astronomical observatory, supposed to be a work of the Hindoo Rajah, Jey Sing, in the seventeenth century. There is a dial in very good repair, the gnomon of which is sixty feet high, of solid stone masonry. These enormous instruments appear as though they had been manufactured by the Titans, in order to take a reconnaissance of the heavens, before they commenced their siege of Olympus."

#### *Extraordinary Leap.*

"The tank is surrounded on all sides by ancient buildings of picturesque architecture, and various heights, from twenty to sixty feet above the surface of the water, which is deep and dark, and, as the sun can only reach it during two or three hours in the day, at this season extremely cold. Entering at an arched gateway, we were conducted to the top of a flight of steps leading down to the water's edge. As soon as we had stationed ourselves there, a figure, flauntingly attired in pink muslin, presented itself at the angle of a house opposite, about thirty feet high; and, on my holding up a rupee, immediately sprang from the roof, foot foremost, and plunged into the cold tank. Several other men and one little boy jumped from the same height, the latter cutting through the water with as little disturbance to its surface, and the same sharp, sudden sound as a penny causes when dropped edgeways into a cistern.

\*\*\* The last leap I saw here quite took away my breath. The performer paused some time before he committed himself to the air, but he could not withstand the appeal of a rupee. He sprang from the dome of a mosque, over a lower building and a tree growing out of the masonry, down sixty or seventy feet, into the dark abyss. The water closed over his head, and had resumed the smoothness of its surface ere he re-appeared. He swam to the ghaut, however, without apparent distress."

But if extracts are to give the reader any notion of the real nature of a work, we must select at least one hunting scene; for the Captain has a marvellous passion for field sports:—

#### *A Tiger Hunt.*

"After breakfast, a party of five started in gigs, and drove to the village, where we mounted our elephants, and entered the forest. We found immense quantities of game, wild hogs, hog-deer, spotted deer, and the niel-ghe (literally, blue cow). I also saw here, for the first time, the jungle-fowl, or wild poultry, in appearance something between the game-cock and bantam. We, however, strictly abstained from firing, reserving our whole battery for the nobler game, the tiger. It was perhaps fortunate we did not find one in the thick part of the forest, as the trees were so close set, and so interwoven with thorns and parasite plants, that the elephants were often obliged to clear themselves a passage by their own pioneering exertions. It is curious, on these occasions, to see the enormous trees these animals will overthrow. On a word from the Mahout, they place their foreheads against the obnoxious plant, twisting their trunks round it, and gradually bending it towards the ground until they can place a foot upon it—this done, down comes the tree with crashing stem and upturned roots. The elephant must be well educated to accomplish this duty in a gentleman-like manner, that is, without roaring sulkily, or shaking his master by too violent exertions.

"On clearing the wood, we entered an open space of marshy grass, not three feet high: a large herd of cattle were feeding there, and the herdsman was sitting, singing, under a bush—when, just as the former began to move before us, up sprang the very tiger to whom our visit was intended, and cantered off across a bare plain, dotted with small patches of bush-jungle. He took to the open country in a style which would have more become a fox than a tiger, who is expected by his pursuers to fight, and not to run; and, as he was flushed on the flank of the line, only one bullet was fired at him ere he cleared the thick grass. He was unhurt, and we pursued him at full speed. Twice he threw us out by stopping short in small strips of jungle, and then heading back after we had passed; and he had given us a very fast burst of about two miles, when Colonel Arnold, who led the field, at last reached him by a capital shot, his elephant being in full career. As soon as he felt himself wounded, the tiger crept into a close thicket of trees and bushes, and crouched. The two leading sportsmen overran the spot where he lay, and as I came up I saw him through an aperture rising to attempt a charge. My mahout had just before, in the heat of the chase, dropped his ankooos,† which I had refused to allow him to recover: and the elephant, being notoriously savage, and further irritated by the goading he had undergone, became, consequently, unmanageable:—he appeared to see the tiger as soon as myself, and I had only time to fire one shot, when he suddenly rushed with the greatest fury into the thicket, and falling upon his knees, nailed the tiger with his tusks to the ground. Such was the violence of the shock,

† An iron goad to drive the elephant."

† A gold mohur is worth sixteen rupees. The rupee was always estimated at half-a-crown when I received it, and at two shillings when I paid it!"



that my servant, who sat behind in the kawas, was thrown out, and one of my guns went overboard. The struggles of my elephant to crush his still resisting foe, who had fixed one paw on his eye, were so energetic, that I was obliged to hold on with all my strength, to keep myself in the howdah. The second barrel, too, of the gun, which I still retained in my hand, went off in the scuffle, the ball passing close to the mahout's ear, whose situation, poor fellow, was anything but enviable. As soon as my elephant was prevailed upon to leave the killing part of the business to the sportsmen, they gave the roughly-used tiger the coup-de-grace."

In addition to the attractions of the work itself, it is illustrated by numberless spirited etchings, by Landseer. We must, however, conclude—we are half inclined to add, for the present; for, unless there be more bustle in the publishing world than we can reasonably anticipate in these political times, it is not improbable that we may transfer into our pages a few more of the many passages we had marked as deserving to be extracted.

*Conjectures concerning the Identity of the Patriarch Job, &c.* By the Rev. Samuel Lysons, B.A., Exeter College. Oxford, 1832.

ON a subject concerning which much is guessed and little known, this is a very interesting and sober pamphlet. As an essay in a periodical, it would have attracted more notice and been better preserved, for, in truth, when all is read, and all is said that the inquiry admits of, the result makes a very "little boke," that, contrary to its desert, may be buried among larger tomes. Independent of the usual learned sources, Mr. Lysons has been among those patient hunters after shadow, the Germans; in fact, his pamphlet is a kind of summing up of all the evidence adduced for Job's real existence, the situation of Uz, and Moses being the writer of the history. The original feature in the pamphlet, is Mr. Lysons' conjecture, that the Job mentioned in Genesis as a son of Issachar, the son of Jacob, is no other than "the Job whose sufferings are recorded in our Canon," thus accounting for his knowledge of the true God, and placing the period of his birth (according to Dr. Lloyd's chronology) in the year B.C. 1710—and his death about nineteen years before the delivery of the Israelites by Moses. The pamphlet contains two genealogical tables in explanation of this conjecture, and also a map of the land of Uz. Whoever Job was, wherever and whenever he lived, and whatever may be the peculiar difficulties connected with this portion of the Canon, it seems not more difficult than dangerous, to disbelieve that he was a real person, and that the book which bears his name is real history. We commend Mr. Lysons' conjectures to those who ought to make Biblical criticism erudite as well as dogmatic. The Arabs yet hold the name of Job in veneration, and often give it their children in memory of the patriarch: indeed, we have heard an anecdote (which we believe to be true) of a European traveller having found, not many years ago, the patriarchal appellation a tower of strength. He met in Mesopotamia, and secured the friendship of an Arab chief, who not merely bore the name of Job, but claimed descent from the patriarch: how he established his proofs, we know not; certain it is, his arm

was strong and his power great; for, our traveller being afterwards taken prisoner by the Kurds, was delivered from the bastinado by threatening them with his friend Job.

*Sullo Spirito Antipapale che produsse la Riforma, e sulla segreta influenza ch'essercio nella Letteratura d'Europa, e specialmente d'Italia, come Risulta da molti suoi Classici, massime da Dante, Petrarca, Boccaccio, Disquisizioni di Gabriele Rossetti.*

*Disquisitions on the Antipapal Spirit which produced Reform, and on the secret influence which it exercised on the Literature of Europe, and especially of Italy.* By Gabriele Rossetti, Professor of the Italian Language and Literature in King's College, London. Treuttel, Würtz & Co.

THE subject of Dr. Rossetti's work is one of considerable interest. Religion could never have been made the instrument of imposition and tyranny, had not the minds of men been previously subjected to numerous debasing circumstances. Truth can only be corrupted, when it ceases to be generally valued or understood; and no Bishop of Rome, though his power had been tenfold what it was, could have compelled the people to receive a new article into their creed, or reject one which they deemed it essential to retain. Spiritual tyranny may be supported for temporal purposes by force, but it cannot be founded in force. Christianity was corrupted systematically and by authority, if we may use such an expression, at a very early period. The doctrine of expediency was the immediate growth of the Byzantine court, and most of the evils which have deformed the face of Christendom might be foreseen, when it began to be regarded as sound policy by the emperors and their ecclesiastical advisers, to secure the fidelity of the half-converted Pagans, by blending Christian ordinances with the pomp of splendid ceremonies. The Popes of Rome, in fact, when they commenced their system of usurpation, had received a rich bequest of corruption, and with this they speculated boldly and wisely; and, scarcely venturing on a step for which there was not apparent encouragement in the state of men's minds, they gained their object without much peril or difficulty. Had it not depended, indeed, more on the circumstances of the world, than on the talents or enterprising character of the pontiffs, the dominion of the church could never have been kept so entire for century after century. Few of these men were venerable for their piety; all were not brave or politic; and not many were learned or eloquent: but the triple crown sat almost equally firm on the heads of all; and while improvement was at a stand-still, they had no cause for fear.

It is only, however, on a very cursory view of the state of mankind during the middle ages, that the prospect presents itself to us as one of unvaried intellectual darkness. The human mind is not so wholly dependent on learning or artificial education, as we are accustomed to imagine, and literary history, from which most of our opinions are derived respecting the ordinary intelligence of a people, is not to be always depended upon as an absolute or universal rule. Besides, the soil of the moral world is always pregnant with the harvest of truth. The

precious seed may not be able to spring forth generally, but it is there; the soil is conscious of the rich deposit, and every now and then the green blade will be discovered bursting through the obstacles which retard its growth. This had long been the case when the father of Italian poetry appeared in the world, as the bold and enlightened vindicator of truth and liberty. He found his countrymen ready to wield the stoutest scourge he could prepare for their use. The shameful usurpations of the church, the vices of the clergy and their chief, the opposition of pride, luxury and sensuality to the simple purity of the gospel, were as plainly understood then as now; and the antipapal spirit, which Dr. Rossetti traces throughout the works of a large conclave of poets, was no more a phenomenon, than is the hatred of oppression, which has, in all ages, led men to seek the recovery of their liberties.

But, interesting as it is to discover, that at so early a period the power of the Popes was generally regarded by men of sense as founded on injustice, we must be careful not to confound the subject with one of a different kind, though nearly allied to it. It was with the Popes, rather than with error itself, that the contest was carried on. Some centuries were yet to intervene, before Truth was to appear as a combatant in her own cause. Noble, therefore, as were the efforts of Dante, they resolve themselves into his hatred of the tyranny which affected personal rather than mental good. The same may be said of those who struggled with him. Petrarch, from his situation and character, took up the quarrel on different grounds, and fearlessly rebuked the Popes for their licentiousness and avarice, rather than their usurpations of power; but he did little towards freeing his countrymen from the yoke of superstition: and this admirable band of men might have gained their purpose, and seen the reform effected which they desired, to its full extent, and yet left mankind to fight for themselves the heavier part of the battle.

With this limitation to the interest of the subject, the work of Dr. Rossetti may be read with considerable advantage. The reader will still find much to astonish him in the bold clear views of the writers, whose sentiments the learned author is examining; and though it is only a very few who could receive much delight from following him in his mystical researches after *Dantesque* truth, no historical inquirer can feel otherwise than indebted to him, for the copious illustrations he has given of a very important chapter in the annals of modern Europe.

"The learned," says Dr. Rossetti, "have for many years past devoted their labours to the interpretation of Egyptian hieroglyphics, and have expended in that pursuit much time, talent, and money. But the results have been few and doubtful, and thus the Mediterranean and the Atlantic have been passed, in search of a few miserable relics, hardly snatched from the jaws of time, and deprived by it of all their power of conveying knowledge. It has, however, been thought, that Europe would be enriched thereby with treasures of erudition, and that learning would be strengthened by a new aliment. In the meanwhile, innumerable monuments of figures and hieroglyphics, not less precious and all untouched, are under our eyes and pass through our

hands, and we are unable to appreciate their value, because we know not what they are. Were they interpreted, we should see arising from them a world, in fact, unknown, which would place before our eyes things not foreign to our interests, and pertaining to men of another race, of other customs, and other manners; but things belonging to ourselves—things most important and useful which would discover to us the unknown causes of a thousand effects, and, among others, the following truths.—We shall endeavour to compress the statement which the author gives of the results, which he expects would follow the full investigation of the subject on which he has written; and the reader will thereby be able to form a tolerably clear idea of the nature and contents of his erudite volume.

His first position is, "That the productions which we have hitherto been accustomed to regard as light and pleasing trifles, (*piacevoli fole o baje canore*), &c. are compositions of the most profound kind, abounding in hidden doctrine and allusions to secret rite, the inheritance of ancient ages; and that that which has the appearance of fantastic fables, is all of it history expressed in ciphers, which preserve the memory of the secret operations of our forefathers."

Secondly—"That the obscurity which is so usually perceived in these works, was effected by profound study; and that if, as in the case of Dante, it has not been dissipated, this has happened, not because it could not have been done, but because it would have been perilous to do it."

Thirdly—"That the most famous scholars and writers of various times and various countries in Europe, were of this mystical school."

Fourthly—"That the present civilized state of Europe, is, in great part, the production of this school."

Fifthly—"That after the fall of the Latin language, in the provinces where it prevailed, this school was that which cultivated, and by degrees perfected, the modern languages, and contributed most to enlighten the nations."

Sixthly—"That the world, therefore, owes the greatest obligation to this school, which has thus improved it without its knowing from whence the advantage flowed."

Seventhly—"That this laborious school was that which, by its unceasing exertions, excited a hatred against Rome, and thereby led to the Reformation."

Eighthly—"That it effected this object, not merely by its mystical doctrine, but by its general evangelical zeal."

And lastly—"That the, as it were, volcanic eruption of free thoughts, and the effervescence of political feeling, which have at various times agitated the minds and hearts of all Europe, may be regarded as the late effects of the slow but constant labour of this ancient school, which sought to free mankind at the same time from sacerdotal tyranny and monarchical despotism."

Such are the consequences which Dr. Rossetti conceives may be fairly deduced from the influence which ancient scholarship and philosophical mysticism exercised on the minds of men during the middle ages. We doubt much, whether civilization,—under which term is comprehended both the moral, social, and intellectual improvement of the

world,—depends on matters so purely theoretical. It was not Dante's system, but the strong ardent feelings of honesty, which made him a reformer, and gave him the spirit to act and speak as he did. The same may be said of all his most eminent followers; and the same especially, blended with principles which had nothing to do with his erudition, was that which determined Luther, and even the gentle Melancthon, to advocate the cause of truth. But even this would have been insufficient to produce those changes, which our author ascribes to the power of mysticism, had it not been met by the same principles on the part of mankind in general, whom no purely intellectual motive can even either influence or reach. We are disposed, therefore, to dispute the validity of Dr. Rossetti's conclusions; but while we do this, we are not blind to the great merits of his work, which we may safely recommend as one of considerable interest to the general reader, and of great value to the student of history.

*Remarks on the Statistics and Political Institutions of the United States, &c.* By William Gore Ouseley, Esq. London, 1832. Rodwell.

Mr. Ouseley was an *attaché* to his Majesty's Legation at Washington, and, before going to the States, had resided many years abroad, in the diplomatic service of his country. On looking over the numberless works lately published on the subject of America, he appears to have agreed with the Americans, that there was too much prejudice and ignorance visible in most of them, and to have set himself calmly to consider the more important subjects treated of, to discuss the different opinions with temper and caution, and, by reference to statistical facts, to prove or disprove assertions; and we have not often read a work, from which, in so brief a space and in so short a time, so many valuable truths could be elicited. Its general character is of course argumentative; and it would perhaps be difficult to do justice to the clear and forcible style of the writer by extract, within any reasonable compass. We may, however, observe, that he well explains the nature of the American government, and the misconceptions on the subject prevalent in Europe—the financial situation of the United States—their laws and the cost of administration—the social position and income of the clergy, and other important subjects naturally connected with these; and he temperately reviews both travellers and reviewers; and this latter is by no means the least valuable part of a work which we recommend to the attentive consideration of all who desire to be informed of the truth on these important and interesting subjects.

*Sketch of the History of Van Dieman's Land, illustrated by a Map of the Island, and an Account of the Van Dieman's Land Company.* By James Bischoff, Esq. London, 1832. Richardson.

THIS work may be considered as a sort of demi-official Report, made by one of the officers to the proprietors of the Van Dieman's Land Company. It contains a brief historical and topographical notice of the island—the progress of the settlement—the present condition and prospects of the settlers—the objects and history of the Van Dieman's Land Company, with an appendix containing some valuable local and official reports. The work is not particularly interesting to those at all acquainted with the subject; it is avowedly a compilation; but it may be valuable to those, and they are unfortunately numerous, who are anxious for authentic information relating to emigration and the colonies.

## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'*An Essay on the Distribution of Wealth*,' by the Rev. Richard Jones, is, we are willing to conclude, rather a sensible book; but, like Jonathan, we must "guess" and "calculate" our way to the conclusion; for we have seldom found a writer wading so deep in the mire of his own words as the author of this volume. We "calculate" also," that his motives are good, and that, if they had been expressed in clearer terms, the world might have been under some considerable obligations to him. But we regret to say, that, for the reason which we have stated, the book will not readily come into general circulation, or be in much favour when it does come. The science of political economy has, unfortunately, been the receptacle of more paradox and misrepresentation than almost any other: the consequence has been, that the very name has something repulsive about it; and we are not sure that the announcement of a lecture on political economy would not be a better way of dispersing a mob than reading the riot act. Mr. Jones states rightly, that observation is the only sure basis upon which the science can be reared: and no man's experience is wide enough for taking in the entire field of human society. That is the real source of the errors; and the man who betakes himself to the study, finds his knowledge so frequently fail him, that he is driven to hypotheses, almost in spite of himself. That was the rock upon which Malthus split, and so also Ricardo, Mill, *et hoc genus omne*. The general principle is, that the tendency of society is to adapt itself to the circumstances of places and times. It does that by the individual judgments of all the millions of people that are in the world; and therefore it is extremely difficult, if not impossible, for any individual, however learned, properly to understand its laws, or wisely to direct its movements.

'*Brooks and Brooke Farm*,' No. 3, and '*Demerara*,' No. 4, of Miss Martineau's little books in illustration of Political Economy,—have more merit than some works of double the size and ten times the pretensions. Miss Martineau is learned without being a blue-stocking, and she describes with feeling and truth, without lapsing into the deadly sin of sentimentality, wherewithal the tale-writing part of the sex are sorely beset.

'*Maternal Sketches, and other Poems*,' by Eliza Rutherford.—We have often wished a few of our lady authors to quit the side-saddle, turn their high trotting horses to grass, and give us, in earnest gentleness, a few domestic pictures, drawn truly from the heart. What known writers of note have delayed to do, has been accomplished by a stranger: the '*Maternal Sketches*' of Eliza Rutherford are full of quiet poetic grace and household tranquillity. There is an ease and an elegance about them, too, which indicate a mind familiar with the best models of composition; and, indeed, we are told in the dedication, that these verses obtained the praise of one well qualified to give an opinion—the late Thomas Hope. The following is a sweet picture, and a true one:

Poor child of Royalty!—Thy fate I mourn,  
If from this friend and loved protectress borne.  
Yon infant, on the harvest sheaf at rest,  
Watched by the faithful dog, is far more blest;  
For his poor mother's tender thought may shed  
A glance protecting o'er his roused bed,  
While, scathed by Nature's breath, he lies at ease,  
Sheltered from harm, and nurtured by the breeze.

Here is another, of equal truth and higher beauty:

But, Oh! the sacred silence of that scene,  
Where infant beauty sleeps, with brow serene!  
How light on him the curtain shadows fall;  
The slanting sunbeams gild the distant wall,  
And with the shade that midnight hours bestow  
Blend all the luxury of daylight's glow,  
So soft!—so beautiful!—so still!—so fair!

Bright cherub bands seem hovering in the air,  
And o'er that cradle bower their charms dispense,  
To guard the slumbering hours of innocence.  
Beside that lulling cot, with watchful eye,  
The mother bends in silent ecstasy,  
While castled visions fill the pensive mind,  
Where hope, enchanted, revels unconflued.  
Oh! wake him not!—nor dissipate that dream  
That pours effulgence on life's slender stream.  
Oh! tell her not!—that, mingling in the strife,  
The cold perplexities and toils of life,  
His gentle breast, whose softly slumbering sigh  
Breathes, like the evening zephyr's lullaby,  
Conflicting passion's angry rush shall know—  
Care's withering blight, and Anger's fevered throes;  
That he shall droop, and she no longer aid.  
Oh! tell her not, sweet hope! in smiles arrayed  
Spread thy light mantle o'er the distant scene,  
And veil, with loveliest flowers, the space between.  
Weave—weave for her thy fairy web of light,  
Thy warp with every changing colour bright;  
Let the heart's pictures thy fair hands employ,  
And gem the piece with clustering buds of joy.  
Truth shall not dim thy beauteous task, nor slower  
One dark'ning tint on fairy land or bower:  
There, round his rocking bed, thy curtain fling,  
And pillow his soft cheek beneath thy wing.

Those who wish to see tenderer passages, must go to the volume itself, and they will not shut it disappointed.

'Sacred Lyrics,' by Alfred Bartholomew, Architect.—This, says the author, is an attempt to render the Psalms of David more applicable to parochial psalmody; and no doubt the new version is, in many places, smoother than the old—more liquid and elegant. But there is, with all its rudeness, a simplicity and graphic truth about the old version, which will enable it to triumph with the public over this, and, perhaps, other attempts.

'Ricordanza, or, Friendship's Memento.' Friendship has relied on the verses of Miss Landon, Mrs. Hemans, and some more of our fair writers, for keeping its name alive. "Read this favourite poem," says the collector, "for my sake, when I am gone, and then, though seas and mountains may separate us, you can still fancy you hear me speaking to you." An ingenious contrivance, and useful, we dare say, to the parties—we hope they have obtained leave of Miss Landon and Mrs. Hemans to maintain this correspondence at their expense.

'Flowers of Fable; embellished with one hundred and fifty engravings on wood.'—This is both a cheap and neat volume. The Fables are from the best authors, and the illustrations are cleverly drawn, and clearly impressed on the page; beauties which we sometimes miss in more expensive books.

'A new description of the Earth, considered chiefly as a residence for Man,' by Jeffreys Taylor. All children of small or large growth who desire to know the shape and size of the earth; the way it is suspended in the air, with its motions and seasons, surfaces and soils, metals and minerals, fruits and flowers, may consult this little volume, and master the whole mystery in an hour or two.

'A Numismatic Manual,' by John G. Akerman, has been published by Effingham Wilson; it is a very useful manual to those whose time and means forbid their studying the large and expensive volumes that have been published on the subject of ancient coins. Nor is it without pretensions to the notice of more favoured individuals: it contains much condensed information of great value to all collectors of medals and coins, with rules for ascertaining their value, with as much certainty as the undeterminate elements on which such an estimate must be founded, will admit.

'The Elements of Mechanics,' by J. R. Young, is a very good epitome of that important science. It is too technical, we are afraid, ever to become popular; and it certainly is not a book for the learned. The vast array of formulæ that appear in its pages will frighten ordinary readers; and we do not think that there is anything new

in the matter, or anything particularly luminous or striking in the arrangement. Still, those who are properly prepared for entering on the study of the theory of mechanics, will find it a very useful text book; and to schools of the superior class it cannot fail to be serviceable.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS

### ON THE AGAMEMNON OF ÆSCHYLUS.

THERE is an admirable paper in the OBSERVER, in which is drawn a parallel between the Great Father of our stage, and that of the Greeks. After observing, that it is hardly fair to bring a mangled poet in comparison with one that is entire, Cumberland admits, that the "versification of the former, with the intermixture of lyrical composition, is more various than that of Shakspeare. Both (he adds,) are lofty and sublime in the extreme, abundantly metaphorical, and sometimes extravagant. Both are subject to be hurried on by uncontrollable impulse; nor could nature alone suffice for either. Æschylus had an apt creation of imaginary beings at command,

He could call spirits from the vasty deep:  
and they would come. Shakspeare having no such creation in resource, boldly made one of his own. If Æschylus, therefore, was invincible, he owed it to his armour, and that, like the armour of Æneas, was the work of the Gods; but the unassisted invention of Shakspeare seized all, and more than superstition supplied to Æschylus." It is only of late years, that the world has been inclined to do justice to Æschylus. Whether owing to the peculiarity and difficulty of his style and language, or the faultiness of the text, certain it is, that it has been the fashion to decry this great author. The French critics (who have found echoes in Dryden and Pope) have one and all placed him on the shelf, and given the palm to Euripides, who is to Æschylus, what Beaumont and Fletcher were to Shakspeare. Rapin accuses Æschylus of a confusion in his metaphors, and of substituting pompous words for ideas. Salmassius calls the Agamemnon more obscure than the Hebrew writings. Dr. Johnson, in all his critical works, scarcely makes an allusion to Æschylus; nor does he enumerate these plays among the classical works read to Milton, nor seem to be aware how much our immortal bard profited by Æschylus. Thus, even in England, the Prometheus is the only play that till of late years has exercised the ingenuity of commentators and editors; and Potter, who has blindly followed his blind guide Pauw, is the only writer who has deigned to translate him. Little judgment is to be formed of the merits of Æschylus from his version, and there never was a more complete failure than his Agamemnon. It would be a curious contemplation, to compare the two first plays of Agamemnonian story, or the Orestiad, as the Germans call the Trilogy, with Macbeth and Hamlet. But our business is only with the Agamemnon. Here we are naturally led to observe the striking similarity in the characters of Lady Macbeth and Clytemnestra.

In every way the comparison is in favour of the latter. Clytemnestra was actuated by the sense of bitterest wrongs. The sacrifice of the "dearest, youngest of her daughters to disenchant the Thracian winds," and the

presence of her rival in the person of Cassandra,

Who in the very ship in which he sailed,  
Pressed the same deck with Agamemnon—  
were powerful stimulants to her revenge.

Lady Macbeth excites in us unmingled horror. Ambition is the sole plea for her atrocities: hers may be well termed an *ανδροβουλον κίαπ*—and the assassination of her sovereign, and that under her own roof, a double breach of hospitality and allegiance, would not have been tolerated on the Greek stage. She had, besides, no supernatural agency to excite her to the deed, for Macbeth's interview with the witches, communicated to her, forms no part of her motives—she defies auguries, and places no trust

In the false phantoms of the torpid sense!  
whereas Clytemnestra fully believed in the predictions of Calchas, and was made an instrument of her paramour's hereditary hate. It is remarkable that Macbeth, though he owed his crimes to the instigation of his wife, never upbraids her; in like manner, Clytemnestra lays no part of her guilt on Ægisthus—she is willing to take upon herself all the responsibility. The Chorus themselves do not acquit Agamemnon of the immolation of Iphigenia, nor disguise the crimes of the royal house of Atreus, that called down on his descendants blood for blood by the retributive justice of the Gods. The Chorus reproaches, too, the mean-spirited and dastardly bravo Ægisthus, not for the murder of Agamemnon, but that, not daring to do the deed himself, he had intrusted its execution to a woman.

What character is there in this tragedy that is not finely drawn? Agamemnon displays all those virtues that distinguish him in the pages of Homer. Moderation in victory, humility of mind, a hatred of adulation, a deep sense of religion, and thankfulness to the Gods, to whom he attributes his triumph over his enemies; in short, the perfect hero, legislator, and judge, shine conspicuous in this *αγαθάνθρωπος*. Clytemnestra is a *chef-d'œuvre* of dramatic excellence. In her first scene with the Chorus, she dwells with a cold and analytical complacency, divested of all the feelings of her sex, on the horrors of the captured city; in that with the herald, makes use of language most fitted to stifle all suspicion of that dark plot which she had for years been wrestling with herself in thought to commit; and in her "many words and tender greetings" to Agamemnon, exhibits a most consummate art and hypocrisy:—

Thou art to me the watch-dog of the fold—  
The cable that preserves a ship from wreck—  
The firm-set pillar of a noble house—  
An only son—a father's all on earth—  
Land to the weather-beaten mariner,  
Appearing when all hope of land is gone—  
A day that dawns serenely beautiful,  
After a night of tempest and of horror—  
A clear rill to the thirsty traveller's lip.

Thou too hast made  
A summer of our winter by thy coming,  
And brought the vintage ere its time. Great Jove  
Reddens for us the wine in the crude grapes—  
The very air is redolent of joy:  
Our lord is here—his presence gives it balm.

In the scene between herself and Cassandra, when she comes out of the palace a second time with an impatient thirst for the blood of her victim, she shows her real tygress nature; and her insolent and taunting language to the captive princess, prepares the mind for the fatal consummation which the prophetess too well foresees. Clytem-

nestra (all reason for disguise being removed) now keeps up her real character to the end—

She is filled from the crown to the toe topful  
Of direst cruelty.

She exhibits no compunctious visitings of conscience, but the rather unmingled exultation, as she stands over the body of her husband, and, like a Fury,

Thunders out her hymns of victory!

But the crowning scene of the whole tragedy is that between Cassandra and the Chorus, or rather the Chorus, and, in all dramatic writing, whether we consider the *το φερεπον*, or the *το δεικνον*, is without a parallel. We almost hear the horrid chaunt of the Furies, "drunk with blood that makes them bold, who sit about the house and hold high banquet!"

Who make the theme of their infernal songs  
The crime that let the Elder Fury in,  
Ate:—And now they howl in chorus, each  
Taking her part in the foul dirge of death;  
Its burthen incest and adultery,  
A bed alike disastrous to two brothers.

We picture to ourselves the miserable children of Thyestes appearing in their ghastly spectral forms on the battlements of the palace. We behold, in more than ideal horrors, the visions of the murdered Agamemnon:—

There—I see  
In vengeance of this foul unnatural feast,  
A tame and dastard tigress crouching round  
The new-made lair, and laying wait to spring  
Upon her lord—mine—said I, mine! Alas!  
I need must bear the chain of slavery.  
And he the leader of a thousand ships,  
The exterminator of Troy, perceived he not  
With what a tongue of witching flatteries  
And honied words you detestable whelp,  
Like some insidious fury, glozed that dark,  
That devilish plot?—And dared she! Could she dare?  
A woman kill a male!—a wife her husband!

But how affecting is Cassandra's funeral incantation of her own fate—the remembrance of her early days:

O thou my native stream,  
Upon thy banks, Scamander, I was born,  
And grew in misery. Now must I exchange  
Your living waters for the sluggish pools  
Of Acheron and Cocytus, wandering round  
And round, and singing my prophetic strains  
Upon your gloomy shores.

What can be more moving than her contrasting herself with the nightingale—

Ah, the shrill bird! O fortunate nightingale,  
The gods have blest you with a winged form,  
And a sweet life devoid of cares and sorrows;  
But I—an axe hangs by a single thread  
Suspended o'er my neck about to fall.

Her parting with the Chorus—her farewell to the Sun, which reminds us of Anthony's

O Sun! thy uprise I shall see no more;—  
and her admirable moral reflections on the nothingness of all human things—

O world! O Life!  
Whose brightest hours a shadow can destroy,  
And where all trace of human woe is lost,  
Like figures that a wetted sponge effaces,  
Of adverse fortune, or a prosperous lot,  
Sad as mine is, the last I pity most.

close a scene that we may read again and again, and as we read wonder how it was produced.

In lyrical composition, nothing that has come down to us from the Greeks can be matched with the choruses of this play. The opening one is eminently sublime. The comparison of the Atridae to Vultures, may vie in its satisfying justness with any the most celebrated simile of Homer's:—

Of war  
Loud clanging from their inmost souls, the sound,  
Like vultures when they soar on wings of might,  
With rapid-rowing pinions, round and round  
Their ridged nests and desolate habitations,  
Wild screaming for their lost unfledged delight.

The picture of old age is of singular beauty:—

But we who stay at home—heavy with years,  
Who to the earth inglorious bend,  
Our best support is a stout staff, to lean  
On which our outworn frame,  
Weak as some child's; for in the tender breast,  
As in the old, the sap 's the same,  
No martial spirit flows:  
For poor, weak, miserable man,  
When on his vital trunk grow sore  
The leaves, is little better here  
Than a feeble infant; and he goes  
Crawling, tottering, underneath his load,  
Upon three feet along a weary road,  
And roams about, about, and seems  
As spectral, marrowless and wan,  
As ghosts in day-appearing dreams.

The sacrifice of Iphigenia, that has been faintly imitated by Lucretius, and Camoens in the *Lusiad*, is too well known to require citation. But the stanzas in which the Chorus, with a prophetic spirit, forbode the coming catastrophe, surpass any in the play, and with these we shall conclude.

## STROPHE.

Why does some unknown force, presaging ill,  
Govern my thoughts against their will,  
And forms of darkness flit before my eyes?  
Why from my lips do words and accents flow  
Of unpremeditated woe,  
And visions worse than those in dreams arise,  
That leave in their illusions no retreat,  
And hurl my reason from her seat?  
Well might my soul have bowed to their dread power,  
When Troy stood leaguered round, our fleet  
At anchor lying on her sandy shore.

## ANTISTROPHE.

I too have seen return our mighty king,  
And yet, like you, am forced to sing,  
Accompanied by no lyre or notes of joy,  
A strain some Fury thunders in my ears,  
And find no hope to still my fears  
In apparitions that day's beams destroy:  
No passing illusory sound that strain—  
No false imaginary pain  
In dizzying vortex whirls my tortured heart,  
Oh! take this weight from off my brain!  
And ease these agonies—at least in part.

## STROPHE.

Our joys are kin to griefs—in time shall cease  
The term of soundest health—Disease  
Dwells in our house, and opens to death a door.  
Oft amid favouring gales and summer skies  
Destruction's breakers madly rise,  
And wreck our hopes upon the rocky shore.  
And he who would his crew and vessel save,  
Nor see his all go down into the grave,  
Must cast at once his cargo o'er the board;  
For when comes famine with its evil train,  
Kind Jove may send a tenfold crop of grain,  
From his o'erflowing hand a rich abundance found.

## ANTISTROPHE.

But who by Incantation's magic art  
Can make redow into the heart  
The blood once scattered in the dust?—no more  
Shall mortal, with mortality at strife,  
Return to earth, and bring the dead to life:  
He fell by Jove's just bolt, who thus usurped his power.  
Nor would I counteract the laws of heaven.  
My heart would chain my tongue, e'en were it given  
To drag the secrets of the Fates to day:—  
My spirit, alas! can but in secret groan,  
It droops! it faints! abandoned and alone,  
And like a dying taper fades in night away.

[The quotations here given are from Mr. Medwin's translation, just published, of which we shall hereafter offer a critical opinion.]

LINES WRITTEN UNDER THE PICTURE OF  
WILLIAM HAZLITT.

It minds me of my boyhood! He had then  
A smile for me, which, while it saw me child,  
Acknowledged me companion. As you'd lift  
An urchin, whom you saw on tiptoe strain  
To catch a glimpse of some rare sight, alone  
Within the range of manly vision;—so  
Raised he my urchin mind—made up to it  
For lack of stature, and enabled it  
To throw the shows and pageants of the Muse,  
Smit with the love of her, ere yet I knew  
Her quality or name.

## THE SOUGHT, FOUND, AND LOST!

BY EMILY.

WHY should not unmarried men be distinguished from the less interesting portion of their sex, by some designation equivalent to that usual among us? Why are they always Mr., while we change from Miss to Mrs.? Many distressing mistakes would be obviated if this were arranged—much useless expenditure of time and money saved. All mothers of daughters are aware of the awkwardness to which they are at present liable, from finding themselves occasionally necessitated, either to remain in ignorance whether a new male acquaintance be married or not, or else expose themselves to a supposition of all others the most to be avoided—namely, that of any anxiety whatsoever on the point. I know such embarrassments do not very often occur; and yet there are occasions, when you are left to "follow a trail" so indistinct, that it might baffle the most experienced Indian, or English, husband-hunter.

Some time since, I was travelling through the south of Italy—for my health, as mamma told papa, but, in reality, to run down game which we had started in Switzerland, but which afterwards escaped us. I did not think it a very promising affair, for my own part; but, mamma said she was sure of success, and I knew she had never failed with any of my elder sisters. The man had not been very uncivil to me during an intimacy of some months, and this gave me high spirits; and so, on we scampered over hills and down vallies. Papa sometimes wanted to stop to see the curiosities; but mamma would not hear of it, averring, it was as much as my life was worth, to defer for a day my journey to a warm climate; and I used to cough whenever papa awoke in the carriage, to corroborate mamma's account of the delicate state of my chest.

We flew through Italy; and, were I a sentimental young lady, I should doubtless give a charming account of the glories of nature and of art which we passed on our journey; but, I candidly admit, I could never see any good in a country walk or drive, but that it might afford opportunity for a declaration. I have been well brought up by a sensible mamma, and shall not discredit her lessons. I like the observation of the Frenchman to his pastoral friend, in extasies over a flock of sheep, browsing at a distance—"perhaps out of the whole, there was not one tender." I want to know the real utility of being romantic. I cannot fall in love with the marble Apollo, nor any of his set. I had rather see a living man, with a well-cut coat on his back, and a pair of trousers, the most in fashion, on his limbs. So, I shall only say, we reached Naples. Mr. W. had just left the town, no one could tell us for what destination. We sent scouts abroad, in various directions, and, while awaiting their reports, I had another good opportunity for sonnet-writing—and sonnets I certainly should have indited, had I the slightest notion they could have assisted me in getting married. But I recollected, that even Sappho, in despair of finding a husband, drowned herself—and I thought there might be as many Phaons to be met with as then.

Our scouts returned, without any tidings of our run-away. Mamma declared her intention of striking into the Abruzzi. Papa

expostulated with her upon the danger of venturing into a country overrun with banditti, who might frighten poor Emily to death, in her present delicate state of health; and mamma was suffering him to buzz on without minding him, when a carriage drove up to the door. A gentleman alighted, and mamma clapping her hands, cried out, "Emily!" The gentleman at once recognized her, and the next moment our marked victim was in the room. The hotel was crowded. Mamma offered Mr. W. the use of our room and table. He was delighted, and passed the whole evening with us. I returned his first salutation quite regally. I afterwards sat near papa, gave him my undivided attention, and did my utmost to amuse him—circumstances which, I saw, very much surprised poor papa. "My nonsensical Emily and her papa are great flirts," said mamma, smiling at Mr. W.

"Oh, I protest against such monopoly on the part of Mr. H.," he replied.

Mamma laughed. I wondered how any single man on earth could venture so decided an expression in the presence of such a mother. She would marry a man ten times over on less than that.

Days and weeks passed, and still we all lived together, and still Mr. W. was civil, and no living creature could be more easy, and more free from all apprehension of us. He showed none of that standing-on-guard manners of other single men, who are always on the *qui vive*, like a besieged town in constant fear of a *coup-de-main*. Either he liked me, and met his fate voluntarily, or he was a more simple person than we had taken him for. But now the question was, "Why don't he declare himself?" and a morning did come, when he actually, after looking expressively at us, called papa to take a turn with him!—Judge how delighted mamma and I were: there could be but one subject between him and papa, whom he very naturally considered a dead bore; and how we did congratulate each other on this brilliant achievement!—how we described, for mutual gratification, his two seats in two of the best neighbourhoods in England—and his town-house—and his carriages—and new horses—and liveries! How proud mamma expressed herself of such a daughter! and how I, as in duty bound, gave her the credit of it all, as my instructress first, and afterwards my ally!

"I wonder they don't come back, Emily, my love—why, they have been gone a whole hour and a half!"—as she spoke, papa reappeared—alone. "Well," said mamma, "well; what have you done with Mr. W.?—of course you told him how flattered we all felt!"—"Flattered?" rejoined papa, "I don't see anything so very flattering in it, my dear."—"No, my dear! from a man of his consequence? why, you must be raving mad, my dear."—"Well, my dear," answered papa, in a deprecating tone, "I dare say you know best; only on Emily's account I thought—" "What on earth are you talking about, Mr. H.? you are never very easily understood, my dear, but I protest I find you quite incomprehensible at present. Do you or do you not agree that Mr. W. would be a great match for any girl?"—"To be sure I do, my dear."—"Very well, my dear, then surely we are both agreed in thinking his proposal flattering?"—"Of course, my dear, you are

the best judge: only I feared you might not like it, that's all my dear—no harm done."—"You really are enough to drive one frantic, Mr. H.! Will you have the kindness to tell me from the beginning what Mr. W. said to you, this morning?"—"To be sure, my dear; I can have no objection: only don't hurry me so, as I may forget. First, he began by expressing the greatest regard for me and my family: and he said, my dear, that you were a very superior woman, and Emily a charming girl."—"Good beginning, isn't it, Emily, my love?" I nodded. "Well, my dear, go on!"—"Yes, my dear, but I don't recollect where I was."—"That I was a superior woman, my dear."—"Oh, ay; and what next?—yes; that he was very peculiarly situated; that he looked on it as a most fortunate circumstance having met my family; and that, from the great kindness we had shown him, he was induced to ask a favour of me."—"Well, that was putting the thing very handsomely, I must say—what, Emily?" I nodded again. "Now, my dear, do get on a little faster, will you?"—"I am, my dear, getting on as fast as I can. Then he talked a long while about women being hard upon one another. 'But,' says he, 'I'm sure Mrs. H. does not think in that way; indeed, she told me as much, herself;' and then, my dear, he said, you said you could countenance a woman who had been talked of about a man, before being married to him—did you say so, my dear?"—"Tush, to be sure I did, because I know he has the character of being a little dissipated, and if he thought he married into a family that took such things quietly, he would have less hesitation about us."—"Oh, well; I suppose that was what put it into his head, my dear."—"Put what into his head?"—"To ask you, my dear, to visit his wife."—"Visit his what?"—"His wife, my dear."

Mamma's and my consternation may be imagined. The man after whom we had travelled hundreds of miles, and spent hundreds of pounds in chase of, neglecting, for him, all other chances—that man was married! and to his mistress, too!—We soon bid adieu to scenes fraught with recollections of failure and mortification, and returned to spend a triste winter in the tiresome old mansion in Nottinghamshire. But, although mamma has experienced one check in her hitherto brilliant career, she is too good a general to feel utterly discomfited; and we propose taking the field again, early in spring, to seek, find, and keep, the next time, what we sought, and found, 'tis true, but also—*lost*, the last time.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

THE success of Miss Kemble, Mr. Jerrold, and Sheridan Knowles, in dramatic composition, has excited public attention so much, that several of the newspapers, speculating upon other likely aspirants after the honours of the theatre, and

The slope of wet faces from the pit to the roof, have announced that a work of that nature may soon be looked for from Miss Landon. Nay, one of them went so far as to dilate a little on the style and matter of the composition, and concluded by saying, that, with the exception of being somewhat diffuse, the dialogue was vigorous and racy. Miss Lan-

don has yet, we understand, to try her powers in that way; and though we have no doubt that she could write a drama worthy of the stage, she has not made the experiment. All manner of little speculations in literature are afloat: plain periodicals and embellished periodicals are publicly talked about and privately planned;—but nothing great seems in contemplation; indeed, a work of genius has as little chance of success in the present distracted state of the public mind, as that child has of living which is born in a city taken by storm, and given over to be sacked. Those who have brought the land into this sad condition, have really much to answer for, here and hereafter.

Some imagine that they see in the inferiority of the present Royal Academy Exhibition the evil influence of public commotion and strife upon productions of genius and science. There is little doubt that artists are afraid of trying the strength of their wings in any work requiring imagination, because it is painful to bestow fine colours and long meditation upon a work which makes no return either in money or in fame. We are induced to say this, from having accidentally learned that, at the private view of the Exhibition, one of the members of the Committee of Public Taste spoke with much compassion of the sad mistake which Turner had made in painting his noble landscape of 'Italy': it was, he said, a mere matter of imagination, and could not be ranked among works of genius. We know not how such a dunce came to be enrolled amongst men of taste: he ought to know that imagination is as necessary to a work of genius as light is to day, and that without it all is vain and vapid. The 'Italy' of Turner is unquestionably one of the noblest works ever executed; and we pity the man whose soul is so dead to what is lovely and elevated, that he can stand before it unmoved. For such men genius works in vain.

'Il Don Giovanni' is to be given by the German performers, and "in a manner that will surprise the English;" so says Herr Schelard: we have great faith in this gentleman, but we hardly hope to see it better executed than under the management of Ayrton. The German operas are doing well—the fact is, that Bellini, Pacini, Donizetti, Vaccai, cannot stand in competition with Mozart, Weber, or Beethoven; and we are truly rejoiced that the English people have shown a right preference.

Amongst the latest arrivals from the continent, are the four juvenile brothers, Koella, whose precocious musical talents have astonished our continental neighbours. They are natives of Germany, and trained to execute classical quartets with wonderful accuracy: the public will shortly hear them at the King's Theatre.

'Robert le Diable' is said to be getting up with great splendour; and 'La Straniera,' by Bellini, is to be shortly produced.

A daughter of the once-eminent vocalist, Mrs. Salmon, is spoken of as about to make her appearance at one of our national theatres; and we have heard mention of another lady, a native of the sister isle, lately arrived from the continent, who only awaits a favourable opportunity to present herself to the public, and try her fortune as a singer.



## SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

## ROYAL SOCIETY.

May 17.—The Rev. Dr. Buckland, Vice President, in the chair.—A paper was read in part, entitled, 'On Harriot's Astronomical Observations, contained in his unpublished manuscripts belonging to the Earl of Egremont,' by S. P. Rigaud, M.A., Savilian Professor in the University of Oxford.

Lord Oxmantown, M.P., and Woodbine Parish, Esq. were admitted into the Society.

## ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

May 14.—G. W. Hamilton, Esq. V.P. in the chair.—An interesting paper was read on the Quillimane or Zambezi River on the east coast of Africa, communicated by Captain W. F. W. Owen, R.N. The account was drawn up by Captain Owen from the observations of some of his officers, who were employed in his survey of that coast, particularly Mr. Brown, who fell a victim to the climate of those regions. These officers commenced their exploring expedition in the month of July, 1823. In their way up the river they landed the following day at Marangane, about eight miles from the town of Quillimane. This is a mere village, inhabited entirely by slaves, but, owing to the presence of the cocoa nut and orange-tree, it presents a pleasing appearance. Above this village the river is divided by islands about a mile long; and another village is shortly seen, the access to which is only by a path made by hippopotami. These animals were frequently seen in the river, even as low as its mouth, where it is about a mile wide. Above this second village the river becomes much contracted, and islands were found in it, the channel being reduced to about twenty yards in breadth. About thirty-two miles in a W.S.W. direction from Quillimane is a village called Boca de Rio, properly called Maccoomboosh, the name assumed by its chief, according to the custom in this as in some other parts of Africa. From the banks of the Zambezi the party arrived at the Luabo river, a noble stream that falls into the sea apart from the Zambezi. Although in the dry season the current was so rapid that their canoe could only ascend in the eddies, and they passed sand banks in the river that were twenty feet in height, showing evident proofs, that in the rainy season the water passes over them. A day's journey up this river brought the travellers to a village called Chaponga, the residence of a Portuguese Donna, who treated them with great kindness. The village stands on an inclined plain near the bank of the river, and in one uncultivated spot near it were some huge trees, one of which was 60 feet in circumference. The adjacent woods were the resort of lions, tigers, and elephants, whose presence at times was a source of great annoyance to the natives. The canoes used by these people are large; and one was seen, about fifty feet long, that had been formed of a single tree. From Chaponga the travellers embarked in their canoe for Senna, the place of their destination, after having been detained at the former by the illness of one of their party. In the course of the day of their departure they landed, and met with much hospitality from a mulatto, who had invited them to his residence; here a party of strolling players afforded them much amusement, their exhibitions being principally confined to feats of tumbling. But the chase of a native by a lion was one of their principal representations. The part of the lion was performed by a native dressed in the skin of that animal, with a formidable mask, who went through his part very respectably. The man, being pursued, at length reaches a tree, and, ascending it, conceals himself among its branches. The lion shortly arrives, and makes various awkward attempts to seize him, which all prov-

ing ineffectual, he crouches underneath it, seemingly waiting for his victim. In the meantime, the man calls lustily for help, and his cries bring to his assistance a hunter, who is seen cautiously approaching; and the lion is killed amidst the shouts and exultations of the spectators. The beds of these people excited considerable amusement to the travellers; each crept into a sack, with which they were provided, leaving their heads uncovered, and as they continued their noisy and incessant talk while scattered about, the scene was strange and ridiculous enough. The day before the party arrived at Senna, Mr. Forbes died from the effects of the climate, having been suffering from fever since he first embarked.

In our last report of the meeting of this Society, we alluded to a letter which had been addressed to it, by Dr. Richardson, calling attention to the probable condition of Captain Ross and his little party, and submitting to its consideration, a project to relieve them, if living and to be found. It was worthy of one who had himself undergone the penalty of suffering in those unprofitable regions. It was now announced, that since the above letter, Dr. Richardson had made application to the Colonial Secretary, Mr. Hay, on the same subject, and had himself offered to conduct a small exploring party. The proposal had been favourably received; but, from the political condition of the country at this moment, it was not likely to be adopted at present. The answer, however, leads us to hope that it will not be long before the generous offer of Dr. Richardson will be accepted; and if any one be specially qualified to conduct such an expedition with good hopes of success, he is the man. We believe it is proposed by Dr. Richardson, to proceed from Hudson's Bay into the interior, in a north-west direction, to Coronation Gulf, where he will commence his search in an easterly direction. Passing to the north, along the eastern side of this gulf, he would soon arrive at Point Turnagain, the eastern point of his own former discovery. It is about this spot, in our own opinion, that he would be most likely to obtain some information from the Esquimaux respecting the *Victory*, the small steam-vessel which Captain Ross commanded, from its position with respect to Prince Regent's Inlet, down which the captain would pass. Having reached this part, Dr. Richardson would continue his route to the eastward, and penetrate as far as Melville Peninsula, adding to geographical discovery in his way; and here again, it is probable, he might hear of Captain Ross from the Esquimaux. By this route, our map of North America would be completed in a part which yet remains blank, and a continued coast would be laid down from the Straits of the Fury and Hecla, to Point Beechey, leaving the small tract between Sir John Franklin's discovery and that of the Blossom, alone unexplored. These, however, are minor considerations, when compared to the principal object of the expedition; and we have only heartily to wish success to the enterprise, convinced that, unless Captain Ross has actually passed through Bhering's Strait, we shall thus only obtain authentic intelligence of him.

## ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

May 16.—The President, Lord Dover, in the chair.—A further portion of a learned manuscript work, by Sir William Gell, with the reading of which the Society has already been twice occupied, was read by Mr. Hamilton. The part selected, comprised Sir William's historical and antiquarian observations on 'Campagna,' and on the 'Roman Coinage.'—Earl Gower was elected a Member.

Various presents of books were announced, from the Rev. L. Wainwright, the Rev. T. Fuller, and other Members.

## GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

May 2.—Roderick Impey Murchison, Esq., President, in the chair.—The following gentlemen were elected Fellows of this Society: Capt. Jones. R.N., M.P., and Thomas Baker, Esq.

A paper was read 'On the Geological Structure of the north-eastern part of the county of Antrim,' by James Bryce, jun., Esq., M.A., Member of the Belfast Natural History Society, &c. and communicated by Roderick Impey Murchison, Esq., P.G.S.

May 16.—The President in the chair.—James Mitchell, Esq. was elected a Fellow of the Society.

A paper was read by the Rev. Adam Sedgwick, Woodwardian Professor in the University of Cambridge, on the Primary Stratified Shistone group of Cumberland.

## HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

May 15.—No papers were read at the meeting this day; the exhibition was, however, as interesting as usual, presenting, among numerous other attractive objects, a fine plant of the *Erythrina crista-galli*, nearly six feet high, and covered with blossoms—a beautiful seedling camellia, from Mr. Wells—*pæonias*, *calceolarias*, azaleas, *glycine sinensis*, yellow Banksian rose, tulips from Mr. Groom's collection at Walworth—the remarkable iris *susianus*—the different varieties of *pyrus*, *ribes*, *cyttus*, &c., most esteemed for their beauty.

Six gentlemen were elected Fellows of the Society.

We understand, that the Prize Exhibition of Azaleas and Rhododendrons, is fixed to take place at the meeting on the 5th of June.

## MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

|          |   |                                      |             |
|----------|---|--------------------------------------|-------------|
| MONDAY,  | { | Phrenological Society .....          | Eight, P.M. |
|          | { | Medical Society .....                | Eight, P.M. |
|          | { | Medico-Botanical Society .....       | Eight, P.M. |
| TUESDAY, | { | Medico-Chirurgical Society .....     | P. 8, P.M.  |
|          | { | Institution of Civil Engineers ..... | Eight, P.M. |
| WEDNES.  | { | Society of Arts .....                | P. 7, P.M.  |
| THURSD.  | { | Royal Society .....                  | P. 8, P.M.  |
|          | { | Society of Antiquaries .....         | Eight, P.M. |
| FRIDAY,  | { | Royal Institution .....              | P. 8, P.M.  |

## FINE ARTS

## EXHIBITION AT SOMERSET HOUSE.

[Second Notice.]

71. 'Portrait of His Majesty King William IV.' WILKIE, R.A.—This portrait, like all the pictures by Wilkie of the same class, has been much praised and much censured. For our own parts, we think it as good a likeness of the King as any we have seen, and far superior to all other royal portraits in vigour and clear splendour of colour. It recommended itself to our notice by not looking like a portrait; His Majesty is in his robes of states, with the sword in his right hand; he cannot do better than lay it on the shoulder of the first painter of these our latter days.

77. 'Una seeking shelter in the Cottage of Coreca.' HILTON, R.A.—The description of Spenser is cleverly embodied in this picture, though the figure of Una is less lovely than we could have wished. The colouring is good, and so is the drawing.

86. 'A Scene suggested by an effect seen after heavy Rain in the Ligurian Mountains, near Sarsana.' CALLCOTT, R.A.—A grand and gloomy landscape: the thick clouds are lifted up or slowly departing; the ground looks humid, and where the distant hill mingles with the sky, the rain seems still falling.

93. 'Portrait of Miss Carlisle.' HOWARD.—There is a simplicity in the air of this portrait which we like—a kind of classic and unstudied grace, which is not the less welcome that we seldom see it. We could find fault with some parts of the performance—but let it pass.

98. '*The Baggage Wagon*;' COOPER.—In the middle of a heady fight a baggage-wagon, full of harmless women and wounded men, is making its escape out of the storm of shot. The drivers and guard are attacked, and about to be worsted, when the bravery of a wounded veteran, who starts up "on stump and huckle" in the front of the wagon, and takes deadly aim with his musket, rids them of the fiercest of their assailants. We speak of this picture as if it were the express image of a real event, because it looks so real and is so full of animation.

106. '*Pets*;' LANDSEER, R.A.—A pet child with her pet fawn—one of the cleverest little enatches of nature in the Exhibition. The simplicity of the two cannot well be described: the fawn has a long blue ribbon round its neck, with the end of which a mischievous kitten is amusing itself, while a little girl is presenting a plate of pudding to her favourite, evidently in some fear and trepidation, if we may judge by the way she holds the plate, and the trembling bend of her knees. But who can describe her face, at once trusting and timid—anxious and yet fearful?

112. '*Skittle Players*;' COLLINS, R.A.—This is natural enough: but we do not consider it as one of Collins's cleverest works; but what can we expect from a game at skittles!

115. '*Indulgence*;' KIDD.—We really think the Committee have been unjust to the merits of Kidd in hanging this remarkably clever picture so close to the floor: we had nearly overlooked it, and lost a treat we shall not soon forget. It is a very little picture, but contains much. A gentleman, who from his person might represent a city, is sitting asleep in his chair, with a lunch before him, to which the state of plate and glass show he had paid some attention. A black man-servant, a joyous Padlock Mungo sort of fellow, has helped himself slyly to a glass of the wine, and is drinking it off with a kind of half humorous and half fearful delight; while a white female fellow-labourer holds up her warning finger, as much perhaps for the sake of having a sip herself as from a desire to admonish. We never saw such a face of enjoyment as Mungo's—the very whites of his eyes seem moist with wine.

121. '*A Family Picture*,' containing the portraits of the Marquis and Marchioness of Westminster, the Earl and Countess Grosvenor, the Earl and Countess Wilton, Lord and Lady Robert Grosvenor, Viscount Belgrave, the Ladies Grosvenor and Lady Mary Egerton;—LESLIE, R.A.—We will venture to give our American artist some reasonably good advice. Seek fourteen tinkers at their cups—fourteen Irishmen going to a fair—fourteen paupers desiring relief from the parish—fourteen Scotsmen crossing the border—fourteen Englishmen discussing Meux and Reform—fourteen persons debating the matter of tithe—and paint them, and make money and fame; but, as you wish for either, never paint a family picture of people of mark and condition again. We have heard of a nobleman who claimed for his family that kind of far-descended glory both in beauty and blood, which the Arabs claim for their horses; we know not that the Marquis of Westminster carries his notions of caste so far; but of this we are certain, that an unwonted awe has oppressed the pencil of the artist in this domestic picture, and that his colouring is heavy—his diversity of character little—and his postures generally made up and affected.

122. '*Portrait of Eyre Coote, Esq., M.P.*;' SHEE.—Nature has maintained her own dignity in this painting; it is one of the best which the pencil of the President has furnished.

126. '*Portrait of the Right Hon. Henry Goulburn*;' PICKERSGILL, R.A.—The colouring is good, and the expression characteristic.

127. '*The Retreat*;' COOPER, R.A.—A fine

hurley-burley scene, full of animation and of the vicissitudes of war. A baggage-wagon is hurried on in full flight with its load of wounded and quota of plunder: some seek to stay it at the risk of blows, while others carry on the sterner labours of the general *mêlée*. The horses seem roused with the trumpet, and kindled up with the din of the artillery.

128. '*Portrait of Lady Mary Fox*;' NEWTON, R.A.—A small-sized portrait, but all nature and elegance.

133. '*The Forgotten Word*;' MULREADY.—All who have been at school will understand this: a little girl with a child laid over her knees is hearing her brother say his lesson: he is fairly aground for a word, and stands pondering and puzzling, while she seems resolved to let him exercise his ingenuity. The beauty of the thing is, that the painter tells his story by mental rather than by muscular means.

134. '*The Preaching of John Knox before the Lords of the Congregation, 10th June, 1559*;' WILKIE, R.A.—This is by far the noblest picture in the Exhibition, either for colour, composition, or variety of character. The stern Apostle of Presbyterianism, on his return from Geneva, walked at once into a Roman Catholic Church, and, taking possession of the pulpit, preached a sermon against the ancient religion, which kindled all Scotland like fire set to heather. The noblest, and the bravest, and the loveliest of the land ranked themselves on either side; armies were raised and drawn up in array against each other, the church excommunicated, and the chief nobles threatened; but nothing could either daunt or intimidate him. The painter has represented Knox in the act of preaching one of his stern and intrepid sermons, with the leaders of the Reformation—Murray, Morton, and Glencairn, and the heads of the Catholic Church, Hamilton, Beatoun, and Kennedy, among the audience: the body of the church is thronged with Protestants: apart from the crowd stand the Roman prelates, with armed men in their company: the gallery is filled with the most distinguished scholars of Scotland: a mother has brought her child to be baptized, and awaits the conclusion of the sermon, while in the centre sits the beautiful Countess of Argyll, half-sister to the lovely Queen Mary, forming what the artists call the chief light of the picture—in truth, she is a sort of sun, and lightens up the whole scene. The preacher himself, a bold, earnest, eloquent man, has all the vehemence of action which history ascribes to him: he has burst open unwittingly the pulpit door—he has his hands stretched towards the Roman prelates, as if he desired to clutch them, and he seems about to descend upon them like a flying dragon. When we have done our best to lay, by words, this fine picture before our readers, we feel we fall far short of Wilkie; let us add, that in lucid depth of colouring this far surpasses the artist's earlier pictures. It is painted for Sir Robert Peel, one of the chief patrons of art in these dolorous days.

139. '*Mr. Peregrine Touchwood breaking in upon the Rev. Josiah Cargill*;'—St. Ronan's Well; MULREADY, R.A.—The studious and abstracted Josiah, and the good-humoured, self-sufficient Touchwood, are capitally represented in this picture; the prim, more than upright, and grotesquely consequential nabob, is all before us; and those who are slow in raising up a figure from words, will save themselves trouble by consulting Mulready before they take up Scott.

[To be continued.]

#### EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

THAT royal association, of which all others are but offshoots, has now opened its doors, and claims a bit of the time and space which we would otherwise have bestowed upon minor Exhibitions.

We look on the Royal Academy, as a matron, and the societies which have risen around, her daughters, some of whom rival her beauty in her brightest days. In truth, these Exhibitions are—not to speak profanely—so many chapels of ease to accommodate the growing population, and may be considered only as supplemental exhibitions, to that long established one on which the monarch must, by its charter, condescend to smile. We shall now proceed to notice a few of the most striking compositions in the collection.

142. '*An Ancient City—Storm clearing off*;' BARRET.—Subjects such as this are present perhaps too frequently to the fancy of painters. The scene is well conceived, and well drawn; but we are weary of shattered temples and lowering clouds, and landscapes which tell us that the Grecians or the Romans once ruled and reigned on earth.

143. '*Cottage Scene in the Grove, Droxford, Hants*;' EVANS.—Very natural and life-like—cottage scenes are dear to our fancy—not from belief alone, in their worth and beauty, but from having long enjoyed them.

152. '*Castle Rising*;' P. DE WINT.—One of the most natural landscapes in the room: houses are seen in the distance; reapers are busy in the fields; sportsmen are searching with pointers through the stubble, while the staid and mellow light of autumn is shed largely over all.

153. '*Gipsies*;' AUSTIN.—We looked long at this clever picture. A gipsy woman, some two and twenty years old, or so—handsome in form, free in gait, with a tawny face, and great dark flashing eyes, is walking barefoot over a wild heath, beside an ass with a very engaging burthen; namely, two children in one pannier, balancing horn-spoons, old kettles, and perhaps a goose or two, in the other.

164. '*View in Cowes Harbour, Isle of Wight*;' COPLEFIELD.—This exhibition is strong in landscape. In the management of sea or shore—hill or lake—or wherever land and water mingle, Fielding excels, and in the present picture, though all may be said to be real, the atmosphere of peculiar beauty, with which it is covered, is the artist's own. The sky is darkening down in storm in one part, and brightening, yet still threatening in another—fires, soon to be extinguished in rain, are burning on the beach, and from a foaming and turbulent sea, fishermen are hastening ashore from their rocking boats.

161. '*Ponte del Sospiri, Venice*;' S. PROUT.—Another of these real and beautiful scenes, which Prout has such sagacity in finding, and skill in drawing; the water is clear and still below, and the houses elegant and picturesque above.

170. '*Hot Bread and Milk*;' HUNT.—When we came to this very natural and lively thing, we remembered that we had seen other pictures by the same hand, which pleased us not a little; we therefore turned back to 156, '*The Lump of Pudding*,' and could not help marvelling how we had taken no note of it. A boy holds the last piece of a plum-pudding upright on his fork, looking wistfully at it; and it is impossible to decide, whether it will go to his mouth or not; his looks say plainly, "If I swallow you, I know not what will happen—but if I leave you, I'll never see you again." As he is taking time to consider, he will of course eat it. The '*Hot Bread and Milk*,' a savoury and tantalizing dish, is of great merit.

174. '*Wynnstay*;' P. DE WINT.—A scene rich in wood and hill, with little water, and a house far from being picturesque, though it is the residence of one of the most ancient and worthy families in Wales.

179. '*Castle, Scene on the Banks of Lochlomon*;' ROBSON and HILLS.—What Beaumont and Fletcher were in the drama, Robson and Hills are in landscape: Robson deals with inanimate nature, and to his pencil in this picture, we owe

the wide lake, the clear sky, the distant hill, and above all, the lonely wooded isle in the middle of the water, fit for the residence of spiritual beings; while to Hills, we are indebted for the rooks, who spread their sooty wings against the sky—for the nimble skiffs, sporting like swans, and for the fine cattle, which have rushed into a shaded part of the lake, to be out of the influence of a burning sun.

178. '*At Wurtzburgh*;' S. PROUT.—As literal and picturesque as Prout generally is—"whose accuracy all men dare swear for."

191. '*Loch Maree—Ross-shire*;' ROBSON.—A wild, lonely, lake, surrounded by hills as wild, whose pinnacles seem to pierce the sky above: with wild goats reposing in groups on the ground, and the sun spilling liquid lustre on all.

192. '*Highland Hospitality*;' LEWIS.—Interior of a north-country cottage containing a Highlander and his family entertaining two lowland wanderers, who seem to be wearied or to have lost their way: the whole is close to nature, and cannot miss to find admirers, though some may think the hospitality small: one of the strangers is lighting his cigar with a coal held by the tongs; the other, if we looked right, is tiptoeing.

201. '*Landscape on the Severn*;' AUSTIN.—In the handling of this picture there is no little resemblance to Constable: the effect on the whole is pleasing; the waggon entering the river, and the life with which the banks are peopled, form a pretty landscape.

202. '*Norwich*;' P. DE WINT.—So this is Norwich! An old ruinous tower—cattle grazing around—a man fishing for trout, and houses in the distance, cannot well be called Norwich, any more than a single brick can be called a house. The composition, nevertheless, has its beauties.

215. ROBSON.—

"This lake," said Bruce, "whose barriers drear  
Are precipices sharp and sheer,  
Yielding no track for goat or deer,  
Save the black shelves we tread:  
How term you its dark waves? and how  
Yon northern mountain's pathless brow,  
And yonder peak of dread  
That to the evening sky uplifts  
The grisly gulfs and slaty rifts?"

This splendid moonlight scene represents Lake Corisken and the Coolin Hills in the Highlands, as seen by Robert Bruce and his brother Edward during their wanderings before the battle of Bannockburn. Had not the name of Robson been to this picture in the Catalogue, we would have ascribed it to Copley Fielding, whose poetic pencil delights in giving form and hue to the splendid visions of verse. The solemn effect of the scene is increased by the earnest gaze of the two intrepid brothers: we have seldom seen a work so impressive as this.

224. MISS LOUISA SHARPE.—"Brunetta was now prepared for the result, and came to a public ball in a plain black silk mantua, attended by a beautiful negro girl in a petticoat of the same brocade with which Phillis was attired. This drew the attention of the whole company, upon which the unhappy Phillis swooned away."—From this passage in the Spectator Miss Sharpe has formed a very fine picture: the grouping is admirable—the drawing good—the proportions just—and the colouring clear.

257. '*Interior of the Abbey of St. Ouen*;'—showing the Tobe which formerly stood at the entrance of the choir: the figures represent the obsequies of the Cardinal de Amboise in 1510; MACKENZIE.—The splendid Gothic architecture of this fine abbey is drawn by the hand of one who feels its beauty of combination and the richness of its light and shade.

277. '*A Rocky Coast after a Storm*;' COX.—The agitated sea, and the coarse, bold, rocks, against which the waves had lately been lashed,

are well delineated. There is much originality of handling in this wild landscape.

We have given a very imperfect account, we fear, of this interesting Exhibition, and must bid it farewell, leaving many clever works unnoticed. The Society, we believe, is in a prosperous state: under the management of men of genius and enthusiasm, it could not well be otherwise. We think, however, that the number of pictures which each member is permitted to send, should be limited: a few eminent artists, by the force of fine works and overwhelming numbers, carry all the admiration away from humbler aspirants. For instance, out of the 415 pictures which compose the present collection, 39 are by Copley Fielding, 39 by Robson, 35 by Cox, 23 by Prout, 14 by De Wint, and 16 by Barret. What can stand against such force on the part of the Society? The Royal Academy allowed at first, and indeed till within these thirty years or so, an unlimited number of works to be exhibited by each Academician; the number was at last limited to eight: the Society of Water Colours must soon do the same, if they desire to be just and to avoid the stigma of monopoly.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

##### *Finden's Illustrations of Lord Byron's Works.*

SEVEN of these illustrations are now lying before us, 1, 'Bellagio, Lago di Como,' 2, 'Geneva,' 3, 'Chamouni,' 4, 'Spoleto,' 5, 'A Street in Athens,' 6, 'Marathon,' and 7, 'Miss Chaworth, aged 17.' Of these, the one most to our liking, is the lady; she looks lovely and modest, and we wonder not that the poet was moved as he gazed on her: but her taste in love matters was not at all poetic; she set her heart on more material things, and married a gentleman who could halloo to a hound, leap a five-bar gate, and bring down a pheasant flying—a more suitable match than the "lame boy," as she contemptuously called Byron. All the landscapes are good, but that of Geneva is the best.

##### *A Series of Views on the Loire.* By Louis Parey.

THIS is the first number of a new work by M. Parey, member of the Society of Antiquaries in Normandy; the views are in folio, and admit a pleasing extent of scene, while the topographical accompaniments and historical notices, add the charms of literature to the attractions of art. There are four views in the present number; viz. 1, 'The Castle of Chateaudun,' 2, 'Chateau d'Angers,' 3, 'Chambord,' 4, 'Chateau de Blois.' Of these, 'Chambord' is truly splendid.

##### *Designs for Lodges and Park Entrances.* By P. F. Robinson, Architect.

THESE are certainly very pretty picturesque things, and such as one would expect to find in the vicinity of some singular mansion of the times of the Tudors: they are, however, hardly suitable for a modern building, inasmuch as they wear the stamp and character of remote days. We are told, that one has been erected in Wales, and another in Scotland; and, in the engravings, they are exhibited overgrown with woodbine and other creeping plants. They are, perhaps, more picturesque than commodious.

##### *Wivell's Portraits.*

NINE of these portraits are now lying before us, and some of them exhibit both force of character and skill in the handling. They are principally actors or musicians: we have 'Miss Shirreff,' 'Cramer,' 'Neukomm,' 'Moscheles,' 'Parry,' 'Welsh,' 'Gibson,' 'Wallack,' and 'James Northcote.' The latter, we look upon as very clever, and we know it is vastly like—it is the best of Mr. Wivell's productions.

#### MUSIC

##### KING'S THEATRE.

ON Saturday was produced Pacini's opera seria, '*Gli Arabi nelle Gallie*,' for the débuts of Mariani and Grisi. Of the music, little can be said in commendation: Pacini, though possessing much original genius for melody, cannot command the meaneast resources of science in concerted pieces; even in a simple aria, his instrumentation is often vulgar and inappropriate. In the finale to the first act of this opera, there are direct plagiarisms from '*Semiramide*.' As it was represented, much of the original music was altogether omitted: a scena from '*Zelmira*,' and a new aria by Costa, were introduced; but we question whether the opera given entire, would have been more successful.

Mariani has a contralto voice, pretty equal in tone and sweetness—her execution of the scale from *c* below the lines to *a* above, is exquisitely perfect and finished; her *sostenuto*, in pathetic music, is also admirable; but, judging from the apathy of the audience, this excellence was not duly appreciated. In her general style, there is less intensity of feeling and vigour than in that of Pisaroni; and the lower notes of her voice are unpleasant, when forced. In better music, she will, we think, have more success; the English are slow to feel, but will yet acknowledge the merit of this singer.

Grisi, as we anticipated, cannot maintain her ground here in leading parts, with a mezzo-soprano voice, whose upper notes are hard and inexpressive. As an addition to the present company, she cannot be profitable to the manager, since he has already vocalists with voices more agreeable in the compass necessarily required for soprano parts. In a duet with Mariani, the voices blended effectively together; but, in the last scena, which we remember to have heard introduced in '*Il Pirato*,' by Lalande, Mad. Grisi was far from successful: this lady's lower notes, however, are rich and sonorous, and she executes with admiral precision the descending chromatic scale.

Winter's singing was, as usual, vigorous and energetic—perhaps too vociferous. Of the general execution of this long-deferred opera, we regret to say, the imperfect performance of the concerted music, the blunders in the accompaniments, the hurrying of the finales, the utter disregard of *chioroscuro*, were woefully conspicuous, to a person who had witnessed the previous night's performance of '*Der Freischütz*.' There is one radical defect in the management of the musical department, to which we have often alluded, and which, if not remedied, will cause Mr. Mason bitter regret. We would ask him as a friend, how it is, that the most difficult opera of the German school was better executed than the skeleton production of a Pacini? Let either Herr Schelard, or Meyerbeer, give the answer, and let Mr. Mason profit by it.

The Germans' performance of Weber's opera has thrice filled the theatre with genuine lovers of real dramatic music.

At Curioni's benefit, on Thursday, the first act of '*Gli Arabi*,' the second of '*Der Freischütz*,' and part of '*La Donna del Lago*,' were performed. The caste of the latter, with Cinti, Rosa Mariani, Donzelli, Mariani, and Curioni, comprises the whole strength of Mr. Mason's present company. A "pas de huit" with Brugnoli, Samengo, and six others, to the overture of '*Semiramide*,' exhibited a delightful series of classical and picturesque groups; and this excellent entertainment was given to empty stalls and boxes: but the fact may furnish an answer to the question—what claim has Signor Curioni to call on the public for a benefit?

The first act of '*Gli Arabi*' and '*La Donna*'

del Lago' we see are announced for this evening: the aria which Cinti introduces in the latter, was composed by Meyerbeer for Madame Pasta.

#### NINTH ANTIENT CONCERT.

Director—*Archbishop of York.*

THE chief novelty in this, the most entertaining performance of the season, consisted in the overture and two first pieces in Haydn's Seasons, and the invaluable acquisition of Mad. Cinti, to the corps vocal. In the arie, 'Per Pietà,' and 'Voi che sapete,' her taste and feeling did ample justice to the music of Mozart; a fair test of the highest vocal powers.

#### SIXTH PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

A glance at the programme convinced us that this would prove the best Concert of the season. The andante in the seventh Sinfonia of Beethoven is a splendid achievement in musical science. We have heard it both abroad and at home, but never without its being enthusiastically encored. A composition more full of variety in counterpoint, of exquisite harmony, tender melody, and beautiful instrumentation, we could not name.

A MS. composition by Mendelssohn, entitled 'Overture to the Isles of Fingal,' was performed for the first time in this country. The burthen of the composition strongly reminded us of Beethoven. Towards the end it was well worked with figurative passages for violins, the subject being sustained by the wind instruments—but as descriptive music, it was decidedly a failure.

A Madlle. Blahetka played a Concerto of her own composition. This young lady comes from Vienna, and will add another to the distinguished pianists in this country. Perhaps the finest performance of the evening, was a quintetto of Onslow's, by Bohrer, Watts, Moralt, Lindley, and Dragonetti.

Among the vocal performances, there was nothing new. Cinti was eminently successful—Phillips sang 'Qui sdegno' better than we ever heard him, and descended to the low E with a full tone—and Donzelli was magnificent.

#### THEATRICALS

##### DRURY LANE.

A young lady, of the name of Hyland, has lately made her *début* at this house. Her first character was *Rosetta*—her second *Polly*; and in this we saw her on Tuesday night, on which occasion she played it for the second time. It seems that Miss Hyland has made the bold experiment of an appearance on the London boards, without previous practice in any of those quarters where more allowance for inexperience is always made. For one who, like Miss Hyland, possesses the natural requisites, we are not prepared to assert that this course may not be the best as regards ultimate fame, but, as no talent can do itself justice on the stage without considerable practical experience, there can be no doubt that the perils and dangers of the outset are considerably increased by it. Miss Hyland has a commanding figure, and a handsome face, and there is a general intelligence about her, from which we are inclined to augur well. In acting, her manner is constrained, and her action fidgety; but this signifies nothing. We are constantly in the habit of seeing mere practice do all in a short time that is wanted in these particulars, for persons who cannot boast more than half the mind which we suspect belongs to the *débutante* in question. Of her voice and style, we are happy to report well, and without even temporary detraction. The voice is one of the most pleasing we have heard for a long time: considerable in extent, pure in quality, and round in tone, it comes, unac-

companied by contortion or grimace, straight from the chest. In point of feeling, we may say that it comes from that part of the chest in which the heart is situated, and, therefore, it is not wonderful that it should make its way to a similar region with its hearers, and that it may be described, like a letter in a novel, as coming "From the same to the same." Miss Hyland gave the charming music of *Polly* as it was written, and, consequently, as it ought to be, but seldom is, sung. We have also to record that she did not sing one note out of tune from first to last. The house approved of her highly and justly, though the attendance was most melancholy; the few people who were there seemed almost afraid of applauding, for fear of disturbing the solemn stillness of the place. It is impossible to assert with truth, that, with the exception of Miss Hyland and Mr. Farren, there was anything in the cast of the opera to warrant expectation of even a tolerable house. As a whole, it has, perhaps, never been so weakly represented. Mr. Templeton, although a painstaking and deserving young man, is certainly, both as to acting and singing, the least efficient *Macheath* we ever saw. Mr. Harley is not at home in *Fileh*; Mrs. Humby, clever as she is in many things, is quite abroad in *Lucy*, and Mr. Somebody, in *Lockit*, was nobody.

#### MISCELLANEA

The bleak north-east winds, about the end of the last, and the middle of the present week, gave a temporary check to the more delicate species of vegetation. In the neighbourhood of London, there was no cold so severe as to injure the young shoots of laurels, *ancuba japonicas*, and other evergreens; but the apple-trees and white thorns were a little affected; and in both, that stagnation, and partial forming of saccharine matter, which is favourable to the growth of the larvæ of the lacquers and white-thorn moths, brought numbers of these, with their silken habitations, into appearance; and from the same cause, many of the apple-blossoms may be rendered abortive. While the dangerous weather lasted, the coldness of the days prevented much mischief, that would have ensued had these been very hot. The rain, too, came seasonably, and in abundant quantity. Healthy trees have recovered. The caterpillars have mostly disappeared; and even the sickly trees are recovering. The shrubs are remarkably beautiful, and appear absolutely to have gained in consequence of the severe check they received last year.

*Correggio*.—A beautiful picture by Correggio, has lately been added to the Gallery in the Vatican. It is square, being three feet six inches, both in breadth and height, and painted on canvas; the subject, our Saviour enthroned on a rainbow and encircled by angels, in the act of stretching out his arms to dispense a blessing on the whole human race. It appears, that this picture was painted for the altar of the oratory belonging to the brotherhood of La Misericordia, in Allegri's native town, Correggio, as is recorded in the contract of sale, extant in Tireboschi's 'Bibl. Modenese,' and Pungileoni's 'Vita dell' Allegri.' That brotherhood sold three of Correggio's pieces to Prince Siro of that town, amongst which the present painting is first recited, under the designation of 'God the Father.' It was disposed of by the Prince to the Venetian painter, Ranieri; from his heirs it passed into the possession of the Gritti family in Venice; was bought at the close of the last century, by one Armanni, and by him transferred to Count Marescalchi, of Bologna, from whose collection it has been received into the Vatican. The Roman cognoscenti are unanimous in their opinion of its genuineness. It has been engraved by Astoli.

*Machinery in Australia*.—According to the report of the Sydney papers, the proprietor of the Cawan Saw-Mill, the first that has been erected in New South Wales, has now brought his machinery to such perfection, that he can cut 450 feet superficial of flooring boards, or 600 feet of battens in one hour; the teeth of the saws pass through the space of 8200 feet per minute, being at the rate of 96 miles an hour, a speed produced by *animal power* never known before. The fly-wheel of this machine travels at the rate of 7000 feet per minute.

*Education in Greece*.—According to accounts in a respectable continental journal, there were at the end of the year 1830, besides a considerable number of private schools, the following establishments for public instruction, which were either entirely, or in part, supported by Government, or by the communities in which they are situated:—In the Peloponnese, 36 schools for mutual instruction, with 2970 pupils, and 19 schools for ancient Greek, with 978 pupils;—In the Islands, 33 schools for mutual instruction, with 2930 pupils, and 15 schools for ancient Greek, with 1073 pupils;—In Western Greece, 4 schools for mutual instruction, with 329 pupils, and 1 school for ancient Greek, with 40 pupils;—In Eastern Greece, 3 schools for mutual instruction, with 407 pupils, and 1 school for ancient Greek, with 40 pupils. Making a total of 123 schools, containing 9787 pupils; and the numbers of both were constantly increasing.

*Aquatic Birds*.—It is believed, that aquatic birds confine their flight within certain limits, so that a person who has paid attention to the subject, will know by the birds that are about the ship, without seeing the land, what part of the coast he is near. This refers to the coast of California in particular; and the vicinity of the St. Lawrence Islands in the Beering Strait, may always be known by the Crested Auk, *alca cristatella*, a species of bird that is very numerous upon them. When the *Blossom* went round Cape Horn in the month of September 1825, in the latitude of the River Plate, and to the southward, the dusky albatross, *diomedea fuliginosa*, was very numerous, but on reaching the latitude of 51° S., they were no longer seen. On regaining the same parallel on the west coast, they again appeared and accompanied the ship along the coast of Chili. In the Pacific Ocean, it will be serviceable to watch the presence of birds as indications of land being near. The day before making the island of Sala-y-Gomez, several tropic birds, boatswains and gannets, flew round the *Blossom*.

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

| Days of Week. | Thermom. Max. Min. | Barometer. Noon. | Winds.     | Weather.  |
|---------------|--------------------|------------------|------------|-----------|
| Th. 10.       | 53 34              | 30.20            | N.W. to N. | Cloudy.   |
| Fr. 11.       | 60 40              | 30.22            | N.         | Ditto.    |
| Sat. 12.      | 58 39              | 29.80            | N.W.       | Ditto.    |
| Sun. 13.      | 60 35              | Stat.            | N.W.       | Shr. a.m. |
| Mon. 14.      | 56 30              | 29.58            | N.W.       | Cloudy.   |
| Tues. 15.     | 58 37              | Stat.            | N.E.       | Shr. a.m. |
| Wed. 16.      | 53 41              | Stat.            | N.E.       | Cloudy.   |

*Prevailing Clouds*.—Cumulostratus, Cirrostratus, Cumulus.

Mornings fair. Nights fair, except Friday and Wednesday.

Mean temperature of the week, 47.5°.

Day increased on Wednesday, 7 h. 52 min.

#### NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

*Forthcoming*.—La Coqueretterie, a Tale; or, Sketches of Society in France and Belgium.

A new edition of the *first* volume of Col. Napier's History of the War in the Peninsula; to which will be prefixed, a reply to various opponents, particularly to "Scri tures" on Col. Napier's History, &c.

A History of the King's German Legion, by W. Ludlow Beaumont, Esq.

A Historical and Topographical Guide to the Isle of Wight.

Mrs. S. C. Hall is preparing for publication, a tale, under the title of 'The Buccaneer.'

Mr. Thackeray is preparing a new edition of his work on *Employments, as affecting Health and Longevity*, extending his inquiry to the general Arts, Trades, and Professions of England.

A *Marginal of Grecian Antiquities*, by H. Smith. The fourth volume of the Cornwall Geological Transactions will be ready in June.

Introduction to Botany, by John Lindley. The Picture of the West Indies, Geographical, Descriptive, and Commercial, by Robert Muller.

Mr. John Bromley, Jun. is engaged in engraving, in his best style, a Print of Usher Stalking in the Highlands, after the beautiful Picture by Edwin Landseer, Esq. in the possession of the Duchess of Atholl.

The First number of a Biographic Gallery of the Polish Revolution; or, 100 Portraits of Individuals who distinguished themselves in the last War of Polish Independence; with Biographical Notices in French by Joseph Strazewicz.

Fitz-George, a Novel.

Just published. — Calabria, during a Military Residence of Three Years, in Letters, 8vo. 10s. 6d. — Europe in 1830-1, 8vo. 5s. — Short's History of the Church of England, 2 vols. 8vo. 17. 1s. — Evans's Church of God, 8vo. 10s. 6d. — Oontarisi Fleming, 4 vols. 17. 4s. — Fry's Scripture Principles of Education, 2s. 6d. — Sewall's Rhetorical sermons, 12mo. 8s. — Horatius Restitutio, by Tate, 8vo. 6s. 6d. — Sir Asley Cooper on the Thymus Gland, 4to. 15s. — Blackmore on Pulmonary Consumption, 8vo. 8s. — Notes upon Notes, with Cuts upon Copper and Music, 12mo. 3s. — Schiller's Piesko, a Tragedy, 8vo. 7s. 6d. — Easter Offering, a Catholic Annual, for 1832, 12mo. 10s. 6d. — Lewis's Fifty Games of Chess, 8vo. 6s. — Lewis's Lessons on the Game of Chess, 2nd series, 8vo. 14. 1s. — Paternal Advice to Young Men, 32mo. 1s. 6d. — Byron Improved; or, a Royal Road to Short Hand, 8vo. 7s. — Key to Ditto, 1s. — Burke's Peers and Baronets, 2 vols. 8vo. 21. 10s. — Manual for Emigrants, by Colton, 18mo. 2s. 6d. — The Missionary Church, by W. H. Stowell, 12mo. 3s. — Scripture Revelation concerning a Future State, 3rd edit. 12mo. 5s. 6d. — The Canadas, by John Galt, Esq. 6s. — Pickering's Emigrant's Guide to Canada, 4th edit., with Map, 8s.; without Map, 4s.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS

We have received the following letter from Doctor Granville, and though not written in a very becoming temper, we shall print it entire:—

To the Editor of the *Athenæum*.

"16, Grafton Street, Berkeley Square.  
7th May, 1832.

"Can you oblige me by pointing out the part of the preface to my 'Catechism of Health,' in which you accuse me of having spoken disrespectfully of another 'Catechism of Health,' which, in its present garb, happened not to be in existence when the preface was written? The Catechism of foreign importation, the 'skeleton of which was adopted as the groundwork of my own,' as stated in the preface alluded to, was any thing but the 'skeleton of the Catechism you reviewed last Saturday,' as you might readily have perceived on comparing the two publications.

"I have the honour to be,

"Your humble servant,

"A. B. GRANVILLE."

Now, there can be no doubt, we suppose, after this letter, that Doctor Granville did not refer to Faust's 'Catechism of Health,' but we cannot permit him to insinuate, that the opinion was first idly and ignorantly put forward in this paper, or that we "might readily have known," that he did not make such reference, and that he could not, because, "in its present garb, the work was not in existence." Faust's work *was* in existence—a translation by Base was in existence—the work referred to, being merely a new translation, or enlarged edition—and Doctor Granville did speak "disrespectfully of another 'Catechism of Health,'" and as his own words will prove this quite as well as any reference to them, we shall extract the passage:—

"A small volume of foreign importation, bearing the title of 'Catechism of Health,' had been placed in the hands of the author, apparently written with little care or attention, either to facts or the language in which they were conveyed."

We were not, and are not aware of any other work of foreign importation, bearing the title of 'Catechism of Health'—and it is not very extraordinary, that we should suppose, that Dr. Granville referred to Faust's work, when we read the following passage in the Preface to the new edition, "I cannot conclude, without expressing my regret, that one of my professional brethren should, in the preface to his 'Catechism of Health,' (Granville's 'Catechism of Health,') describe this valuable little book in terms so disrespectful of the venerable author." The reference to Dr. Granville's work in this paper, was merely incidental; had we been in error, it was hardly worth the trouble of correcting it; and the assumption and blundering in the Doctor's letter is not a little amusing.

Thanks to M. M.—M. R.—A.

N. W. shall hear from us.

## ADVERTISEMENTS

### MONTGOMERY'S NEW POEM.

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No. 239.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1832.

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## REVIEWS

EDINBURGH CABINET LIBRARY. No. VI.

*British India.* Vol. I. By Hugh Murray, &c. &c. Edinburgh, Oliver & Boyd.

It is surprising that till lately there was no attempt made to give a popular account of our empire in India. Mill's heavy and laborious work is indispensable, as a fixture, in our libraries, and, more especially, may be consulted with advantage by those who are able to see through the film of prejudice which occasionally obscures the pages of this talented writer. It is of little use, however, to the general reader; and, although stowed, as a matter of course, in the trunk of each succeeding adventurer, who sets out on his exodus to the land of promise, it runs as much risk of neglect as its gilt-edged and morocco-coated companions—the Bible and Prayer-book.

Mr. Conder, if we do not mistake, was the first who thought of supplying the *employés* with a more feasible employment in their sea pilgrimage, and he was followed by Mr. Mudie; to a certain extent the compendium in the 'Modern Traveller,' and the 'Picture of India' succeeded. They, however, are nothing more than clever compilations, parcelled out and arranged by industrious, hard-reading men. There was still wanted an original work, in which useful and entertaining knowledge should be melted together, and all the principal parts of the various and complicated subject so disposed as to form one complete and agreeable whole. But the grand difficulty here was to find, in an age not celebrated for Admirable Crichtons, a single man uniting so many requisites, and capable of producing, in any reasonable time, a work comprehending everything that is valuable, so far as it relates to India, in geography, history, industry and commerce, geology, mineralogy, zoology, botany, astronomy, medicine, and navigation. The spirited publishers of the 'Edinburgh Cabinet Library' have not meddled with the problem as to the *existence* of such a hero: they have employed *eight* men at one moment,—each entitled to the confidence of the public in his own department,—and will thus, in all probability, succeed in conferring a very important benefit upon the nation at large.

The first volume of an undertaking so creditable to the enterprise of the parties concerned, is now before us, and bears evident traces of a pen well acquainted with the subject, guided by a taste accustomed to dress even facts in a costume that embellishes without disguising them. To persons acquainted with the difficulties of the subject, when we say that the work, so far as it has gone, is, in *general*, correct, it will seem extravagant praise. There are, how-

ever, some inaccuracies, apparent even upon a hasty glance. The doubt that is thrown upon the charge of cannibalism, made by Herodotus, (not against the Hindoos generally, as one would infer from the passage in the 'Cyclopædia,' but against certain tribes on the banks of the Indus,) is, we fear, unnecessary. In the Puranas, a tribe of man-eaters (Vyada) is mentioned; and Moor and other writers renew the accusation even in our own day. The Brahmins, we may say also, are not the priests, but the sect from which the priests are taken; and the Gymnosophists of India, if we judge of the past by the present, did not necessarily belong to the priesthood. The assertion, that the number of castes (*six*) was greater than at present, shows, we fear, that the writer is not sufficiently well acquainted with the discussion which this interesting subject has of late years undergone. The number does not exactly amount to that of the divinities, which is stated by Mr. Mill at 33,000,000; but it is, nevertheless, sufficiently great to be out of all chance of accurate computation.

There is hardly a page of this volume which would not furnish extractable matter; but our space limits us to the following expedient of Albuquerque, and the odd circumstance attending it:—

"He viewed it also as an essential object to attach the natives to his government, for which purpose he adopted a somewhat singular expedient. Having numerous female captives, some belonging to the first families in the country, he treated them in the most honourable manner; but, not satisfied with this, he proceeded to arrange matrimonial connexions between them and his European followers, without leaving much choice on either side. Some such procedure is at least alluded to by De Barros, when he compares his mode of cementing the Portuguese power to that employed by Romulus for peopling his infant state of Rome. It was made an absolute condition with the brides that they should embrace Christianity—an obstacle which was not found insurmountable, the prejudices of caste and religion being less deeply rooted there than in other quarters of India. A few such marriages being formed, the viceroy showed the parties peculiar favour, and bestowed on the husbands some of his best appointments. The principal families, finding themselves aggrandized by these connexions, no longer objected to them, and additions were easily made to their number. De Barros tells an odd story of a great number of weddings being celebrated at once with a splendid festival, when the lights being prematurely extinguished, it became difficult for the parties to recognize each other, and they fell into many mistakes. Next morning an investigation was proposed; but, on mature reflection, it was judged wisest, that each should remain content with the wife who had accidentally fallen to his lot, though different from the one to whom the church had united him; and the affair furnished to the army only an occasion of mirth."

We may also squeeze in an account of Mahmoud II., a prince worthy of canonization by all admirers of cheap governments:—

"Yet these elevated virtues were somewhat alloyed by a pedantic and fantastic ostentation of simplicity. Seated on the most splendid throne of the east, he practised the austerity of a hermit. Applying all his revenues to the exigencies of the state, he continued to earn by the pen his own support, which was limited to a supply of the humblest necessities. He not only rejected the vain and culpable privilege of a numerous seraglio and confined himself to one wife, but he compelled that lady to discharge the most menial functions. Even when her majesty complained that she burned her fingers in the process of cooking, and asked for a maiden to aid her in that humble task, he rejected the request. This was very extravagant; yet there appears a fine and amiable feeling in the following anecdote. He had shown part of his daily task of copying the Koran to an omrah whom he much respected, and who pointed out an erroneous word. The emperor immediately erased it: but as soon as the chief departed, he restored the characters; and being asked the reason, answered, that the word was right; but that he did not wish to give pain to a worthy man by telling him he was mistaken."

We have given the place of honour to this interesting work, because the publishers of the 'Edinburgh Cabinet Library' have no critical journal of their own, to trumpet forth their praise; and because the volume itself is a worthy companion to those that have preceded it, and will help to establish for the 'Edinburgh Cabinet Library' the honourable distinction of being the best and cheapest series of volumes now publishing.

## EMIGRATION.

*The Canadas, as they at present commend themselves to the enterprise of Emigrants, Colonists, and Capitalists.* Compiled and condensed from original Documents furnished by John Galt, Esq., &c. by Andrew Picken. London, 1832. Wilson.

From almost every port in the United Kingdom, have ships sailed this season with emigrants for America. It may be useless to inquire, what are the causes which induce so many to leave the land of their birth, and the localities which must have been dear to the heart from infancy, further, than that men of enterprise and activity, who find their means of subsistence diminishing, and the prospects of providing for a family becoming less certain, *will* leave, not only the land of their forefathers, but encounter all the incidental difficulties of new countries, in order to escape from the evils of poverty, and to secure also the prosperity of their offspring.

While we deeply regret that any of our countrymen should want at home those means, the attainment of which urges them to expatriation, we at the same time also regret that so many remove to the United

States, who might be settled in British America, with at least equal benefit to themselves, and much greater advantage to the Mother Country. While we consider the British North American Dominions integral parts of the empire, it is an evident truism, that all the physical and moral strength added to the United States of America by emigration, is lost in a two-fold extent to the British Empire.

The British Colonies being chiefly supplied with manufactures from England, those who settle in them, increase the demand for home employment, whereas, if they emigrate to the United States, this demand is lessened beyond conception. We have heard of a plain calculation, showing clearly, that if 30,000 British subjects go annually for ten years, as has been the case during the present season, to the United States, thirty millions of pounds will be the consequent loss at the end of that period to the United Kingdom. This amount is made up of freights for passages which the ships of the United States now receive in place of ours; of provisions supplied from them; of wages to seamen, carpenters, and various artificers; and in difference of demand for British fabrics; for, by the Customs returns, it appears, that every inhabitant in the British Colonies requires annually at least 55s. worth of British goods; whereas those of the United States require less than 10s. worth, the difference being supplied by their own manufactory, protected by a heavy tariff, and also from the manufactures of the East Indies and the Continent of Europe. These are mighty considerations for the government of a great country; and induce us to pay particular attention to all works treating of the British Colonies.

We are happy to say, that this, by Mr. Picken, is not one of those fine painted Dalilahs of books, got up for the purpose of delusion, like some which we have seen—but a plain business-like work, supported in every page by original and authentic documents, and filled with information in the honest guise of arithmetic, or guaranteed by men of ample knowledge and unquestioned veracity. The book, therefore, comes with full assurance of truth in all its parts, and cannot be otherwise than acceptable to many thousands of the people. For the mere reader, it has other attractions; it is written in a plain straightforward style; it abounds with little compact descriptions of places wild and strange; it discourses on the quality of the various soils, the value of the various kinds of timber, and the productions, wild, or cultivated, of that extensive country.

For full and overflowing information respecting the Canadas, we refer to the body of the work: we prefer selecting a few passages from the introduction, which confirm or extend the views we have several times taken, concerning the description of persons best fitted for emigration:—

"The first and most numerous is composed of those, who, as mere labourers, and standing at the bottom of the scale of society at home, would be happy to go to any spot where they could procure a subsistence by physical exertion. Though there is no doubt that, as far as individuals are concerned, this class ought to be the first to emigrate; yet the situation of such persons is rendered so completely helpless, by their entire destitution, and so formidable even to a colony from their numbers, that they become more the proper objects of the care of others than of themselves. The operation of

the feeling of necessity itself, then, ought to be checked, in reference to the helpless orders, by such regulations, even in the supply of labour beyond the Atlantic, as may prevent destitute families from throwing themselves in shoals upon a new country, without even the means of their own conveyance to those inland settlements where their labour may procure them present subsistence." p. 5.

"To the second, and a better class of persons, at least in reference to intelligence and handicraft acquirement, namely, men reared to manufactures of all sorts, who cannot procure employment at home, there is no rule will apply so generally as the great rule of necessity in favour of emigration; if such persons can only save or procure the means of support until they reach the place where they can be paid for their labour. Some controversy having been maintained as to the rationality of advising persons, accustomed to sedentary and in-door employments at home, to go where they shall be set to chop trees in the woods, and this occasioning many to waver in their resolves, in spite of the strongest feelings of the necessity of the step, this subject may require a few further remarks." p. 6-7.

There is much truth and good sense in the following passage, respecting that depressed class of men the farmers:—

"To the mere agriculturist, who is accustomed to farming employment at home, and has some means left to prosecute his fortune, colonization in Canada is more a matter of choice and speculation; and, when adopted, will well repay the industrious and enterprising emigrant. The man, however, whose habits are to be broke up, and whose pursuits are to suffer a total change by such a step, yet who is goaded on by the strong hand of necessity, will find, from the reports of all men who have tried it, that the first hardships of making a settlement, in a country which presents such an inexhaustible field of exertion and enterprise as Canada, is as nothing compared to the appalling prospects, particularly for large families, that await the declining and the friendless in an overpopulated country." p. 10.

The passage we are now about to quote, contains such a distinct, true image of human irresolution, that many who read it will think they have themselves sat for the picture:—

"To persons to whom colonization in Canada is, to a great degree, matter of choice, the consideration of time of life is, by all writers, allowed to be one of the most important. Were young men of the handicraft class more generally to train themselves for putting forth their exertions in the extensive field of a new country, much misery would be saved to themselves and their descendants. But man is a gambler in his own fortune; and, while life is young and hope is fresh, he would rather take his fate among the vast array of blanks that appear around him, for the barest chance of the solitary prize that occasionally turns up to his competitors, than betake himself to a country where the very nature of things makes the advantages sure, and almost present. So it is with persons in the better classes of life,—buoyed up by hope, they struggle on from disappointment to disappointment, until the rational emigrant who has gone before, tells him at last that it is now too late.

"The next common consideration of the highest importance is, with reference to making provisions for growing families. At home, every one knows, there is not a more difficult problem than an anxious parent has to solve, than, what he is to do with his children? Unless, then, he possesses some peculiar advantages for placing them eligibly in the world, few contemplations can be more melancholy

than their probable career, left to struggle with the overwhelming competitions of overpeopled society. It is these considerations that often make the elderly parent seek an asylum for himself, and a field for the independence of his family, among the echoing forests of the Canadian wilderness." p. 15-16.

We now bid farewell to Mr. Picken and his interesting work. We advise all people who have many children, for whom they cannot well provide; and all men who are unable to earn enough in this land, to keep soul and body decently together, to read and ponder on the important subject of emigration, and should they determine to try their fortune in the desert, to weigh well the contents of this valuable work. We must, however, remind them, that it treats only on the Canadas; and, as we are indifferent where British settlers locate, so they continue fellow subjects with us, bound by the same sympathies and affections, as the kindred and friends they leave at home, we may add that there are other Colonies which deserve a second thought from all about to emigrate. Our attention has, indeed, been strongly directed of late to New Brunswick, by the publication of Mr. Mac Gregor's excellent book.† Of this province, little was heretofore known; and, in truth, the difficulties which present themselves to emigrants, in a country of which they are ignorant, are such as to induce them generally to follow in a beaten track, even with less advantages. But from the spirit of public and private enterprise, which seems stirring in that colony, we think it may be welcome to our readers, to quote Mr. Mac Gregor's opinion:—

"The greater part of this colony is still in a wilderness state, although its soil, with the exception of a few rocky districts, principally on the Bay of Fundy Coast, and several, but not extensive swampy tracts, is rich and fertile.

"The River St. John, with its lakes and myriads of streams—the tributary waters of one St. Croix—the River Petit Condit—the Miramichi, with its majestic branches—the River Nipisighil, and many lesser rivers, open an inland navigation into almost every part of the province. Coal is plentiful, and iron ore abundant. Most of the birds enumerated as common to America are plentiful. Along the coast, cod, haddock, mackerel, and nearly all the kinds of fishes caught in the North American Seas, are abundant. Salmon, shad, bass, &c., frequent the rivers and shores, and a variety of other descriptions of fish, among which are chub, smelt, trout, eel, and perch, are plentiful in the rivers and streams.

"The climate of New Brunswick is salubrious; the epidemic fevers of the southern states are unknown; and colds, and their consequent diseases, can only be considered common to this province.

"The natural advantages of New Brunswick are equal to those of any wilderness in America; and it requires only a great addition of industrious settlers to its present population to secure its prosperity and to make it one of the most important of His Majesty's colonies. Its resources are great, and it is capable of maintaining at least three millions of inhabitants."

Once again, before we conclude, we recommend both the works we have quoted from, to the considerate attention of all anxious and struggling parents. They will see that they open a door and show a cheering vista to rough plenty and to rustic independence: they will perceive that the same toil which

† See Athenæum, Nos. 227 and 228.

they give for half a loaf here will obtain them an estate in the colonies—and, finally, that while they have their health, or their children have vigour, they can never fear want, nor turn pale at the sight of the tax-gatherer. To tear oneself from home is certainly much: but what is the birthright to which the three-fourths of this land are born to?—why, marry to the right of being fed by a parochial spoon, or to break stones on the road at one shilling a day:—

He either fears his fate too much,  
Or his deserts are small,  
Who dares not put it to the touch  
And gain or lose it all.

*The British Archer; or, Tracts on Archery.*

By Thomas Hastings, Esq. Published by Ackermann, London; and printed in the Isle of Wight.

We owe Thomas Hastings, Collector of His Majesty's Customs in the Isle of Wight, our best thanks for this very curious volume. It is much to our mind in all things, save the name: no such person as a British archer was ever known: the Scotch could not draw a string, neither could the Irish; but what nation on earth has not heard of the Bowmen of Old England? ask the east, west, north, and south, and they will say, that the memory of the cloth yard shafts of Lancashire and Cheshire is written on their annals in blood. Let this volume therefore be called the Old English Archer, and under that more suitable title we shall consider of the choicest wood for long-bows—the true art of fashioning them—the knack of stringing them—and, more than all, the noble art of bending them and discharging such arrows as flew at Chevy Chase and Cressy and Poitiers, confounding heroes and conquering kingdoms. These, however, are the latter days of this martial art: the old war-bow of England, like that of Ulysses, has been so long disused, that no living hand can bend it so far as to replace the string in the notch. It is true, that gentlemen in the north still keep up something like the outward show of archery; but which of them can shoot a shaft nine hundred and seventy-two yards two inches and three quarters, like Sultan Selim in 1798, in the presence of Sir Robert Ainslie? Why, seventeen score yards is the farthest that an island arm can send an arrow now, and even that is reckoned a most miraculous length. Of the lady archers of the south we also know something: we have seen them stretch their white arms, and with jewelled fingers draw the shaft past the roses of their cheeks, and shoot some “hundred foot them fro.” On the dales of Derbyshire—nay, we have seen the Derbyshire bowmen of these degenerate days, clad in Kendal green and headed by his Grace of Devonshire discharging their shafts on Chatsworth Chase. But, alas! how feeble were their bows compared to those handled by the Cavendishes of old, formed of Venetian yew with strings of Riga hemp, or those still earlier ones whose strings, when strung, emitted to the touch, a sound as shrill as the cry of the swallow, and threw arrows “a north country mile and an inch at a shot,” as related by that veracious chronicler the Pindar of Wakefield.

Archery is at once an ancient and a beautiful art. An arrow on the wing, when viewed on one side, is a fine sight. “Its steady movement,” says Hastings, “the curve it

describes, its ascending and descending motion, and its velocity, are beauties which never fail to excite agreeable feelings in the mind, and even lead us to attribute active powers to the shaft.” It is a terrible as well as a beautiful art. “We carry twenty-four Scotchmen's lives in each quiver,” was the exclamation of English archers going to battle, and in many a deadly field was the vaunt realized. The “iron-sleet of arrowy shower,” which was poured from the island bows on the French in the days of the Henrys and Edwards, is well described by Froissart. “Our archers stepped one step forward and discharged their arrows so wholly and so close together that it seemed as if it snowed.” The result is well known. Nor has Scott, with an eye for all that is beautiful and heroic, neglected to give us an image of one of those contests so fatal on many occasions to Scotland. Edward III. gave the signal for the onset at Halidon, when at once a cloud of arrows rushed into the air; he gazed and exclaimed—

See, Chanois, Percy—Ha, St. George! St. Edward!  
See it descending now, the fatal hail-shower,  
The storm of England's wrath—sure, swift, resistless,  
Which no mail coat can brook. Brave English hearts!  
How close they shoot together! As one eye  
Had aimed five thousand shafts—as if one hand  
Had loosed five thousand bow-strings.

The elegance or strength of those weapons of pleasure or of vengeance has been the theme of many writers: the bows of the Greeks were of great beauty and value, and much skill was employed in ornamenting the tips, inlaying them with gold, and giving to the whole that compact form and equal spring necessary for carrying the shaft to a distance. English yew was ordered to be propagated by repeated Acts of parliament, and all males, from sixteen to sixty, were each obliged to have one bow and a dozen arrows ready for any emergency. The common length of the English long-bow was little short of six feet, and the arrow was often thirty-four inches. When the archer guard of Marmion marched up the Streets of Edinburgh, the Highlanders wondered at the length and strength of their bows.

And there were many vainly thought  
But for a vaunt such weapons wrought:  
And little deemed their force to feel  
Through bars of brass and links of steel  
When rattling down on Flodden vale  
The cloth yard arrows flew like hail.

Of the history of the English bow it is sufficient to say, that it was all but victorious on every field of battle from the day of Hastings down to that day on which the two Talbots of Shrewsbury bravely perished in the last attempt made to retain our ancient power in France. But it will be remembered that the bow did not yield to the musquet on that memorable field: the English were overwhelmed more by numbers than defeated by the fire-arms of their enemies.

We must not, however, neglect our author: he gives valuable drawings of bows, ancient and modern: also sketches of the most effective pile or steel head, and lays down the whole theory and practice of making, using, and keeping bows of all shapes and dimensions. Of the proper wood for, and the current value of the weapon we have some curious information.

“The superior value of *foreign Yew* as a Bow-wood, is recognised by statutes passed in the reigns of Edward IV. and Richard III., which direct, that Bow-staves ‘shall be imported from

Venice;’† according to Grose, we find that ‘To prevent a too great consumption of foreign yew, it was enacted, by Act 33, Henry VIII., that Bowyers were to make four bows of any other wood to one of yew,’ and any person under 17 years of age, (unless possessed of moveables worth 40 marks, or the son of Parents having an Estate of ten pounds per annum;) not to shoot in a *yew bow*, under a penalty of 6s. 8d.

“The Act, 8th of Elizabeth, Cap. 10th, regulates the prices of bows, and directs, that when ‘a common, or Livery bow, or a bow of *English yew*, is sold for 2s. a bow of *foreign yew*, may be sold for 6s. 8d. It may here be remarked, that Mr. Ainsworth, a Bowyer, living at Walton le Dale, near Preston, very lately sold two Self Bows made by himself, of *Spanish Yew*, one for 8l.—the other for 10l. The length of English bows during the reign of Edward IV. became a matter for legislative consideration, unquestionless for the purpose of preventing an apprehended decline of the then hitherto acquired power of English Archery.

“On referring to the statute of 5th Edward IV., Cap. iv, we find that ‘Every Englishman, and Irishman, that dwell with Englishmen and speak English, that be between sixteen and sixty in age, shall have an English bow of his own length, and one fistmele,† at the least, betwixt the necks, with 12 Shafts of the length of three quarters of the Standard.’” p. 9-10.

Of the soldiers who carried these engines of destruction a very clear description is given by Fabian:—

“‘The yeoman hadde, at those dayes, their lymmes at libertye, for their hoseyn were then fastened with one point, and their jackes were longe, and easy to shote in, so that they mighte drawe bowes of great strength, and shote arrowes, of a yarde longe. Captains and officers should be skillful of that most noble weapon, and to see that their soldiers, according to their draught and strength, have good bowes, well knocked, well strynge, everie strynge whipe in their nocke, and in the middes rubbed with wax, braser and shuting glove, some spare strynge trymmed as aforesaid, everie man, one sheafe of arrowes, with a case of leather defensible against the rayne, and in the same shefe, (or 24 arrowes) whereof eight should be lighter than the residue, to gall and astoyne the enemye with the hail shot of light arrowes, before they shall come within the danger of their harquebus shot. Let everie man have a brigantine or a litle cote of plate, a skull, or huffkyn, a maul of leade five foot in length, and a pike, and the same hanging by his girdle, with a hooke, and a dagger. Being thus furnished, teach them by musters to march, shoote and retire, keepinge their faces upon the enemy. Sumtyme put them into great nowmbers, as to battell apperteyneth, and thus use them oftentimes practised, till they be perfecte, for those men in battell, ne skirmish cannot be spared. None other weapon may compare with the same noble weapon.’” p. 67-8.

The bow seems a simple instrument, and many are induced to imagine that to use it requires no great study nor care. The act of stringing it alone requires strength and art: to lodge the string in the notch of the bow of the Prince of Ithaca surpassed the power of all the suitors of Penelope; had Hastings

† Spanish and Flemish yew was also much esteemed for Bows, and Stow says ‘that the People of Castile, purposely destroyed their woods, and provided by Law that no such wood should be preserved. The best yew, however, for bows appears unquestionably to have been imported from Venice. In the Reign of Richard III. merchants trading to places from whence bow-staves were commonly brought, were obliged to import four bow-staves for every ton of Malmsey or Tyre wine, under a penalty of 13s. 4d. and in order to encourage the Importation, those of six feet and a half long or more, were excused payment of duty.’  
‡ Handfull.

lived then, the following instructions which he gives on the subject might have changed the character of the Second Song of Homer:—

"In stringing, the handle of the bow, which is the centre of action, should be firmly grasped with the right hand, taking care that the string be not twisted, and that the back, or flat part, be towards the body, and the wrist of the right hand close against the side or hip. The lower limb of the bow, which has always the shortest horn, is to be placed on the ground, against the inside of the right foot, to prevent the bow from slipping. Let the left leg be about three quarters of a yard apart from the right, and rather forward, and the knee kept quite straight. The right knee may be bent at convenience. Having thus secured a firm position with the bow, put that part of the left hand, which is close to the wrist, on the upper limb of the bow, letting the thumb lightly embrace the outer part, and the forefinger, i.e. about the first joint, the inner part of the eye of the string. Then pull the bow up sharply with the right hand, and at the same time, press the upper limb of it down with the left hand, sliding the eye of the string firmly up, and well into the nock; in doing which, the greatest care must be taken to keep the other three fingers of the left hand away from the string, to avoid the danger of getting them most severely pinched." p. 72-3.

We have already said that Venetian yew made the best bows: our author however inclines to think, that our own island yew equals the foreign—other woods are nevertheless worthy of a trial, and on this theme we have the following information:—

"To an experienced archer, the drawing and loosing of a well made self yew bow, supposing the wood to run perfectly free, and such as had a seasoning of at least *two* years, is *quite* delightful. If a comparison may be allowed, between a self foreign, or indeed a good English yew bow, and another, not of yew, imagine the first to be like the handling of silk, whilst the latter is the pulling of the common rough hemp. After having said thus much in favour of a self yew bow, it is to be observed, that amongst the many foreign woods which have lately attracted the attention of the bowyer, the 'dark-ruby' stands pre-eminent. It is a native of the East, difficult to be obtained, and much prized by bow makers. The 'Tulip wood' and 'Cocoa wood,' the 'Thorn Acacia,' the 'Purple wood,' and the 'Rose wood,' when backed with fine white hickory, or hornbeam, make excellent bows. The Laburnum, when well selected, is beautiful to the eye. In its grain, it resembles the feathers of the partridge, from which circumstance, it is sometimes called 'Partridge wood.' This, with an intervening slip of quick casting wood, and backed with hickory, will make as good, and as handsome a bow, as an archer need possess. Few backed bows, however, can prove more serviceable, than those manufactured with well-seasoned lance-wood, backed with white hickory. The shape and length, &c. of bows, are regulated according to the nature of the wood, and other circumstances, of which the bowyer must be the best judge."

Our author, however, inclines a little to a dangerous heresy in one particular. "In forming bows," says he, "the staves should be always cut, and not *cleaved* as Ascham directs." With all submission we aver, that a staff cleanly cleft, without splinter or strain, is by far the best; it never crosses the thread of the wood, as sawing invariably does; and this holds good with ash as well as with yew—even the experienced wheelwrights cleave all the wood for their spokes in preference to sawing them out by lines. A good string is

as needful as a good bow; on this point there are some useful directions:—

"Nothing in archery is more liable to cause the fracture of a bow, than a bad string; and because an inexperienced archer may easily be deceived in the choice of strings, it is much to be recommended, that the best reputed bowyers be relied on in this particular. When the string begins to wear, 'trust it not,' says Ascham, 'but away with it, for it is an ill saved halfpenny that costs a man a crowne.' Many a good bow has been broken through the failure of a string. It has long been thought, that Italian, or Flemish hemp, makes the best strings. The Italian hemp is stronger in texture, and has longer threads than any other. The strings are made of the longest threads twisted tightly, and secured with a sort of water glue, to guard them against the effects of wet. The eye, or that part of the string, which occupies the upper horn of the bow, is made with the string, and is much thicker than the other part. The other end of the string is generally loose, in order that the archer may regulate the formation of the noose for the lower horn, according to the length of his bow. \* \* \* The choice of the string will naturally be, in some degree regulated by the strength of the bow. A thick string will, undoubtedly, be safer for a strong or a backed bow, than a thin one, but it will not allow so quick a cast as the latter. A thick string has the advantage over a thin one, in a greater certainty of shot; but the thin one will cast farther. Upon the whole, it appears that a gentleman's bow of about 60lb. power, should not be strung with a very thin string, particularly if the bow be a backed one, and much reflexed." 74-5.

We can follow this interesting subject no farther at present, though much that is necessary to be known to an accomplished archer remains to be discussed. The author seems a thorough enthusiast: to the knowledge of others he has added not a little of his own, and the remarks which accompany the information are generally clear and judicious. He touches on one point worthy of the consideration of military men—namely, the use of the arrow in modern warfare. In musket firing, Marshal Saxe computed, that only one ball out of eighty-five took effect; and even this is more than ought to be calculated upon, if any weight be allowed to the authority of our own officers who served in the Peninsular War, some of whom even made light of all manner of balls, save those discharged from the rifle or the cannon. A body of ten thousand archers, on the other hand, would, in the discharge of five shafts in the minute, keep a flight of fifty thousand arrows constantly in the air; and were these aimed with the vigour and precision of those which decided Poitiers and Agincourt, no army, clad as soldiers are now, could exist for an hour against them. But this is not all. Arrows are visible objects, and the very sight of thousand following thousand through the air would throw the most resolute veterans into confusion. Even in accuracy of aim the musket never equalled the bow; and in an experiment lately made by two practised hands, out of twenty-one shots, at the distance of an hundred yards, the musket put eleven and the bow fifteen into the target.

*A Dictionary, Practical, Theoretical, and Historical, of Commerce and Commercial Navigation.* By J. R. Mac Culloch, Esq. London, 1832. Longman & Co.

This will, we have no doubt, be a welcome and a serviceable book, to those who are en-

gaged in business; but, it is a book of that description which is the most annoying to a reviewer. One thousand one hundred and forty-three pages on commerce and commercial subjects—and such pages—some of them in types absolutely beyond the reach of the microscope—is what no mortal on earth can be expected to read through; and, therefore, a general opinion of it cannot be given. To save repetition, the reader will therefore have the kindness to preface in his own mind every remark of ours with the words "we suppose" or "we believe."

In this country, the progress of dictionaries is something like that of potatoes, or like that of domestic animals bred "in and in": they deteriorate. The dictionaries of our language, have been worked in this way, till the words have hardly any meaning left. The Dictionaries of the Arts, (Heaven forbid that we should review a whole Encyclopædia,) have got worse and worse: and the very latest of them, called "Technological," leaves in doubt some points which have been decided for more than half a century—the number of Saturn's Satellites, for instance. The smaller dictionaries are worse, if possible; so that, instead of helping to inform the people, they are obstacles in the way of their information. Though unquestionably the most commercial people in the world, Britain may be said to have been without a Commercial Dictionary for some time.

Postlethwayte has long been obsolete; and was not originally a British book. Rolt's is also obsolete; and so is Thomas Mortimer's, though, in its time, it contained some good things. Any publication during the last half century, may be considered as a piece of mere book-making, by those who knew nothing of the subject. We mention these facts to show that such a book as Mr. Mac Culloch's was wanted. And now for the remarks to which the reader will have the kindness to supply the preface.

Though in a portable form, the book is very comprehensive, and the *leading* articles in it are distinguished by being in larger type. Many of the substances employed in commerce, are clearly and correctly described, and, so far as we have examined them, the information is brought down to the present time. The laws and arrangements of commerce are copiously explained. The forms, functions, and effects which commercial establishments assume and produce, are well stated; and so are the interferences between commerce and the other regulations and practices of society.

It is some guarantee that the book has got a name; a nameless book of authority being at once an egregious bull, and an outrageous anomaly. To be sure, there are some publishers who have the art of coining, or coming upon "a commodity of good names;" but we need not add, that Mr. Mac Culloch is real flesh and bones, and withal a most laborious, and honest, and by no means an unsuccessful student. No guarantee of some of the facts could be better than his name; because they are of a kind which do not admit of any of those ambiguities which set speculative heads by the ears. Now the facts are the best part of the book, and the part which will be practically used—people do not consult books for opinions, (though, by the way, a dictionary of opinions would be a curious work). In justice, however, (and we desire to deal as ho-



nestly with a big book as with a little one), we must say, that the natural history is lamentable. Many articles are also omitted—*wire* for instance; but a first edition of such a work cannot be perfect.

With regard to the speculative portions of the work, we will not take upon us to say that any of them are wrong; and those which we have looked into, we are inclined to think right. But it is known, that Professor MacCulloch has peculiar doctrines on certain points in political Economy. He is, in short, the founder or the forward disciple of a certain school, holding opinions which all the world are not agreed upon. It is not said, neither is it intended to be insinuated—right or wrong, we speak out—that the dictionary is in the least tainted with those opinions; but the author and those opinions are so identified, that there may be some who will take exceptions to the book on that account, however wrong they may be in so doing. We mention this as a caution to the public not to allow themselves to be biased by any such exceptions; were some of his peculiar opinions advocated in the dictionary, they would be found in the speculative articles, the portions which are the least likely to be read.

To quote from a work embracing such a multitude of subjects, would not be fair, either to our readers or to the work itself. A very short passage would give no specimen whatever of the author's general manner of treating his subject; and any one sufficiently ample for that purpose would be too long for an extract. The quantity of information which this work contains is immense,—much of it recent,—and all was heretofore scattered through a great variety of books, reports, and other documents, the whole of which are contained in no single library, and could with difficulty be consulted by any individual. The articles in which the great branches of trade are generalized, will afford in small compass a clear view of those subjects for all who have neither inclination nor leisure to examine them in detail. Thus the book cannot fail to be highly useful to other persons besides those who are professionally commercial. It will be a book of reference to all who wish to be acquainted with the sources of British greatness, and the means by which that greatness may be increased or endangered. To members of the senate such a book cannot fail to be peculiarly welcome, as it will save them much and intolerable labour.

Upon the whole, the work is an exceedingly useful one—more so, probably, from being a work of plodding labour, than if it had displayed more traces of original talent. It is necessarily expensive; but, when we consider the size, the quantity of matter, and the numberless tables it contains, we think it is not unreasonably so.

*Les Rebelles sous Charles V.* Par M. Le Vicomte D'Arincourt. 3 tomes. Paris, 1832. Levassieur.

We question whether the great Encyclopædiasts of old, the Gronovii, the Salmasius's, and the Seldens, &c. were truly more laborious than those who devour page after page of so-called *light* reading. The commentators and scholiasts were their delight, not their task; and they sat down to crunch a gnarled sentence or to illustrate

some dubious custom of antiquity, with as much zest as an epicure brings to a banquet. We begin to think that, like poets, novel-readers by profession must be born, not made; and that to read, from a high sense of duty, that is, with a view to criticize, twenty modern works of fiction, ought to rank any day with an article on the Digamma, or an inquiry into Icon Basilike. Learned reading, like old wine, derives dignity from its cobwebs; but the patient study of twenty novels is called by rigid moralists a waste of time, and, by an ungrateful public, *light* reading. We mean to illuminate both parties ere long; meanwhile, "*revenons à nos Rebelles.*"

We have rarely met with a book which left on our minds such an impression of heated fatigue as we felt on shutting the Count's last volume. And this is more vexatious, because the work is, in many respects, a clever one—the subject striking—incident in abundance—some scenes, many indeed, dramatic and happy, but all sullied by an inflated and extravagant style; not to mention the graver fault of condemning the modern propensity of nations to be free, by tracing unapt comparisons between the history of present and that of former times; and making, in violation of probability, every personage, high or low, rich or poor, male or female, the mouth-piece of theories and phrases of which the men of that day had little notion. But, after all, the besetting sin of '*Les Rebelles*' is its exuberant finery: every scene, whether great or small, is celebrated, like the marriage of Count Monthuel and Louise de Tancarville, with "*une pompe extraordinaire*"; the narrative, like a garment in a high wind, is inflated at all points; every man mounts his horse with epic dignity, and descends from the same as though he brought a message from heaven. When the hero takes a letter, it is "*d'une main convulsive et glacée*;" and if he passes at a distance, it is "*comme le pressentiment d'un grand malheur; funèbre, gigantesque, et muet*." The paramount want in the book is simplicity and repose: there is, as the Esquimaux said of London, "*too much of every thing*." With every admiration of our brilliant neighbours, we wish they would consult the *naïve* and spirited pages of Monstrelet, and Froissart, and Mezerai, to more life-giving purpose than merely to collect historical facts for the purpose of political travesty. For the plot of '*Les Rebelles*,' barring the history, we refer the reader to any melodrama, containing rather above the average of murder in masque, love in disguise, and virtue in villany. We cut out the hero, as he appears at a feast of brigands, whereof he is chief:—

"Who is that imposing warrior, who standing apart at the extremity of the hall, alone, takes no share in the joys of the revel? It is the celebrated Henry Talebard, the chief surnamed '*The Rebel*.' He is near an open casement, his head bare, and the breeze of the evening agitates his black hair; his melancholy glance wanders vaguely over the ruins of Noirmontier. His fine and masculine figure worn by some unknown thought, joins the calm of sweetness to the vivacity of genius; he muses, or rather he suffers. He was brought up in the Castle of Monthuel; and although he had no particular claim upon the affection of the Countess Helena, he there received the most brilliant education. His origin was obscure, his parents belonged to

the village. Why then had he suddenly quitted his noble benefactors? Why had he, the child of the castle, raised the standard of independence? Why does the mere name of Monthuel kindle in his breast a transport of indignation? Alas! his past life contains unhappy secrets. His soul was great and generous; but the extreme instability of his sentiments rendered his character unequal, and according to circumstances, hurried him from truth to error, or from error to truth—urged him from one excess to another. His impulse carried him always towards good, then he went astray on the road, and, often without his will, it was at error that he arrived. He was cruel and merciful; impetuous and moderate; vindictive and magnanimous. The passions of Henry Talebard, which, like the strings of a lyre, could render forth harsh tones, had also sublime harmonies."

Further, to bespeak the reader's sympathy for this hero, who is our pet villain, we give a sentence out of his many harangues, wherein he names the nameless ever new trouble of his soul, namely, the want of any name except the despised one of Talebard:—

"I grew in strength and age; each day, mortifying remarks made me sensible how little my position accorded with my origin, and how much the brilliant education I had received, had displaced me in the world. My thoughts elevated my soul, my name debased my person. I was great by my sensations; I was mean by my birth. I sought the affection of nobles: nobles disdained mine. I was no longer of any class; I was out of every sphere; the village offered me its roofs, but I had no longer its customs. I could not change my blood, and I had changed my nature."

These sentences show in miniature the peculiar vice of the novel, which consists in the sentiments and feelings of the nineteenth century being transplanted back to the fourteenth.

The following is a pretty philosophical stave to have been uplifted in a ruined castle or abbey, by a company of brigands, clashing their arms as a symphony, their eyes flashing fire (of course), and "*l'oiseau des ruines*" (an owl, we presume,) adding his voice to the harmony:—

Il est temps que le genre humain  
Sorte des nuits de l'esclavage:  
Aujourd'hui même, dit le sage;  
L'insensé nous dirait, Demain.  
Que bientôt la terre affranchie,  
Ouvre les yeux et puisse voir!  
Fiat lux! Dieu même le crie  
Par la voix de la Compagnie  
Du Drapeau noir.

There is also a fine piece of St. Simonianism, in the form of an epistle from a certain Captain Tête Noire to his former chief, Talebard, now, by virtue of melo-dramatic changes, become Comte de Monthuel, and consequently disposed to forget his vagabond days and associates. The gallant Captain enunciates pithy truths, (for the fourteenth century,) concerning "*le laurier civique*"—"une aurore de liberté"—"*des garanties et des chartes*," and moreover, "*des franchises*"; he also declares, that, after "*l'ancien édifice public*" is overthrown, he and his compeers will run up another. We regret to state for the consistency of Captain Tête Noire, that when, by various melo-dramatic changes, he too becomes a Count and a landholder, he discourses with equal eloquence on the benefits of feudality, order, and submission. With all his romance, M. le Vicomte D'Arincourt is much more political than romantic; and we suspect throughout, that many of the quaint devices and pleasant conceits,

have sundry *legitimate* meanings. History is a two-edged sword, it can cut on both sides, and its virtue lies in its correct application, or, to use another metaphor, History is an oracle, whose words, admitting two interpretations, can only be truly verified by the event: like "le moine blanc" of the novel before us, it is, according to interpretation, "cet homme de Dieu, ou cet agent du Diable." For political use, history must be studied as a whole; and the less (for political purposes) it is mixed up with novel-writing, the safer. Nevertheless, with all its faults, and its wildness of "mots pompeux," 'Les Rebelles,' by M. D'Arlincourt, is clever, and, as times go, not such very heavy reading.

*Legends and Stories of Ireland.* By Samuel Lover, R.H.A. 1832. Dublin, Wake-man; London, Groombridge.

MR. LOVER has thought it necessary in his preface, to state distinctly the extent of his claims to the authorship of this amusing little volume;—a necessity not arising from any consciousness of having been deeply indebted to others, but to avoid all suspicion of having imitated a former editor of Irish Legends, who, having taxed all his acquaintances for contributions, quietly took the fame of the whole to himself. We do not, however, concur in the implied censure on Mr. Crofton Croker, contained in the ostentatious confession of Mr. Lover; we are assured, that in taking to himself the entire merit of the 'Fairy Legends,' and unscrupulously appropriating Keightley's antiquarian learning, Maginn's sly humour, Humphries' shrewd perception of character, and Pigot's playful wit, that Mr. Crofton Croker by no means designed to purchase celebrity for himself by the labours of others; seeing, that if such were the case, he would have endeavoured to maintain his factitious fame, by producing some original work distinguished by the attributes which characterize the joint-stock production—a work, it is needless to add, as yet unpublished. No; he was animated by more generous feelings; he had read in Gay, that

The child whom many fathers share,  
Has seldom known a father's care,

and therefore claimed the paternity of the literary bantlings, in order to afford them paternal protection, in the struggles attendant on their first introduction to the world. But we have fallen upon evil days, the perverse generation in which we live, would compel the nominal author to feel the truth of Juvenal's maxim, "miserum est alienæ incumbere famæ"—they cannot see the logical force of the reasoning, "gifts and purchases are my own, and therefore I may call them so;" and unless Mr. Croker has been remunerated by the profits for the burden of the fame, we fear that his generous adoption of the Legends, will be of little service to him in his future literary career.

With the exception of one story, and that by no means the best, the whole of this volume is Mr. Lover's own; a fact, that for obvious reasons, must be emphatically stated. The Legends collected, are chiefly such as may be heard daily, by those who descend to familiar intercourse with the Irish peasant; they are told in the rich racy dialect, peculiar to the sister kingdom, and contain a better, because a truer picture of Pat's odd notions

of men and things, than any works hitherto published, those of Miss Edgeworth and the *Banimas*, hardly excepted. Unfortunately, it was impossible to print the musical intonation, commonly called the brogue, which is a necessary ingredient in the peculiar humour of the Irish peasant, and which melts into delightful harmony the odd mixture of shrewdness, blunders, metaphors, and jests, that form the staple of his ordinary conversation. Even in this, Mr. Lover has not been wholly wanting, for he has set one of the Dublin Cries to music, which said cry contains the very essence of the brogue, and he has given all the orthographical aid that was possible, to guide the uninitiated to the mysteries of Irish pronunciation. Still something more is wanting, and if there be any person anxious to enjoy a laugh that will try the strength of his ribs, we advise him to catch a fresh Pat-lander, "neat as imported," and get him to read the tale of the Gridiron aloud; if he invites us to be present, we will come, even though we should have to walk twenty miles barefoot. Of the 'Gridiron,' which is purely the author's invention, we must give a short specimen. Paddy Mul-lowney, on his return from North America, is shipwrecked in the Bay of Biscay; the boat brings the crew, after some days of distress, to the Coast of France, but all their provisions but the pork are exhausted, and all feel the pangs of hunger. Paddy proposes to cut the pork into beefsteaks, and as he knew at least one sentence of French, volunteers to go to the nearest house and borrow a gridiron. He proceeds accordingly to a French cottage,—but the rest he must tell himself:—

"I took off my hat and making a low bow, says I, 'God save all here,' says I.

"Well to be sure, they all stopped ating at wanst, and begun to stare at me—and, faith they almost look'd me out o' countenance; and I thought to myself it was not good manners at all—more betoken from furriners, which they call so mighty p'lite; but I never minded that, in regard of wanting the gridiron; and so says I, 'I beg your pardon,' says I, 'for the liberty I take, but it's only bein in dishtress in regard to ating,' says I, 'that I make bowld to throuble yez, and if you could lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I, 'I'd be entirely obleeged to ye.'"

After some time, Pat finding all his eloquence thrown away, remembers that they were "furriners," and therefore changes his mode of attack:—

"'I beg pardon,' says I, to a fine ould man with a head of hair as white as silver, 'may be I'm undher a mistake,' says I, 'but I thought I was in France, Sir; ar'nt you furriners?' says I, 'Parly voo frongsay.'

"'We Munseer,' says he.

"'Then would you lend me the loan of a gridiron,' says I, 'if you please?'

"'Oh, it was thin that they star'd at me as if I had seven heads, and faith, myself begun to feel flushthered like and onaisy—and so says I, makin a bow and a scrape agin—'I know its a liberty I take Sir,' says I, 'but its only in the regard of bein cast-away, and if you please Sir, Parly voo frongsay.'

"'We Munseer,' says he, mighty sharp.

"'Then lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I."

An amusing game of cross purposes ensues, infinitely ludicrous, but never o'erstepping the bounds of probability.

The 'Essay on Ballads and Ballad-singers,' which concludes the volume, will be found

interesting to every class of readers. The lover of fun will have it to his heart's content; the politician may find in it matter for serious reflection; the grave-divine may receive from it a new light on Irish theology; and the analyst of national character there discover valuable materials for investigation. Mr. Lover's favourite ballad, is that extraordinary specimen of the rustic heroic 'Bryan O'Lynn.' Our copy of this valuable poem, though unfortunately imperfect, contains some various readings of great importance; but, as in the present low state of conjectural criticism in this country, no Bentley or Maillaire is likely to aid us in restoring the genuine text, we give the fragment to the world, "with all its imperfections on its head":—

Bryan O'Lynn had no coat to put on,  
He borrow'd a goat-skin to make him a one,  
He planted the horns right under his chin,  
They'll answer for pistols, says Bryan O'Lynn.

Bryan O'Lynn had no breeches to wear,  
So he bought him a sheep-skin to make him a pair,  
With the skinny side out, and the woolly side in,  
They're nice, light, and cool, says Bryan O'Lynn.

Bryan O'Lynn had no watch for to bear,  
So he got him a turnip, and scoop'd it out fair,  
He then put a cricket clane under the skin,  
They'll think it's a ticking, says Bryan O'Lynn.

Bryan O'Lynn went to bring his wife home,  
He had but one home, that was all skin and bone;  
I'll put her behind me, as nate as a pin,  
And her mother before me, says Bryan O'Lynn.

Bryan O'Lynn, and his wife, and the mother,  
Were all going over the bridge together,  
The bridge broke down, and they all tumbled in,  
We'll find ground at the bottom, says Bryan O'Lynn.

What a beautiful instance of christian resignation! The ingenuity displayed in the hero's several contrivances, has, we have no doubt, deeply interested the reader in his fate, and it is with deep regret, we announce our utter inability to solve the question of his escape from drowning. "Hic magnus hiatus valde deffendus venit in manuscriptis."

We observe that the work has reached a second edition; had the ordinary arts of the trade been used to push it, the twenty-second would have been ere this exhausted.

*The Agamemnon of Æschylus.* Translated by J. S. Harford, Esq. D.C.L. &c. London, 1832. Murray.

THE appearance of this work on fine paper, with wide margins and beautiful illustrations, reminds us of the high and palmy days of the book trade, when literature was a luxury equally fashionable and expensive; when manner was infinitely more important than matter, and form more regarded than substance. We doubt whether, in these degenerate utilitarian days, any publisher would have hazarded a publication so expensive; and we must, therefore, attribute the costly form and dress of the work to the paternal affection of the author, anxious to send the child of his hopes and affections into the world with a more than ordinary appearance of respectability. It may be cruel to whisper in the fond father's ear that the child is not altogether worthy of such an outfit—that his success in life cannot possibly be commensurate with the unnecessary expenses of his introduction—that a more modest appearance would have tended to disarm criticism, and not have exposed his pretensions to the severe scrutiny they are now likely to encounter. Of such cruelty we, however, are incapable: every effort to extend the influ-

ence of the Greek dramatists shall have our support; we shall cheer their exertions by praising their merits, and bestow on their faults the charity of silence.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Harford selected the 'Agamemnon' for his first essay; of that tragedy we already possess a translation by Mr. Symons, which is one of the best classical translations in our language.† Mr. Harford is indeed "truer to the sense" of the great original, but, alas! not "truer to his fame." There are, however, some passages, more especially in the choral odes, executed with equal fidelity and spirit; but the dialogue merits only feeble praise. The tremendous denunciations of Cassandra are the portion of the play in which the present translator has been least successful, and they are precisely those which Mr. Symons has rendered best: more need not be said on their comparative merits.

The preliminary dissertation contains much valuable matter, but little of sufficient novelty to require critical observation.

*The Dogmas of the Constitution; from Lectures, being part of a Course on the Theory and Practice of the Constitution, delivered at King's College, London.* By J. J. Park, Esq., the Professor of English Law and Jurisprudence. London, 1832. Fellowes.

THE principal interest of this publication consists in its bringing before the public, a counter-theory of the constitution to that which they have so long imbibed from Montesquieu and Blackstone;—we mean that which considers the balance of the constitution as transferred from the three separate estates to the House of Commons itself; and thereby accounts for the long cessation of struggles between the three estates individually, and the civil wars with which they were formerly accompanied. This is in part the doctrine of Mr. Hallam, of Mr. Laing, of the *Edinburgh Review*, in 1807, (an article supposed to be written by the present Lord Advocate), and of Lord Erskine in his *Armata*; but it has not hitherto been advanced with so much boldness as in this publication of Professor Park. He treats the present crisis as the natural and necessary consequence of the "delusion," as he designates it, propagated by Blackstone, and the standard books; and the folly of statesmen in allowing that delusion to take full possession of the public mind; and "making laws and standing orders to support an abandoned and non-existent constitution, as if it were a reality."

We cannot enter upon the question—but, in justice to the Professor, we must state, that he takes his ground with firmness and courage, and defends it with ability.

*The Mind, and other Poems.* By Charles Swain. London, 1832. Simpkin & Marshall.

OUR opinion of this work is on record, and we rejoice that, in these troublous times, it has reached a second edition. Our recollections tempted us once again to dip into it, and our readers shall have the benefit of the venture. We extract the following stanzas on Milton:—

And He! who built his temple in the clouds,  
And made the heavens his altar—at whose feet

† This criticism was written before the appearance of Medwin's translation, since received, and which will be noticed hereafter.

The stars lay dreaming in their misty shrouds,  
And angel-echoes sighed in music sweet  
From many a glowing shrine, and high retreat!  
He, Bard of Paradise! whose inward sight  
Surpassed all outward vision—so replete,  
That blindness followed that unbounded light,  
As clouds grow doubly dark, where broods the lightning's might.

There was a genius in that mighty man,  
A portion of the present and the past,  
And of the future, more than thought may scan;  
An immortality which shall outlast  
The monuments all ages have amass'd,  
Till Fame weeps o'er the skeleton of time,  
And earth lies like a shadow, fading fast:  
Then lovelier far than in its earlier prime,  
That genius from its wings shall scatter rays sublime.

This is not a solitary beauty—there are numberless other passages that equally deserve the honour of selection. The accompanying poems are varied, and perhaps unequal; many, however, have great merit. The following is much to our taste.

#### The Visionary.

He had been superstitious from a child;  
Haunted by fancies strangely beautiful—  
Visions and thoughts magnificently wild—  
Rending earth's splendours valueless and dull:  
The common air—sunless, and vast, and dim—  
Opened a sphere of loveliness to him!

A spiritual world! of which the eyes  
Imaged no portion—oft and oft he sought  
By gazing on the glad green fields, the skies,  
To lose the phantasies his brain had wrought:  
Flashes of mind and madness!—but in vain,  
They lived,—till loftier influence burst the chain!

He loved—and oh! what language may the truth,  
The full devotion of his soul impart?  
She was the melody of his lone youth!  
The light—the poetry of his young heart!  
The ring-dove of the birds—rose of the flowers—  
The music and the idol of his hours!

Yet to the gentle spirit of his love,  
The richness of his voice was all unknown;  
Perchance her lineage ranked high above  
The fallen power and station of his own:  
And pride—for he had pride few might controul,—  
Kept all untold the passion of his soul!

A glance—a brief, a transient glance—bath made  
His young lips tremble with unuttered bliss;  
She was the star 'neath whose pure light he strayed—  
And oh! what light so exquisite as this?  
His proudest aspirations after fame,  
Sprang from one hope—that she might breathe his name!

And lives he now? remains the lady yet  
The mirror of his musings? and the light  
Of his lone life—or have they never met?  
Like streams that wander near, but ne'er unite!  
Still breathes unknown the sweetness of his word,  
Or hath his long deep love at last been heard?

The moon is shining on the quiet leaves  
Of the dim cypress, whose low drooping head—  
(Like one who through the midnight bends and grieves!)  
Shadows a tomb!—his tomb!—the young—the dead:  
The secret of his death, who may declare?  
Enough to know—he perished—and sleeps there.

Mr. Swain is undoubtedly a man of fine mind—his poetry is often fervid and vigorous, still more frequently tender and touching. We have many objections to urge, if it were our wish to be critical; but we had rather cheer him on-wards, as one who may hereafter enrol his name among those whom we love to honour.

LIBRARY OF ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.—  
*Criminal Trials.* Vol. I. London, Knight.

THE Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge has received a charter of incorporation. It therefore becomes the public press to be more than ever vigilant in attention to its proceedings, and watchful, that a name so powerful be not used for undue purposes. We have the most anxious desire to see the Society active and efficient in the great and good cause of diffusing USEFUL knowledge: let us test its merit by the publication before us.

The eager interest with which the commonalty devour reports of proceedings on criminal trials has been made a source of profit by publishers in all ages, and we have every variety of this class of publication, from ponderous folios down to halfpenny records and last-dying-

speeches; but that this exciteable reading tends to improve the morals of the people, we very much question: it is not awakening sympathy by "the show of things"—by the representation of human sorrow, suffering, and crime, shadowed off by genius, and glorified by the imagination of the poet;—but the cold reality of vice or suffering, with the recorder, the black cap, the tolling bell, and the executioner. The publication of criminal trials is just such a work as a bookseller desires to embark in: it needs no chartered body or long list of contributing subscribers to sanction it; the moral consequences only of such a publication are doubtful, the profit is reasonably certain; we are, therefore, utterly at a loss to understand on what principle such a work can have received the sanction of the Committee; it is another mystery, which we must wait for time to unravel.

*An Encyclopædia of Cottage, Farm, and Villa Architecture.* Illustrated by upwards of five hundred designs of Cottages, Farm Houses, Villas, &c. Part I. By J. C. Loudon, F.L.S. London, 1832. Longman & Co.

THIS is a most comprehensive, and, in its way, useful work. We have not only numberless tasty and elegant designs for all variety of buildings, from the cottage to the villa, but the most minute practical details to enable us to calculate the expense, and have them constructed in the cheapest and best manner. The present Part alone contains twelve lithographic plates, with upwards of one hundred illustrative wood-cuts. In the progress of the work the principles of landscape gardening, as connected with buildings, are fully explained; and plans for small gardens are also given. The extensive circulation of such a work, though it may not have immediate and perceptible influence, must tend greatly to improve our domestic architecture, and have a beneficial influence even on the humble dwelling of the cottager, and we therefore willingly recommend it to all who, either for pleasure or profit, or from necessity, dabble with brick and mortar.

*The Manual of Orthoepey; being an attempt on a new Plan to render a right Pronunciation of Words attainable at first sight. The whole accompanied by more than two thousand original, curious, scarce, and explanatory Notes, upon the Inaccuracy of our Language, and those other improprieties of Speech denominated Solecisms, Barbarisms, Cockneyisms, and Vulgarisms, &c.* London, 1832. Todd.

ON reading the title-page (of which the above is only part), and afterwards examining the book, we were reminded of the speech with which some nobleman presented William Penn to James or Charles the Second:—"This, Sire, is Penn the Quaker; and I assure your Majesty, he is by no means so great a fool as he looks to be." So say we to the public concerning this 'Manual of Orthoepey;' its title-page and its preface are full of pomp and pretence—its plan for simplifying difficulties is more elaborate than the difficulties themselves, but the notes are really full of quaint and amusing information. The strictures upon pronunciation are in the highest style of *domineism*, that old-fashioned kind, which would have disputes concerning grammar and orthography settled by "thirty-nine articles." That often-attempted attempt to teach the pronunciation of a word by syllables arranged according to sound, never can be made to answer; partly because the exact sound can never be taught but by the human voice; and partly because the newly-arranged words appear like a strange language. Thus, *ab-sol-u-tur-re, intreeg, ir-med-ye-a-bil*, without giving the *precise* inflection of *absolutory, intrigue, irremediable*, are

painful puzzles to the eye. However, with all its absurdities, there are marks of too much labour and reading in the book, not to make it worth a teacher's attention.

*An Anglo-Saxon Grammar.* By W. Anderson, Professor of Moral Philosophy, &c. London, 1832. Longman & Co.

A work much wanted, and well-executed. We hope it will lead many "to drink from the pure well of English undefiled," in the writings of the fathers of our literature.

*School and College Classics.—Livy.* Books I. to V. By D. B. Hickie, LL.D. London, 1832. Valpy.

We have always spoken well of the plan of this series, and it has pained us to be compelled so often to condemn the execution of the successive volumes. That now before us comes from an editor so manifestly deficient in learning and in taste, that it would be worse than a waste of time to bestow on it any notice. We are sorry to speak thus harshly, because we feel that classical literature is deeply indebted to the great and laudable exertions of Mr. Valpy.

*Latin Delectus, for the Use of the Edinburgh Academy.* Edinburgh, Oliver & Boyd; London, Simpkin & Marshall.

This is an unfair attempt to rival the popular and excellent work of the same name, published by Valpy. The Scotch editor has borrowed, not only Valpy's plan, but a great part of his extracts; but, after all, his work is far inferior to that of which he has made such unjustifiable use.

*The Microscopic Cabinet, or, Select Animated Objects.* By Andrew Fritchard. London, 1832. Whittaker & Co.

This is a very complete and interesting work, and we hope shortly to be able to do it more justice than in this brief announcement.

### ORIGINAL PAPERS

LINES TO CLARKSON STANFIELD,  
ON HIS SKETCH OF A MERCHANT IN VENICE.

Thy genius, Stanfield! granteth passports like  
A right Venetian bold Ambassador!  
'Tis earliest morn!—the revel-hours are o'er—  
"Night's candles are burnt out,"—and music  
sleeps;—

The last,—the lady with a Venice look,—  
Is gone;—but the dark spirit of her eye  
(Colour'd in that same depth which Titian lov'd)  
Remains to aid thy spell!—Through the cold  
pane

Comes the white light.—There—there thy mer-  
chant is,—

The man himself—and not the sketch of him,—  
Sly, rich, and indolent,—with Eastern pipe,  
And vest of gold and green,—and the blue sky  
Leaning o'er Venice, like a thing it loves.

Oh! gracious Genius!—like Rome's Julius,—  
"Thou art mighty yet!"—thy power omni-  
potent

(Or be thy wand the pencil or the pen)  
Raises the past—the distant, or the dead!—  
Recalls—transports—revives!—A hue, a word,  
Sublimed by thee, sublimeth all it touches!

I am at once in Venice!—the sea city;—  
The costly favourite of the Adriatic;—  
The temple worshipp'd ever by blue waves,—  
Shylock,—Othello-haunted!—This same morn,  
That should have touch'd to light mine English  
spires,  
Mine English houses—bridges—waters;—Now  
Falls on St. Mark—and on the Bridge of Sighs,

Haunts, spectre-like, the ducal palace, and  
gleams

Along the white Venetian houses cold.  
This morning dawn,—most strangely at thy  
call,—

Sallows with chilly light the long canals,  
And silently "unshadows the Rialto!"  
J. H. R.

27th April, 1832.

### THE SOLDIER'S BILLET.

SOME years ago, a regiment marched through the French town in which I now write, on their way to the camp of Charles X. at Saint Omer. Two of the soldiers were billeted on me. I had been struck with the face of one of the two as they entered the town—indeed, by his conduct and manner, as well as his features. After passing the gate, the regiment, at word of command, I believe, broke their lines, and went scampering, and jumping, and shouting, like possessed creatures, down the precipitous main street to the place where they were to get their billets served out to them—a most indecorous exhibition to eyes accustomed to the gravity of English soldiers after a march—indeed, upon all occasions: and, I suppose, their pranks were meant to express joy at having gained a resting point for the day and night, with the near prospect of bread and onions and *bonne soupe*. But I digress. One man, among them all, cut no such capers as I have mentioned, contenting himself with tramping sedately down the street, his musquet held by the middle in his left hand; nor did he shout or utter any boyish nonsense like his comrades, nor contract his features as only Frenchmen can do. In fact, though young—about seven and twenty—and handsome too,—thought, if not sorrow, sat on his open, manly brow, and compressed the corners of his mouth—so far as I could observe his mouth, it so appeared to me; for not only did he wear *moustaches* of a prolific growth, but his black beard had been suffered to grow at pleasure—another peculiarity about him; no second man of his regiment having spared his chin from the razor.

After seeing the soldiers come in, I did not immediately return home; and when I got to my door, the individual I have been describing was standing at it with his comrade, a lad scarce one and twenty. He handed me his billet with a grave but well-mannered bow, asking if he had come to the right number. I told him all was right, so far; but that I was exempt from a billet, inasmuch as my house was a furnished one, and that my landlord was to provide him with accommodation for the night. He replied, that he knew no mere lodgers in a furnished house could be called on to receive him, and asked how far off was my landlord's residence. I said, half a league, in the country. He shook his head, and continued to say, still with the utmost civility, if not blandness, that he and his young friend were too tired to take to the road again, after a long march, and in such bad weather (the poor fellows were, indeed, soaked with rain, and the mud clung about their feet and legs, almost up to their knees); but they would wait till I could send a messenger to my landlord for instructions; and, if I could allow them to sit down at my kitchen fire in the meantime, they would very much thank me. While he spoke, he leaned his back against the wall of the

house, and having reversed his musquet, put its muzzle on his shoe, and rested his hands on its butt, and his cheek on them. His manner, his voice, his most respectable expression, and above all, I believe, his large, round, mild, blue eyes, made a conquest of my precision and of my praiseworthy attachment to a franc or two. I rung at the door, after a moment's pause, and telling him he should wait for nothing at my kitchen fire, but for his dinner, I ushered in him and his *jeune ami* to Mademoiselle Phrosyne, who received her guests in a great fluster, but still with the due number of curtsies, in answer to their bows; and then she put a chair for each at opposite corners of the fire; and so behold me the hospitable host of—as we are told—two of the "natural enemies" of old England. I lingered in the kitchen some time. My grave soldier sat down at once, crossing his arms on his knees, and poking his body and head towards the fire. His youthful comrade saved him the trouble of putting his piece in a corner and his cap on a table, and had a kind "Thank you, Pierre," for his good-nature. The lad then pulled off his own gaiters in a twinkling, and, tucking up his muddy trowsers, ran to the kitchen pump as naturally as if he had been in the house all his life, and set about washing, over the sink, the first-named articles of dress. Phrosyne offered him her black paste soap, but he declined it, laughingly, and while proceeding in his work, said he dared her to wash his gaiters as well with soap as he should without it; at which Mademoiselle laughed too, while busy over her saucepans; it was not the first pleasantry they had interchanged, and Phrosyne was a youthful *cuisinière*, and did not shame her name for comeliness—in fact, I saw she was in for a pleasant evening, with one of her guests, at least: but the other continued silent and melancholy. He did not hesitate, indeed, to answer my questions promptly and politely, but he never spoke of his own accord. Before I left the kitchen, he had begun to take off his gaiters, in imitation of Pierre; but the lad insisted on having them to wash after his own, adding, "and for this evening, at least, Louis, I will work for two, at the musquets, the trowsers, shoes, and all."

"Are you and Pierre relations?" I asked.—"No, Sir," he answered, "but," smiling for the first time, as he pulled Pierre's ear, who was kneeling to get off the gaiters, "we have been friends nearly a year, ever since the day he joined the regiment."

All this interested me, and I went up stairs to interest my wife by telling it over to her. We agreed to do something to make the two men comfortable. A good fire was ordered in their bed-room, at which they might sit to dine, after having cleaned their arms, accoutrements, and clothes. Hours of the evening wore away, and we did not hear their voices or steps in the house: they only sent up their thanks for Monsieur's kind attentions. I inquired from time to time how they were occupied; and when I thought they might be at leisure, went down to their sleeping-room to try and get the elder of them into conversation. He was alone; sitting over the fire, which he had suffered to decay, in the same bent position he had adopted in the kitchen. I believe he slumbered; for my entrance did not make him raise his head; so, not wishing to disturb him, after his

weary march, I turned into the kitchen to his more lively comrade, whose laugh, mingled with that of Phrosyne and of her fellow servant, attracted me thither.

I spoke to Pierre about his friend, and pointedly noticed his melancholy. In a few minutes I learned the cause of it. Before drawing his *mauvais numéro* as a conscript, seven years before, Louis had loved—"not wisely"—Rosalie, the only daughter of the richest man of his village—the miller no less. Rosalie loved him in return, but her father was obdurate. They met in secret once too often: Rosalie became an unwedded mother. But before that event, and while her condition was known to the whole village, Louis again, and repeatedly, solicited the miller to allow her to become his wife, and again and again he was refused. He heard he was a father; he asked permission to see his child; it was denied him. The morning the baby was baptized in the church, he suddenly appeared amid the family group who surrounded it, kissed it, and claimed it, and insisted that it should bear his name, of which its stern grandfather wished to deprive it. The clergyman was compelled to yield him his right. A few days after he was a conscript; "and," continued Pierre, "they tell me, that since the first day he came to the regiment, now seven years ago, he has been always, and to every one, what Monsieur has seen he is to-day—civil, kind, but very sad. But this does not interfere with his duties. He is one of the best soldiers, if not the very best soldier among us. I uphold him to be the very best. A good, and true, and most useful friend he has been to me since I joined the 27th, and I love him like a brother. Everybody loves him—aye, and respects him too; men and officers, all the same; and it is pleasure to me, when he will let me do a hand's turn for him, to save him trouble. I wonder will his Rosalie be true to him for another year—after which he may return home to see her and his child. I hope she will."

"I hope so, too," sighed Phrosyne.

"And I," echoed Sophie.

"And I, Pierre," said I, "with all my heart."

"Thank you, a thousand times, Monsieur," replied Pierre, his eyes glowing.

Now, were I writing what did not really happen, word for word, and did I not dislike disturbing the honest facts in my own mind, I could very easily go on to say that I had been travelling by chance through Rosalie's village, about a year after, and just in the nick of time to witness the nuptials of her and Louis. But I cannot bear to lie, even poetically, on this subject. The truth is, I know nothing more about it; and to the truth I limit myself. That I continue to hope what we all hoped that evening round the kitchen fire, need scarce be doubted. Nor have I ever seen Louis since; he had gone to bed before I left the kitchen. I heard from him, however, in the shape of the following note, handed to me by Sophie, after the departure of him and Pierre, next morning, long before day-break:—

"The two French soldiers below thank the good English Monsieur of this house for unexpected and unusual kindness, after a long march, on a bad day. May God bless him and Madame, and *les petits enfans*.

## SONNET.

TO THE COMPOSER OF 'SONGS OF THE SEASONS.'  
WHEN thou dost sing the "spring" time of the year,

There is a gushing freshness in thy strain,  
That, like a rill loosed from its icy chain,  
Or the first bird, gives greeting to the ear:  
And when thy "summer" notes are warbled near,

So tenderly they breathe of moonlight hours,  
They fall upon the sense like dew on flowers;  
Who would not "come away," such strains to hear!

And, though in "autumn," we could sit for aye,  
And well such meditative music love,  
We welcome "winter" with his wreath of holly,  
And brimming bowl; for with thy minstrelsy,  
Despite of snows beneath, and clouds above,  
We could with gladden'd hearts defy all melancholy.

## SONG.

THE ladies are gone, boy,  
But fill up the bowl;  
With the brightest of wine, boy,  
We'll deluge the soul:  
And since, with their presence  
No longer we're blest,  
We'll e'en drink from the glasses  
Their red lips have press'd.

I've heard, that whenever  
Small birds on the brink  
Of a clear eastern fountain  
Stoop over and drink,  
That fount becomes sacred!—  
Then sacred be this,  
Where the red lip of woman  
Hath printed a kiss!

B.

## CUVIER.

The death of this illustrious naturalist is an event which will be keenly felt throughout the world of science.—"It has prematurely carried off the most distinguished interpreter of nature and of science, and deprived his country and his country's councils, as well as the cause of public education, and the most eminent academy in France, of exalted and inexhaustible talents. France has lost one of her proudest glories, and the human mind one of its noblest representatives."

George Leopold, C. F. D., Baron de Cuvier was, in some manner, of German extraction, having been born at Montbeillard, which was then an appendage of the electorate of Wurtemberg, on the 25th of August, 1769: a year of no little note in the annals of illustrious natiivities, as having given birth to a Napoleon, a Wellington, a Walter Scott, a Canning, a Schiller, and a Chateaubriand. From his earliest youth, he displayed peculiar fondness for intellectual pursuits, and excited in the breasts of those who were familiar with his ways, expectations of high promise. His father was an officer; but the son, from a feeling of his physical debility, resolutely declined to follow the military profession, and was, therefore, bred up, in the first instance, for the church. With this view, it was determined that his academical career should receive its completion at Tübingen, and he accordingly contended for one of the exhibitions or stipends, granted by that university: but, being out of favour with the examiner, he was not successful; and, as a compensation for what the then Regent of Wurtemberg considered an act of great injustice, was appointed to a post in the academy of Prince Charles, at Stuttgart. This circumstance effectually diverted him from the clerical line; and he next betook himself to juridical studies, though the field of nature conti-

nued to be the object of his strongest predilections. His residence at Stuttgart was the source of his familiar acquaintance with the language and literature of Germany; but, as his income there was very limited, he was shortly afterwards glad to avail himself of the opportunity of improving it, by accepting a tutorship in the family of Count D'Herley, who had a seat in Normandy. Here, possessing enlarged resources, nature put in her claim to every moment of his leisure: and he was not slow in perceiving, that the advance of zoology bore no proportion to that of botany, which the great Linnæus had raised to so eminent a degree of perfection; nor even to that of mineralogy, which at that time absorbed the attention of some of the most distinguished men of science, in France and Germany. Cuvier resolved, therefore, to enter upon a course of minute observation, into the distinct organs of the animal species, in order that he might be enabled to trace their connexion, and their influence upon animal life, with greater precision than had hitherto been attempted. As a preparation for this task, he possessed no inconsiderable advantage in the vicinity of his residence to the sea-coast, where he was enabled to study the conformation of marine animals. The fruit of his first investigations was, the arranging of the numerous class of *Vermes* in their natural order; and the extraordinary lucidness with which he stated the result of his observations, and laid down the enlarged views to which he had arrived, on the subject of zoological science, excited the admiration of men of science, and brought him into connexion with the first naturalists of the day, in Paris; amongst these was Geoffroy St. Hilaire, upon whose persuasion he removed to the French capital, and through whose instrumentality he obtained unlimited access to the Cabinet of Natural History, at the head of which St. Hilaire stood. The two friends next undertook the publication of various works, introducing an improved arrangement of the race of Mammalia; and, in 1795, St. Hilaire procured his young friend an appointment in the Central School at Paris. In the same year, he had the honour of being admitted a member of the Institute, which had been just re-established; and, in 1798, laid the foundation of his extensive celebrity, by publishing his 'Tableau Élémentaire de l'Histoire des Animaux,' which he originally wrote for the use of the class to which he was attached. From that time he was deservedly esteemed one of the first zoologists in Europe. But he was destined to become the parent of what, with reference to its then most imperfect state, might be termed a new science; and in his capacity of Professor of Comparative Anatomy, had an extensive field before him, for bringing his rare talent of imparting instruction, to the aid of his deep penetration and masterly acquirements. For a series of years, Cuvier's courses on this science filled the lecture-rooms of the Parisian Lyceum with an auditory, from which there was scarcely a resident, of really cultivated mind, who could be counted among the absentees. "Comparative anatomy, indeed, in conjunction with his researches into the fossil kingdom, will, so long as they have being, stand forth as enduring monuments, by which the name of Cuvier will be handed down to the latest posterity."†

None were better qualified than Cuvier, to succeed to the vacant chair, which D'Aubenton had filled in the Collège de France, and to which the former was appointed in the year 1800. His merits now attracted the notice of Napoleon, who called him to a seat in the department of Public Instruction, where he was successively intrusted with the most responsible duties, and, by his talent, activity, and application, effected

\* Report from M. Montalivet, Minister of the Home Department, to the King of the French, 15th May, 1832

† M. Arago's oration at the interment of Cuvier's remains on the 17th inst.



several highly beneficial reforms. In 1811, we find him charged with the important duty of locally examining into, and reporting upon the state of education, particularly of the middling and lower classes, in Germany and Holland; and, two years afterwards, his imperial patron appointed him *Maître des Requêtes* in his privy council, in which capacity he was sent on a most important mission to Mayence.

At the restoration of the Bourbons, Cuvier was confirmed by Louis XVIII. in the various dignities, which he had held under his predecessor; and not only so, but he was appointed councillor of state, and, as such, was first employed in the committee of legislation, and afterwards in that of internal affairs. He continued, during the reign of Charles X. and the present sovereign to devote himself, in high stations, to the service of his country, in the arduous character of a public servant, a man of first-rate scientific attainments, and an indefatigable devotee to his favourite pursuit, both as a writer and a professor. In fact, at the very hour of his lamented decease, which took place on the 15th inst., he held the various appointments of privy councillor, member of the Royal Council for Public Education, perpetual secretary of the Academy of Sciences, and member of the French Academy.

From the first moment of the attack, which carried him off in the brief space of a week, Cuvier was sensible of the danger which menaced him, and he repeatedly dwelt upon his approaching death when conversing with the friends around him. Even when hopes of recovery were held out to him by his medical attendants, he would not suffer himself to be lulled into false security, but observed—"I am too well acquainted with anatomy not to form a correct judgment as to my danger; my spinal marrow is attacked; and I shall not live four and twenty hours longer." So lamentable a change had, indeed, been wrought in his features, that, within a space of two days only, he appeared to have grown older by full ten years. An hour before his death, an attempt, which he at first resisted, was made to relieve him.—"You are going to torture me to no purpose," said the dying man; "no human aid can avail me. My last hour is come."—A painful operation was, however, performed, and it was scarce over, before this illustrious individual was no more!

He was borne to his last home on the 17th inst., with every mark of honour, no less than heartfelt grief, which public gratitude and private esteem could bestow.

#### SHIPS' RUDDERS.

*Mr. Holdsworth's Revolving Rudder.*

Ships' rudders are felt to be of such importance to the commercial world, that a committee was lately appointed, by the New York Nautical Institution, to inquire into the best means of preventing their loss at sea. We have prepared an abridgment of the Report, which will probably appear next week. In the mean time, we shall inform our American friends of a novelty, which it is hoped may deserve to be excepted from their general censure on all modern improvements. We allude to the REVOLVING RUDDER of MR. HOLDSWORTH, which is said to combine greater security with increased power.—"The action of the Rudder, as hitherto constructed, is confined by its shape and mode of hanging to an angle on either side of the post of about 35 degrees; whereas the Revolving Rudder, being allowed to make an entire revolution of its axis, is deprived of that destructive quality; it is therefore more secure, and as manageable when the ship makes stern-way, even in the most boisterous weather, as when she is moving in her ordinary course.

"To steam-boats, which have as ready a power of propulsion by the stern as by the head, but from the use of which power those who navigate them are debarred, by the imperfect form of the present rudder, this improvement will be of vast importance.

"For barges navigating rivers and canals, it offers as extensive an improvement; as it will enable those vessels with safety to enter narrow channels, from which they would be excluded if unable to come out without turning round."

These are among the most obvious advantages expected from this improvement, and others may be easily inferred. We shall now give a brief description of the revolving rudder.

"In the revolving rudder that portion of the main-piece which is above the hancing must be made perfectly round. The part which is rounded must work through two collars, one of which may be bolted to the transom, and the other fitted into partners on the upper deck, secured by bolts with nuts and screws to the beams. The rudder may have a tiller turned up at the end, with a swivel upon it, to which swivel the tiller-ropes may be attached, enabling them to work true when the rudder revolves; or the rudder may be governed by a cogged wheel fixed upon its head, working into a pinion on an upright shaft, as in common use, or by any other apparatus which will enable it to make an entire revolution on its axis.

"In constructing a vessel to enable the revolving rudder to be used, it is only necessary that the stern-post should have a rake, or stand at such an angle with the axis of the rudder, that the after-part or heel of the rudder, when turned towards the ship, may pass clear of the stern-post. The stern-post may be straight from the head to the bottom, being placed at such an angle with the axis of the rudder as has been already described; or the part above the transom may stand perpendicular, from whence to the keel it may take such a rake as will afford the necessary space for the rudder to revolve.

"This may be considered a general description of the mode of forming and fixing the revolving rudder. It may be varied, however, in the details, provided the basis on which it be constructed, viz. the power of revolving, be always kept in view."

#### PRESERVATION OF CROSBY HALL.

We are happy to learn that the threatened destruction of this ancient fabric seems likely to be averted. The announcement of the premises to be let "on a building lease," excited so strong a feeling of regret in the minds of a few individuals in the immediate neighbourhood, that they resolved to make an effort for its preservation. That effort has been powerfully seconded. A Committee has been formed, comprising about fifty gentlemen, and subscriptions to a considerable amount have been already received.

The undertaking has our cordial approbation and good wishes; we have no doubt it will be liberally supported: and we lay before our readers, with much pleasure, the following resolutions:—

"At a meeting held at the City of London Tavern, on Tuesday, May 8, 1832, to take into consideration the best means to be adopted for preserving and restoring CROSBY HALL, in the City of London, William Taylor Copeland, Esq. M.P. and Alderman of the Ward, in the chair,

"It was resolved unanimously,

"First—That it is highly expedient to preserve from destruction that rare and beautiful specimen of the domestic architecture of the fifteenth century known as CROSBY HALL, in the City of London.

"Second—That subscriptions be opened for

the purpose of defraying the expense of the necessary repairs.

"Third—That a Committee be formed, with full authority to carry into effect the necessary arrangements; to apply the funds to the restoration of the fabric; and to appropriate the building to such public object as the Committee may deem expedient."

We call on all public-spirited readers, who have any respect for the venerable beauty of one of the finest buildings in the metropolis, to send their subscriptions immediately.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

AMONG the novel exhibitions of the season best worth attention, are three pictures by Murillo, 'The Galley Slave,' 'Esau selling his Birthright,' and 'The Negro Boy.' They are splendid works, 'The Galley Slave,' and 'The Negro Boy,' in particular. The catalogue makes mention of the fearful hazards heretofore run by persons who ventured to carry a picture by this painter out of Spain, and tells of a Spanish nobleman, who was in consequence confined in the Inquisition, and no more heard of. Fudge! The exhibition needs no such absurd nonsense to recommend it to all who have any real love of art.—Another deserving attention, is of curious Sculptures and Carvings in Ivory, in Regent Street. Among much that is poor, and only fitted for a curiosity shop, there are some very admirable specimens of carving in the fifteenth century, well worth the shilling admission.

We are concerned to hear, that it is a question, whether the publication of the 'Altrive Tales,' of the Ettrick Shepherd, will be continued.—Montgomery, (not the Bard of Sheffield, but of Purgatory,) is about to publish a new poem, called 'The Messiah.' We have always been of opinion, that Robert had the true materials of the muse about him, if book-sellers, publishers, spinsters, and twaddlers, would but give him fair play; we hope that our admonitions, as well as the just severities of other of our brethren, will have induced him to study more severely than heretofore.—Mrs. S. C. Hall, also, announces a romance, involving the exploits of the Buccaneers. If she uses her talents and knowledge with skill, she will produce a clever work.

We see with no surprise that the dome is departing from Buckingham Palace, and that the garden front is one-half levelled to the earth. We hear, too, that some other termination than the settled design is contemplated for the triumphal arch in the front.—At present there is a prodigious outcry for works of art: statues of Lord Grey are spoken of for London, Edinburgh, and Dublin; but as it is proposed to create them by a shilling subscription, of course the thing will be found impracticable unless it be done at once. Our good-natured king would encourage art, if he were rich enough, or knew well how to go about it. Some of the painters and sculptors, whom he has lately employed, do little credit to the taste, though much to the generosity of the monarch.

The rehearsal of 'Robert le Diable' has been going on for the last week, under the superintendence of Meyerbeer; but, we regret to add, that this distinguished musician and amiable man takes his departure for the continent this day. However, M. Tulou, first flute-player at the Académie de

Musique, is to act as *maestro*, and has received directions and instructions from the composer. The accounts we hear of the effects of instrumentation in the concerted pieces, and the perfection of the chorus-singing, lead us to hope for unprecedented success.

Tamburini makes his *début* this evening in 'Cenerentola.' The addition of this excellent buffo, to a company already possessing Donzelli, Cinti, and Mariani, leaves us little to desire.

On turning over the pages of one of the newspapers, we were struck with an advertisement, requiring literary aid in the management of a new political publication, and requesting candidates to send in specimens of their talents in the departments of domestic and foreign polity. "Another of the signs of the times!" we murmured to ourselves, and went into a bookseller's shop, that we might breathe something of a learned air, and at any rate escape from the atmosphere of politics. But, as we before found that the demon infested every paragraph of the newspaper, so we were doomed to discover, that, amid the treasures of dead and living genius, the evil spirit was manifest. Not only was the table strewn with pamphlets, some deploring, and some exulting in the present crisis of national prosperity, but a man in the guise of a serious plodding son of the day-book and ledger, was in earnest conversation with our bibliopole on the very question which we loathed the most. At last, our friend, as a manoeuvre to ease us and help himself, said, "Aye, aye, sad matter for trade, Sir; for all that, nothing stirring in my way—see—look—there's a work, Sir, of infinite genius—but it has fallen like lead. I have seen the day Sir, it would have flown at once." The stranger disdained to touch the proffered work. "These things won't do for me now," said he: "have no time for fancy—give it all to truth. To read all the newspapers of the day, is enough for me. The *Chronicle*, the *Standard*, the *Times*, the *Morning Post*, and the *Herald*, serve me during the morning; then Sir, the *Courier*, the *Globe*, the *Suns*, new and old, and various others, do in the evening; and by the time that I have compared and digested all, so as to extract the truth, why then it's time to tumble into bed." We walked away deploring the evil days on which we had fallen, and murmuring with Virgil,

Behold a nation in a man expressed.

## SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

### ROYAL SOCIETY.

May 24.—Davies Gilbert, Esq. M.P. Vice President, in the chair.—Professor Rigaud's paper, entitled 'On Harriot's Astronomical Observations, contained in his unpublished Manuscripts belonging to the Earl of Egremont,' was resumed and concluded. A second paper was read, entitled 'On the Method employed for exploding a Mixture of Oxygen and Hydrogen by a Spark obtained from a common Magnet,' by the Rev. William Ritchie, LL.D., F.R.S., Professor of Mathematics and Experimental Philosophy at the Royal Institution.

The Rev. Frederick Nolan, LL.D., was proposed a Fellow of the Society.

### LINNÆAN SOCIETY.

The anniversary meeting of this Society was held on the 24th inst.; Lord Stanley, President,

in the chair.—Portions of the Transactions of various Royal and Philosophical Societies were presented, including those of London, Cambridge, Stockholm, Turin, and America; and a large collection of dried plants was presented by the Hon. East India Company. The receipts of the Society during the past twelve months were stated by the auditors to be 1068*l.* 5*s.*; and the expenses 1010*l.* 3*s.* 5*d.*, leaving a balance in the hands of the Treasurer of 58*l.* 1*s.* 7*d.* The number of Fellows admitted within the year was thirty one, and thirteen Fellows; and five Foreign Members were reported to have died within the same period. Among the latter was the justly-celebrated Baron Cuvier.

The usual routine of balloting for officers for the ensuing year was proceeded with, the only novelty in which was the electing Dr. Francis Boot to the Office of Secretary, *vice* Mr. Bicheno, who leaves England for a time. The Members afterwards dined together at the Freemasons' Tavern.

### INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

April 3.—The President T. Telford, Esq., in the chair.—Some particulars were entered into respecting a late accidental explosion of a steam-boiler at Manchester, and a letter read from a corresponding member who resides at that place, describing the size and situation of the boiler, and the apparent causes which led to the accident; and also the best precautions to be adopted for preventing a similar recurrence.

In connexion with this subject, the inconvenience arising from the earths and saline deposit which takes place in steam-boilers under different circumstances, was brought under consideration, and the different means resorted to for getting rid of it. It is well known, that water derived from the gravelly stratum above the London blue clay, although clear to appearance, throws a large deposit when used in a steam boiler; but if this stratum, varying in depth from 100 feet upwards, be perforated, and also a bed of hard metallic rock lying beneath it, a bed of green sand is arrived at, which affords a supply possessing a comparatively small deposition. One instance was stated, of a large boiler having been worked for three months with water from the green sand, when there was found considerably less sediment, than the same boiler contained after working one month with water from the River Thames.

In the case of the saline deposition which accumulates in boilers during sea voyages, it was mentioned as the usual practice, merely to "blow off" a portion of water from the boiler, according as it becomes saturated; in short voyages of three or four days, this is found sufficient for the purpose—but for yessels crossing the Atlantic, or on other long voyages, a more efficient plan has been resorted to, by attaching an apparatus to the engine, which pumps out brine from the bottom of the boiler, at the same time throwing in a quantity of clean water equal to what is abstracted. The degree of saturation is indicated by means of an attached thermometer;—218° of Fahrenheit being the boiling point of clean sea water in a steam-engine boiler, a range is allowed from that to 227°, which marks the limit of saturation admissible for a steam-boiler to be worked with safety.

April 10.—Part of a paper on the subject of Steam Power, was read, being an essay which obtained the annual prize given by the late Mr. Watt to the Glasgow University.

An historical and practical treatise on Elemental Locomotion, was received from the author Mr. Alexander Gordon.

Also two reports on the Gas Vacuum Engine, from Mr. Field.

Mr. John Buddle, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, was elected a corresponding member, and Mr. William Mosely, an associate.

A book of Maps from Ogilby, Bowen, and Price, and published by G. Willeby in 1714, was received from the President. And two Charts of the coast of Ireland and St. George's channel, from Mr. Macneill.

April 17.—The President in the chair.—The subject of steam engines generally, being introduced, an interesting description was given of a large blowing engine, at the Dowlais Iron Works, in South Wales, which is peculiar in its construction, and understood to be the most powerful engine in existence.

With reference to the railway locomotive engines, the principal improvement which has of late years been effected in their construction and management, was considered to be the making use of tubular boilers, by which a large heating surface is obtained within a small compass; and, secondly, the practice of throwing the steam into the chimney to increase the draft.

The remainder of the evening was occupied by a discussion on the construction and performance of engines on the Manchester and Liverpool Railway.

Mr. Edward Steel, of Low Fell, Gateshead, Durham, was elected a corresponding member. The following presents were received:—12 copies of 'The Revolving Rudder,' from Mr. A. H. Holdsworth; 'A Survey of the Globe,' printed by T. Templeton, in 1730, from the President; Transactions of the Royal Institute of France in 1829, from M. Dupin.

May 1.—William Cubitt, Esq., in the chair.—The question submitted for discussion, being "how far the hot-air blast has been found to supersede the necessity of coking the coal used in smelting iron." Various statements were made of trials with heated blast at different iron works, and also of different degrees of success with which they had been attended. Amongst others, the Blyde Iron Works were alluded to, at which place the practice has been in use since 1829, and the result has been the reduction of the proportion of coal for the manufacture of 1 ton of pig iron, from 8 to 5 tons.

It was remarked, that the "water blast," although easy in the management, possessed an inconvenience in an essential part of its construction, which was likely to bring it into disuse. It is found that the condensed air has the property of taking up a considerable portion of moisture, at the time it is exposed to the large surface of water in the regulator; and the introduction of moisture into a furnace is known to have an injurious effect, both on the working of the furnace, and the quality of the iron produced.

Colonel Frederick Blom, of Stockholm, Engineer to the King of Sweden, was elected a foreign corresponding member.

### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

|          |  |
|----------|--|
| MONDAY,  | { Royal College of Physicians .. Nine, P.M.<br>Royal Geographical Society .. Nine, P.M.<br>Medical Society ..... Eight, P.M. |
| TUESDAY, | Institution of Civil Engineers Eight, P.M.   |
| WEDNESD. | { Geological Society ..... p. 8, P.M.<br>Society of Arts ..... p. 7, P.M.  |
| THURSD.  | { Royal Society ..... p. 8, P.M.<br>Society of Antiquaries ..... Eight, P.M.   |
| FRIDAY,  | Royal Institution ..... p. 8, P.M.   |

## FINE ARTS

### EXHIBITION AT SOMERSET HOUSE.

[Third Notice.]

BEFORE we renew our description of the chief works in the present Exhibition, we must express our belief that many of the pictures have been far too sharply criticized in several of the public prints. We are the more concerned for this, inasmuch as we know it renders the public cold and fastidious—checks many a fine spirit, and robs the meritorious sometimes of their

bread. Critics are but too apt, for the sake of saying what they call "a good thing," to be less careful than they should be about its truth; and some are willing to blast a fair reputation, for the sake of raising a laugh. The press has a vast power at present in the land: it thinks, and speaks, and criticizes for the multitude; and the men who conduct it should use this gigantic power with moderation and gentleness. Amid a great deal of fine ability in that department of literature, and also much good feeling, there is considerable alloy. We shall say no more at this time, but proceed with our task.

140. '*A Scene from the Taming of the Shrew.*' LESLIE, R.A.—The painter has embodied that amusing scene in which Petruchio astonishes the tailor by a critical dissection of Catherine's new gown: he thrusts his arm up through it, turns it, and rumples it, and does all he can to make a very handsome garment look ill, so that his sarcastic description may be justified. The vexation of Snip is nothing compared with that of Catherine: she is resolved to believe the gown is a handsome gown,—aye, and she is determined, too, to show her husband a spice of her spirit. Nothing can be finer than the made-up look which she has of resistance, and the havoc which her teeth are making with her necklace, of which she seems quite unconscious. We have heard critics say that the gown was ill made, and call the lady a natural vixen; but it was the object of Petruchio to show the gown to disadvantage; and a lady who became so docile a wife could not naturally be a vixen.

142. '*Fisher Boys.*' COLLINS, R.A.—One of the cleverest little pictures we have seen of this artist's. It is all truth and life.

153. '*The Prince of Orange, William III., embarked from Holland, and landed at Torbay, Nov. 4, 1688, after a stormy Passage.*' (*History of England.*) TURNER, R.A.—The painter has made this picture somewhat poetical: he has squandered the fairest hues and the finest perspective upon a subject which has lost somewhat of its feverish interest in the hearts of Englishmen.

154. '*Portrait of His Grace the Duke of Buccleuch.*' PICKERSGILL.—Both the colour and sentiment of this picture are creditable to the artist.

159. '*Contention of Oberon and Titania.*' HOWARD, R.A.—This artist is always true to his subject, and true to poetry. He is occasionally less natural and more classic than we could wish; that is, he reminds us of other masters, and seeks not to charm us so much as he might with fresh looks and original groupings. He, however, maintains, along with a few more of the brethren, the reputation which the Island school has gained for poetical pictures.

165. '*Portrait of Sir Walter Scott in his Study at Abbotsford, reading the Proclamation of Mary Queen of Scots, previous to her Marriage with Henry Lord Darnley.*' ALLAN, A.R.A.—This fine picture ought to have been painted by a Royal Academician, and not by an Associate: we cannot for our souls imagine how this painter happened to remain in the ranks when commissions were lately given away: we have a respect for Briggs; he is a clever artist—but nothing that he ever exhibited entitled him to take precedence of Allan in the last nomination. We could ask some curious questions respecting this and other matters, which the members of the Royal Academy would find some difficulty in answering, so as to satisfy the world that they were influenced only by genius. With respect to the picture, which has called forth these remarks, we think it nearly equal in merit to any work in the collection. The poet is seated with his back to the window, through which a strong light is poured on the paper he holds before him; the face is, therefore, shown in reflected light:

the effect is fine, and the likeness excellent. The pains bestowed on the portrait have not been thrown away: the closer the inspection, the more the merits appear. Even though the figure were away, a good picture would still remain. Scott has hung his study with picturesque and important things: there is a silver vase, the gift of Byron—the keys of the Heart of Mid Lothian—the sword of Montrose—the rifle of Speckbacher, the Tyrolean patriot—James the Sixth's travelling flask—Rob Roy's long gun—Claverhouse's pistols—the pistols of Napoleon, and a bust of Shakspeare. All these are painted with wonderful accuracy and care, and, with Maida, his stag-hound, at his feet, the poet seems in Abbotsford again.

171. '*Portrait of John Gibson, Esq., Rome.*' GEDDES.—A good likeness of one man of genius by the hand of another.

180. '*The Opening of London Bridge, Aug. 1, 1831.*' JONES, R.A.—Commissions of this kind are useful to the pocket and injurious to true fame. This artist is a favourite of ours: he gained our good-will by the truth and nature of his delineations—by the beauty of his colouring—and by occasional gleams of fine poetry in his compositions. He has great variety, too, and excels in many things: no one can handle a modern battle like him—no one excels him in throwing happily together a few rustics in the market-place of some queer old town—and there are Scriptural conceptions of his in the present Exhibition, which give him a high place among men of imagination. For the Opening of London Bridge he has done as much as any one can expect from such a subject; he has broken the general line of procession by random bursts of the crowd, and brought as much natural confusion into the geometrical arrangement of the scene as he could well do. On the whole, the picture has not disappointed us; and we see it is rather a favourite with the visitors, many of whom, no doubt, were at the opening, and are on the look-out for their own figures.

196. '*Youth on the Prow and Pleasure at the Helm.*' ETTY, R.A.—This is a poetic picture from a very poetic passage; and, on the whole, the artist has succeeded in telling a story which is very difficult to tell with the pencil. On a fine sea he has launched a small and well-gilded boat, and filled it with choice and merry spirits, whose bodies, as well as minds, cannot well be contained in the cockle-shell of a skiff;—that they will make a happy voyage no one can hope; and, on looking round for the symptoms of approaching woe—for

The sweeping whirlwind's sway,  
That, hushed in grim repose, expects his evening prey,  
our eye was attracted by an infant Boreas in the clouds above, who seemed plumping up his cheeks for a north-wester. The colouring is gorgeous and the drawing fine. One of the figures in the boat has blown a splendid bubble into the air, and many hands are on the alert to seize it. Hilton had once a noble picture with the same moral in it.

187. '*An English Water-mill.*' CALLCOTT, R.A.—We have often in our youth stood gazing on the wheel of a water-mill running round amid the foaming spray—observed the dust of the meal issuing from door and window—remarked the stream, after it had done its duty with the machinery, settling quietly into a little lake below, in which the miller's ducks loved to plume themselves. This very scene Callcott has painted for us, and we thank him for it with all our hearts.

202. '*Portrait of the Rev. A. Sedgwick, Woodwardian Professor of Geology, Cambridge.*' PHILLIPS, R.A.—There is an air of manly vigour and mental power about this portrait, which induce us to consider it one of the best works of the kind in the Exhibition. We are willing to imagine that we see in it all that charmed us

in the almost divine head of Blake, painted five and twenty years ago by the same artist.

203. '*Portrait of Mrs. Edward Johnstone.*' SHEE, P.R.A.—This portrait pleased us by a certain gracefulness of expression, which every lady has not the luck to possess, or all painters the skill to catch.

(To be continued.)

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Departure of the Israelites from Egypt.* Drawn by D. Roberts, engraved by Quilley. Moon & Co.

THIS is a magnificent scene; the artist has imagined the chosen people starting on their journey from the centre of a city of palaces; but though we have loaded camels and dromedaries, and crowded streets, and people praying, and priests offering sacrifice, and minstrels playing on the harp, we must consider it more as an architectural picture, than as one embodying sentiment and feeling. We always admired the Egyptian architecture—its grand proportions, long level lines and solid and enduring style of construction; but we never expected to see our dreams of it realized by the hand of man.

*Bonington's Fishing Boats.* Engraved by Quilley. Moon & Co.

THIS is a fine natural scene, and that only. The busy boat, the anxious fishermen, their full nets, their dripping oars, and the smooth and tranquil sea, are well delineated.

*St. Michael's Mount.* Painted by Gastineau, printed by Hullmandel. Ackermann.

This scene looks little the worse for being transferred from its colours to paper, through the medium of stone; we remember the original, which we reckoned a fair work;—but who could fail to make an interesting picture, of a place so eminently beautiful and picturesque as St. Michael's Mount?

Two lithographic views of *Gravesend*, by H. Harris, one from Windmill Hill, and the other 'High Street, from the Pier,' have been sent to us. These local views have their interest, and the very low price, 1s. each, at which these are sold, will, we hope, secure for them such a sale as may yield to the humble artist a remunerating profit.

Among other graceful novelties in lithography, are two drawings by Levasseur, of Samengo and Brugnot, in '*L'Anneau Magique.*' The attitudes are most graceful, and the drawings have great ease and delicacy.

#### MUSIC

##### KING'S THEATRE.

PACINI's '*Gli Arabi*,' and one act of '*La Donna del Lago*,' have been repeated. Why was not the *pas de huit* given on Saturday, after being announced?

Beethoven's splendid Opera '*Fidelio*,' has twice drawn full houses. The chorus of the prisoners, in the first act, the scena for basso, the duet, and finale of the second act, surpass every other production in the musical drama for grandeur of conception, originality of treatment, and effect of instrumentation. Madame Devrient, as *Leonora*, sings and acts with a fervour and intensity of expression that positively thrills through one's veins—no words can convey the effect which she produces in the scena, where she rushes forward to shield her husband from the dagger of *Pizarro*. The chorus singers are above all praise: their *crescendo*, in the first chorus, was quite sublime; and we are glad that the English audience had the good taste to appreciate it. The band is hardly worthy of the performers—it accompanies pretty correctly,

but it wants the vigour, power, and brilliancy, which the absent members, at the Antient Concerts, would give to it.

## TENTH ANTIEN CONCERT.

Director—Earl of Derby.

Her Majesty honoured this performance with her presence; the selection comprised many pieces, the least interesting, from the old masters. There was no Cinti—nothing vocal of Haydn or Mozart, and, as a whole, it was the worst Concert of the season.

## MISS BRUCE'S CONCERTS.

WE have not often been more gratified than on Monday last, at the first of this series of concerts. The company was unusually select, and the whole performance went off triumphantly.—Cinti, always delightful, seemed to us more so than ever; her voice, naturally weak, is better suited to a room than a theatre; and her fine execution, and beautiful intonation, were, on this occasion, heard to perfection, and received universal applause. A fantasia on the guitar, by Schultz, and a concerto on the piano, by Holmes, also met with general approbation; and Miss Bruce herself sang with great taste and feeling, and, with de Begnis and Begrez, added to the enjoyment of a very pleasant evening.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*O Domine Deus! the Prayer of Mary Queen of Scots, immediately previous to her Execution.* By M. Marielli.

THE first stanza is for a soprano solo, the same words and much the same melody are repeated, with three additional parts, for a second soprano, tenor, and basso; the whole is classically arranged.

*Air, The Plaid, with variations for the Piano-forte.* Mrs. Steele.

A serviceable bagatelle for a very juvenile pianist.

*From the Land where the Myrtle.* Op. 1. A Ballad. By Mrs. G. Bubb.

*Raise, Isabel, those soft dark eyes.* Miss Smith. *I loved thee in my early days.* G. H. Rodwell.

THE first of these ballads is a very tasteful and creditable composition for the first essay of a lady amateur. The poetry of the two others is pretty, and written on popular subjects; the music to both, is in three-four time, and lies within a convenient compass for the generality of voices.

## THEATRICALS

## THEATRICAL CHAT.

THE majors have not presented us with any novelties lately, and we have not presented ourselves at the minors—consequently, we have nothing to offer but a few general remarks. The improvement which has taken place in the weather, will enable us, without so much risk, to mend our manners towards the minors, and we therefore hope to be enabled to cross the water, and report what is going on there before Saturday next. At a party, of which we made one, yesterday at dinner, some ladies were highly extolling the amusement they had received the previous evening at the Surrey; and, in the course of conversation, one of them advised our worthy host, (a native of the Emerald Isle,) by all means to visit that theatre. "I would with pleasure," said he, "but life's too short." We joined in the laugh produced by this pithy answer, but shall nevertheless go the length of the Surrey, to show that we do not go the length of our host. The success of Madame

Vestris at the Olympic, has already produced another female lessee in the person of Mrs. Fitzwilliam; and Mrs. Waylett has advertised herself as about to appear in the same capacity, at the Strand Theatre on Tuesday next. We have seen a bill of a March of Intellect Theatre, somewhere in Brompton, which we must really take an early opportunity of digging out and reporting upon. The Bill has a charm for us, wholly independent of the talents which it teaches us to expect that we shall meet with in the "unrivalled Mr. Jones," "the unequalled Mr. Smith," and "the juvenile prodigy Miss Popkins"—not forgetting the gratitude due from the public to the proprietors, for "having shown an utter disregard of expense, in securing the valuable services of Mr. Snooks." We may be wrong in the names, and we believe we are, but what of that? If these are not right, the performers engaged rejoice in others equally celebrated, so that the attraction on that score remains the same. The peculiar charm we have alluded to is this:—the proprietors, rejecting the vulgarity long practised at other theatres, and persisted in, to this day, even at the Italian Opera House, have met the growing gentility of the times, and re-christened the different portions of the audience part of the house. Thus, instead of boxes, pit, and gallery, we have "Veranda 1a.," "Side veranda 9d." and "Arena 6d."!!! "Prodigious!" We have only, in addition, to suggest the propriety of the *Stage* being called the *Private Carriage*, the *Manager* the *Minister*, the *Box-keepers* the *Veranda Lords in Waiting*, and the *Orange Women* the *Horticultural Ladies*.

The latter performances of Mr. Young, at Covent Garden, have been well attended; and there is no doubt, that his final leave-taking, on Wednesday next, will receive the well-earned compliment of a bumper. His loss will soon be felt—would that it were likely to be as soon supplied! It is gratifying to observe, that Mr. Macready, Miss Kelly, and Mr. Mathews, have volunteered their services upon this occasion. It would have been more so, if their excellent example had been more generally followed.

It is now understood, that the lease of Covent Garden Theatre has been disposed of, and that M. Laporte has become lessee for three years. Under the unfortunate circumstances, into which the two major theatres have been brought, partly, it must be allowed, by events which they could not control, but mainly by their own mismanagement, it is more easy to say, what will not do, than what will. Until something is known of the plan on which M. Laporte proposes to proceed, it would be premature to offer advice on any particular point. In general terms, however, we must express an early hope, that his shrewdness and intelligence will lead him to preserve the few plums, which are to be met with in the great cake of English management, and to superadd some of the many with which French management abounds. Above all, we trust that he will bear in mind that it is a national theatre over which he presides, and that the first "spectacle" he presents us with, will be the somewhat novel one of such an establishment being conducted upon higher principles than those of a chandler's shop. We think we may, at least, venture to predict, that we shall, at length, see the bills of one patent theatre cleared from those noxious weeds called puffs.

National prejudice between England and France, is fortunately at an end. Let M. Laporte enter upon his arduous undertaking fairly and openly, and he may then do so fearlessly; for the public and the press will both be with him, without his disgracing his bills by puffing the one—or himself, by cringing to the other.

## MISCELLANEA

*Walter Scott and Goethe.*—Naples, 23rd of April.—The decease of Goethe has caused as painful a sensation amongst the native literati as amongst his fellow-countrymen in this capital. It came quite unexpectedly upon us, for Zahn, the architect, had but a few days before received a long letter from him. It was dated the 10th of March, and contains one passage, in which you will be much interested. "If," says Goethe, "Walter Scott should still be in your vicinity, be so good as to assure him, that he will not fail to feel himself in every respect at home under our roof, and meet with the respect and attention, which are due to him, not only as the author of a host of important works, but as a right-thinker and a man of exalted mind, who has devoted his life to the improvement of mankind. And, as concerns myself, I may truly remark, that this feeling is greatly enhanced by the kindred connexion, which has subsisted between us for many a long year. My excellent daughter desires to be remembered, if occasion offers, to Sir Walter's unmarried daughter, who, as she hears, accompanies him, and ventures to assure her of a most cordial welcome on her visit."

*Steel Pens.*—We have for some time had in daily use, Mordan & Co's. 'Patent Oblique Pen,' and the 'Double Patent Pen' of Mr. Perry, the two latest novelties in this way; and we confess ourselves sadly perplexed as to which we ought to recommend to the public. Metal pens have hitherto been our abomination, and we have tried them all, from Doughty's ruby to the sixpence a dozen Birmingham manufacture. But the 'Patent Oblique' and the 'Double Patent' are both excellent. The shape of Mordan's offends the eye—it is more like a sickle than a pen; and, the weight being out of the centre, it is apt to turn from the right position; but then it writes with almost equal ease in any position. Perry's has an immense advantage in its natural shape, but is, we fear, too delicate for general use and rough work. This judgment is, we admit very inconclusive; and we must recommend our readers to try both and determine for themselves. Mordan's is, we incline to say, the best metal pen we ever wrote with; but its uncouth shape makes beginning its use, a sort of strange experiment; and, when both are before us, we take Perry's in preference. Perry's pen is perfect in shape, and, excepting Mordan's, we know of none that can rival it in use.

*A Prolific Year.*—The year 1831 has been extremely prolific in novelty at the Parisian theatres. In 1827, 192 new pieces were performed in the different theatres of that theatrical metropolis; in 1828, only 166; in 1829, 175; in 1830, the same number; but in 1831, no less than 272. Of these, 177 were vaudevilles (many of them mere political squibs), 30 melodramas, 27 dramas, 19 plays, 2 ballets, and 2 tragedies. These different pieces are written by 172 authors, and the indefatigable Scribe alone, produced 13; Theodore Rézel, 12; Brazier, 11; &c.

*Censorship of Advertisements.*—We have lately been enabled to treat our readers with several *morceaux* concerning continental censorship; but the following is perhaps unequalled. A publisher at Hildburghausen lately sent to his correspondent at Berlin, for insertion in the paper of that city, an advertisement of 'A History of the Diet of Baden in the Year 1831,' to be published in numbers. He received in answer the following note: "I must request you to send me the first parts of the work so soon as they are published—till then it is impossible to determine whether the advertisement can be admitted." This note, accompanying the announcement of the work in the more liberal parts of Germany, serves to tempt readers, and sell the book.

**Candour.**—A German publisher, in advertising a work under the title of *Royalism and Liberty*, in which it is attempted to prove that an absolute monarchy is the beau-ideal of government, candidly adds: That he has undertaken this publication solely to please the author, whom he considers in other respects a very worthy man; but that it would be against his conscience to recommend the work to the public.

**Novelty in Horticulture.**—A splendid unit has lately been added to the list of hardy flowering shrubs. The plant is a species of the currant bush, most nearly allied to the black currant, which it resembles very closely, both in the form and smell of the leaves, and also in the general appearance of the plant, with this exception, that the flower petals of the new species are of a bright scarlet, and hang in gracefully sweeping clusters of from twenty to forty individual florets upon each. The botanical name bestowed on this new variety is *Ribes Sanguinea*, and the English one that of scarlet-flowered currant. The fruit of it, from the description we have heard, is not likely to be of much value; but, should the plant possess a disposition to cross with the other species, we need not despair of acquiring, in due time, a hybrid which will be not merely ornamental, but may vie in usefulness with any of the black, the red, the white, or the champagne varieties. —*Halfpenny Library.*

#### NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

**Forthcoming.**—*Qanoon-e-Islam*, or, the Customs of the Moslems of India, by Jaffur Shurreff: translated by G. A. Herklots, M.D.

The Rev. Hobart Caunter has a volume of Sermons nearly ready for publication.

An Introduction to the History of Philosophy, by Victor Cousin, translated from the French by Lunberg. Mr. Britton's Topographical Sketches of Tunbridge Wells, with Maps and Views, nearly ready.

The Rev. Richard Catermole has in the press, Becket, an Historical Tragedy, the Men of England, an Ode, and other Poems.

A Selection from the Writings and Speeches of Lord Brougham, with a Memoir of his Life.

Extracts from the Manuscript Journal of the late Lieutenant-General R. B. Long.

Principles of Demand and Supply, applied to the Questions of the Currency and Corn Laws, by D. C. Lubbock, M.A.

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#### TO CORRESPONDENTS

##### DR. GRANVILLE AND FAUST'S CATECHISM.

We gave to Dr. Granville the explanation required of us last week. We have since received the following letter, forwarded by the publisher of Faust's Catechism, and, therefore, we presume, written by the editor of that work.

*To the Editor of the Athenæum.*

SIR.—In reply to Dr. Granville's letter in your last paper, allow me to state, that the almost exact conformity of the Index to the first part of the two Catechisms, and the *verbatim correspondence* of numerous passages in the first and second chapters, must appear to every reasonable person sufficient to justify me in asserting, without the least fear of contradiction, that 'Faust's Catechism of Health' was 'adapted as the ground-work' of 'Dr. Granville's.'

Your most obedient servant,

H. H., M.D.

Now, if this writer be correct, we must presume that Dr. Granville did refer to Faust's 'Catechism of Health,' (probably the translation by Base,) without being aware of it. At any rate, as he has raised a controversy by questioning other people's accuracy, he will, perhaps, be kind enough to settle it by stating at once the title of the work that he acknowledges to have seen.

S. W.—We are not aware that there is any work answering the description, nor any man living that could write it. Sowerby's English Botany contains figures and descriptions of all, but it reaches to thirty-six volumes, and costs nearly many pounds; perhaps Martyn's 'Flora Rustica,' which contains the more common, will best answer the purpose. It is in four small volumes, and may be obtained cheap.

The second notice of the 'Duchess of Abrantes' is deferred until next week—illness will, we are sure, be admitted as sufficient apology.

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## REVIEWS

*The Doomed*: a Tale. 3 vols. London, Smith, Elder & Co.

THERE are more fine passages in these volumes, than would embellish a dozen novels, and more madness than would infect a score. A man who lived when Nebuchadnezzar ate grass round the walls of Babylon, and who lives now—not in fame, but in real flesh and blood—shocks all belief: we cannot away with a circumstance so utterly incredible, so much at variance with nature, and so much out of keeping with true imagination. We have heard of one whose pleasure it was in company to amuse his friends and astonish strangers, by saying that he lived with Pharaoh Necho, king of Egypt; was cup-bearer to Morodoch Baladan, prince of Babylon; revelled with Alexander during his invasion of India; triumphed with Sylla; passed the Rubicon with Cæsar, and saw him assassinated; reeled about the streets of Rome with Caracalla; assisted Mahomet in perfecting the Koran; was the first who stormed Jerusalem in the grand crusade; counselled Bourbon to sack Rome, and Cromwell to behead King Charles; and who concluded his autobiography by saying, that he went mad with Charles of Sweden. All that might pass muster when the good wine had done its good office, and folly took the lead in conversation; but how any man of education and talent—and the writer of this wild work seems to be both—could sit deliberately down and lend his quiet thoughts to the composition of a story fully as wild as the outline we have given, exceeds all belief. We thought Allan Cunningham wild enough when he restored Michael Scott to daylight, after an interment of three hundred years; and we thought Croly little less so, when he wrote the adventures of a man who had outlived his revilings of the Saviour, till the present day: these writers had something like tradition or history to cling to, absurd as their speculations were, for the great wizard was believed to walk, and the wandering Jew, in the opinion of some, is still at his wanderings; but here is a man who is old enough to remember the casting of Shadrach, Meshech and Abednego into the fiery furnace by Nebuchadnezzar, and yet young enough to have gazed, as he relates, with rapture, on the blooming face of a living poetess, at an evening party last week in the west end of London. The author may suppose this to be a daring and dashing sort of thing, and shelter himself from ridicule behind the barriers of imagination; but imagination has nothing at all to do with what is unnatural. It is not imagination to invent monsters with seven heads and ten horns: true imagination conceives something in keeping and accordance with the

belief of the earth; the author might have quietly killed and interred his hero, and brought his spirit to play pranks among mankind; but we know of no authority for keeping a man alive for some thousands of years, and in the bloom of youth too, merely for the sake of saying he had seen two or three remarkable events, faithfully and satisfactorily set forth by historians.

The author, it would appear, could not make up his mind respecting the rank or affinity of the person for whose murder the Doomed was sentenced to an eternal mortal life; we would like to know the relative position between the dear defunct and him, and the cause of the quarrel, for we know of no one else punished in a way so singular. The Doomed is on many occasions mad enough for any sort of mischief, yet he never wakes into untameable fury, save when provoked; and when he makes his *début* in this sad world, he utters as good moral sentiments and liberal opinions, about the cruelty of Nebuchadnezzar in throwing the three children into the fiery furnace, as a man would wish to hear on a summer's day. Nay, indeed, so much was he touched at the sight, that he fled from the face of the Assyrian, and never halted till he reached India, where he met with something more pleasant to look upon than the seven times heated furnace.

"The being on whom I gazed, it is true, had no outward resemblance to the imaginary creatures of my dream;—but she stood there—a living, breathing, moving form, in a beauty far excelling theirs. I never beheld any being so exquisitely innocent and lovely. Her dress and manner betokened her a Hindoo of the highest caste. She might have seen sixteen summers, certainly not more, and the glowing beauty of her form and features had just ripened into the opening gladness of the bashful maiden. Her complexion was of a clear transparent brown, light as that which I have oftentimes seen in the southern regions of Europe,—and it was enlivened by a tint, beautiful and pure as the opening rosebud of the early Spring. Her dark and sparkling eyes, now searched into the soul, and anon, when she deemed herself observed, dropped in humid softness to the ground. Her long black hair, soft, luxuriant, and beautiful as a mass of silken thread, was loosely, but gracefully entwined around a head, the proportions of which would have added grace to the Medicean Venus. The lovely contour of her countenance—the graceful turn of her neck—the gentle fall of her shoulders—and the exquisitely formed shape of her limbs—no description can do justice to. And if these I cannot describe, how shall I attempt to convey even the most distant idea of the confiding innocence and simplicity that hung around them all. Oh! Zehlma, Zehlma! I dare not recall these to recollection. Thou wert too pure—too beautiful—for such a world as this. Even now, thy youthful form, with its flowing garb of various coloured silk loosely wound around it, and the

pure white linen falling in graceful folds from thy lovely neck and bosom, stands before my eyes in all its innocence and beauty, as it then stood beneath the shelter of that solitary palm, amidst the far-spreading desolation of the ruined Gour."

He finds, however, that his beautiful Zehlma is marked out as a sacrifice to an Indian Idol; he carries her away; she dies in her flight; her body is brought back, and offered as a burnt sacrifice to the eastern Moloch; the Doomed throws himself into the fire, and comes out, to his own astonishment and that of the Bramins, unharmed—nay, unsinged.

After this adventure, the Doomed reposed for some hundreds of years; he awoke at last, and renewing his wanderings, found himself suddenly in the midst of Richard of England's army, then engaged against Saladin. Though some fifteen hundred years old or so, he is so fresh, and bold, and youthful, that he gains the heart of Richard's cousin, Alice of Anjou, saves the life of the king himself, in spite of all the Saracen chivalry, and is the first to plant the cross on the topmost tower of Jerusalem. For all these good deeds he received, we are concerned to say, a sorry requital: the tender Alice proposed to poniard him for slighting her charms, upon which he determined to try his fate at sea, and, embarking, was overtaken by a tempest, which soon disposed of the brigantine.

"A fearful, half-suffocated yell arose from the drowning crew, as they were dragged down in the whirling vortex occasioned by the sinking of the vessel. I, too, sunk, and it seemed to me as if in the uttermost depths of that troubled sea, rainbow-coloured things and brightly branching corals grew. But I quickly arose again from the depths of beauty, and when once more I floated upon the surface of the waters, there was no living being near me—no trace left to tell that a goodly ship had so recently been there. Strange to say, when death approached, I felt a natural instinct, to preserve my wretched being strong within me, and I, who had so often desired to be released from the toils and troubles of a weary existence, now bent my breast against the waves, and swam stoutly for my life. I feared some drowning wretch might seize upon me, and, in the convulsive grasp of death, drag me to the bottom with him—and what I anticipated soon happened. I felt my limbs suddenly seized with the strong grasp of agony and despair;—I struggled—fiercely struggled—but I could not rid me of the drowning man. He was beneath the waters, and I saw him not, yet he was gradually sinking, and I felt that I too was sinking with him. The winds still roared, and the breakers dashed around, and the waves were boiling with a tempest's fury, but the wild despairing cry I uttered, as with one violent effort I tried to free myself from that deadly grasp, rose far above the loudness of the storm. That effort was unsuccessful—the drowning wretch still clung fiercely to me. In the retiring of a

huge wave, his head for an instant appeared above the surface of the raging sea. He gasped for breath, and his eyes glared fearfully on me.—I took advantage of that moment, and collecting all my strength, I smote him furiously on the head. He relaxed his hold—he cast on me an upbraiding look—he closed his eyes, and, in utter wretchedness and despair, sunk for ever beneath the overwhelming wave. Those wildly glazed eyes are still fixed on me. In the darkness of the night I see them glaring fearfully,—and that upbraiding look of horror and despair—that dying look of a sinful wretch whom I had hastened to eternity, haunts me in my waking hours—in my sleeping moments—where'er I turn myself, and where'er I go."

The sea ejected him upon the coast of Italy; he arrived in Rome, after some tarryings by the way, in the year of grace 1500; it was there his fortune to be saved from falling down a precipice by a Scottish presbyterian damsel, named Ellen Dinwiddie, of charms fairly rivalling the Hindoo lady, and withal of a devout turn of mind. Her picture is fine.

"Ellen was somewhat less in stature than her sister, and in appearance a perfect contrast to her. Equally beautiful indeed she was—in my eyes more than equally beautiful, but her beauty was of a totally different character. Her form was slight, but elegantly turned, and I believe the statuary would in vain have sought to find a fault in it. There was, perhaps, no decidedly marked or perfect feature in her face, but, altogether blended, they shone with a glowing sweetness and beauty that nothing could surpass. Sometimes her cheek was pale as marble, with a slight and scarcely perceptible tinge of life in it. At other times it glowed with a bright and beauteous animation, while her dove-like eyes shone with a sweetness of expression that conveyed the idea to the beholder, that nothing, save the peaceful thoughts of a calm and contented heart, could beam forth there. Her luxuriant sunny hair matched well with the hazel colour of her eyes, and hung in many a clustering ringlet round her fair face.—In short, had a master of his art wished to pourtray an angel of mercy, smiling in the discharge of a blissful errand, he could not have assumed a more perfect model, in form and face, than that upon which I now gazed."

Having seen much of the world, he was well qualified to play the part of Cicerone to Miss Dinwiddie: but he astonished both the lady and his catholic guide, by doubting whether the steps of the house of Pontius Pilate were the identical marble on which the feet of Christ trode.

"Oh!" exclaimed Mary, interrupting me—"do not destroy the beautiful enchantment that lingers around these few steps. They are, they must be, the steps which once led to the house of the Roman governor of Judea!"

"I have seen the steps of Pontius Pilate's house," I calmly answered, "and they were of grey marble, not of white."

"Diavolo!" exclaimed our Cicerone, starting back—no very reverent exclamation for the service in which he was engaged—"Seen!—how can that be, when these steps have been where they now stand, thanks to the piety of those bold crusaders who followed the noble Richard of England to the holy wars, for a period well nigh to four hundred years;—and methinks," he added, peering closely into my face, "you can scarce have seen so long a period yet!"

"Four hundred years," I answered, "they are but as a drop in the bucket."

"And yet enough," said our guide, interrupting me, "to fill any man's bucket choke full even to the brim!"

"Yet, four hundred years ago," I continued in a melancholy and absent tone, "I beheld the grey unheaven marble of the steps of that house, which tradition said was Pontius Pilate's, leading to the lower terrace on which the house rested, and from which no hand was put forth to remove them. The scorching suns of summer, and the cold rains of winter may whiten the head of man, but neither will bleach the dull grey marble till it exhibit a fair and polished hue.—No—no—my friend, your steps may be holy enough, but, believe me, they have been dug from the quarries of your own sunny land, and never formed a resting-place for the weary foot of the now dispersed of Israel's race."

The result may be guessed; he found his way before the Fathers of the Inquisition, who, becoming alarmed at torturing a being who would confess nothing, and whose joints, dislocated by the rack, had the singular property of healing of their own accord, dismissed him gladly. He escaped to Scotland; slew a Highland laird who presumed to make love to Ellen; saved her from being poisoned by an apothecary, and finally made her miserable by marrying her, and communicating the term of years which he had lived.

Such is the story of the Doomed; but the chief merit of the work lies in the detached scenes of passion, and of feeling which are to be found without much seeking. There are innumerable snatches of natural eloquence; fine bursts of despair; passages of tranquil sorrow and of a calm and gentle grace. We have no notion who the author of this wild work can be. "Let no one, he says, vainly imagine he can ever find me out; if he does, he will assuredly be mistaken. I bear no distinguishing mark about me; and the most cunningly-devised question will obtain no answer whereby suspicion may be confirmed." We bid him farewell, wishing him a story more worthy of his talents when he next chooses to come into the field of fiction.

*Lives of Vasco Nuñez de Balboa and Francisco Pizarro; from the Spanish of Don Manuel José Quintana.* By Mrs. Hodson. Edinburgh, Blackwood.

THE lives of celebrated Spaniards by Quintana, the first of living Spanish poets, is a work which does great honour to modern Spanish literature. The first volume was published in 1807, but the troubles of his country, which began immediately after, and in which he took a conspicuous part, delayed the publication of the second volume till 1830, and this it is which Mrs. Hodson has translated.

The names of Balboa and the elder Pizarro are so intimately connected with the more remarkable events of the conquest of America, that their lives would possess great value, even if the extraordinary character of these bold warriors did not give to such a work the exciting interest of romance. The present translation is very creditable to Mrs. Hodson, although we should not have liked it the less had it been a trifle more literal; the lady is rather apt to cut a knot which she finds difficult to untie. This objection, however, will not be seriously felt by the English reader, and, therefore, we ought perhaps to take leave of the subject; but we must ask—in what uncivilized corner of this round ball of earth does Mrs. Hodson reside,

that she, a woman of taste, literature, and scholarship, is not a reader of the *Athenæum*? Why, a friend lately met with the paper at the one solitary farm on the top of the mountain in the island of Ascension. From the bottom of our hearts we pity the lady, and if she can but procure No. 163, she will perceive that she too has cause for regret; but as we passed Don Telesforo de Trueba himself with only a rap on the knuckles for his translation of *maestro-escuela*, our gallantry will on this occasion only refer to that criticism.

*The Rural Rector; or, a Sketch of Manners, Learning, and Religion in a Country Parish.* 3 vols.

*Biographical Sketches in Cornwall.* By the Rev. R. Polwhele. 3 vols.

London, Nichols & Son.

"J'en suis bien fâché, dit le bon génie; et moi aussi, dit le mourant; il y a quelque chose là dessous que je ne comprends pas: ni moi non plus, dit le pauvre bon génie." When Voltaire penned the above sentences in his tale of 'Le Blanc et le Noir,' he was little thinking of a crazed author or a bewildered critic; nevertheless, this only proves that the housekeeper's maxim concerning lumber, is no less applicable to literary remarks—"keep a thing seven years, and it is sure to be useful." We are in the condition of *le pauvre bon génie*, and if we mistake not, Mr. Polwhele is equally in the state of *le mourant*. But with such a pleiad of books, (save one,) far be it from us to take up space and time in putting forth little jests of our own. In the pages of the 'Rural Rector,' there is such rich store of the wisdom of the ancients, and the wit of moderns, bound together in sheaves by such bands of Latin puns and Greek apophthegms, that we simply offer ourselves as ear-pluckers, or tasters, or gleaners to the reader; and so bid him welcome to a patriarchal feast of parched corn and bread dipped in vinegar.

The Rev. R. Polwhele, as we find from the foot of his frontispiece, entered this state of existence, in the year that George the Third mounted the throne; and judging from his recorded opinions, he is anxious to leave the world in the state that he found it. Fain, indeed, would he go farther back still; might his hand stay the sunbeams on the dial of improvement, it is not ten degrees of retrogression that would satisfy him; he would boldly ask for the nearest return to midnight, compatible with light to work by. "The Elizabethan era" is the latest period of improvement that he considers it safe to tolerate; "Elizabethan" is to him the synonyme of "Millennial;" and "Good Queen Bess," who, had she read his poetry, would not have scrupled breaking his head with her own royal sceptre, is the Fairy Queen of architecture, religion, morals, schools,—and every etcetera comprised in a government and cognisable by the human mind. But the world is a rude carle, neither willing to stand still, nor go back; it will listen to no good advice that does not begin with "forward," or end with "keep moving":—it cares for no cry that does not articulate,

Charge, Chester, charge; on, STANLEY, on;—

wherefore, to shew this reading, writing, questioning, doubting, misbelieving, toward, forward world, the dreadful results of improve-



ment and education, Mr. Polewhele offers in his 'Rural Rector,' the last speech and confession of bigotry in bands. The volumes under this title contain the history of a parish, which, but for assurance that it stands on earth, might be assigned to Jupiter or Saturn; the moon would be too mundane; and, along with the village, might all the inhabitants be transported to another planet, so grotesquely unhuman are their ways and speech, their virtues and their errors. Over this village, yclept Manathon, reigns, not rules, our Rector, Dr. Cyril Atherstane, intended as the beau ideal of a *really* orthodox clergyman; a redeeming light in these latter days of darkness. We append Mr. Polewhele's sketch of this follower of Paul; and if the reader *will* fancy him a descendant of a Jewish High Priest, we cannot help it:—

"With regard to his church duties, and the dignified manner with which he performed them, I cannot have a better place for observing, that our rector's exterior appearance contributed not a little to his respectability. There were, indeed, some (the innovators of the day) of opinion, that his dress was too precisely canonical for a rural residence. It would have suited (they said) a presentation at court, or an Episcopal Visitation; but, for ordinary occasions, they thought his immense wig, (of a compass far exceeding a modern bishop's,) the rose in his clerical hat, the insignia of the graduate, and of the chaplain, in addition to his gown and cassock, had an air too pompous for a country church. It was, likewise, a parade savouring of ostentation, to walk so often and in so stately a manner, from north to south, from west to east; from the vestry to the desk, from the desk to the altar, from the altar to the vestry, from the vestry to the pulpit, from the pulpit to the vestry, from the vestry to the altar!!! • • • Yet no serious and considerate person, who scrutinized the doctor, from the long broad band that depended from his stock, to the diminutive gold buckles of his shoes, could mark him after the first moment without increasing reverence."

It is true, we are told, of "sound judgment"—"sensibility and devotional energy"—also, that whilst he did not like to disturb those on a sick bed, he never failed to inculcate on the convalescent, "the whole duty of man;" but of all these virtues we only hear; we see nothing but that bigoted, yet truckling spirit which in Cromwell's time would have stabled dragoons in St. Paul's; in Charles the Second's reign, would have drunk "confusion to the Roundheads;" in Queen Anne's, would have cried "the Church in Danger," with Sacheverell; would, in the two first Georges, have combined the "Pope, the Devil, and the Pretender;" and which now takes up a lamentation for "the good old times;" that exquisite religion, which, when it obtains, no matter whether in Catholic, Churchman, or Dissenter, lays its foundation in arrogance, and its strong hold in evil speaking. The sum and substance of 'The Rural Rector,' is to paint the enormities which followed the introduction of a Sunday school—Bell school—Lending Library—and above all, Methodist preaching. There is no vice, no contemptible trick, no folly, and no fool-hardyism, that is not attributed to all who decline bowing down before the rector's "large clerical hat;" or his "diminutive gold buckles." If a youth is hanged, he turns out to have been a "Bell Boy"; if a girl is light in her conduct, she is equally sure to have been a "Bell Girl"; if a farmer's daughter neglects her milking—the neglect

arises from "Bellism"; if a crazy demagogue harangues, he is a "Bellite"; sin is no longer the child of Satan, but of Dr. Bell—in short, so virulent is the 'Rural Rector' against the very name, that we wonder he does not use a gong, to avoid that best species of bell, the bell for dinner; to us, he has lost his identity, either as Mr. Polwhele, or as Dr. Atherstane; now, and for evermore, he is, a new canonical version of 'Bell and the Dragon.' Much the same is his ire against the Lancasterian schools, yet fiercer his dragonade against the Methodists: grosser the charges brought against them—and not only against the Methodists, as a sect, but against such of the clergy as may presume to think a little more light and a little more heat necessary in religion, than thinks the wearer of the Manathon canonicals. "Heaven and Earth may pass away;" they are trifles, and the universe can manage without them; "but not one jot or one tittle" of the modes of speech, belief, or practice authorized by Dr. Cyril Atherstane. Not only would he have us believe that the hairs of every "orthodox" head, are numbered, but even the very hairs of their wigs! As to such raffra as Methodistical clergy, or unclerical Methodists, with their sermons, their societies, their wealth, their numbers, and their advocates; Providence, being quite too much engaged in watching the proceedings on the Tithe Bill, has delegated Mr. Polwhele to scatter them as the dust of the earth, to tread them small, and afterwards, with his few like-minded friends, to walk over them in the shoes whereon shine "the diminutive gold buckles." Heaven be praised, the 'Rural Rector' speaks the sentiments but of the minority of his order, a minority fast decreasing;—but it is long since we saw volumes so calculated to arouse "the foul fiend" of indiscriminate hatred, to everything established; to stir up strife amongst brethren; to set at nought efforts to do good;—volumes that would have been so mischievous, if they had not fortunately been so stupid. We append a specimen, at once literary and theological:—

"Morenzi had a wife and seventeen children. His ancient family—his refined education—his taste—and his literature, and above all, his 'purity of heart' (for he had indeed a claim to the beatitude) were universally honoured and esteemed, except with the envious and the malevolent. But to another beatitude he had as just a claim—'blessed are they who mourn.' He was not only 'pure in heart,' but he was poor. His numerous offspring had brought him low. And, in addition to pecuniary embarrassments, he had to contend with untoward tempers, to check evil tendencies, to correct faults, to punish vices. There is nothing so much contributes to domestic comfort, yet nothing is so little heeded as the submission of children to a parent's will. Morenzi suffered severely from the inattention of his children to his wishes. He never laid any injunctions on them imperiously, but mildly expressed his desire that they would do one thing or abstain from another. Yet (with the exception of two or three), they followed their own devices; regardless of their father, and scoffing at their mother. But the alienation of one poor deluded girl from her parents, went most to his heart. Julia had enlisted in a *Tea and Bible Society*!"

Much as we sympathize in the domestic sorrows of the intellectual Morenzi, and much as we regret domestic aberrations, yet, as the whole family are described to be bad, and as

only "one poor deluded girl" joined the "Tea and Bible Society," what, we presume to ask, caused the going astray of her sixteen brothers and sisters? This is not a place wherein to argue concerning sects, societies or doctrines, but it is a place to advocate fair dealing towards *all*; and we must tell Mr. Polwhele that, had he lived when Paul preached at Athens, or Luther denounced the church of Rome, he deceives himself if he thinks he would either have joined the Apostle, or aided the Reformer. To prove that we are not very uncharitable, we give a sentence from his Preface, touching Catholic Emancipation; we blame not the view he takes of that measure, but the *spirit* of the following sentence!—

"After every concession the enemy gained ground. Where there was generosity, he saw timidity. But the law should have taken its course. And if that was not powerful enough, the bayonet should have glittered, (!) and the sabres flashed. (!) They would not have reeked: the rebels would have fled."

Turning from this cool atrocity in the form of an opinion, we now give a specimen of wit from the 'Rural Rector.'

"She turned her humpback upon the Rector; disdaining equally his advice and his pity.

"What!"—cried Mun—  
"By the living jingo! what a fright!  
You great Russian Muscovite."

We are also grateful for an opportunity of quoting from "a Cornish Song," strung together, we are informed, "by a highly-respected friend."—a verse, however, must satisfy our readers' jaws:—

Vel-an-drakka Cracka Codas  
Trasemhall cham Cowmanwhrah,  
Banna Buraulh Brane Bosfrancan,  
Trove Trewhidden Try Trembah.

But we must draw our notice to a rapid close. Much as Dr. Atherstane deprecates conversions, he condescends at last to avail himself of their agency; at the end of the second volume we have the parish of Manathon in every variety of misery and rebellious doing; by the second chapter of the third volume, we find misery and rebellion transmuted into prosperity and obedience: the change is sudden and happy as the one commemorated in the legend of the 'Old Woman and her Pig.' Long did that venerable lady strive with the animal's contumacity, and ineffectually beg assistance from various quarters. At length (as we are told) there was a simultaneous movement in her favour; "the fire began to burn the stick, the stick began to beat the dog, the dog began to bite the pig, the pig began to get over the stile, and so the old woman got home that night." Even thus fares it with the 'Rural Rector' and his Pig, otherwise his parish.

With regard to Mr. Polwhele's 'Biographical Sketches in Cornwall,' they are more honourable to him than his more original work. All the books are most uncouthly printed and got up; but the Sketches, having information and quaint anecdotes, are not without value. Half the profits of both works, Mr. Polwhele dedicates to a charity: to the same charity we dedicate the labour of having read and reviewed them.

*The Adventures of Barney Mahoney.* By T. C. Croker, Esq. London: Fisher & Co.

If it were possible to imagine any process, by which several sketchy tales selected from the *Annals*, could be moulded into one anomalous whole, we should say, that it had



been adopted in the manufacture of this little volume. The original idea of describing the adventures of an Irish servant, "neat as imported," in the world of London, seems to have been early abandoned, and the author chose rather to favour us with some amusing sketches of life and character in the several regions of the remote east, the scarcely explored north, and the fashionable west; Barney Mahoney ceases soon to possess intrinsic importance, and is valuable only as forming the link of connexion between the widely severed squares of Finsbury, Russell, and Grosvenor. The steady integrity and commercial independence of the Stapletons, the ambitious poverty of Lady Livincourt, the husband-hunting of the Temples, the mock gentility of Master and the Misses Jones, the Yorkshire rusticity of the Pearsons, and the whimsicalities of old Barton, are each and all better developed, than the mixture of cunning and simplicity designed to be characteristic of Barney. Indeed, the poor hero is badly treated, for he is the worst drawn and least interesting of all the personages in the tale; though we doubt not that, in the original sketch in the author's mind, he was the most prominent and the best designed.

The sketches of character in this little work, differ very much, both in style and merit; but, generally speaking, they all show great knowledge of human nature, in its artificial state, as displayed in the metropolis. The character of Mr. James Jones is manifestly drawn from the life; we could almost swear to having met the original of this portrait:—

"Mr. James Jones 'held a situation' in one of the public offices. Blundering, common-place persons, would have styled him a clerk therein; but, to destroy all notion of this kind, it was declared by himself and sisters, that he occupied the more high sounding, because less understood post, of 'Reader.' His duties were asserted to be paramount to the duties of those employed in the more menial capacity of quill driving; requiring great powers of mind, and unusual exertion of thought. The creature, too, aimed at being considered literary; and accounted for having never 'put out a book' under his own name, on the plea, that, 'Whatever he wrote must be for the government.' Mr. James Jones was, in point of fact, a mere plodding piece of machinery, and made a far better clerk than he would have done a tradesman; and his longer headed father probably foresaw, that his abilities were not adapted to the mercantile profession, and wisely placed him at one of those never varying, mechanical desks, where perseverance and industry were the only talents required. It is ordained, however, that our self-love creates for itself gratification in the very circumstances least creditable to us; and thus it was, that Mr. James Jones felt a comforting consciousness of his employment being by many degrees more genteel than those of his money-making brothers.

"Accident had thrown him amongst a few literary men; and having no wife, nor family, to engross his leisure time, he grasped at the cultivation of their society, as a means of filling up the vacuum of his evening hours. Having, somehow or other, (most probably from the contraction of his ideas,) formed a wonderful notion of the glory of authorship in general, he naturally concluded, that the next best thing to proving himself a literary man, was, to be as much as possible seen in the company of those unquestionably so considered. He might, perhaps, carry his hopes so far, as to expect a little

of their learning would be transferrable by means of friction, and lost no opportunity of seizing a real living professed author by the button, if the slightest introduction had made such a proceeding at all warrantable."

On the whole, this is a light pleasant book, which no one can take up, without being induced to read through, before laying it down.

*The Messiah; a Poem, in Six Books.* By Robert Montgomery. London, 1832. Turill.

SOME critics have seen only the beauties, others only the blemishes of Robert Montgomery. This was action and reaction—ridicule was consequent on extravagant praise—and that it was fierce and bitter, was not to be wondered at, seeing how the young poet was flattered, and with what self-complacency he bore up under a load of panegyric, that would have borne a humbler man to the earth. He is grown older and wiser—is content in his preface to forget the past: let us therefore hope that it will be forgotten by others.

Montgomery's chief excellence is a free and flowing melody of verse, and an ardent enthusiasm of language; his chief demerit, is a want of simplicity—a turbid splendour of language, through which the sentiments show like shadows in a troubled stream. We are inclined, too, to set down as a fault, his desire to measure himself with the demigods of song, by a selection of the most magnificent subjects: 'The Omnipresence of the Deity,' 'Satan,' and 'The Messiah,' are all themes for which few have holiness enough or genius sufficient—they are of the very highest order, and demand an inspiration such as no one has shown since the days of Milton. His audacity of choice, and his desire to

Ride on the volleyed lightning through the heavens,  
Or, yoked with whirlwinds and the northern blast,  
Sweep the long tract of day,

are manifest enough, but his wings are unequal to such flights, and we think he would act not unwisely in selecting for his muse less lofty topics. Besides all this, in matters which concern men's redemption, we are disposed to confide in Scripture without gloss or comment; nor are we willing to believe that it can either be improved by man's ingenuity, or brightened by his genius. We have accepted the story of Christ's life, as one of the sternest of all settled truths; and we know that no one can tell us more than has already been written by the Apostles, or revealed by God. In short, it is a matter which cannot be exalted by imagination, nor rendered more hallowed by the most consummate genius: and we wish it to be let alone in the glory of its simplicity. It has, however, been the pleasure of the poet to select this theme, and we must proceed to see how he has acquitted himself.

'The Messiah' of Robert Montgomery, may be called a blank verse chronicle of Christ, in which the crimes and atrocities which rendered his coming needful, are set fully forth, together with the characters of the chief prophets who preceded his appearance; but the poet chiefly lays out his strength in delineating the meek spirit, the god-like humility, the remarkable endurances, and final atonement of the Saviour; and it cannot be denied, that he has retained the sentiments,

and caught on many occasions the spirit of the older days. There are many tender passages; many scriptural pictures; many domestic images and skilful groupings of circumstances and events. But what we seek for and seldom find, is that austere simplicity which clothes all sentiments in language, clear, graphic, and precise; the fire of Robert Montgomery is accompanied by too much smoke; he will not allow the current of his verse to flow naturally onward; he smothers his sentiments in a colossal magnificence of diction, and hangs so many flowery garlands upon the plain narrative of the New Testament, that we are sometimes at a loss to know the sentiments which the Apostles wrote. We wish the poet would but look at the second Poem of Homer—at the Book of Job—the Prophecies of Isaiah—the Paradise Lost or Regained of Milton—nay, the 'Taak' of Cowper, and learn that the simplest language is ever the most poetic and effective.

The passages which please us most in this poem, are those which may be called episcodical; what he has seen with his own eyes, the poet portrays clearly enough. The following description of a church-yard, is graphic and poetical:—

There is a haunt, whose quietude of scene  
Accordeth well with hours of solemn hue,—  
A churchyard, buried in a beauteous vale,  
Besprinkled o'er with green and countless graves,  
And mossy tombs of unambitious pomp  
Decaying into dust again. No step  
Of mirth, no laughter of unfeeling life  
Amid the calm of death, that spot profanes;  
The skies o'erarch it with sereneest love:  
The winds, when visiting the dark-bough'd elms,  
An airy anthem sing; and birds and bees,  
That in their innocence of summer joy,  
Exult and carol with commingling glee,  
But add to Solitude the lull of sound;  
There is an ocean,—but his unheard waves  
By noon entranced, in dreaming slumber lie;  
Or when the passion of a loud-wing'd gale  
Hath kindled them with sound, the stormy tone  
Of waters, mellow'd into music, dies,  
Like that which echoes from the world afar,  
Or lingers round the path of perish'd years!

There is much that is sweet and touching in the picture of an unbeliever, misled for a time by fancy and by doubt:—

In vain the witchery of words would tell,  
How deeply with the universe he shared,  
To all of which he seem'd enlink'd by love.—  
The hues and harmonies of blended things  
Were beauty to the magic of his mind:  
And all the thousand wheels of moving life  
Made intellectual melodies, that roll'd  
For ever to the charming of his soul!  
Such warm imaginings, where'er he came,  
A glittering falseness on the true and stern  
Suffused; and through the light of feeling shone  
The scene of Earth, and countenance of Heaven.—  
The young enchantment of angelic spring  
Flow'd in his veins, voluptuously deep.  
The gentle being of a flower was dear  
To him, nor would he tread its life away;  
Nor wander in the soundless gloom of dell  
Or grove, without a sympathetic hush.  
And oh! to view him when the star-crown'd night  
Serened the ruffled world, and from her throne  
The lustrous moon on tree and temple pour'd  
The pallid radiance of her peaceful smile,—  
In the full worship of his soul he seem'd  
Dissolving in the loveliness around!

We have seen the sabbath-day better described than we have it in 'The Messiah'; still we like it as Montgomery looks at it:—

But ah! that day of spiritual delight,  
Revered of old, and by our fathers blest,—  
The Sabbath! England, is thy halcyon morn  
Of holiness, when Heaven remembers thee  
With more pervading love, and sheds abroad  
A balm that beautifies the face of things:  
Redemption brought the day; and long may sounds,  
From steeple towers of venerable gloom,  
Or ministers brown that deck the hawthorn vales,  
Of Sabbath music, on the breezy wings  
Of matin rise, and soft emotions crown  
The soul that listens to their tender chime.—

And thus, while unpolluted altars stand  
O'er time secure, and Christian ardour keep  
The virtues of our glorious land alive,—  
Jehovah! still for us Thine arm will rule;  
And Ocean, faithful to his island-born,  
Preserve the clime whose sceptre bows to Thee!

We must draw the reader's attention to sterner scenes than these, because many of the author's admirers think his strength lies that way: we are of a different opinion; still, we will not deny the beauty and force of some of the lines of the following passage, which introduces John the Baptist:—

Beside the waters of th' unliving sea,  
Where buried cities left their ghastly wreck  
In tomb-like waste, the prophet chanced to muse,  
And dream of dark Gomorrah, and the loud  
Despair of millions, when the thunder knell'd,  
And rapidly a burning deluge came!—  
An airy stillness, solitude sublime  
Was there; no bird upon enchanted wing,  
No murmur, but the reedy moan of banks  
(Of sickly herbage; or, the creeping sound  
Of Jordan, dragging his sepulchral way:  
Sea, sky, and air, in one unearthly calm  
Reposed! In such a scene of lifeless gloom,  
While mused the Baptist on the guilt of Man,  
Of inspiration on his spirit came!  
He felt the God! and, fill'd with sacred fire,  
To Jordan hasten'd;—soon the region round  
"Repent ye!" heard each hill and vale repeat.  
Where ran the holiest of holy streams  
That wind and glitter through green Palestine,  
His cry awoke; from hence a warning rung,  
How terribly! before it, passions fled  
Like waves before the wind! from Judah's realm  
To Alexandria's clime, his solemn threat  
Was echoed, till around the Baptist throng'd  
All sects and nations, to repent and live,  
By lav'ng waters of baptismal power.  
There stood the Sadducee! with eye unscared,  
To see the darkness of the grave illum'd  
By words immortal; there, the glozing tribe  
Of Pharisees, with frighted soul appal'd,  
For mercy! cowering as the prophet cried,  
"Ye vipers! who hath warn'd you from the wrath  
To come!—Repentance! let thy fruits appear;  
The axe is laid, and every fruitless tree  
Shall wither!—lo! the fire of vengeance falls!"

We not unwillingly make room for the poet's reflections on the Crucifixion—they have the faults and beauties which we have ascribed to the whole work:—

A tragedy which made the sun expire,  
And earth to throb, is ended! and the night  
O'er Palestine her dewy wings unfolds:  
On Calvary the solemn moonbeams lie  
All chill and lovely, like the tranced smiles  
Which light the features, when the pangs of death  
Have ceased to flutter, and the face is still.  
The stars are trooping, and the wintry air  
Is mellow'd with a soft mysterious glow  
Caught from their beauty: not a vapour mares  
The stainless welkin, where the moon aloft  
One blue immensity of sky commands,—  
Save where the fringe of some minutest cloud  
Hangs like an eyelid on a brilliant orb,  
Then withers, in pervading lustre lost.  
Few hours have fled, and yon trampled hill  
Was shaken with a multitude, who foam'd  
And raged beneath the agonizing God!  
But Nature bath her calm resumed; and Night,  
As if to spread oblivion o'er the day  
And give Creation a sabbatic rest,  
In balm and beauty on the world descends!  
The crowds have vanish'd, like the waves that die  
And leave a shore to quietude again:  
Some in their dreams, perchance, the day renew,—  
The darkness, earthquake, and that loud Farewell!  
But thou! upon a kingly couch reposed,  
The judge of Jesus, could thy soul conceive  
That, long as time's recorded truths endure,  
Thy name, united to this awful day,  
Would live,—when all the Cæsars are forgot!

We have said our worst, and we have said our best of Robert Montgomery. We foresee that his poem will be much abused, and much praised, and that harsh things will be uttered, perhaps respecting himself. We are of those who have always perceived in him a fair portion of poetic power: we expected, as time matured his taste, that he would sober down his mistempered style into something more simple and graceful; and we are willing to persuade ourselves, that this desirable reformation is visible in parts of 'The Messiah.' We have heard that

he is preparing himself for the church: if this be so, on many heads less inspired, have ordaining hands been laid; and we think that both the talents and conduct of Robert Montgomery merit the notice of those who are anxious to bestow pulpits on the worthy.

*Mémoires de Madame la Duchesse d'Abrantès.* Vols. V. & VI.

[Second Notice.]

Our next extracts relate to Robert, the celebrated painter, who, being at Rome as a pupil of the French Academy, was near perishing in the catacombs of St. Sebastian. He had gone thither to study the frescoes, and lost the ball of thread which served to guide him through the maze of these enormous vaults.

*Robert in the Catacombs.*

"Robert was a kind and excellent man. He was a man of intellect—he had seen much, retained a great deal, had a very correct judgment, and his conversation was delightful. How cold and colourless is his adventure in the catacombs, as related by Delille, when compared with the rapid and animated narrative which he himself made at my fire-side in his seventy-ninth year. It inspired, no doubt, some very fine verses in Delille's poem; but how cold is this poetry—how devoid of true soul-exciting interest those expressions, by the side of the simple narrative of the real danger they were intended to describe!—whilst the words of this interesting old man, feeble and infirm by the pressure of fourscore years, placed vividly before your eyes the ardent youth of twenty, consigned alive to the tomb, and, in the horror of a lingering death, dragging his weary and exhausted limbs over those stones which he came to depict! How eloquent was he, when speaking of that prospect of fame, which the mind of an artist can open to his own fascinated imagination; when describing the first hours of his labour in those melancholy vaults, by the hazy and lurid light of a solitary torch, with his bright prospects before him as he then saw them, vast, luminous, and in beauty incomparably beyond all he had ever before imagined! And then a curtain of lead hid the whole from his view!..... He had dreams of heaven; and he found himself in the thralldom of death! To his most delightful thoughts, succeeded the recollections of his mother, whom he was never more to behold!—of his country! Then came physical pain, with nature's powerful voice. He was hungry—he thirsted—he suffered the most cruel tortures. But what expressions could describe the madness of his joy, when, placing his hand upon a heap of human bones, whose chill froze him more than the coldest marble—for were not his own soon to be added to the heap?—his fingers encountered the protecting ball of thread! This could be expressed only in his own words, uttered by himself. In mentioning the circumstance here, I merely describe my recollection of the feelings his story inspired."

*Robert on the Dome of St. Peter's at Rome.*

"Robert was one day at St. Peter's. The hour of divine service was past, and he was almost alone. The silent and religious quiet of this vast edifice, was interrupted only by the footsteps of a few casual visitors. Robert cast on all sides his look of ardent enthusiasm, in search of new wonders. On a sudden, he saw a rope descend from the opening at the top of the grand cupola; a workman having approached, fastened to it a bucket of water, and it again ascended. The roof was out of repair, and some masons were at work upon it. This gave him the idea of ascending to the cupola.

"'I was curious,' said he, 'to examine as closely as possible the injury done to this colossus of modern architecture, which, shooting up towards heaven, seems contemptuously to say to the ruined monuments around it, *I am eternal.* Its pride seemed to me much lowered. That rope, that bucket, and that solitary workman, struck me as contemptible.'

"He ascended the dome. On his arrival at the summit, he was struck with admiration and wonder at the magnificent prospect before him. It was a splendid and living panorama, lighted by sunbeams, so different from those of every other country, covering nature with a bright and glorious veil of beautiful colours, which floats over the buildings, trees, and land of Italy alone. He then looked more nearly around him, and perceived a few workmen repairing some slight damage done to the roof of the dome. To obtain water with greater ease, they had placed across the opening of the cupola two long planks tied together; over them a rope was thrown, which descended into the church. These planks might be two feet and a half in width, and as the apparatus was intended merely to support a bucket of water, no one cared whether it would or would not bear a greater weight.

"Looking on these things with the eyes of a young man of twenty, with eyes that see danger only to brave and laugh at it, Robert began to think that it must be a singular sight to behold St. Peter's from top to bottom, the reverse of the manner in which every thing that has *base* and *summit* is generally seen—namely, from bottom to top. This idea soon took such possession of his mind, that he must needs satisfy it. Never once calculating whether the plank across this opening, which was three hundred feet from the ground, was strong enough to bear his weight, he placed one foot upon it, then the other, and behold him upon this dangerous bridge, without any possibility of turning back!

"When, for the first time he told me this story, the instant I saw him upon the plank, suspended, as it were, between heaven and the hard marble floor, upon which he might be dashed to atoms, I was seized with a giddiness such as he might himself be expected to have felt when in this critical situation. We surrounded him closely, eager to catch every word he uttered, and following him step by step across this dangerous bridge.

"'Scarcely had I performed a third of my journey,' said he, 'when, eager to enjoy the spectacle I sought, I cast my eyes below! At the same instant, a hissing sound whizzed through my ears, my head became covered with a veil of darkness, succeeded by one of fire,—I was seized, in short, with the most horrible vertigo. Fortunately, I had presence of mind immediately to shut my eyes and stand still. I cannot express to you what I felt at this moment, when I heard voices close to my ears, uttering in whispers the most dreadful blasphemies! It was the workmen! I opened my eyes to continue my perilous journey, for I felt that if I remained a minute longer in this situation, I should die even without falling.'

"He was advancing with a firm step upon that narrow plank, when he felt the wood crack under him! He was then in the middle of the plank, and the weight of his body, so much greater than that of the water-bucket, must necessarily break the bridge, and he be precipitated to the bottom.

"'Ah!' said a lad, who heard the wood crack, 'the plank is rotten! The unhappy man will f—!'

"He did not pronounce the word; for the head workman placed his hand upon the lad's mouth.

"When Robert reached the other side, and saw the plank, the abyss, and death behind him,

he fell upon his knees and poured forth his humble thanksgivings to Almighty God for his delivery from danger.

"Ah! my friends," said he to the workmen, with a smile of ineffable joy and his eyes swimming in tears, 'how happy I am!'

"But instead of sharing his delight, the workmen seized and beat him furiously.

"Cursed Frenchman! rascal! scoundrel!" howled the chorus of masons, 'villain, how you frightened us!'

There can be few of our readers, who have not heard of Clairon, the celebrated actress. The amiable Duchess introduces us personally to her, though at a very advanced age.

#### *Visit to Mademoiselle Clairon.*

"We at length reached Issy, and stopped at the gate of a house, whose dilapidated and deserted state surprised me. I could not comprehend, how an elderly person, and a female too, could live in such a place. The servant who attended us, rang a long time, before he could make himself heard, except by seven or eight of the canine species, who barked treble, counter, tenor, and bass. After some time, an old woman opened the gate. The style of her dress astonished me—I thought I was in a dream. It was a fantastic mixture of the fashions of the two last centuries. On seeing M. Brunetière, the old *femme de chambre*, for such was her office, as indicated by her apron of festooned muslin, with knots of ribbon at the pockets, uttered a cry of joy.

"Ah! how happy will Mademoiselle be! You are come at last! And this is Miss Alexandrine, is it not? Oh! how she resembles you! Dear young lady, you have such a worthy papa!—And now, that we have no fruit to offer to this dear young lady!"

"During this speech, M. Brunetière had helped me out of the cabriolet; we crossed the court-yard, and were at length ushered into the presence of the lady of the house.

"The latter was a very old woman, in spite of the title of Mademoiselle, bestowed upon her. Of a noble stature in her youth, age had not deprived her of any portion of it. Her hair, quite white, but without powder, was, after the manner of the Greeks, turned-up and fastened behind, and so parted in front as to uncover a forehead of admirable form, and display eyebrows, whose motions accompanied those of a calm yet animated eye. The dress of this lady, whose appearance awed me at first, was as extraordinary as that of her waiting-maid. Though the weather was warm, she wore a muslin mantle—not upon her shoulders, as others wore them, but round her body, like the ancients. She had on an upper gown, shorter than the other, and evidently made to be worn with a tunic. This robe was white, as was also the under one, and embroidered with a garland of laurel. The singular being I have described, who seemed to me so different from every woman I had before seen, and yet attracted me in spite of myself, was seated in a large arm-chair, with her feet upon a bear's skin, and a table covered with books, before her. A marble bust of Voltaire, of the greatest beauty, and a portrait of Lekain, were directly in front of her; whilst several other busts and portraits were placed against a wall, scarcely covered with paper of the commonest kind, and which the damp had caused to fall off in strips. The miserable state of the house appeared, perhaps, more strongly marked in this apartment, because it surrounded by its desolation, an elderly female, whose appearance indicated that she had been accustomed to enjoy the elegancies of life.

"On perceiving M. Brunetière, she frowned, drew in her lips by a movement which I have only seen in her, and exclaimed,

"So, Sir, you are come at last; and why did

not your ambassador come also? He would have been able to judge in person of the elegant asylum left to Idame, Electra and Semiramis!" And raising one of her arms in a theatrical manner, she pointed to a part of the ceiling, through which the rain could penetrate into the room we were in, although situated on the ground-floor.

"What!" continued she, with an accent I cannot describe, 'What! can the Baron de Staël thus violate his word, his pledged faith? Why, Sir, do not you, who know his engagements with me, oblige him to keep them?'

"I listened, and looked with astonishment at this woman, so singular in her speech and dress, and yet, who did not create in me the least desire to laugh; I even felt much pain at her complaints. M. Brunetière, who was not to blame in this affair, advanced towards her with a degree of respect, that seemed to mollify her, and naming me, said—

"Her mother was a Comnenos."

"The old lady tried to rise, but it was impossible.

"Mademoiselle," said she, 'I well knew your uncle and your father; they did me the honour to come and see me sometimes. I am delighted at receiving the same attention from you. Will you permit me?'

"And taking my hand, she kissed me on the forehead with a degree of solemnity that made M. Brunetière smile. I was dying with impatience to know the name of a person who inspired me with a sort of respect, amid the ruins of ages gone by. I looked at my guardian, who at last took pity upon me.

"You perceive," said he, pointing to the bust of Voltaire, and the portrait of Lekain, 'that Mademoiselle Clairon is surrounded by choice spirits, worthy of her and her reputation.'

"But I looked not at the direction of his hand. My eyes were riveted on the extraordinary person, whose name I now knew. Mademoiselle Clairon! so famous, so admirable in the characters of Electra, Aménaiide, Idame, and Semiramis; that woman sung by Voltaire, and praised by all Europe;—I saw her before me, almost an octogenarian, in a state bordering upon poverty. I looked at her, and my look perhaps betrayed my thoughts; for, taking my hand with the only one she could use—the other was palsied—she said—

"Yes, dear young lady, it is Clairon whom you behold. I am that actress, whom Voltaire thanked for the success of his pieces, and whom all Europe came to hear declaim the verses of that immortal genius.' And she bowed to the bust of her poet.

"My country has been grateful and liberal, in praises," added she, smiling bitterly; 'it has bestowed chaplets upon me.' And her hand was again directed towards the bust of Voltaire. I then perceived, for the first time, that it was surrounded with wreaths of foliage, many papers, and other objects, which Mademoiselle Clairon had, no doubt, received, during her long dramatic career.

"My guardian, perceiving how much this once celebrated lady interested me, begged her to recite a few verses of one of her favourite parts. She became thoughtful an instant, and then began the beautiful soliloquy of Electra, the whole of which she gave us, with the most remarkable power and talent. I know not if we could find anything so perfect now-a-days." \* \* \*

I was delighted with her, and determined often to accompany my guardian to Issy.

"She was fond of conversation, and talked well. Her language was classically pure. She expressed great contempt for what was new. She told us, that there was a little fellow called *Talma*, who had audaciously given out that he was a pupil of hers. 'I know not,' said she,

'how he acts, but no matter. I have begged that miserable successor of Fréron, who suffers not the dead to repose in peace, any more than the living, to put into his paper, that I never gave M. Talma any lessons.'

"But, he has great talents," I observed very timidly, for I was awed by her *royal air*.

"Oh! I do not contest that point," she politely replied, but with an accent which means—I do not believe you.

"On taking leave of Mademoiselle Clairon, I asked permission to visit her again, which she granted in the most gracious manner."

#### *The Village Poor-house. By a Country Curate. London: Smith & Elder.*

THIS is a little pithy, graphic, and sarcastic volume; the curate is a stern painter, and has, in the course of some fifty pages, taken a few Hogarth-like sittings of the parish poor, the parochial authorities, and the resident and non-resident dignities of the church. We know not what his sermons are like, but we pray to be delivered from the censure of his songs. There is no little vigour, and too much truth in the contrast, which the following passage affords:—

Within yon paper-window'd room,  
A group in sadness and in gloom  
Is sitting,—and, though no one speaks,  
Look only on their eyes and cheeks!  
It needs no language to express  
Their tale of misery and distress;—  
The Village Poor-house—paupers they—  
Men—young, and sinewy, and strong,  
Condemn'd to see, day after day,  
Their moments creep along  
In sloth—for they have nought to do,  
And—start ye not—in *hunger*, too!  
Yes! hunger, gnawing like a worm,  
Yet armed with more than reptile fangs,  
Wearing away the manly form,  
While scarce tobacco soothes its pangs.  
And women—young,—they might be fair,  
Save that the blackness of despair  
Is shed o'er every feature there,—  
And gives to lips that might have smil'd  
A curl of desperation wild,—  
To eyes that might have beamed, a look  
Which virtue cannot wear nor brook!  
Such are they in that chamber dim,  
Silent, and desolate, and grim.  
There's a wit at the Parson's board to-day,  
How fast he speaks, and the party bow gay!  
The gentlemen roar—at a college joke,  
The ladies blush—at an equivocal  
And ever as livelier leaps the champagne,  
Still merrier grows the fester's strain.  
Ha! Ha!—how his puns would fall flat and dead  
If his auditors' souls were faint for bread!  
How shudderingly from his quips they'd start,  
If hunger and thirst were gnawing the heart!  
Music!—a lady's jewell'd finger  
Fondly seems to love to linger  
O'er the harp's enamour'd string  
Ere she opens her lip to sing  
Roses—posies—bliss, and kiss.  
Every hand is raised in praise  
Of the sentimental lays,  
And tears, aye, tears,—are seen to pour  
O'er the mock miseries of Moore!

The song of the curate has many such pictures; the lines we are about to quote, are not too good for a dean:—

'Tis sweet, on such a balmy morn,  
To hear the village church bells borne  
Merrily swinging o'er moor and vale,—  
I'll lay you any wager  
'Tis a wedding!—Done! done! for a flaggon of ale!  
Aye,—there goes the triple Bob-Major,  
Jingling merrily far and near,  
And enlivening all the people.  
Three crows disturb'd, spread out their black wings,  
On which the bright sunshine a glory flings,  
And ever as gaily the wedding peal rings,  
They hover around the steeple  
Ca! ca! high up in the middle air;  
I marvel, if that be a curse or a prayer.  
Well, I declare! 'tis a beautiful sight—  
Six pretty maidens dress'd trimly in white,  
And see, all stiffen'd with velvet and silk,  
The Bride, in a bonnet as spotless as milk,  
Louder and louder, the bells ring out,  
And a crowd has collected all round about,  
And off in four gigs sweeps the cavalcade—  
The Butler has wedded the Lady's-Maid.

The Butler has two score and ten pounds a year,  
The key of the cellar and cock of the beer,  
A hard-working man you may solemnly swear,  
For he stands every day at his master's chair,  
And, after such labour, how hard is his fate,  
He must lock up the bottles and count the plate;  
Ah! truth to say, he's the worst used of men,  
His pounds should be double of two score and ten.

The Lady's-Maid! she's to be pished too,  
She has twenty pounds, and so much to do,  
To curl up her mistress's hair night and morning—  
It leaves so little time for her own adorning—  
And just when dear Jenkins is saying sweet things,  
To be off in the midst, if her lady's bell rings—  
In short, she's surrounded with toils and woes,  
And wears all her mistress's cast-off clothes.

Besides tinging her cheek with rouges and plaster,  
And listening nonsensical tales from her master;—  
With labour and cares her position abounds,  
And all for a trifle of twenty pounds!  
Rumour asserts,—but then Rumour's a liar,—  
That the Butler's first-born will resemble the Squire.  
Come! let us off to the sign of the Plail,  
You have fairly lost me a flaggon of ale.

The rich and the titled would do well to  
look at the passage with which we must  
conclude; it contains a true unvarnished  
picture of human wretchedness, drawn by  
the hand of one who knows humble life and  
high:—

With spade on shoulder, toil-bespent,  
A workman crosses o'er the stile,—  
Within his eye ye read content,  
And happiness in every smile.  
Hark! is he singing?—No such thing,  
His heart is much too full to sing.  
Is he weary?—thirsty?—cold?  
All day long, since morning's peep,  
He's been ditching in the mould,  
In mud and water ankle deep.  
Home that happy man's returning—  
Doubtless there's a bright fire burning;  
Thirsty from his toil severe—  
Doubtless there's some home-brew'd beer.  
Happy man! how blest is he!  
How much more happy than the bee!  
A fire!—No wood has he to burn—  
No tankard foams at his return:  
Off to his pallet let him creep,  
And sink reality in sleep.  
But, ere to slumber he is past,  
What's the sound that meets him last?  
Is it children's gentle voices?  
(To father's ear most blest of noises,  
Children laughing loud and long,  
Or bursting into joyful song!  
Laughing they are not—nor singing,  
Yet their voices loud are ringing;  
They have gathered round his bed,  
They have been but scantily fed,—  
They are asking him for bread.  
Oh lullaby, supremely blest!  
What dreams must beautify his rest!

There's a mountain of beef, and a river of ale,  
And a fiddle is sounding all over the vale;  
Oh! what a beautiful vision to see,  
For the man is as hungry as hungry can be;  
He has cut a huge slice from the mountain's fat side,  
He has dip't a huge bowl in the river's brown tide,  
He has opened his mouth, he has munched a grace,  
When a crowd rushes in, and he's push'd from his place!

The mountain's devoured by a grim tax receiver,  
A pot-bellied parson drinks up all the river;  
A gaunt overseer clutches hold of his slice,  
And empties his brown brimming bowl in a trice,—  
And, presto! begone! for the mountain and stream,  
And the fiddle's gay notes, disappear from his dream.

There is something of an original air about these scenes, and others with which this small volume abounds, which shows they come from one who has studied the subject. The reckless glee, and devil-may-care sort of complexion, which some of the pages exhibit, would half persuade us that the author is of the laity; on closer inspection, however, we are disposed to believe that he assumed this costume, for the sake of making a stronger impression, and arresting the notice of the careless. Be that as it may, there is much talent in the poem, and we hope that it will attract the attention of "the first in talents, first in honour, and first in the hearts of his countrymen—Lord Brougham," to whom it is addressed.

### *Lights and Shadows of American Life.*

Edited by Mary Russell Mitford. 3 vols.  
London. Colburn & Bentley.

"It is a fact," says Sir Walter, in the introduction to the new edition of the 'Betrothed,' "that publishers and authors, however much their general interests are the same, may be said to differ so far as title-pages are concerned; and it is a secret of the tale-telling art, if it could be termed a secret worth knowing, that a taking title, as it is called, best answers the purpose of the bookseller, since it often goes far to cover his risk, and sells an edition, not unfrequently, before the public have well seen it." This secret, a secret no longer, will explain the title given to this work, which is a selection from native American Tales, two collections of which Miss Mitford has already published—the lady herself contributing nothing but her name, and a preface of three pages. We mention this that our readers may understand clearly the nature of the work—not disparagingly, for, to us, American tales have great interest, and from them may be gained a better insight into the manners, customs, and feelings of the people, than from all the volumes of travels that were ever written. Of the general merit of this selection we are hardly competent to offer an opinion—many of the pieces we were before acquainted with—two, indeed, are from the 'Tales of the North-west,' reviewed a short time since in this paper—the work is of varied interest and character, but we greatly prefer such tales as are local, graphic, and strong in American feelings. For this reason we shall make our present extracts from a very clever story—'The Young Backwoodsman,' in which the removal of a clergyman's family from New England to the Mississippi—with the first difficulties of location, and all the anxious thoughts and hopes of the settlers, are pictured with great truth and power—the following is a clever sketch of

#### *Settlers on their March.*

"I need not describe the departure of this family from their New England home. . . . Many tears were shed upon all sides. Mr. Mason himself found it was a different thing from his imaginings to break away from such a place, where he had so long identified his feelings with the joys and sorrows of the people. . . . His fair and loved wife, pale, shrinking, and in tears, kissed her mother. The children kissed their schoolmates. Old people said, 'Good by, Mr. Mason; pray for us; we shall never see you again.' The children, their eyes red and swollen with weeping, were packed, along with Mrs. Mason and the bulky baggage, into a two-horse waggon. Young George sat in front as driver. Amidst suppressed weeping, and almost inaudible farewells, with his hat drawn over his eyes, George started his team. The family dog saw that matters went wrong, and whined piteously, as he followed the lingering steps of his master, who walked behind the waggon, to indulge in the sad luxury of the last look at his church-spire, glittering in the sun-beams of a bright morning in autumn.

"I trust there are few readers who cannot fill out the picture of the feelings, trials, and accidents, of such a family, in their journey to the western hills. They can imagine how often the horses were knocked up, the harness broke, and the carriage escaped upsetting. They can imagine, how often the children cried with

fatigue and sleepiness at night; and how fresh, alert, and gay, they were, when setting out, after a full breakfast, on a bright sunny morning; how often they were brought in contact with rough and unfeeling people; how often, in their tavern bills, and bills for repairs, they dealt with harpies, eager to wrest from them a portion of their scanty pittance. But, if they met with many painful occurrences on this long route, there were many pleasant ones too. If the gullied road or the rain-washed precipices rendered the way almost impassable to their waggon, in other places they found many miles in succession of pleasant travelling. On the whole, there were many more fair days than stormy ones. George proved himself, for a boy of his years, a firm and admirable driver. While he was whistling on the front of the waggon, and cheering his horses, and the children were asleep among the baggage, the husband and wife walked many a pleasant mile, seating themselves occasionally for rest on the breezy side of a hill or mountain, and tracing back, as on a map, the dusty road, the river, villages, spires, mansions, and groves, which they had passed. Nor will the feeling and experienced traveller in this emigrating march fail to add to the picture, the dog, reposing at their feet, whenever they rested."

The husband sinks under the laborious duties of his new situation, and the following is an affecting picture of

#### *A Funeral in the Mississippi Forest.*

"There was no white person at that time within thirty miles, who was accustomed to perform the usual religious duties on that occasion. This circumstance was stated to Mrs. Mason. It aroused her feelings from the stupefaction of her distress to think that the remains of her dear husband, who had so many hundred times uttered the voice of prayer over the lifeless bodies of others, should be carried to his long home without prayer. Pompey, a converted methodist slave of Mr. Garvin's, was in the habit of preaching to the negroes, and of praying at their funerals. Mrs. Mason very properly preferred that he should perform the funeral solemnities of her husband, rather than have none on the occasion. Through a pardonable relic of former passions, and the feelings which had been nurtured in another country and another order of things, Mrs. Mason chose that the body of her deceased husband should be placed in the coffin, robed in the gown and bands, the insignia of his former office and standing.

"I should be glad to give the reader as distinct an image as I have myself of this rustic funeral in the Mississippi forest. I see the two solitary cabins standing in the midst of the corn, which overtopped the smaller cabin. I see the high and zig-zag fence, ten rails high, that surrounds the field, and the hewn puncheon steps in the form of crosses, by which the people crossed over the fence into the enclosure; the smooth and beaten foot-path amidst the weeds, that leads through the corn-field to the cabins. I see the dead trees throwing aloft their naked stems from amidst the corn. I mark the square and compact enclosure of the deep green forest, which limits the prospect to the summits of the corn-stalks, the forest, and the sky. A path is cut through the corn a few feet wide to a huge sycamore, left in its full verdure in one corner of the field, where Mr. Mason used to repose with George when he was weary, and where he had expressed a wish, during his sickness, that he might be buried. Under that tree is the open grave. Before the door of the cabin, and shaded by the western slope of the sun behind it, is the unpainted coffin, wanting the covering plank. In it is the lifeless form of the pastor, the cheek blanched to the colour of the bands about the neck, and contrasting so strongly with

the full and flowing black silk robe, in which, in the far country of his birth, he had been accustomed to go up to the house of the Lord. I see the white mothers, their children, and a considerable number of blacks, who had been permitted to attend the funeral, in consideration of the service which was to be performed by one of their number. I see the tall and swarthy planters, with the sternness and authority of the rude despotism which they exercise over their slaves, and their conscious feeling of their standing and importance impressed upon their countenances. I see the pale faces of the little group of mourners, struggling hard with nature against lamentation and tears. They could not have, and they needed not, the expensive and sable trappings, which fashion has required for the show of grief. Their faded weeds and their mended dresses were in perfect keeping with the utter despondency in their countenances, and their forlorn and desolate prospects.

"The assembled group was summoned to prayer. The black, who officiated, was dressed, by the contributions of his fellow-servants of the whole settlement, in a garb as nearly like that of the methodist ministers, who were in the habit of preaching in the settlement, as the case would admit. The position was to him one of novelty and awe. His honest and simple heart was affected with the extreme distress of the mourners, and the trying position in which he was placed. He began at first in awkward and unsuccessful attempts to imitate the language and manner of educated ministers. He soon felt the hopelessness of the effort; and poured out the earnest, simple, and spontaneous, effusions of real prayer, in the tones of the heart, and in language not less impressive from being uttered in the dialect of a negro. He dissolved into tears from his own earnestness; and, while the honest and sable faces of his fellow-servants were bathed in tears, the contagion of sympathy extended through the audience, producing a general burst of grief. I should despair of being able at all to catch the living peculiarities and dialect of the discourse, or exhortation, which followed.

"The poor earnest slave poured forth from the fullness of his heart all the motives of resignation, patience, and hope, that his retentive memory and the excitement of his feelings enabled him to utter. . . . The audience melted anew into tears, as he proceeded; and those of Mrs. Mason, and those of her children who were able to comprehend, were tears of resignation and religion.

"When the hymn was closed, the man, who officiated as master of ceremonies on the occasion, proposed to those who wished to take a last look at the deceased to come forward. . . . Mrs. Mason walked firmly to the coffin, and all her children came round her. They looked long, and without tears, at the pale and careworn countenance and the deep and sunken eye of the husband, the father, the being who had been, next to God, their stay and their dependence. . . . The look of unutterable thoughts and feelings was over. The unpainted cover was applied to the coffin, and the nails were driven. Twelve of the most substantial planters were the bearers. The mourners walked directly behind the coffin, and the whole mass followed through the corn-field in a crowd. The coffin was let down into the grave, and the fresh and black soil was heaped upon it. According to the affecting and universal custom of that region, each one present took up a handful of earth, and threw it into the grave. A couple of stakes were planted, the one at the head, and the other at the foot; the neighbours dispersed to their several abodes; and the widow and her children returned to their desolate dwelling."

We must relieve this melancholy story with the maiden speech of an American

senator—the greatest triumph of eloquence ever witnessed in the state:—

"Sir-r-r!—If I possessed the power to flash conviction, as the lightning does upon the bosom of the thunder-cloud, redundant with fire and brimstone: Sir-r-r, if I could wrest from the sceptre—I mean, if I could wrest the sceptre from reason, and rob the spheres of the music of their voices: Sir-r-r, if I could, by any effort of this feeble hand and tremulous body, pour the tremendous and overwhelming flood of conviction like a wall of adamant over your souls, until they melted in the red hot embers of conviction: Sir-r-r, if I could freeze your hearts till they offered an icy barrier to the intrusion of all selfish considerations, and reared the massy column of their waters up to the topmost pinnacle of the arching skies: Sir-r-r, if I could swallow up, at a single effort of my imagination, the possibility of believing it possible that the cries of the orphan, the bewailings of reckless and wretched poverty—the exhortations of the halt, the dumb, and the deaf—the mother's groans—the weeping stones—the orphan's moans—"

Here, it appears, the orator was interrupted by a burst of hysterical tears from the beautiful blue eyes of the widow of the honourable Roger Pegg, who was carried home fainting.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

In spite of the political tempest which, for these ten days, has "hurled in the darkened air," the muses of literature have not neglected to bring their offerings to our Library Table. Though none of the dignitaries in either verse or prose have been coquetting with the public just now, we must not look lightly on humbler or unknown names: out of such recruits must the ravages of time, in the disciplined ranks of literature be supplied; we therefore welcome, with much cordiality, all hopeful adventurers in that "land of dread"—the domains of verse and prose.

'*Scenes from the Belgian Revolution*, by C. F. Henningsen. In the 'Last of the Sophias,' by this author, there were many striking passages, and the same may be said respecting the 'Scenes in Belgium.' What we like least is that kind of feverish flow of words which, like a disturbed stream, allows no image or thought to be seen distinctly. There is much said, and little done—a fault from which the best authors are free. We could easily select a few clever passages from this poem. The entry of the Prince into Brussels is well described:—

Yet on, as fearless and as bold,  
He dashed amid the double row  
Of human faces, stern and cold,  
Or glaring hatred from the brow  
That bent to see the chieftain pass,  
Where undisguised stood many a foe,  
Amid that armed and lawless mass;  
The boldest might have quaked to go,  
And trembled with a hundred lives.  
Yet he who hath been seen to ride  
Through battle—amid butchers' knives,  
And pikes waved threatening by his side,  
Where fancy might have thought to see  
The streaming blood and gory head,  
Now took his way as fearlessly,  
As if mid forest branches spread;  
And only smiled when, menacing,  
Their taunts and scorn around him grew,  
As the vile rabble gathering  
Come densely round him as he flew.  
Perchance, indeed, that hour he thought  
On the red plain of Waterloo;  
Where, bartered for his blood, he bought  
The freedom of that thankless crew.

This author is no admirer of the "brave Belges": we cannot say that they are much to our own liking: we, however, cannot join in all his commendation of the Dutch, though we believe their prince is a benevolent and good ruler.

Mr. Joplin's '*Analysis of the Currency Question*' is rather a curious work, inasmuch as it shows how very grievously the load of that question has been laid on Mr. Joplin's shoulders, and how little the parliament and the public have listened to his groaning under it. It is very true that everybody could not at once state in set terms anything like a theory of currency; but it by no means follows that people do not, on that account, understand it practically; and therefore, though we sympathize with Mr. Joplin, as we would do with any other man in affliction, we think he is grieved without much cause. There are some subjects so very well known, that nobody thinks of writing about them, or otherwise noticing them: for instance, when the sun is shining, nobody sits down to demonstrate that it is light. There are also some subjects so very minute, that, though curious, nobody thinks of adverting to them: for instance, Mr. Joplin on the top of St. Paul's, as compared with Mr. Joplin in the vaults below (in equal health and spirits in both cases), would make some little alteration in the length both of the day and the year. When aloft he would raise the centre of gravity, and alter the centrifugal force, both in the rotation and the revolution of the earth. We have only to weigh Mr. Joplin, and determine the relative distances of the centre of gravity, in order to be able to calculate with perfect accuracy the effect which his elevation would produce, on the solar system; but, truly, the calculation would be a most unprofitable expenditure of time and mathematics. We know not on which horn of that dilemma the '*Analysis*' will be put, but we have our fears that it will get entangled somewhere between them.

'*Hawes's Lectures to Young Men*.' This is a Glasgow reprint of an American book; and such a book as should be studied, and its precepts practised. Joel Hawes is an author whom we love; he knows the world; he gives plain, clear, manly, pious, and practicable advice: we recommend all young men to put the little volume in their pockets, and read it at their leisure—they cannot fail to profit by it.

'*Hulsean Lectures for the Year 1831*.' The object of these Lectures is to prove the veracity of the Five Books of Moses; and there is no doubt that the Rev. J. J. Blunt, of Cambridge, has shown both learning and talent in their composition. We are not quite sure that such vindication was either necessary or desirable: the ingenuity of Stackhouse sometimes raised objections to Scripture, which his answers failed fully to solve: infidelity loves to find its weapons in the armoury of the Christian.

'*The Youth's Cornucopia*.' This compact little book treats of many things which it is proper for youth to know;—first, we have the Fine Arts; second, Natural History; third, English History; fourth, Early Voyages; fifth, Manners and Customs; sixth, Manufactures; and, seventh, Sports and Pastimes. The instruction is conveyed in conversations, and the whole is illustrated by cuts, some of which are well executed.

'*Paternal Advice*.' The author of this Lilliputian volume seems an earnest and pious man. His counsel concerning books contains much in small compass; but the portion most to our liking is that which records the opinions and quotes the lives of eminent men. He has less originality of thought than he has skill to avail himself of the knowledge of others: he cannot be compared for a moment with Hawes; yet his work may be nearly as beneficial.

'*On the Pursuit of Knowledge*.' This address was delivered to the law students in the University of London, where it was received with much approbation; nor can the public fail to acknowledge its value. All those who are de-



sirous of being instructed in the dignified sciences of law and jurisprudence, would do well to glance first at the work of Mr. Wire, which has the advantage, too, of being clear and brief.

'*Aldine Poets: Milton.*' Vol. III.\* Some of the noblest poems in the language are in this volume: Samson Agonistes, Comus, Il Penseroso, L'Allegro, and some exquisite Sonnets. The printing is clear, and the getting up of the work beautiful.

A strange sort of absurd *brochure*, called '*Notes upon Notes*,' by Henry Martin, perplexes us not a little. Some of the scientific names in music seem to have suggested a pun to the writer, and he proceeds with laborious diligence to manufacture a volume of puns on the subject. We give the best specimen of his talent, and leave the subject without comment.

#### *A Drinking Song.*

Old Swig had a real drinking mug  
A bottle nose and a glass eye;  
Folks call'd him a jolly old dog,  
A wet soul that always was dry.  
From his father his thirst he inherited,  
For each has his failing, you know;  
If you ask, Was he ever low spirited?—  
Yes! when his spirits were low.  
Yet still he was sparkling and bright,  
Thus singing when others were yawning:  
If wine make us drunk over night,  
Why, the wine shall be drunk in the morning.  
Beer is the legitimate daughter  
Of England, says he, without doubt:  
Stout made him as strong as a porter,  
And porter, he said, made him stout.  
Good double X, dark, red, or pale,  
He would tittle to make him live long;  
For drinking it strong made him hale,  
And drinking of ale make him strong.  
So drink, my brave boys! it's all right;  
All thoughts of old Care nobly scorning;  
For if we get fresh over-night,  
We shall be fresh again in the morning.  
But, alas! sad infirmities come  
Old and crusty on bee's sting to plague you;  
And he soon, like his crony, old Tom,  
Was accustomed to dull *quatern* agree.  
Full proof he was given to drinking,  
At least so 'twas thought 'neath his roof;  
And what most his life's chain was unliking,  
He was given to drinking full proof.  
And what if I'm given to tittle,  
'Tis just as it should be, says he;  
For 'twill make us but quiet, my good people,  
If the tittle be given to me.  
Well, they sent for the doctor by stealth;  
Ardent spirits, he said, had caused fever,  
Rum and brandy were bad for his health,  
So advised him to go to Geneva.  
Oh! Geneva's blue water was bright;  
But alas! it was not *eau de vie*;  
For, in reeling along one dark night,  
He was drowned—as historians agree.  
Oh, ye drinkers! I deem it but right,  
To give you this song as a warning;  
If you soak your clay over-night,  
Why your clay may be soaked in the morning.

*Real Life; or, Pages from the Portfolio of a Chronicler*—is a kind of prose 'Excursion,'—we speak, of course, only of plan; in execution there must necessarily be vast difference between the sage-like 'Wanderer' of the poem, and Simon, the 'Travelling Merchant' of the volume under notice. It consists of narratives told, or characters found, by Simon, during his journey with his son-in-law to an annual fair. The plan is not uningenious for the purpose of making a book of tales, but it prevents the book from quite deserving the title of 'Real Life,' since every hut, hostel, and hamlet is made perforce to yield its complement of story. We cannot say that, after reading it through, any part of the book left much impression on our memory, either of power or pathos; but still, as a volume of sketches concerning the hopes, joys, sins, and sufferings that have their abode "in huts where poor men live," it may be added to those fictions which go under the name of "interesting and instructive."

## ORIGINAL PAPERS

### A BALLAD ON DELIGHT.

What means Delight? thou tiny boy,  
Just trowsered and just coated;  
Come tell me what thou think'st is joy,  
Thou, unto froills promoted.

"Delight, I think, means bread and butter  
With sugar on the top;  
And joy means paddling in a gutter;  
And, furthermore—to stop  
Out of my bed, when in my bed  
I know that I should be."  
—Heaven bless the child, and keep thy head  
From idler fancies free!

What means Delight? thou school-boy brave,  
That collars has just mounted:  
Tell me the joy which thou dost crave  
To thine own heart recounted.

"A horse! a horse! spurs—whip—and dog—  
A gun—and twenty-one!"  
And nothing more?—"Oh! pedagogue,  
All's summed in twenty-one!"

What means Delight? proud manhood tell,  
Thou of the thoughtful brow:  
The joy that would thy bosom swell,  
I prithee tell me now.

"It is to fight upon the shore,  
To fight upon the sea,  
And have (my weary fightings o'er),  
A riband given me;  
And to the riband to append  
A medal or a cross,  
Of my life's pilgrimage the end,  
Repayment of each loss:—  
It is to study day and night  
Books in each language known,  
Then, through more nights and days to write  
A small one of my own;  
'Tis to be paid for time and taper,  
Head-aches and skin grown yellow,  
By periodical and paper  
Calling me clever fellow:—  
It is to idolize an eye,  
Run mad upon a feature,  
And call on ocean, earth, and sky,  
To deify the creature—  
And, having won the fairly fair,  
(Poetic consternation,) Find that her choicest beauties were  
My own imagination!"

Oh, man of age, Oh, man of age,  
Whose race is almost run,  
Say, what Delights thy thoughts engage,—  
Or is Delight all done?

"Now, say not so, and think not so,  
For, save that they are fleetier,  
Purer the joys that now I know  
Than heretofore—and sweeter.  
I never prized before the shade,  
I never loved the sun,  
Nor the music by the waters made  
For their own sakes every one:—  
I never sat beneath a tree  
And found my bliss alone  
In the fair things I sat to see,  
Not fancies of my own;  
And therefore oft each pleasant sound  
Had under-tones of grief,  
And oft a dimness gathered round  
The tree of greenest leaf;  
I hung my heart, my wayward heart,  
On all things that I saw,  
Then deemed it was of nature part,  
And oftimes blamed her law.  
But now, I see her in the light  
She gives, not that she borrows,  
(Ah! wherefore fold her in the night  
Of human sins and sorrows);  
And therefore are my last days bright,  
Though few will be their morrows!"

## HINTS FOR THE HISTORY OF ROMAN LITERATURE.—No. V.

It is now almost time for us to bring this desultory series of 'Hints' to a conclusion. We have reached the period when liberty sunk beneath despotism, and originality of thought was sacrificed for tame regularity. It is true that the first despot was an Augustus, and that the great rulers of the Hellenized poetic school were a Virgil and a Horace; but we are tasteless enough to prefer even tribunician turbulence to the gilded slavery of the imperial court, and "the native woodnotes wild" of the rustic bards to the imitations and translations for which they were laid aside. There will be, we know, many who will regard an attempt to depreciate Virgil or Horace, as little less than heresy: our confession, that we prefer Lucan to the one, and Persius to the other, will probably be received as a proof of our hopeless incapacity to form any correct literary judgment.

To Virgil we cheerfully concede all the beauties of style—all the harmonies of expression—and all the delicate turns of language that his warmest admirers can demand. Farther, we grant him great tenderness of feeling, and a vivid conception of some of the passions; but we deny him original genius, vigorous imagination, and the power of delineating character. The *Æneid* is the least original of all poems: remove what we know to have been borrowed from Homer and Apollonius Rhodius, and what we have good reason to believe was obtained from the works of Stesichorus and Peisander, and the remainder will be marvellously deficient in quantity, and not very meritorious in quality. His conceptions and descriptions of character are positively below contempt: the pious *Æneas*, as he is invariably called, exhibits a little of the poltroon, and a great deal of the scoundrel; the faithful *Achates* displays no proof of fidelity; the brave *Gyas* and the brave *Cloanthus* are names that excite no more sensation than the muster-roll in a Gazette Extraordinary; of *Amata's* character we can discover little, of *Lavinia's* less; "sister Anne" is not half so interesting as her namesake in *Blue Beard*; and there remains only *Dido*, of whom we leave Virgil's admirers to make the most. The episode of *Nisus* and *Euryalus* is indeed truly beautiful, and though we entertain some doubts of its originality, we allow it to stand on the credit side of the account; and with it may go that entertaining lecture on things in general and Roman history in particular, with which *Anchises* favours his son in the sixth book. But Virgil, we are told, was an elegant and correct writer; he modernized Homer, and polished off some coarseness and roughness, which were likely to displease the courtly ears of those who frequented the imperial palace—in other words, he acted like Pope, and published an imitation of Homer under a false name. But here the parallel fails: Pope, with creditable modesty, called his work a translation; nothing would satisfy the Latin poet but the lofty title of an original epic.

Even in the main design the *Æneid* is a complete and absolute failure; it was intended to be a national poem, and it professes to recount the origin of the Roman people. The fable of the Trojan settlement is about as rational as the story of Brute's colonizing Britain, or the ancestor of the O'Neills enter-

taining Moses and bequeathing his Milesian name to the Nile—that is, all three approach the very consummation of human absurdity: and if the Roman people cared one jot for the tale, they must have been more insane than the Irish and Scotch antiquarians who professed to give up the contention respecting Ossian, lest it might occasion a civil war. Romulus might have been the hero of a Roman national poem, as he was of the national ballads; but the selection of Æneas was only dictated by a predetermination to rest his fame on plagiarism.

There is an anecdote, preserved on good authority, respecting this national poem, which deserves to be mentioned: we are told, that Virgil at one time designed to embody some of the most interesting periods of the Roman history in a heroic poem, but was disgusted by the harsh names of the persons and places that he would be obliged to mention. This is rather a whimsical parallel to Miss Landon's complaint of her trouble in finding pretty titles for her fictitious peers, and Captain Hamilton's apology to the late Chancellor for having anticipated his title in the novel of Cyril Thornton;—certain ungallant critics who have assailed the lady for her attachment to the sound of names should have mentioned the high authority she could quote for her caution. But the excuse assigned by Virgil for neglecting the legends of Latium is a very strong proof of his incapacity to write a truly epic poem; it is, in terms, a confession that he deemed diction a matter of more importance than the subject—that he regarded the drapery more than the figure—and that he deemed adjuncts of greater value than the principal.

We must, however, be understood as speaking of Virgil now merely in his capacity of an epic poet. As a writer of pastoral poesy, we hold him unrivalled. Horace himself would not more readily have acknowledged the merit of the Georgics and Eclogues than we do; but powers of a far different kind are required in epic poetry—powers so different indeed, that the possession of one almost precludes the possibility of sharing the other; and of this Virgil himself was so conscious, that, on his death-bed, he ordered the Æneid to be destroyed.

Why, then, is Virgil so much admired? Simply because it is through him alone that nine-tenths of the world are acquainted with Homer. By an exquisitely-absurd arrangement, not only is Latin taught before Greek, but it is taught almost to the exclusion of that far more noble language. Take a boy about to enter the University, you will find that he has learned the Latin authors directly from the originals, but he is acquainted with the Greek only through the medium of barbarous Latin interpretations, Græco-Latin Lexicons, and, in no despicable number of instances, Græco-Latin Grammars. In consequence, he can read Latin at first sight, and with pleasure; but to read the Greek authors is a painful task, which only a chosen few venture to encounter; and even many of these unconsciously prefer the Latin writers on account of the greater facility of their perusal: for ease is loved by the learned as well as the unlearned. The Dutchman, unused to the sight of rivers, delights to contemplate his own canals; and those who are too lazy to seek the pure Homeric streams, still admire the beauty of the waters

when he sees them flowing in the artificial channels of imitators.

It forms no part of our subject to justify our preference of Lucan; but a few words in behalf of that ill-treated author may be pardoned. He is, we grant, far less correct, less polished, and less refined than Virgil; his Pharsalia displays many traces of an unregulated mind—many excrescences arising from a boyish taste for tawdry ornament—many descriptions more declamatory than poetical; but still we firmly believe that the Pharsalia, with all its faults, displays, in any single book, more poetic conception, more power of thought, and more vigour of imagination, than the whole Æneid from beginning to end. The characters of the Pharsalian heroes are delineated with great strength; to borrow an illustration from painting, the figures seem to start from the canvas. Rowe's version of the Pharsalia is so very loose and inaccurate, that an extract from it would convey a very imperfect notion of Lucan's style. We subjoin a more literal, but far less spirited translation of his comparative analysis of the characters of Pompey and Cæsar, hoping that, amid all its defects, some portion of the innate beauty of the original may be perceptible;—as the image of the sun retains a share of its lustre, even when viewed through an imperfect or distorted medium:—

You, Pompey, fear lest modern deeds efface  
Your ancient triumphs o'er the pirate race.  
You + a long series of heroic deeds,  
And fierce impatience of a greater, leads;  
Pompey no rival, Cæsar brooks no lord—  
Yet who more justly drew the hostile sword  
We dare not know—Cato and heaven divide—  
It chose the victor's, he the vanquish'd side.

Ill were they match'd—the one now aged grown,  
Unleap'd the warrior in the peaceful gown;  
He courts the praise that follow'd him so long,  
And buys the plaudits of a hireling throng:  
Pleased with the venal shouts, no triumphs now  
Replace the laurels withering on his brow;  
His sole reliance is his former fame,  
He stands the shadow of a mighty name.  
Like the proud oak, that in a fruitful field  
Sustains the rusted casque and mouldering shield—  
The faint memorials of forgotten days,  
Chieftains unknown, and unremember'd frays—  
Whose perish'd roots no more the trunk sustain,  
Fix'd by its weight, still triumphs in the plain;  
Still are its leafless boughs to heaven display'd,  
The naked trunk alone extends a shade.  
Yet though it quivers in each passing breeze,  
Ready to fall—though round it younger trees,  
In all the pride of youthful bloom, are shown,  
It stands unrivall'd, honour'd, and alone.

Cæsar relies not on an empty name—  
War his delight, defeat his only shame;  
Tameless and fierce, as hope or anger burns,  
The impatient warrior with fresh vigour turns.  
Conquest impels him to more glorious deeds,  
Believing fate his friend; whate'er impedes  
His proud career soon owes the victor's sway;  
He views with triumph ruin mark his way.  
Thus bursts from angry clouds the flashing levin,  
Rushing in thunders o'er the startled heaven,  
The echoing globe reverberates the crash;  
Its pale inhabitants are dumb—the flash,  
Darting athwart, closes each eye in pain—  
Its own wild flames consume its own proud fane.  
No fence restrains it, and no limits bound,  
It spreads a waste of ruin all around;  
Then to its clouds on wings of flame retires,  
And bears to heaven its re-assembled fires.

#### SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

We regret that we have to announce the death of this distinguished man on Thursday last—he had been for some time unwell, and we hear, that for several days, little hopes were entertained of his recovery. He was in his 67th year.

Sir James Mackintosh came early into public notice. We rather think that he pub-

lished some works when a very young man; but the first of any celebrity, was the 'Vindiciæ Gallicæ,' a defence of the French Revolution against Burke and others; a work highly commended, and indeed, much overrated. He also distinguished himself as counsel for Pelletier—and since by his speeches in the House of Commons.

Sir James was a Whig, and came forward at a time when political discussions were mere gladiatorial displays—when oratory was the fashion, and the battle was for place and power rather than for right, and truth and justice; and he was overshadowed at his outset, by established fame and greater talent. Of late years, opposition has been more resolute and determined—principles and not party, have been the watchword—a resolved body of sincere men have grown into strength, by uncompromising integrity of purpose—eloquence has been silenced by dates and facts; and we fear, we must, for truth sake, add, that Sir James has never realized the promise of his early life. His fame, indeed, has been throughout, rather of promise than performance. From our earliest recollection, the literary public have been expecting from his pen, some great work or other—his 'History of England' was for many years talked of in the coteries, as the glory and triumph of the age—it was to be an everlasting monument of his genius and his labours—yet we all know, that this sounding promise ended in a contribution to 'The Cabinet Cyclopædia,' of a few passable volumes, such as hundreds of living men might have written. The truth we suspect to be, that Sir James was first trammelled and then trumpeted by a party, which found him a useful auxiliary, either for a set speech, a party pamphlet, or a political paper in the *Edinburgh*;—but though a man of undoubted talent, of great eloquence, and of varied attainments, he was not an original or powerful thinker; he was not one to whom the age is at all indebted; he was not a great man, in any sense of the word—equally in politics and in philosophy,† he took up his position on the neutral ground between honest differences of opinion, and was content to display his power, without reference to the great cause of man's happiness and progression.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

Beauty and fashion are, we hear and see, to be ministered to, in literature, by gentler hands than heretofore—by ladies who wear perfumed gloves, and gentlemen whose pens are dipped in odours, and not in ink. The wide empire of fashion is to be divided into three kingdoms; at the head of one, a queen in the guise of Mrs. Norton will reign; the throne of a second will be filled by the late editor of *La Belle Assemblée*; while a sort of committee of taste, will guide, we hear, the third. Authors and authoresses, skilful in the fashionable, and deep in the ways of the genteel, are employed as auxiliaries on all sides. Of new announcements in literature, we see few which we have left in other numbers unmentioned. A flood of magazines has come in upon us. *Blackwood* has one or two articles from the hand of Wilson,

† See *Athenæum*, No. 153, for review of the Preliminary Dissertation to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

in his usual dashing and vigorous manner—full of spirit and poetry. *Fraser* has several sarcastic and amusing things: the 'Letters on English Manners,' by the American Colonel Hicory, of Cedar Swamp, United States, are capital. The *New Monthly* has the attractions of short articles, and some pleasant writing; 'Our Present State,' is temperately written, and with a full knowledge of the subject; and the article, entitled 'Vernacular Literature,' will be found instructive by many, who think themselves overflowing with knowledge. *Tait* has an article on Goethe, by one who understands his character as a man and a genius. 'The Fourth Estate,' and other papers, are clever; the 'Notes on the Crisis,' are too political. The last number of the *North American Review* has found its way to our hands: the article on 'Indian Biography' is very interesting. We, however, care not two-pence about the authorship of Junius; we wish men would let the clever and sarcastic libeller's dust alone. We love Bryant, and have shown it; but we cannot place him so high as our American friend does; nor can we join with him respecting Burns—with him, genius atones not for all defects; he is one of the most compact and nervous writers; we know of no one, who puts more meaning into his lines, and from whom so little can be taken without injury—that he wrote from the immediate impulse of nature, without effort or premeditation, we know of our knowledge; but that is his highest praise. In the *United Service Journal*, though neither soldier nor sailor, we always meet with something which we like; so do we in the *Gentleman's Magazine*—there we have, generally, an antiquarian dish or two, such as 'Ancient Archery in England,' and 'Notices of Old Verulam,' worth our time and money. The *Sporting Magazine*, too, deals in amusing and profitable things: feats of old sportsmen and exploits of the young; pedigrees of fleet horses, and descents of greyhounds and slow hounds, and pointers, and lurchers.

We hear, with concern, that the Exhibition of the Royal Academy is not so profitable this season, as it has been heretofore; the same may be said of all other Exhibitions: we believe, the agitation of the public mind is such, that few care for aught but the news of the hour.

The Benefit Concerts this season, have not been quite so numerous as last, yet they have not proved so profitable. Mrs. Anderson, Madame Dulcken, and Mori, particularly the latter, can, we fear, testify to the truth of this. Bochsa has had the fullest attendance; the extensive circulation of his harp music, and the monopoly which he enjoys, as the only resident harpist of fame in London, naturally excites great interest to hear him. F. Cramer and Vaughan have had their annual share of the patronage of the Antient Concert audience.

The stage preparations for 'Robert le Diable,' are in arrear, so that the opera will not be produced on Monday next, as was expected; after so many postponements, it is to be hoped that, on the night of performance, the whole will be perfect. Meyerbeer attended six full rehearsals of his opera, and on the day of his departure, partook of a dinner with the manager of the King's Theatre, the conductors of the Italian and German operas, and about thirty of the

band, and the principal male singers, Messieurs Nonrri, Damoreau, Giubilei, and Levasseur. The professors were quite delighted with their distinguished guest, and parted from him with three hearty cheers—wishing him a safe voyage, and a speedy return to this country.

The Germans continue to attract full houses; the enthusiasm with which their performances are received, has given these strangers a more favourable opinion of English musical taste, than they were inclined to entertain: the truth is, the English are a reflecting people, and German music improves on consideration; it is true to nature, and always appeals to the understanding.

## SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

## GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

May 30.—Roderick Impey Murchison, Esq., President, in the Chair.—A paper was first read describing a large Boulder Stone, which occurs on the shore of the Appin, in Argyleshire, by James Moxwell, Esq., and communicated by William Smith, Esq., F.G.S., F.R.S., &c.

A paper was next read on bones of rhinoceros and hyena, found in Cefn Cave, in the valley of Cyffredan, by the Rev. Edward Stanley, F.G.S., F.L.S.

A third paper was read on the basalt of the Titterstone Clees Hill, in Shropshire, being the concluding part of a memoir on the Ludlow district, begun at a former meeting, by J. Robinson Wright, Esq., employed on the Ordnance Trigonometrical Survey.

## ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

May 28.—Sir Henry Hallford, Bart., President, in the chair.—A paper by Dr. McGaffog, Physician to the embassy at Constantinople, on 'Blood-letting, as a certain Remedy for Cholera,' (communicated by Sir Robert Gordon,) was read by the registrar. Also, an unpublished paper on 'Perspiration,' by the late celebrated Dr. Heberden.

## LONDON PHRENOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

A paper by Mr. Deville, 'Respecting some extraordinary changes in the form of the head,' illustrated by numerous casts, will be read at the meeting of the Society, which terminates the present session, on Monday next; when it is expected that some curious and highly important facts, both physiological and phrenological will be brought forward.

## MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

|          |                                |             |
|----------|--------------------------------|-------------|
| MONDAY,  | London Phrenological Society   | Eight, P.M. |
|          | Linnæan Society                | Eight, P.M. |
| TUESDAY, | Horticultural Society          | One, P.M.   |
|          | Institution of Civil Engineers | Eight, P.M. |
| WEDNES.  | Society of Arts                | 7, P.M.     |
|          | Royal Society of Literature    | Three, P.M. |
| THURSD.  | Royal Society                  | 8, P.M.     |
|          | Society of Antiquaries         | Eight, P.M. |
| FRIDAY,  | Royal Institution              | 8, P.M.     |
|          | Astronomical Society           | Eight, P.M. |
| SATUR.   | Royal Asiatic Society          | Two, P.M.   |

## FINE ARTS

## EXHIBITION AT SOMERSET HOUSE.

[Fourth Notice.]

We have been accused of too much clemency in our critical strictures on the works in the Exhibition; it is as well to lean to the side of mercy: we have, however, only selected for notice such as demanded attention on account of their merits: we shall find time to characterize, in a general way, the leading faults of the mass of pictures which we pass over without particular examination. The collection is, on the whole, a motly and a curious one.

Had the Academy flourished in the days of Spenser, we might have imagined that he wrote the following verse of his 'Faery Queene,' after the excitement of a visit:—

His chamber was despoil'd all within  
With sundry colours, in the which were writ  
Infinite shapes of things dispersed thin:  
Some such as in the world were never yet,  
No can devised be of mortal wit:  
Some daily seen and known by their names  
Such as in idle fantasies do flit:  
Infernal hags, centaurs, fiends, hippodames,  
Apes, lions, eagles, owls, fools, lovers, children, dames.  
Nor will we disguise from ourselves, that the image in the succeeding verse may be looked upon as figurative of the spectators and critics who swarm in the rooms, and who, we are afraid, sometimes make sad noises, and delight in "idle thoughts, and leasings, tales, and opinions un-sound."

215. 'The Destroying Angels and Demons of Evil interrupting the Orgies of the Vicious and Intemperate'; ETTY, R.A.—This, the painter informs us, belongs to that class of compositions called *visions* by the Romans, inasmuch as they had no origin either in history or poetry. We are not sure that the artist is right in making the Demons of Evil do an ill turn to their friends, the Vicious and Intemperate: they ought rather to encourage such goings on; but, instead of this, they are reading them a great moral lesson in the midst of fire and tempest, by pulling their house about their ears. There is much unbridled imagination—much fine, free drawing, and much good colouring, in this singular sketch. Such scenes are not, however, of this world, nor for the people who are in it; and where one will feel the poetry of the work, a thousand will reckon it ridiculous.

239. 'The Saint Manufactory'; UWINS.—This picture embodies a scene at Naples: an artist's shop where Madonnas, saints, angels, are manufactured: two friars are bargaining for a bunch of cherubs; and some ladies have brought their household images to be repaired and repolished. There is not much humour in the composition; and it is rather curious than excellent: we once saw,—we scarcely know where,—a sketch from these lines in Prior:

And Romish bakers praise the deity,  
They whilome chipt in his panisty.

One of the men of crust and crumb who adored, had evidently put saw-dust into the bread, for we never saw such a hypocritical-looking scoundrel in the world.

250. 'Portrait of a Lady'; SIMPSON.—There is something very pleasing in the looks of this lady; and we observed several damsels, skilful in matters of dress, bestow approving glances on her hat and feather.

256. 'The Three Children and the Fiery Furnace'; JONES, R.A.—This we look upon as one of the finest pieces of the poetic kind in the Exhibition. The artist has skilfully selected the time when, on the commands of Nebuchadnezzar being fulfilled, he beheld four figures loose, walking unharmed amidst the fire, and his counsellors told him the form of the fourth was like the son of God. The startled king—the awe-struck counsellors, and the dim-seen but majestic shape of the releasing spirit, are of a character which dwells on the mind: we feel Scripture to be realized. We hope Jones will give us many more such works: the picture is of a size which suits the walls of ordinary houses—a matter which our artists seldom attend to.

257. 'Mathews as Mons. Mallet, in Moncrieff's Drama'; CLINT, A.—As a painter of nature as she stands up before him, Clint has great power. He can catch the wayward looks of a favourite actor in a fancy part, and place his characters before us in all the hues and lineaments of truth; but then his nature is that of the stage, where looks are put on, and all is assumed and artificial. He is great here! and it is but just

tice to say; that we have seen him clever where true country-born nature sat to him.

258. *'Portrait of Philip Reinagle, in the 85th Year of his Age.'* REINAGLE, R.A.—This veteran artist was the favourite pupil of Allan Ramsay, and distinguished himself at an early age both in portrait and landscape. We are glad to see the likeness of a worthy father by a worthy son.

262. *'Smugglers.'* WEBSTER.—These fellows are carrying on their wild and stirring trade under a clear and beautiful sky; indeed, we see not why the heavens should look particularly angry at a breach of the revenue laws: we too often see artists put the elements into a tumbling posture, when men commit folly.

272. *'Cinderella.'* C. LANDSEER.—This picture is from the slipper scene; the story is well told, and the figures well painted.

279. *'Whitehall Stairs, June 18, 1817.'* CONSTABLE, R.A.—There is much genius in all the compositions of Constable; but because, in the singular originality of their character, they fail to harmonize with the works of other men around them, they are set down as failures—as monsters—as things unnatural or absurd. We observe that one of our brethren says this picture has a watery look: if it looked like the Thames, it could not well, we fear, be otherwise;—perhaps the critic alluded to the sky; if so, there he is assuredly wrong; for, if anything is descending from the sky, it is snow, and not rain. All is of the first-rate quality in this picture, save colour; but on that point, who will give counsel to Constable?

284. *'Helvoetsluys;—the City of Utrecht, 64, going to Sea.'* TURNER, R.A.—Turner, in this picture, must unite the praises of all who love truth and fancy: the scene is real. Helvoetsluys is a good point to start from; and the circumstance of a sixty-four sailing out, is like an oath before a magistrate to establish identity: all else is imagination, and that of a fine kind.

309. *'The Bay of Naples.'* ARNALD, A.—This glorious bay is looked on from the Tomb of Virgil above Pausilipo: the volcano throws up its smoke in the distance—goats repose in pairs or groups—and peasants linger, pleased with the beauty of the sea and land, and with the serenity of the sky: all is clear, defined, and distinct.

813. *'The Opening of the New London Bridge.'* STANFIELD.—The artist has done wisely: his strength, like that of England, is less by land than water—so he has quitted the bridge and betaken himself to the river. On his favourite element he has wrought wonders: the Thames is peopled with high-bred dames and citizens of credit and renown: the barges are of all kinds, and thick as flowers in a spring-field; and the river itself seems not unconscious of what is going on. Stanfield is a great master of scenic effect; and here he has shown much power.

322. *'The Antiquary.'* CAWSE.—The artist had Burns's 'Address to Captain Grose' in his mind when he designed this clever picture; and, indeed, he quotes one of the lines in the Catalogue: he had not, however, the image of Captain Grose—

A fine fat fodge! wight,  
Of stature short, but genius bright—

before him, when he painted the Antiquary himself. This we are more sorry for, because it disturbs the unity of the work. The verse of the poet stirs up the memory of that ton of a man; nor do we see why an antiquarian might not be fat;—the

Auld nick-nackets,

Rousty iron caps and jingling jackets,

need not necessarily be in the keeping of a serious, lean personage: Grose was a jolly fellow, and his sunny face would have illumined the picture, and formed what artists covet—a centre light.

[To be continued.]

#### PANORAMA OF MILAN.

THE *Times* has been laboriously critical in its objections to the point of view whence this Panorama is taken, but we cannot agree with the judgment. Milan is certainly not acutely suited for a Panorama—but, if we are to have one, special reference must be had to the Cathedral. To have taken the view from the street, might have given a finer effect to the general proportions of this building, but would have shut out the city and the surrounding country—to have taken it from the Cathedral, was to put out the eye and light of the city, the Cathedral itself, and without any compensating advantage. Milan is poor in all its architecture—it has few palaces, no squares, no fine streets, and the surrounding country is a dead level—still an outline, a form of it, must be shown in a Panorama, and this Mr. Burford has given, retaining the Cathedral as the one principal object. We doubt, too, whether the Cathedral itself is not in this view seen to more advantage than from the level of the street—we know that we never felt the full power of its magical beauty until we stood on the transept amidst its multitudinous pinnacles, when the whole seemed to us a sort of spiritual creation, rather than a laborious upbuilding of hard stones, made by mechanical hands. All parties are, however, agreed, that the view of the Cathedral is excellent; and who would not think his shilling well bestowed to look upon this fantastic pile of beauty? It was unfortunately a very dull day when we visited the Panorama, but it seemed to us well and boldly painted.

#### MUSIC

##### KING'S THEATRE.

THE benefit of Winter, we regret to hear, was not very profitable: he has taken his farewell for the season, and his place is supplied by Donzelli.—'Cenerentola' was revived on Saturday last, for the *début* of Signor Tamburini. This buffo singer has long enjoyed a great reputation in Italy, nor is he likely to lose it in London, judging by the success he has already met with. His voice is a rich baritone, not unlike Zuchelli's, but far more flexible and sonorous. The part of *Dandini*, which he sustained on this occasion, requires a voice of great compass, to sing the passages as they are written; and it is sufficient to say, that the music had ample justice done to it on this occasion. Cinti, in the character of *Cenerentola*, looked and sang most delightfully—her execution of the last scena 'Non piu mesti,' for novelty of embellishments, was superior even to that of Malibran or Sontag!—the chromatic scale in ascending, we never heard more perfect on a keyed instrument—the applause was enthusiastic! Donzelli, always excellent in *Don Ramiro*, received his full share of approbation on Saturday—particularly in the first scene: but to our taste he sings the recitative somewhat too loud. Galli was a very respectable *Magnifico*—and the opera was, as a whole, well got up, and attracted one of the fullest houses of the season.

'Cenerentola' was repeated on Tuesday, with increased success. After the fall of the curtain, the audience vociferously called for an encore of Cinti's last scena, which, notwithstanding the great exertion and fatigue she had gone through, was readily complied with. Tamburini is much applauded, and honourably maintains his high reputation.—The theatre was again crowded to witness 'Fidelio,' on Wednesday last. 'Il Don Giovanni,' we hear, will be given by the same German singers, next week, and be followed by a grand opera seria, founded on Shakspeare's 'Macbeth,' composed by Herr Schellard, who now conducts the performances.

#### ELEVENTH ANTIENT CONCERT.

Director—Archbishop of York.

Judging from the variety and excellence of this selection, we incline to believe, that His Grace has the good sense to consult with, and defer to the judgment of the Conductor. 'Achieved is the glorious work,' from the 'Creation,' 'The many rend the skies,' from 'Alexander's Feast,' 'Dove sono,' from 'Figaro,' three movements from Handel's 'Te Deum,' and the overture to 'Don Giovanni,' were all well performed; and these, with the aid of Cinti, were sufficient to make it a satisfactory performance.

#### SEVENTH PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

MOZART's 'Jupiter,' Haydn's Sinfonia, Letter V, the overtures to 'Euryanthe,' and 'Proserpina,' were the four grand orchestral pieces of this Concert. Herr Haitzinger was encoored in the aria, 'Wehen mir Lüfte Ruh!' from 'Euryanthe'—the singing and music were both excellent. Mendelssohn played a pianoforte Concerto (MS.) of his own composition, consisting of three movements. It began with a bold allegro, in a minor key, which, from the character and novel style of its treatment, might be described a "dramatic scena for the pianoforte," with orchestral accompaniment. The andante opened with a beautiful melody for basses, with sustained accompaniments for tenors and bassoons, and finished with violins, accompanying the same melody on the pianoforte, "tremulando e diminuendo," which produced the happiest effects. The last allegro wound up in a major key with difficulties which none but the author could master! This performance throughout was loudly applauded, and, as an exhibition of pianoforte playing, we unhesitatingly pronounce it, more astonishing than any we have yet witnessed.

Miss Inverarity, in the grand scena from Spohr's 'Azor and Zemira,' was so completely overcome by nervous excitement, as to be unable to sing it with her accustomed success! The aria 'Vedro mentre,' from 'Figaro,' was chasterly sung by Pellegrini, of the German company. Nicholson was as usual brilliant in his fantasia on the flute, and Haitzinger in 'Dies Bildniß,' from 'Zauberflöte,' was greatly applauded. We have seldom heard the band more unsteady than at this Concert, and Mr. Weichsel should take the hint and retire.

#### MR. SEGREZ'S CONCERT.

AT this Concert, on Tuesday last, Mesdames Cinti and Vignano sang delightfully, but we were particularly struck by the taste, execution, and silvery tones of Miss Osborne, a very young lady, just arrived, we understand, from Paris, where she studied under Bordogni, the very best master in Europe. This young lady evinces considerable talent, and is likely, we think, to rise to eminence.

#### THEATRICALS

##### DRURY LANE.

THIS Theatre closed on Friday the 25th instant, upon which occasion Mr. Wallack delivered a farewell address, expressing, in neat and appropriate language, the heartfelt gratitude of the lessee for the heavy losses he has experienced, and his proud sense of the want of patronage, which has compelled him to close his doors a month before the usual time. It is, in truth, a sorry subject for joking upon, and yet there is something irresistibly comical in returning thanks for a bad season, because it has been the custom to do so for a good one. It is something like a schoolboy, who having had it forcibly impressed upon him, that he is never to receive any thing without saying "thank you," has a box on the ear given him by a bigger boy, and

says "thank you for nothing." To our thinking, it would have been better, either to have dropped the custom altogether, or to have frankly acknowledged the loss sustained, and put it to the public good feeling to support the house better next season;—promising, at the same time, that such support should be better deserved.

There was some slight mention of the theatre not having been quite so prosperous as usual, but the main cause—mismanagement—was not alluded to. We admit that there would have been some awkwardness in the frank avowal recommended; but then the dilemma has been of the management's own creating. The bills have been continually asserting that each new piece was received with enthusiasm, by crowded, brilliant, and overflowing audiences; and it would have looked odd to come forward and state that many successes had made one great failure, and that the result of a long career of prosperity was a loss of 10,000*l.*—a sum which we are inclined to fear is the most moderate at which it can be estimated. We have had occasion, during the late season, to find more or less fault with almost every thing which has been brought forward at this house; and when there has been merit in the pieces themselves, we have not been able to avoid censuring the manner in which they have been produced. On looking over our notices, we have not discovered one case, in which the remarks it has been our duty to make, have not been somehow or other borne out by the result. Those who think we take pleasure in making unfavourable reports are entirely mistaken. Nothing gives us so much real gratification, nor do we ever write with so much good-will and earnestness as when we can conscientiously accord unlimited praise. We wish to see all theatres do well, particularly the two called, par excellence, "national"; but the time is gone by when they can succeed, as a matter of course: they can no longer do so, without taking care to deserve it. The increased exertions of the minors must be met by a corresponding increase on the part of the majors; and if this be done judiciously, they will always keep the lead. Operas must not be brought out,—as has been the case this season at Drury Lane,—when the principal singers do not know three-fourths of the music they have to sing; nor should plays be acted before the actors have had time to learn even the words by heart. These are glaring defects of management; and, while such are committed, who can wonder, that play after play, whatever may have been its real merit, should have lingered its five, six, or nine nights, without interest to the public or profit to the proprietors? We have heard, in theatrical circles, one person blamed by one, another by another, and a third by a third. Of our own knowledge, we know not who may have been in fault, and if we did, we should not say it, because personality is our favourite aversion. We speak of "the management"—and we speak as we do, wishing the management sincerely well for its own sake—for the sake of the hundreds who depend for support upon the concern, and for the sake of the public, who, whatever may be said of them, have not given up their taste for theatrical amusements, and who, on good and sufficient provocation, will still come to indulge it. Witness 'The Hunchback.' We know nothing of the arrangements at this theatre for next season, but shall be most happy if truth will permit us to begin on the first night with a favourable report, and to continue in the same strain to the last.—Mr. Wallack, it appears, has left us, to revisit the United States. This is to be regretted; it is not easy now-a-days—nay, we believe it is impossible to supply his place, by one who, like him, is always well received, whether he appears in tragedy, comedy, farce, or melo-drame.

Knowing that the *Athenæum* is much read in the States, we would enlarge upon his merits, and forewarn our brethren of America of the acquisition they are about to make; but he goes there not because they don't know him, but because *they do*. He has a claim upon the country, independent of his merits as an actor, for they should never forget that he nearly lost a leg in their service.

#### COVENT GARDEN.

One of the most crowded audiences ever packed within the walls of a theatre, assembled here on Wednesday evening, to witness and to grace Mr. Young's farewell to the stage. The play selected was 'Hamlet,'—the same in which Mr. Young, twenty-five years ago, made his first bow to a London audience, at the Haymarket. Criticism is beside our present purpose. Mr. Young performed the part, (when he was allowed to perform it, for it was nearly half an hour before the roaring sea of heads subsided to a calm,) in his usual well-known style, and was heartily greeted throughout. The rest of the play was ably sustained, and the good taste and good feeling exhibited by Messrs Macready and Mathews, in volunteering to act the *Ghost* and *Polonius*, were warmly acknowledged by the house, upon their respective entrances. Mr. Mathews, we may mention, played *Polonius* to Mr. Young's *Hamlet*, on the occasion of the debut of the latter, in London; and here, we rejoice to say, was our favourite theatrical evergreen, again at his post, after the lapse of a quarter of a century to play out the friend whom he formerly played in. When Mr. Young came on, the sight was truly gratifying: the house was, as we have said, crammed from the floor to the ceiling—every individual in it rose to receive him—the cheering was deafening, and this, accompanied by waving of hats and handkerchiefs, continued for several minutes. Still we are to be told, that the taste for theatrical amusements is gone by; and that good plays, carefully got up, and well acted, will not draw money. We should like to see the experiment tried a little more frequently. At the conclusion of the play, Mr. Young delivered a farewell address—thanking those who were present to represent the public, for the encouragement and approbation he had constantly received, and giving in a manly straight-forward way, his reasons for retiring while his faculties remained unimpaired. However we may regret to lose him, we cannot deny the justice of the ground he took, nor dispute the fairness of his returning to private life, while he has yet health and strength to profit by the well-earned fruits of his activity and industry. May he live long to enjoy them! His talents as an actor, and his conduct as a gentleman, have always been such as to make him an ornament to his profession. It is not always, that merit meets its reward, and when, as in this instance, it does, we should rejoice the more over it. After Mr. Young returned to the green-room, an elegant piece of plate was presented to him by a deputation of his brother artists from Drury Lane. This proceeding did equal credit to the donors and to the receiver. The compliments paid to Mr. Young by his professional companions, were wound up by Miss Kelly's re-appearance, for this occasion, in her favourite character of *Betty Finikin*, in the farce of 'Gretna Green.' She was, as usual, inimitable.

#### COBURG THEATRE.

This house was the first which we had proposed, in pursuance of our half-promise of last week, to visit and report upon during the present; but a bill has been issued by the proprietor, which is so disreputable and disgraceful in itself, and likely to be so detrimental to the

drama generally, and to the cause of the Minor Theatres in particular, that we have renounced our intention in disgust. We shall not quote the ribald and filthy contents of this scandalous production, because we will not, even for a good purpose, make ourselves parties to their further dissemination; but we must allude to them in terms sufficiently clear to show, that our disgust has not been lightly assumed, and that it ought not to be, and, consequently, will not be laid aside until the returning reason of the proprietor shall have induced him to offer some public apology for the outrage he has committed against public decency. This paper, being one exclusively devoted to scientific and literary subjects, politics are, of course, excluded from its columns. Whenever occasion for an incidental allusion to them has arisen—wherever a political opinion has made a forced peep through the thick-leaved hedge of literature, our readers must have recognized the features of liberality; but liberality is as far removed from licentiousness, one way, as it is from bigotry, the other. Be our opinions what they may, it is quite certain, that rational and well-meaning persons of all political creeds will unite with us, in a firm determination to resist, at its outset, this miserable attempt to convert a place of public amusement into a political bear-garden, and to make the bills of a theatre, which has been permitted to style itself "Royal," the medium of foul-mouthed, pot-house slander, against the King and Queen of England. A dramatic writer of any grade, above the lowest of the low, when writing in times of great public excitement, would naturally and carefully abstain from the use of expressions, couched even in *decent* language, which appeared to him likely to add to the existing irritation—and he would do this no less from good taste than policy. It is true, that it is not always possible to guard against accidental misconstruction, and, that frequently passages have been taken in a political sense by an audience which were never so meant by an author; but this case is altogether different, from the rank and premeditated offence under discussion. The vulgar and catch-penny trick, which the proprietor of the Coburg Theatre has taken the liberty of playing with the burletta of 'Tom Thumb,' is one which he would not have dared to put upon the work of any living author without his permission, and one to which, we trust, for the honour of dramatic writers, that, there is no one living who would have been base and contemptible enough to have given his sanction. Is it, then, to be tolerated, that, to answer the ends of sordid and selfish speculation, an affront of this nature is to be put upon the memory of the dead? Are the works of one who has no longer the power to help himself, to lose their place in the pleasant recollections of laughing thousands, and henceforth to be mixed up only with the contemplation of all that is bad—all that is heartless? Forbid it, Press of England, by holding up the foul slander to public execration! Forbid it, Lovers of the Drama, by absenting yourselves from a house where your favourite amusement is poisoned as its source!

#### MISCELLANEA

*Ships' Rudders.*—The following is the abridged Report of the Committee of the New York Nautical Institution promised in our last:—

"Your Committee must confess, that, after the closest investigation, they have not been able to bring forward any new discovery or invention, but merely to glean a few ideas from the best of those which have come within their notice.—Your Committee are, however, firmly of opinion, that a rudder properly constructed, according to the best plans now in use, would rarely, if ever, be lost at sea, especially if properly managed. It may not be thought unworthy of remark, that no vessel of the United States Navy, has lost a



rudder at sea, within the recollection of the oldest officers.

"All things considered, your Committee prefer those plain rudders that have been long in use by maritime nations, especially in ships of war, where the best practical talent and science have been engaged in bringing them to the present degree of perfection. This rudder is strait on the forward part from top to bottom, moving freely in a polygonal trunk or case, above which is inserted the tiller in a square head, well banded; the breadth at the loaded water line being about three-fifths of that at the keel. It is desirable that it should be no wider than is requisite to govern the ship, without in any case making a greater angle with the keel, than forty-five degrees; because if too wide, it acts as a powerful lever on the braces, when the ship has quick stern way.

"Long tillers are preferable to short ones, because, in case of the tiller-ropes giving way, it could be more easily managed; besides, they require less aid from blocks or pulleys, and when the rudder is struck by a sea, the long tiller, by yielding a little, gradually resists its force, and acts as a spring does on a carriage. The number and size of the braces will depend on the size of the ship; but all vessels over 300 tons should not have less than four sets below the counter.

"The metal of which they are formed should possess the greatest strength and durability; there is reason to suppose that too much zinc has been used instead of copper, in some instances. The goings should be well fastened to the stern-post and bottom, and should be much stronger than the pintles, because, when the latter only give way, a new rudder can be shipped while the ship is afloat, with all her cargo on board; thus saving the time, trouble and expense of unloading, heaving out, or going into dry dock.

"When the rudder braces give way, in a heavy sea, it becomes necessary to get clear of the rudder as quickly as possible, to prevent its tearing away the counter; the trunk should not therefore be too small, and the tiller should be attached to the rudder head in such a manner that it could be quickly disengaged.

"The tiller should be inserted as low down upon the rudder as possible, having a great tendency to twist it, when placed too far above where it meets the resistance of the water."

**Cost of Publishing in Germany.**—This is stated, by a bookseller of Berlin, to be composed of the undermentioned items; so far as regards a work of twenty sheets printed to the extent of one thousand copies:—

|   |   |     |    |   |
|---|---|-----|----|---|
| Printing . . . . .  | £ | 13  | 0  | 0 |
| Paper . . . . .   |   | 16  | 10 | 0 |
| Engraving or other minor expenses . . . . .   |   | 10  | 0  | 0 |
| Manuscript from 15 to . . . . .   |   | 70  | 0  | 0 |
| Trade allowances . . . . .  |   | 27  | 10 | 0 |
| Guarantee and correction of the press, supervision, &c., where 1000 copies are sold . . . . . |   | 25  | 0  | 0 |
| Discount and profit to the publisher . . . . .  |   | 53  | 10 | 0 |
|   |   | 216 | 0  | 0 |

Presuming these charges and profits to be correct, the remunerating sale price of a volume of three hundred and twenty pages appears to be somewhat less than four shillings and fourpence! We must, however, remark, that seventy pounds is far too high an average for the remuneration to German authors; it will not, in general, be found to exceed thirty; and this abatement will reduce the selling price of the volume to nearly three shillings and sixpence.

Prince Maximilian, of Neuwied, to whom natural history is already so largely indebted

for his investigations in the New World, has just set out upon a new scientific expedition to North America, and has taken Bodmer, the celebrated landscape painter of Zurich, with him as his companion. The Prince left Neuwied on the 7th instant, and purposes spending two years in America.

**Dutch Cleanliness.**—There is no less curiosity and neatness in their ships than in their houses. This cleanliness extends throughout; you may find it in the stables where the cow's tails are tied up with a little cord to the roof, lest they should defile themselves. They wash all and scour all the walls moveables and utensils in the houses. It would be well if they could wash the water itself, which is indeed very thick and nasty in some of the canals. — *Misson's Travels*, 1696.

**Silk Stockings a Great Saving.**—I know a gentleman in London who had her life saved by the watermen, the boat having been overset, because they perceived she had fine silk stockings; they ran to her, neglecting the others. — *Ibid.*

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

| Days of Week. | Thermom. Max. Min. | Barometer. Noon. | Winds.      | Weather. |
|---------------|--------------------|------------------|-------------|----------|
| Th. 24        | 71 40              | 30.00            | S.W.        | Cloudy.  |
| Fr. 25        | 73 53              | Stat.            | W.to N.W.   | Clear.   |
| Sat. 26       | 70 47              | 29.95            | N.to N.W.   | Cloudy.  |
| Sun. 27       | 66 44              | Stat.            | S.to S.W.   | Clear.   |
| Mon. 28       | 73 49              | 29.85            | S.          | Clear.   |
| Tues. 29      | 67 48              | Stat.            | Var. S.W.   | Rain.    |
| Wed. 30       | 69 48              | 29.77            | S.E.to S.W. | Cloudy.  |

**Prevailing Clouds.**—Cirrocumulus, Cirrostratus, Cirrus.

Mornings fair throughout. Nights fair, except Wed. Mean temperature of the week, 61.5 Day increased on Wednesday, 8h. 28 min. No night; the sun not descending far enough below the horizon to cause darkness.

Summary of the journal for last week, which was not forwarded in time for publication:—

Mean temperature, 56.6—Mean atmospher. pressure, 29.68—Prevailing Winds, E. & S.W.—Ditto Clouds, Cirrostratus—Weather fair, and for the greater part clear.

#### NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

**Forthcoming.**—The Book of Private Prayer. Illustrations of Political Economy, No. 5, *Élia* of Garvaloch, by Harriet Martineau.

The first part of Illustrations of the Surrey Zoological Gardens, Drawn on Stone by W. H. Kearney, will be ready early in July.

**Just published.**—Williams on Executors, 2 vols. 8vo. 2l. 10s.—Edgeworth's Novels and Tales, Vol. 2, 5s.—Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia, Vol. 31, History of Switzerland, 6s.—The Welcome Visitor, 18mo. 2s.—Frugal Housewife, 2s.—Gallery of the Society of Painters in Water Colours, No. 3, Imperial Prints, 4to. 10s. 6d.; Proofs coloured, 4to. 18s.; India Proofs, 12. 1s.; Proofs before letters, 12. 11s. 6d.—Lights and Shadows of American Life, by Miss Mitford, 3 vols. 12. 11s. 6d.—The Village Poor House, by a Country Curate, 8vo. 2s. 6d.—Questions Concerning Parliamentary Jurisdiction, by Monsieur de Peyronnet, 3s. 6d.—Johnde, and other Poems, 8vo. 5s. 6d.—The Messiah, a Poem, by Robert Montgomery, 8vo. 8s. 6d.—New Selection of Hymns, 12mo. 5s. 6d.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS

In reply to the Editor of Faust's Catechism, Dr. Granville states, that the work referred to in his preface was "an original work published at Philadelphia." Here then the question is set at rest—but we must add, that H. H. was too unconditional in his assertion, if it could be met by so positive a contradiction. We would have published Dr. Granville's letter, but that, from some observations in it, the Editor of Faust's Catechism might claim the right of reply, and we have no desire to have the controversy continued.

'Richard of York,' 'The Unchanged,' and other works, are necessarily deferred. As our sheet is not quite so sympathetic as La Fay's giraffe, it is clearly impossible to embrace in it all the works published this week. For the last month there has been a total stagnation in the book trade, but it has now revived with a flourishing vigour that reminds us of the setting in of summer at the North Pole.

Thanks to K.—N. O. P.—We would also thank D. but that, after much patient toil, we cannot read the manuscript enclosed.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS

##### Sales by Auction.

##### PICTURES AND MINIATURES FROM BELGIUM.

**MR. PHILLIPS** respectfully notifies that on MONDAY the 4th, and TUESDAY the 5th of June, at One, he will SUBMIT BY AUCTION, at his Great Room, 73, New Bond-street, a valuable and extensive COLLECTION of PICTURES, consisting of upwards of Five Hundred original Specimens, including Known masters of the Flemish, Dutch, and German Schools: 315 are arranged in an elegant Portable Cabinet, which will be offered in one lot. Also a few of the Italian and French schools. Among the Collection the celebrated Dappled Horse by Cyp; La Danse Majie, L. Van Leyden; a grand gallery picture, *Sydney*, a ditto, *Fyt*; and a collection of hunting subjects by *Fyt*, *Sydney*, *Weenix*, *Grief*, &c.; a cabinet gem by *Bois*; *Spinners*, by *Teniers*; landscapes by *Reynsdael*, *Pynacker*, *Wynants*, *Vanderweide*, *Outaie*, *Braswer*, *Egion Vandermeer*, *Metz*, *G. Dow*, *Van der Meer*, *Van Steen*, *P. Neefs*, *Desart*, *Vandermonden*, *Jan Steen*, *Guardi*, *Raoux*.

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|                        |                     |
|------------------------|---------------------|
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|              |             |               |           |
|--------------|-------------|---------------|-----------|
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| Guido        | Terburg     | Rubens        |           |
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|             |           |         |               |
|-------------|-----------|---------|---------------|
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# THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 241.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1832.

PRICE  
FOURPENCE.

This Journal is published every Saturday Morning, and is despatched by the early Coaches to Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Dublin, and other large Towns, and reaches Liverpool for distribution on Sunday Morning, twelve hours before papers sent by the post. For the convenience of persons residing in remote places, the weekly numbers are issued in Monthly Parts, stitched in a wrapper, and forwarded with the Magazines to all parts of the World.

## REVIEWS

*La Coquetterie; or, Sketches of Society in France and Belgium.* 3 vols. London: T. & W. Boone.

To delineate continental character and domestic manners has been the main aim of the author of 'La Coquetterie,' and a long residence abroad and intimacy with his subject, have enabled him to complete the picture which he sketched in imagination. The work, in its nature, he conceives to be aristocratical, probably because it is founded on seduction and divorce. The leading persons are all of British blood and connexion; a story has been invented to give them employment according to their natures; and the march of events is hastened by marriages, retarded by jealousies, clouded by mysteries, brightened by love-makings, or clogged by doubts and animosities, in order that the manners and customs, and feelings and opinions of the Continent, may find room to spread themselves fully out for our scorn or admiration. It contains, too, a very handsome embarrassment of a domestic nature, arising from the consequences of seduction and divorce: the hero of the story all but falls in love with his own sister. However, the author seems not to place so much reliance on the story as on his sketches of polished society; and, to say the truth, we have seldom met with a work in which the characters converse, and act, and live with more elegance and genteel ease. Rosa de Clifford is a great favourite of ours: all she does is graceful, and natural, and feminine; the author seems proud of his creation. "In my heroine," he says, "I have, I trust and believe, portrayed the character of a very large portion of my young countrywomen; and, in her amiable and unsophisticated character, many will, I doubt not, recognize a sister, a daughter, and, perhaps, a young and beloved bride." The Hon. Arthur Monteith, too, is much to our liking; but many will, we doubt not, prefer Hugh de Clifford, Rosa's half-brother, a kind of sensible rattle-skull who sobers down into a very respectable hero before all is done; and we have our suspicions that some of our friends will be simple enough to bestow their admiration on Mademoiselle de St. Quentin, a tall beauty, all wit and dash and impulse, who turns out to be Hugh de Clifford's full sister, and saves much embarrassment and explanation by catching cold in a thunder-shower, and dying towards the close of the story. The work, on the whole, is certainly clever: what we like least, is the introduction of so much French—this is the pedantry of travellers; and what we like best, is the grace and sprightliness of the conversations which, in spite of the French affectations of the

author, have the voice and bearing of genteel life.

We shall give a few of the author's sketches; of the story we have already said enough. The appearance of Rosa de Clifford seems painted from the life, including the sleepy blue eyes:—

"On her appearance in the drawing-room, when dressed, even Hugh, who was negligently lounging on the unlucky sofa denounced in the early part of the evening, was struck by the lovely appearance of his sister. I believe my heroine has never been hitherto considered of sufficient consequence to think it necessary to describe her personally. My readers must allow me to do so now; when dress, Parisian taste, and a French femme de chambre have all combined to adorn her. She was of a middling height, rather to be denominated tall, with a slight sylph-like figure, which had a peculiar gracefulness about it that you seldom see, from its being born with those who have the advantage of possessing it,—and, from its being natural, is never affected, which, when artificial, it always is.—Her countenance was an oval, with large sleepy blue eyes, whose long silken eye-lashes veiled the playful arch look that occasionally shot from under them, and her complexion was beautifully fair tinted with the bright glow of health and youth. Her auburn locks curled naturally over her face, and when, united to all this, you saw the look of happiness and innocence that pervaded her lovely countenance, you could scarcely bring yourself to detach your eyes from the sweet face of Rosa, when once they fixed themselves there."

There is less coquetry in the work than the title would lead us to look for; coquette being alluded to, Rosa desires an explanation; the answer of her mother is satisfactory:—

"Pray, Mamma, explain to me what is coquetterie. I feel as if I did, and did not, understand the meaning of the word."

"Before I give you the desired explanation," replied Lady de Clifford, smiling, "I think I ought first to ascertain what your motives are in asking the question, as the character of a coquette would not, I should hope, be approved of by my Rosa. Coquetterie is a vice,—for I must call it such,—that is supposed to belong exclusively to our sex, though, if they chose to acknowledge it, I believe it equally appertains to the other, and consists in the desire of attracting the attentions of men. Surrounded by their flattery and homage, the coquette seeks to draw all mankind around her, and all who approach her magic sphere appear to find, however they may despise the object, an indescribable charm which attracts them; for a coquette generally possesses the talent of making every one pleased with himself. Her sole aim in life is to excite admiration; and, not confined to one alone, she seeks and courts it from all. But when the object is gained, the desire of pleasing generally ceases. Madame de Genlis says of coquetterie, and the remark is most just, 'C'est ce que les hommes méprisent, et ce qui les attire.'"

"I do not think, from your account, I ever

could admire a coquette, or become one myself; and yet how rapturously does every body speak of Mademoiselle de St. Quentin, whom I have heard named as one."

"Excuse me, Rosa, I do not think so," said Lady de Clifford. "Does Lord Elmsworth, does Mr. Monteith speak of her as you describe? No. Believe me, men of sense and principle may be, and are, caught for a short time by the attractions of a woman of that description; for art has taught her to adapt her manners and conversation to every character; but it never can be a durable attachment. A cold unfeeling heart can never secure, for any length of time, the affections of a warm one. I understand that look, my dear girl,—it alludes to your brother. I own he appears infatuated by Mademoiselle de St. Quentin. It has alarmed me, and, I may add, surprised me. But, as his eyes are open to the faults in her character, I must think she has some redeeming good qualities that make her many admirers overlook a blemish which, as an Englishwoman, I think a very great one; though, in a Frenchwoman, perhaps, it may not be considered such."

In the following passage we read the natural history of woman—the Marie who speaks is Mademoiselle de St. Quentin; and her conversation is about Monteith, the accepted lover of Rosa:—

"Not," replied Rosa, "if he loved the person; but I know Mr. Monteith so well, that I feel certain, unless he had an affection for her, no motive of interest would tempt him to marry any one."

"Ah, I feel that to be most true," answered Marie, with a sigh, "and it is what I admire so much in his character. Ma douce amie," continued she, after a short pause, "I have already said too much, unless I say more. Je vous donne ma confiance entière. I have known Mr. Monteith for some time. I was first attracted towards him by his neglect and apparent dislike to me. Accustomed to be courted and admired by men, in a country where women are considered idols, and treated as such, if they possess only a moderate share of beauty and talents, I was surprised and astonished to find one, and only one, who dared to show me indifference. Had Mr. Monteith been one of those who sought my notice and conversation, he would probably have been overlooked among the many. But the moment he placed himself out of the circle of my little court, he became an object I felt ambitious to draw within it. I tried various means to make him sensible of that power, which I possessed over others,—mais, sans succès. In doing so, shall I acknowledge to ma belle amie, that I was caught in the snare I had laid for him, and I soon found myself deeply interested in one who appeared perfectly indifferent to me. Mr. Monteith left Florence, and carried with him mes récrets, mes souvenirs, et j'ose vous l'avouer, mon cœur. I saw nothing more of him until I met him at Paris, and will own, that at first his manners appeared so changed, that I began to flatter myself he liked me, and that my large fortune prevented his seeking me, from his feeling too proud to be indebted even to the woman he loved, for those

riches which it would have been the height of her ambition and happiness to bestow on him. But soon I discovered that my suspicions were wrong. They were next turned towards you, and I tried to find out from your brother if there was any foundation for them. He has, however, repeatedly assured me that your heart is equally cold to all who have shown you attention, and that, if there is any one you prefer, it is Lord Elmsworth, I have, therefore, *chère et douce amie*, ventured to tell you—*tous mes chagrins et mes ennuis*; and, if I can judge of others by myself, I trust you will consider the confidence I place in you, as a proof of my affection for you."

At the death-bed of his daughter, Made-moiselle de St. Quentin, it is the fortune of the injured elder De Clifford to meet the erring woman whom he had divorced. The scene is not unimpressive:—

"At length the tinkling bell was again heard, and informed them the melancholy service was over. Bertine, repressing her sobs, with noiseless steps left the room; and in about ten minutes the bed-room door opened, and she motioned to them to enter. Marie was lying on the bed, dressed as she was in the morning, supported by pillows; on one side of the bed was her mother, whose head rested on the bolster, and her convulsive sobs were most audible.

"Here, then, for the first time after twenty-two years, did Lord de Clifford meet her, whom conscience told him he had erred in marrying, and who had, by her subsequent conduct, as far as she could, revenged herself on him. Here Hugh, also, for the first time saw her as his mother from whom his heart had hitherto recoiled. On hearing them enter the room, Marie opened her eyes. Both her father and brother approached her on the opposite side of the bed to that where her mother had placed herself. She took their hands in hers, and said, in a low and faint voice, and apparently tremulous from agitation—

"Prepared as I now am, I trust, for the awful change that must soon take place, let me hope that my father and my beloved brother will cheer the few hours or minutes that may be granted me, in assuring me that they have forgiven the dear and affectionate mother who has watched over me through life. Let me have the happiness of seeing that pardon granted for errors and sins, long since, I hope, forgiven and repented of."

"I do sincerely pardon," replied Lord de Clifford. "My forgiveness she has long had, and to hear of her happiness and welfare has ever been my most anxious wish."

"And my brother?" asked Marie, in a beseeching plaintive tone of voice.

"Ah! what can you ask and be refused, my beloved, my angel sister!" exclaimed De Clifford. "Yes, my forgiveness is hers, and from this moment I will think and feel as you wish."

"Marie during this time had hold of her father's and brother's hand. As Hugh concluded speaking, she raised her eyes to heaven in apparent thankfulness, and taking her mother's hand joined it with Lord de Clifford's and Hugh's in hers, and pressing them together, said, 'Oh! Sainte Vierge, je te rends grâce!' It appeared as if the effort had been too much for her strength, for, immediately after, her head dropped apparently lifeless. Her father attempted to raise it. For a second the eyelids remained closed. At length, opening her eyes, and casting them on her loved brother, as if he were the last object she wished to gaze on, she gave a deep and long-drawn sigh. In a few minutes a slight convulsion passed over the features; the eyes, fixed in apparent vacancy,

became stiffened; and soon Lord de Clifford was aware the final agony was past, and that life had fled!"

We bid the author farewell, with the hope that when we meet again he may not only have lost none of his skill in delineating character or recording conversation, but have acquired the art of saying all he has to say in his native tongue.

*Statistical Sketches of Upper Canada, for the use of Emigrants.* By a Backwoodsman. London: Murray.

THIS is a pleasant little pamphlet that may be read through in an hour. But to one about to emigrate—about to embark on a perilous adventure, in which the hopes of a life and family are concerned—the reading will be found more pleasant than profitable. We have chapters on the choice of a ship, with directions respecting clothing, medicine, money, provisions; on what is to be done on landing; on the purchase of land; and so on; but the writer does not go enough into detail to be really serviceable to the emigrant. We shall, therefore, make our extracts from such parts as seem to us of most general interest—and first of—

*The Climate.*

"It never has been accountable to me, how the heat of the sun is regulated. There is no part of Upper Canada that is not to the south of Penzance, yet there is no part of England where the cold is so intense as in Canada. \* \* \*

"The summer heat of Upper Canada generally ranges towards 80° Fahrenheit; but should the wind blow twenty-four hours steadily from the north, it will fall to 40° during the night. \* \*

"One remarkable peculiarity in the climate of Canada, when compared with those to which we have likened it, is its dryness. \* \* \* Roofs of tinned iron of fifty years' standing are as bright as the day they came out of the shop; and you may leave a charge of powder in your gun for a month, and find, at the end of it, that it goes off without hanging fire.

"The diseases of the body, too, that are produced by a damp atmosphere, are uncommon here. It may be a matter of surprise to some to hear, that pectoral and catharrhal complaints, which, from an association of ideas they may connect with cold, are here hardly known. In the cathedral at Montreal, where from three to five thousand people assemble every Sunday, you will seldom find the service interrupted by a cough, even in the dead of winter and in hard frost; whereas, in Britain, from the days of Shakespeare, even in a small country church, 'coughing drowns the parson's saw.' \* \* \* The only disease we are annoyed with here, that we are not accustomed to at home, is the intermittent fever,—and that, though most abominably annoying, is not by any means dangerous: indeed, one of the most annoying circumstances connected with it is, that, instead of being sympathised with, you are only laughed at. Otherwise the climate is infinitely more healthy than that of England.

"Though the cold of a Canadian winter is great, it is neither distressing nor disagreeable. There is no day during winter, except a rainy one, in which a man need be kept from his work.

"Between the summer and winter of Canada a season exists, called the Indian summer, when the atmosphere has a smoky, hazy effect. \* \* \* During this period, which generally occupies two or three weeks of the month of November, the days are pleasant, and with abundance of sunshine, and the nights present a cold clear black frost. When this disappears, the

rains commence, which always precede winter; for it is a proverb in the Lower Province, among the French Canadians, that the ditches never freeze till they are full. Then comes the regular winter, which, if rains and thaws do not interfere, is very pleasant; and that is broken up by rains again, which last until the strong sun of the middle of May renders everything dry and in good order."

Another piece of interesting information, is the condition of the Irish emigrants; and we quote it in the hope that the facts may have their influence upon the government of Ireland and the opinions of Englishmen. A colony of miserable and starving people, were removed from the South of Ireland, some years since, under the orders of government, and settled in the Newcastle district—from being absolutely penniless, they are now prosperous and happy, and many of them comparatively affluent.

"Their morals, too, contrary to the general rule, have improved with their circumstances; for they are (considering always that they are Irishmen) a quiet, peaceable, sober, and industrious population; and the very men who, if at home, might be figuring at Caravats, Shanavists, or Carders, rebelling against all authority, and tracing their path with burning haggards and roasted Peelers, are quietly pursuing a peaceful and useful career in the back woods, grateful to the government to whom they owe all the advantages they enjoy, they are the most loyal and devoted of his Majesty's subjects; and, having got quit of the feeling of hopelessness and despair of ever bettering their condition, that weighs down and paralyzes the Irish peasant in his own country, they have acquired the self-respect so essential to respectability, and which the habitually-oppressed can never know. So far, moreover, from requiring a civil and military force to compel obedience, the ministrations of my worthy friend, the priest, are found quite effective in maintaining order among them."

"The Irish Catholic is by far the easiest conciliated of any emigrant who comes to this province; for at home, being habituated to oppression, and looked upon as a Helot, he considers simple justice a favour; and when, on his arrival here, he finds that he is emancipated in spirit as well as in letter,—that he is admitted into the legislative council, the House of Assembly, and the magistracy, if his talent or rank entitle him to such a distinction, as a matter of course—and that there is no prejudice that condemns those of his faith to be degraded in the eyes of their fellow-subjects, as if of a lower order of the human family,—he feels his heart overflow with gratitude to the government under which he lives, and forgets in a moment the wrongs that he and his ancestors have suffered for ages.

"An elder of the Kirk, and bred in the most orthodox part of Scotland, I came to this country strongly prejudiced against Catholicism and its ministers; but experience has shewn me that these prejudices were unjust. I expected to find both priest and people as violently opposed to the British government here as at home,—I found them the strongest supporters of the constitution. I had been taught to believe, that a Catholic priest was a hypocritical knave, who ruled his misguided followers for his own selfish purposes,—I have found them a moral and zealous clergy, more strict in their attention to their parochial duties than any body of clergy I ever met in any part of the world, and not a bit more intolerant than their clerical brethren of any other sect. And I look upon this public avowal and recantation as a penance for my sins of ignorance, and I hope it will be accepted as such."

We have also chapters on field sports and cookery, neither of which will tempt us to



emigrate. We give two or three Canadian receipts for the benefit of the curious in foreign dishes:—

*To Dress a Beef Steak.*

"Cut the steak about a quarter of an inch thick, wash it well in a tub of water, wringing it from time to time after the manner of a dish-cloth; put a pound of fresh-butter in a frying-pan (hog's-lard will do, but butter is more esteemed), and when it boils, put in the steak, turning and peppering it for about a quarter of an hour: then put it into a deep dish, and pour the oil over it, till it floats, and so serve it.

*To boil Green Peas.*

"Put them in a large pot full of water, boil them till they burst. Pour off one half of the water, leaving about as much as will cover them; then add about the size of your two fists of butter, and stir the whole round with a handful of black pepper. Serve in a wash-hand basin."

One of the sporting anecdotes is not a little extraordinary:—

"A worthy friend of mine, of the legal profession, and now high in office in the colony, once, when a young man, lost his way in the woods, and seeing a high stump, clambered up it with the hope of looking around him. While standing on the top of it for this purpose, his foot slipped, and he was precipitated into the hollow of the tree, beyond the power of extricating himself. Whilst bemoaning here his hard fate, and seeing no prospect before him, save that of a lingering death by starvation, the light above his head was suddenly excluded, and his view of the sky, his only prospect, shut out by the intervention of a dense medium, and by and by he felt the hairy posteriors of a bear descend upon him. With the courage of despair he seized fast hold of Bruin behind, and by this means was dragged once more into upper day."

*The Agamemnon of Æschylus.* Translated by T. Medwin, Esq. London, 1832. Pickering.

We lately spoke of Capt. Medwin's translation of the *Prometheus*, in terms of great but not unqualified praise; it is now our pleasing duty to bestow less restricted eulogy, and to congratulate him on having produced a version of the *Agamemnon*, almost worthy of being compared with the sublime original. The stern and statue-like cast of the Æschylean characters, produces no ordinary difficulties to the translator; it is much easier to imitate painting than sculpture, to preserve the original vitality in a copy than in a plaster-cast. Potter in most instances, and Symonds in too many, have hidden the naked majesty of the marble beneath a rich dress of brocade, which agrees as little with the bold strength of Æschylus, as silk robes with the Farnese Hercules. We say nothing of the other attempts at translating this play—of Harford's we have spoken in a late number, and Kennedy's version is below contempt. Having on a former occasion given such specimens, as will fully justify our opinion of the present version, we turn to the less agreeable duty of pointing out some venial errors, which we hope to see corrected in a new edition. Most critics have regarded Clytemnestra as the principal character in this drama, but, in our opinion, the chief interest of the piece centers in Cassandra; at all events, her denunciations furnish the best criterion for determining the qualifications of the translator, and to them we shall for the most part confine our attention.

The first burst of grief and horror with which she breaks her awful silence, is rendered,

Woe! woe! for ever. Apollo, oh! Apollo!

There is no authority for the words "for ever," which are wholly without meaning. The line should be literally,

Woe! woe! O Earth. Apollo! oh, Apollo!

The invocation of earth is omitted also in the next verse, for reasons that we are utterly unable to conjecture. We know not on what authority Mr. Medwin has translated the common epithet of the Sun-god, "guardian of the public ways," by the phrase,

My guide and my destroyer.

The antithesis and the quibble on the name Apollo, are quite unworthy of the father of tragedy. The fifth strophe is, we regret to say, a signal failure; Mr. Medwin has wholly missed the author's meaning. He says,

What's that? a snare, a net!—has hell such nets?  
Copartner of his bed, to take a hell-trap  
For her accomplice.

Now, the phrase "hell-trap," or as Symonds more spiritedly renders it, "hell's drag-net," is applied as an epithet to Clytemnestra, though from Medwin's version, we should suppose that it referred to Ægisthus. The conclusion of the strophe is still worse: literally it runs thus, "let the choir insatiable by nature, howl over the stony sacrifice"—a sentence sufficiently obscure, which Æschylus probably designed as characteristic of Cassandra's prophetic style. But the principal difficulty, the epithet "stony," as applied to sacrifice, may, we think, fairly be explained, as pointing out the mode in which the populace would probably avenge the murder of Agamemnon. There are many instances in Grecian history, of murderers being covered with heaps of stones, instead of receiving an honourable interment. This passage, Mr. Medwin translates thus:—

How! ye furies! how!  
Set up a shout over the accursed race,  
A long loud shriek of joy—'tis done—the foul,  
The impious sacrifice.

The expression, "a long loud shriek of joy," is certainly an excellent paraphrase of the Greek verb, but the rest of the passage is wholly unwarranted.

It would be invidious to dwell on these defects, without referring to some of the compensating passages by which they are amply redeemed; the conclusion of Cassandra's speech, whose force and beauty has baffled all previous translators, Mr. Medwin has given us with equal spirit and fidelity.

O world! O life!

Whose brightest hours a shadow can destroy,  
And where all trace of human woe is lost,  
Like figures that a wetted sponge effaces;  
Of adverse fortune, or a prosperous lot,  
Sad as mine is, the last I pity most.

Mr. Medwin seems to have paid little attention to mythological studies, else he would scarcely have written so confused a note as that on the epithet, "Lycean King;" the name is manifestly derived from *λύκη* light, and is therefore appropriately applied to the solar god; its similarity to *λύκος* was accounted for by the legend respecting the wolves; in Keightley's Mythology, will be found many similar instances of legends, originally founded on no better basis than a similarity of words.

We have of late had to notice several efforts of varied merit, to supply us with new translations of the Greek drama; there is

one error, which though consecrated by inveterate use, we hope to see corrected, we mean the application of Roman names to the Grecian deities. The religious systems of Hellas and Latium were radically different; and the identification of their respective gods, has been the source of more errors in classical literature, than almost any other of the blunders that has been perpetuated by blind imitation.

*Fitzgeorge.* 3 vols. London: E. Wilson.

THIS novel is manufactured according to the most approved method, and, though not to our taste, it is not the less likely to gratify "the reading public." It is evidently written by a powerful and accustomed hand, and there are scenes in it which must awaken attention and interest—but we dislike the original idea. It is the private life and character of George the Fourth and his associates, under masking names. Lord and Lady Fitzgeorge are, of course, George the Third and Queen Charlotte—Augustus is the heir apparent, and hero of the novel—Leppard is Mr. Fox—Drury Borrowman, Sheridan—Mr. Graves, Pitt—Col. Fitzmaurice is Hanger, afterwards Lord Coleraine—Sir Nicholas Bobadil, Mr. Brummell—Juliet, Mrs. Robinson—Emily, Mrs. Fitzherbert—Mrs. Jernigan, Lady Jersey—Lady Louisa, Queen Caroline—Mr. Birch is the present Lord Chancellor—and Dangle, Lord Malden.—To those at all conversant with the early life of his late Majesty this key is hardly necessary, but generations have sprung up and passed away since then, and what is evident enough to us, may be mystical to others. These characters are sketched with vigour; but the artist has very little of the court-limner about him—and he appears throughout to have assumed that all the gossip of the day was true. The best part of the novel describes the early attachment of the Prince to Mrs. Robinson; but we are not satisfied that the story, as originally told by this weak, vain, pretty woman, with all its incidents and details, is not quite as good, though the scenes may not be wrought up with so much power. As a specimen of the work, we will give the first meeting and the parting from this lady.

*The First Meeting.*

"To the eye of Fitzgeorge never did the sun set more gloriously than it did on the evening of this interesting day. He thought for once in his life that the heavens looked more beautiful than his own gilded roof; but beautiful as was the sight of the glorious sun with its gorgeous retinue of multiform and many-coloured clouds, he was impatient at the slow departure of lagging day-light. Nor was the romantic Juliet less interested in the day's decline; she watched the sun's declining rays, and saw with indescribable emotion the lengthening shadows of evening. \* \* \* At length the hour of meeting arrived. Wrapping themselves up in a close disguise, and silently gliding along the star-lit paths like thieves or persons afraid of thieves, they entered the park which surrounded Fitzgeorge's mansion, and took their station beneath a broad spreading oak. \* \* \* Moving as rapidly as was consistent with that grace and dignity which he never forgot, Fitzgeorge advanced to the spot where Juliet stood, and extending his hand he said in tones more sweet than music ever breathed, 'It is my Juliet!'

"Juliet, with a trembling confidence and humble pride, took the proffered hand, and

would have said, 'my Fitzgeorge!' but her heart swelled, her knees trembled, and sinking almost to the ground with a lowly curtsy, she kissed the hand which was offered to her and sighed. The passionate lover raised her from the voluntary humility, and drawing her arm within his, whispered sweet words, such as make young lovers' hearts throb with ecstasy.

" 'Tis kind, 'tis generous, my beloved one,' said the enraptured Fitzgeorge, 'that despising the world's reproaches, you thus condescend to permit me to call you mine, mine for ever.' \* \* \*

" 'Fitzgeorge,' exclaimed Juliet, and her lips trembled while she uttered that name which she alone was permitted to utter with the familiarity of love, and which all the rest of the world mentioned with profound respect, 'Fitzgeorge, I know the generosity of your nature. I do unhesitatingly confide in you. For you I surrender everything, and by you I know I never shall be deceived.'

" 'Dear, sweet, confiding, intelligent creature!' replied Fitzgeorge, 'I have admired, adored you for the unrivalled splendour of your talents, for your fascinating, bewitching manners, but you have now indeed made me inviolably yours by this sweet interesting confidence.' \* \* \*

" 'Alas! dear Fitzgeorge,' said the emboldened and impassioned Juliet, 'what is the world to me? You are my world. Is there any living creature on the face of the earth, whose good word I can for a moment put in competition with yours? Will not a smile from you more than counterbalance the frowns of the whole world? If I hear your applauding voice, I hear all the applause I can desire.'

" 'Excellent woman!' said Fitzgeorge. 'We were clearly and undoubtedly formed for each other. Our sentiments are in such perfect harmony, our apprehensions are coincident. I perceive that we are bound to each other by an inseparable chain of sympathy.' "

#### *The Separation.*

" Juliet's servant brought to his mistress, on a silver salver, with no small share of ceremony and respect, a letter. \* \* \*

" With a soft sigh she said to herself, 'And when is my beloved to honour his slave with a visit?' \* \* \*

" This soliloquy was hardly uttered, when with a shriek of agony the letter fell from her paralyzed hand. \* \* \*

" The following is a copy of his note to Juliet.

" 'We can meet no more. Circumstances of a most imperious nature compel me to this step, which is no doubt unpleasant to your feelings, as it is, I assure you, to mine. But necessity has no law. It must be so. Believe me ever yours.

'AUGUSTUS FITZGEORGE.'

Then follows a sad scene of wild passion, and of anxious trusting hope:—

" 'I will see him,' she said at last; 'I will see him—I must see him. It will be death and worse than death if I see him not. Oh there is pity in his generous nature—he is goodness—he is all goodness.'

" She ordered her carriage and drove to Fitzgeorge's town house. He was not there. It was growing dark, and not only dark but tempestuous. \* \* \* She astonished her coachman by ordering him to drive to Fitzgeorge's country house. \* \* \*

" It was nearly midnight when she arrived at the mansion. The sound of merriment and revelry was heard. Her arrival was announced and a message came from the hall of feasting, that Fitzgeorge was not to be seen. There was madness in her agitated spirit. Never did the acted drama present so complete and fine representation of mental agony as did the expression of Juliet's countenance and attitude at this

message. The messenger gazed at once with pity and admiration at the perturbed and agonized Juliet; for, on hearing it announced that Fitzgeorge refused to see her, an electric shock of agony ran through her whole frame, the paleness of despair in an instant fixed itself on her marble features, her hands convulsively clasped each other, while lifting her eyes upwards she seemed to be asking of heaven the mercy of a tear to cool the burning anguish of her soul. She spoke not, she moved not, and scarcely did she breathe.

" 'I have it in command from the Honourable Augustus Fitzgeorge,' said the messenger after an interval of painful suspense, 'to desire that you would immediately leave the house and return to your home.'

" He repeated his message several times before Juliet paid the least attention to it, or seemed in the slightest degree conscious that any one was speaking to her. But presently her senses returned, and on hearing the word 'home,' she shrieked in an agony of unrestrained passion, and exclaimed, 'Home!—Oh God—I have no home—no home on earth, no home in heaven. For him I have sacrificed all—and without him I am a solitary outcast. Did I not love him? did I not? do I not? and shall I not for ever and ever?'

" Fitzgeorge feeling himself annoyed by this interruption, was angry with the cause of it; and instead of pitying the pangs of heart which the discarded one suffered, he was indignant at her presumption in daring to obtrude her unwelcome sorrows within the sacred confines of his mansion dedicated to hilarity and festivity. He sent, as it has been seen, a messenger to order her instant departure; but as that first message availed not, he sent a second in mighty wrath, not a little pleased, perhaps, at the excuse which Juliet's importunity gave him, for converting his possible pity into actual anger.

" The second messenger was Fitzmaurice. \* \* \* Juliet, who of the simple was the most simple, and whose simplicity of character neutralized whatever subtlety she might attempt to intermix with the component parts of her mind and manner, was absolutely softened and subdued by the ingenious, yet heartless affectations, of Fitzmaurice. She believed him most sincerely when he attempted, with a face of marvellous gravity, to persuade her that Fitzgeorge could not trust his feelings to the proposed interview. She believed him when he descanted most learnedly, yet most obscurely, on those imperious circumstances which compelled Fitzgeorge to a line of conduct apparently harsh and severe. She believed him when he told her with the hypocritical mockery of compassion, that his heart bled for her, and that he also as deeply pitied and sympathised with Fitzgeorge, who was under a most distressing necessity of doing sad violence to his own feelings.

" 'He is a good and gentle being,' said Juliet, with affectation of manner, but with sincerity of heart.

" 'He is all goodness and gentleness; the world is not aware of the excellence of his heart and understanding,' responded Fitzmaurice, with equal affectation of manner, but not with equal sincerity of heart.

" 'This cannot be his own act and deed,' said Juliet.

" 'Most assuredly not,' replied Fitzmaurice; 'has he not in every heart and in every voice the reputation of the highest generosity?'

" 'He has, indeed,' answered Juliet; 'and I pity him that he is placed under any circumstances of restriction which prevent him from yielding to the generous impulses of his nature. But might I not see him? One look—one kind look—one word—one generous word—ay—even the word "Farewell"—would from his lips

be a treasure of remembrance to my heart as long as memory shall hold its seat.'

" The colonel shook his head and sighed. He could upon occasion shake his head with an exquisite gravity, and he could sigh with wondrous pathos of hypocrisy. 'Ah, no!—my dear lady. See him, did you say?'

" 'Yes; only let me see him—once—for the last time!'

" 'Oh, my good madam, you know not the tenderness of his heart. You know not the bitter pang which it would cost him. Would you afflict and pain your once-beloved Fitzgeorge?'

" 'Once beloved!—Ever beloved!—That "once" includes eternity! No—no: I would not grieve my beloved one. Oh! rather may every tear I shed, and every pang that I suffer, be the means of joy and smiles to him. Let me but know that he is happy, then nothing can make me miserable.'

" 'Generous heart!' replied the colonel; 'one every way worthy of Fitzgeorge. I lament, from my inmost soul, the hard necessity which separates two hearts so truly noble and so well fitted for each other. But the hour grows late. Your carriage is waiting: permit me to conduct you to it;—and spare your beloved Fitzgeorge all further pangs of separation.'

" So Juliet was won and managed. Fitzmaurice handed her to the carriage—gracefully, gently, bowing and smiling; and Juliet returned the courtesy of hypocrisy with the courtesy of sincerity, peradventure not unmixed with affectation.

" 'Tell him—tell him,' said Juliet, as she was stepping into the carriage—but swelling grief prevented her from giving utterance to her thoughts.

" 'Most assuredly,' replied the colonel, somewhat less perfectly than before concealing his impatience.

" 'Tell him I love him, for ever, for ever!' So saying Juliet seated herself in the carriage, and Fitzmaurice with his own hands closed the door, and with his own voice gave the word to the coachman, 'Home.' \* \* \*

" 'We have dismissed her,' said Fitzmaurice, laughingly, 'and a finer scene I never saw. She must go back to the stage, for she is surprisingly improved in acting. She may at first undergo a little hissing from the puritanical geese, who have no other virtue about them than hissing at vice; but when they see how well able she is to entertain them by her dramatic talents, they will suffer their moral censures to be outvoted by their scenic applause.'

" 'So she annoys me not again,' said Fitzgeorge, 'she may go whither she pleases, to the stage or to the—'

The bane and antidote are both before the reader, and we shall take our leave of the work—but not without our best thanks to Mr. Wilson for having introduced the American custom of having the edges cut.

*Saturday Evening.* By the Author of the 'Natural History of Enthusiasm.' London, 1832. Holdsworth & Ball.

We have delayed noticing this book, because the matter of it requires attentive consideration, and the author of it deserves that such consideration should be respectful. It is a remarkable book. It is neither exact theology, nor pure philosophy, but a compromise between the two; theological in substance, philosophical in phrase, with an air of literature diffused over both. The author has evidently looked on all parties without joining fellowship with any: he is claimed by dissenters, and acknowledged by the church;

whether he sees a soul of good in things evil, or not, he perceives, and exposes, a taint of evil in things good. He loves christianity, without being satisfied with christians; he cries out for theological and spiritual reform; but, as he cries out in polished sentences, and under metaphysical watchwords, it is doubtful whether so many will answer as ought. His war-cry is too placid. He has a mind of exquisite temper, and will influence minds of temper somewhat akin to his own; but the vulgar will not understand him, and the violent will shiver his Damascus blade like glass. He has Melancthon's spirit, but wants Luther's voice. He is a man of intellectual perceptions—of cultivated humanity—of fine feelings—of calm and far-extending views. He is the most accomplished religious writer of the day; and did he, in proportion to his other faculties, possess force, simplicity, and directness of appeal, he would be the most influential. But 'Saturday Evening' (not an admirable name, by the way, for a volume of essays,) is emphatically a book for thinkers: they, whether clergy or laity, will study it with profit; and, in order to find it profitable, they must study it; but the reader whose thinking powers are only partially developed, will leave it for productions less elegantly argumentative and more keenly dogmatic. Speaking from recollection of the 'Natural History of Enthusiasm,' it strikes us, that the style of the present volume is even less clear and definite: the language often veils rather than expresses the sense; the technicalities of scientific expression are too often used to illustrate religious arguments; and, like the moon in vapoury weather, meaning is occasionally involved in a shining haze, and so looks larger than it has any right to do. The great defect of the book is the want of distinct and simple expression; the sentiments, when translated out of their demiphilosophic dialect, are simple and distinct enough. The beauty of the work consists in its charity, combined with decided opinions; in its sympathy with mind in various stages of doubt and difficulty; its hope in the final triumph of good, joined to anxiety after efforts for victory over evil. The author can hold truth, and yet hold it in love; he can "look before and after," without leaving his standing ground; he can believe, and yet appreciate the temptations to disbelief. He does not, like certain theologians, bring a battering-ram against mind, as though religion could only conquer by its reduction; "the carved work," which some would "break down with axes and hammers," he would rather preserve and consecrate—he would measure the sanctuary with "a golden reed." The time is come, when all who hold stricter religious opinions than their neighbours, or the same religious opinions as their neighbours with more strictness, are bound to be foremost in all efforts after intellectual progression—both as regards themselves and their species. In simpler phrase, every one making a peculiar profession of religion, ought to be doubly diligent in following Solomon's advice—"Seek knowledge, and get understanding." On this subject, however, we shall do better to quote from our accomplished author:—

"Although there may be found among us now (in corners) persons of this same class (ingenious, illiterate, and fervent), whose courage, in matters of religion, costs them no ex-

traordinary effort; the great body of Christians, in our age and country, would be very improperly described in any such terms; for they have neither the same merits nor the same defects. The religious classes have admitted and imbibed just that degree of general intelligence, which, by laying them open to all influences, puts to the severest proof the integrity and simplicity of their spirit, as messengers of the mercy of God to mankind. We say, just that degree of intelligence: for it must not be affirmed (after a very few instances are excepted) that the accomplishments and mental power of the religious body, or of its leaders, are so fairly on a par with the learning and science of the times, as to leave no room for the consciousness of inferiority. It is not with us now as it was in the age of the Reformation, when the champions of the Gospel were men of gigantic understanding, and unrivalled attainments;—men who had no competitors or rivals to fear in any walk of learning—men who ruled the philosophy, as well as the religion of their times. Nor is it as it was in the age of Jerome, and Augustine, and Ambrose, and Gregory, and Chrysostom, when the church moved foremost on all grounds of honour and merit; and when pagan philosophy had scarcely a laurel left on its brow. We stand midway between the advantageous post of rude ingenuous fervour, and that of real or unrivalled eminence in matters of science and learning. But a *middle position* is one of jeopardy, incertitude, timidity. By all the amount of our actual intelligence, we feel the offence of the cross; and yet our intelligence reaches not the point which should set us free from anxiety in maintaining our profession... No man of mature understanding, who has seriously fixed himself in the great purpose of devoting all the force he possesses to the work of the Gospel, will think, that any kind of knowledge he may have acquired, or any species of mental labour to which he may have become familiar, is absolutely unavailable for promoting his design. There is nothing extrinsic or foreign in literature or science; there is nothing difficult or profound in the region of abstruse philosophy; there is no habit of meditation, or of abstraction, which he will look upon as worthless, in relation to the arduous and all comprehensive work of leading the spirits of men into the path of truth. But, then, there are none of these acquirements, none of these practised faculties, that he will for a moment regard in any other light, than as a means to the end which his soul has embraced. To give honour to the Saviour of the world, and to lead to the arms of mercy the lost, is the work he has put his hand to; and he can please himself in nothing but success in this great endeavour."

This is truth strikingly stated; and as we dwelt on the passage, the writings of Leighton, of Jeremy Taylor, of Hall, of Atterbury, of Barrow, and others, of earlier and later date, some of them even of nobler fame, rose to our memory, at once in confirmation and comparison. 'Saturday Night' is certainly mainly calculated to benefit theological students, but it contains much to interest the reflective general reader. We make room for a passage of this nature, a sketch of the lowest order "of an Asiatic empire"—would it were true of such empire only!

"There is first its wretched and vilified class, upon which the superincumbent structure of the social system presses so heavily, as almost to crush it, and always to render life undesirable. The urgent wants of nature never provided for beyond the present moment, the most abhorrent sustenance, furtively snatched from the dust; while contempt, servitude, and pain, stand by to embitter the insufficient meal! Shall these objects—these victims, these outcasts, know any-

thing of pleasure? Yes; even these shall snatch at joy; for human nature does not readily throw off its instincts of happiness. But pleasure to such, must be frantic and intemperate, because hurried and stolen; the hour of enjoyment (if enjoyment it should be called,) is as murky as it must be, hemmed in before and behind by necessities and woes. Or we may turn aside to gaze upon the hovel which serves as the last retreat of wretchedness, and where indolent misery, bred by vice upon despair, finds a home. To such, (alas! that, in fact, there are such!) to such the common air has no balm—the light of day no brightness—Nature no boon. Spring, with its bright mornings and its flowers, and summer with its noons of fervour, and fruits, and pastimes; and autumn with its golden abundance and luxuries, bring no smile, no change: the round of the year is a winter. What is that word *joy* to such? They know it not, even afar off, by sight or hearing: or, if ever they taste a reckless bowl, it is one in which death has shed some new anguish for to-morrow."

To these longer quotations might be added many brilliant brevities in the shape of similes, observations, definitions, &c.; but our space is filled, and were it otherwise, this picking the eyes out of passages, shows an author, who is worth study, to disadvantage. An apophthegm that is sound, when read as a close to previous argument, may seem only a showy paradox when stated by itself. There is no need to recapitulate the failings of 'Saturday Evening': as an effort to carry into religious speculation, the thought, sympathy, and imagination, that have unrestricted play in other subjects, its merits far outweigh them. We recommend the work to all who have not read it, and we advise those who have read it once, to read it over a second time. We mean to do so ourselves.

#### *Lights and Shadows of American Life.* Edited by Mary Russell Mitford. 3 vols.

[Second Notice.]

OUR selections from these volumes are without reference either to the interest of the tale or the skill of the narrator, but exclusively to the development of American life and character. The introduction of steam-boats on the great rivers has put an end to a wild, lawless class of men, who used formerly to navigate the keel-barges—they are well described in a tale called

#### *The last of the Boatmen.*

"Mike Fink may be viewed as the correct representative of a class of men now extinct, but who once possessed as marked a character as that of the Gipsies of England, or the Lazaroni of Naples. The period of their existence was not more than a third of a century. The character was created by the introduction of trade on the western waters, and ceased with the successful establishment of the steam-boat."

"There is something inexplicable in the fact, that there could be men found for ordinary wages who would abandon the systematic but not laborious pursuits of agriculture, to follow a life, of all others, except that of the soldier, distinguished by the greatest exposure and privation. The occupation of a boatman was more calculated to destroy the constitution, and to shorten life, than any other business. In ascending the river, it was a continued series of toil, rendered more irksome by the snail-like rate at which they moved. The boat was propelled by poles, against which the shoulder was placed; and the whole strength and skill of the individual were applied in this manner. As the boatmen moved along the running-board,

with their heads nearly touching the plank on which they walked, the effect produced on the mind of an observer was similar to that on beholding the ox rocking before an overloaded cart. Their bodies, naked to their waist, for the purpose of moving with greater ease, and of enjoying the breeze of the river, were exposed to the burning suns of summer and to the rains of autumn. After a hard day's push, they would take their 'fillee,' or ration of whisky, and, having swallowed a miserable supper of meat half-burnt and of bread half-baked, stretch themselves, without covering, on the deck, and slumber till the steersman's call invited them to the morning 'fillee.' Notwithstanding this, the boatman's life had charms as irresistible as those presented by the splendid illusions of the stage. Sons abandoned the comfortable farms of their fathers, and apprentices fled from the service of their masters. There was a captivity in the idea of 'going down the river;' and the youthful boatman who had 'pushed a keel' from New Orleans felt all the pride of a young merchant, after his first voyage to an English sea-port. From an exclusive association together, they had formed a kind of slang peculiar to themselves; and from the constant exercise of wit with 'the squatters' on shore, and crews of other boats, they acquired a quickness and smartness of vulgar retort, that was quite amusing. The frequent battles they were engaged in with the boatmen of different parts of the river, and with the less civilized inhabitants of the lower Ohio and Mississippi, invested them with that ferocious reputation, which has made them spoken of throughout Europe.

"On board of the boats thus navigated, our merchants entrusted valuable cargoes, without insurance, and with no other guarantee than the receipt of the steersman, who possessed no property but his boat; and the confidence so reposed was seldom abused.

"Among these men, Mike Fink stood an acknowledged leader for many years. Endowed by nature with those qualities of intellect that give the possessor influence, he would have been a conspicuous member of any society in which his lot might have been cast. An acute observer of human nature has said—'Opportunity alone makes the hero. Change but their situations, and Caesar would have been but the best wrestler on the green.' With a figure cast in a mould that added much of the symmetry of an Apollo to the limbs of a Hercules, he possessed gigantic strength; and, accustomed, from an early period, to brave the dangers of a frontier life, his character was noted for the most daring intrepidity. He was the hero of a hundred fights, and the leader in a thousand adventures. From Pittsburg to St. Louis and New Orleans, his fame was established. Every farmer on the shore kept on good terms with Mike, otherwise there was no safety for his property. Wherever he was an enemy, like his great prototype, Rob Roy, he levied the contribution of Black Mail for the use of his boat. Often at night, when his tired companions slept, he would take an excursion of five or six miles, and return before morning, rich in spoil. On the Ohio, he was known among his companions by the appellation of the 'Snapping Turtle;' and on the Mississippi, he was called 'The Snag.'

"At the early age of seventeen, Mike's character was displayed, by enlisting himself in a corps of Scouts—a body of irregular rangers, which was employed on the north-western frontiers of Pennsylvania, to watch the Indians, and to give notice of any threatened inroad.

"At that time, Pittsburg was on the extreme verge of white population, and the spies, who were constantly employed, generally extended their explorations forty or fifty miles to

the west of this post. They went out, singly, lived as did the Indian, and in every respect became perfectly assimilated in habits, taste, and feeling, with the red men of the desert. A kind of border warfare was kept up, and the scout thought it as praiseworthy to bring in the scalp of a Shawnee as the skin of a panther. He would remain in the woods for weeks together, using parched corn for bread, and depending on his rifle for meat; and slept at night in perfect comfort, rolled in his blanket.

"In this corps, while yet a stripling, Mike acquired a reputation for boldness and cunning, far beyond his companions. A thousand legends illustrate the fearlessness of his character. There was one, which he told himself with much pride, and which made an indelible impression on my boyish memory. He had been out on the hills of Mahoning, when, to use his own words, he 'saw signs of Indians being about.' He had discovered the recent print of the moccasin on the grass, and found drops of the fresh blood of a deer on the green bush. He became cautious, skulked for some time in the deepest thickets of hazel and briar, and for several days did not discharge his rifle. He subsisted patiently on parched corn and jerk, which he had dried on his first coming into the woods. He gave no alarm to the settlements, because he discovered, with certainty, that the enemy consisted of a small hunting-party, who were receding from the Alleghany.

"As he was creeping along, one morning, with the stealthy tread of a cat, his eye fell upon a beautiful buck, browsing on the edge of a barren spot, three hundred yards distant. The temptation was too strong for the woodsman, and he resolved to have a shot at every hazard. Re-priming his gun, and picking his flint, he made his approaches in the usual noiseless manner. At the moment he reached the spot from which he meant to take his aim, he observed a large savage, intent upon the same object, advancing from a direction a little different from his own. Mike shrunk behind a tree with the quickness of thought, and, keeping his eye fixed on the hunter, waited the result with patience. In a few moments, the Indian halted within fifty paces, and levelled his piece at the deer. In the meanwhile, Mike presented his rifle at the body of the savage; and, at the moment the smoke issued from the gun of the latter, the bullet of Fink passed through the red man's breast. He uttered a yell, and fell dead at the same instant with the deer. Mike re-loaded his rifle, and remained in his covert for some minutes, to ascertain whether there were more enemies at hand. He then stepped up to the prostrate savage, and, having satisfied himself that life was extinguished, turned his attention to the buck, and took from the carcass those pieces suited to the process of jerking.

"In the mean time, the country was filling up with a white population; and in a few years the red men, with the exception of a few fractions of tribes, gradually receded to the Lakes and beyond the Mississippi. The corps of Scouts was abolished, after having acquired habits which unfitted them for the pursuits of civilized society. Some incorporated themselves with the Indians; and others, from a strong attachment to their erratic mode of life, joined the boatmen, then just becoming a distinct class. Among these was our hero, Mike Fink, whose talents were soon developed; and for many years he was as celebrated on the rivers of the West as he had been in the woods.

"Some years after my visit to Cincinnati business called me to New Orleans. On board of the steam-boat, on which I had embarked at Louisville, I recognized, in the person of the pilot, one of those men who had formerly been a patrol, or keel-boat captain. I entered into

conversation with him on the subject of his former associates.

" 'They are scattered in all directions,' said he. 'A few, who had capacity, have become pilots of steam-boats. Many have joined the trading parties that cross the Rocky Mountains; and a few have settled down as farmers.'

" 'What has become,' I asked, 'of my old acquaintance, Mike Fink?'

" 'Mike was killed in a skirmish,' replied the pilot. 'He had refused several good offers on steam-boats. He said he could not bear the hissing of steam, and he wanted room to throw his pole. He went to the Missouri, and about a year since was shooting the tin cup, when he had corned too heavy. He elevated too low, and shot his companion through the head. A friend of the deceased, who was present, suspecting foul play, shot Mike through the heart, before he had time to re-load his rifle.'

" 'With Mike Fink expired the spirit of the Boatmen.'

*Mémoires de Madame la Duchesse d'Abrantès.* Vols. V. & VI.

(Third Notice.)

To the several instances, already quoted from this work, of the amiable benevolence of Bonaparte's disposition, we add the two following anecdotes:—

*Junot's Wound.*

" 'Junot,' said Napoleon, looking at him with an expression of mildness impossible to be described, 'dost thou recollect the day, at the palace of Serbelloni at Milan, on which thou wast wounded, here, in this place?'—and his small hand pressed gently upon the wide and deep scar on Junot's temple. 'I was pulling thy hair, and when I took away my hand it was covered with blood.'

"The First Consul, as he said this, turned pale at the very recollection.

" 'Yes!' he continued, making a motion as if in the act of suppressing a shudder: 'I became conscious, at that moment, that there is an inherent weakness in nature. On that day I understood how a man could faint. I have not forgotten the circumstance, my friend; and from that time the name of Junot could never be coupled in my thoughts with even the semblance of perfidy. Thy temper is impetuous—too much so; but thou art a brave and trustworthy fellow—thou, Lannes—Marmont—Duroc—Berthier—Bessières—'

"And between each name Napoleon took a pinch of snuff, walking up and down, then stopping, and smiling, whenever a name brought particular associations to his mind.

" '—And my son Eugene; yes, those hearts are attached to me—I can depend upon them: Lemarrois is also a faithful follower; and poor Rapp, who, although he has not been long with me, loves me to such a degree, that he already lectures me. Dost thou know that upon occasion he actually scolds me?'

"As the First Consul spoke, he took Junot's arm, and leaned upon it as he walked. When they came near the window, he drew his arm from Junot's, and placed it upon the shoulder of the latter, whom he almost forced to stoop, that he might lean upon him."

*The Candidate for Admission to the Polytechnic School.*

"At this period of the consulate, a certain Abbé Bossu (I believe that was his name,) examined the young men who were to be admitted as students in the Polytechnic school. Though not the only examiner, his vote was all-powerful.

"One day, when the First Consul was about to start on a hunting excursion, the aide-de-camp on duty, as he crossed the court at Malmaison, perceived a handsome, gentlemanly young

man, leaning against one of the sentry-boxes at the gate, and looking anxiously at the *château*. The aide-de-camp, M. de Lacuée, approached him, and politely asked if he wanted any one. The young man, without looking at the person who addressed him, replied—

"Ah! Sir, I have a wish, which every one I have consulted tells me it is impossible to gratify; and yet I shall die if it be not accomplished. I want to speak to the First Consul. I tried to obtain admittance into the court, but was repulsed at the gate. I was asked if I had an appointment. An appointment! I, an appointment!"

"And without casting even a passing glance at M. de Lacuée, the young man again fixed his earnest gaze upon the *château*. Every person acquainted with M. de Lacuée must know that he delights in an adventure; and this youth, with his animated countenance, and voice trembling with emotion, inspired him at once with interest. Again approaching him—

"Well, Sir," said he, and what do you want with the First Consul? I can convey to him your request, if it be reasonable. I am the aide-de-camp on duty."

"You, Sir!" cried the young man, seizing M. de Lacuée's hand, which he squeezed with transport—"Are you the First Consul's aide-de-camp? Oh! if you knew the service you could render me! Pray, Sir, take me to him."

"What do you want of him?"

"I must speak to him!—(and he added, in a lower tone of voice,)—It is a secret."

Lacuée contemplated the youthful petitioner, who stood before him with a look of intense eagerness, squeezing the hand he held, as if it were in a vice—his bosom palpitating, and his respiration oppressed; but his look was pure—it evinced a mind of the noblest stamp.

"This youth is not dangerous," thought Lacuée: and, taking his arm, he led him into the interior court. As they passed the gate, Duroc, accompanied by Junot, arrived from Paris, whither they had gone in the morning. Both were on horseback. They stopped and alighted to speak to Lacuée, who related what had just passed between him and the young stranger.

"What!" said Junot and Duroc,—are you going to introduce this young man without even knowing his name? Lacuée confessed he had not asked it. Junot then approached the youth, and observed, that although the First Consul was not difficult of access, yet it was necessary he should know why an interview with him was required, and, moreover, the name of the party who made such a request.

"The young man blushed.

"True, General," said he, bowing respectfully, but with the ease of a gentleman, and stating his name. [The Duchess is not certain as to the name, which, however, she believes to be Eugene de Kervallégue.] "My father resides in the country. I have received from him an education adapted to the end which both he and I had in view,—namely, my admission to the Polytechnic school. Judge then, General, of his disappointment and of mine, when, on appearing before the Abbé Bossu, whose duty it is to decide whether or not I am qualified, this gentleman refused to examine me, because I had been taught by my father *only*. What matters that, (said I,) provided I possess the requisite knowledge? But he was inflexible, and nothing could induce him to ask me a single question."

"But," said Duroc, in his usual mild and polite manner, "what can the First Consul do in such a case? If that be the rule, it must be observed by every candidate; and what can you therefore require of him?"

"That he examine me himself," replied the young man, with the most expressive *naïveté*.

"I am sure, that if he questions me, he will deem me worthy of becoming one of those youths, of whom he would make officers capable of executing his great conceptions."

"The three friends smiled at each other. Duroc and Junot thought with Lacuée, that the presence of this young man would be pleasing to the First Consul; and Duroc went to him and stated the circumstance. Napoleon, with that luminous and sweet smile so peculiar to him when he was pleased, said—

"So he wants me to examine him, does he? What could have suggested such an idea to him? It is a strange one!" And he rubbed his chin. "How old is he?" resumed the First Consul, after walking about some time in gracious silence.

"I do not know, General; but he appears about seventeen or eighteen?"

"Let him come in."

Duroc introduced the youth, the expression of whose countenance was admirable. The fullness of his joy was vividly and beautifully portrayed in it. His look darted upon the First Consul—his whole existence seemed to hang upon the first word Napoleon should utter. I have often observed, but cannot repeat too often, how inconceivably different the countenance of the Emperor was from itself, when he had determined upon pleasing. Its beautifully mild expression, at such a time, had an ineffable charm.

"Well, my young man!" said he, advancing with a gracious smile towards the young enthusiast; "you wish to be examined by me?"

"The poor lad was so overcome with joy that he could not answer. Napoleon liked neither insolent assurance, nor pusillanimous timidity; but he perceived that the youth before him was silent, only because the spirit spoke too loud within him.

"Take time to recover yourself, my child: you are not calm enough to answer me at this moment. I will attend for awhile to some other business, and then we will return to yours."

"Dost thou see that young man?" said the First Consul to Junot, taking him into the recess of a window. "If I had a *thousand* like him, the conquest of the world would be but a *promenade*!" And he turned his head to look at the young man, who, absorbed in meditation, was probably preparing his answers to the questions which he supposed would be asked him. In about half an hour Napoleon began the examination, with the result of which he was completely satisfied.

"And you had no other master than your father?" asked the First Consul, in astonishment.

"No, General; but he was a good master, because he was bringing up a citizen to be one day useful to his country, and who might pursue the high destinies which you hold out to it."

Junot told me that they were all surprised at the almost prophetic tone with which the last words were uttered. The First Consul in particular seemed much struck by them.

"I will give you a line, my dear child, which shall open for you the gate of the sanctuary," said he, making Junot a sign to write. But suddenly altering his mind, he said—

"But no, I will write myself."

And, taking a pen, he wrote a few words, which he delivered to the young man, who, on his arrival at Paris, ran to the Abbé Bossu.

"What do you want here?" said the latter; "there is nothing for you." But the youth held a talisman in his hand. He delivered it to the ungracious priest, who read as follows:

"M. Bossu will admit M.\*\*\*. I have myself examined him, and consider him qualified."

"BONAPARTE."

### The King of Etruria and his Queen.

"This king, who inspired more ridicule than respect, was Don Louis, Infant of Parma, the new King of Etruria, and husband of the Infanta Maria Louisa Josephina, daughter of Charles IV. They came to Paris in May, 1801, to thank the First Consul for the crown of Etruria, which he had bestowed upon them, in execution of a clause of the treaty between France and Spain, concluded at Madrid on the 21st of March, whereby France obtained the territory of Parma, and ceded Tuscany to the Prince of Parma; thus giving the latter, in lieu of his paternal inheritance,—the states of his uncle. But King Louis I. was a man not likely to know who the sovereign of Tuscany was before that principality was bestowed upon him; and even had he known, it is by no means clear that he would have refused the gift.

"I never saw more extraordinary looking beings than these new sovereigns. They bore the *incognito* titles of Count and Countess of Leghorn, and had with them a *Contino* of Leghorn, their son, who, although he was not yet three years old, proved as extraordinary a spectacle as both his parents put together. But he was then only an atom in ridicule compared to his appearance two years afterwards, when, in a dress coat, with a *chapeau* under his arm, a sword adorned with a huge knot of ribbons by his side, his hair frizzled and put into a bag behind, himself tied to the seat, because his young majesty was only five years old, and would otherwise roll from side to side like a ball; he was driven in a carriage through the streets of Florence, the dowager queen, his mother, seated next to the horses in the most respectful attitude.

"At the period I am speaking of, as the king his father was still living, the prince royal of Etruria was content to give you his little hand to kiss, whether you asked for it or not; and then to make very unseemly exhibitions, because, as his father said, he had the colic. As for the latter and his queen, every one who saw them at Paris in 1801 must admit how strangely different they were from all other human beings, particularly if her majesty the queen be compared to a pretty woman, and her royal husband to a man with a *single idea*.

"The royal couple arrived at Paris on a beautiful spring evening. It was still the fashion to go to Garchi's and to the Pavilion of Hanover. There was a large assembly at Frascati on that evening; and we had the pleasure of seeing a procession of carriages, which might have formed objects of scientific inquiry for Ariether, Goëthing, and Le Duc. They must have been the same vehicles which conveyed the Duc d'Anjou to Madrid, when he went thither to assume the title of Philip V. But there was attached to them that which the French prince never saw until he entered the Spanish territory: the mules, the bells, the *zagal*, the majoral,—in short, the complete complement of the coach of Coglieras.

"Reading, since that period, the pretty tale of the Princess Brambilla, I could not help calling to mind that long line of carriages, of a form and description unknown to almost every gazer, passing slowly along those Boulevards, so elegantly magnificent, then disappearing in the Rue Mont-Blanc, like the fantastic *cortège* in the Roman Palace. The First Consul was desirous that the reception of this king tributary to the republic, and who had come to pay fealty and homage to his liege lord, should be at once splendid and in good taste. The friendly visits at Malmaison were the first marks of cordial friendship. The First Consul wished to have a personal knowledge of the man whom he had set over a highly-gifted people, covered with literary glory. It did not require many interviews to satisfy his curiosity: the poor thing



was an imbecile;—not so the queen. Her face was repulsive at first; but after conversing with her two or three times, she would get rid of a timidity mingled with pride, which fettered both her words and actions, and become really amiable. She had the same desire to please in conversation that I found in her mother, the Queen of Spain. The First Consul soon appreciated both husband and wife. Poor Louis I., king of the beautiful and fertile Tuscany, knew no more what he was to do when he went to take possession of his palace of Pitti, than if the First Consul had invested him with the crown of Abyssinia. He added to his natural incapacity another infirmity, which made Napoleon say with a frown—'Hum!—Had I known that, he should have remained where he was!'

"One day, the King of Etruria, being engaged to dine at Malmaison, was, on alighting from his carriage, attacked by a strange complaint. I was crossing the vestibule, when I found myself in the midst of the tumult occasioned by this circumstance. The queen seemed much grieved, and wanted to conceal her husband; but the thing was impossible: the face of a king who has the falling sickness, however insignificant he may otherwise be, cannot be concealed from a number of persons standing by. When I saw him he was as pale as death, and his features absolutely distorted. His swoon did not last long, but it was dreadful. When he entered the saloon, Madame Bonaparte asked him, with an appearance of concern, what was the matter: 'Oh, nothing—nothing!—is there, Louisa? Nothing—a pain in my stomach—I am hungry—I shall make a good dinner—I said so to Pepita: did I not Pepita?'—and the smile upon those livid and contracted lips had something hideous. The First Consul, who knew not then this frightful addition to the defects of his protégé, really believed he had a pain in his stomach. After dinner he was, I believe, made acquainted with the truth, for he was very thoughtful; and several times, as he looked at the king, his brow contracted, and his physiognomy assumed an expression of displeasure."

*Richard of York, or, the White Rose of England.*  
3 vols. London: Fisher & Co.

THERE are writers who believe nothing more easy than the composition of a historical novel; an incident from some school abridgment, the names of a few leading characters from the same respectable authority, and perhaps some few hints from an old chronicle, seem to afford sufficient materials for fancy to amplify into three volumes. They know not the deep study requisite to become acquainted with the habits of thought and action that prevailed in any age gone past—they care not for the revolutions both in motive and opinion that Time bears on its stream, and they are therefore guilty of the worst species of anachronism by transferring the mind of one century to another as different from it as possible. The errors of costume and etiquette in these volumes are sufficient to drive a whole Antiquarian Society out of their senses; nor can we say that probability of incident serves to redeem those errors. The writer, however, displays a considerable share of talent, which we would gladly see employed on a subject more patiently meditated and more accurately executed.

*The Antiquities of Greece.* By the Rev. R. B. Paul, M.A. Oxford, Vincent; London, Whitaker & Co.

A very excellent and unassuming manual of useful information. Though the author modestly calls the work a compilation, it contains many valuable original observations, manifestly the result of deep thought and sound knowledge.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

WE never sit down in a churlish mood to discuss the offerings which come from the east, west, north, and south, to our library table: we look upon it as a sort of repast, in which little that is bitter mingles, and we read, and ponder, and write in a benevolent mood, which nothing can ruffle. Were it not for this easy placidity of temper, we should be somewhat angry with the author of '*St. John in Patmos*,' one of "the oldest living poets in Great Britain." He has introduced his poem with a peevish preface, in which he laments the honour which has been paid by Southey to "Sisters of the Sacred Well and bashful Liverymen," and cavils at the praise bestowed by the *Quarterly Review* and by *Blackwood* on Fanny Kemble. This "oldest of the living poets" seems to forget that he has been not a little praised himself in these and other periodicals. He complains that "uneducated and humble claimants for fame are sometimes brought out of the shade" by the *Quarterly*, and calls on Mr. Lockhart to eulogize a certain gentleman of the name of Pennie, who has written a work called 'Britain's Historical Drama,' for whom "poverty, and neglect, and almost critical silence, is the portion." Now, we had our good-humoured laugh at Southey's inspired serving-man, in his livery of industry, turned up with morality.\*—we were certainly not warm in our commendation of Mary Colling†—we expressed some astonishment at the exaggerated praise of 'Francis the First'—and so far from being "critically silent" on Mr. Pennie, we, months since, made his dramas the leading article of our paper,‡—we are free, therefore, to express the opinion, that either John Jones, Mary Colling, or Fanny Kemble, have quite as much of the divine spirit in them as Mr. Pennie, the Homer of "the oldest poets of Great Britain," whose work, if we remember right, came out under the patronage of the Royal Family—was noticed in almost all the Reviews, and passed into speedy oblivion, like other respectable works which are less than inspired.—Of the poem before us, we have little to say: there are many pretty lines, tender sentiments, and passages both strong and harmonious; and we could set some of the pious pictures in a frame-work of praise, and hang them up for the admiration of our readers. But we in this will imitate Mr. Bowles himself: we advise our friends to let the work pass, and to read what the apostle himself says in the Revelations. The oldest of living British poets has not the power to expound in verse the meaning of those dark but glorious visions.

'*Leonora: a Tragedy.*' This drama is written by Sir Archibald Edmonstone, Bart., and the scene is laid in Spain. There are some natural and sweet passages; but there is less force and elevation than we could wish. Several of the speeches of the Lady Leonora have a gentle and household air, which touches us more than stormier matters:—

LEONORA.

Thou then hast suffer'd?  
Hast felt the storms of life beat rudely on thee?  
I do not ask the tale, I feel my heart  
Would shrink at the first sound that told thy sorrows;  
But henceforth shall they cease: thou dost not know  
How potent anodyne is woman's love!  
To man was given to master the wide world,  
And wield the fate of empires; but to us  
To strew the path with flowers, and attract  
Within the silken meshes of affection  
The lords of earth themselves. O, I will watch  
Each motion of thy brow, as a fond mother  
Hangs o'er her infant's cradle:—dost thou smile,  
I then will laugh, be gay, and catch thy humour;  
Or art thou serious, to thy sage discourse  
I will dispose my thoughts, and bear what part  
My measured wit allows: but if one pang,  
If aught of pain remembered come across thee;  
Then all those tender, guileless, nameless wiles,

From the hid treasury of the female breast,  
I will call out to win thee from thy sorrow.  
And should my fond device prove powerless,  
A tear of sympathy shall wet thy cheek,  
And every trace of care wash out for ever!

'*The Grecian.*' This is a pretty periodical, and takes its name from the highest class of scholars in Christ's Hospital school; nor is it unworthy of the class which once owned Coleridge, Middleton, Lamb, and Leigh Hunt.

'*New Children's Friend.*' 2 vols. In a multitude of counsel there is safety, saith the wise man; and assuredly, if our children go astray, it will not be for lack of admonition, for the press teems with books of instruction. The merits of Mrs. Markham are well known—sound, sensible, and sagacious—affectionate and motherly: she addresses herself to the young; but the old cannot be the worse for reading her clever conversations.

'*Twenty Parochial Sermons.*' Mr. Girdlestone, of Sedgely, in Staffordshire, after having delivered these sermons to his congregation, was desirous of fixing them more surely in their memories, and so sent them to the press, and produced them in this cheap and accessible form. We have known this author through his works for some time: he is a sound and practical preacher; his style is familiar and vigorous: he is not ambitious about splendour of diction, nor harmony of periods; and yet he finds both sometimes without seeking them.

'*Sir Simon League, the Traveller, a Poem.*'—Sir Simon, an Englishman, wanders in many countries, and is laughed at in them all: he is a kind of absurd Don Juan; and the lightness and gaiety of the verse which records his deeds, often remind us of Byron's poem. There are many ludicrous pictures—some grave, and some of a mingled nature—and all dashed off with a ready and vigorous hand. The following verses we think very beautiful:—

Warmly the boom of our Wanderer yearned  
Toward his hearth and early home, I ween,  
For his whole body with emotion burned,  
And strange electric feelings past between  
His heart-strings; trifles, half forgotten, turned  
Soon into matters of importance—seen  
Through absence, which lets greater things retire,  
Or stand unnoticed—like a magnifier.  
As it should ever be! our thoughts are thine,  
Old England! envied England! use what glass  
Thou wilt, Sir Simon: make her sweet shores shine  
Before thee—gleaming from her velvet grass,  
Reflection raised a simple village-shrine,  
And rural habitations, which surpass,  
Others, and over them his turrets stood—  
Like giants peering from a chestnut wood.  
An evening star rose up! and in their pen  
His white flocks slumbered: while a circuit made  
About his park, and common, and his glen,  
And broken fence, afar, and little glade,  
And tiny hill, Sir Simon took again,  
And the last line of yellow poplars played  
Quivering before him, and his own bright skies  
Blushed through remembrance, and he wiped his eyes.

Nor will the fine lines upon Tycho Brähe sound harsh after the gentle ones we have quoted:—

Ye scourges of your kind, forgotten long,  
What were ye, floating on a noisy flood  
Of Fame, beside this sage? unsung in song!  
Ye conquerors, who see his laurels bud,  
What are ye? circled by a silent throng  
Of virgins, clothed with fraternal blood,  
Over the necks of white-haired fathers tread,  
Or through the living walk—upon the dead.  
Make nations nameless, and the wretched earth,  
Successively, your footstool, and, at last,  
Find comfort in the dust, that gave ye birth,  
The worms your counsellors; your fame a blast  
Of curses, wrung from myriads in their mirth:  
Down shall your brazen monuments be cast,  
And Justice to your pedestals succeed,  
And Independence from oppression freed.

In truth, this first canto of 'Sir Simon' abounds with so many admirable verses, that we desire much to see a second, when we shall go more at length into the subject, and talk a little seriously to the author on the right use of no ordinary powers. The work is printed in Paris.

'*Britton's Tunbridge Wells.*'—When we are weary and worn in the service of the public, we

\* Athenæum, No. 174.

† No. 213.

‡ No. 229.

§ No. 223.

shall take Mr. Britton's book in our hands, and make our way to Tunbridge Wells, and read and drink, and drink and read, and between two wholesome and strength-restoring things, renew our vigour, and become fit again for critical tear and wear.

The thirty-seventh volume of the WAVERLEY NOVELS—*'The Betrothed'*—the second of *'Miss Edgeworth's Tales'*—the sixth of *'Lord Byron's Works'*—and the twelfth of Roscoe's NOVELIST'S LIBRARY, are on our table. There is a pleasant preface, and a few notes to *'The Betrothed,'* but the one thing especially deserving mention is the illustration by Edwin Landseer, a picture of great beauty, well-engraved by R. Gravels. The Byron concludes Moore's Life, and includes several miscellaneous prose pieces, among others his lordship's parliamentary speeches, and the Letters on the Pope Controversy. Miss Edgeworth's volume contains *'Forrester'*—*'The Prussian Vase'*—and *'The Good Aunt,'* with illustrations by Harvey—and the Novelist's Library, the conclusion of *'Tristram Shandy'* and the *'Sentimental Journey.'*

*'The Rose of Four Seasons.'*—"The following selections (says the editor of the verses which compose this little pretty volume,) are designed to assist the parent or teacher in forming the taste of young ladies, by supplying a series of readings in prose and poetry, chosen with great care in point of composition, and with an earnest desire to make religion the prominent feature of the work." Pray, what would the scholars of our amiable teacher think, if he came to them with a basketful of cherries, and said, "My dear children, fear the Lord, and eschew evil: I have stolen these ripe cherries, as a meet present for you, therefore eat and spare not?" The very youngest would think that he had begun strangely with his instruction;—in like manner, we fear, so far as similitude goes, has this nosegay of devout and pure poetry been gathered. Had the editor permission from Mrs. Norton, Mrs. Hemans, and Mary Howitt; or from Montgomery, Barton,—we quote as they come,—Marriott, Chalmers, Southey, Wordsworth, Barry Cornwall, or Hervey, to pick these jewels out of their works? If we are zealous in our reprobation of this practice, it must be excused—"a fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind." Much of our periodical literature exists by this sort of literary robbery. One of the least offensive papers has honestly taken the name of *The Thief*; and last week, in addition to an acknowledged folio column or two from the *Athenæum*, transferred from this Paper Mr. Hood's poem, *'The Fall,'* and printed it as an original contribution to their own. A paper, too, of more pretensions, the *New Bell's Messenger*, makes equally free with us, and lately, in one number, copied the article on Crabbe, the Poet, without acknowledgment, and the *'Confessions of Peyronnet,'* which it introduced by a neat little paragraph, beginning, "*We have translated,*" &c. While another, called the *Literary Guardian*, not content with stealing from, affects to criticize us—which, admitting their objections to be just, is about as impertinent as the abuse of a pickpocket, because your handkerchief is Spitalfields instead of Bandana.—We had occasion to notice not long since, that owing to this dishonest system, an article copied months ago from the *Athenæum*, but without acknowledgment, into the *Journal of Education*, was thence transferred, with equal forgetfulness of the source, into the *Literary Gazette*, where it appeared as an original article; and this week there is a long quotation in the *Hampshire Telegraph*, a paper of great sale and high character, from the *Greenock Advertiser*, which the latter had, we must presume, printed without acknowledgment of its source, for it appeared originally in this paper.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS

## SKETCHES FROM COMMERCIAL LIFE.

No. I.

THE extremes of social life, the highest and the humblest, have absorbed somewhat too much of the attention of writers of fiction. Princes and shepherds; peeresses and beggar-girls; leaders of ton and inmates of a prison, seem to have taken out a patent to supply tales and novels, if not poetry, with incidents and characters. Such a phrase as the romance of *middle life*, may sound strange, particularly as I mean really middle life; not that which, from the combined possession of wealth, taste, and education, may be called aristocracy without rank; nor yet that, which, by an abundance of style, and a superabundance of affectation, calls itself fashionable, and fancies itself refined;—the fashion, silver-gilt; the refinement, varnish. I am not thinking either of a cottage ornée and a ponyphaeton, or of a grave brick hall, architecture and date, the reign of Elizabeth; owner, a squire and magistrate;—I mean really middle life, and in a commercial town, and in a staid, reputable, but unattractive street in such town; the houses precisely of a level, their fronts affording a precise parallel of one door one window, one window one door; the intersecting plots of ground appropriated to clothes-drying; neither a thoroughfare nor a lounge; the houses merely to live in; the pavement merely a means to get from one point to another. Yet I venture to think, that such a street may be full of materials for poetry and fiction. There may be nothing winning, either for good or for bad in such a *locale*; the daily lives of its inhabitants may at first sight appear flat as Salisbury Plain; but, if we had power to strip off the outer covering, the shrouding domino of common-places—could we find out the hopes, fears, joys, sorrows, and struggles, which are not mere appurtenances of the human condition, but which spring immediately from a peculiar modification of life and circumstances—could we pierce the surface, and do justice to the "heart that suffers and endures,"—there would be no lack of incident, no deficiency of romance. The history of a few streets in a commercial town, might be more sombre than Miss Mitford's ever-pleasant "village," because commercial life is subject to perpetual vicissitude. "To break or not to break," is a reading that Hamlet's soliloquy daily undergoes; and in the eyes of those who see the event in all its ramifications, a single case of bankruptcy is often no mean tragedy. Yet, who pauses over the *Gazette*?—Let us take a case, so common that it hardly deserves to be singled out: let us fancy it occurring in one of the two rows of houses already described. The dwelling at present rather outshines its neighbours, has recently been "beautified" for a new-married pair. The furniture is new, and not only smart, but good; and every time you catch a view of the green moreen window-curtains, with their amber fringe dependencies, you wish the future inhabitants happy. Some fine day, the young couple arrive, after a week's holiday at some wedding-place in the neighbourhood. There is at first a little finery, a little visiting, a bright blue coat on the part of the husband, an attempt at a French hat on that of the lady,—but very soon bridal show subsides,

the young people intend to be prudent; he is head clerk in some establishment, on a salary of three hundred per annum—has a good character—fell in love—saved money to furnish a house—furnished it, and is now married. So they go on respected and respectably. After a few years, a desire to better himself arises on the part of the young man, he gives up his clerkship, enters into partnership with some one like-minded, and with a thousand pounds between them, sets up in business, which business, a returned bill, or a bad debt, or the necessity of selling at the wrong time, or the incapacity of buying at the right, probably finishes up in eighteen months. He is again adrift in the world. He has no monied friends—but he has five children; he advertises for a situation till his heart is sick, and his coat shabby—perhaps he is very fortunate, and obtains one at half his original salary; or perhaps he goes to America, or perhaps dies, and then his wife takes in sewing.

Let us look in at the inhabitants of the house opposite. To the parties last named, a similar residence was a rise in the world—to the present, it is a descent, and, what suggests many mournful thoughts to those who know what it often implies, it is *their first*. The gentleman was a leading merchant; a successful speculator; a commercial magnate—and, in addition to this, a man of taste and science; that, he remains still, but his mercantile glory has departed from him. By some sudden crisis, by some over-bold speculation, or some one of the thousand "short and easy" methods of being ruined, which exist in trade, the failure of the great house of Calico, Printwell, & Co., or of Boads, Indigo, & Brothers, is suddenly announced—drawing down, like a falling star, not a few lesser lights in its train. Our merchant's wife is like many of her class, sensible, intelligent, and ladylike; the son has had a college education, and is just called to the bar—the loss of his father's property may to him be an ultimate advantage, forcing him to labour heartily and steadily, after professional advancement—it is otherwise with the merchant's daughters: stylish, accomplished, luxuriously brought up—and four in number—to them the reverse is a thunder-stroke. Farewell now to the establishment that would not have disgraced a nobleman! farewell to hot-houses, gardens, grounds, carriages, routs, watering-places, and Parisian milliner! *'Enjoyment's occupation's gone'*—and poverty's is come! There is not the refuge of a jointure—the mother had fortune, but it was embarked in her husband's extending, and, at the time, most prosperous concern; and, if any one asks what remains to the family—the only answer is—"A blank, my lord." However, what our poor clerk wanted, our fallen merchant has—connexions and monied friends. Creditors, who are themselves commercial men, are by no means an ungenerous hard-hearted race; fraud or shameful extravagance may make them a little savage, but a straight-forward, intelligible case of misfortune will rarely be severely dealt with. Our merchant, cautioned perhaps against speculation and high living, is set up again in a small way: the family, with the plainest of their furniture, and two women servants, come to the plain residence in the plain street we set out with describing. This is not the worst that may, that often does, happen: as

yet, the family "dwell together in unity;" gay friends and gay pleasures are gone; eligible lovers are not rife in a family of portionless daughters,—and your *true* lover is generally in want of means himself: nevertheless, the family is not broken up—and if "charity covers a multitude of sins," social affection softens a multitude of annoyances. But in a year or two, when beginning to adapt themselves happily to mediocrity of circumstances, some fresh mischance happens in the way of trade; they are wrecked a second time—and the second gathering of fragments is smaller, and the second appearing of hope for the future, is fainter far than the first. Severe misfortune is the true maker of heroes and heroines; the medium often brings out medium virtue. But, not to dilate on a digression,—the two youngest daughters avow themselves "in want of situations," (oh, the intense wretchedness often hid in that phrase!) and the two eldest open a school at home; the father, now an uncertificated bankrupt, perhaps teaches the pupils writing, and the mother becomes household drudge; or, all the daughters go out governessing, and the mother takes in boarders—and these efforts are made promptly, cheerfully, and without parade.

Let us look in at one more dwelling in the same street. It is a boarding-house for clerks; from these let us single out one. He was the cadet of a good Scotch family; but good Scotch families are often large; and after drafting off two or three to India, a sufficiency remained for law, physic, divinity, and trade. Colin, the youngest, after being kept too long both at home and at school, to please a sickly mother, came, after her death, urgently recommended to a leading mercantile house, and, on the strength of such recommendation, was esteemed fortunate in falling heir to a tall stool, seventy pounds a year, and occupation from twelve to fourteen hours a day. And as times go, and youths prosper, he was fortunate; the interest of the case lies not in any hardship of circumstances, except as opposed by the moulding of his character. As Caleb Balderstone said, that Mysie's "savory dishes were no just common saut herring"—so say we of Colin. Trade is a beautiful pursuit for all who have a genius for it; that is, for those who have, or who have set their hearts on acquiring, a capital to embark in it. Politics can hardly be more exciting than trade, to a person who has true commercial ambition; literature contains not more poetry than trade, to one who has true mercantile sensibility—to whom bargains, and bargain-making, are the true meat, drink, washing, and lodging of life. But the glories of a dingy warehouse, surmounted with blue board and gold letters, shine afar off to a junior clerk, and the youngest of nine sons; and Colin would have had no love of such glories, even had he been head of the most famous firm for the manufacture of dimity quiltings, and eldest of his eight brothers. He had a delicate body, and a dreamy delicate mind; would have lived delightedly as a minister on fifty pounds a year in his native glen, aiding his stipend by his fishing-rod, finding companions in his books, sympathy in his flute, and happiness in his duties. He was an instance of the cruelty of stimulating the sensibility of a boy who must fight his way in the world, and of the short-sightedness of

attempting to make a timid, tender, studious lad, a good tradesman. It would have been kinder to have buried him—aye, even before death. However, to the mart he came, young, strange, and solitary; was installed in his situation; found lodgings; was thankful for anybody's notice; never hinted that he was wretched, and strove hard to comprehend business. The establishment was immense, and he felt himself a cipher in it; a cipher in the town; amongst his species; in the world—a cipher every where. Unlike many youths, who have set out in life with tempers equally shy, he did not by contact with busy life gain courage or independence; he did not, by observing the alternations of success and vicissitude, become ambitious. The old lady with whom he boarded, loved him for his quiet orderly habits, his gentle manners, and (for mortality is frail) his small appetite and contentedness with her not very strong tea. He made no friendships; those who lodged under the same roof with him boarded themselves; they had longer purses, greater spirits, and coarser tastes. He heard from home seldom, for he had no sisters; his mother, whose pet he had been, was dead; his brothers were toiling hard at their appointed avocations—postage was expensive, and his father thought Colin in the high way to happiness—alias, getting on in the world; so that a letter once a quarter, with a page of family news and a codicil of good advice, was the average of his receipts per post. Partly pride, and partly conscientiousness, sealed his lips from murmuring; he did his best, and bore up his best: but the change of life, from the pure atmosphere of the country, and the yet more genial one of affection, in less than a year wrote its effects on a frame naturally fragile. The smoke, the noise, the occupied air of all around him, was a perpetual weariness to his spirits; the quantity of occupation required from him had always tasked his strength to the utmost; by degrees he became physically incapable of it, and at last was laid up. The catastrophe need occupy but few lines, as few as the poor boy's epitaph: nursing and tears on the part of his attendant—a summons to his father, instantly obeyed—a physician called in to write one prescription, and declare medicine useless—his funeral over—his little debts paid—his father gone home—"To Let," in the window of his room—seventy applicants for his clerkship—and all in ten brief days!

#### THE ETRICK SHEPHERD.

We lately had the pleasure of noticing the visit of the Ettrick Shepherd to London, and the hopes which he entertained of mending his fortune, by a republication of his works; we have now the pain of saying, that all his hopes are frustrated, by the bankruptcy of Mr. Cochrane, his bookseller, and that, in consequence, he is overwhelmed with difficulties, such as he could neither foresee nor prevent. To relieve him from these, is the object of his friends; and that it may be done with due delicacy, it is proposed to publish an edition of his chief poem, 'The Queen's Wake,' by subscription; and Mr. Murray, Albemarle Street, and Mr. Duncan, Paternoster Row, have generously undertaken to conduct the impression, so that the whole profits shall go to the aid of the poet at once. The matter will not, we fear, be mended,

unless the work commences with a good list of subscribers, and as the exigency of the case is great, it is hoped that the price of the volume, one guinea, will be paid on subscription, so that the Ettrick Shepherd may be released from the pressure of immediate distress. We earnestly entreat our friends to give the suffering poet all the help they can: the miseries which men of genius, and the followers of the muse in particular, have to sustain, are many and severe; and it is enough perhaps to have starved Otway, Butler, Burns, and Bloomfield, without adding James Hogg to the number. We call on the titled and the wealthy, to think of the poet of Ettrick now; we call on London, on its citizens, its knights, its lords, its earls, nay, on its princes—on all, in short, who courted the company of the poet, and enjoyed his conversation, and the chaunting of his songs and ballads, to come forward with their guineas at this moment of crushing distress, and prove that their love of genius was real and not affected. It gives us sincere pleasure to add, that one of the first names on the as yet short list of subscribers is that of Samuel Rogers, and another, that of the Lord Chancellor Brougham.

#### ON DRAMATIC COPYRIGHT.

The following is an extract from a forthcoming work, on the Statistics of France, by Mr. Lewis Goldsmith. In it is shown, both the law and the usage on this subject in France. The question is deeply interesting to many literary men, and a committee of the House of Commons has been lately, on the motion of Mr. Bulwer, appointed to inquire into it.

"After the opinion we have offered, on the present state of the French drama, we shall conclude this branch of the subject with an analysis of the laws, by which the rights of dramatic authors are protected.

"In the first place, the managers and proprietors of theatres are absolutely prohibited from the representation of any dramatic work whatever, without the express permission of its author, under the penalty of the confiscation of the entire receipts of the house, in favour of the author; on the night on which his piece has been surreptitiously performed.

"As to the theatres in Paris, a tariff has been adopted, which fixes the specific proportion of the receipts, which are to be paid to the author, on every night of the representation of his work. At the Théâtre Français, where what is called the regular drama is exclusively performed, the author, if his piece be of five acts, receives a twelfth part of the nett receipts; if of three acts, an eighteenth; and if of one or two acts, a twenty-fourth. The Théâtre Feydeau pays eight and a half per cent. for three-act pieces, and six per cent. for those of one or two acts; the amount being divided in equal proportions between the author and composer. The proportions paid by the Odeon are the same as those of the Théâtre Français, for tragedies and comedies, and for operas, the same as the Feydeau. In consequence of the keen competition which exists among the theatres on the boulevards, the society of dramatists have found it most for their interest, to leave the amount of the author's remuneration to be fixed by special agreement with the proprietors. This remuneration is usually paid as in London, in a single sum, without reference to the success or failure of the piece, but with this difference in favour of the author, that he is still entitled to the benefit of the law, which prohibits the performance of his

work at any other theatre, either in the capital or the provinces, without his consent.

"The Nouveautés, the Variétés, the Gymnase, and the Vaudeville, pay three per cent. to the author of each piece they perform, on the receipts for the night of its representation.

"At the Grand Opera, a scale of remuneration is fixed, which produces the author and composer a specific sum, on each night of representation, independent altogether of the amount of the receipts; the composer's share being here much greater than that of the author, and 500 francs a night, being the composer's maximum.

"In France, however, the chief revenue of the successful dramatist arises from the contributions of the provincial theatres. For these, a tarif has been fixed by the association, which has long existed in France, for the protection of the common interests of dramatic authors, by which the managers are required to pay according to a scale, which is graduated with the greatest precision, according to the extent and population of the town in which their theatre is situated. The business of this association is conducted by means of a common agent in Paris, who is placed in communication with the managers of all the theatres in the kingdom, receives the contributions of the proprietors, and pays them over to the authors as they become due. The greatest facility is produced for the ascertainment of the amount of the receipts through the operation of the law, which appropriates a certain portion of them to the benefit of the poor; and this, too, at a period when theatrical property is in such a state, that, like the Circenses of the Romans, it is necessary to provide for it at the public expense. Should any legal provision be ever made in England for the protection of the rights of dramatic authors from that system of legalized piracy to which they are at present exposed, some principle might be adopted which would secure them a reasonable remuneration, without having recourse to those nightly investigations of the receipts at the doors of a theatre, which for other purposes are now sanctioned in France.

"In that country, the author's rights and interests are not extinguished by his death. At one period, they extended to his descendants, to the second and third generation; and it is not twenty years since the grand-daughter of Corneille derived a considerable revenue from the right she thus possessed in the works of her illustrious ancestor. It has since, however, been found more convenient to affix a specific limit to this species of inheritance; and, at present, it ceases at the end of ten years from the author's death."

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

If we have few works of high original talent to talk about or discuss, we have a goodly commodity of magazines: we noticed several last week, and imagined that we had done our devoir among them; but no! they seem to increase and multiply; at present there cannot be less than a score of these monthly candidates for public favour. The fourth number of the *British Magazine* contains some valuable articles—not the least so is the 'Memoir of William Hales'; we differ a little, however, respecting the principles of dissent, though we are of that tolerant spirit that we are not without hopes of living to see the day when the Catholic church will yield up some of its wild beliefs, the English church some of its ill-managed power, and the Scottish church some of its damnable dogmas, and the three become as one. The *Metropolitan* exhibits some middling lines

by Moore, in large print; and, what we like much better, a clever autobiographical paper by Clavering; sharp, biting, and full of character. The 'Pacha of many Tales' is by no means so good as 'Peter Simple,' which has many of Marryat's naval touches about it. The paper least to our mind is one called 'Chit-Chat,' but, we suppose, the writer deals in that kind of dubious wit which means the reverse of what he says; it is in this way only we can understand his assertion that Wilkie's picture of John Knox "has neither depth nor brilliancy, but is flat as a tea-board." We may say the same of what he writes about Pickersgill's 'Lord Hill.' By the bye, is it true that Pickersgill is painting Lord Byron's Italian mistress—the "fair angel" of Moore, and the "bouncing parlour boarder" of Hunt? The *Nautical Magazine* has run the same course at sea as the *British Magazine* has on land; they are both in their fourth numbers; the one gives the progress of maritime discovery, with an account of all nautical works, instructive or amusing, and the other undertakes to do the like for the church. The *Nautical Magazine* however makes excursions by land—but we should not object to what has entertained us. We are not sure that we like the very ultra tone which the *Monthly Magazine* has assumed in liberalism, much better than we liked it before, in its ultra-toryism. The 'Hints to Painters' are amusing—nay, instructive; the 'Dramatic Sketch' very beautiful; nor have we any complaint to make of 'Notes of the Month.' We shall gladly go with the Editor to "fresh fields and pastures new," but we hope they will be by some "pleasant river, and not by the new serpentine." We know not well what to say of the *Royal Lady's Magazine*. There are clever and pleasant things in it, and we have often commended the embellishments, but we must hint to the Editor, that the dialogue called the 'Lament,' ought not to have appeared in it. *La Belle Assemblée* follows up a fine portrait of a fine woman, the Hon. Mrs. Irby, with a description of a wild race called the Pindarries, who are bound by no laws save those of nature; we suppose the flooked and jewelled dames who peruse *La Belle*, will admire these "savage and naked people of Inde," on the same principle that they did the Siamese twins. The 'Characteristics of Woman,' is a paper pleasing to read; it is, in fact, a portion of Mrs. Jameson's forthcoming book on the moral and poetical character of the women in Shakspeare. We have in our hands two *Comic Magazines*, one published by Kidd, the other by Duncombe; the first, full of comic cuts and comic writing, is greatly improved; the second has some comic cuts, but is deficient in comic writing, and has no pretensions to call itself the "original," seeing it is a younger brother.

In art there is little stirring. An addition is making to the elevation of the central part of Buckingham Palace: first the architect made the wings too small for the body—they looked like duckling's wings; he tried to amend that, and made them too large; we hope Mr. Blore will not increase the body so much as to need an augmentation of the wings, which, we think, will be the case, if he raises it much higher. The column of solid granite, at Waterloo Place, which is to terminate in a statue of the Duke of York, is rising fast. We are learning to

build with durable materials at last. A single century without repairs, would make London a field of broken bricks, with nothing standing in it but this column, and Waterloo and London Bridges. There is some talk that a new gallery for works of art is planned, and will be shortly erected: we have great doubts on this point; the present administration have too much on hand respecting the affairs of the nation to heed matters of taste. We think that the Royal Academy should publish an account of their proceedings and their works, like other Societies; this would diffuse a love of art over the land; no such work exists; there is literary talent enough, and to spare, in the Academy, for the task; at present all that is known of art in the land is through the criticisms of newspapers. Were the merits of their works fully spread abroad, there would not, we apprehend, be wanting men of wealth and influence to do for them what they are too poor to do for themselves, build a structure worthy of the arts, and the power of the nation.

An opera, to which we made some allusion when privately performed, the production of a pupil of Reicha, is accepted by Mr. Mason, and will, it is believed, be produced towards the end of the month.

Moschelles, we are happy to say, had a full attendance at his concert—in a cadence at the close of a pianoforte duet, the *bénéficiaire* and the talented Mendelsohn, astonished all, with the skill each displayed in the extemporaneous treatment of the subject of the composition.

At the urgent desire of Mr. Monck Mason, the Philharmonic Society have agreed to postpone their eighth and last concert, that 'Robert le Diable' may be produced on Monday next—and we are happy to add, that the Opera band will be considerably augmented on the occasion.

Our Opera friends will hear with regret that the delightful Brugnoli has met with a serious accident; the report, as it has reached us, is, that she has been thrown from a cabriolet and has broken her wrist.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

##### ROYAL SOCIETY.

May 31.—Davies Gilbert, Esq. M.P. Vice President, in the chair.

A paper was, in part, read, entitled, 'On the correction of a pendulum for the reduction to a vacuum, together with remarks on some anomalies observed in pendulum experiments.' By Francis Baily, Esq. F.R.S. &c.

June 7.—His Royal Highness, the President, in the chair.—The following papers were read: viz. the conclusion of Mr. Baily's paper, 'On the correction of a pendulum for the reduction to a vacuum, together with remarks on some anomalies observed in pendulum experiments;' 'Researches in Physical Astronomy,' by John William Lubbock, Esq., V.P. and Treasurer R.S., and 'On the nervous system of the *sphinx ligustri*, Linn., and on the changes which it undergoes during a part of the metamorphoses of the insect,' by George Newport, Esq., communicated by P. M. Roget, M.D., Sec. R.S.

Woronow Greig, Esq., was proposed a Fellow, and the following were elected: Lord Churchill, The Hon. G. C. Agar, John Disney, Esq., Dr. James Clark, Dr. Hope, The Hon. G. Glover, M. S. Sadler, Esq., Lieut. W. S. Stratford, R.N., J. D. Forbes, Esq., Howard Elphinstone, Esq.; and the following as foreign mem-

bers, Baron de Damoiseau, Mons. de Blainville, Signor Francesco Carlini, Mons. Augustin-Luis Cauchy, and Prof. Tiedemann.

The Society adjourned over Whitsun week, to meet again on the 21st inst.

#### ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

May 28.—The reading of Captain Owen's paper, on the Quillimanc river, was resumed. The extent of the district of Senna, the only possession of the Portuguese on the east coast of Africa, is supposed, by Captain Owen, to be about 3600 square leagues. The natives are indolent, and every way inferior to the enterprising and industrious people of Tete, a town on the river, about 60 leagues above Senna. Sugar is there produced in large quantities—wheat is also grown in great abundance, and manioc, coffee, and rice are cultivated with great success. Indigo and cotton grow spontaneously in every part of the country; and Captain Owen was informed that in some places the cotton is naturally of a deep scarlet colour. The party, commanded by Lieut. Brown, met with much hostility at Senna, from the only Dominican friar at that place. This man prejudiced the mind of the governor against the travellers, and, by extortion and other annoyances, so thwarted them, that the failure of the expedition, and the death of the whole party, is attributable to him.—The medical superstitions and doctor-craft among this people were then amusingly described and illustrated, and the paper concluded with an account of Captain Owen's passage over the bar of the river, when his boat was swamped, and, by great exertion and presence of mind only, were all saved from destruction.

#### ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

May 6.—The paper read was by J. Millingen, Esq., on Panathenæic Vases, in relation to a memoir on the same subject, by the Chevalier Brönsted, published in the last part of the Society's Transactions.

Mr. Millingen brings objections against several of the conclusions drawn by the Chevalier Brönsted in that learned paper; which he classes under the following subjects of inquiry:—1st. The purposes to which vases were applied by the Greeks: 2nd. Motives which induced the Athenians to reward the victors in the public games with fictile vases: 3rd. The meaning of the usual inscriptions on Panathenæic Vases.

1. Vessels or cups of various materials were, from the earliest period, given as prizes in the games: vases were also employed as presents on occasion of marriages, as tokens of hospitality, &c.; and such objects were preserved in families with the utmost veneration, and were frequently dedicated to the Gods.

2. The pottery of Attica was early celebrated for its beauty, on which account an amphora is always found figured on the Athenian tetradrachms, subsequent to the age of Pericles. The paintings which embellished these vases were equal to the best contemporary productions of art. A crown or garland was the original prize of the successful competitor; but to this something more intrinsically valuable or useful was afterwards added, as, a sum of money, a shield, or suit of armour, cups of gold or silver, but more commonly fictile vases. The superiority and celebrity of their manufactures, occasioned these last to be adopted by the Athenians in particular. The oil contained in them increased the value of the prize, more especially in the festivals celebrated at Athens in honour of Minerva, on which occasions it was of a peculiar quality, being the produce of the sacred olive-trees.

3. With regard to the inscription, usual on the Panathenæic Vases—viz. τῶν Ἀθηνῶν δῶρον, explained by M. Brönsted, (one) of the

prizes from Athens, Mr. Millingen proposes various difficulties. Instead of an adverb, as supposed by the former archæologist, he considers Ἀθηνῶνθεν to be an archaic form of Ἀθήνας; in confirmation of which opinion he adduces many similar examples from Greek writers, and some from inscriptions. The reading would therefore be, τῶν (ἀγώνων) Ἀθήνας δῶρον, a prize of the games in honour of Minerva, in reference to the vessel itself, and not, as the Chevalier thinks, to its contents.

#### LINNÆAN SOCIETY.

June 5.—A. B. Lambert, Esq. in the chair.—Dr. Boot officiated as Secretary. Mr. D. W. Nash was elected an Associate. A supplementary part of Mr. Robert Brown's paper on the mode of fecundation in the *Orchidæ* and *Asclepiadæ*, was read, concluding one of the most valuable communications of the season, which will be immediately published in the forthcoming part of the Society's Transactions.

The tenth number of Mr. Selby's 'Water Birds of England,' and other presentations, were laid upon the table.

#### ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

June 7.—John Hamilton, Esq., in the chair.—The usual monthly report of proceedings was read. The cash balance in hand was 818*l.*, and the number of visitors to the gardens, during May, upwards of 20,000.

Many applications having been made by the members to purchase various animals of which the Society possessed duplicates, the Secretary announced, that it was the intention of the Council to have occasional sales by auction in the garden of superfluous stock, of which due notice by advertisement would be given. The first sale would probably take place within a fortnight. Among the donations to the library, the first part of Mr. Gould's new work, 'On the Birds of Europe,' dedicated by permission to the President and Council of the Zoological Society, excited universal admiration.

#### HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

An exhibition of azaleas and rhododendrons, which we should think could scarcely be surpassed, collected a large concourse of members and their friends, at the meeting of this Society on Tuesday last, which, together with the numerous competitors for the rewards, and the anxiety displayed to obtain admission to the room, proved that a stimulus like this alone was wanting to render the meetings as attractive, and the Society as popular, as formerly, and place them on the footing which they heretofore held in the estimation of the public.

The Hon. and Rev. William Herbert, Mr. James Veitch, and Mr. Donald Munro, were nominated as Judges, and, on taking into consideration the merits of the different collections, awarded the large silver medal to Mr. Waterer, of Ripley, and Banksian medals to Mr. Lee, of Hammersmith, the Rev. T. Garnier, of Winchester, and recommended medals to be bestowed on Mr. Thompson, of Mile End, and William Wells, Esq., of Redleaf. We observed also among the flowers, the finest varieties of magnolias and calceolarias, several hybrid cactus, combretum comosum, fuchsia vacillaris, vars. of alstroemeria, schizanthus, tacsonia, quisqualis, gloxinia, &c.

William King, Esq., Henry White, Esq., A. F. Bainbridge, Esq., and Mrs. De Neyva, were elected Fellows of the Society, and many others were proposed as candidates.

#### LONDON PHRENOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

June 4.—John Elliotson, M.D., F.R.S., President, in the chair.—Mr. Deville gave a lecture on some extraordinary changes which had taken place in the form of the head, during various

periods of life; illustrated by a selection of casts, from his valuable collection. An animated debate ensued, which, at a late hour, was adjourned until Monday the 11th inst.

#### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

|          |   |
|----------|---|
| MONDAY,  | { London Phrenological Society .. Eight, P.M. |
|          | { Royal Geographical Society .. Nine, P.M.    |
| TUESDAY, | Medico-Botanical Society .... Eight, P.M.     |
| WEDNES.  | { Geological Society ..... } p. 8, P.M.       |
|          | { Society of Arts ..... } p. 7, P.M.          |
| THURSD.  | { Royal Society ..... } p. 8, P.M.            |
|          | { Society of Antiquaries ..... Eight, P.M.    |

#### FINE ARTS

National Portrait Gallery. Parts 37 and 38. London: Fisher.

THESE are the commencing numbers of a new volume; and whoever desires to possess one of the most interesting and one of the cheapest illustrated works hitherto published, cannot do better than order them forthwith. It is only of late years, and since the discovery of engraving on steel, that such a work could be offered to the public at such a price. These numbers contain portraits of the Queen, after Dawe—Lord Brougham, after Lawrence—Sir D. Brewster, after Raeburn—the Princess Victoria, after Stewart—Lord Melbourne, after Lawrence—Admiral Lord Bridport, after Abbott—and Allan Cunningham, after Moore; and, taken as a whole, it may justly be said, that they are excellently engraved. The Biographical Memoirs are written with impartiality and good sense. The portrait of the Queen is remarkably soft and delicate. Lord Brougham is a good likeness; and we only regret that his Lordship has not now the same freshness and upright vigour which seems to have characterized him when the portrait was taken. Lord Melbourne's is a finely engraved and powerful head, with a characteristic look of kindness and indolence. Allan Cunningham's might have been better; but the Memoir helps out its imperfections, and does equal honour to the head and heart of the writer. There is one song given among the illustrative extracts, which, as an old favourite, we must take leave to transfer into our pages.

#### The Mariner's Song.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,  
A wind that follows fast,  
And fills the white and rustling sail,  
And bends the gallant mast,  
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,  
While, like the eagle, free,  
Away the good ship flies, and leaves  
Old England on the lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind,  
I heard a fair one cry,  
But give to me the snoring breeze,  
And white waves heaving high,  
The white waves heaving high, my boys,  
The good ship light and free—  
The world of waters is our home,  
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon horned moon,  
And lightning in yon cloud,  
And haste the music, mariners,  
The wind is wakening loud,  
The wind is wakening loud, my boys,  
The lightning flashes free—  
While the hollow oak our palace is,  
Our heritage the sea.

We have spoken of the very moderate price of this work, but think it well to add, in explanation, that it is published in imperial octavo, at three and sixpence a part, each part containing three or four portraits, with biographical memoirs.

The Penny Wedding. Painted by D. Wilkie, R.A., and engraved by J. Stewart.

We have danced in our day at a penny-wedding; all guests are free who pay a shilling; the bride is the queen of the night; certain old parochial worthies undertake the management of the merry-making; and drink, and mirth, and danc-



ing about till daylight comes to disperse the meeting. Wilkie has danced at one too, we are certain, else he has painted this fine picture from inspiration. There the bridegroom leads forth his demure bride; a fellow rustic is about to follow with a partner, and from the sly satisfied glance which he gives her, he seems in the fair way of imitating his friend: a merry reel, exhibiting the highland fling and o'er the buckle, is kept up in one part; in another, an old dame clasps her hands, and balances the probabilities of matrimonial joy and woe, while a second measures out spirits to keep the awakened glee from subsiding: here, an old man moves his bonnet reverently, that he may ask a blessing to the dinner; and there, two fiddlers, reinforced by a highland bagpiper, seem resolved to keep all feet moving. This is a sad inventory of a very merry work, but who can write as Wilkie paints? The scene is full of character; nor has the engraver failed in his part, though the skill and dexterity of Burnet in scenes such as this, make us hard and ill to please.

#### Scenery in the Highlands and Isles of Scotland. Nos. 2 and 3.

THESE scenes are from outlines by Lieut.-Col. Murray, younger, of Ochertyre, and are accompanied by descriptive letter-press, without which, the work of the artist would not be well understood. These numbers contain, 1, 'Benvenue and the Trossacks, Perthshire'; 2, 'Basaltic Scenery near Runa-Cradtan in Skye'; 3, 'Basaltic Scenery near Stainsal, Skye'; 4, 'The Red Head, Angus'; 5, 'Dunnoter Castle'; 6, 'Coir-urehran, on the Tay'; 7, 'View from Kinnoul, Eastward'; 8, 'View from Kinnoul Hill, Northward.' The scenes are clever, and cannot fail to be interesting to all lovers of the picturesque, and of old Caledonia; the view from Kinnoul Hill, which includes Perth as it stood in the fourteenth century, is curious, but the two landscapes in Skye are most to our liking; they are wild, and stern, and towering. We could pick out many amusing or touching passages from the letter-press, if we had space to insert them.

#### Gallery of the Society of Painters in Water-colours. Part 3. Tilt.

THERE are three subjects of great beauty in this part; viz. 1, 'Southampton,' painted by Copley Fielding, engraved by G. Cooke; 2, 'Forest Hall Mountains,' painted by P. Dewint, engraved by J. Kernot; 3, 'Italy,' painted by J. D. Harding, and engraved by E. Goodall. The Southampton and the Italy are splendid things, and well have the engravers acquitted themselves: the water of George Cooke's graver is in motion—it is quite liquid; and Goodall has engraven air. We have been for many years admirers of the skill of Cooke, and we marvel that he is not more in request, for we think in landscape he is all but unequalled.

*La Musique.* Painted by George Hayter; drawn on stone by R. S. Lane.

THE form of the lady is fair, and the posture graceful, but she seems to have little sympathy with her pursuit, she is not at all moved: but probably, as her business is to move others, she ought to be demure herself. She is playing on the harp, and not singing; but the harp, we aver, should always be accompanied by the voice.

#### MUSIC

##### KING'S THEATRE.

On Tuesday last, 'Il Barbiere di Siviglia' was revived for the third time this season, with Tamburini as Figaro, Donzelli as Il Conte, and Cinti as Rosina. The flexibility of Tamburini's voice enabled him to execute with the utmost

nicety the most figurative passages, which was an improvement on the singing of Lablache; there were also points of humour in his acting, which gave an additional interest to this long worn-out character. Donzelli will never succeed in comic parts; his acting in this opera was very indifferent, and his singing of the romance, in the first scene, coarsely inexpressive.

Samengo and Brugnoli repeat their *pas deux* nightly with great éclat; Madame Heberle, however, in a *pas deux* with Albert, obtains deservedly the greatest share of applause.

'La Straniera' is in rehearsal, and expected to be produced next week.

##### Robert le Diable.

THE cost in producing this opera for scenery, costume, and machinery alone, will, we are told, exceed three thousand pounds. If we add to this sum the engagements of Cinti, Levasseur, Damoreau, Nourrit, the German choir, and MS. music, it will make a total little short of seven thousand pounds! Yet, should Mr. Mason not succeed in obtaining for Nourrit and Levasseur permission to remain in London after the expiration of the date of their present *congé* from the Académie de Musique, this opera cannot be performed more than thrice! The opinions of a Parisian critic, which we shall now give in a condensed form, will serve to direct attention to the character of, and the finest passages in the music.

The subject of 'Robert le Diable' contains all the elements of a musical drama; it is full of passion, and offers to the composer frequent opportunities for a powerful opposition of light and shade. In the first scene Meyerbeer has expressed most happily, and with a free melody, the joyousness of the chevaliers. The music of the second act is of an entirely different character—grace and elegance predominate. The third act is divided in two parts: the first contains airs, duets, a trio, and a subterraneous chorus of demons, full of dramatic vigour and of the most extraordinary effect. In the second part, in the Abbey, the scenes are wild and fantastical, and the music beautifully appropriate. Without the least resemblance to the incantation music of Der Freischütz, the composer has been not less successful than Weber. The fourth act is short, but contains a duet and air full of passion. But the solemn and religious tone which predominates in the fifth act is where the composer has been pre-eminently successful; the fine introductory chorus of hermits and the following scenes are admirable. The trio, 'A tes lois je souscris d'avance,' is one of the finest creations in dramatic music.

The two divertissements, we hope, will include Heberle, Brugnoli, Albert, and Samengo; and then, with such music, singing, dancing, and theatrical splendour, we will venture to hope that 'Robert le Diable' will be triumphantly successful.

##### TWELFTH ANTIENT CONCERT.

Director—Archbishop of York.

THIS last concert of the season had too much that was stale, flat, and unprofitable—viz. the 'The Dead March,' in Saul, two of the old Concertos, a Psalm, the eternal 'Alexis' of Pepusch, 'There is a River,' by Murillo, the Hallelujah chorus from the Messiah, and Callcott's popular glee, 'Blow, warder,' much disguised by tasteless accompaniments by the late Mr. Greatorex. Surely all this must be a little wearisome. Knyvett's glee, 'There is a bloom,' was well executed, as was a splendid chorus for the first time from Judah, 'Father, we adore thee,' by Haydn, which worthily closed this year's performances. We may, perhaps, advert more particularly to the general selection of this season on some future day.

#### THEATRICALS

##### HAYMARKET.

THIS house opened for the season (we were on the point of making a mistake, and saying, for the summer) on Monday last. The performances were 'Richard the Third,' and 'Killing no Murder.' Mr. Kean, who has repeatedly "taken leave," to go away, and as frequently taken leave to come back again, reappeared in *Richard*. The time having gone by with us when we used to expose our ribs to the sharp elbows of a pushing and pitiless public, rather than be absent from the front of the pit upon such occasions, we have no personal complaint to make against Mr. Kean for the line he has taken, and the rule he has broken; but many people are very particular about these matters, and for their sakes we hope he will give no more false alarms. In saying this, we have no sort of wish to hurry his final departure, for dramatic talent is just now so scarce, that the longer he stays the better. Mr. Kean's reading of the character, and the general tone of his performance of it, are in no way changed from what they used to be. His voice appears to us to be somewhat stronger than it was last year, but his body is evidently much more feeble. He walked with difficulty, and the constraint which this circumstance put upon his action, gave his representation of *Richard* the air of a drawing-room imitation of what it used to be on the stage of Drury Lane in his days of energy. Still the *mind* is there, and those who were not fortunate enough to see him when he was in better health, have only to make the requisite allowance for bodily debility in order yet to enjoy a highly intellectual treat. Mr. Cooper gave a creditable portrait of *Richmond*, but it was the same which he painted for Drury Lane, and was decidedly too large every way for the Haymarket frame. His voice was still at the Drury Lane pitch, and wanted moderating to prevent it forcing its way through the back windows; and his walk being still laid out for the immense stage he had just left, he seemed as if he narrowly missed advancing "into the bowels" of the pit, instead of the land. His usual good sense will rectify this next time. Mr. Harley excited much laughter, and received much applause in the afterpiece, and the whole evening went off to the evident satisfaction of a very fair house.

We have been again prevented from visiting the theatres across the water, and must again apologize instead of doing our duty—like a man we once saw in a quadrille, who, not having a guess of the figure, kept continually standing still, and begging pardon of everybody who set to him. We have another apology to offer to the Strand Theatre, for not having visited that since its late change of management. It is really surprising that we have not found a night to pass at this house, when the bills offer us the great temptation of—"Damp Beds" every evening.

##### MISCELLANEA

*Crosby Hall.*—The subscription for the preservation and restoration of this fine specimen of the domestic architecture of the fifteenth century, goes on prosperously. Nearly three hundred and fifty pounds were subscribed by gentlemen present at the first meeting.

*Jeremy Bentham.*—This excellent man died on Wednesday last at his residence in Queen Square, Westminster, in his 85th year. He had latterly suffered from repeated attacks of bronchitis, notwithstanding which, such was the strength of his constitution, that his friends still entertained hopes that he would recover his former good health. His loss will be deeply felt

all over Europe. Bentham's fame was as universal as knowledge, and his name was revered wherever good hopes were entertained of the moral or political amelioration of man.

**Mechanical Science.**—An exhibition of an interesting and novel character has been opened this week in Adelaide Street, Strand. We were present at the private view on Monday, and, so far as we could collect information on the subject, it is the intention of the proprietors to admit a model of any improvements in mechanical science for exhibition without charge. Mr. Perkins's new steam-generator, the principle of which was so fully explained in the paper read lately at the Royal Society (see *Athenæum*, No. 236), attracted considerable attention, as did his steam-gun, which was repeatedly discharged.

**Washington Irving's New Work.**—Among the orders sent by a country bookseller last week, was one for Washington Irving's *Earl of Ham-borough*!

**Gold-washing.**—According to the investigations of a German naturalist, the River Eider, which traverses part of the dominions of Hesse Darmstadt, Hesse Cassel, and Waldeck, contains as much gold as any of the rivers of Brazil. A company, on a large scale, is now forming, to benefit by this discovery.

**Religious Liberty.**—A church is building at Freiburg, in Brisgau, under circumstances that deserve honourable mention. The late Grand-Duke Lewis of Baden, a Protestant, having obtained from the Pope, the creation of the above city and its environs into a bishopric, the magistracy and common council of the place, all Roman Catholics, voted the sum of 15,000 florins, towards the erection of a monument, as a mark of gratitude to their prince. But, it being subsequently found, that the Protestants in the town, who had lately much increased in number, were anxious to have a place of worship for themselves, the Catholics, thinking that no mark of gratitude would be more welcome to their Protestant ruler, than the building of a church for those of his own faith, resolved to appropriate the money to this purpose, and the building was actually commenced on the 25th of August 1829, when the first stone was laid by the Catholic Archbishop, attended by his Chapter! The church is named after the prince in whose honour it was founded, and is a glorious monument of a spirit of liberality, which is making rapid strides in Germany.

**Records of Voyagers.**—The French circumnavigator Bougainville, who passed through the Straits of Magellan, on his voyage round the world in 1767, deposited an account of his voyage on the summit of the Mountain of the Cross, which rises from the sea-side at Port Gallant, to the height of 2400 feet. The place was well chosen, as its insulated position and lofty height render it a conspicuous mark, which can be seen from most parts of the Strait. From the years 1786 to 1789, Don Antonio de Cordova was employed in surveying the Straits, by order of the Spanish government, and his officers found the document left by Bougainville. Following his example, they described their own proceedings, and deposited the paper containing their account, with that of Bougainville, in the place where the latter had been found on the summit of the mountain. These documents were not destined to remain undisturbed; for during the recent survey of Capt. King, in the *Adventure* and *Beagle*, some of his officers, during their rambles on the summit of the mountain, happened to discover a broken bottle, and not far from it a roll of paper. The latter was carefully conveyed to their commander, when, though not without difficulty, the writing being in Latin, and much obliterated from the effects of the weather, it was discovered to be the accounts of the preceding voyagers. In the bottle was also found a

small coin. The records were so far perished, that they could be of no use to any future navigator, and in consequence, Capt. King had copies made on vellum, and deposited these with the coin in the same place on the summit of the mountain, rendering their situation as conspicuous as possible, by a huge pile of stones. In addition to the accounts of Bougainville's and Cordova's voyages, he also left one of the *Adventure* and *Beagle*, and the original documents have been lately deposited, by order of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, in the British Museum.

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

| Days of W. & Mon. | Thermom. Max. Min. | Barometer. Noon. | Winds.     | Weather.   |
|-------------------|--------------------|------------------|------------|------------|
| Th. 31            | 61 47              | 29.25            | S. to S.W. | Rain.      |
| Fr. 1             | 63 43              | 29.45            | W. to N.   | Shrs.      |
| Sat. 2            | 67 49              | Stat.            | N.E.       | Cloudy.    |
| Sun. 3            | 70 49              | 29.30            | S.E.       | Cloudy.    |
| Mon. 4            | 68 54              | Stat.            | S.         | Rain, P.M. |
| Tues. 5           | 68 48              | 29.28            | S.W.       | Cloudy.    |
| Wed. 6            | 69 48              | Stat.            | S.W.       | Clear.     |

**Prevailing Clouds.**—Cumulus, Nimbus, Cirrostratus.

Nights, for the greater part, fair. Mornings fair, except on Friday.

Mean temperature of the week, 56.5  
Day increased on Wednesday, 8h. 38 min. No night; the sun not descending far enough below the horizon to cause darkness.

#### NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

**Forthcoming.**—A Supplement to the Dictionary of Webster and Johnson, being a Glossary of Obsolete and Provincial Words and Phrases, illustrative of Ancient Manners, Customs, &c., from the MS. of the late Rev. Jonathan Boucher, with additions by the Rev. Joseph Hunter, F.S.A., and Joseph Stevenson, Esq.

On the 1st of July, No. 1. of the Gentleman's Cabinet of Literature, Music, and Romance.

A second edition of Montgomery's new Poem, *The Messiah*, will speedily appear.

Recollections of Mirabeau, 2nd edit., will be published early next week.

Views of the Old and New London Bridges, Drawn and Etched by E. W. Cooke, to be published in super-royal folio, in parts, are announced as speedily to appear, accompanied by Historical and Descriptive letter-press.

A Treatise on the Preparation of Printing Ink, both Black and Coloured, by William Savage, Author of *Practical Hints on Decorative Printing*.

Sources of Health in Communities, by Belinaye.

The Law and Practice of Elections, as altered by the Reform Act, &c., by C. Wordsworth, of the Inner Temple.

A Memoir on Suspension Bridges, by Charles Stewart Drewry.

A Compendium of Civil Architecture, by Robert Brindley.

Introduction to Botany, by John Lindley, F.R.S. F.L.S. F.G.S. &c. Professor of Botany in the University of London. With wood-cuts and numerous plates.

The Poetical Works of William Wordsworth, Esq. new edition.

The Excursion. New edit.

Outline of the Smaller British Birds, for Young Persons, by Robert A. Slaney, Esq. M.P.

**Just published.**—The Ladies' Cabinet of Fashion, Music, and Romance, Vol. 1. 3s. 6d.—New Selection of Hymns, 12mo. 5s. 6d.—La Coquette, 3 vols. 8vo. 11. 7s.—Hints on Wages, Banking, &c. 9s.—Wilcock's History of Russia, for Schools, 12mo. 6s.—Plain and Short History of England, with Questions, by the Editor of the Cottage Visitor, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—Lord Hatton's Psalter, with Appendix, 12mo. 6s.—The Young Christian's Sunday Evenings, Vol. 2, 12mo. 7s.—History of England, by a Clergyman, Vol. 3, 12mo. 7s.—Henderson's Scottish Proverbs, 12mo. 7s.—Page's Fractional Calculation, 12mo. 4s.—Scatchard's Memoirs of the Celebrated Eugene Aram, 12mo. 1s.—Adventures of Barney Mahoney, by T. C. Croker, 8s.—Richard of York, an Historical Novel, 3 vols. 11. 4s.—Whitlock's Painter's and Glazier's Guide, 4to. 21. 14s.—Mudie's First Lines of Natural Philosophy, 18mo. 5s.—Manual of Religious Instruction, 12mo. 6s.—Treatise on the Millennium, 12mo. 3s.—Dalton's Prayers, 12mo. 2s. 6d.—Scenes in Our Parish, 2nd series, 5s.—Letters from the Continent, 2 vols. 8vo. 11. 1s.—Sermons, by the Rev. H. Caunter, 8vo. 12s.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS

Thanks to R. A. W.—"Vryrid" or "Ryrid." We are obliged to J. H. G., but decline.

**Erratum.**—P. 358, col. 2, line 17, for "animals" read *canals*.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS

##### Sales by Auction.

**NUMEROUS COLLECTION OF PICTURES, THE PROPERTY OF A GENTLEMAN, DECEASED.**

**MR. STANLEY** has the honour of announcing that he will SELL BY AUCTION, at his Gallery in Maddox-street, Hanover-square, on TUESDAY, the 19th of June, and following days, by order of the Executors, and without reserve, about Five Hundred ITALIAN, FLEMISH, and DUTCH PICTURES, accumulated many years back by a Gentleman from celebrated Galleries and Churches on the Continent, during the Revolutions in France and Italy, and acquired by him at an enormous expense. In the Collection will be found, the Doctors of the Church, by Jordens; a Set of the Cartoons, the size of the Originals, by Thornhill; Four Subjects by Salvator Rosa; and Gallery and Cabinet Pictures from the pencils of

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# THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 242.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1832.

PRICE  
FOURPENCE.

This Journal is published every Saturday Morning, and is despatched by the early Coaches to Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Dublin, and other large Towns, and reaches Liverpool for distribution on Sunday Morning, twelve hours before papers sent by the post. For the convenience of persons residing in remote places, the weekly numbers are issued in Monthly Parts, stitched in a wrapper, and forwarded with the Magazines to all parts of the World.

## REVIEWS

*English Songs, and other small Poems.* By Barry Cornwall. London: Moxon.

A Scottish song is a story with sentiment—an English song is a sentiment without story. These songs by Barry Cornwall partake of the nature of both: they are distinguished, too, by a pleasing dance of words—by much simplicity and truth—by singular beauty of thought and poetic richness of diction. They have also great variety of measure and of subject: they are not alone confined to love and drinking, as Aiken alleges all songs should be; but they touch on many other themes equally pleasing and impressive. Songs by an Englishman are matters of some rarity now: we have had too few which pleased us from that quarter, since the French invasion under Charles the Second drove simplicity and purity from the south. The songs, indeed, of Dryden, Prior, and Pope, are often clever, and sometimes natural; but they are deformed by classic allusions and studied compliments, and are deficient in simplicity and nature. Much the same may be said of the songs of Gay, always excepting 'Sweet William's Farewell': his 'Songs of Similes,' his 'Newgate Garlands,' his 'Damon,' and Cupid, and Daphnes, and Chloes, may be good specimens of city wit and courtly point, but they cannot take a high place in the temple of song. The field of English song, so far as the lyrics of Burns and Moore left it unoccupied, was therefore to the present moment clear for a native adventurer; and we know of no one more worthy of taking the adventure upon him than Barry Cornwall. On comparing what he has accomplished with what we expected, we must say that we are fully satisfied: he has in a great measure restored the poetic grace, richness of fancy, and not a little of the simplicity and quiet quaint elegance of the elder lyrics of his country;—indeed, some of these songs are not surpassed, we think, by any of the lyrical effusions of those great dramatists, whom he worships. He is always happiest where he makes the least effort—always most captivating where he sings of domestic affection and home-bred tranquillity, and shows the truest feeling of his art in those brief and hasty things which are thickly strewn among his more elaborate compositions. In truth, some of the lyrics of this volume, which we have heard publicly applauded, and sung by the sweetest singers of the day, are not nearly so much to our taste as those are which we shall presently quote: we cannot conceal from ourselves, that, amid much boldness of conception and dash of language, there are stanzas, nay, entire songs, too ornate and laboured—the result, in short, of ingenuity taxed to the uttermost, as the poet himself has cleverly said in his preface. All this

was, however, to be expected in a work of an hundred songs; and we ought rather to be surprised that the author has been able to give such variety of thought and feeling, than that he has occasionally failed in rivaling some of his best compositions. We now release the reader from the task of perusing our unmusical prose, that he may have full enjoyment of lyrics "as musical as is Apollo's lute." There is something at once wild, poetic, and original in

### *The Wild Cherry-tree.*

Oh,—there never was yet so fair a thing,  
By racing river or bubbling spring,  
Nothing that ever so gaily grew  
Up from the ground when the skies were blue,  
Nothing so brave—nothing so free  
As *thou*—my wild wild Cherry-tree!

Jove! how it danced in the gusty breeze!  
Jove! how it frolicked amongst the trees!  
Dashing the pride of the poplar down,  
Stripping the thorn of his hoary crown!  
Oak or ash—what matter to thee?  
'Twas the same to my wild wild Cherry-tree!

Never at rest, like one that's young  
Abroad to the winds its arms it flung,  
Shaking its bright and crowned head,  
Whilst I stole up for its berries red—  
Beautiful berries! beautiful tree!  
Hurrah! for the wild wild Cherry-tree!

Back I fly to the days gone by,  
And I see thy branches against the sky,  
I see on the grass thy blossoms shed,  
I see (nay, I taste) thy berries red,  
And I shout—like the tempest loud and free,  
Hurrah! for the wild wild Cherry-tree!

The sweetness and natural elegance of the following is, however, more to our liking:—

### *The Recall.*

Come again! Come again!  
Sunshine cometh after rain.  
As a lamp fed newly burneth,  
Pleasure, who doth fly, returneth,  
Scattering every cloud of pain.  
As the year, which dies in showers,  
Riseth in a world of flowers,  
Called by many a vernal strain,  
Come *thou*,—for whom tears were falling,  
And a thousand tongues are calling!  
Come again, O come again!  
Like the sunshine after rain!

There is an unsober jollity in the following drinking chaunt, which, we have no doubt, will set many a table in a roar:—

Sing!—Who sings  
To her who weareth a hundred rings!  
Ah, who is this lady fine?  
The VINE, boys, the VINE!  
The mother of mighty Wine.  
A roamer is she  
O'er wall and tree,  
And sometimes very good company.

Drink!—Who drinks  
To her who blusheth and never thinks!  
Ah, who is this maid of thine?  
The GRAPE, boys, the GRAPE!  
O, never let her escape  
Until she be turned to Wine!  
For better is she  
Than vine can be,  
And very very good company!

Dream!—Who dreams  
Of the God who governs a thousand streams?  
Ah, who is this Spirit fine?  
'Tis WINE, boys, WINE!  
God Bacchus, a friend of mine.  
O better is he  
Than grape or tree,  
And best of all good company!

A calm, philosophic resolution to move the bottle and drain the cup distinguishes the following:—

Why doth the bottle stand, boys?  
Let the glass run silent round!  
Wine should go,  
As the blood doth flow,  
Its course, without pause or sound.  
Scorn not Wine!—Truth divine  
And Courage dwell with noble Wine.  
Send round the bottle quick, boys!  
No reason ask nor pause!  
Wine should run,  
Like a circling sun,  
By its own unquestioned laws.  
Scorn not Wine! &c.

Fill to the beaded brims, boys,  
Let each glass, like a king, be crown'd!  
Drink—'Joy, and Wealth,  
And a mighty Health,  
To ourselves and the world around!"  
Scorn not Wine! &c.

We have said, and we have in some sort shown, that the poet's songs are not all about love and drinking: the one we shall next quote concerns self; and we think it both original and clever:—

When friends look dark and celd,  
And maids neither laugh nor sigh,  
And your enemy proffers his gold,  
Be sure there is danger nigh—  
O, then 'tis time to look forward,  
And back, like the hunted hare;  
And to watch, as the little bird watches,  
When the falcon is in the air.

When the trader is scant of words,  
And your neighbour is rough or shy,  
And your banker recalls his hoards,  
Be sure there is danger nigh.  
O, then 'tis time to look forward, &c.  
Whenever a change is wrought,  
And you know not the reason why,  
In your own or an old friend's thought,  
Be sure there is evil nigh.  
O, then 'tis time to look forward, &c.

Those who wish to hear a song which will gladden their hearts with images of nature, should ask some one who can chaunt fine words and not spoil them, to sing the praises of Spring:—

When the wind blows  
In the sweet rose-tree,  
And the cow lows  
On the fragrant lea,  
And the stream flows  
All bright and free,  
'Tis not for thee, 'tis not me;  
'Tis not for any one here, I trow:  
The gentle wind bloweth,  
The happy cow loweth,  
The merry stream floweth,  
For all below!

O the Spring! the bountiful Spring!  
She shineth and smileth on everything.  
Where come the sheep?  
To the rich man's moor.  
Where cometh sleep?  
To the bed that's poor.  
Peasants must weep,  
And kings endure;  
That is a fate that none can cure;  
Yet Spring doth all she can, I trow:  
She brings the bright hours,  
She weaves the sweet flowers,  
She dresseth her bowers,  
For all below!  
O the Spring, &c.

The following is a sweet ballad much to our taste:—

The night is closing round, Mother!  
The shadows are thick and deep!  
All round me they cling, like an iron ring,  
And I cannot—cannot sleep!



Ah, Heaven!—thy hand, thy hand, Mother!  
Let me lie on thy nursing breast!  
They have smitten my brain with a piercing pain;  
But 'tis gone!—and I now shall rest.

I could sleep a long long sleep, Mother!  
So, seek me a calm cool bed:  
You may lay me low, in the virgin snow,  
With a moss-bank for my head.

I would lie in the wild wild woods, Mother!  
Where nought but the birds are known;  
Where nothing is seen, but the branches green,  
And flow'rs on the greensward strewn.

No lovers there witch the air, Mother!  
Nor mock at the holy sky:  
One may live and be gay, like a summer day,  
And at last, like the Summer—die!

We have quoted only what we cordially admire; but, as a sample of what we consider the least lyrical of these brief compositions, we would refer to 'The Bloodhound,' which we regard as overstrained and affected. But we must for the present have done: we have marked twice as many songs, some better, some worse than these, for the purpose of garnishing them round with little snatches of criticism, and exhibiting them to our readers: this agreeable duty we must defer till next week;—and the 'Dramatic Fragments,' which are among the best things in the volume, must also be deferred. In the meantime, we may add, that some pretty embellishments, from the designs of Flaxman, are strewn among the verses.

*Le Livre des Cent-et-Un.* Vol. V. Paris, Ladvocat.

This volume is just received. It contains a great variety of papers, and of a kind which, as they will admit of extract without much abridgment, are likely to afford more than usual entertainment to the readers of the *Athenæum*. The names of the contributors are, Emile Deschamps, Mdlle. Collin, Delécluze, James Rousseau, Marquis de Custine, Tissot, Palluy, Madame Amable Tastu, Henry Monnier, Felix Pyat, Saint-Marc Girardin, Goethe, Count Armand de Longueville, our friend Bert, Louis Desnoyers, Merle, our old acquaintance Bazin who has so often delighted us in former volumes, and Arago, Jouy, Villemain, and Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire—the last four having furnished a joint article on Cuvier's interment.

In selecting a paper for this week, we hesitated between the one we have given and Goethe's last production, dated March 1832—termed by the French editor the 'Dying Swan's Song';—being an article upon the systems of the two great French naturalists, Cuvier and Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire. We, however, fancied that 'Monsieur de Paris,' being of a more popular character, and acting in a greater degree upon the imagination, might be preferred in this our first notice of the fifth volume, to the graver article by Goethe, of which, perhaps, we may present our readers with a translation next week.

The paper we have chosen is from the pen of James Rousseau, a writer of considerable merit; and the subject may excite the more interest from the feeling now prevalent with regard to the abolition of capital punishments. It is entitled—

*Monsieur de Paris*—[the Executioner].

"An executioner can never be fairly appreciated, because he is covered with a veil of eternal prejudice. At his name people shudder and draw closer together, as if listening to a

ghost story in the great hall of a Gothic castle. The name is associated with blood and murder.

"I had long anxiously desired to be acquainted with this terrible functionary. I was anxious to see him in his own house, and surrounded by his family—to hear him speak of his dreadful duties, and utter sounds of human language. Knowing no one who could introduce me to him, I determined to introduce myself, and one morning bent my steps, not indeed without emotion, towards the *Rue des Marais du Temple*.

"Arrived at No. 31 *bis*, I saw that it was a small house, protected by iron railings, whose interstices closed by wood prevented the eye from penetrating into the interior. There is no opening to these railings; the entrance to the sanctuary is through a small door contiguous to them, on the right side of which there is a bell. In the middle of the door an iron slit, like those at the post offices, receives the letters sent by the Procureur Général to the executioner.

"I gently rung the bell; the door was opened, and a tall athletic young man, about thirty years of age, politely inquired what I wanted. 'Mr. Henry Sanson,' said I, in a trembling voice. This individual was one of the executioner's assistants.

"Among other accredited errors regarding the executioner in France, is an idea that the office is perpetual in the same family, and the son obliged to succeed the father. No such thing. No man who has not undergone the sentence of a court of justice can, at a period when the lowest citizen enjoys his civil and political rights, be forced to embrace any profession against his will. Another cause must be found to account for the son always reaping the bloody inheritance of his father.

"The executioner lives in a state of exclusion from society. He can associate, out of his own family, with none but executioners; nor can he seek alliances anywhere but among executioners. Is it his fault if you have made him a man apart from other men? Would you give him your daughter in marriage, or seek to become his son-in-law? Would you admit him into your house? Would not his arrival at any place where you might be, raise throughout your frame the same kind of shudder as if you were in the *Jardin des Plantes*, and the lion had broken loose? And yet he is a man, as well as you—and equally in want of friendship and love, which he can demand only from those circumstanced as he is. He and his are like a family of Chandalas in the midst of a community of Bramins.

"Do not believe, however, that the office of executioner can ever want an occupant. When *Monsieur de Versailles* died, some years ago, without issue, there were a hundred and eighty-seven applications for his office. Most of the candidates were old soldiers, several of them butchers. This fact leads to a horrible doubt. Can it be possible that all men are qualified for such an office, and that familiarity with blood is alone wanting?

"I return to my visit.

"I was ushered into a small room, where I saw a man about sixty, with a countenance beaming with mildness and candour, amusing himself at the piano. This was the executioner!

"In the same room was his son,† a young

† The circumstance of this young man's marriage is somewhat romantic. A young and very beautiful girl, the daughter of a rich hosier of Paris, seeing him often pass her father's house, fell deeply in love with him, without knowing who he was. On discovering the dreadful secret, her parents endeavoured to combat this unhappy attachment, but so ineffectually, that she became dangerously ill, and would, no doubt, have died, had not the prejudice been overcome, the young man sent for, and the match concluded. This couple are models of conjugal affection. The office of executioner

man of three or four and thirty, with light hair, and a mild timid look. On his knee sate a girl ten or twelve years old, lovely as an angel, remarkable for the beauty and nobleness of her features, and their expression of artless vivacity. She was his daughter.

"This family picture struck me forcibly; and Sanson must have perceived it. The fact is, that, without sharing in the prejudice of the multitude, I had, nevertheless, formed an idea very different from what was now before me. That little girl above all—she strangely bewildered me. I could have wished that nothing so beautiful might have been found there; it was like sun-light on a thunder-cloud, or a rose rising in its beauty between the stones of a sepulchre.

"For several years past, M. Sanson the younger has performed the duties of his father's office. Destined, for reasons which I have already explained, to succeed to that office, he is serving his apprenticeship of blood under the eye of the latter, who is obliged to be present at every execution—for the law knows no other than him, and he is personally responsible for all that passes.

"M. Sanson received me like a man of the world, without embarrassment or affectation, and politely inquired the object of my visit. My story was ready prepared. I was writing a work on judicial punishments, and, relying upon his obliging disposition, had taken the liberty of applying to him for information. The amiable manner in which he replied, that all the information he possessed was at my service, made me feel quite at home. I did not therefore confine my questions to the avowed object, and in a conversation of nearly two hours, I had an opportunity of observing the sound judgment and purity of mind of *Monsieur de Paris*.

"M. Sanson did not attempt to disguise how acutely he felt the stigma attached to the situation. But he supports it, not like a scorner, but a philosopher.

"This feeling, however, never once made him forget the distance which society has placed between him and it. If you but lost sight of it an instant, M. Sanson would himself take care to recall it to your mind.

"One thing struck me particularly. He had often resorted to his snuff-box without once offering it to me. This departure from the established custom of snuff-takers, surprised me. On a sudden, mechanically indeed, and without thought, and while absorbed in conversation, I offered him a pinch from my box. He raised his hand in token of refusal, with an expression of countenance impossible to describe, but which sent a chill through me. Unhappy man! a recollection of the past brought the blood tingling to his fingers' ends!

"M. Sanson delights in conversation; probably because he has read much and with profit. He has an extensive and well-chosen library, which, in his house, is not merely ornamental. His books, indeed, are his only society; with their aid he can escape from embarrassment and humiliation, converse with master minds, obtain recreation from his horrible duties, consolation for the scorn of his fellow men, repose for his days, and sleep for his nights.

"Excluded from living society, his intercourse is with the great of past ages;—he can look on them without a shudder—they died not by his hand!

"Among the works, were two which I little

at Paris is better paid than that of president of the Royal Court. Mr. Sanson the elder has two unmarried daughters, remarkable for their beauty. He has spared no expense upon their education, and is able to add handsome dowry. Yet these ill-fated and lovely girls must make up their minds to marry executioners, or pine away their lives in single blessedness.

expected to find there,—the works of M. de Maistre, and *Le dernier Jour d'un Condamné*.†

"The library furnished me with a topic of conversation, which I was glad to avail myself of. Until then the conversation had flagged; I had felt a delicacy in pressing him with questions, and he, with the tact which characterizes him, avoided speaking on any subject not immediately connected with his office. But the moment we touched upon literature, he yielded me an entire confidence; the constraint he had imposed upon himself disappeared. He laid down principles, and discussed opinions like a man well acquainted with the subject, and notwithstanding certain literary heresies, arising from the want of an elementary education, he gave decisions that would have done honour to a member of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres.

"One would have supposed that the nature of his office, and the description of persons with whom it brings him in connexion, must have extinguished in him all humane feeling; quite the reverse—they have developed the most acute sensibility. This man, who coldly inspects the preparations for an execution, raises piece by piece the dreadful instrument of death, oils the ropes, and tries the edge of the knife with his finger, cannot restrain his tears when you remind him of any past execution. He raises his voice with energy against the punishment of death, develops with animation the means which might efficaciously be substituted for it—and on the day of execution he may be seen pale as death, refusing food, and overcome with feelings of disgust and horror.

"He related to me some curious anecdotes concerning the last moments of certain celebrated criminals. I shall not record them here. Amid facts sometimes affecting, sometimes burlesque, such details are painful—they are like the smile of a corpse on a gibbet. I shall only mention why the scaffold and guillotine are now taken down immediately after an execution. Formerly they remained standing, the spring which put the knife into action being fastened by a padlock.

"In 1797, after an execution, the executioner and his assistants had retired to the first floor of a *cabaret*, situated at the angle formed by the Place de Grève and the Quai Pelletier. They were talking, drinking, perhaps laughing. Some one knocked at the door. It was a workman, who came, he said, to beg that M. Sanson would lend him the key of the guillotine. A journeyman barber had just been taken in the act of stealing a watch, and the people, in their love of summary justice, had hoisted him upon the scaffold, tied him to the fatal plank, slid him under the knife, and, but for the precaution taken, his head would have been already off. The executioner, who had opened the door himself, replied, that M. Sanson was just gone out, and had taken the key with him, but would return in a couple of hours. There was, therefore, no remedy but to wait. By degrees the crowd began to disperse, but the man devoted to death was left lying under the axe. At last, and after a lapse of time, every minute of which must have appeared an hour, he was released. Nothing can give an adequate idea of his feelings, nor of the agony he suffered during this novel species of slow torture.

"Less from a motive of curiosity than to remind M. Sanson of the professed object of my visit, I begged him to show me the room which contained the instruments formerly used in the infliction of judicial torture. The sight of this museum filled me with horror. One thing in this conservatory of murder is worthy of mention: it is the sword with which the Marquis de Lally was decapitated. This weapon was ma-

nufactured on purpose, and several blades were made before one was found fit for the purpose.

"At that period, whenever any remarkable execution took place, the young lords of the court were in the habit of standing upon the platform of the scaffold, just as they were accustomed, in the evening, to seat themselves upon the benches which, in those days, stood upon the stage, at the theatres. On the day of M. de Lally's execution, these spectators were more numerous than usual; and one of the most eager to enjoy the spectacle, accidentally struck the arm of the executioner at the moment the latter was balancing the murderous steel in the air, previously to striking the fatal blow. The shock caused the weapon to deviate from a right line, and, instead of striking the nape of the neck, it fell upon the head of the victim, which it penetrated, and stopped at the jaw. The sword was notched by coming in contact with a tooth, and an assistant of the executioner was obliged to terminate the tragedy with a cutlass!—I held the fatal sword in my hand, and saw that a tooth might easily have caused the notch. Another anecdote may not here be out of place.

"About the year 1750, in the middle of the night, three young men belonging to that high class of the nobility which had then a monopoly for breaking windows, insulting street passers, and beating the guard, and which would fain have revived, after too long an interval, the gay, extravagant, and insolently aristocratical manners of the regency—were strolling down the faubourg St. Martin, after supper, laughing and talking under the influence of sparkling champagne.

"On their arrival in the Rue St. Nicholas, they heard the sound of instruments, and the music was of so lively a character that it could not but indicate a hearty bourgeois dance. How fortunate! it would enable them to pass pleasantly the remainder of the night.

"One of them knocked at the door; it was opened by a polite well-dressed man.

"The young lord hastened to explain the motive of this unseasonable visit.

"The gentleman, with frigid politeness, declined their company. 'This is a family party,' said he, 'and no stranger can be admitted.'

"'You are wrong,' said the young nobleman, 'We belong to the court, and we are doing you great honour in condescending to join your party.'

"'Once more, gentlemen, I must refuse your offer, neither of you know the person you are addressing, or you would be as anxious to withdraw as you are now importunate to be admitted.'

"'Excellent, upon my honour!' said the most eager and the wildest of the party, 'and who the devil are you?'

"'I am the Executioner of Paris.'

"'Ha! ha! ha! What, is it you who cut off heads, break limbs upon the wheel, make nerves crack upon the wooden horse, and torture poor devils so agreeably?'

"'Softly, gentlemen. Such, indeed, are the duties of my office; but I leave these matters to my deputies. It is only when a man of quality—a young lord, like either of you, gentlemen—is subjected to the penalties of the law, that I do execution on him with my own hands.'

"The individual who addressed the executioner was the Marquis de Lally, who, twenty years afterwards, died by the hands of the same man upon whose office he was then exercising his powers of railery.

"When I quitted Sanson, after a long visit, during which I had lost sight of his situation in his society,—prompted by that natural warmth of feeling which urges us to make advances to those who please us,—I instinctively held out my hand to him. He drew back with a look of surprise and confusion.

"The snuff-box occurred to my recollection, and I fully understood his thoughts. The hand which comes in daily contact with crime dared not press that of an honest man."

*A Narrative of a Nine Months' Residence in New Zealand, in 1827: together with a Journal of a Residence in Tristan d'Acunha, an Island situated between South America and the Cape of Good Hope.* By Augustus Earle. London: Longman & Co.

WE have read 'The Doomed,' the 'Undying One,' 'Salathiel,' and innumerable other versions of the wondrous tale of the Wandering Jew; but here we have a veritable chapter from his life—an autobiographic memoir of one brief period in his long-enduring existence, when he passed among men under the name of Augustus Earle. This Jew, or gentleman,—about the "Wandering" prefix there can be no doubt,—was, we are told, educated as an artist; but a love of adventure induced him, in 1815, to take his passage on board a store-ship bound to Sicily. He then visited many parts of the Mediterranean—accompanied Lord Exmouth on his first expedition against the Barbary States—proceeded to the ruins of Carthage—travelled in ancient Libya—passed to Sicily—returned to Malta—and thence to Gibraltar. After two years' wanderings, he got back to England, but soon embarked for the United States. There he rambled about for nearly two years; and in 1820 started for Rio de Janeiro—visited Chili—proceeded to Lima, where he halted for a few days, or weeks, or months, following with success his profession of artist. He determined, however, to return to Rio,—whence again he embarked for the Cape—thence he took passage for Calcutta; but the vessel was driven into Tristan d'Acunha; and while Mr. Earle was on shore there, a gale sprang up, the vessel was obliged to put to sea, and our traveller *compelled* to rest for some six months, until another vessel touched at the island. In her he proceeded to Van Diemen's Land—whence he visited New South Wales—took a trip to New Zealand, and roved about among the savages for nine months—returned to Sidney, where he made the sketches which furnished Mr. Burford with drawings for the Panorama recently exhibited—and then embarked for India. The vessel touched at the Caroline Islands, the Ladrões, Manila, Singapore; sailed through the Straits of Malacca to Pulo-Penang; and when we are all wonder and astonishment at the fearful doom of the condemned, we are quaintly informed that "he enriched his portfolio at every resting-place!" At Madras he acquired fame and money, and executed the drawings which have been since copied and exhibited as a Panorama by Messrs. Daniell and Parris. The miserable fate of the man is, however, apparent enough: no sooner was he at rest, than "his health declined;" and he determined to return to England *via* France; but this route being far too direct, the vessel was overtaken by adverse gales, and made for the Mauritius. Eventually he reached England; but soon after embarked as draughtsman on board His Majesty's ship *Beagle*, which lately sailed on a voyage of discovery, not likely to terminate in less than four years. Thus ends this one chapter in his eventful history! The story is well told; and mention is duly

† 'The last day of a condemned criminal,' a work by Victor Hugo.

made of the writer's mother and brother to give it reality—but it will not do. If the mother that bore the Wanderer be yet upon the earth, she is encased among the mummies in our Museums.

Mr. Earle, if so we must call him, has however, written a very delightful narrative. His account of New Zealand is equally pleasant and instructive; and we should certainly have made our extracts from it; but that the copious notes from Mr. Bennett's *MS. Journal*, published a short time since in this paper, must have given our readers a good knowledge of the manners and customs of the islanders. We shall come, therefore, at once to the *Journal* kept during his detention at

*Tristan d'Acunha.*

"The chief person of our little community (commonly called the *Governor*) is Mr. Glass, a Scotchman, a *ci-devant* corporal of the artillery drivers; and he certainly behaves to me with every possible kindness: nothing within his power is spared to make me comfortable. I experience from him attention and hospitality, such as are rarely found in higher situations of life. Indeed, every individual seems equally disposed to serve me, and make me reconciled to my present situation. As to the man who landed with me, he is perfectly happy; he finds himself in the society of his equals, and knows that his pay is accumulating during his residence here. My three other companions have all been private seamen, who have remained here at different times in order to procure sea elephant and other oils, to barter with vessels touching here; and they all partake greatly of the honest roughness of British tars.

"Accustomed to be either in their whale-boat, pulling through the most dreadful surf that can be conceived, or covered with blood and grease, killing and preparing for use the marine animals who assemble round this island, it cannot be expected their manners or appearance should partake much of elegance or refinement, or their conversation be such as would be tolerated in polished society; but it is altogether a new scene to me, and I take infinite delight in hearing them relate their different adventures in their own peculiar seaman's phraseology. It is a desirable thing, and one only to be acquired by travelling, to be able to accommodate oneself to the society Providence may throw us amongst.

"Of the fair ladies of our colony, Mrs. Glass is a Cape creole, and Mrs. White a half-Cast Portuguese from Bombay: their time is so fully occupied that I seldom see either of them; being constantly in the cook-house, which is separated from our dwelling. Children there are in abundance, all healthy and robust, and just one year older than another.

"Glass is one of the garrison the British Government sent here some years since, and which was soon after given up; but he and his wife requested that they might be permitted to remain. . . .

"Since my arrival, I have been unanimously appointed chaplain; and every Sunday we have the whole service of the Church of England read, Mr. Glass acting as my clerk. . . . I am also schoolmaster to the elder children, who are pretty forward in reading; . . . though, to be sure, we are sadly at a loss for books, paper, pens, and all other school materials. Their parental exertions (poor fellows) would not avail much; the state of literature being but at a very low ebb amongst them. . . . One of the men lamented to me the other day, that he had so little book *larning*, although he once had had the advantage of seeing the King's own printing-office at Portsmouth!

"Our governor, Glass, who is the original

founder and first settler of this little society, was born in Roxburgh. In the course of many long conversations I had with him, seated in his chimney corner, I learned that, in early life, he had been a gentleman's servant in his native town; and that he had an old aunt settled there, an eminent snuff and tobacco vender. . . . Having (while still quite a youth) been *crossed in love*, he enlisted in the artillery drivers; that corps suiting him best, from his well understanding the management of horses, and being an excellent rider. He related many amusing stories of his first and only campaign in Germany, which was an unsuccessful one. His favourite theme was his various adventures at the Cape. He gave me the whole history of his promotion from a private to a corporal; for he rose to that rank. . . .

"Another proof of Glass's good sense was manifested in his wishing to remain here, when the garrison abandoned the island. 'Why, you know, sir (said he to me), what could I possibly do, when I reached my own country, after being disbanded? I have no trade, and am now too old to learn one. I have a young wife, and a chance of a numerous family; what could I do better for them than remain?' So he requested and obtained his discharge; and the few articles which the officers did not consider worth taking back again to the Cape, were given him: but the greatest treasure he obtained was a bull, a cow, and a few sheep, which stocked his farm; and, with his economy, and the care he bestows upon them, I have no doubt he will, eventually, become the possessor of extensive flocks and herds.

"The next in *rank* (for even here we must have distinctions made) is a man of the name of Taylor, and he, being the oldest sailor, steers the whale-boat. . . .

"While speaking of Glass, I may be permitted to record a circumstance highly characteristic of national feeling, and of that love of country which never forsakes a Scotchman. As he is an experienced tailor, as well as an excellent operative in various other trades, I proposed to him, when my clothes were completely worn out, to make me a full dress suit out of my tartan cloak. He agreed to do so; but still my clothes were not forthcoming. One evening, on my return from a fatiguing day's hunting, Glass came to me with a most melancholy face, and began,—'It is no use holding out any longer, Mr. Earle; I really cannot find in my heart to cut up that bonnie tartan. I have had it out several times, and had the scissors in my hands, but I cannot do it, Sir; it is the *first* tartan that ever was landed on Tristan d'Acunha, and the first I have seen since I left Scotland; and I really cannot consent to cut it up into pieces.' I replied, he was most welcome to keep the cloak for his own use as it was; but that, as I could not make my appearance, even at Tristan d'Acunha, quite in a state of nature, he must contrive to make me a pair of trowsers out of anything he might happen to have amongst his stores. His face instantly brightened up, and I was soon after equipped in a costume which, even here, excited no small curiosity: the front of these 'Cossacks' consisting of sail cloth, and the back of dried goat's skin, the hair outside, which they all assured me I should find very convenient in descending the mountains. I laughed heartily when I first sported this Robinson Crusoe habiliment. 'Never mind how you look, Sir,' said my kind host; 'his Majesty himself, God bless him! if he had been left here, as you were, could do no better.' . . .

"His comrade, at the time I became a member of this society, was a dapper little fellow, as Taylor used to say, 'half sailor, half waterman, and half fisherman; born at Wapping, served his time in a Billingsgate boat, and occasionally vended sprats;' whilst, as a proof he was no

pretender, he sometimes delighted us by going over the whole of those melodies which the fish-women of the streets of London make familiar to one's ears. The name of this worthy was Richard; but he was always called *Old Dick*. He prided himself on being 'a man-of-war's man,' having, at the close of the war, entered the service, and was on board a ten-gun brig; but every attempt he made at a nautical *yarn* was always instantly put a stop to by old Taylor, with such epithets of contempt that he was obliged to desist; but his local knowledge of Deptford, Bugsby's Hole, the Pool, &c. was truly extraordinary, and was his stronghold, from which his old hickory-faced companion never could dislodge him. But Dick had another equally strong position, which formed a part of his history quite incomprehensible to his companions, and which he usually resorted to when driven from the field in attempting to relate his adventures while in the *Royal Navy*; and that was, his having actually served as a *dragoon* in the army of Buenos Ayres: but here Glass always 'came athwart his hawse;' and the contempt he had for his *dragoonship* was equally as strong as that of Taylor for his seamanship.

"The last, and youngest of our party, is named White. There is nothing very particular in his history. He is an excellent specimen of a young English sailor; and has all his characteristic warmth of feeling, and desperate courage, added to a simplicity almost childish. . . . He was one of the crew of 'The Blendhall' Indiaman, which was wrecked on a neighbouring island. He had formed an attachment to one of the servant girls on board; and, in all the miseries they had endured after that event, had been her constant protector and companion; whilst gratitude on her part preventing her wishing to leave him, both chose to remain here; and he and his Peggy made the second couple married on this island, and no two people can be happier."

The accounts of the sea elephant—the albatross—and the penguins, are all interesting: we shall abridge the notice of a visit to what was called the

*Penguin Rookery.*

"The weather being favourable, we launched our boat early in the morning, for the purpose of procuring a supply of eggs for the consumption of the family. We heard the chattering of the penguins from the rookery long before we landed, which was noisy in the extreme, and groups of them were scattered all over the beach; but the high thick grass on the declivity of the hill seemed their grand establishment, and they were hidden by it from our view. . . .

"I should think the ground occupied by these *birds* (if I may be allowed so to call them,) was at least a mile in circumference, covered in every part with grasses and reeds, which grew considerably higher than my head; and on every gentle ascent, beginning from the beach, on all the large grey rocks, which occasionally appeared above this grass, sat perched groups of these strange and uncouth-looking creatures; but the noise which rose up from beneath baffles all description! As our business lay with the noisy part of this community, we quickly crept under the grass, and commenced our plundering search, though there needed, none, so profuse was the quantity. The scene altogether well merited a better description than I can give,—thousands and hundreds of thousands of these little two-legged erect monsters hopping around us, with voices very much resembling in tone that of the human; all opening their throats together; so thickly clustered in groups that it was almost impossible to place the foot without despatching one of them. The shape of the animal, their

See *Athenæum* for 1830, p. 327, for some interesting particulars of this event.

curious motions, and their most extraordinary voices, made me fancy myself in a kingdom of pigmies. The regularity of their manners, their all sitting in exact rows, resembling more the order of a camp than a rookery of noisy birds, delighted me. These creatures did not move away on our approach, but only increased their noise, so we were obliged to displace them forcibly from their nests; and this ejectment was not produced without a considerable struggle on their parts; and, being armed with a formidable beak, it soon became a scene of desperate warfare. We had to take particular care to protect our hands and legs from their attacks; and for this purpose each one had provided himself with a short stout club. The noise they continued to make during our ramble through their territories the sailors said was 'cover 'em up, cover 'em up.' And, however incredible it may appear, it is nevertheless true, that I heard those words so distinctly repeated, and by such various tones of voices, that several times I started, and expected to see one of the men at my elbow. Even these little creatures, as well as the monstrous sea elephant, appear to keep up a continued warfare with each other.

"As the penguins sit in rows, forming regular lanes leading down the beach, whenever one of them feels an inclination to refresh herself by a plunge into the sea, she has to run the gauntlet through the whole street, every one pecking at her as she passes without mercy; and though all are occupied in the same employment, not the smallest degree of friendship seems to exist; and whenever we turned one off her nest she was sure to be thrown amongst foes; and, besides the loss of her eggs, was invariably doomed to receive a severe beating and pecking from her companions. Each one lays three eggs, and, after a time, when the young are strong enough to undertake the journey, they go to sea, and are not again seen till the ensuing spring. Their city is deserted of its numerous inhabitants, and quietness reigns till nature prompts their return the following year, when the same noisy scene is repeated, as the same flock of birds returns to the spot where they were hatched.

"After raising a tremendous tumult in this numerous colony, and sustaining continued combat, we came off victorious, making capture of about a thousand eggs, resembling in size, colour, and transparency of shell, those of a duck; and the taking possession of this immense quantity did not occupy more than one hour, which may serve to prove the incalculable numbers of birds collected together."

Here, for the present at least, we must take leave of this very pleasant volume.

#### FAMILY LIBRARY.—No. XXXI.

*The Trials of Charles the First, and of some of the Regicides; with Biographies of Bradshaw, Ireton, Harrison, and others: and with notes.* London: Murray.

We have received this volume, but too late for any lengthened notice this week. We shall return to it in our next. From what we have been able to ascertain of its contents, we confess that we are disappointed in the degree of interest we had hoped to find in them. The matter of the book seems baldly thrown together, and there are too many slanders from that depository of all slanders, "the Tryal of the Regicides," preserved without contradiction. Justice is very sparingly dealt out to the Republican cause; and nothing is said about the paltry trick by which the majority of the Regicides were, as Mrs. Hutchinson truly expresses it, "decoyed to surrender themselves." It was a melancholy business from first to last. They

were deceived into the hope of mercy, only to experience the bitterest reverse. They were dragged suddenly into court after a long confinement, and convicted on the testimony of witnesses the most profligate. They had no opportunity of adducing counter evidence, without the chance of implicating their friends in the same disastrous fate; and, to complete all in the spirit of the poorest and most impotent revenge, the sentence of the old law against traitors, never utterly enforced, was against them put into effect, with all its most revolting details, such as the "imagination palls at." All this, however, only served the more strongly to illustrate the undaunted courage with which men, whose "high endeavours are an inward light," are enabled to demean themselves under any suffering or trial. What can be finer or more touching than the following anecdotes of Harrison, then in the sledge that was leading him to a frightful death? We extract from the volume before us.

"He called several times in the way, and spoke aloud—'I go to suffer upon the account of the most glorious cause that ever was in the world.' As he was going to suffer, one, in decision, called to him and said—'Where is your Good Old Cause?' He, with a cheerful smile, clapt his hand on his breast, and said, 'Here it is, and I am going to seal it with my blood.'

"The people observing him to tremble in his hands and legs, he, taking notice of it, said—'Gentlemen,—by reason of some scoffing that I do hear, I judge that some do think I am afraid to die, by the shaking I have in my hands and knees; I tell you, no; but it is by reason of much blood I have lost in the wars, and many wounds I have received in my body, which causeth this shaking and weakness in my nerves; I have had it these twelve years.'"

But we will return to this volume and the subject of it next week.

#### CABINET CYCLOPEDIA.—No. XXXI.

*The History of Switzerland.* Longman & Co.

This volume gives us a little of Switzerland and its people in the days of Julius Cæsar, Trajan, and Charlemagne; but the true history begins with Rudolph of Hapsburg—a sort of ruder Napoleon, whose just boast it was, that he rose from his father's hut to the station of Emperor. The chief interest which, as lovers of liberty and bravery, we feel in the story of the Cantons, commences when, in 1307, Walter Fürst, Werner Stauffacher, and Arnold of the Melchthal,—free peasants of Switzerland,—laid the foundation of the Republic, by a league and covenant to resist to blood the oppression of Austria, and which ended in the death of Gessler by Tell, the defeat of the Germans in the bloody battle of Morgarten, and the full establishment of Swiss freedom. For a space of two hundred years a succession of peasant rulers raised, on many a victorious field, the fame of the shepherd warriors of Switzerland to more than a level with the far-famed chivalry of France, England, Italy, and Austria; and their greatness was at its height when, repulsing the Burgundian Invasion, they marched down from their mountains, and at Nancy settled for ever their quarrel with Duke Charles and his knights. From that period, which poured in wealth upon the Swiss shepherds, their fame and name began

to decline, till their final extinction, by the French republicans, in the year of freedom, 1798. Treating of such subjects, the volume before us could not well be otherwise than interesting; but the story which it tells is familiar to all lovers of freedom: we shall relate none of its battles nor moving events; but pick out some instructive and interesting incidents, less known, perhaps, to our readers, but which we prefer to details of marches, musterings, blows, and blood.

The Great Plague, which desolated so much of Europe, reached the Swiss mountains in 1339. The attempts of the people to repulse that dread invader, were less successful and more curious than any other of their undertakings.

#### The Great Plague.

"The triumphs of Swiss valour were soon saddened by the breaking out of that great plague, which visited with its ravages the greater part of Europe and Asia, and of which the most vivid delineation ever written (except that of a similar pest by Thucydides) has been preserved in the Decameron of Boccaccio. Whole towns were depopulated. Estates were left without claimants or occupiers. Priests, physicians, grave-diggers, could not be found in adequate numbers; and the consecrated earth of the churchyards no longer sufficed for the reception of its destined tenants. In the order of Franciscans alone, 120,430 monks are said to have perished. This plague had been preceded by tremendous earthquakes, which laid in ruins, towns, castles, and villages. Dearth and famine, clouds of locusts, and even an innocent comet, had been long before regarded as forerunners of the pestilence; and when it came it was viewed as an unequivocal sign of the wrath of God. At the outset, the Jews became, as usual, objects of umbrage, as having occasioned this calamity by poisoning the wells. A persecution was commenced against them, and numberless innocent persons were consigned, by heated fanaticism, to a dreadful death by fire, and their children were baptized over the corpses of their parents, according to the religion of their murderers. These atrocities were in all probability perpetrated by many, in order to possess themselves of the wealth acquired by the Jews in traffic, to take revenge for their usurious extortions, or, finally, to pay their debts in the most expeditious and easy manner. When it was found that the plague was nowise diminished by massacring the Jews, but, on the contrary, seemed to acquire additional virulence, it was inferred that God, in his righteous wrath, intended nothing less than to extirpate the whole sinful race of man. Many now endeavoured by self-chastisement to avert the divine vengeance from themselves. Fraternities of hundreds and thousands collected under the name of Flagellants, strolled through the land in strange garbs, scourged themselves in the public streets, in penance for the sins of the world, and read a letter which was said to have fallen from heaven, admonishing all to repentance and amendment. They were joined, of course, by a crowd of idle vagabonds, who, under the mask of extraordinary sanctity and humble penitence, indulged in every species of disorder and debauchery. At last the affair assumed so grave an aspect, that the pope and many secular princes declared themselves against the Flagellants, and speedily put an end to their extravagances. Various ways were still, however, resorted to by various tempers to snatch the full enjoyment of that life which they were so soon to lose, at the expense of every possible violation of the laws of morality. Only a few lived on in a quiet and orderly manner, in reliance on the saving help of God, without running into

any excess of anxiety or indulgence. After this desolating scourge had raged during four years, its violence seemed at length to be exhausted."

Concerning literature and knowledge we have the following information: we wish it had been more ample:—

*Knowledge in the Fifteenth Century.*

"We find the state of intellectual progress in the first half of the fifteenth century scarcely more satisfactory than that in which the spiritual polity was left on the untimely dissolution of the council of Constance. Those cobwebs of the brain which were accredited as sciences, as little deserved the name as they did that of wholesome nourishment for the mental wants and appetites of the people; while ignorance of the languages of antiquity set a seal upon the highest productions of genius, and even on the original records of Scripture. What darkness must have still prevailed when a German monk could preach as follows:—'A language has been lately invented, called Greek. This Greek is the mother of all schisms; and in it a book hath been written, which is called the New Testament, and in which are many perilous passages. Another language also hath arisen, which is Hebrew. Whosoever learns the same becomes a Jew!' Till the foundation of the university of Basle, which took place in the year 1400, no effectual care was taken for learning in any part of Switzerland. A tolerably instructed man was rarely found at the head of the schools, even in considerable towns. A person was considered perfectly fit for the office of pastor, who could read with facility, translate a little, retain the simplest rules of grammar in memory, sing tolerably well, and had any degree of natural eloquence. The most precious relics of Greek and Roman literature lay in numbers in a dark tower of the convent of St. Gall, and were rescued from dust and oblivion chiefly by foreigners. The poetical art of the Minnesingers had vanished; and the science of music had fallen into a state of utter decay, till the council of Basle made some attempts to revive it. Felix Hammerlin, who bore the punning surname of *Malleolus*, a canon of Zurich, an upright, learned, and sensible man, a very voluminous writer, and possessor of the then enormous number of 500 volumes, was long the greatest light of the confederacy. Even he, however, in those times the most learned man in Switzerland, and whose acquirements made him pass for a magician with the multitude, cherished many superstitious fancies. He held it, for example, highly fitting to pronounce certain forms of benediction over diseased cattle, or to still a tempest raised through satanic art by similar artifices, and, as a general rule, in cases of necessity not by any means too scrupulously to waive the devil's assistance. He fully approved the proceedings of the bishop of Lausanne, who caused sentences of Scripture to be read against the horse-leeches, which, to the great disgust of that fish-eating prelate, killed all the salmon. He also acquiesced in the indictment of the glow-worms before the spiritual court of the bishop of Coire, who, when the insect-advocate pleaded that the creatures of God did well to seek nourishment for the sustenance of their bodies, pronounced upon them solemn sentence of banishment into regions uninhabited by man. In like manner, the eels in the lake of Geneva were banished by one bishop of Lausanne, the earth-worms, grasshoppers, and field-mice, by another. Failure in the accomplishment of these and similar sentences was of course ascribed entirely to the sins of the nation."

A love of the marvellous, and a belief in the influence of spirits of darkness or of light, were then common in Switzerland:—

"Anna Vögtli of Bischoffzell conceived the

evil thought of working enchantments with the host, and stole the same from the church of Ettiswyl, in the canton of Lucerne, on the 24th of May, 1447. She soon, however, shrunk from her own device, and cast the host behind a hedge privily. Whereupon a white seven-leaved rose sprouted instantly forth from the ground, and in its calyx lay the consecrated wafer. The beasts of the field came and bowed before it. The surrounding radiance revealed it to the eyes of an innocent shepherdess, who discovered it to the people of the village. Whereupon the priests came out with toll of bell, with cross and banners, attended by a multitude of believers, to bring the holy thing back to its place. A chapel was built in memory of the circumstance, where the host did itself credit by working many signs and wonders. We scarcely need to add, that Anna Vögtli was burnt."

The result of the first encounter of the shepherds with the Burgundian chivalry at Granson, is summed up in a few words: we must make room for the account of the spoil:—

"When the spoil of the duke's camp came to be shared among the cantons, it was found to contain 120 pieces of ordnance, 600 standards, and about 10,000 pack-horses. These and an infinite quantity of other munitions of war, the whole of the ducal ornaments and valuables of every description, his golden seal, a pound in weight, his decorated prayer-book, the treasures of his generals and courtiers, remained in the possession of the victors. The rich hangings and pavilions were for the most part cut to pieces. Gold was shared by hatfuls; diamonds, which now adorn the most magnificent crowns in Europe, were first ignorantly thrown aside, then sold for trifling sums. In the division of this booty the least part came to the common stock. Many subsequent diets were engaged on the subject; and one of the great diamonds was sold in 1492, on the public account, for 5000 guilders."

There is, at page 160, an excellent account of the military skill, and discipline, and mode of warfare of these singular people; but we must quit the volume, which we cannot do without commending it for the spirit of truth and fairness, which is every where visible. We wish the author had commenced his history at a later period than one hundred and eleven years before Christ, and been something more particular and graphic in his details.

*Mémoires de Madame la Duchesse d'Abrantès.* Vols. V. & VI.

[Fourth Notice.]

We shall conclude our translations from these two volumes, with some scattered fragments, beginning with the Pope's brief, which reconciled Talleyrand to the church, and relieved him from his ecclesiastical vows:—

*Brief of Pope Pius VII.*

"To our dearly beloved son Charles Maurice Talleyrand.

"We were moved with joy at learning the ardent desire you have manifested to be reconciled to us and the Catholic church. We, therefore, in our paternal charity, and in the plenitude of our power, unbind and release you from all excommunications. We impose upon you, as a consequence of your reconciliation to us and the church, the charge of distributing alms, more particularly for the relief of the poor of the Church of AUTUN, which you once governed. We hereby grant you permission to wear secular habiliments, and to administer civil affairs, whether it please you to continue in the office you now hold, or to fill any other to which your government may call you."

*The Duchess of Gordon.*

"The Duchess of Gordon is assuredly not forgotten by those who had the happiness of knowing her at Paris in 1802. When I wish to be merry, I conjure up the phantom of this lady, so burlesque in manners and appearance. These, as every one knows, had very little *ducal* about them, although the lady herself had the *Duchesse-mania*. Amid the buffoonery of her manners, she had a shrewd and calculating mind."

*Lord and Lady Conyngham.*

"Lady Conyngham, since become so celebrated in England, was then in the full bloom of her charms. In this respect, she was entitled to a brilliant reputation; but I confess, I could never admire beauty so totally devoid of expression. I am not surprised at the *Venus de Medicis* not returning my smile, because she is a statue, and nothing but marble; but, when I approach a beautiful woman, I expect a look and expression of animated nature. This was not to be found in Lady Conyngham. She was very elegant, took great care of her beauty, dressed well, and carried the care of her person so far as to remain in bed the whole day until she dressed to go to a ball. She was of opinion, that this preserved the freshness of her complexion, which she said was always more brilliant when she did not rise till nine at night. She was a beautiful idol, and nothing more."

"Lord Conyngham, her husband, might be called ugly. The Duchess of Gordon, who, in her frightful language, sometimes uttered smart things, said of Lord Conyngham, that he was like a comb, all teeth and back."

*Colonel Green.*

"The Colonel was to dine with us one day. After waiting for him a long time, we sat down to dinner. He arrived at the second course."

"It seems, my dear Green, said Junot, 'that your watch is too slow.'

"Oh! no! General,' replied Green. 'But as I was passing in the Rue Vivienne, I had the misfortune to break twelve guineas worth of old woman, and that delayed my arrival.'

"His carriage had, in fact, thrown down an old woman, who uttered such dreadful yells, that Green thought she must be seriously injured. He therefore got out and examined her, and finding that she was not much hurt, gave her some money and was about to proceed; but she again cried out that she was going to die, had him arrested by the guard, and he only got off by giving her three or four hundred francs for an accident by no means serious. I have often afterwards heard him repeat, with that inimitable accent which I never heard but from him and the Duchess of Gordon—'Oh! oh! By God—old women are very dear at Paris!'"

*Lord Yarmouth.*

"There were at this time at Paris, several other Englishmen of great distinction—in originality at least, if in nothing else. Among these, was Lord Yarmouth, now Marquis of Hertford. He had already, I suspect, formed a bad opinion of human nature—a sad thing for a man of his age at this period; and on his brow, in his smile, or in his look, might be perceived a cold, sardonic, and contemptuous criticism of all that surrounded him. He went little into society, but was most brilliant there whenever he chose to put on the *harness*, as he called it. He was passionately fond of play, risked large stakes, and played nobly. I was told that Lord Yarmouth once playing with an illustrious personage in England, lost with such continual regularity, that there seemed to be something unfair. There was, however, no one near him, the cards were good, and he played better than his adversary. At length, by dint of observation, he discovered the secret of his losses. The Court was then either at Windsor or at Brighton, and the Prince Regent had brought into fashion blue



coats with polished steel buttons as big as crown pieces. By this means, whoever played with the Prince, had seven or eight small mirrors on his coat, which reflected every card in his hand. All this was no doubt the effect of chance, but it was a chance which made Lord Yarmouth lose thousands of pounds; and, however large a man's fortune may be, he always prefers winning to losing. As soon as Lord Yarmouth with a rapid glance detected the *chance snare*, he unbuttoned his coat and said, in answer to the Prince's inquiring look—"Sir, it is too hot for me here."

*A brief Description of Thirty-two Ancient Greek Vases.* 8vo. London: Valpy.

THE little work before us, though put forth with the unpretending character of a catalogue, merits, from its importance, to hold a distinguished place with the current productions of the period. It is, in fact, a body of short dissertations on fictile painted vases now exhibiting in this country; and forms a very valuable addition to the meagre store of our archæological literature.

In the year 1820, an accident brought to light, in central Italy, a sepulchral grotto, containing Greek vases. The situation was near Canino, and on a spot supposed to have been occupied by the old Etruscan city of Vulci. The proprietors of the neighbouring soil are Lucien Bonaparte, the Signori Candalori, and the Signori Fioli. Taking the hint, after a lapse of eight years, all excavated on their respective properties; and though fortune favoured most the researches of Lucien, yet the others were so far successful that they speedily found themselves possessed of rich collections. A portion of the vases found by Lucien were dispatched to England, and are now open to the public at the Egyptian Hall. Signor Campanari, a partner in the enterprise of the Candalori, has also transferred hither his share, which may be seen at No. 7, Leicester Square. But the persons in whose charge they remain, are by no means competent to their explanation. Archæological studies are too little pursued among us, to render it likely that many visitors could assist themselves; and it has been found that, to draw public interest to these important monuments of Greek art, it would be necessary, first of all, to render them intelligible by a proper key. The Chevalier Brøndsted, counsellor of state to the King of Denmark, and his envoy at the court of Rome, a gentleman, whose life has been spent in the investigation of figured antiquity, was actuated by a laudable love for the science, and by some hope of promoting its progress in England, to undertake this task for the vases of Campanari. The Chevalier is known to the learned of the continent, by his *Voyages et Recherches en Grèce*, an erudite and splendid work, still unfinished. Among ourselves, he has distinguished himself by several papers read before the Royal Society of Literature, and by a highly-remarkable *Memoir on Panathænaic Vases*, published in vol. 2. part 1. of the *Transactions* of that body.

The present description is extremely well executed: the arrangement is clear and scientific. Each vase is numbered; its shape, size, and style, are first indicated; and then its painting is described and explained. The interpretations are always ingenious,

and often manifest no ordinary learning and research.

On the other hand, the objections we have to make are few. What we chiefly regret, is the absence of some introduction, in which the locality and circumstances of the Vulci excavations, with the construction of the tombs, and the nature of the objects found there, might have been briefly described. Considering, too, how little is generally known in England on the subject, an outline of the epochs, styles, and peculiarities of vases, would have possessed considerable utility.

In the matter itself, there is perhaps too strong a bias towards referring subjects and symbols to the public games. It is always unfortunate, in studies of this sort, to be impressed with any favourite opinion; for then the ideas will involuntarily seek that channel and draw aside the explanations, often to the prejudice of true knowledge. We differ, though on other grounds, from the interpretation of the vase No. 17. It figures, says the author, "Theseus killing the Minotaur in the presence of two female figures, (probably Ariadne and her confidential attendant,) and two naked male figures (probably intended to represent slaves)." One figure is doubtless Ariadne. The other, though it seems to be put in merely to produce a balance of the composition, and not at all as being essential to the story, would be explained more after ancient customs, as the nurse of Ariadne. But in the two young men, very far from seeing slaves, or understanding what slaves have to do with this fable, we perceive two of the young Athenians who accompanied Theseus, and formed a portion of the annual tribute. The mistake is the more singular, as the author has perfectly seized the sense of a similar subject on the vase No. 14.

On No. 18 are painted "two heroes in full armour, fighting over the body of a third, who is slain, and lying on the ground before the feet of the two combatants. Behind them are two young women, who seem, by the movement of their hands, to feel a lively interest. After the women are two heralds, with long wands or spears in their hands." The author supposes that this combat "refers to the well-known mythos of the children of Edipus, and to the expedition of the seven chiefs of Argos against Thebes; while the two sphinxes, on the reverse of the vase, being particularly Theban emblems, seem to be in harmony with the interpretation proposed." Now, it is very important to get at the true meaning of this subject, for it is reproduced, with many modifications, on a vast number of vases, without having been hitherto sufficiently illustrated. We cannot approve the notion of the Chevalier Brøndsted, but rather believe that the idea of the painting is taken from some passage in one of the lost poems on the Trojan war. The chief points seem to have been a combat between Achilles and Memnon, ending in the death of the latter, upon which a second contest took place between the victor and Hector, at the conclusion of which, the body of Memnon was borne away by Aurora, and received funeral honours at Susa, in Persia. Thus much we may gather from paintings, while literary proofs might be produced to substantiate several particulars of the adventure. On vases it appears at different stages of its progress. On an Agragentine *ληνυθος*,

in our own possession, Achilles has just pierced Memnon with his spear, and the Ethiopian is sinking to the ground. On one side of this group, and precisely as on the Vulci vase, a female, in all likelihood Thetis, is behind her son, and seems to encourage him. Behind Memnon stands his mother, Aurora, tearing her veil or hair. Other vases, as, for instance, that described by the Chevalier Brøndsted, at No. 27, show us Memnon beaten down on one knee, a common posture in Greek drawings for persons receiving death. The accessories are much the same as before, except that Hector comes up to assist, or rather to avenge his companion. This vase, by the way, has, we fear, had an erroneous interpretation in the 'Brief Description,' since it is the same given to No. 17. And now the painting of No. 17 itself, which gave rise to these remarks, takes its place in the series. Memnon is stretched dead on the earth, and over him fight Achilles and Hector. Thetis, as before, is behind Achilles, and Aurora backs the champion of her fallen son. The heralds, or whatever else those personages may be, who are seen so often with long cloaks, and wands or spears, require no consideration. It is clear that they were almost always introduced conventionally, to complete the grouping, or to fill up space; that they rarely take any part in the action; and that they are never necessary to the fable. In fact, the theme, with this exception, is represented precisely in the same mode on an Agragentine vase, published by Mr. Millingen, in Part 2, pl. 5. of his *'Ancient Unedited Monuments'*, and its pictures afford us the clue to this whole subject. The two combatants, according to an occasional practice on Greek vases, have their names inscribed beside them. The dead hero, however, is without any. It is extraordinary that Mr. Millingen, whose conceptions of antiquity are usually so happy, has allowed the meaning of this drawing, aided as it is by the inscriptions, to escape him. Instead of recognizing Memnon in the prostrate figure, he neglects it entirely, and putting a gratuitous force on the vase, concludes that the writer of the names was a blunderer, that he wrote Hector instead of Memnon, and that the combatants are not Hector and Achilles, but Achilles and Memnon. The reverse side of his vase affords the last scene of the tragedy, and the concluding proof for our opinions. It exhibits a divinity bearing away the very same dead body over which Hector and Achilles fight in the principal painting. The name of Memnon is written near his corpse, and the female who bears him off is, in the same way, ascertained to be his mother, Aurora.

As to the sphinxes on the reverse of the Vulci vase, they are obviously as applicable to Memnon as to Thebes; but we conceive that they have nothing to do with either. They are found very frequently on the older style of vases, without having any connexion with the fables represented; and their object, like that of many other remote Greek types, must be sought in the religions of Asia and Egypt.

This rectification has, however, drawn us too far. We will now conclude by again recommending the excellent little work of the Chevalier Brøndsted, and the noble monuments he describes, to the attention of all who are imbued with classical studies and with a taste

for ancient art. Those vases form a gallery of genuine Greek paintings, whose epoch cannot well be brought lower than three, while we, ourselves, incline to think that they date from four to five centuries before Christ. They are infinitely more important to a knowledge of Greek antiquity than the great collections of statues and reliefs scattered over Europe, since by far the larger proportion of sculpture, though the work, perhaps, of Greek artists, is not older than the Roman times. Painting, again, has greater facilities for detailed representation, and in the drawings of vases we possess a copious and inestimable treasure of domestic habits, religious rites, and recondite mythology.

The Hamilton collection, now in the British Museum, though valuable half a century back, has been long since surpassed even by private cabinets, and, in many points, is lamentably defective. It might be advantageously recruited from the late importations, notwithstanding that they contain few of the more choice objects obtained by the discoveries at Vulci. Those discoveries never have had their parallel, and, perhaps, never will again. It is important to seize the moment while the Continent, and especially Italy, is still replete with monuments of consummate art. The King of Bavaria lately, the French some time ago, the Papal, the Tuscan, the Prussian—in fact, almost all the governments of Europe have availed themselves of this favourable state of things. We ourselves have done nothing. It were infinitely to be desired that, as in the case of the Hamilton vases, some motion were made on the subject in Parliament, and a grant obtained for the national object. A commission should be named for the selection of monuments, and if it did not, as such things too often do, degenerate into a job, or fall into the hands of insufficient men, public taste and classical learning itself might receive a new and very powerful impulsion.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'*Beauties of the Rev. Geo. Crabbe.*'—To extract fine passages to the amount of an hundred and odd pages out of the many thousand of one of the most graphic writers of our day, surely required no great skill on the part of the editor, and we must say, that he has made his selections with taste and feeling: the writing of a memoir would, however, seem to be a more difficult thing, for the biographical notice which introduces these beauties is beyond all measure dull and unsatisfactory. Mr. Murray ought to have published this book: it is well known that he gave Crabbe—for coterie fame has great influence—several thousand pounds for the copyright of his entire works; and it is also as well known—to the trade, at least—that he has lost largely by the speculation. Now, we hold it to be unfair to pick the jewels out of his purchase, and thus present them to the world. This may be Mr. Murray's affair, not ours: but we are of the old race, of whom one of our historians speaks, who never saw friend or foe strike a fair stroke without applauding it, or an unfair one without treating it as it deserved.

'*Return of the Victors, and Songs of England's Chivalry.*'—The first poem is written in the cause of freedom, and out of a desire to do good to man; and we wish Mr. Dailey all the success his meritorious undertaking merits: we have little room, but we must spare some to show our readers a sample of the strains, in which the author has sung the fall of the gallant

and fiery Hotspur in the 'Songs of England's Chivalry':—

Scotia's brave sons, from highland and from glen,  
Had cross'd Tweed's banks to gory war agen;  
Under intrepid Douglas march'd along,  
Shouting the chorus of their warrior's song:  
With armour harness'd, and with burnish'd shield,  
Dispute the glory of the battle-field.  
Whilst Harry Hotspur, with courageous breast,  
Put their proud valour to a woful test;  
He drove them, as the wind drives mighty waves,  
To where Tweed's water Scotland's bank still laves;  
With arrows pierced from Hotspur's archers' bows,  
They drown'd in that loved stream their mighty woes.  
Brave Douglas bore five wounds—a heart-felt pride,  
As o'er his armour glide the purple tide:  
Whilst Stuart, Angus, and the Earl of Fife,  
Courageous bent to save their honours' life,  
Fought on with mighty strength till fall of night,  
But were held prisoners in the hurried flight.  
Thus for the king, fought Hotspur and his sire,  
With hearts lit, burning, with a martial fire;  
Till Henry, fearful of proud Percy's sway,  
Demands the prisoners, takes the battle day;  
Which is denied! opposing standards rear'd!  
And the loud thunder of rebellion heard!

Mr. Liddiard's '*Three Months' Tour in Switzerland and France*' is not a dull book, yet has the reading of it been to us most wearisome. We are tired of Three Months' Tours in Switzerland, and should be better content with a '*Three Hours' Tour to Stratford-le-Bow*.' The route is positively less known.

The '*Selections from the Speeches and Writings of Lord Brougham*' is but a meagre compilation, nor is much information to be gleaned from the memoir prefixed. One circumstance mentioned, if it be true, is strange. It is recorded of his Lordship, that "when little more than sixteen years of age, he exhibited one of the most remarkable instances of precocious intellect ever recorded: by the composition of a paper, containing a series of experiments and observations on the inflection, reflection, and colours of light; this paper he transmitted, through the hands of Sir Charles Blagden, to the Royal Society in whose Transactions it was printed; and in the following year, a paper, containing further experiments and observations on the same subject, was communicated by him to the Society, and printed in their Transactions; where, in 1798, appeared from his pen, 'General Theorems, chiefly Porisms in the higher Geometry.' These papers excited considerable interest in the scientific world, (although the extreme youth of their author does not seem to have been generally known.) An article by Professor Prevost, of Geneva, containing Remarks on the Optical Papers, appeared in the Philosophical Transactions for 1798; and Mr. Brougham is said, at this early period of his life, to have carried on a Latin correspondence on scientific subjects with some of the most distinguished philosophers of the continent."

'*Hints on the Portable Evidence of Christianity,*' by Joseph John Gurney, is an excellent little volume. It takes its strange title from a casual expression of Dr. Chalmers, and the object of the work is to prove the divine origin of Christianity from the internal evidence in the Bible itself.

'*The History and Description of London and Westminster,*' will make a valuable work if the future numbers are as good as the first.

Mr. Gough's '*Indian Tale,*' and his "*other Poems*" equally want simplicity and directness of purpose: take as a specimen the beginning of '*A Rhapsody on Nature*':—

Where's the mastery of mind,  
Trammellous and unconfined,  
Probing Nature's boundless scheme,  
Gauging the stupendous theme?  
She, that paints horizons bright,  
Belted heaven and earth with light!  
Beams upon cherubic gaze—  
Kindles the volcanic blaze!  
Makes Euroclydon her zone—  
Sits upon her thunder throne!

This may be poetry, but, in our judgment, it is mere mouthing.

'*A Treatise on the Suitable Biting of Horses, with a Description of a New System of Bridle Bits,*' is, in the modesty of our nature we confess it, a little beyond our critical ability. This new system, however, appears to be approved, and Don Juan Segundo, the inventor, has received many flattering letters from persons well conversant with the subject, including Major-General Quintin, Lieutenant-Colonel Taylor, the Count de Beaumont, the Duke de Polignac, all of which are appended to this pamphlet; we therefore recommend his work to consideration.

We are glad to see that Mr. Mudie's '*Picture of India,*' and the '*History of Gas Lighting,*' by Mr. Matthews, both favourably noticed on their first appearance, have arrived at second editions.

#### ORIGINAL PAPERS

##### PLUTO AND PROSERPINE.

##### A POLICE REPORT.

I met an adventure in Naples last year,  
Whose final event paid my trouble and fear—  
My life amid robbers was perill'd—  
They confin'd me all night in a cell under ground,

Where, groping about in the darkness, I found  
An old Syracusan Morning Herald.

I wish I could show you this precious antique,  
'Tis like Codex Bezae in uncial Greek;  
When legible, thus it commences:

"Ortygian Police,—on the bench Justice Jove,  
The Fraction's amours,—a poor tailor in love,—  
Or dear little Pluto's offences.—"

"This morning the office was fill'd by a crowd  
Of people from Enna, that village so proud

Of its picturesque views of Mount Etna,  
All anxious the case of abduction to hear,  
'Gainst a tailor nam'd Pluto, whose daring career

Was cut short while returning from Gretna.

"When the prisoner was brought to the bar, we observ'd

He look'd downcast and pale, and in fact quite unnerv'd,

At the thoughts of his strange situation—  
And the Justice declar'd that a sight of his face  
Was fully sufficient to settle the case,  
Almost without examination.

"The complainant was Ceres, a sturdy old dame,  
Whose corns, we suppose, made her walk rather lame,

For the lady, we hear, is a farmer—  
With her came her daughter, the fair Proserpine,  
Of features so lovely, and figure so fine,  
That old Jove shouted out 'what a charmer!'

"She depos'd that the prisoner, a tailor by trade,

To her daughter proposals of marriage had made,  
And had sent her a pair of young rabbits—  
But such a poor botch was by Proserpine spurn'd,

His love was rejected, his presents return'd,  
On account of his very bad habits.

"She swore that the prisoner came next to herself,

With his ledger, to show the amount of his pelf,  
By estimates worthy of Babbage—

But she found he had manag'd his fortunes to swell,

By adding his powerful interest in Hell,  
And his numberless dealings in cabbage.

"The refusal enrag'd him, and loudly he swore  
That he'd have revenge ere a month would be o'er,

While all laugh'd at his furious grimaces—  
But soon witness found him a man to be fear'd,  
For her daughter some mornings ago disappear'd,  
And left of her journey no traces.

"Jove ask'd, 'how the witness contriv'd to discover,  
That the girl had not wish'd to elope with her lover,  
O'er the ladies perhaps a prevailor?'  
She turned to the prisoner, and pointing in scorn,  
Exclaim'd—'Oh! could any that ever were born,  
Believe such a tale of a tailor?'  
"The next witness was Cyane, who, being sworn,  
Depos'd, while ascending to Etna one morn,  
To light her pipe at the volcano,  
She met with the prisoner and saw him approach  
The lady, and ask her to enter his coach,  
And she had heard Proserpine say 'No.'  
"The postillion was call'd by the prisoner to prove  
That the lady had gladly accepted his love,  
And at dinner had ask'd for a salad.  
Jove said that this evidence alter'd the case"—  
But the paper is torn in this critical place—  
And so there's a hole in the ballad.

#### M. ABEL RÉMUSAT.

THE republic of letters has lately sustained a severe loss in the death of M. Abel Rémusat. As a general, and especially an oriental scholar, he had occupied a very distinguished place; but in the Chinese, that most interesting and least accessible branch of eastern literature, he was absolutely unrivalled by any who, like him, had devoted their talents to this difficult pursuit, without the enjoyment of any of those peculiar advantages which a long residence in China, and frequent intercourse with the natives, alone could confer.

His amiable manners and character, and his liberal views and conduct, saved him, in great measure, from participating in those degrading personalities and party differences which have too often injured the cause and impeded the advancement of letters in France; and he won his way to its highest honour, in the course of a distinguished literary career of above twenty years, with the most cordial approbation of every scholar who was qualified to appreciate his merits. The Asiatic Society of Paris, of which institution he was long secretary, and some time president, owes its existence chiefly to his exertions; and at the death, in 1825, of that distinguished orientalist, M. Langlès, he was most deservedly appointed his successor in the charge of the Royal Library, with, subsequently, the title of Chinese Professor,—an appointment expressly created in his favour.

It would be invidious to compare M. Rémusat's attainments in Chinese literature with those of the Rev. Dr. Morrison, who is well known to possess, in addition to a degree of zeal and perseverance which nothing short of the superior motives of religion can inspire, advantages and opportunities altogether peculiar to himself, arising from his long residence among the natives of China, and his official station in the service of the East India Company. M. Rémusat's early works in the Chinese language, although wonderful as the productions of an unassisted scholar in the retirement of his closet at Paris, are certainly not without their faults; but his chief and most elaborate work, his translation of a Chinese novel in four volumes, entitled 'Iu-kiao-li; ou, les Deux Cousines,' has been pronounced by competent judges in this country, who have read the work in the original, (and compared parts of it with M. Rémusat's translation, with an express view to criticism,) a most able and faithful version. It is impossible to pay it a higher compliment than to state, that it is a worthy pendant to the elegant and accurate version of the 'Pleasing History,' another Chinese novel, of still higher interest, by our countryman, Mr. Davis.

At the period of his decease, M. Rémusat was engaged in two very important works illustrative of the reigning superstitions of the Chinese, their first introduction from India, and their derivation from Buddhism. Both these works it was his intention to have transmitted to this country for publication, under the auspices of that very interesting institution lately established in London under the title of the Oriental Translation Fund. The specimens which were submitted on this occasion to the committee of management of the Fund, are alone sufficient to convey a high idea of the loss which oriental literature has sustained, from the circumstance of this amiable and distinguished scholar having been thus prematurely carried off, in the midst of his honourable and useful career.

Besides several minor works, and numerous essays and criticisms under his signature in the 'Journal des Savans,' M. Rémusat was the author of a very valuable and curious collection, in four volumes, entitled 'Mélanges Asiatiques, ou, Recueil de Morceaux de Critique et de Mémoires relatifs aux Religions, aux Sciences, aux Coutumes, à l'Histoire et à la Géographie des Nations Orientales.'

#### NOTES OF ILLINOIS.

A paper under this title has appeared in the Illinois Magazine, (U. S.) As the subject is one of general interest, and it was not probable that any of our readers would see the original work, we have determined to reprint it, after making some unimportant curtailments.

##### Wild Animals of the Illinois.

The buffalo has entirely left us. Before the country was settled, our immense prairies afforded pasturage to herds of this animal; and the traces of them are still remaining in the "buffalo paths," which are to be seen in several parts of the state. These are well beaten tracks, leading generally from the prairies in the interior of the state, to the margins of the large rivers, showing the course of their migrations as they changed their pastures periodically, from the low marshy alluvion, to the dry upland plains. In the heat of summer they are driven from the latter by prairie fires; in the autumn they would be expelled from the former by the mosquitoes; in the spring the grass of the plains would afford abundant pasturage, while the herds could enjoy the warmth of the sun, and snuff the breeze that sweeps so freely over them; in the winter the rich cane of the river-banks, which is an evergreen, would furnish food, while the low grounds, thickly covered with brush and forest, would afford protection from the bleak winds. Their paths are narrow, and remarkably direct, showing that the animals travelled in single file through the woods, and pursued the most direct course to their places of destination.

Deer are more abundant than at the first settlement of the country. They increase, to a certain extent, with the population. The reason of this appears to be, that they find protection in the neighbourhood of man, from the beasts of prey that assail them in the wilderness, and from whose attacks their young particularly can with difficulty escape. They suffer most from the wolves, who hunt in packs, like hounds, and who seldom give up the chase until the deer is taken. We have often sat, on a moonlight summer night, at the door of a log cabin on one of our prairies, and heard the wolves in full chase of a deer, yelling very near in the same manner as a pack of hounds. Sometimes the cry would be heard at a great distance over the plain, then it would die away, and again be distinguished at a nearer point, and in another

direction—now the full cry would burst upon us from a neighbouring thicket, and we could almost hear the sobs of the exhausted deer, and again it would be borne away, and lost in distance. We have passed nearly whole nights in listening to such sounds, and once we saw a deer dash through the yard, and immediately passed the door at which we sat, followed by his audacious pursuers, who were but a few yards in his rear.

Immense numbers of deer are killed every year by our hunters, who take them for the hams and skins alone, throwing away the rest of the carcass. Venison hams and hides are important articles of export.

There are several ways of hunting deer, all of which are equally simple. Most generally the hunter proceeds to the woods on horseback, in the daytime, selecting particularly certain hours which are thought to be most favourable. It is said, that during the season when the pastures are green, this animal rises from its lair precisely at the rising of the moon, whether in the day or night; and I suppose the fact to be so, because such is the testimony of experienced hunters. If it be true, it is certainly a curious display of animal instinct. This hour, therefore, is always kept in view by the hunter, as he rides slowly through the forest, with his rifle on his shoulder, while his keen eye penetrates the surrounding shades. On beholding a deer, the hunter slides from his horse, and while the deer is observing the latter, creeps upon him, keeping the largest trees between himself and the object of pursuit until he gets near enough to fire. An expert woodsman seldom fails to hit his game.

Another mode is, to watch at night, in the neighbourhood of the salt licks. These are spots where the earth is impregnated with saline particles, or where the salt water oozes through the soil. Deer and other grazing animals frequent such places, and remain for hours licking the earth. The hunter secretes himself here, either in the thick top of a tree, or, most generally, in a screen erected for the purpose, and artfully concealed, like a masked battery, with logs or green boughs. This practice is pursued only in the summer, or early in the autumn, in cloudless nights, when the moon shines brilliantly, and objects may be readily discovered. At the rising of the moon, or shortly after, the deer, having risen from their beds, approach the lick. Such places are generally bare of timber, but surrounded by it, and as the animal is about to emerge from the shade into the clear moonlight, he stops, looks cautiously around, and snuffs the air. Then he advances a few steps, and stops again, smells the ground, or raises his expanded nostrils, as if he "snuffed the approach of danger in every tainted breeze." The hunter sits motionless, and almost breathless, waiting until the animal shall get within rifle-shot, and until its position, in relation to the hunter and the light, shall be favourable, when he fires with an unerring aim. A few deer only can be thus taken in one night, and after a few nights these timorous animals are driven from the haunts which are thus disturbed.

The elk has disappeared. A few have been seen in late years, and some taken; but it is not known that any remain at this time, within the limits of the state.

The bear is seldom seen. This animal inhabits those parts of the country that are thickly wooded, and delights particularly in the cane brakes, where it feeds in the winter on the tender shoots of the young cane. The meat is tender and finely flavoured, and is esteemed a great delicacy.

(To be concluded next week.)

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE  
AND ART.

Sir Walter Scott has arrived in London, and is alarmingly ill. In descending the Rhine, he had another attack of paralysis, and, but for the presence of mind of his servant, who ventured to bleed him on the spot, it would, it is believed, have proved fatal. He has quite lost the use of one side, and but little hopes are entertained of his recovery. We have heard this with more regret than surprise. Letters from Naples and Rome stated many painful circumstances, which we did not make public, because we knew that the constant reference to the subject was distressing to the family. At both places, it was observed, that in the midst of his natural gaiety of heart and spirit, he sometimes became suddenly silent, and seemingly forgetful of the subject of conversation. Yet his presence diffused joy wherever he went. At times, and in the social circle, he threw a spell over every one. Among his friends at Naples, was one gentleman well acquainted with all manner of Italian tales and traditions, and who took much pleasure in relating them; Sir Walter listened to the wildest with evident satisfaction, and then met it with a Scotch or English story—and so the evening hours flew on. He there gathered many Sicilian traditions, and much relating to the popular disturbances in that fine island. Wherever he went, the honours paid to him and to Miss Scott, were little short of regal; *she* was handed out before the ladies of foreign ministers, and *he* was the only person, besides the king, who was allowed to ride in a carriage through the silent streets of Pompeii. Let us yet hope that he will recover.

Painters, Sculptors, and Architects, are now holding jubilee. The King has sanctioned the erection of a splendid structure in Pall Mall East, capable of containing a National Gallery and accommodating the whole establishment of the Royal Academy, including apartments for the Keeper and Secretary, as well as rooms for the exhibition of painting and sculpture. An address from the Academy has been presented to His Majesty respecting it, and a meeting of all the Members is summoned for the 20th, to take the King's gracious speech into consideration. The design, it seems, is already prepared by Mr. Wilkins. Art may be said, from this circumstance, to be reviving.—We have seen an unfinished proof of a portrait of Wordsworth, from a painting by Boxall, which, from its fine mental likeness, we have no doubt will please many. We have also seen a slight sketch of the painting of the 'Procession of the Flitch of Bacon,' by Stothard, which has pleased us not a little. It is intended as a companion to the far-famed 'Canterbury Pilgrimage,' and exhibits an equal if not greater variety of action and force of character; the activity of the minstrels who, with instruments of music, lead the procession, the beauty of the maidens who strew the way with flowers, the modest elegance of the happy pair, whose twelve months' abstinence from hard words or dark looks have won the rustic prize, and the air of gladness and joy which reigns over all, will, we have no doubt, make the engraving, which will shortly be published, a favourite with the public.

We hear that there is some chance of seeing one or two of the ancient Egyptian Obelisks in this country. The Viceroy of Egypt, some dozen years or more ago, offered us one then at Alexandria: we calculated and doubted till the French stepped in, who neither calculate nor doubt, and obtained what we had delayed to take. We are now offered two which stand on the banks of the Nile at Karnac, and several enterprising engineers have been consulted about their removal. It is said, that a certain official personage, who never aids any enterprise but what originates with himself, has turned hitherto a cold ear to the proposition, and doubts our ability to remove such stupendous masses. They are nearly fifteen feet sunk in the sand—they are almost a quarter of a mile from water to float them, and there is no timber in the land to make rafts or form platforms:—but what of that? they can be removed, and we hope they will.

Those who delight in art should look in to-day at Mr. Phillips's, in Bond-street, and get a sight of Mr. Emmerson's pictures—they are works of a very high class; among them are two beautiful Ruysdaels, some splendid Cuyyps, Rembrandt's Father's Mill, the same mill which occurs in his celebrated etching, and numberless other fine things.—We are also glad to find that modern pictures, selected with judgment, are not a bad investment. We all remember the high prices bid for Lord Mulgrave's Wilkies; and at the sale of Mr. Trant's pictures, by Mr. Foster last week, a small Coast Scene by Bonington brought 230 guineas! These things are encouraging to the patrons.

Though few works of much promise are announced, yet we can see by the increase of advertisements and certain stirrings in the trade, that literature is looking up a little. Readers are beginning to lay the newspapers sooner aside, and books are now to be found in hands which lately touched only political tracts. There is some talk of the formation of an Academy of Literature; this could be accomplished in a week by a movement among influential men: no one will pretend that the Royal Society of Literature represents the genius of the nation; it contains many members who, except as readers of books, have no connexion with either verse or prose, and it has left out many popular writers—men who are likely to be heard of hereafter. We want a full and complete association of men of genius, and of men of genius only; the number of members should not be limited, as in the Royal Academy of Arts, but all should be admitted who can produce a work marked by original talent, or by great research or deep learning.

This week has been unparalleled in English musical history, for the number and variety of musical performances. Three French operas, two Italian, one German, and four benefit concerts, have been given at the King's Theatre alone—all crowded! and yet the English are not a musical people.

We are glad that we can quiet the nerves of our fashionable readers, by informing them that permission has been just received from the authorities in Paris, for the French company to remain a fortnight longer at the King's Theatre.

## SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

## GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

June 13.—The concluding meeting of the Geological Society for this session, took place on Wednesday the 13th, at its apartments Somerset House, the President, Roderick Impey Murchison, Esq. in the chair.—The Earl of Munster, and Capt. Robe, R.E., were admitted as Fellows and took their seats, and the following gentlemen were elected Fellows:—Col. Hugh Montgomery, William Henry Egerton, Esq., Bridgeman Moore, Esq., G. Mercer, Esq., Edward Hawkins, Esq., Thomas Watson, M.D., and Henry Hussey, Esq.

'Observations on the London Clay of the Highgate Archway,' by N. T. Wetherell, Esq., F.G.S., having first been read, the remainder of the evening was occupied in the description of certain splendid remains of a Megatherium, collected and brought home by Woodbine Parish, Esq., His Majesty's late Chargé d'Affaires at Buenos Ayres, and found on the Rio Salado, about eighty miles distant from that place.

A memoir, explanatory of the bones of this huge edentulous animal, by William Clift, Esq., F.G.S., was then read, in which the author pointed out many parts, particularly the tail, as occurring among these remains, which are wanting in the well-known skeleton at Madrid. In the discussion which followed, the Rev. Dr. Buckland gave a most instructive and spirited exposition of the supposed habits of this giant of the "edentata," showing that while the bulk of many of its limbs far exceeded that of the corresponding parts of the Elephant, the animal, judging from its osteology, was closely related to the Sloth and to the Ant-eater.

Numerous specimens of other fossil remains were exhibited, and the most remarkable donation was a cast of the "Plesiosaurus dolichodeirus," presented by Mr. Edward Hawkins, F.G.S., being the most perfect specimen of this species of Saurian which has ever been discovered.

In allusion to the zoological subjects which have been brought before the Society, all of which had been so ably expounded by Cuvier, the President took occasion to express the deep sense entertained by all geologists of the irreparable loss they had sustained in the death of that illustrious naturalist.

The first Wollaston Gold Medal was exhibited, and it was felt that the execution of the bust of that great philosopher and benefactor to the Geological Society, reflected much credit on the artist Mr. Wyon.

The apartments were so crowded, that many persons could not obtain entrance into the meeting-room; and a hope was expressed by Dr. Fitton and others, that more spacious accommodation might be provided before the next Session.

Upwards of 160 persons were present, among whom may be enumerated the Marquis of Northampton, Lords Munster, Milton, Cole, &c., Sir P. G. Egerton, Sir Rufane Donkin, Sir Astley Cooper, Sir Thomas Phillips, Sir Charles Clark, the Dean of Carlisle, &c.

The Society adjourned till Wednesday November the 7th, 1832.

## INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

May 8.—Thomas Telford, Esq., President, in the chair.—A paper was read by the Secretary, communicated by Mr. Jenkins, giving a detail of numerous experiments on the strength of cast-iron beams of various forms and dimensions, made at the Horseley Iron Works, in Staffordshire.

'The prevention of the congelation of water in pipes,' was brought into discussion, and statements made of several methods which have been

tried experimentally for this purpose; one of these consisted in enclosing one pipe within another, leaving an interstice of one inch which was filled up with pounded charcoal; the effect of this was only partial, as the water always froze when the temperature of the atmosphere came down to 20° of Fahrenheit: various other substances, such as common coal ashes, were found as effectual as the charcoal. It is worthy of remark, that the resistance to cold was greatest when the substances were put in loosely or very slightly compressed, agreeing with the observation, that a frost which penetrated only a few inches into loose garden mould and coal ashes, was known to have reached a depth of 30 inches in a hard gravel road.

Mr. Field presented a copy of the report of the Committee of the House of Commons on steam-carriages.

May 15.—The President in the chair.—Mr. Macneill's paper, on the subject of the Stowe Valley improvement on the Holyhead Road, was read, in which the comparative advantages of four different methods, with regard to original outlay and ultimate benefit to the public were fully discussed.

The subject of 'The comparative advantages of iron and wood, as materials for the construction of boats and other vessels,' was entered into at some length, and some particulars given of various iron boats which are in present use on the Forth and Clyde, the Ardrossan, and other canals. Several, which were constructed of plate iron, were stated to have been employed for 15 or 18 years on the Oxford Canal, and are much approved of by the proprietors. These boats weigh from 7 to 8 tons each, the total length is 70 feet, width 7 feet, sides  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch, and bottom  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch in thickness; they are capable of carrying a burthen of 30 tons, but usually loaded with from 22 to 24 tons. They are more expensive than timber boats in the proportion of 120*l.* to 90*l.*, but superior in point of durability.

Some allusion was incidentally made to the present imperfect condition of the London street pavement in several situations, and an opinion expressed in favour of having the stones considerably narrower on the top; if limited to a breadth not exceeding 5 inches, it would probably be the means of preventing the accidents arising from the slipping of horses' feet, and supersede the necessity of having the stones grooved on the surface, an expensive operation which has been resorted to on Holborn Hill, and other places, for this very purpose.

A paper accompanied by a drawing, respecting the Turnpike Road from Norwich to Watton, was communicated by Mr. William Thorold.

May 22.—A full account of a steel suspension bridge across the Danube at Vienna, was communicated by Mr. Hawkins; all the steel used in this bridge was manufactured immediately from decarbonated cast iron, in Styria, one of the German states. The span is 234 feet English, and the versed sine or depression of the chain in the middle, 15 feet. M. Ignace Von Mitis, by whom this bridge was constructed, calculates the total weight of steel at less than half the weight of iron which would be necessary, or that a steel bridge of half the weight of an iron one, would be the stronger of the two; and according to experiments made in this country, the cohesive power of cast steel was found to be more than double that of malleable iron. With regard to the comparative merits of iron and steel bridges as applicable to this country, it was thought the small cost of production in Germany, on account of the advantage they possess in the use of wood charcoal for the manufacture of both iron and steel, rendered the adoption of steel bridges more advisable in that country than in England, where the price

of material, as well as working the steel, is comparatively so much higher.

A pamphlet, entitled 'First report of the British Association for the advancement of science,' was received from the Committee.

A communication was received 'On the comparative merits of canals and railways.'

Mr. Charles Tennant, of Glasgow, was introduced, on being elected a corresponding member.

#### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

|          |                             |             |
|----------|-----------------------------|-------------|
| MONDAY,  | London Philological Society | Eight, P.M. |
| TUESDAY, | Linnean Society             | Eight, P.M. |
|          | Horticultural Society       | One, P.M.   |
| WEDNES.  | Royal Society of Literature | Three, P.M. |
|          | Royal Society               | p. 8, P.M.  |
| THURSD.  | Society of Antiquaries      | Eight, P.M. |
| SATUR.   | Royal Asiatic Society       | Two, P.M.   |

#### MEETING OF THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL ACADEMY, AND CELEBRATION OF THE FOUNDING OF ROME, &c.

Rome, 17th of May.

THE Pontifical Academy of Archæology resumed its sittings on Thursday last, when Visconti read a memoir, on an ancient epigraph in bronze, dedicated to Mercury Augustus; the object of his memoir being to show, that it was commemorative of a sacred donative, consecrated to that particular Mercury, by the Severi Augustali, of the Sestine colony. The monument itself was discovered in the environs of Sezze, and has been placed in the collection of Cardinal Zurla.

The *Annum ab Urbe condita*, which forms one of the principal epochs in Chronology, and which, according to the vulgar tradition of the Romans, dates from the 21st of April, was celebrated on that day by the 'Accademia Letteraria.' The members assembled in the Sabine Palace, which was tastefully decorated and illuminated on the evenings both of the 21st and 22nd. In an opening address, written by Fea, and recited by his friend, Dionisi, a vast fund of argument and learning was employed to prove, that, from the very beginning of 'the Eternal City,' it was designed to be the fourth and final seat of universal dominion; a character, which it has preserved to the present day, as mistress of the whole catholic world, and acknowledged parent of the Arts and Sciences, under the visible protection of Providence, by whom so many other illustrious cities have been suffered to sink into insignificance or total decay. This address was naturally greeted with vehement plaudits; and then commenced the more attractive business, the alternate recital of poetical compositions, odes, sonnets, and Latin epigrams, and the performance of vocal and instrumental music.

The following evening was celebrated by a delightful cantate, written by Rasi, the Sardinian Consul, and set to music by Bonfici, the 'maestro di capello.' It was given with great effect by private dilettanti, and copies of it were handed round to a crowded audience.

Micali is preparing a continuation of his valuable 'Italia avanti il dominio de' Romani,' and it will be illustrated by an atlas of one hundred and twenty folio plates and upwards, which are now in the hands of Lascinio and other eminent engravers. Pistolesi's admirable work, the 'Vaticano descritto ed illustrato,' of which twenty numbers are already published, has received an additional stimulus from the munificence of the present pontiff, who has subscribed for two hundred copies.

A great improvement is going on at Naples; the Villa Reale has been lengthened and inclosed, and the grounds are now being planted with trees; and I hear, besides, that the villanous houses of the Mergellina are to come down, and thus open a view to the Grotto di Paussilippo. It will then afford one of the finest vistas in the world.

#### FINE ARTS

##### EXHIBITION AT SOMERSET HOUSE.

[Fifth Notice.]

WE hear, with much concern, that some of the fairest works in the Royal Academy cannot find purchasers; and we have heard this attributed to the ungentle and unjust criticisms published concerning them. We cannot persuade ourselves that this is the case; for paintings, unlike books, require but a single glance to be seen and felt; and the public judgment is too accurate to be swayed into neglect or injustice by rash or ill-natured opinions. We rather attribute it to that sad lethargy which has fallen of late on the sale of all things connected with genius: even men in the high places of the land have been known to confess their inability to expend more money on such productions; or some have, on the plea of poverty, offered some-half price.

333. 'The Wounded Knight;' PARRIS.—We see that Parris is among the candidates for the degree of Associate of the Academy, vacant by the elevation of Briggs; and this picture proves him to be every way worthy of gaining the step. The subdued anguish of the knight, and the beauty and solicitude of the lady, are much to our liking, not only as recalling a fine image from the pages of romance, but as exhibiting a sweet touch of human nature.

338. 339. 340. 341. W. DANIELL, R.A.—The first pair of these are the Birds and Elk of Ceylon; and the other pair a caparisoned Elephant and a Hirkarrah Camel of the East Indies. These little masterly pictures are all in one frame, and all original in their look and in their handling;—but the Hirkarrah Camel for our money. We like Daniell for leading us to fresh green pastures, where we can see something that we had not seen before. We are acquainted with our own island looks, with the character of its people, and all that it contains; but he gives us the aspect and the air of other lands, and we feel as if we were in the east when in the presence of his works.

342. 'Portrait of Miss Pearson;' PHILLIPS, R.A.—A sweet head,—free, natural, and lady-like. Phillips understands and paints the delicacy, nay, innocence, of the female character.

346. 'Heron and Hawk;' LANDSEER, R.A.—This is a wonderful piece of painting, and boldly conceived too, for the artist has brought the contending birds forward, and kept back the "lords and ladies of high degree" who are engaged in the aerial hunt. With all its nature and vividness and beauty, it is wrong: we have no doubt that the hawk never strikes with its head towards the tail of its prey; consequently, the action here is a mistake. The heron, when roused, seeks to escape in flight, and in this its sail broad vans help its heavy body wonderfully forward; the hawk follows, soaring away into the air, and, when some hundred fathoms above, plump down she descends obliquely, like a ray of light, and, as she strikes, the feathers are showered around, and she plies her victim with her beak till resistance is given up. It is contrary, therefore, to the nature of such a fight that the head of the hawk should be to the tail of the heron; in fact, the heron tries to receive the hawk on his long spear-like bill as she descends, and in this he is often successful, and fairly spits the enemy.

355. 'The three Children and the fiery Furnace;' TURNER, R.A.—We pray to be delivered from the human nature of Turner; he can neither paint man, woman, child, nor any living thing in the heavens above, the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth. His figures are mere clods of the valley—lumps of deformity; nor can he inform them with either passion or feeling, or even breathe into them the breath of life. In fact, they are all Frankenstein sort of nondescripts, and so we dismiss them. But



the whole kingdom of inanimate nature is his: his whirlwinds have words, his tempests speak, and the air which he breathes over his matchless landscapes has something of the creator in it. His glorious 'Italy' makes us forget, in a moment, the picture before us. We have one thing to ask of the artist—Who is that black gigantic shadow behind the furnace? It was the Son of God, and not the devil, who released the sufferers, and made the fire harmless.

358. '*Portrait of Lord Meadowbank*;' DYCE. —This is the work of a new, a northern adventurer in the realms of art, and the expectation of his cousins in Scotland are high respecting him. We have seen so many promising youths shipwrecked or lost, that we cannot, without the gift of prophecy, venture an opinion on the success of this young person: he stands already high in the second class of portrait makers; his conception is good, his sense of harmony of parts blameless, and his colouring inclines to the deep and the vigorous. If his friends wish him to attain the first rank of portrait-painting, they must keep the sycophant and the flatterer far away from him. Let him study the best heads of Vandyke and Titian, and Reynolds and Raeburn, and, more than all, the best heads of nature, and neither push himself forward, nor allow his friends to push him too much, and "my basnet to a 'prentice cap" if he fails to obtain and deserve distinction.

360. '*Phædria and Cymochles*;' ETTY, R.A. —Spenser is full of living pictures; he is also full of passages which are too quicksilver and ethereal to be painted; and though this is not exactly one of these, still success in embodying it is a matter as much of good fortune as of skill. The knight inclines to the heavy and the vulgar; but the lady is fair and fascinating, and her fairy frigate moves through the enchanted water like a thing of life. Now, though Phædria is a lascivious lady, and Cymochles a lover of that same, there was no need to make him such a Colin Clout; and Spenser nowhere insists, that we remember, on his great weight and "alacrity at sinking."

361. '*Brian de Bois Guilbert's Escape from the Castle of Torquilstone*;' COOPER, R.A. —Though this is by no means one of the most successful of this artist's compositions, yet the fierce knight, and his Saracen following, including the fair Rebecca, are delineated with considerable life. The horses are all fire, and seem ready to rush on the spears.

383. '*Usurpation of Birds' Nests by Cupids*;' STOTHARD, R.A. —This is a singular, fanciful sort of work, and shows that the genius of the artist is still undeclined. The mischievous children of love do their spiriting so gently, that, though the birds have fled from their nests to the branches, and their little bosoms are put into a flutter, still there is an agreeable air of composure shed over the whole. The Cupids make no such stir in the groves as hawks would do; and it seems quite certain that the feathered inhabitants will submit to their gentle fate, and be cheerful.

384. '*Portrait of Francis Chantrey, R.A.*;' SHEE, P.R.A. —We have heard that the extreme likeness of this portrait to the original has been recognized by many—nay, that the little dogs and all, Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart, have wagged their tails in approbation. There is no doubt that it is cleverly painted, and, to a certain degree, like; it, however, fails in three important points: the eyes are too small—too much shut; the mouth is opened slightly in the wrong place: Chantrey's mouth has a Canning-like curl on the right hand side of the upper lip, and there the expression should be: moreover, it is a little too dark, particularly about the cheeks. When these defects are remedied, the picture will be a fine one.

410. '*Burial of Sir John Moore*;' BROCKEDON. —The painter has embodied the words of the fine song on the hero's death:—

Few and short were the prayers we said,  
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;  
But we sadly gazed on the face of the dead,  
And we heavily thought on the morrow.

It is enough of praise to say, that the painting equals this passage.

453. '*Fingal's Cave, Staffa*;' TURNER, R.A. —The grandeur of the original, and the awe it impresses on the beholder, may be caught, perhaps, by a painter, but cannot be improved or exalted. Nature, in the original scene, has done her best, and Turner cannot surpass her.

[To be continued.]

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*The Marquis of Stafford.* Drawn on stone by F. W. Wilkin.

THIS is a good likeness; inclining, perhaps, to the youthful, but we do not therefore object; we like to look on the Head of the House of Gower; it is a manly one, and moreover, reminds us how much we owe to the name in matters of taste and talent. The Collection which the Marquis has made, contains some of the finest works ancient and modern; the Marchioness, we know by many fine scenes, draws both with taste and feeling, and one of their sons, at least, has distinguished himself in letters—we therefore welcome this portrait.

*The Token of the Covenant.* Designed and engraved by George Sanders.

THIS is a daring work; we cannot call it a very successful one. The ark, instead of resting on the Mountains of Ararat, is lying snugly at their feet, and the showery bow, which God hung up in token of a covenant of peace and hope with man, seems rather to bode woe and misery. There is too much blackness and too much brightness in this attempt, to suit our tastes; yet it contains parts which merit our approbation—the thick cloud descending on the mountain, is not ill imagined.

*Illustrations of Smollett, Fielding, and Goldsmith.* By George Cruikshank. London: Tilt.

WE have laughed over these illustrations as they severally appeared in Roscoe's Novelist's Library, and are well pleased to see them here collected in a neat elegant volume.

*An Atlas of Modern Geography.* By James Wyld. 8vo. London: Wyld.

THIS, we have no doubt, will be found a very useful work for young people. The engravings are clear, and not too much crowded with names.

#### MUSIC

##### KING'S THEATRE.

MEYERBEER's grand opera, '*Robert le Diable*,' was produced on Monday last, and, notwithstanding the high expectation raised, we are happy to say that its success was complete. Of the plot we need not speak: it has already been discussed in our notice of the English versions at Drury Lane and Covent Garden Theatres. Of the music we have much more to say than our limits will permit.

'*Robert le Diable*,' like '*Il Crociato*,' is not preceded by what is generally considered a complete overture: it was the intention of Meyerbeer to have written one, but he felt that the prodigious length of the opera could not be increased with advantage. What is usually termed "*Introductory Sinfonia*," is generally a mere prelude, in which is embodied the expression and character of the first scene of the opera—or a protracted repetition of the concerted music, as in the '*Crociato*,' where, at

the rising of the curtain, the captives are seen executing their laborious task with the sinfonia, which the music at first alone expressed. But, in '*Robert le Diable*,' Meyerbeer has not adhered to the usual custom. The first scene represents the Norman knights in joyous revelry, with gay music—yet it is preceded by an *adagio* lugubre, in *c* minor, the trombones in unison producing most terrific effect. It is true the knights are drinking and singing, but *Bertram*, the demon, is with them; and the presence of this supernatural being, thus indicated by the music, at once explains the intention and correct views of the author. We have dwelt on this point merely to show how scrupulously the composer has attended to the character of the drama and its detail in effect; for, whatever difference of opinion may exist as to the quality of the music abstractedly, yet it has one feature throughout, which is the primary object of all dramatic writers to attain, viz. its appropriateness to the scene. Further, we will venture to say, that the sublime effect of the music in the fifth act surpasses all we have ever heard on the stage, and is sufficient to rank Meyerbeer with the first musical geniuses of the age. It is impossible for us to go into minute criticism: we shall therefore only observe, that this dramatic adaptation of the music is one of its most characteristic features. Several pieces and choruses are each deserving a lengthened notice. The Romance of *Alice*, in *E*, is an elegant morceau, and the accompaniment of violoncellos, horns, clarionets, with the soft staccato passage of the drum, and the final cadence reposing quietly on the violins, is very effective; and the gay, joyous, reckless character of the song by *Robert*, '*L'or est une chimère*,' produced an encore.

The first and second acts may be considered to partake of the French school, but in the others, the original character of the music stamps it at once as Meyerbeer's, without reference to any school or style.

The aria of *Isabelle*, (*Mad. Cinti*), in the second act, though not very strikingly original, is deliciously expressive: the latter part of it rather à l'Espagnole. *Cinti* sings with exquisite taste and delicate execution. The remainder of this act, particularly the finale, is, perhaps, the weakest part of the opera.

The chorus of demons, in *B* minor, in the third act, is highly characteristic, and pleases us much; the note *F* sharp, reiterated in crotchets, by the trebles, tenors and basses as an accompaniment, whilst *Bertram* executes his air of triumph in *D* major, produces a novel and fine effect.

The air, '*Robert, toi que j'aime*,' in the fourth act, when sung by *Cinti*, is delightful; indeed, on a rehearing, we are disposed to cite the singing of this air as the perfection of the vocal art; it is precisely the style of music which *Cinti* can sing better than any other, and she is positively unrivalled. But we are running into detail that would require more space than we can spare, and we must therefore conclude. With the exception of *Nourrit* and *Mons. Damoreau*, the talents of all the vocalists are known to the public. These two have high, thin, tenor voices: the latter is a very respectable actor and singer; the former is the best of the French school. The trio in the second act is written for the fullest extent of the powers of each, and its execution exhibits the extraordinary compass of *Nourrit*, *Levasseur*, and *Mad. de Meric*. The German chorus singers executed the music with vigour and precision, and acted their part with their wonted intelligence. Heberle's dancing was most captivating; the grouping of the nuns in the ballet, and the general arrangement of the pageantry, were highly creditable to *Albert*. The scenery, by *Grievès*, particularly the '*Abbey*' and the '*Interior of the Cathedral*,' we never

saw equalled at this theatre. The band, under the able direction of Toulou, executed the music with care, and as well as could be expected for a first performance.

The opera of 'Fidelio,' was given for the fourth time on Thursday, and received with increased enthusiasm by a very crowded audience.

'Macbeth,' an opera seria, will, we understand, be produced next week; also, 'La Straniera,' if not performed this evening.

#### MAD. STOCKHAUSEN'S CONCERT.

CINTI and the principal singers of the German company, with some clever solo performances, and the sweet Swiss airs of Mad. Stockhausen herself, gave great satisfaction to a crowded audience.

#### MR. ELIASON'S CONCERT.

This young professor provided a rich treat for his friends. The principal singers of the German company, the German chorus singers, the four juvenile brothers, Koella, Miss Osborne, Mrs. Anderson, Messrs. Field, Nicholson, Chatterton, and an effective performance of the overture to 'Leonora,' with a solo executed with great feeling by Mr. Eliason himself, made together one of the pleasantest concerts of the season.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Grand Triumphant March.* For two Performers on the Pianoforte. Chevalier Neukomm.

The subject is hardly worthy the talent of the composer.

*You told me once my smile had power.* Words from the 'Casket.' Music by J. M. Coombs.

*He comes no more.* Poetry and music by G. Linley, Esq.

THE first is not remarkable for its melody or style: the harmonies however are prettily varied. The second has the coupe of Barnett's 'Light Guitar' at the commencement, and is tastefully written.

*Die Caprice.* A favourite German ariette, with Accompaniments for Pianoforte or Guitar. By C. Eulenstein.

THIS composition lies well for a mezzo-soprano; is simple, and rather pleasing.

*Ask not why the pallid Lily.* A Canzonet. By J. Barnett.

A highly-finished *morceau* of expressive music, bearing throughout the stamp of skilful and judicious workmanship: the modulations are full of beauty.

*The Song of Joy and the Song of Woe.* By T. H. Bayly, Esq.

*Young Love, a sly urchin, on mischief intent.* Words by Mrs. C. R. Huxley. Music by S. Nelson.

Mr. Bayly is a pretty song writer, but we would recommend him not to trust to his own musical skill.

Mr. Nelson's ballad is simple and lively.

*The Venetian Boatmen's Evening Hymn.* Music arranged from S. Bach, and Words written by E. Taylor.

AN acceptable composition for the lovers of sterling vocal music in parts; the *coda* of each stanza, 'O sacra, pia Virgina,' for four voices, must have a rich effect.

*Sicut locutus est.* A Trio for a soprano, counter-tenor, and bass, arranged from the MS. of Fenoglio. By V. Novello.

"THIS charming composition," says the editor, "is from the 'Magnificat' by Fenoglio, whose works are as beautiful as they are rare." We think that by being converted into a trio, the composition is more valuable than it could have been in its original state as a duet.

## THEATRICALS

### HAYMARKET THEATRE.

THE first new piece for the season, was produced here on Thursday evening. The house played one and scored one. It is a one act trifle, and, like its namesake, though it has much froth, it is not without spirit. The weight, or rather lightness of it, rests on Mr. Farren's shoulders, *super humeros Farreni*, as a body may say, and super-humorous he is, as every body knows, in everything comic which he undertakes. Not knowing whether 'The Boarder' is of English or foreign extraction, we are sadly puzzled to tell whether we ought to praise the author for his originality, or to be exceedingly indignant against him as a translator. This is a state of darkness, in which we much question whether gentlemen of such penetration as "we of the Press" ought to be left. Authors must know very well that nothing can escape us, and, therefore, why don't they tell us? It is sheer affectation to keep men who know everything in ignorance.—The manager of the Haymarket seems determined to conspire with all other managers, major and minor, to leave to Madame Vestris the exclusive credit of putting forth play-bills without puff. His puff, it is true, are much more moderate than those of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, but why use them at all? In speaking of 'The Boarder,' for instance, the bill says, that it was received "with unanimous applause, and will be repeated every evening." If the last fact had been stated, would not the public have naturally inferred the first? We shall see, an end put to this system yet, and shall feel too grateful for the removal of such a stigma from the drama, to be jealous of the example being set by a foreigner, if, as we suspect, the "*commencement de la fin*" should take place on the opening of Covent Garden next season, under the management of M. Laporte.

### THEATRICAL CHAT.

THE arrangements relative to the letting of Covent Garden Theatre have at length, we understand, been completed, and all parties concerned have signed. All matters touching the internal regulation of a theatre are so much better ordered in France than in England, that we trust M. Laporte will proceed boldly in the work of reform. We do not believe in the assertion of the taste for the Drama having declined; an assertion, with which it has been the custom of the miserable managements we have so long witnessed, to attempt to account for their successive failures; and we will not believe it until we see a theatre, conducted as a theatre ought to be, obliged to close its doors for want of a fair share of encouragement. We have often known the public patronize bad pieces for reasons which were sometimes obvious, sometimes obscure, sometimes impenetrable: but we never knew them fail to support a really good one, when that good one had justice done to it in the getting up and representation—and there is the principal difficulty under which dramatic writers labour. Intellect must march a great deal further than it has yet, before it can be expected that audiences will go into the question of *cause* of failure—managers may be too obstinate, too ignorant, or too stingy, to bring out a piece properly. Actors may have too little time allowed them, or, having time sufficient, be too habitually slovenly or lazy to learn their parts properly—yet, who thinks of blaming either the one or the other? Nobody. The poor author is the "Nunky," who pays for all. It is he who suffers, both in pocket and in reputation. We have heard, that M. Laporte has determined to place those who may write for his theatre, in all respects, upon a better footing, and we trust that we have heard the

truth. Assuredly, if the talent for high dramatic writing does exist in this country, such will be the only way to bring it out, for under the present system of treatment of authors, by those who are generally their inferiors in point of intellect, none but those who cannot help themselves will become candidates for the horrors of dramatic authorship.

The Strand Theatre is endeavouring to entice the public to its 'Damp Beds,' by throwing in 'The Best of Husbands,' but we fear even the second will hardly reconcile them to the first. Joking apart—we understand that the house prospers. There is, perhaps, too much appearance of imitation of the Olympic, in all that is done here—and we mention it, because it is not likely to conduce to ultimate advantage: while Madame Vestris retains her powers in their present perfection, which it is highly probable she will do for several years to come, and while she has such powerful supporters as Mr. Liston and Mrs. Glover, it must be the copy and not the original which suffers by comparison. We should like to see every new theatre strike out a line of its own, and keep to it. The Adelphi has taken one—the Olympic another—both have proceeded in their parallel lines; and both have, consequently, prospered, without either interfering with the other. Why then should not The Strand try a third? Originality is always more meritorious than imitation, as a good shilling is intrinsically worth more than a bad guinea.

### MISCELLANEA

*Gresham Prize Medal.*—The first prize gold medal, awarded for the best original composition in Sacred Vocal Music, will be delivered to the successful candidate at the lecture-room this day.

*The Moravians.*—According to a late statement of the Moravians, the total number of the brethren scattered over the whole earth, amounts to no more than about 16,000; nevertheless, they keep up 127 missionary establishments among the heathens, at an expense of more than 9000*l.* per annum.

*A strange Harvesting.*—The American papers make mention, that since the stranding of the brig *Java*, on Cape Cod, cod fish have been more abundant than ever; and that from the fish caught by one small row-boat in a single day, nearly half a bushel of nutmegs, besides a quantity of coffee, was taken.

*Liberality.*—A rich Jew at Copenhagen has lately left the large sum of 35,000 thalers to different schools and other charitable foundations, without regard to any religious persuasion, and for the benefit equally of Jews and Christians.

*Dispersion of the Jews.*—The Jews are seldom found in poor countries. The Russian government, from a desire, we presume, still farther to enforce the scriptural curse against this people, has gradually removed 304 Jewish families, consisting of 2002 individuals, to the wilds of Siberia; thus compelling them to spread themselves in regions which have no temptation to voluntary settlers.

*Aphorism, by F. Philippi.*—The one thing needful, is charity and reciprocal forbearance. No one is absolutely good, or absolutely bad. A giant is only twice the size of a dwarf, and a dwarf is half a giant. But if you must hate something—and hate is the spice of life, from which it receives its relish—hate what ultras and liberals will agree is worthy of it—*falsehood, tyranny, and selfishness.*

*Extraordinary block of Granite.*—The Emperor Nicholas is about to erect a monument in honour of his brother Alexander. For this purpose, a single block of granite has been procured, which is to be shaped into a column of 12 feet in dia-

meter, and 84 in height. The block is said to weigh nearly 250 tons, and for two years 600 people have been employed in detaching it from the quarry, and preparing it for removal, and a vessel has been built solely for the purpose of transporting it.

**Magnetic Rocks.**—The magnetic influence of certain rocks on the compass, is a phenomenon well known to navigators. At Cape Horn, a remarkable instance of this was found by Capt. King, in his late survey of South America. It is stated by this officer, that on Maxwell Island, near this Cape, when he was making some observations with the compass, he had occasion to place it on a piece of rock, and found to his astonishment, that the influence of the rock reversed the poles of the needle. On examination, the rock was found to be composed of quartz, with large and numerous crystals of hornblende. The block was preserved by Capt. King, and is now lodged in the Museum of the Geological Society.

### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

| Days of W.&Mon. | Thermom. Max. Min. | Barometer. Noon. | Winds.     | Weather.   |
|-----------------|--------------------|------------------|------------|------------|
| Th. 7           | 68 50              | 29.28            | S.W. to S. | Rain.      |
| Fr. 8           | 68 53              | 29.40            | S.W.       | Ditto.     |
| Sat. 9          | 71 51              | 29.50            | S.W.       | Rain, P.M. |
| Sun. 10         | 70 52              | 29.55            | S.W.       | Cloudy.    |
| Mon. 11         | 68 52              | Stat.            | S.E. to S. | Rain, A.M. |
| Tues. 12        | 72 52              | 29.37            | S. to S.W. | Rain.      |
| Wed. 13         | 80 55              | Stat.            | S. to S.W. | Clear.     |

**Prevailing Clouds.**—Cumulus, Nimbus, Cirrostratus.

Nights fair, except Thursday, Saturday, Monday. Mornings for the greater part, rainy. Much thunder and lightning on Thursday and Saturday, P.M.

Mean temperature of the week, 65°  
Day increased on Wednesday, 8h. 46 min. No night; the sun not descending far enough below the horizon to cause darkness.

### NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

**Forthcoming.**—The Second Volume of The Family Topographer, containing Cornwall, Devon, Dorset, Hants, and the Isle of Wight, Somerset, and Wilts. An Essay on the Ministry of Local or Lay Preachers, by William Robinson.

A Fac-Simile of the celebrated Hymn, 'From Greenland's Icy Mountains,' by the late Bishop Heber. The Devotional Letters and Sacramental Meditations of Dr. Philip Doddridge.

A Weekly Miscellany, to be conducted by Mr. Pincock.

The Weekly Cabinet of Antiquarian Literature. Fifteen Months' Pilgrimage through untrodden tracts of Khuzistan and Persia, in a journey from India through Turkish Arabia, Persia, Armenia, Russia, Old Poland, &c., by J. H. Stocqueler, Esq.

A History of the Nonconformist Churches and Ministers in Yorkshire, by the Rev. Thomas Scales.

The second Volume of Professor Schlegel's Edition of the Ramayana will appear with the first of the Latin Translation, which is nearly ready.

The First Part of Walton and Cotton's Complete Angler, with Original Memoirs, by Sir Harris Nicholas, and Illustrations by T. Stothard, R.A. and James Inskipp, Esq.

**Just published.**—The Doomed, 3 vols. 12. 7s.—Mayer on Atonement, 3 vols. 8vo. 12. 14s. 6d.—Practical Hints on Landscape Gardening, by W. S. Gilpin, 8vo. 12.—David's Turkish Grammar, 4to. 12. 8s.—Fitzgeorge, 3 vols. 12. 11s. 6d.—Popular Zoology, 18mo. 7s. 6d.—Selections from the Speeches and Writings of Lord Brougham, with Sketch of his Life, 8vo. 7s. 6d.—An Argument against the Gold Standard, by D. G. Liebe, 5s.—English Songs, by Barry Cornwall, 6s. 6d.—Hind's Manual of the Veterinary Art, 5s.—Dailey's Return of the Victors, 8vo. 6s.—Beauties of Crabbe, 8vo. 4s. 6d.—Gough's Poems, 5s.—Whewell on the Free Motion of Points, First Part of Dynamics, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Hansard's Debates, 2d series, Vol. 8, 5th of the Session 1831, 12. 4s.—Bewick's British Birds, 2 vols. 8vo. 12. 16s.—Slaney on British Birds, 12mo. 4s. 6d.—La Belle Assemblée, 15 vols. 72. 17s. 6d.—Flowers of all Hues, 32mo. 3s. 6d.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS

Thanks to B.—S.—A. T.

'Il Penseroso' we decline, with thanks.

The Numismatic Annual was noticed on its first publication.

We have received the first number of the *North Devon Advertiser*. Our correspondent, we presume, intended some courtesy, but the writing is unintelligible, and we cannot comprehend his intention.

### ADVERTISEMENTS

**HOOKER AND GREVILLE'S ICONES FILICUM.** Just completed, in 2 vols. folio, with 240 Plates, price, plain, 15s.; or half bound in rusia extra, 16s. 16s.; coloured, 25s. 4s.; or half bound in rusia extra, 27s.

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By J. RENNIE, M.A., Professor of Zoology, King's College, London.

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**CARACTACUS; a Poem.**

"The sketch under our notice especially refers to that part of early British history in which Caractacus and his brave Cambrin band courageously, but unsuccessfully, resisted the invasion of the Roman borders under Ostorius Scapula; and extends to the humiliating scene which presents to the captive British prince, in manacles, with his wife and children, before the imperial throne of Caesar.

"The sketch presents a variety of scenes, in which the vigour and fancy of the poet, and the elegance of the scholar, are forcibly exhibited."—*Manchester Guardian*.

"These specimens are sufficient to prove the author of these pages to be a poet with sense and feeling of no ordinary quality."—*Literary Guardian*.

"There is a force and stern vigour, and withal a smoothness, in the lines, which at once seize on the reader's imagination, and carry him on to the conclusion of the Poem without becoming deeply imbued with the spirit of the author, and according him the tribute of having a vivid and powerfully poetic mind under the control of a correct and cultivated judgment. There are passages not inferior to many in the *Odyssæ* of Pope, combining great strength with such sweetness."—*Staffordshire Gazette*.

William Kidd, 226, Regent-street.

**THE LADIES' CABINET.**

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Of a volume thus composed and embellished, the Publisher may be allowed to say, that, even in these days of cheap literature, it is the cheapest work that has been yet produced. To the Fair, for whose instruction and amusement it is principally intended, he returns his most grateful thanks for the very extensive patronage which it has already received.

Illustrations fully equal to those in some of the best of the Annuals, are already in the engraver's hands, for the succeeding Numbers, which may be had of all Booksellers, on the first of each month, or bound up in a volume at the end of the year, as the subscribers may prefer.

London: G. Henderson, 2, Old Bailey, Ludgate-hill; and all Booksellers.

### SECOND EDITION.

**THE MESSIAH.**—In consequence of the rapid sale of the first edition of the New Form entitled 'THE MESSIAH,' by the Author of the 'OMNIPRESENCE OF THE DEITY,' the Publisher has to apologise for the delay of a few days, when a Second Edition will appear. June 9, 1832.

*Opinions of the Press.*  
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 June 1, 1832.

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# THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 243.

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FOURPENCE.

This Journal is published every Saturday Morning, and is despatched by the early Coaches to Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Dublin, and other large Towns, and reaches Liverpool for distribution on Sunday Morning, twelve hours before papers sent by the post. For the convenience of persons residing in remote places, the weekly numbers are issued in Monthly Parts, stitched in a wrapper, and forwarded with the Magazines to all parts of the World.

## REVIEWS

*Byron's Life and Works.* Vol. VII. London: Murray.

WITH this volume commences the poetry of Lord Byron, and with it much of the interest which we feel in the illustrious poet. The memoir, extending through the six preceding volumes, is ample, and contains many vivid delineations and fearless discussions concerning men and manners, and, as it comes chiefly from the memorandums and letters of the poet, we may regard it almost as the work of his own hand. We cannot well desire to know more about Lord Byron than what Moore has revealed, and if he said less about his friend's character as a man and a poet than we could have wished, we are likely to be fully gratified on that point now, for the present volume abounds with new matter, and that of a most interesting kind, both in verse and prose. The poems are not only arranged according to the date of their composition, but on almost every page we have a running commentary, illustrating the text, explaining the circumstances under which the various poems were composed, and giving us agreeable glimpses of the noble poet, and his friends and companions. These notes are, in our estimation, very valuable: they are anecdotal, critical, historical, or biographical, as the occasion demands, and seem to be supplied by one who is well acquainted with polished life and popular literature, and who has the good sense to be brief as well as instructive. The editor gives the following short and clear account of what he has done and is doing:—

"The poetical works of Lord Byron, thus arranged, and illustrated from his own diaries and letters—(to many of which, as yet in MS., the Editor has had access),—and from the information of his surviving friends, who have in general answered every inquiry with prompt kindness,—will now present the clearest picture of the history of the man, as they must ever form the noblest monument of his genius.

"Besides the juvenile miscellany of 1807, entitled, 'Hours of Idleness,' and the satire of 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' first published in 1809, the present volume embraces a variety of Occasional Pieces, many of them now first printed, written between 1807 and the summer of 1810. Its contents bring down, therefore, the poetical autobiography of Lord Byron, from the early days of Southwell and Harrow, to the time when he had seriously entered on the great work which fixed his place in the highest rank of English literature.

"Here the reader is enabled to take 'the river of his life' at its sources, and trace it gradually from the boyish regions of passionately tender friendships, innocent half-fanciful loves, and that vague melancholy which hangs over the first stirrings of ambition, until, widening and strengthening as it flows, it begins to appear discoloured with the bitter waters of thwarted

affection and outraged pride. No person, it is hoped, will hesitate to confess that new light is thrown on such of these pieces as had been published previously, by the arrangement and annotation which they have at length received—any more than that, among the minor poems now for the first time printed, there are several which claim a higher place, as productions of Lord Byron's genius, than any of those with which, in justice to him and to his reader, they are thus interwoven."

We had marked many of the notes for our pages, but pass them over, for we know our readers would rather see something new from the hand of Lord Byron, than from that of any other person. We have no less than ten poems, not one of which has ever been published before, to select something worthy of the poet from: and there is the less difficulty in this, since they are all, or nearly all, marked by much of the manly vigour of his brightest days. The 'Farewell of Burns to Caledonia' is, to us, one of the most touching of his productions; the following poem of the same kind is scarcely less mournful:—

### *The Adieu.*

Written under the impression that the Author would soon die.

Adieu, thou Hill! \* where early joy  
Spread roses o'er my brow;  
Where science seeks each loitering boy  
With knowledge to endow.  
Adieu, my youthful friends or foes,  
Partners of former bliss or woes;  
No more through Ida's path we stray;  
Soon must I share the gloomy cell,  
Whose ever-slumbering inmates dwell  
Unconscious of the day.  
Adieu, ye hoary Regal Fanes,  
Ye spires of Granta's vale,  
Where Learning robed in sable reigns,  
And Melancholy pale.  
Ye comrades of the jovial hour,  
Ye tenants of the classic bower,  
On Cama's verdant margin placed,  
Adieu! while memory still is mine,  
For, offerings on Oblivion's shrine,  
These scenes must be effaced.  
Adieu, ye mountains of the clime,  
Where grew my youthful years;  
Where Loch na Garr in snows sublime  
His giant summit rears.  
Why did my childhood wander forth  
From you, ye regions of the North,  
With sons of pride to roam?  
Why did I quit my Highland cave,  
Marr's dusky heath, and Dee's clear wave,  
To seek a Sutherland home?  
Hall of my Sires! a long farewell—  
Yet why to thee adieu?  
Thy vaults will echo back my knell,  
Thy towers my tomb will view:  
The faltering tongue which sung thy fall,  
And former glories of thy Hall  
Forgets its wonted simple note—  
But yet the Lyre retains the strings,  
And sometimes, on Æolian wings,  
In dying strains may float.  
Fields, which surround yon rustic cot,  
While yet I linger here,  
Adieu! you are not now forgot,  
To retrospection dear.  
Streamlet! along whose rippling surge,  
My youthful limbs were wont to urge  
At noontide heat their pliant course;  
Plunging with ardour from the shore,  
Thy springs will lave these limbs no more,  
Deprived of active force.

\* Harrow.

† The river Grete, at Southwell.

And shall I here forget the scene,  
Still nearest to my breast?  
Rocks rise, and rivers roll between  
The spot which passion blest;  
Yet, Mary, § all thy beauties seem  
Fresh as in Love's bewitching dream,  
To me in smiles display'd:  
Till slow disease resigns his prey  
To Death, the parent of decay,  
Thine image cannot fade.

And thou, my Friend! || whose gentle love  
Yet thrills my bosom's chords,  
How much thy friendship was above  
Description's power of words!  
Still near my breast thy gift I wear,  
Which sparkled once with Feeling's tear,  
Of Love the pure, the sacred gem;  
Our souls were equal, and our lot  
In that dear moment quite forgot;  
Let Pride alone condemn!

All, all is dark and cheerless now!  
No smile of Love's deceit  
Can warm my veins with wonted glow,  
Can bid Life's pulses beat:  
Not e'en the hope of future fame  
Can wake my faint, exhausted frame,  
Or crown with fancied wreaths my head.  
Mine is a short inglorious race,—  
To humble in the dust my face,  
And mingle with the dead.

Oh Fame! thou goddess of my heart:  
On him who gains thy praise,  
Pointless must fall the Spectre's dart,  
Consumed in glory's blaze;  
But me she beckons from the earth,  
My name obscure, unmark'd my birth,  
My life a short and vulgar dream:  
Lost in the dull, ignoble crowd,  
My hopes recline within a shroud,  
My fate is Lethe's stream.

When I repose beneath the sod,  
Unheeded in the clay,  
Where once my playful footsteps trod,  
Where now my head must lay;  
The meed of pity will be shed  
In dew-drops o'er my narrow bed,  
By nightly skies and storms alone;  
No mortal eye will deign to steep  
With tears the dark sepulchral deep  
Which hides a name unknown.

Forget this world, my restless sprite,  
Turn, turn thy thoughts to Heaven:  
There must thou soon direct thy flight,  
If errors are forgiven.  
To bigots and to sects unknown,  
Bow down beneath the Almighty's Throne;  
To Him address thy trembling prayer:  
He who is merciful and just,  
Will not reject a child of dust,  
Although his meanest care.

Father of Light! to Thee I call,  
My soul is dark within:  
Thou, who canst mark the sparrow's fall,  
Avert the death of sin.  
Thou, who canst guide the wandering star,  
Who calmes't the elemental war,  
Whose mantle is yon boundless sky,  
My thoughts, my words, my crimes forgive;  
And, since I soon must cease to live,  
Instruct me how to die.

1807. [Now first published.]

The next which we shall notice is in another strain: we are not, however, among those who prefer the gaiety of the poet to his seriousness:—

To the Author of a Sonnet beginning,  
"Sad is my verse," you say, "and yet no tear."  
Thy verse is "sad" enough, no doubt:  
A devilish deal more sad than witty!  
Why we should weep I can't find out,  
Unless for thee we weep in pity.

§ Mary Duff. || Eddlestone, the Cambridge character.

Yet there is one I pity more;  
And much, alas! I think he needs it:  
For he, I'm sure, will suffer sore,  
Who, to his own misfortune, reads it.

Thy rhymes, without the aid of magic,  
May once be read—but never after:  
Yet thy effect's by no means tragic,  
Although by far too dull for laughter.

But would you make our bosoms bleed,  
And of no common pang complain—  
If you would make us weep indeed,  
Tell us, you'll read them o'er again.

March 8, 1807. [Now first published.]

Many poets have bid a sportive farewell to the muse, and the world perhaps would have been deprived of little happiness had some, whom we shall not now name, been serious, when they thus took leave: we, however, know what the extent of our loss would be had Byron been in earnest when he bade

#### *Farewell to the Muse.*

Thou power! who hast ruled me through infancy's days,  
Young offspring of Fancy, 'tis time we should part;  
Then rise on the gale this the last of my lays,  
The coldest effusion which springs from my heart.

This bosom, responsive to rapture no more,  
Shall hush thy wild notes, nor implore thee to sing;  
The feelings of childhood, which taught thee to soar,  
Are wafted far distant on Apathy's wing.

Though simple the themes of my rude flowing Lyre,  
Yet even these themes are departed for ever;  
No more beam the eyes which my dream could inspire,  
My visions are flown, to return—alas, never!

When drain'd is the nectar which gladdens the bowl,  
How vain is the effort delight to prolong!  
When cold is the beauty which dwelt in my soul,  
What magic of Fancy can lengthen my song?

Can the lips sing of Love in the desert alone,  
Of kisses and smiles which they now must resign?  
Or dwell with delight on the hours that are flown?  
Ah, no! for those hours can no longer be mine.

Can they speak of the friends that I lived but to love?  
Ah, surely affection ennobles the strain!  
But how can my numbers in sympathy move,  
When I scarcely can hope to behold them again?

Can I sing of the deeds which my Fathers have done,  
And raise my loud harp to the fame of my Sires?  
For glories like theirs, oh, how faint is my tone!  
For Heroes' exploits how unequal my fires!

Untouch'd, then, my Lyre shall reply to the blast—  
'Tis hush'd; and my feeble endeavours are o'er;  
And those who have heard it will pardon the past,  
When they know that its murmurs shall vibrate no more.

And soon shall its wild erring notes be forgot,  
Since early affection and love is o'ercast:  
Oh! blest had my fate been, and happy my lot,  
Had the first strain of love been the dearest, the last.

Farewell, my young Muse! since we now can ne'er  
meet;

If our songs have been languid, they surely are few:  
Let us hope that the present at least will be sweet—  
The present—which seals our eternal Adieu.

1807. [Now first published.]

On many inanimate things the world lavishes its affection because they are connected with the great heirs of fame: we have seen laurel leaves from Virgil's tomb—grass from Tasso's grave—chips from Shakspeare's mulberry-tree—daisies from the churchyard sward where Burns lies—and twigs from Napoleon's willow: we suspect, however, that none of all these matters will be in more request than the oak which Lord Byron planted with his own hand at Newstead, and on which he wrote the following lines:—

#### *To an Oak at Newstead.*

Young Oak! when I planted thee deep in the ground,  
I hoped that thy days would be longer than mine;  
That thy dark-waving branches would flourish around,  
And ivy thy trunk with its mantle entwine.

Such, such was my hope, when in infancy's years  
On the land of my fathers I rear'd thee with pride:  
They are past, and I water thy stem with my tears,—  
Thy decay not the weeds that surround thee can hide.

I left thee, my Oak, and since that fatal hour,  
A stranger has dwelt in the hall of my sire;  
Till manhood shall crown me, not mine is the power,  
But his, whose neglect may have bade thee expire.

Oh! hardy thou wert—even now little care  
Might revive thy young head, and thy wounds gently heal:

But thou wert not fated affection to share—  
For who could suppose that a Stranger would feel?

Ah, droop not, my Oak! lift thy head for a while;  
Ere twice round you glory this planet shall run,  
The hand of thy Master will teach thee to smile,  
When Infancy's years of probation are done.

Oh, live then, my Oak! tow'r aloft from the weeds,  
That clog thy young growth, and assist thy decay,  
For still in thy bosom are life's early seeds,  
And still may thy branches their beauty display.

Oh! yet, if maturity's years may be thine,  
'Though I shall lie low in the cavern of death,  
On thy leaves yet the day-beam of ages may shine,  
Uninjured by time, or the rude winter's breath.

For centuries still may thy boughs lightly wave  
O'er the corpse of thy lord in thy canopy laid;  
While the branches thus gratefully shelter his grave,  
The chief who survives may recline in thy shade.

And as he, with his boys, shall revisit this spot,  
He will tell them in whispers more softly to tread.  
Oh! surely, by these I shall ne'er be forgot:  
Remembrance still hallows the dust of the dead.

And here will they say when in life's glowing prime,  
Perhaps he has pour'd forth his young simple lay,  
And here must he sleep, till the moments of time  
Are lost in the hours of Eternity's day.

1807. [Now first published.]

That the poet's oak is flourishing we have the editor's assurance in the following words:—

"Lord Byron, on his first arrival at Newstead, in 1798, planted an oak in the garden, and nourished the fancy, that as the tree flourished so should he. On revisiting the abbey, during Lord Grey de Ruthven's residence there, he found the oak choked up by weeds, and almost destroyed;—hence these lines. Shortly after Colonel Wildman, the present proprietor, took possession, he one day noticed it, and said to the servant who was with him, 'Here is a fine young oak; but it must be cut down, as it grows in an improper place.'—'I hope not, sir,' replied the man: 'for it's the one that my lord was so fond of, because he set it himself.' The Colonel has, of course, taken every possible care of it. It is already inquired after, by strangers, as 'THE BYRON OAK,' and promises to share in after times, the celebrity of Shakspeare's mulberry, and Pope's willow."

It would be unjust to a meritorious publisher were we to transfer to our columns more of the poetry of Byron or the notes of the editor: in the succeeding volumes we are promised many more snatches of verse and bits of criticism, for which we understand there are abundant materials; and we hear also, that something of a supplemental nature will be added from the pen of the editor of the *Quarterly*. If this be so, we would direct his attention to a note in the *Edinburgh Review*, which followed close on the publication of 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' and where, if we remember rightly, the said poem was alluded to as a piece of dull prose assuming the aspect of verse. We wish also that he would print the whole of the critique from the *Edinburgh*: it began, we think, in the first edition of the *Review*, in the following words, "Who George Gordon Lord Byron, a minor, may be, we do not pretend to know," &c. The public is largely indebted to the publisher for this edition of a favourite author: not only is it remarkable for external elegance and compact beauty of arrangement, but it contains the only full and accurate account of the man, and the only complete collection of his poems and letters which has or can be published. It is also lavishly embellished.

*The Enquirer*;—and  
*The Hindoo Youth*. Published for Baboo Krishna Mohana Banerjee. Calcutta.

*The Persecuted; or, Dramatic Scenes illustrative of the Present State of Hindoo Society in Calcutta*. By Baboo Krishna Mohana Banerjee. Calcutta.

PONDERING a short time since on that chapter in 'Saturday Evening,' which treats of the antiquated and dotting state of all the leading superstitions now extant in the world, we were particularly struck with the following passage:—

"But may not at least the dark and gorgeous superstitions of India boast of undiminished strength as well as of venerable age? Antiquated as they are, can we affirm that they totter?—less so, it may be granted, than any other forms of false religion upon earth. They were born for longevity; they are the beings of the climate; almost as proper to it as its prodigious and venomous reptiles. But can it be said of these illusions, firm as they still seem, that they have not been placed in jeopardy during the last fifty years, and especially of late? Is there not even now, in the fanaticism of India, more of *usage* than of *passion*?—and we well know that the very crisis of a *profound* religious system, such as Hindooism, such as Romanism, comes on, when the enormities which once were cruel and sincere, begin to be simply loathsome and farcical. Besides, does not the strength of the religion of India consist in the credit of the Braminical order? The beard of the Bramin is the secret of its power; but, like the locks of Samson, may it not readily be lost? The credit of the Bramin rests upon the unnatural partition of the people by *caste*; and this partition is hastening to decay."

The kindness of a friend now enables us to offer the reader a striking corroboration of this passage, in the periodicals and pamphlet which head this notice. 'The Enquirer' and the 'Hindoo Youth' are papers, the former printed twice a week, the latter occasionally, edited, in English, by a young Bramin; and their avowed object is to arouse the minds of Hindoo youths, to examine for themselves what hitherto they have been commanded to believe and perform without examination. Baboo Krishna Mohana Banerjee is a religious reformer: he is a Hindoo sceptic; and to make his countrymen sceptics, with regard to Hindooism, is the avowed intent of his literary undertaking. To those who cannot afford to subscribe for his journals, he offers them without charge. Additional interest is given by occasional extracts from English magazines and journals (we found various articles reprinted from the *Athenæum*); but the main, and by no means vaguely avowed object, is to attack the faith of Brahma. Our readers must not from this suppose that the editor therefore advocates Christianity: he is simply a sceptic—one in a state of doubt as to what he shall adopt, though in a state of certainty as to what he shall reject.

This attack on the Braminical faith, though done in what strikes the English reader as a *foreign* manner, is often done with ingenuity, and most evidently with sincerity. One of the addresses to 'Hindoo Youths' contains the witches' incantation from Macbeth, with the following pithy remarks on it:—

"After reading the above, you all will undoubtedly join in believing, that these are but the poet's inventions; your minds will have a certain sensation against the possibility of such

charms being practised; your feelings will impel you to say they are all fictions;—but while you find it utterly impossible to believe that the throwing of these things into the cauldron, and the uttering of those sounds, are calculated to raise spirits and apparitions, you will, if you calmly reflect, find that you yourselves, in our enlightened age, are misled by priestcraft to believe the efficacy of ceremonies as absurd as the one illustrated by Shakspeare. If you grant the holiness of the Doorga Poojah and the other ceremonies observed by your parents and relations, you grant absurdities that, at least, are as palpable as these we have alluded to. The same reason that leads you to feel that the ingredients thrown into the cauldron are all false, ought also to convince you of the absurdity of believing that cow-dung has the power of purifying a God. If the ceremony performed by the witch is false, is it possible that the Bramin articulating a certain number of syllables can render a clod of earth a God?"

'The Persecuted' describes in dramatic scenes what 'The Enquirer' designs to effect by graver argument. It is not unamusing; and, bearing in mind that the author's knowledge of the English language depends solely on the education afforded him by the Hindoo College—that he is under twenty—that he was brought up by men diametrically opposed in language, manners, and customs, to those in whose dialect he has written, it is certainly no despicable performance. The piece turns on the contrivances of the Bramins to get back, or to punish a young Hindoo, a leader of liberals—otherwise heretics—otherwise beef-eaters—otherwise sceptics in the matter of Hindooism. Amongst other contrivances they go to the native editor of a newspaper; we extract part of two scenes:—

*"Scene—A Printing Office."*

"*Lallchaud.* Yes, well said, well said; write against the villain fearlessly—give biting touches respecting the growing heresy.

"*Pundit.* If it please you, sir.

"*Lall.* Then, of this occurrence, regarding that fellow. Expatiate upon it with freedom. Abuse the rascal as much as you possibly can without the imputation of a libel. Call him a drunkard.

"*Pun.* I believe he is not a drunkard, though a heretic.

"*Lall.* And what business have you to believe so, Sir? I tell you to write so, and want no philosophy from you. Be he in the habit of getting drunk or not, call him a drunkard.

"*Pun.* I will, Sir. I will hand you the page proofs this evening.

"*Lall.* Do so. (*The Pundit retires.*) I must have a careful eye upon myself. These young fellows will surely be mischievous; if their sentiments be generally imbibed, there is an end of my paper.

*Enter Turko Lunkar and Bydhabagis, (Bramins).*

"*Turko.* Hail, worthy Lallchaud. We have come to you, impelled by duty, and actuated by emotions, which we are proud to say we are capable of, respecting our holy religion.

"*Bydha.* But more particularly by a fear of our pockets (*aside*).

"*Lall.* Well, you indeed deserve credit for your noble motives.

"*Bydha.* For our love of rupees, anas, and pice more (*aside*).

"*Turko.* What think you of the strange things now transpiring? young fellows, disregarding every consideration, take beef! horrid! What is to be done for this? What wickedness! Gods! the reign of vice has commenced!

"*Lall.* I believe I understand what you mean. You speak of that circumstance respecting that cur of Mohadeb.

"*Bydha.* We do, you have exactly hit it; what then now ought we to do?

"*Lall.* Why, raise false reports against these fellows—exaggerate the least cause you may get—prejudice the people against them—utter their names with the most abusive epithets. Do all these—nay more: I am resolved to summon all rich men to a common assembly, and, laying these matters to a consideration, pass an order to Mohadeb to turn his son out. That shall be my duty.

"*Turko.* We admire your holy ardour for religion—we adore your feelings as a Hindoo—we thank your generous advocacy of our order.

"*Bydha.* No street will we pass but by doing what you advised; no house will we go to without preaching against these fellows. So, with expressions of heartfelt thanks, we take our leave, confiding upon your noble nature for the preservation of our religion. (*Exeunt*).

"*Lall.* Ha! ha! ha! My noble nature for the preservation of our religion!—what cannot Lallchaud do!"

We have drawn attention to these Hindoo productions for reasons even more interesting than literary merit; as being signs of the Indian times, and indications of a moral change. Krishna Mohana Banerjea we shall never see; but, as he is a reader of the *Athenæum*, we must remind him, that scepticism is only a stage of intellectual progression; having got so far, he must get farther. Belief, not scepticism, is the end of inquiry.

*English Songs, and other small Poems.* By Barry Cornwall.

[Second Notice.]

THE poet has introduced his lyrics by a preface concerning the subtle art of song-writing, in which he has rather indicated than expressed his notions, for, in truth, he allowed himself too little room for a satisfactory discussion of the subject. We regret this the more because he seems possessed with the true spirit of the matter; in almost all that is said in the following passage we concur.

"In our country, (and I believe in most others) the ballad preceded the song. The achievements of the warrior were reflected in the magnifying verse of the minstrel. There scarcely ever was an age so dark, or a people so barbarous, as not to have possessed bards who sang the praises of their heroes. These two seem, in fact, to have been almost necessary to each other; and to have gone, hand in hand, together, illustrating the soul and sinews of the times. The soldier would have lacked one strong incentive, had a minstrel been found wanting to shout forth his deeds; and, without a hero, the minstrel himself would have had little or no subject for his song. For all the subtleties of thought, which writers in more advanced ages pour out so profusely, are beyond the range of an uneducated poet. He knows, and sings only, what he sees and hears. The sheep and their pastures,—the struggles and bloody feuds of his province, form the staple of his verse. His heroes are renowned, like the racer, for blood, and bone, and sinew. All else is beyond his limit,—beyond his power. It is the educated poet only who subdues abstract ideas to the purposes of his verse, and lets loose his imagination into daring and subtle speculations. There is no one, with whose works I am acquainted, who falsifies this position; saving perhaps Shakspeare,—who is an exception to all things!"

There are other passages worth quoting and reading in the prose, but we must move on to the verse. Poets have been too much in the practice of writing up the charms of

ladies, for other men to admire and woo the song of 'Love the poet,' may be somewhat selfish, but we are sure it is of a winning nature; that lady would deserve a stern husband who could shut her heart and remain insensible to its attractions:—

*Love the Poet, pretty one.*

Love the poet, pretty one!  
He unfoldeth knowledge fair,—  
Lessons of the earth and sun,  
And of azure air.

He can teach thee how to reap  
Music from the golden lyre:  
He can shew thee how to steep  
All thy thoughts in fire.

Heed not, though at times he seem  
Dark and still, and cold as clay:  
He is shadowed by his Dream!  
But t'will pass away.

Then—bright fancies will be weave,  
Caught from air and heaven above:  
Some will teach thee how to grieve;  
Others, how—to love!

How from sweet to sweet to rove—  
How all evil things to shun:  
Should I not then whisper—'Love—  
Love the poet, pretty one'?

The heart of the bard soon expands; there is no selfishness in

*The Wooing Song.*

O pleasant is the fisher's life,  
By the waters streaming;  
And pleasant is the poet's life,  
Ever, ever dreaming:  
And pleasant is the hunter's life,  
O'er the meadows riding;  
And pleasant is the sailor's life,  
On the seas abiding!

But, oh! the merry life is wooing, is wooing;  
Never overtaking, and always pursuing!

The hunter, when the chase is done,  
Laugheth loud and drinketh;  
The poet, at the set of sun,  
Sigheth deep and thinketh:  
The sailor, tho' from sea withdrawn,  
Dreams he's half seas over;  
The fisher dreameth of the dawn,  
But, what dreams the lover?

He dreams that the merry life is wooing, is wooing;  
Never overtaking, and always pursuing!

Some think that life is very long,  
And murmur at the measure;  
Some think it is a syren song—  
A short, false, fleeting pleasure:  
Some sigh it out in gloomy shades,  
Thinking nought, nor doing;  
But we'll ne'er think it gloomy, Maids!  
Whilst there's time for wooing.

For, sure, the merry life is wooing, is wooing;  
Never overtaking, and always pursuing!

The following is in a finer spirit; it is the song of one who looks on the lady of his heart as she lies slumbering—perhaps dreaming of himself:—

*A Repose.*

She sleeps amongst the pillows soft,  
(A dove, now wearied with her flight,)  
And all around, and all aloft,  
Hang flutes and folds of virgin white:  
Her hair out-darkens the dark night,  
Her glance out-shines the starry sky;  
But now her locks are hidden quite,  
And closed is her fringed eye!

She sleepeth: wherefore doth she start?  
She sigheth: doth she feel no pain?  
None, None! the Dream is near her heart;  
The spirit of sleep is in her brain.  
He cometh down like golden rain,  
Without a wish, without a sound;  
He cheers the sleeper (ne'er in vain)  
Like May, when earth is winter-bound.

All day within some cave he lies,  
Dethroned from his nightly sway,—  
Far fading when the dawning skies  
Our souls with wakening thoughts array.  
Two Spirits of might doth man obey:  
By each he's wrought, from each he learns:  
The one is Lord of life by day;  
The other when starry Night returns.

The bard has merry moods, so has he stern ones: he is sometimes busy in battle; frequently tossing on the wave: nor does he forget that fields are to be ploughed, and webs weaved, as well as bottles of wine de-

canted, and ladies wooed; here is a song, however, on none of these themes, and yet a capital song still :—

*The Convict's Farewell.*

Row us on, a felon band,  
Farther out to sea,  
Till we lose all sight of land,  
And then—we shall be free!  
Row us on, and loose our fetters;  
Yeo! the boat makes way:  
Let's say "Good bye" unto our betters,  
And, hey for a brighter day!

Farewell, juries,—jailors,—friends,  
(Traitors to the close)  
Here the felon's danger ends.  
Farewell, bloody foes!  
Farewell, England! We are quitting  
Now thy dungeon doors:  
Take our blessing, as we're flitting,—  
"A curse upon thy shores!"

Farewell, England,—honest nurse  
Of all our wants and sins!  
What to thee 's the felon's curse?  
What to thee who wins?  
Murder thrive in thy cities,  
Famine through thine ale:  
One may cause a dozen ditties,  
But t'other scarce a smile.

Farewell, England,—tender soil,  
Where babes who leave the breast,  
From morning into midnight toil,  
That pride may be proudly drest!  
Where he who's right, and he who swerveth  
Meet at the goal the same;  
Where no one hath what he deserveth,  
Not even in empty fame!

So, fare thee well, our country dear!  
Our last wish, ere we go,  
Is—May your heart be never clear  
From tax, nor tithes, nor woe!  
May they who sow e'er reap for others,  
The hundred for the one!  
May friends grow false, and twin-born brothers  
Each hate his Mother's son!

May pains and forms still fence the place  
Where justice must be bought!  
So he who's poor must hide his face,  
And he who thinks—his thought!  
May Might o'er Right be crowned the winner,  
The head still o'er the heart,  
And the Saint be still so like the Sinner,  
You'll not know them apart!

May your traders grumble when bread is high,  
And your farmers when bread is low,  
And your pauper brats, scarce two feet high,  
Learn more than your nobles know!  
May your sick have foggy or frosty weather,  
And your convicts all short throats,  
And your blood-covered bankers e'er hang together,  
And tempt ye with one pound notes!

And so,—with hunger in your jaws,  
And peril within your breast,  
And a bar of gold, to guard your laws,  
For those who pay the best;  
Farewell to England's woe and weal!  
..... For our betters, so bold and blythe,  
May they never want, when they want a meal,  
A Parson to take their Tithe!

There are one hundred and seventy songs in this small book, and, from the specimens which we have given, our readers may suppose that many others are to be found of equal beauty, elegance, and spirit: but this is not all; the volume is wound up with some thirty pages odd of 'Dramatic Fragments,' which recall certain dramatic scenes, by the same author, to our recollection. They are varied and forcible, and distinguished by a happiness and ease of expression which remind us of the golden age of the drama. We cannot make room for more than one; nor will it be one that we think the most poetic: we quote it for its good sense and good feeling—qualities less common in verse than they deserve to be.

*An Epitaph.*

Mark, when he died, his tomls, his epitaphs!  
Men did not pluck the ostrich for his sake;  
Nor dye 't in sable. No black steeds were there,  
Caparisoned in woe; no hired crowds;  
No bearse, wherein the crumbling clay (imprisoned  
Like ammunition in a tumble) rolled  
Rattling along the street, and silenced grief;  
No arch whereon the bloody laurel hung;  
No stone; no gilded verse;—poor common shows!

But tears, and tearful words, and sighs as deep  
As sorrow is—these were *his* epitaphs!  
Thus,—(fittly graced,) he lieth now, inurned  
In hearts that loved him, on whose tender sides  
Are graven his many virtues. When they perish,—  
He's lost!—and so 't should be. The poet's name  
And hero's—on the brazen book of Time,  
Are writ in sunbeams, by Fame's loving hand;  
But none record the household virtues there.  
These better sleep (when all dear friends are fled)  
In endless and serene oblivion!

What we like least is the hint that this volume is a farewell offering: had the work shown any symptoms of decay in beauty or in strength, we might have been silent and contented; but when an author, after singing the happiest of all his strains, turns round in the midst of our approbation, and vows that he will sing no more, we are not sure but we ought to reckon him ungrateful, and take our leave of him and his silence in a surly mood.

*Homer and his Writings.* By the Marquis de Fortia d'Urban. Paris, 1832. Fournier.

THE object of this very able and learned pamphlet is to establish the individuality and real existence of Homer, against those who maintain that the Iliad and Odyssey are the rhapsodies of several bards, ingeniously systematized and arranged by some unknown editor. The writings of Coleridge and Keightley,—the most popular as well as the most valuable of modern contributions to classical literature in England,—have directed public attention to this topic, which, though strenuously debated by continental scholars, seemed to be strangely neglected in this country. The Marquis de Fortia is a strenuous advocate for the individuality of Homer, and, of course, for the unity of authorship in the Iliad and Odyssey: Mr. Keightley unhesitatingly, and Mr. Coleridge with obvious reluctance, take the opposite side, and thus comes "the tug of war." Before giving any account of the controversy, we must premise, that, in our opinion, the mental qualifications of the combatants, and the peculiarities of their intellectual conformations, have had no small influence in determining the side which they should advocate. Those possessed of a warm and vivid imagination, who have been accustomed from earliest youth to dwell with rapture on the creations of poesy, and to form in their souls pictures of the events portrayed in the writings of genius, have involuntarily acquired the habit of personifying for themselves some author of these creations. An ideal Homer exists in their phantasy, and they eagerly seize on every circumstance that seems to prove that some archetype existed for the unreal phantom. On the other hand, critics, whose enthusiasm is cooled by their judgment, have been diverted from the effect produced by the whole poem, to observe the discrepancy of its parts, and have detected what they consider sufficiently important criterions to characterize a diversity of authors. The first impulse of every youthful student is in favour of the former—sober age yields many converts to the latter.

The controversy itself affords few points of interest to general readers; but there are many incidental topics involved in the discussion, and more especially certain laws of historical evidence, which are of far more extended importance than the personality of all the poets that ever existed.

The very first assumption made by those who advocate the personality of Homer, is

refuted by a fact that is matter of every-day experience. They say, that "the appearance of these works, from remote antiquity, in a single volume, and under a common name, proves a concurrent belief in the individuality of the writer." It proves no such thing; and even if it did, "concurrent belief" would not be sufficient to prove the singleness of authorship. The Bible is the production of several inspired writers, living at varieties of periods that spread over no less than fifteen centuries; yet it is collected into a single authoritative volume; and though no one directly attributes to it "individuality of authorship," yet all, or at least the immense majority of Christians, treat it as the work of a single mind. The Roman Catholic writers say, that the omission of certain parts of the Apocrypha is a mutilation of the Bible. Martin Luther, for his objections to the epistle of St. James, was called an enemy of the Bible; and the English critics who have ventured to write against the Song of Solomon, have been branded as enemies to the Scriptures; as if scepticism respecting any part implied a doubt of the whole. But even a closer and more convincing parallel is furnished by the sacred records: the book called the Psalms of David is far from being the work of the minstrel monarch, as is sufficiently evident from the titles and the subjects of many; yet his name is prefixed to the entire one hundred and fifty. Now, from such instances, it clearly follows, that collection into a volume, and ascription of individual title, prove just nothing.

The second point, urged by the Marquis and his friends with most pertinacity, is the similarity of style and structure in the books of the Iliad and Odyssey: to this it has been very fairly answered by Mr. Keightley, that the same is observable in the Spanish legend of the Cid, and the English ballads of Robin Hood. To which we may add, that even our best Biblical critics have not been able to discover any striking dissimilarity between the style and structure of Moses and Malachi, after the lapse of a thousand years.

The two arguments that we have been considering, were, however, brought forward by the propounders, more to catch the unthinking, than from any confidence they reposed themselves in their validity. This *provocatio ad populum* is generally the resort of a learned man, when he feels conscious that his arguments are weak: we have therefore met it with an example which, from the possibility of being either misunderstood or misrepresented, we should have been loth to use, but for its perfect applicability to the subject.

But the followers of Wolf have made just as great blunders in their general propositions as their opponents. If the asserters of Homer's personality have been too ready to generalize, Wolf and the advocates for the "joint-stock" composition of the Iliad have been too ready to make distinctions where no difference existed. Of this we have a splendid instance in their separating the periods when the use of letters and the use of writing materials were introduced into Greece. In the name of common sense, how could letters be taught, and to what use could they be applied, if there were not materials on which they could be represented? In an old humorous dissertation on abstraction, we find the abstract idea of "a dinner"

defined to be, "that which includes neither the notions of eaters nor eatables." And letters without writing materials is just as ridiculously unsubstantial. Mr. Keightley says, "the Greeks may have had letters in the tenth century before Christ, but they had no means of procuring the papyrus before the seventh century, and parchment was not invented until long afterwards." The reference to "rolls," in the prophets Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Ezekiel, makes the latter clause of this sentence more than doubtful, especially as the Jews imported all their inventions in the arts; and, consequently, if parchment was used by them in the early part of the eighth century, when Isaiah flourished, it must have been known to some other Eastern nation, and most probably the Phenicians, at an earlier period. But, after all, papyrus and parchment may have been unknown, and yet other materials for writing have existed. The *πίναξ πτυκτός*, which Homer mentions in the legend of Bellesphorion, could scarcely have been slabs of marble folding on hinges: and, whatever were its materials, its existence was conclusive as to the knowledge of means of transmitting written information at the time when the Iliad poems were composed. It is not a little strange, that those who quote this passage to prove the non-existence of letters at the time of the Trojan war, because the words *σημαρα λυγρὰ* may, by possibility, signify hieroglyphic signs, should not have discovered that *πίναξ πτυκτός*, however they chose to interpret it, completely overthrew an important and almost essential division of their argument; if the phrase *woful symbols* proves the non-existence of letters, surely the phrase *folded tablets* proves the existence of some epistolary substance, as convenient and portable as papyrus or parchment.

The uncertainty of the time and place of Homer's birth is but of little service to the opponents of his individuality—Quintus Curtius, Petronius, and many others, whom no one dreams of robbing of their personality, are precisely in the same predicament. The phrase in the History of Herodotus, so frequently adduced to prove that the life of Homer ascribed to the historian, is not authentic, proves nothing in a case where accurate chronology cannot be expected. From the biography of Homer, he appears to have flourished five centuries before the historian; but Herodotus, in his history, says that Homer and Hesiod flourished about 400 years before him, which the critics deem a manifest contradiction. Now this is really attributing to the ancients more accuracy in chronology, on all occasions, than either they or even we possess. Homer and Hesiod were not cotemporaries; and Herodotus, incidentally introducing their names, speaks vaguely of the time that elapsed since their account of the Grecian deities had been sanctioned by general approbation; and, of course, dates from the latter, whose genealogies of the gods were more precise and particular. Thus, in the present day, a person might say, "I write two centuries after the age of Shakespeare and Milton;" but who, from such a loose phrase, would attempt to identify the time in which either flourished?

The controversy respecting the individuality of Homer has excited more attention on the Continent than in this country; but we have reason to believe that more than one of

our English scholars meditate works on the subject. We have been induced, therefore, to make some observations on the flagrant errors committed by the combatants on both sides: all, indeed, arising from the same source—an attempt to settle the question by external evidence, of which there is not a sufficiency for its determination. We think, however, that internal evidence, far the most accurate test, may be found, of sufficient strength to set the controversy at rest; but to which side the scale will preponderate, we, as is the duty of honest critics in a matter not yet thoroughly investigated, refuse to deliver our judicial opinions.

#### SELECT LIBRARY.—Vol. VI.

*Lives of Eminent Missionaries.* By John Carne, Esq., author of 'Letters from the East.' London: Fisher & Co.

THE printing of this work is not yet completed; but, two hundred pages having been kindly sent to us, we are happy in being able to report on them, as giving promise of an interesting volume. They contain the Life of John Eliot, the early Missionary among the American Indians; an Account of the Mission to Tranquebar; and, the Life of Swartz. The zeal and labours of the latter have been so often referred to of late years, that we intend to confine our extracts to the Life of Eliot, a man of extraordinary zeal, and more than ordinary good sense, who early arrived at the sound conclusion, that people must be first civilized, before they can be christianized;—whose preaching went hand-in-hand with social instruction; and who not only expounded doctrines, but taught the wild hunters of the forest to plant, to reap, and to build. Of the early life of Eliot little is known: he was educated at Cambridge—was a non-conformist, and early in life, in 1631, embarked for America, where he passed many years in the quiet exercise of the ministry; but during this time, he was preparing himself for his mission, diligently studying the language of the Indians—no light labour, from the little affinity it bore to European tongues. The enormous length of some of the words, says Mather, "was enough to make one stand aghast; for the simple words, 'our question,' was expressed by an Indian word of forty-three letters; and 'our loves,' by one of thirty-two;" quaintly adding, "the words looked as if they had been growing ever since the confusion of Babel."

Eliot, however, did not permit this ulterior object to interfere with his present duties; and Mr. Carne gives a very pleasant sketch of the simple-hearted goodness of the man, during this period:—

"He rose with the break of day, and he had need to do so: these were the only hours he could allow for his beloved study. After his simple meal of vegetables was over, the cares of his people came thickly upon him. \* \* \* He was their only teacher in the wilderness. \* \* \* There was another, and a silver cord, by which he drew the affections of his people to him—charity; as pure and lasting as was ever exercised by any man. 'How often,' says his biographer and friend, 'with what ardour, what arguments, he became a beggar to others, for them that were in sorrow.' The poor of his people, and they were many, for disasters often came on the colony, seldom failed to repair to his home with the tales of their distress. A

hindrance, however, like the interpreter in the Pilgrim's Progress, stood between them and success, and this was Mrs. Eliot, who would look keenly and coolly on the petitioners, and sift the tares from the wheat, and even then deal out the dole with a prudent hand, while she suffered little ingress to her husband's study.

"This good lady had great skill in physic and surgery, and hundreds of sick, and weak, and maimed, owed praises to her; while her husband would often stand by, and urge her to do the most good to the worst enemies he had in the world. \* \* \* It was a joy to the poor, when they spied him coming across the fields, or through the forests, to their lonely homes; for they knew that his charity had little prudence in it. Dr. Dwight says, that one day, the parish treasurer having paid him his salary, put it into a handkerchief, and tied it into as many hard knots as he could make, to prevent him from giving it away before he reached his own house. On his way, he called on a poor family, and told them that he had brought them some relief. He then began to untie the knots; but finding it a work of great difficulty, gave the handkerchief to the mistress of the house, saying, 'Here, my friend, take it; I believe heaven designs it all for you.' Such a man had need of an excellent manager at home."

The account of Eliot's first preaching to the Indians is well told:—

"On the 28th of October, 1646, he set out from his home, in company with three friends, to the nearest Indian settlement: he had previously sent to give this tribe notice of his coming, and a very large number was collected from all quarters. If the savages expected the coming of their guest, of whose name they had often heard, to be like that of a warrior or sachem, they were greatly deceived. They saw Eliot on foot, drawing near, with his companions; his translation of the scriptures, like a calumet of peace and love, in his hand. He was met by their chief, Waubon, who conducted him to a large wigwam. After a short rest, Eliot went into the open air, and standing on a grassy mound, while the people formed around him in all the stillness of strong surprise and curiosity, he prayed in the English tongue, as if he could not address heaven in a language both strange and new. And then he preached for an hour in their own tongue, and gave a clear and simple account of the religion of Christ, of his character and life, of the blessed state of those who believed in him. Of what avail would it have been to set before this listening people the terrors of the Almighty, and the doom of the guilty? This wise man knew, by long experience as a minister, that the heart loves better to be persuaded than terrified—to be melted than alarmed. The whole career of the Indian's life tended to freeze up the finer and softer feelings, and make the more dark and painful passions familiar to him. \* \* \*

"A few of the chiefs' friends alone remained, after the people were retired. One of the Christians perceived an Indian, who was hanging down his head, weeping; the former went to him, and spoke encouraging words, after which he turned his face to the wall, and wept yet more abundantly: soon after, he rose and went out. 'When they told me of his tears,' said Eliot, 'we resolved to go forth, and follow him into the wood, and speak to him. The proud Indian's spirit was quite broken: at last we parted, greatly rejoicing for such sorrowing. \* \* \*

"Two or three days after these impressions had been made, Eliot saw that they were likely to be attended with permanent consequences. Wampus, an intelligent Indian, came with two of his companions to the English, and desired to be admitted into their families. He brought his son, and several other children with him, and begged that they might be educated in the



Christian faith: the example quickly spread, and all the Indians who were present at the fourth meeting, on the 9th of December offered their children to be instructed."

Eliot now lost no time in applying to the General Court of the colony, and the Indians received a grant, on which to build a town:—

"The progress of civilization which followed, was remarkable for its extent and rapidity: the women were taught to spin, and they soon found something to send to the nearest markets all the year round: in winter they sold staves, baskets, and poultry; in spring and summer, fish, grapes, strawberries, &c.

"In the meanwhile, he instructed the men in husbandry, and the more simple mechanical arts: in hay-time and harvest, he went forth into the fields with them. All this was not done in a day, for they were neither so industrious nor so capable of hard labour as those who had been accustomed to it from early life. \* \* \*

"I set them," says Eliot, "therefore, to fell and square timber. When it was ready, I went, and many of them with me, and on their shoulders carried all the timber together. There is a great river which divideth between their planting ground and dwelling place; therefore, I thought it necessary that we should make a foot bridge over, against such time in the spring as we shall have daily use of it. I told them my purpose and reason of it. With their own hands did they build a bridge eighty feet long, and nine high in the midst, that it might stand above the floods: and inasmuch as it hath been hard and tedious labour in the water, I said, if any of them desired wages, I would give them. They answered me, they were thankful I had called them to such a work, and desired no wages." This commencement soon after led to the raising a town, of the name of Naticke, in this very spot. His earnest efforts for the thorough settlement of the Indians were at last successful. He caused them to plant apple and other trees, and 'divers orchards.' A chapel and a school-house also were raised. The town consisted of three fair streets, two of which stretched along one side of Charles river, and the other along the opposite shore. The houses, some of which were built in the English style, evinced no small ingenuity in the construction. One of them, larger than the others, was used as a deposit for the skins, furs, and other articles for sale or barter by the Indians. A fort was also at this time finished: it was of a circular form, and palisaded with trees, and covered about a quarter of an acre of ground. Perhaps he foresaw the war, occasioned a few years afterwards by Philip, the celebrated Indian warrior." †

For the remainder of a long life, Eliot pursued his labours with equal diligence, but varying fortune—failing sometimes from the opposition, sometimes from the indifference of others, and occasionally, it must be admitted, from his own visionary folly, as when he determined to instruct some of the young savages in classical literature. In 1674, when the great war with the Indian Chief Philip broke out, no less than twelve prosperous towns had been established. In the hope of averting the coming misery, Eliot sought an interview with Philip; but the native warrior had set his fortune on the die, and resolved to abide the chance; desolation was let loose upon the country. Eliot, however, lived to see his people again gathering together, though in small numbers—

"But the time came that his wife died, and the loss found him all unprepared for it; they

had lived so long together, that the idea of separation seemed not to have entered their minds;—the mother of his children, the companion of threescore years, was laid in the grave by his hand. And when he stood beside her place of rest, 'I heard and saw her aged husband, who else very rarely wept,' writes Mather, 'yet now with a flood of tears, before a large concourse of people, say, over the coffin, 'Here lies my dear, prudent, faithful wife; I shall go to her, but she cannot return to me.' He spoke not of hope or comfort—what had he to do with them—for he must soon be called also. And now he prepared to depart. \* \* \* He was still able to ascend the hill on which stood the church, and not long after he delivered his last discourse there; this was four years before his death. Even now, at the age of eighty-two, he persisted in going forth, as far as he was able, to visit his loved settlements; for such was the excellence of his constitution, that his frame was not yet bowed, and his eye was still bright: earth had nothing so welcome to him as to mingle yet a while with his Indians, sit in their assemblies, and listen, when he could speak to them no longer; and the groves, the fields, the isles, that his foot had known so long, were they not dear to him as ever, though his head was white with nearly a hundred years, and his hand shook at last like an infant's? The Indians saw, as they expressed it, that their father was going home. \* \* \*

"The infirmities of old age now came fast upon him. When he could no longer leave his dwelling, the ruling passion was strong to the last: he caused a young Indian, in his primitive ignorance and darkness, to dwell with him, and, as life ebbed away, he occupied himself in teaching him passages from the scripture, with as much ardour and diligence as if a chief of the desert was before him."

We shall return to this volume, as soon as it is published.

*The Complete Angler.* With Notes by Sir Harris Nicolas, and illustrations by Stothard and Inskipp. Nos. 1, 2, and 3. Pickering.

THERE is so much nature, science, and learning about Isaac Walton, as to have secured for him the love of all classes; and the present truly splendid edition of the *Complete Angler*, will, we think, make him still more widely known. This work was heretofore illustrated, as we had imagined, to perfection—and we are still of opinion, that some of old Wale's designs have never been equalled in natural grace and simplicity. Major's edition was most beautiful—but this must, we suppose, be received as the crowning jewel—it is said, that three thousand pounds have been already expended on the work. The domestic scenes have fallen to the pencil of Stothard, and the fish to the pencil of Inskipp, and both have acquitted themselves worthily—some designs of the former are exquisitely happy, and the chub of the latter are as natural as nature itself.

*Le Livre des Cent-et-Un.* Vol. V. Paris, Ladvocat.

[Second Notice.]

WE present our readers this week with a translation of the paper entitled the 'Compositor,' by Bert, formerly editor of the *Journal du Commerce*, and the bold champion of liberty and constitutional rights. Bert was one of those who signed the famous protest of the journalists against the royal ordinances of July 1830.

### *The Compositor.*

"Let not the compositor be confounded with the printer or press-man. These two agents of a most marvellous art are separated by an immense interval in typographical importance. The one presides over the first transformation which speech undergoes—the other only directs the machine, which repeats it in a thousand echos. Mechanism already begins to deprive the latter of his occupation; without his assistance the ink is now spread over the types, without his aid the paper is placed upon the form, slid under the press, and given forth, by the mute instrument, with the stamp of thought and the voice of genius. Thus the press-man finds his department invaded by a workman more laborious than himself, and not, like him, subject to hunger, fatigue and sleep.

"The compositor is beyond such competition; he may defy the power of matter to supply the place of his intellectual activity. There can exist no subtle combination of springs and wheels to enable the fingers of an automaton to seize the characters which correspond with the written word, and arrange them in the composing-stick; for to do this, the automaton must be able to read. See the compositor in action, his eyes fixed upon the manuscript, and scarcely paying attention to the motion of his fingers—and you readily infer, from the intelligence of his look, and the expression of his countenance, that in him the mind alone is at work, whilst his right hand, which goes from the case to the composing-stick and back again to the case, seems but to follow the poise of his body. To read well is a very important part of the compositor's duties, and is the more difficult, because the literati and men of science who intrust their works to him, neglect, for the most part, to write legibly. I speak not here of those who leave to him the care of punctuation, sometimes even that of correcting their violations of grammar and orthography. What services does he not render to ungrateful authors, who repay them in calumny, and impose upon him in their *errata* the responsibility of their own blunders, which they term typographical errors, or negligence of the corrector? If his vanity had likewise the resource of *errata*, how many correct sentences might he not claim, substituted in the proof for the original solecism?

"It may readily be imagined that the compositor must come to his first apprenticeship in typography, with a mind stored with all the elementary knowledge necessary for any literary profession. He must be grammatically acquainted with his own language, and, according to the kind of work he has to do, must be conversant with at least the nomenclature of the science treated of in the manuscript before him. More than one compositor, it is true, has learned whilst composing, as more than one author has done whilst writing. A printing-office is a school of universal knowledge; it was there Beranger felt his first throb of poetic inspiration, and he learned orthography in the exercise of a calling which was also the first occupation of Franklin. But in return for a few illustrious reputations, how much merit has remained unnoticed! Who knows how many men of talent and learning attain to obscure old age under the workman's jacket? Old age! I am mistaken. The life of a compositor is soon worn out by fatigue, night labour, and impatience at his uncertain and indefinite condition. What, in fact, is his social rank? To what class does he belong? Is he an artisan or a clerk—one of the *people*, or a member of the *upper classes*? He feels himself out of place wherever he may be. The book of civilized society, so methodical in its scientific divisions, has forgotten him in its table of contents. He is a workman, for he lives upon wages, and is hired by a master. One of the *people* by his origin, his connexions and habits of life, he is

† For a very interesting account of this celebrated man, see *Athenæum*, No. 208.

brought very near the higher classes by his attainments and his co-operation in producing works of intellect. Few roads to fortune are open to him, and if ever he raise himself to distinction, it is by paths not yet trodden. You would sooner see him turn author, soldier, or statesman, than become a master printer. He can never be an Elzevir, a Stephens, or a Didot. To found a printing-office requires either capital or credit; and the compositor is without patrimony, or the means of growing rich; nor is he able to borrow. He is not one who can speculate upon the dower of his wife—if he take one; and as for his *bank*, consisting of his weekly wages, he seldom sees it increase under the influence of thrift, or the power of compound interest. The most able compositor does not gain, at Paris, more than six francs a day; and if you want to calculate his yearly income, do not by any means multiply 365 by 6—for every day is not paid as a working-day. You must deduct, if you please, the days of rest forced and voluntary. And then, we men of letters, and men of typography, know not how to hoard: we live on, heedless of the future, and careless of money matters, following the variations of our temperament, whether they impel us to hard work or to the luxury of idleness; not that slothful idleness which kills time by consumption—but that ardent and energetic idleness which devours it; not that silly, loitering idleness which plays at dominoes, drinks beer, walks upon the quays and boulevards, increases the number in mobs, and runs away at the sight of the police—but that idleness belonging to ardent imaginations, kind hearts, and manly propensities, which delights in billiards, in the *estaminet*, in jovial meetings and in midnight revels.

"If the compositor places little in the saving bank, he never fails in his subscription to the fund for mutual assistance. Above all, he is a good companion, and a faithful observer of the regulations of the masonic or other society of which he may be a member; he contributes his share of songs, for he is a song writer of the school of Beranger, whose works he knows by heart and sings with feeling. He almost equals his master in richness of rhyme, patriotism, and philosophy, but is distinguished from him by a touch of *carbonari*-ism. Take notice, that, during the restoration, he conspired, as we conspire in France, in a loud voice and in full chorus.

"The spirit of association and confraternity supplies the place, with the compositor and the press-man, of that vulgar and provident care which is often nothing more than the virtue of egotism. The society for mutual assistance is his security against want; it possesses a common fund, formed and kept up by periodical subscriptions. Any member deprived of his resources by an unforeseen misfortune, or the want of work, receives a daily sum sufficient to guard him against the attacks of indigence, though not to maintain him in idleness. In sickness he is in want of nothing; he has the attendance of the physician to the society, receives medicines from the dispensary of the institution, and is cheered by the consolation of his brethren. His widow and children are not left without support, nor his remains deposited in the tomb without due honours. A committee directs the ceremony of his modest funeral—a deputation from the society joins his attendant friends—a brother, in a brief oration utters the last adieu, and eulogizes the good qualities of the deceased.

"Sunday is the day on which general meetings are held, to regulate the affairs of the society. The compositor on a Sunday seems quite a different man from the compositor during the week. He has quitted the workman's jacket, for the elegant frock, which he wears with graceful ease, and sports the gold chain *en sautoir* over his velvet waistcoat. His step is com-

posed, and his countenance indicative of thought. He is about to make an important speech, move or criticize a measure; and a small dose of oratorical vanity is mingled with his zeal for the general good. His speech, whether read, recited from memory, or extemporized, is grave, elegant, and florid; nothing in it savours even of the familiarity of common language, much less of the slang of the printing-office. The meeting is not always unanimous; it contains divisions and parties, but without coteries or intrigue. Its finances form the principal subject of debate; but the accounts are not subjected to very severe regulations; the whole security consists in the integrity of the accountants and the confidence of their constituents. The society has never once had occasion to take measures against a breach of such confidence.

"When the business is over, the meeting is dissolved; friends and intimates then approach each other, and groups are formed; invitations to breakfast are given, appointments made for the evening and the rest of the day devoted to pleasure.

"Such are the general outlines of a compositor's life; but in this calling, as in every other, there are exceptions and individualities. I could name the man who reads his manuscript without understanding it, without seizing the idea expressed by the characters which his fingers have assembled, like the tapestry workmen at the Gobelins, who does not see the masterpiece he is producing. I could indicate another whom I could vouch for as prudent, economical and of regular habits—he is upwards of thirty, and has a wife and children; he is preparing to become a corrector and foreman.

"Let us separately consider the compositor attached to a daily journal; he must of necessity be assiduous at his work; for him there is no Sunday—no Monday nor Thursday—no relaxation, except perhaps the four or five days in the year, which the editor devotes to his own profit at the expense of the subscribers. If the newspaper compositor has more labour, he has also greater indemnities: he shares certain privileges with the editor, knows the news a day before the public; the managers of theatres, fêtes and concerts flatter and caress him, because he has it in his power to shorten or lengthen the space kept at the end of the journal for notices. Nothing new escapes him; politics, literature, and art, have no mysteries for him.

"Thus the compositor is a stranger to nothing in the intellectual world. It may be said, that every idea passes through his mind; he takes and elaborates it in his turn, clothes it in new words, and then circulates it among that portion of the community who read badly, or do not read at all. Placed as a truckman and messenger between the lettered and the ignorant, the compositor was, during fifteen years, the instructor of the people. If philosophers and orators prepared the revolution, the agents of the press hastened its accomplishment. They sowed its seeds and made them spring up among the uncultivated masses; and when the crop was ripe, they first gave the signal and began the harvest. The government fancied, in its blindness, that the people did not understand the theories of the publicists. 'Charter, right of suffrage, liberty of the press! Words void of sense! What cared the people about article fourteen? Was the workman an elector or an author? What were to him the quarrels which agitated the upper surface of society?' Thus spoke rash ministers; and when they heard the cry of *Vive la charte!* vociferated by forty thousand workmen—when they beheld banners, inscribed with the motto *Liberty of the press!* born along by naked arms, they scarcely believed the evidence of their senses;—but they did not distinguish in the ranks, at the head of these intrepid citizens,

certain individuals, wearing the same habiliments, and speaking the same language. They saw not those men with pale faces, blackened hands and fiery eyes, who had come from the printing-office, and moulded to a sense of freedom, a population reputed ignorant, and a slave to its physical wants. 'What do they require? Give them bread and let them disperse.' But they already knew, that to have the certainty of obtaining bread, they must enjoy freedom. For the man of the printing-office, freedom was bread itself; and the censorship, poverty and death. If the effect of servitude acted less immediately upon others, it was not less certain. This is what the man of the press taught verbally; for he had himself learned it from books, and by communication with enlightened men. Thus is knowledge propagated, and, by intelligent reflectors, penetrates into the darkest corners of human society.

"The artisan of the printing office is the representative of manual labour in its most noble form, and when it approaches nearest to the functions of thought. It is his lot at all times to stipulate for the interests and rights of the laborious part of the population. When the day arrives on which the operatives in common shall claim a more equitable distribution of the fruits of industry, the compositor will be spokesman on the occasion."

#### *Iolande, a Tale of the Duchy of Luxembourg; and other Poems.* London: Cadell.

We like the border sound of some of the verses of this little book: the border is the northern Parnassus: there song has never been silent—it descends, like an inheritance, from father to son: no sooner has one bard laid aside the harp than another takes it up, and the voice of inspiration is continued. The author of 'Iolande' cannot take a high place amongst the minstrels; yet he has written some pleasing things—deficient, perhaps, in fire, and that hurried vehemence of diction, which has of late distinguished the poetry of the border; but abounding, nevertheless, in sweet, and graceful, and tender passages. The following explains itself—tales of true love are understood by all:—

Within the Vale of Vlandem lay  
A fair green space, and wildly gay,  
Where Nature had her charms combined,  
Where grove, and stream, and valley join'd,  
Where glen, and rock, and mountain high  
Were blest in strangest harmony.  
The meekest spot when flow'ry May  
With blossom deck'd the hawthorn spray;  
When Spring her brighter tint renew'd,  
And Earth her greener mantle strew'd;  
Where 'neath the moonbeam's silver light,  
The elfin king and queen,  
And many a laughing mountain sprite,  
Within the forest shewn  
Might oft their midnight revels hold,  
And trace the ring, as wont of old.  
Here oft, when Evening spread her veil,  
Fair Iolande and Conrad met;  
While nought was heard along the dale  
Save the river's ceaseless fret,  
While winding amid rock and bush,  
The current onward sped,  
And, foaming, broke with noisy gush  
Along its channell'd bed.  
An oak the rugged cliff o'erhung,  
And wild-flowers to each crevice clung,  
The prickly gorse, the yellow broom  
Now freshly bursting into bloom,  
Did o'er the streamlet wildly wave,  
And charms to savage grandeur gave.  
Here oft in play would Conrad strain  
For Iolande each flower to gain,  
And sigh the tale that maiden's ear  
Delights from lover's lips to hear:—  
Thus days flow'd on of love and joy,  
As though young life had no alloy.  
But where is he whose life is spun  
In Time's untrobbled course to run?  
Though woman's heart may thus be blest,  
Man's warmer spirit brooks not rest;  
Her office is with lightsome play  
To chase each graver care away:

But man must hold a wider course,  
Nor yield to woman's gentle force,  
And time and chance will often bring  
Slight causes whence results may spring  
Of deeper charge. 'Twas thus with him:  
He fill'd Love's goblet to the brim—  
The cup was broken ere he quaff'd  
Its deep intoxicating draught.

There are many passages of equal, perhaps superior merit.

We like the poem called the 'Castle of Landeck': the language is free and unconstrained; and there are some fine pictures of a domestic kind. 'Piers Cockburn' is the least to our taste of anything in the volume: it has a little of the martial spirit of the old ballad about it, but is deficient in that rude energy which characterizes the olden minstrels.

*On the Economy of Machinery and Manufactures.* By Charles Babbage, Esq., A.M. London: Knight.

THE receipt of this work, in its present readable size, has been to us an unmixed gratification. It is one we anxiously desire to see circulated, and we hope that the price of six shillings will secure for it a sale of ten or twenty thousand copies. We have not now to review it; "the substance of a considerable portion of it," says Mr. Babbage himself, "appeared among the preliminary chapters of the mechanical part of the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*." It is, in fact, the same work—under another form, and with additions—which was noticed a short time since at great length in this paper; and it only remains for us now to recommend it, once more, strongly to our readers. One subject, however, is touched by Mr. Babbage, on which we had an article actually prepared: but we had rather put a man of his weight and influence forward on this occasion, and shall, therefore, allow him to state the grievance—we allude to the *combination existing among the Publishers*. Not to involve the question with minute calculations, it may be stated generally, that the retail profit allowed by the publisher to the bookseller, is twenty-five per cent.

"Until very lately, a multitude of booksellers in all parts of London, were willing to be satisfied with a much smaller profit, and to sell, for ready money, or at short credit to persons of undoubted character, at a profit of only ten per cent., and in some instances even at a still smaller percentage, instead of that of twenty-five per cent. on the published prices. . . ."

"Now, a certain number of the London booksellers, have combined together. One of their objects is to prevent any bookseller from selling a book at less than ten per cent. under the published price; and in order to enforce this principle, they refuse to sell books, except at the publishing price, to any bookseller who declines signing their agreement. By degrees, many were prevailed upon to join this combination; and the effect of the exclusion it inflicted, left the small capitalist no option between signing or having his business destroyed. Ultimately, nearly the whole trade, comprising about two thousand four hundred persons, have signed the agreement. . . ."

"In whatever manner the profits are divided between the publisher and the retail bookseller, the fact remains, that the reader has paid for the volume in his hands 6s., and that the author will receive only 3s. 10d.; out of which latter sum, the expense of printing the volume must be paid; so that in passing through two hands

this book has produced a profit of forty-four per cent. This excessive rate of profit has drawn into the book trade a larger share of capital than was really advantageous; and the competition between the different portions of that capital has naturally led to the system of underselling, to which the committee above-mentioned are endeavouring to put a stop.

"There are two parties who chiefly suffer from this combination,—the public and authors. . . ."

"Many an industrious bookseller would be glad to sell for 5s. the volume which the reader holds in his hand, and for which he has paid 6s.; and, in doing so for *ready money*, the tradesman who paid 4s. 6d. for the book, would realize, without the least risk, a profit of eleven per cent. on the money he had advanced. It is one of the objects of the combination we are discussing, to prevent the small capitalist from employing his capital at that rate of profit which he thinks most advantageous to himself; and such a proceeding is decidedly injurious to the public."

Surely, this strange proceeding cannot be justified; we doubt if it can be legally defended. Twenty-five per cent., though but a reasonable profit to a bookseller paying heavy rent and oppressive taxes, and giving two or three years' credit, is excessive when charged by a man living in some obscure court and receiving ready money; at any rate, a bookseller, who is a mere agent between the public and the publisher, is the best judge of his remunerating profit. The effect of the combination is cruelly oppressive on the small capitalist and industrious tradesman, and injurious to the public; and we confidently hope that many respectable men, who have become subscribing parties to the agreement, will immediately reconsider the subject.

Mr. Babbage sketches a plan of a campaign against Paternoster Row: it is, we fear, not a little visionary; but there is one important fact incidentally stated, which has often been urged in this paper, and we are glad to have his authority to justify our assertions.

"It will be fit to inform the reader of the nature of the enemy's forces, and of his means of attack and defence. Several of the great publishers find it convenient to be the proprietors of *Reviews, Magazines, Journals*, and even of *Newspapers*. The *Editors* are paid, in some instances very handsomely, for their superintendence; and it is scarcely to be expected that they should always mete out the severest justice on works by the sale of which their employers are enriched. The great and popular works of the day are, of course, reviewed with some care, and with deference to public opinion. Without this, the journals would not sell; and it is convenient to be able to quote such articles as instances of impartiality. *Under shelter of this, a host of ephemeral productions are written into a transitory popularity; and by the aid of this process, the shelves of the booksellers, as well as the pockets of the public, are disencumbered. To such an extent are these means employed that some of the periodical publications of the day ought to be regarded merely as advertising machines.* That the reader may be in some measure on his guard against such modes of influencing his judgment, he should examine whether the work reviewed is published by the bookseller who is the proprietor of the review; a fact which can sometimes be ascertained from the title of the book as given at the head of the article. But this is by no means a certain criterion, because partnerships in various publications exist between houses in the book trade, which are not generally known to the public; so, that in fact, until *Reviews* are

established in which booksellers have no interest, they can never be safely trusted."

The operation of the system in detail we have often exposed; but, as a proof that old experience can speak with the voice of prophecy, we venture to prognosticate that twenty out of the twenty-four *reviewing* columns in Colburn and Longman's *Literary Gazette*, will to-morrow be filled with Colburn and Longman's books. Does the reader ask why to-morrow? Because it is "serviceable Saturday"! The orders, they know, will be hurried back from the country to be in time for the monthly parcels, and before an independent critic can offer an opinion.

It was to put an end to this system, so ably and honestly exposed by Mr. Babbage, that the *Athenæum* was established. Such an undertaking was certain of finding a fierce and resolute opposition; it was opposed to all trading influences, and our success has been little short of a miracle. We persevered, however, against all difficulties, and we think Mr. Babbage ought, upon this occasion, to have borne testimony to our humble exertions.

EDINBURGH CABINET LIBRARY. No. VII. *British India*. Vol. II. Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd.

THIS is the second volume of the work which we so lately recommended to our readers' particular attention. The History of India is concluded about the middle of this volume, and the remaining chapters treat of the social and political condition of India; the history of mythology, manners, and literature of the Hindoos; the British Government of India; the British social system in India, a very interesting chapter; and the industry and commerce of that country. The whole is written and compiled with the care which has ever marked the 'Edinburgh Cabinet Library,' and we are glad to see that the liberality of the publishers, and zeal and diligence of the editor, are not without their reward, and that a second edition of every volume of this work is almost a certainty. We have them of 'Egypt,' and 'Africa,' a *third* of the 'Palestine,' and, we hear, that the 'Polar Seas' is fast advancing towards a *fourth*.

*Sermons.* By the Rev. Hobart Caunter, B.D. 8vo. London: Bull; Rivingtons.

A plain, sensible volume—the sermons good, as addressed to a congregation, and excellent for home meditation—earnest in their sincerity, and full of doctrinal authorities. There are twenty-four sermons—those entitled 'Death, the Wages of Sin'—'Forgiving Enemies'—'The Rich Man and Lazarus'—and 'On Evil Speaking,' are most to our liking. We shall glean one ear from the harvest, in the hope that the good seed, though scattered in the highways, may not perish:—

"We are not to imagine, because a man may be depraved, be it in whatever degree, that we are thereby justified in calumniating him. Our detestation of his vices arms us with no judicial authority to condemn him. It is not for sinners to judge sinners. Where can be the moral equity in transgressors pronouncing sentence against the transgressing? I do not, of course, apply this argument to a condemnation of crimes cognizable by human laws, since here is a delegated authority to judge—an authority acknowledged by all civilized societies, and sanctioned by God himself;—I refer only to moral judgments.

And who, among the lapsed posterity of Adam, shall arrogate to himself a fitness of condition to throw the first stone, for "who can say I have made my heart clean, and am pure from my sin"? "Who art thou," asks the Apostle, "that judgest another man's servant? to his own master he standeth or falleth." And we should do well to bear in mind, that he whom we condemn may be an object of divine mercy, even although to us he appear past hope; and can we think that there is no sin in judging whom God shall accept? "Therefore art thou inexcusable, O man, whosoever thou art, that judgest: for wherein thou judgest another, thou condemnest thyself; for thou that judgest doest the same things."

*Observations on Impediments in Speech.* By Joseph Poett, sen. London, Highley.

In this pamphlet, after some general observations on the subject of impediments of speech, mention is made of many cases successfully treated by the author. As these are attested by highly respectable persons, and as the observations which precede them, prove that Mr. Poett has scientifically considered the subject, we willingly recommend his little pamphlet to the consideration of all who are interested in the subject on which it treats.

*Lectiones Latine.* By J. Rowbotham, F.R.A.S. London, Wilson.

This is an attempted improvement of the Hamiltonian system, and is not particularly successful. The selections are, however, made with taste, and the translations in general merit the praise of accuracy.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS

TO SHERIDAN KNOWLES, ESQ.

After witnessing his Play of 'The Hunchback.'

BY THOMAS ROSCOE.

SWEET to lone traveller on his far-bound way,  
The song of bird, green field, and eventide;  
And sweet for sacred freedom, side by side,  
To heroic youth, battling 'gainst slavery's sway;  
To patriot truth snatching their ill-won prey—  
A country's rights—from kings', lords', priests'

bad pride,  
'Mid deepening clouds and storms the helm to guide,

Of her lost peace—to hail some brighter day.  
Yet sweeter, in her dark hour, 'tis to know,  
Spirits like thine yet guard her moral weal,  
To social truth and beauty holding high  
Nature's own mirror, till the passions flow  
In calm pure currents, and you bid us feel  
How England's daughters love—how Rome's  
could die.

THE LIFE AND CONFESSIONS, INCLUDING THE  
OPINIONS, MORAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL, OF  
DICKY O'BRADY, ESQ.

[FROM AN UNPUBLISHED AUTOBIOGRAPHY.]

Which way I turn is hell; myself am hell.—*Milton.*

I am not in the roll of common men.—*Shakespeare.*

I was born in the year 1770. I drew my first breath in that division of the metropolis of England distinguished by the name of *St. Giles's*. The name of my mother was *Martha O'Brady*. She was descended of the family of that name, who had for many years exercised the trade of potato-dealers in the purlieus of *Seven Dials*. She was endowed with a capacious understanding, and had never married. I have no distinct notion who

† It must be evident to our readers that, in style and manner, as well as in his mode of thinking, Mr. O'Brady is an imitator of one of our most popular Novelists.—*Ed.*

was my father. Perhaps, in the extreme and philosophical sense of the words, this may be said to be a point of knowledge unattainable by human powers; but I am even destitute of those rational and received grounds of inference and decision, by which, according to the present scheme of human society, I should be justified in appropriating the male parental title to any one given individual. My mother entertained an unbounded veneration for truth. She early endeavoured to instil into my mind a similar sentiment. To have spoken with any degree of positiveness as to the paternal author of my being, would have been, to a certain extent, to counteract the effect of her lessons. She was eminently cautious upon this point.

Nature seems to have implanted in the human mind the principles of a laudable curiosity. I had now attained the age of five years and four months. I suddenly became anxious (to repeat my own artless phrase) "to know who was my daddy." I was, what is usually termed, a 'cute child. By a sort of sagacious instinct, or rather, instinctive sagacity, I was impelled to submit this inquiry to my maternal parent. The first time this inquiry intruded upon her auricular faculty, she received it with a look of mingled astonishment and impatience. She turned hastily from me and exclaimed, "Oysters." This exclamation, as will hereafter be explained, was not utterly destitute of motive. I was still unsatisfied. At intervals I continued to propose to her the same paralyzing and unwelcome question; with a pertinacity beyond my years, and with a precision in its construction and utterance, calculated to render any degree of dexterity in the arts of subterfuge utterly useless.

The human mind, in its excursions in search of truth, must be either satisfied or subdued. To satisfy mine on the important topic which now fully occupied it, my mother knew was impossible. She therefore had recourse to the arbitrary and unjust expedient of silencing its importunities by the interposition of a major power in the form of a bamboo cane. In addition to the physical suffering that resulted to me from this proceeding, I felt it to be unwise. It was unargumentative. It was illogical. Nothing strictly intellectual could be deduced from it. It was singularly calculated to set at nought the sublime faculty of disputation. It must be admitted, however, that it was wonderfully adapted to produce the effect my mother desired. I never more employed my eloquence upon that particular topic. It taught me "to hold my cursed little clack." Such, as I perfectly well remember, was my mother's expression. It may seem useless to record so apparent a trifle, but it produced upon my mind an impression never to be effaced; and must be considered as possessing a certain degree of influence over the whole of my future life.

My mother had long been afflicted with a variety of maladies, which now threatened to bring her terrestrial existence to a close. At the period of which I am now speaking I was twelve years of age. It was about seven o'clock on one of the finest July evenings that had ever dimpled with smiles the cheek of Heaven, since that remote period of time when this terrestrial ball was first acknowledged a member of the solar system, and destined to perform a certain course along with its sister planets. I was playing at the

game called dumps, on the pavement of the court in which our humble habitation was situated. This game I particularly loved. There was something in the dull and heavy fall of the dump, and its immobility when once it had fallen, exquisitely in harmony with the prevailing tone of my feelings. Perhaps it was from an opposite cause that I eminently disliked marbles. Let a marble, a taw for instance, fall from your grasp. It strikes the pavement. It rebounds. It repeats this phenomenon a certain number of times, each succeeding time with a diminished force. Even after this rebounding power is utterly exhausted, the restless and unsteady taw rolls along the ground, and a considerable portion of time must elapse, before it can acquire sufficient self-command to enable it to remain steady and immobile. The distinctive principles which characterize these games must be evident. If I were invited to pronounce upon the future destiny of two youths, one of whom should exhibit a love of dumps, whilst the other betrayed a fondness for marbles, I should augur, that the patron of marbles *might* become a poet, but that it was infallibly in the destiny of the dumpist to become a philosopher. "Doleful dumps," as Shakspeare hath it, were the favourite recreation of my soul.

On this particular occasion my adversary in the game was *William White*. Why, even at this late period of my human existence, does my blood boil and my flesh tingle; why do my bones rattle and my arteries quiver, while I blacken this innocent and unoffending paper with the accursed and ever-hated name of *William White*! I have already said that on this particular occasion he was my adversary in the game. I was at the point of winning seven dumps at a cast, when I was suddenly summoned to my mother's bedside. *Billy* (for such was his familiar appellation), with infernal readiness, took advantage of this event, and obstinately refused to pay them. How deeply did this circumstance affect me. It opened to my sight the vast volume of human depravity and baseness. As if by inspiration, I became acquainted with the substance of whole pages at a glance. The principles of virtue within me were poisoned at their spring-head.

I proceeded to the bed-chamber of my mother. It was on a fourth floor. This room was distinguished from all the others in the same edifice by the name of the front garret. It was eminently small and incommodious. Its decorations, nay, its very conveniences were few, and of the simplest construction. It was even destitute of that article of furniture which, from the use to which it is appropriated, has derived the appellation of a *wardrobe*. This circumstance, in conjunction with another which it is needless to explain, reduced us to the expedient of disposing of the whole of our property in wearing apparel, about our persons. The walls of this chamber were ornamented with a few torn prints representing the cardinal virtues, together with portraits of Nancy Dawson, Turpin the highwayman, and other public characters. These my mother took equal delight in contemplating. But the master works of Raphael, the sublime conceptions of Michael Angelo, were not there to be seen. In vain these are sought for in the humble dwellings of the poor! The rich, the haughty, the high-born, and the noble, who

arrogate to themselves the other luxuries and conveniences of life, withhold even these from their poorer and meaner fellow-worms!

The chamber I have described possessed but one window. This window commanded a view of the roofs of the houses on the opposite side of the court. These roofs, or rooves, were so much higher than this window, that from it, a delightful and soul-invigorating prospect of the fertile eminences of Highgate and Hampstead could not be seen. On opening the window, and stretching the body a little forward, the whole of the court in which we resided might be traced, with its wooden pump at the interior extremity, and its outlet into the street at the other. This window was latticed. It had formerly been composed entirely of glass; but the ravages of time, together with some accidental circumstances, had removed much of this material, and rendered the substitution of a brownish paper, of more than ordinary substance, necessary. The light of the heavens was thus but imperfectly admitted, and a consequent gloom pervaded the whole apartment. This gloom harmonized to an astonishing degree with the tone of my feelings; for the recollection of the perfidy of *White* still corroded my heart.

There are periods in our human existence when the corporeal functions are unresistingly at the command of the mental powers; or, to express myself more accurately, when the motions of the body submit instantly to the impulse of any given state of feeling. On entering my mother's bed-chamber, I should, under ordinary circumstances, have instinctively approached her. On this occasion my steps directed themselves towards the casement. With an involuntary movement I opened it. Unconsciously I placed myself in such a position as to command an uninterrupted view of the court below. This, as I have already said, was easily practicable. I carefully examined it with my eye from one end to the other, commencing at the extremity nearest to the street. *Billy White*, the unfaithful sharer in my boyish gambols, was no longer there. One involuntary tear started into each of my eyes. I withdrew my head. The nature of the blackest fiends of hell seemed to take possession of my bosom. I approached the bedside of my mother.

She appeared to be in a state of repose, or rather of stupefaction. On a three-legged stool at the bedside, stood a small bottle of medicine almost full, and a large leaden measure, (strongly indicating by its odour that it had lately contained a quantity of the only luxury in which she ever indulged), quite empty. These circumstances forced my young, yet not unintelligent mind, to adopt one of the only two conclusions I could devise; namely: either that she had not taken enough of the one, or that she had taken considerably too much of the other.

Mrs. O'Raffarty, our landlady, was in the room. She was forty-seven years of age. She was, as it is commonly expressed, blind of one eye. That one which remained applicable to the purposes of vision, was of a light grey colour. It was eminently quick and piercing. On this occasion she darted its rays into the very innermost recesses of my mind. She explored its many mazes and windings. She observed the workings of its most secret machinery. She traced and unravelled its complexities. To drop

the metaphor, she perceived the state of uncertainty in which my mind was involved, and in a tone of astonishing sympathy, rendered still more impressive by that peculiarity of pronunciation distinguished by the term, *brogue*, she exclaimed, "Och! by the powers! its all over with your mammy! Divl burn me, but she has been drinking gin for all the world as a fish drinks water!"

Nature seems to have endowed the human tongue with a power of eloquence which the meanest can command on proper and requisite occasions. There was something so truly and simply energetic, in the concluding clause of Mrs. O'Raffarty's last sentence, that every fibre in my anatomy vibrates whenever I repeat it.

My mother, *physically* speaking, now became sensible. She perceived me. She called me to her. I approached. She grasped my left hand. "Dicky, my dear," said she, "you have often desired me to disclose the name of your father." I wish it to be observed, that I am repeating her words as they would appear in a well-regulated and properly-arranged discourse. But strong liquor had rendered her weak, and she delivered them slowly and after long intervals of silence.

"Dicky, my dear, you have often desired me to disclose the name of your father. There are causes which you are yet too young to analyze or understand, by which—"

She hesitated, and I urged upon her the necessity, or at least the propriety, of my possessing such a relative. I was a member of the great community of mankind. I was born to be a sharer and partaker in all the rights and privileges attached to the institution called Society. So far as my own feelings were concerned, it was a matter of indifference to me. Man is man. He is himself. He is neither another nor part of another. He is an animal alone and independent. For example:—I stand in Europe. That being whom society designates my brother, and fastens upon me by what it chooses to call the ties of blood, is in America. A thousand leagues divide us. I am not affected by his movements, neither is he influenced by mine. While he wakes, I sleep; he dies, yet I still live and breathe. I am a rational being; and upon this statement of the question, I feel the absurdity of such ties as those of blood or kin. I say, therefore, it was not from any silly delicacy, or to satisfy a false feeling, that I still pressed for the information I had so long coveted. No—I felt that though I was a philosopher, all other men were not so; and that in order to insure to myself a fair portion of the rights and privileges I have before alluded to, I should be called upon to prove my legitimate rights of fellowship with the rest of the world. I stated all this with incredible emphasis. I added, that I made no claim to ancestry. I desired to trace my lineage but one generation back. "Let the name of my grandfather," said I, "sleep for ever in the caves of oblivion—but as every human being has at least one father, let me, oh! let me know mine."

This solemn and pathetic appeal had nearly effected my object. My mother pressed my hand. It was my right; for some minutes had elapsed since she relinquished the left. "Dicky, my dear—you are right—it will be as well—let me see—"

She ceased. The hand of death drew the curtain of mystery over the secret of my birth, and decreed that it should remain in darkness for ever!

(To be continued.)

#### SONG.

FAREWELL! success can bring no joy,  
And failure nothing to destroy,  
Woe cannot waste, nor pleasure thrill,  
But when, for ever, ever still

I think of thee:

I could not suffer all I may  
When strange and lonely, far away;  
I could not bless a happier lot  
If ever, ever I forgot

To think of thee.

Should the new faces I shall see,  
Continue strange and cold to me,  
I'll smile, and turn to one, which, yet  
In coldness mine has never met—

Thinking of thee—

Should the new faces soon grow kind,  
And friendly looks the wanderer find;  
Upon a single one he'll call,  
Whose single smile were worth them all—

Thinking of thee.

Young eyes, fair forms, in me can wake  
Nothing but friendship for thy sake—  
Beauty and music, mirth and song,  
Do nothing, nothing, but prolong

My thought of thee—

As all that charms, from zone to zone,  
With thee, or in thee, I have known,  
All that *may* charm, in earth and sky,  
I'll only count thy beauties by,—

Thinking of thee.

#### NOTES OF ILLINOIS.

[Concluded.]

WOLVES are very numerous in every part of the state. There are two kinds—the common, or black wolf, and the prairie wolf. The former is a large fierce animal, and very destructive to sheep, pigs, calves, poultry, and even young colts. They hunt in large packs, and after using every stratagem to circumvent their prey, attack it with remarkable ferocity. Like the Indian, they always endeavour to surprise their victim, and strike the mortal blow without exposing themselves to danger. They seldom attack man, except when asleep or wounded. The largest animals, when wounded, entangled, or otherwise disabled, become their prey; but in general they only attack such as are incapable of resistance. They have been known to lie in wait upon the bank of a stream which the buffaloes were in the habit of crossing, and when one of these unwieldy animals was so unfortunate as to sink in the mire, spring suddenly upon it, and worry it to death, while thus disabled from resistance. Their most common prey is the deer, which they hunt regularly; but all defenceless animals are alike acceptable to their ravenous appetites. When tempted by hunger they approach the farm-houses in the night, and snatch their prey from under the very eye of the farmer; and when the latter is absent with his dogs, the wolf is sometimes seen by the females lurking about in mid-day, as if aware of the unprotected state of the family.

The smell of burning *assafoetida* has a remarkable effect upon this animal. If a fire be made in the woods, and a portion of this drug thrown into it, so as to saturate the atmosphere with the odour, the wolves, if any are within reach of the scent, immediately assemble around, howling in the most mournful manner; and such is the remarkable fascination under which they seem to labour, that they will often suffer themselves to be shot down rather than quit the spot.



Of the few instances of their attacking human beings, of which we have heard, the following may serve to give some idea of their habits. In very early times, a negro man was passing in the night, in the lower part of Kentucky, from one settlement to another. The distance was several miles, and the country over which he travelled entirely unsettled. In the morning his carcass was found entirely stripped of flesh. Near it lay his axe, covered with blood, and all around the bushes were beaten down, the ground trodden, and the number of foot tracks so great, as to show that the unfortunate victim had fought long and manfully. On pursuing his track, it appeared that the wolves had followed him for a considerable distance: he had often turned upon them and driven them back. Several times they had attacked him, and been repelled, as appeared by the blood and tracks. He had killed some of them before the final onset, and in the last conflict had destroyed several. His axe was his only weapon.

The prairie wolf is a smaller species, which takes its name from its habit of residing entirely upon the open plains. Even when hunted with dogs, it will make circuit after circuit round the prairie, carefully avoiding the forest, or only dashing into it occasionally when hard pressed, and then returning to the plain. In size and appearance this animal is midway between the wolf and the fox, and in colour it resembles the latter, being of a very light red. It preys upon poultry, rabbits, young pigs, calves, &c. The most friendly relations subsist between it and the common wolf, and they constantly hunt in packs together. Nothing is more common than to see a large black wolf in company with several prairie wolves. I am well satisfied that the latter is the jackal of Asia.

We have the fox in some places in great numbers, though, generally speaking, I think the animal is scarce. It will undoubtedly increase with the population.

The panther and wild cat are found in our forests. Our open country is not, however, well suited to their shy habits, and they are less frequently seen than in some of the neighbouring states.

The beaver and otter were once numerous, but are now seldom seen, except on our frontiers.

The gopher is, as we suppose, a nondescript. The name does not occur in books of natural history, nor do we find any animal of a corresponding description. The only account that we have seen of it is in 'Long's Second Expedition.' In a residence in this state of eleven years, we have never seen one, nor have we ever conversed with a person who had seen one,—we mean, who has seen one near enough to examine it, and be certain that it was not something else. That such an animal exists is doubtless. But they are very shy, and their numbers small: they burrow in the earth, and are supposed to throw up those hillocks which are seen in such vast abundance over our prairies. This is to some extent a mistake, for we know that many of these little mounds are thrown up by the crawfish and by ants.

The polecat is very destructive to our poultry.

The raccoon and opossum are very numerous, and extremely troublesome to the farmer, as they not only attack his poultry, but plunder his corn-fields. They are hunted by boys, and large numbers of them destroyed. The skins of the raccoons pay well for the trouble of taking them, as the fur is in demand. Rabbits are very abundant, and in some places extremely destructive to the young orchards and to garden vegetables.

We have the large grey squirrel and the ground squirrel.

There are no rats, except along the large rivers, where they have landed from the boats.

## FURTHER NOTICE OF M. ABEL RÉMUSAT.

[We are obliged for the following particulars, to a distinguished Oriental scholar and personal friend of M. Rémusat.]

In politics, he did not share the views of the greater number of his countrymen, but was much attached to Charles X., and wrote many articles, but anonymously, in the 'Universel,' a paper principally conducted by M. Saint-Martin, and abolished after the revolution in 1830.

He was Membre de l'Institut, Professor of the Chinese and Tartar languages in the Collège de France, Conservateur des Manuscrits in the Royal Library, Member of the Committee who conduct the publication of the 'Journal des Savans,' and President of the Société Asiatique. Whether he held any other offices, I do not know.

He made his first appearance as a Chinese scholar, in a small work on Chinese language and literature, published, I think, as early as the year 1811. This work, however, he himself afterwards declared to be very imperfect.

Besides the 'Yu-kiao-li' and the 'Mélanges Asiatiques,' he published the following works: 'Recherches sur les langues Tartares,' Paris, 1820, 4to.; 'Elémens de la Grammaire Chinoise,' 1822, 8vo.; 'Mémoires sur les Relations Politiques des Princes Chrétiens, particulièrement des Rois de France avec les Empereurs Mongols;' 'Mémoires sur Loo-tseu.'

In the 10th volume of the 'Notices et Extraits,' he published a dissertation on the 'Se-chou,' and gave the text and translation of the 'Tchoung-young.'

In the 11th volume of the same collection, he gave a very minute account of the Japanese Encyclopædia.

A 'Catalogue Raisonné,' of the Chinese books in the Bibliothèque Royale, in the preparation of which he was engaged so early as the year 1822, perhaps already before that time, has unfortunately never appeared.

He also intended to give an edition of the 'Buddhistic Dictionary in five languages,' of which he has given an account in the 'Mines de l'Orient,' vol. 4, p. 183.

He was also Doctor of Medicine.

M. Rémusat had promised the world a second volume of his 'Recherches sur les Langues Tartares,' and it may be hoped that the materials for the publication will be found among his papers. The greater portion of his works have their titles recorded in the *Bibliotheca Marsdeniana*, or catalogue of the books and manuscripts of William Marsden, Esq.—a work of reference of the highest value and authority; as the critical taste and judgment of that most accomplished orientalist are well known, and have for a long period been engaged in the formation of this the most perfect oriental library, probably, that exists.

## OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

An advertisement of the *Metropolitan* is making a stir among the proprietors of magazines: not only, it would appear, has Moore coalesced with Campbell, in conducting it, but some dozen or two of popular writers have sent in their adhesions as contributors. We know not who drew up this same advertisement, but it is done much in that spirit of puffery, which we have always disliked; we know, of our own knowledge, that some of the names in the long array of contributors, have been used without the concurrence of the parties; out of respect for Campbell, several gentlemen sent articles, when the *Metropolitan* started, but it by no means follows, that they

will continue the same assistance. We like modest advertisements.—Some curious and instructive particulars concerning critics, and authors, and booksellers, are to be found in the forthcoming number of Murray's 'Lord Byron;' well may the bookseller exclaim, My outlay has been enormous: for the third Canto of 'Childe Harold,' he gave 1575*l.*, for the fourth Canto, 2100*l.*, for 'Don Juan,' 3100*l.*, for 'The Doge of Venice,' 1050*l.*, for 'Sardanapalus,' 'Cain,' and 'Foscari,' 1100*l.*, for those works published by Hunt, bought at a public sale, 3885*l.*, and, most marvellous of all, 4200*l.* for the Life, by Thomas Moore; on the whole, the mere copyright has cost 23,540*l.* The stern critique in the *Edinburgh*, which occasioned, in some degree, the 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' was, at first, attributed to the pen of Jeffrey; latterly, however, Byron, whose information was always from the best sources, blamed Brougham; "on what grounds he has come to that conclusion," says the editor, "he nowhere mentions."

In art, little is talked of but the New Academy. It is generally understood, that we owe this magnificent undertaking as much to Hume as to any one. As soon as he discovered that George the Third had laid out many thousand pounds in establishing the Academy, and that the Institution, first and last, had expended some 200,000*l.* in the furtherance of art, he exclaimed, "Ah! I did not know of that; the Academy then has a claim on the nation, and we must not hesitate about an hundred thousand pounds." Three plans were accordingly made out and examined: the first was in a style of commercial frugality—an academy above and shops below; the second was in a style of magnificence, that would have required nearly all the money talked of, to sink the foundations; the third, by Wilkins, was plainer, with equal accommodation, and was approved; and so the work will proceed. The lower portion of the building is to be made fire-proof, for containing the public records, which, at present, are exposed in a wooden shed, and the upper will be dedicated to the uses of the Royal Academy.

A daughter of our celebrated vocalist, Mrs. Salmon, will make her début at the concert of De Begnis, on Monday next; we hope that the recollection of the mother yet lives fresh enough in the memory of the public, to insure her a kind welcome.

Garcia, the father of Madame Malibran Garcia, died last week at Paris; for flexibility of voice, and consummate musical skill, he was without a rival.

A very elegant specimen of ornamental printing, distributed by the printers of Sheffield, in commemoration of the passing of the Reform Bill, has been sent to us; and we quote from it the following poem, written by their distinguished townsman, the author of the 'Corn Law Rhymes':—

## The Press.

God said "Let there be Light!"

Grim darkness felt his might,

And fled away.

Then startled seas, and mountains cold,

Show'd forth all bright in blue and gold,

And cried, "This day, 'tis day!"

"Hail, holy light!" exclaimed

The thunderous cloud, that flamed

O'er daisies white;

And lo, the rose, in crimson dress'd,

Lean'd sweetly on the lily's breast,

And blushing, murmured "Light!"

Then was the skylark born;  
Then rose the embattled corn;  
Then streams of praise  
Flow'd o'er the sunny hills of noon;  
And when night came, the pallid moon  
Pour'd forth her pensive lays.

Lo, Heaven's bright bow is glad!  
Lo, trees and flowers, all clad  
In glory, bloom!

And shall the mortal sons of God  
Be senseless as the trodden clod,  
And darker than the tomb?

No, by the MIND of Man!  
By the swart Artisan!  
By God, our Sire!  
Our souls have holy light within,  
And every form of grief and sin  
Shall see and feel its fire.

By earth and hell and heaven,  
The shroud of souls is riven;  
Mind, mind alone  
Is light, and hope, and life, and power;  
Earth's deepest night, from this blest hour,  
The night of minds, is gone.

The second Ark we bring;  
"The Press!" all nations sing;  
What can they less!  
Oh, pallid want; oh, labour stark;  
Behold, we bring the second Ark—  
The Press! the Press! the Press!

## SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

### LINNÆAN SOCIETY.

The last meeting of the season was held on the 19th inst.—A. B. Lambert, Esq., in the chair.—The Rev. Revett Shephard, was elected a Fellow of the Society. A paper by William Yarrell, Esq., describing two new fresh-water fishes, from Lancashire, was read by the Secretary. A beautiful specimen of *Francoa appendiculata*, in flower, was exhibited. The seed from which this plant had been raised was brought from Chiloe, near Port San Carlos, by the naturalist who accompanied Captain King during his survey. Several valuable works were presented.

### HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

June 19.—A portion of a paper from the late Chev. de Schrank of Munich, was read, on the construction of rock-works in botanic gardens. The exhibition included a great number of very beautiful plants, and was a source of much pleasure to a numerous assemblage of visitors. We observed *Magnolia glauca*, *Spartium virgatum*, *Sarracenia purpurea*, Seedling *pæonia albiflora*, P. Richardsoni, Spanish irises—*Calceolarias*—a new variety of *Kalmia latifolia*—*Brassia maculata*—Seedling Scotch roses—*Ericas*, *Gloxinia caulescens*—a new *Spigelia*, *Erythrina laurifolia*—*roses*, *azaleas*, and the north-west American annuals.

The next meeting was announced for the 3rd of July, on which day it is determined that the prize exhibition of roses shall take place. The competition on this occasion will no doubt be very powerful.

Michael Mitton, Esq. and Thomas Walker, Esq. were elected Fellows of the society.

### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

TUESDAY, Medico-Botanical Society.....Eight, P.M.  
WEDNES. { Royal College of Physicians...Nine, P.M.  
          { Royal Geographical Society...Nine, P.M.

## MUSIC

### KING'S THEATRE.

ON Saturday, was revived most unexpectedly, Rossini's opera seria 'Semiramide,' in which appeared Mesdames Grisi and Mariani, Signori Tamburini, Calveri, and Mariani. Grisi evidently had a just conception of the music, but her shrill and inexpressive voice, denied her the power of expressing what she felt. Mad. Mariani's *Azur*, was rather a tame performance, compared to that of Malibran's, or Pisaroni's. The singing of Tamburini, however, was an im-

provement on all we have heard in the part: the flexibility of his voice, his correct intonation, and good taste, left us nothing to desire.

On Tuesday, printed apologies were scattered in the theatre, by which we learned that Mad. Cinti and her husband demand a greater sum for the renewal of their engagement, than Mr. Mason is willing to give; and consequently, for that evening, 'Robert le Diable' was performed with the second and fourth act omitted. Thus mutilated, the opera was reduced to a mere spectacle.

On Wednesday, Beethoven's 'Fidelio' was again crowded to excess. The increased enthusiasm with which these German operas are received, and their beauties appreciated, speaks well for the taste of the English: nearly the whole of the opera was encored!

On Thursday, for the benefit of M. Levasseur, the entire opera of 'Robert le Diable,' with the part of *Isabelle* sustained by Madlle. Schneider, of the German company, was repeated to a scanty audience. The absence of so many fashionables at Ascot will sufficiently account for it.

'La Straniera,' by Bellini, will, we believe, be positively brought out this evening; and the opera of 'Macbeth' is expected to be produced on Wednesday next. It is a very inauspicious time for a new author, after such splendid operas as 'Freischütz' and 'Fidelio.' However, let us be liberal and just, and avoid comparisons.

### EIGHTH PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

A new Sinfonia expressly written for the society, by Onslow, was performed for the first time. The first allegro, in D minor, is wild and dramatic in its character; the andante in F major, à la Pastorale, is simple and pleasing—the mind but indifferent—the trio, in B flat, elegant, the last movement wanting in relief. Few composers have the courage to produce works of this unprofitable and laborious kind, and we feel grateful for hearing two in the same season, from the classical pen of Moscheles and Onslow.

Mad. Devrient's singing of Mozart's aria, 'Parto ma tu, ben mio,' and Willman's clarinet accompaniment, were admirable. Neukomm's Concertante for wind instruments, was repeated for a second time this season; as was Mendelssohn's Concerto, of which we made favourable mention in our notice of the seventh Concert. Tamburini wasted a great deal of fine execution and feeling on a flimsy aria by Pacini. Beethoven's Sinfonia in F delighted us; of the nine grand sinfonias by Beethoven, this is generally the least admired, yet, the master mind may be traced throughout. The scherzo, which is a perfect gem, was rapturously encored: the last movement contains some phrases of transcendent beauty. In Rossini's duetto 'Di capricej,' the flexible powers of Mad. Cinti and Sig. Tamburini were exhibited to the greatest advantage. Maurer's Concertante for four violins, was effectively executed by Mori, Seymour, Tolbecque, and A. Griesbach.

The Concert terminated with Mendelssohn's fine descriptive overture to the 'Midsummer Night's Dream'—the author presiding in the orchestra.

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Concise Instructions for the performance on the Royal Seraphine and Organ.* Containing also a collection of some of the best old, and many original chants, arranged and fingered by J. Green.

THE seraphine, in size and shape, resembles a cottage piano-forte; it sustains sounds produced by metallic springs acted upon by wind. It serves the purpose of a domestic organ, and is also a pleasing accompaniment to the human voice and pianoforte. These exercises will be

found useful to young organists, and serviceable for playing on the Harmonica, Aerophone, and other instruments on the same principle.

*Echo, hither come to me.* J. F. Dannelly.

*The Pride of the Village.* W. Ball.

*Dance with me.* G. Linley, Esq.

THESE three ballads, though differing materially in character, are equally good—the first is *scherzo* and of modest pretension—the second, rather more elegant, is *à la valse*, in three-eight time, for a mezzo-soprano—the third partakes more of the sentimental.

## THEATRICALS

### COVENT GARDEN.

THIS house closed last night, but the address was delivered too late in the evening for us to be able to state whether it touched upon any topic of interesting information as to the future. Before the next season commences, it is understood, that we are to have the delight of seeing Madlle. Mars and Madlle. Taglioni here. It is to be hoped that this is true. The head of the one and the feet of the other are unequalled. Mr. Charles Kemble and Miss Fanny Kemble have, it appears, signed with Mr. Price, and are shortly to proceed to America. The terms offered were not to be resisted; and, however much we may regret losing those whose places cannot be efficiently supplied (at least with Miss Kemble it is unlikely, and with Mr. Kemble next door to impossible), it would be out of all reason to object to Mr. Kemble's seeking any legitimate means of indemnifying himself against the heavy losses he has experienced through his nominal property at Covent Garden. All true lovers of the drama will wish him, as we do, a prosperous trip and a safe return, and join us in the hope, that, after that, we may yet, for some years, have opportunities of seeing him in those characters in which he is, and is likely to remain, unrivalled. Those who are not awake to his true value now, will begin to discover it when he has disappeared.

### HAYMARKET THEATRE.

THE new piece to be produced this evening is well spoken of: no doubt, deservedly so, from the quarter whence it proceeds, but we shall not mention names until the sanction of an audience shall have placed it beyond the reach of accident.—It was pleasing to observe a considerable improvement in Mr. Kean's health from the manner in which he played *Hamlet* on Monday last. During the three first acts he seemed to be in as complete possession of all his powers, both mental and bodily, as he ever was at any period. After these, his strength failed him in some measure, but, upon the whole, there was a degree of physical vigour about his performance which we had despaired of seeing again. The applause bestowed on him was enthusiastic. Mr. Brindal, who improves in the best way, slowly but surely, was more than respectable in *Laertes*. Here our praise must end. Mrs. Ashton cannot play *Ophelia*, and Mr. Harley's *Grave-digger* is, at best, an amusing mistake. The houses are gradually mending, and, upon the whole, this favourite theatre is looking up.

### VAUXHALL.

THESE gardens opened for the season on Monday last. It is some years since the proprietors were fortunate enough to have so fine a night for their commencement, as they had upon this occasion, and, consequently, since the gardens were so well attended on a first night. A good start is generally a great part of the battle with all places of public entertainment, and we trust that in this case it may be taken

as the omen of a prosperous season. The company was, it is true, more numerous than select, but it was not without its sprinkling of gentility. One man at least, we dare swear, was of gentle blood, from the intense horror which he manifested on finding that some of his party were leading the way to the firework gallery, and that he was expected to follow. He was doing so as a matter of course, until the board with the word "Gallery" on it caught his eye—he then started as far back as the pressure of the crowd permitted him, and called out to his friend who was leading—"Gracious powers! stop—don't go there—you don't know what you're doing—It's a gallery—don't go into a gallery—we can't go into a gallery—I never go into a gallery." His exclamations were interrupted, and his agitation was finally calmed by repeated assurances that the gallery in question was not such a gallery as he had read of, perhaps even seen, at the theatre, but merely a raised platform, from which the better to behold the fireworks—and that, in short, the going there was "the thing to do." In the theatre a new vaudeville was produced, the words by Mr. Fitzball, and the music by Mr. Bishop. It is called the 'Magic Fan, or, A Flip on the Nose.' The plot, as well as we could collect it, we understood to be an audible crack! crack! crack! every now and then followed by an invisible thump on the nose for any one who happened to be on the stage.—The crowd was so dense that we could not get our noses in, and, considering what was going on, it was perhaps well for us that we could not. Under these circumstances, we cannot offer any more detailed opinion of either the piece or the music, but the whole thing appeared to be light and to give general satisfaction. The former we suppose must be good, for it is evidently a "crack" piece, and the latter is sure to be safe in Mr. Bishop's hands. A gothic building in the space behind the Rotunda appropriated to the exhibition of Cosmoramas, &c. was much approved of. Some injury to the effect intended to be produced was sustained by the accidental conflagration of a medium which was stretched from tree to tree in front of it in order to regulate the light. It was burnt down, but not until it had been burnt up. The spectators treated it as a natural fire-work, and it was honoured with a round of applause. The optical delusions were not quite so good as those of last year—those which we saw at least. The concert in the air, and the airs in the concert, were much as usual. Mr. Robinson's voice is very pleasing. A glee by A. Lee, with a crow at the end of it, was cock sure of making a hit, and did so accordingly. A considerable addition to the usual number of lamps was made in honour of the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo. The illuminations were tasteful and splendid. The introduction of flowers, plants, and shrubs, is a decided improvement. The fireworks were brilliant, the chickens tender, and Mr. Blackmore's ascension only to be equalled by Mr. Simpson's condescension.

## MISCELLANEA

*Hanoverian Society of the Fine Arts.*—A Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts has just been formed in Hanover; its leading object is to encourage native talent by an annual exhibition, and purchasing the choicest productions of the pencil, graver, and chisel from the exhibitors. His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge appears as patron of the new Society, and great progress has already been made in raising shares for its support. They are so low as three dollars (9s.) each.

*Alexander's Monument.*—To the brief notice, which our last contained, of this gigantic work, a recent number of the St. Petersburg Journal enables us to add the following: "The block of

granite, which constitutes the sole foundation, is already in its place, and weighs nearly a million of pounds. The height of the steps at the foot of the monument is 5 feet; that of the pediment and its bedding 35; that of the shaft of the pillar 84, and of the capital, together with the pedestal and statue, resting upon it, 36; giving a total height of 160 feet. The solid mass of granite forming the pillar has been tooled and rounded within the space of eight months. A ship has been built for the express purpose of bringing it to this place. As soon as landed the column will be wound up the slip to the platform, in the centre of which stands a scaffolding 98 feet square and 34 feet high, and on this scaffolding the great machinery, by means of which the column is to be placed upon its pediment, is erected. The emperor has directed that the power employed to raise the column shall be that of 1800 veterans, who served under the late emperor Alexander. Arrangements have been made, so that the arrival of the column will take place in the course of June, and its elevation on the 11th of September, which is St. Alexander's day."—We may add, that a somewhat similar monument is likely to be erected in London in commemoration of Reform in Parliament. The Haytor Company have examined their quarries, and offered a block of granite 10 feet square and some 90 feet high—an enormous mass!

*Goethe.*—A medal is now preparing in memory of Goethe, at Dresden, representing on one side the bust of the poet, and on the other his apotheosis. Instead, however, of being mounted on an eagle, the usual conveyance of bards to the Olympic realms, ever since the discovery of the celebrated cup in the Pontine marshes, representing the apotheosis of Homer, Goethe makes his ascent on the wings of a swan.—It is expected that Goethe's MSS. will furnish fifteen additional volumes to his works. Among them will be one volume of unpublished poems; one forming a continuation of Faust; and a fourth volume of his life, comprising the period of his last residence in Frankfurt, till his removal to Weimar, viz. from 1774 to 1776, and said to be full of interest.

*Proportion of Students to the number of Professors at different Universities.*—At Berlin 13; at Leipzig 17; at Göttingen 17; at Halle 20; at Vienna 22; at Prague 26; at Naples 30; at Lemberg 34; at Pavia 36; at Cambridge 48; at Oxford 40; and at Edinburgh 102.

*Division of Poland.*—The following, said to be an autograph letter of Maria Theresa to her minister Kaunitz, on the division of Poland, has been recently published in Germany. If genuine, it ought to save her memory from the disgrace which attaches to all those who took a willing part in that iniquitous transaction: "When all my countries were attacked, so that I knew not even where to find a place for my *accouchement*, I relied on my good cause, and the assistance of God. But in *this* affair, which is as contrary to justice as to sound sense, I confess I feel dreadfully uneasy, and ashamed to show myself in public. Consider, Prince, what an example we are setting to all the world, if for a miserable portion of Poland, or of Moldavia, or Wallachia, we risk our honour and reputation. But I perceive that I stand alone and am no longer *en vogue*. Therefore I let things take their course, but not without the greatest sorrow."

*New Trumpet.*—A Mr. Barth, of Munich, has there obtained a patent for an improved trumpet. It is said, not only to be much purer in tone than any instrument of the kind at present in use, but to be furnished with a key, by the use of which the player, even whilst he is blowing, may change the key from F to C, and from E flat to B; and in this way produce the same diversity in his accompaniment as hath hitherto required the effect of four distinct trumpets. By

the application of a semicircular piece, the key may be likewise changed from E to B, and D to A. The bands of several regiments in the Bavarian service have ordered the new trumpet to be supplied them.

*Constitutions.*—A bookseller in Paris being lately asked for a copy of the Constitution of 1814, replied: "Sir, I keep no periodicals."

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

| Days of W.N.Mon. | Thermom. Max. Min. | Barometer. Noon. | Winds.     | Weather.   |
|------------------|--------------------|------------------|------------|------------|
| Th. 14           | 72 54              | 29.30            | S.W.       | Clear.     |
| Fr. 15           | 74 52              | 29.63            | W.         | Rain, P.M. |
| Sat. 16          | 73 50              | 29.77            | W.         | Cloudy.    |
| Sun. 17          | 78 51              | 29.80            | W.         | Clear.     |
| Mon. 18          | 76 55              | 29.86            | S.W.       | Ditto.     |
| Tues. 19         | 81 56              | Sta.             | Var. to W. | Cloudy.    |
| Wed. 20          | 80 53              | Sta.             | W.         | Clear.     |

*Prevailing Clouds.*—Cirrostratus, Cumulostratus, Cirrocumulus.

Nights and Mornings fair throughout the week.

Mean temperature of the week, 65°.

Day increased on Wednesday, 8h. 50 min. No night; the sun not descending far enough below the horizon to cause darkness.

## NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

*Forthcoming.*—Historical Memoirs of the House of Russell, from the Norman Conquest to the Nineteenth Century, by J. H. Wiffen.

History of Charlemagne, by G. P. R. James, Esq.

Supplement to London's Hortus Britannicus.

New edition of Baydon on Rents, &c. with considerable additions.

*Just published.*—Woodville's Medical Botany, by Dr. J. Hooker and W. G. Spratt, 5 vols. 4to. 8s. 8s.—Rev. R. P. Beachcroft's Four Sermons, 2s. 6d.—Little Mary Crown Older, 2s. 6d.—Knight's Sermons on the Lord's Prayer, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—Caracalla, a Tragedy 8vo. 4s.—The Progress of Truth, with other Poems, by the Rev. J. Jones, 12mo. 5s.—The Family Topographer, Vol. 2, 5s.—Cooper's Proposal for a General Record Office, Judges' Hall and Chambers, and other Buildings, 8vo. 6s.—Cleveland's Census and Statistics of Glasgow and County of Lanark, and an Abstract of the Population of the British Empire, fol. 24. 2s.—Ferman on Natural Philosophy, 8vo. 5s.—Gardiner's Music of Nature, 8vo. 18s.—Bishop of Chester's St. Luke, 8vo. 9s.—Commodore Byron's Narrative of his Shipwreck and Sufferings, 18mo. 3s. 6d.—On the Economy of Manufactures, by C. Babbage, 6s.—Sheridan's Guide to the Isle of Wight, 8s.—Sermons by A. B. Evans, D.D. 8vo. 12s.—Sallust, by H. E. Allen, 12mo. 10s. 6d.—Remember Me, 2nd series, 32mo. 4s.—Bell's System of Geography with Map, and Plates, 4l. 10s.—Bernard's Creed and Ethics of the Jews, 8vo. 1l. 1s.—Edinburgh Cabine. Library, Vol. 7, British India, Vol. 2, 5s.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS

Now, that the Theatres are shut—the Exhibition criticised—the seasonal meetings of the Societies drawing to a close, and the publishers taking their Summer rest, we hope to have a little more room for Original Papers, which have, indeed, accumulated upon our hands rather alarmingly. Among them, however, are many, which we have good hopes will not a little gratify our readers; and, to begin worthily, we intend, on Saturday week, the 7th of July, to give an *extra sheet of eight pages*, and

## ORIGINAL PAPERS AND POEMS BY

Allan Cunningham—C. Dance—T. K. Hervey—Thomas Hood—Mary Howitt—William Howitt—Leigh Hunt—Miss Jewsbury—J. H. Reynolds—Charles Lamb—Leitch Ritchie—Thomas Roscoe—The Author of 'Corn Law Rhymes'—The Author of 'The O'Hara Tales'—The Author of 'Paul Pry'—The Author of 'The Rent Day'—The Author of 'Hunchback'—The Author of the 'Dominie's Legacy'—The Author of 'London in the Olden Time'—The Author of 'Civil Wars in Ireland,' &c. &c. &c.

Nearly two whole pages of advertisements are unavoidably deferred. To insure insertion they should be sent very early in the week.

Sir Jonah Barrington's Personal Sketches arrived too late for review—Gardiner's Music of Nature next week.

Thanks to B.—Myra.—A. C.—G. C.

The MSS. are left inclosed at our office for W. H. C.

When speaking lately of literary piracies, we referred to an article copied into the *Hampshire Telegraph* from the *Greenock Advertiser*, where we presumed must have been taken by the latter, without acknowledgment, from the *Athenæum*. Strong in his integrity, the editor of that paper has, in the most liberal spirit, not only admitted the fact and expressed regret at the omission, but added to his acknowledgment a generous and flattering testimony to the general conduct of this paper. We are also indebted for a like courtesy to the editor of the *Berwick Advertiser*, and request both parties to accept our best thanks.

## ADVERTISEMENTS

## Sales by Auction.

SALE OF MR. REINAGLE'S PICTURES DEFERRED to 27th, 28th, and 29th of JUNE.

**MR. EDWARD FOSTER** respectfully acquaints the Public that the SALE of the splendid COLLECTION of PICTURES, of R. A. REINAGLE, Esq. R.A., at No. 34, Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, advertised for the 26th and 27th inst. is unavoidably deferred to 27th, 28th, and 29th, in consequence of Ascot Races.

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**THE MESSIAH.**—In consequence of the rapid sale of the first edition of the New Poem entitled 'THE MESSIAH,' by the Author of the 'OMNIPRESENCE OF THE DEITY,' the Publisher has to apologise for the delay of a few days, when a Second Edition will appear. June 9, 1832.

## Opinions of the Press.

"The Messiah" is, in our judgment, equal to any of Mr. Montgomery's productions, and a lasting monument to his fame. To soothe and elevate the soul, to the least of the commendations we can bestow upon it; for there is not a page that can fail to purify the heart, and raise the spirits beyond the vicissitudes of mortal life."—*Literary Gazette.*

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KING'S COLLEGE, London.—At the ANNUAL GENERAL COURT of the GOVERNORS and PROPRIETORS, held at the College, on Wednesday, the 11th of April, 1832, his Grace the Lord Archbishop of CANTERBURY in the Chair.

It was unanimously Resolved,

That Books be now opened for receiving Donations and Subscriptions for Shares (of 100l. each) towards completing the River Front, according to the engagement entered into with his Majesty's Government, as well as such other portions of the College as are likely to be soon required for use.

That such Books do lie in the Secretary's Office; and at the Banking Houses of Messrs. Gouls and Co.; Drummonds; Hoare's; Glyn and Co.; and Barclay and Co.

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LIST of NEW DONATIONS and SUBSCRIPTIONS.

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## REVIEWS

*Personal Sketches of His Own Times.* By Sir Jonah Barrington, Author of 'The History of the Irish Union,' &c. In 3 Vols. Vol. III. London: Colburn & Bentley.

Sir Jonah Barrington is the very prince of story-tellers; he goes right through to the main object: there is no shuffling or equivocating; no pause or hesitation; no bespeaking your credence by asseverations and assurances: he never supposes that a reader would question a gentleman's word, or that any rational being can doubt the simple, unadorned facts that he records. It is true, that some silly people ventured to call the "Bansheen of Lord Rossmore," in a former volume, "a bounce"; and one went so far as to accuse the author of publishing "absolute falsehoods"; but Sir Jonah disposes of the dull cavillers in a dull preface of his own, and then runs on with his garrulous pleasantries, to the heart's content of every reader who has any relish for hearty laughter and a good after-dinner anecdote. It is, of course, not a book to be reviewed and criticised, but to be laughed at and thrown aside. We shall not, therefore, waste another word upon it, but allow Sir Jonah to entertain our readers; and first, let us give them an anecdote or two, illustrative of the state of medicine in Ireland, forty years ago.

### *The Farrier and the Whipper-in.*

The preliminary part of this story may be very briefly told. Tom White, the whipper-in of Blandfort, in his eagerness to pull off the scut of a hare, leaped into a gravel pit and broke his back. The faculty conceiving him past all hope of cure, he was handed over to the farrier:—

"The farrier first stripped Tom to his shirt, and then placed him flat on the great kitchen table, with his face downward; and having (after being impeded by much roaring and kicking) tied a limb fast to each leg of it—(so as to make a St. Andrew's cross of him) he drew a strong table-cloth over the lower part of the sufferer's body; and tying the corners underneath the table, had the pleasure of seeing Tom White as snug and fast as he could wish, to undergo any degree of torture without being able to shift a quarter of an inch.

"Mr. Butler then walked round in a sort of triumph, every now and then giving the knots a pull, to tighten them, and saying, 'Mighty well,—mighty good! Now stand fast, Tom.'

"Tom's back being thus duly bared, the doctor ran his immense thumb from top to bottom along the spine, with no slight degree of pressure; and whenever the whipper-in roared loudest, Mr. Butler marked the spot he was touching with a lump of chalk. Having, in that way, ascertained the tender parts, he pressed them with all his force, as if he were knead-

ing dough—just, as he said, to settle the joints quite even.

"The operator, having concluded his *reconnoitring*, proceeded to real action. He drew parallel lines with chalk down Tom's back—one on each side the back-bone; at particular points he made a cross stroke, and at the tender parts a double one; so that Tom had a complete ladder delineated on his back, as if the doctor intended that something should mount by it from his waistband to his cravat.

"The preliminaries being thus gone through, and Mr. Butler furnished with a couple of red-hot irons, such as maimed horses are fired with, he began, in a most deliberate and skilful manner, to fire Tom according to the rules and practice of the *ars veterinaria*. The poor fellow's bellowing, while under the actual cautery, all the people said, they verily believed was the loudest ever heard in that country since the massacre of Mullymart. This part of the operation, indeed, was by no means superficially performed, as Mr. Butler mended the lines and made them all of a uniform depth and colour, much as the writing-master mends the letters and strokes in a child's copy-book: and as they were very straight and regular, and too well broiled, to suffer any effusion of red blood, Tom's back did not look much the worse for the tattooing. In truth, if my readers recollect the excellent mode of making a cut down each side of a saddle of mutton, just to elicit the brown gravy, they will have a good idea of the longitudinal cauteries in question. On three or four of the tender places before mentioned Mr. Butler drew his transverse cross bars, which quite took off the uniform appearance, and gave a sort of garnished look to the whole drawing, which seemed very much to gratify the operator, who again walked round and round the body several times with a red-hot iron in his hand, surveying, and here and there retouching the ragged or uneven parts. This *finishing* rendered the whipper-in rather hoarse, and his first roars were now changed to softer notes—something as an opera singer occasionally breaks into his falsetto.

"'Howld your bother,' said Mr. Butler, to whom Tom's incessant shrieking had become very disagreeable: 'howld your music, I say, or I'll put a touch on your nose as tight as yourself did on Brown Jack, when I was firing the ring-bone out of him: you're a greater beast yourself nor ever Brown Jack was.'

"Mr. Butler having partly silenced the whipper-in through fear of the touch, the second part of the process was undertaken—namely, depositing what is termed by farriers the cold charge, on the back of Tom White. However, on this occasion the regular practice was somewhat varied, and the cold charge was nearly boiling hot when placed upon the raw ladder on the whipper-in's back. I saw the torture boiled in a large iron ladle, and will mention the ingredients, just to show that they were rather more exciting than our milk-and-water charges of the present day:—viz. 'Burgundy pitch, black pitch, diaculum, yellow wax, white wax, mustard, black resin, white resin, sal ammoniac, bruised hemlock, camphor, Spanish flies, and oil of organum, boiled up with spirits of turpen-

tine, onion juice, and a glass of whisky; it was kept simmering till it became of a proper consistence for application, and was then laid on with a painter's brush, in the same way they calk a pleasure-boat. Four coats of this savoury substance did the farrier successively apply, each one as the former began to cool. But, on the first application, even the dread of the touch could not restrain Tom White's vociferation. After this had settled itself in the chinks, he seemed to be quite stupid, and tired of roaring, and lay completely passive, or rather insensible, while Mr. Butler finished to his taste; dotting it over with short lamb's-wool as thick as it would stick, and then another coat of the unction, with an addition of wool; so that, when completed by several layers of charge and lamb's-wool, Tom's back might very well have been mistaken for a saddle of Southdown before it was skinned. A thin ash board was now neatly fitted to it down Tom's spine by the carpenter, and made fast with a few short nails driven into the charge. I believe none of them touched the quick, as the charge appeared above an inch and a half thick, and it was only at the blows of the hammer that the patient seemed to feel extra sensibility. Tom was now untied and helped to rise: his woolly carcase was bandaged all round with long strips of a blanket, which being done, the operation was declared to be completed, in less than three quarters of an hour.

"The other servants now began to make merry with Tom White. One asked him, how he liked purgatory?—another, if he'd 'stop thieving,' after that judgment on him?—a third, what more could Father Cahill do for him? Doctor Butler said but little: he assumed great gravity, and directed 'that the whipper-in should sit up stiff for seven days and nights, by which time the juices would be dried on him; after that he might lie down, if he could.'

"This indeed was a very useless permission, as the patient's tortures were now only in their infancy. So soon as the charge got cold and stiff in the nitches and fancy figures upon his back, he nearly went mad; so that for a few days they were obliged to strap him with girths to the head of his bed to make him 'stay easy'; and sometimes to gag him, that his roars might not disturb the company in the dining parlour. Wallace the piper said that Tom's roarings put him quite out! \* \* \*

"When the poor fellow's pains had altogether subsided, and the swathing was off, he cut one of the most curious figures ever seen: he looked as if he had a stake driven through his body; and it was not till the end of four months that Mr. Butler began to pour sweet oil down his neck, between his back and the charge, which he continued to do, daily for about another month, till the charge gradually detached itself, and broken-backed Tom was declared cured: in truth, I believe he never felt any inconvenience from his fall afterward."

Another anecdote is too good to be passed over.

### *"Skinning a Black Child.*

"A not unpleasant, because not fatal, incident may serve to illustrate the 'state of medicine and surgery, between forty and fifty years

ago, in Ireland. It occurred near my brother's house, at Castlewood, and the same Lieutenant Palmer, of Dureen, was a very interested party in it. \* \* The lieutenant having been, in America, had brought home a black lad as a servant, who resided in the house of Dureen with the family. It is one of the mysteries of nature, that infants sometimes come into this world marked and spotted in divers fantastical ways and places, a circumstance which the faculty, so far as they know anything about it, consider as the sympathetic effect either of external touch or ardent imagination;—or, if neither of these are held to be the cause, then they regard it as a sort of *lusus*. \* \* \*

"A sister of the lieutenant, successively a very good maiden, woman, and wife, had been married to one Mr. George Washington, of the neighbourhood, who, from his name, was supposed to be some distant blood relation to the celebrated General Washington; and, as that distinguished individual had no children, all the old women and other wisacres of Durrow, Ballyragget, Ballyspellen, and Ballynakill, made up their minds that his Excellency, when dying, would leave a capital legacy in America to his blood relation, Mr. George Washington, of Dureen, in Ireland. \* \* \*

"No joy ever exceeded that which seized on Mr. Washington, when it was announced that his beloved wife had been taken ill, and was in excessive torture. The entire household, master included, were just seated at a comfortable and plentiful dinner; the first slices off the round, or turkey, were cut and tasted; \* \* when Mrs. Gregory (the *lady's doctor*), who was, in her own way, a very shrewd, humorous kind of body, and to whom most people in that country under thirty-five years of age had owed their existence, entered the apartment to announce the happy arrival of as fine a healthy little boy as could be, and that Mrs. Washington was as well, or indeed rather better, than might be expected *under the circumstances*. A general cheer by the whole company followed, and bumpers of hot punch were drunk with enthusiasm to the success and future glory of the young General Washington.

"Mrs. Gregory at length beckoned old Mrs. Palmer to the window with a mysterious air, and whispered something in her ear; on hearing which, Mrs. Palmer immediately fell flat on the floor, as if dead. The old dames hobbled off to her assistance, and Mrs. Gregory affected to feel strongly herself about something,—ejaculating, loud enough to be generally heard, and with that sort of emphasis people use when they wish to persuade us they are praying in downright earnest, 'God's will be done!'

"What about?" said the lieutenant, bristling up:—"I suppose my mother has taken a glass too much: it is not the first time! she'll soon come round again, never fear. Don't be alarmed, my friends."

"God's will be done!" again exclaimed the oracular Mrs. Gregory.

"What's the matter? What is all this about?" grumbled the men. "Lord bless us! what can it be?" squalled the women.

"There cannot be a finer or stronger little boy in the 'varsal world,' said Mrs. Gregory: 'but, Lord help us!' continued she, unable longer to contain her overcharged grief, 'It's—*not so—so white* as it should be!'

"Not white?" exclaimed every one of the company simultaneously.

"No,—O Lord, no!" answered Mrs. Gregory. \* \* "God's will be done! but the dear little boy is—*quite black!*"

"Black! black!" echoed from every quarter of the apartment.

"As black as your hat, if not *blacker*," replied Mrs. Gregory.

"Oh! Oh—h!" groaned Mr. Washington.

"Oh! Oh—h!" responded Mrs. Gregory.

"Blood and ouns!" said the lieutenant—"See how I am shaking," said the midwife, taking up a large glass of potshen and drinking it off to settle her nerves. \* \* \*

"Sufficient could be gathered to demonstrate that young master Washington had not one white, or even *gray* spot on his entire body, and that some *fizzled* hair was already beginning to show itself on his little pate; but that no nurse could be found who would give him a drop of nourishment, even were he famishing—all the women verily believing that, as Mrs. Washington was herself an unexceptionable wife, it must be a son of the d—l by a dream, and nothing else than an imp. \* \* \*

"Never was there such a buzz and hubbub in any neighbourhood as now took place in and about the town of Castle Durrow. \* \* \*

"Mr. Washington and the lieutenant were by no means at ease upon the subject of this freak of Nature. \* \* \*

"Lieutenant Palmer was of course high in blood for the honour of his sister, and Mr. Washington cock-a-whoop for the character of his wife. \* \* \*

"The father and uncle decided calmly and properly to lay the whole affair before a consultation of doctors, to know if it was not a regular *imagination mark*. \* \* \*

"All the doctors in the neighbourhood were called in to the consultation. Old Butler the farrier (heretofore mentioned), came with all expedition to Dureen, and begged leave to give his opinion and offer his services, wishing to see Master Washington before the doctors arrived, as he had a secret for turning any skin ever so brown as white as milk!

"On seeing Master Washington, however, he declared he was *too black entirely* for his medicines, or any body else's. \* \* \*

"The first point stated and unanimously agreed on, was, 'that the child was black.' The reasons for that colour being universal on the young gentleman were not quite so clear. At length Dr. Bathron, finding he had the lead, \* \* \* declared with great gravity that he had read many authors upon the subject of *marks*, and could take upon himself positively to assert that the child was (according to all authority on such matters) a *casus omissus*. The others, not being exactly sure either of the shape, size, or colour, of a *casus omissus*, thought it better to accede to what they did not *comprehend*, and all subscribed to the opinion that the child was a *casus omissus*. \* \* \*

"Dr. Bathron, however, having, by search of old bookstalls in Dublin (whither he went for the purpose), found an ancient treatise, translated from the work of the high German Doctor Cratorius (who flourished in the fourteenth century), on *skinning* certain parts of the body to change the colour or complexion, or effectually to disguise criminals who had escaped from prison;—by which means, likewise, disfiguring marks, freckles, moles, &c. might be removed,—decided, that if this could be done partially, why not on the entire body, by little and little, and not skinning one spot till the last should be healed? He therefore stated to Mr. Washington, and all the good family of Dureen, that he would take upon himself to *whiten* the child—as he was perfectly satisfied the black skin was merely the outside, or scarf-skin, and that the real skin and flesh underneath were the same as every body else's.

"The mode of operating was now the subject of difficulty. It was suggested, and agreed on, to call in Mr. Knaggs, the doctor of Mount Meleck. \* \* \*

"The state of practice in Ireland suggested but two ways of performing this notable operation—one purely surgical, the other surgico-

medical: namely, either by gradually slaying with the knife, or by blisters."

Most people inclined to the blister, but the doctors, conceiving a blister might not rise regularly, and would, in that case, leave the child piebald, determined, as a first experiment, to try both. Accordingly,

"A strong blister, two inches by three, was placed on the child's right arm, and being properly covered, remained there without inflicting any torture for above an hour. The left arm was reserved for the scalpel and forceps, and the operator entertained no doubt whatever of complete success.

"The mode he pursued was very *scientific*; he made too parallel slashes as deep as he could in reason, about three inches down the upper part of the arm, and a cross one, to introduce the forceps and strip the loose black skin off, when he could snip it away at the bottom, and leave the white or rather red flesh underneath, to generate a new skin, and show the proper colouring for a god-child of General Washington.

"All eyes were now riveted to the spot. The women cried in an under key to Master George, who roared. 'Hush, hush, my dear,' said the Doctor, 'you don't know what's good for you, my little lieutenant!' whilst he applied the forceps, to strip the skin like a *surtout*. The skin was tight, and would not come away cleverly with the first tug, as the doctor had expected; nor did anything *white* appear, though a sufficiency of red blood manifested itself.

"The doctor was greatly surprised. 'I see,' said he, 'it is somewhat deeper than we had conceived. We have not got deep enough.' Another gash on each side; but the second gash had no better success. Doctor Bathron seemed desperate; but conceiving that in so young a subject one short cut—be it ever so deep—could do no harm, his hand shook, and he gave the scalpel its full force, till he found it touch the bone. The experiment was now complete; he opened the wound, and starting back, affected to be struck with horror, threw down his knife, stamped and swore the child was in fact either the devil or a *lusus Nature*, for that he could see the very bone, and the child was actually coal-black to the bone, and the bone black also, and that he would not have taken a thousand guineas to have given a single gash to a thing which was clearly supernatural—actually dyed in grain. He appeared distracted; however, the child's arm was bound up, a good poultice put over it, the blister hastily removed from the other arm, and the young gentleman, fortunately for Doctor Bathron, recovered from the scarification, and lived with an old dry-nurse for four or five years. He was then killed by a cow of his *father's* horning him, and died with the full reputation of having been a devil in reality, which was fully corroborated by a white sister."

We might go on with these anecdotes, through our whole paper; but, as those who love a hearty laugh, and have read the two first volumes, will not rest content until they have devoured this third; and those who have not read the former, will be very likely, either to buy all, or borrow all from the circulating library, we shall restrict ourselves to the two or three of the first brief anecdotes, which we may chance to alight on. Here is—

#### Curran and the Miller's Dog.

"Curran had told me, with infinite humour, of an adventure between him and a mastiff when he was a boy. He had heard somebody say, that any person throwing the skirts of his coat over his head, stooping low, holding out his arms and creeping along backward, might

frighten the fiercest dog and put him to flight. He accordingly made the attempt on a miller's animal in the neighbourhood, who would never let the boys rob the orchard; but found to his sorrow that he had a dog to deal with who did not care which end of a boy went foremost, so as he could get a good bite out of it. 'I pursued the instructions,' said Curran; 'and, as I had no eyes save those in front, fancied the mastiff was in full retreat: but I was confoundedly mistaken; for at the very moment I thought myself victorious, the enemy attacked my rear, and having got a reasonably good mouthful out of it, was fully prepared to take another before I was rescued.'

*Sir Hercules Langreish and his friend.*

"We found him in his study alone, poring over the national accounts, with two claret bottles empty before him, and a third bottle on the wane; it was about eight o'clock in the evening, and the butler, according to general orders when gentlemen came in, brought a bottle of claret to each of us. 'Why,' said Parnell, 'Sir Heck, you have emptied two bottles already.' 'True,' said Sir Hercules. 'And had you nobody to help you?' 'O yes, I had that bottle of port there, and I assure you he afforded me very great assistance!'"

On the death of Lord Clare, some members of the profession, wishing to pay respect to the first Irish Chancellor, determined, if possible that the bar should attend the funeral in a body; but as the Chancellor had been heartily disliked by many, they determined to sound the opinion of others, and waited first on Counsellor Keller:—

"'You know, my dear fellow,' said Arthur Chichester M'Courtney, who had been deputed as spokesman (beating about the bush), 'that Lord Clare is to be buried to-morrow?'"

"'Tis generally the last thing done with dead chancellors,' said Keller, coolly.

"'He'll be buried in St. Peter's,' said the spokesman.

"'Then he's going to a friend of the family,' said Keller. 'His father was a papist.'"

"This created a laugh disconcerting to the deputation;—however, for fear of worse, the grand question was then put. 'My dear Keller,' said the spokesman, 'the bar mean to go in procession; have you any objection to attend Lord Clare's funeral?'"

"'None at all,' said Keller, 'none at all! I shall certainly attend his funeral with the greatest pleasure imaginable!'"

*Fitzgibbon.*

"They used to tell a story of him respecting a certain client who brought his own brief and fee, that he might personally apologise for the smallness of the latter. Fitzgibbon, on receiving the fee, looked rather discontented. 'I assure you, Counsellor,' said the client (mournfully) 'I am ashamed of its smallness; but in fact it is all I have in the world.' 'Oh! then,' said Fitzgibbon, 'you can do no more:—as it's "all you have in the world,"—why—hem!—I must—take it!' \* \* \*

"Speaking of the Catholics in the hall of the Four Courts, Keller seemed to insinuate that Norcott was favourable to their emancipation.

"'What!' said Norcott, with a great show of pomposity—'what! Pray, Keller, do you see anything that smacks of the Pope about me?'"

"'I don't know,' replied Keller; 'but at all events there is a great deal of the Pretender, and I always understood them to travel in company.'"

Enough, at any rate, for one week.

*Henry Masterton.* By the Author of 'Darnley.' 3 vols. London: Colburn and Bentley.

A chivalrous tale in these unchivalrous times, is something daring; of this, the author of these volumes seems to have been aware, for he has mingled enough of the base, the grasping, and the sordid, to make it acceptable to the popular taste of the day. 'Henry Masterton' is a tale of true love, civil war, and domestic hate; the scene is laid in England and in France, and the time includes the stormy yet brilliant era of the rule—we ought to say, reign—of Oliver Cromwell. The hero is a cavalier; the heroine is of the same class: their loves are sadly crossed by fathers, by brothers, by sudden marches, alarms, and onslaughts: villany keeps them separate for a time; but, after many wild adventures and hair-breadth escapes—in one of which the lady is well nigh wed to a man she hates, and the gentleman in danger of being shot by one who owed him no enmity—true love and chivalrous honour regain and keep the ascendant. We have characters as various and as changeable too as the times in which they flourished—we have cavaliers from the high-souled and uncalculating class who fought from a chivalrous affection for the far-descended line of English princes and nobles, down to the reeling miscreants, who filled our change-houses and highways for the purpose of tipling and plunder; we have as a set-off against these, your stern lofty-minded republicans, who desired to see the reign of mind established, down to the sordid and snuffing psalm-singers, who hid much that was coarse, and mean, and detestable, under an exterior garb of sanctity. We have plotters too and planners—a sort of waiters upon chances, who desire to profit by the changes on both sides: moreover, we have one lady at least, who lends her influence, which is great, to the Puritans, and her charms, which are not small, to the cause of King Charles.

The chief excellence of the work is the unaffected sympathy of the author in all that is generous and heroic, and his dislike and loathing for whatever is vile and base. Though the hero is a cavalier and a sufferer for the cause, and though much of the interest which we feel in the narrative is excited by his strange fortunes, no sooner does the stern but not unkindly Ireton appear, than we give our affection to that manly and honest leader; in short, while we love the cavaliers, we cannot resist admiring the republicans. The mind of Mr. James seems almost too poetic for compositions of the mingled nature of the historical novel; he has little sympathy with people of a low condition in life, and, like Froissart, extends his affections to young knights about to win their spurs, and fair ladies, whose dark eyes and fine estates lead valour into captivity. He is a master of costume and manners, and gives us the colour and aspect of the times of which he treats; nor is he unskilful in character—on the contrary, for the most stirring scenes he finds suitable actors: General Ireton, Lord Masterton, Monsieur de Vitray, and Emily Langleigh, are drawn at full-length, and with great success—particularly the Frenchman, who is eternally praising his native land, and averring, in the words almost of the old ballad, that the sun took delight to shine for its sake.

But our chief favourite is the little evil spirit of a page called Ball-o'-Fire—an orphan nursed in the camp of Lord Goring; there is something so sagacious and so active—so fiery and yet so cool—so affectionate and yet so savage, about this sucking incendiary, that we cannot help liking him, and thanking the author for an original character, which smacks of the camp, and has nothing home-bred or domestic about it more than a wolf-cub.

Had we received these volumes earlier, our notice would have been more ample; but the gloss of novelty is gone by—the work was reviewed by one of our brethren nearly a month since. We refrain from speaking more at length on what must be familiar and well known; and we mention the circumstance, only to vindicate ourselves to an author whose genius we esteem. His booksellers are enterprising and pushing people, yet they neither consult his interest nor their own by such anticipatory notices. The system must not be persisted in; we have for these several months collected all the puffs positive, direct, and oblique, issued from two or three great publishers; we have also noted down every instance in which there has been an unfair attempt to influence public opinion—the measure is nearly full—our patience is nigh exhausted, and we feel an inclination to the fierce and the unsparing growing upon us.

*Froissart and his Times.* By the late Barry St. Leger, Esq. 3 vols. London: Colburn & Bentley.

As the last act of Henry VI. now serves for the first of Richard III., so may the concluding sentence of our review of 'Henry Masterton,' be read as introductory to this of 'Froissart.' This work was announced in the papers of last week, as "This day published." To put the truth of the advertisement to the test, we sent for it at the last hour on Friday night, and it could not be had in all Paternoster Row. The summary of the bookseller's own report, in his review of Saturday, was briefly, that the work is a collection of tales from Froissart—"we make no extracts, (saith he,) as we take it for granted that the majority are familiar with the chronicles, and shall only recommend the volumes to our juvenile readers." We will take the ghost's word for a thousand pounds, and, as we have but few juvenile readers, shall not trouble ourselves to send again for the work.

*Caracalla: a Tragedy.* By H. T. T. London: Groombridge; Andrews.

This drama is founded on one of the saddest deeds in Roman story; and it is to the praise of the author, that he has availed himself of most of the facts, and many of the sentiments of the historians, who wrote of the detestable Caracalla. We now and then desire a little more simplicity, or a little more energy; and sometimes we miss the rapid and hurrying rush of thought and language which distinguishes passion: nevertheless, the author engages our affections largely in behalf of the suffering and the oppressed, and kindles us up against the cruel and tyrannical oppressor. The soliloquy of Geta will show the merits and defects of our young dramatist:—

This is my envied greatness then—but this;  
Half empire, power, diadem a half—

To rule—and by that rule to 'establish firm  
The Roman name, the Imperial power and strength;  
To watch the bent, the tenor of its laws,  
As best and only safeguard to my throne—  
To deal with power, as with an axe, to lop  
Unsaply branches from the tree of Rome,  
That from the gifted space, to Heaven's high front,  
The seemliest bough may vegetate to use;  
To culture justice, and dispense its fruits;  
With mine own hand, to throw along the state  
A line of virtuous deeds, that all may speed  
To run its parallel, are cause for envy—  
Envy! and for food, to bloat ambition's carcass!  
—What windy void hath her ungilded maw,  
That I should fill the angry chasm?  
Is it not monstrous?—Monstrous too it is,  
As wrong of Heaven's benevolence, that in  
The every socket of this jointed frame,  
I crave an eye; and in each arm a sword,  
To guard the flood-gates of a treacherous life—  
Is this a state to be desired?—No.  
Is it a state to be rejected?—No.  
If not desired, or utterly contempt'd,  
To ply the doubtful current be my aim;  
Or like the wily stream, steal on my course,  
Along the margin of our tempting fates,  
Till by the river of the state accrued  
In one o'erwhelming flood I rush, and sweep  
The empire of my foes.—  
He is my brother—I should love him then:  
He is my elder—I should give him place—  
Why—now I reason—now, I am a child  
And call on nature as my waiting nurse:  
—What stirs me thus?—My fears?—My fears the cause?  
The cause my fears?—O jealousy, jealousy,  
Monster of dreads, ingratitude and crimes!  
Thou weav'st thy bristling locks with mine, till they  
Become one matted web inextricable—  
Cease! O cease thy hated vapours!—  
Cease, in my lungs to breathe thy horrid breaths,  
Lest thou become my very prototype!

There is too much bustle—too much  
hurrying to and fro—and far too much out-  
cry and exclamation in this drama, to make  
it very acceptable either in the closet or on  
the stage. The author may be assured that  
deeds such as he describes, being familiar  
to the natures of the actors, were done with  
far more ease, and less noise than he seems  
to imagine.

*History and Topography of the United States  
of America.* Illustrated with a series of  
views drawn expressly for the work.  
Philadelphia, Wardle: London, Hinton;  
and Simpkin & Marshall.

This valuable work is now complete, forming  
two handsome volumes quarto. The history  
is concise, yet satisfactory; the topography  
full, and we dare say accurate; and the illus-  
trations, which consist chiefly of views of nat-  
ural scenery, public monuments, national  
buildings, and maps of the various provinces,  
spread out as it were the whole republic be-  
fore us. This is the first work which has  
ventured to delineate the country, the people,  
the cities, the institutions, and monuments  
of America. The author, John Howard Hin-  
ton, says in his preface, that "the history of  
the United States is in many respects humili-  
ating and painful to the feelings of English-  
men;" in this we differ from him; we are proud  
of America; we are of opinion that from no  
other people in Europe, could a nation so strong  
in feelings of independence, and so wise and  
reasonable in maintaining it, have sprung;  
we see in our brethren on the other side of  
the Atlantic, the descendants of those noble-  
minded men, who, suffering in this isle for  
freedom's sake, carried to the new world a  
sense of independence, and a love of religion,  
on which the present greatness of Ame-  
rica is established. We have only to add,  
that this work is the fruit of much outlay and  
research—that the historical portion is written  
with much candour and love of truth, and  
that the illustrations are very creditable.  
We wish it all the success which it so well  
deserves.

*The Music of Nature.* By William Gar-  
diner. London: Longman & Co.

Mr. Gardiner is an enthusiast; but he is  
also a man of genius. He has successfully  
treated a subject, on which most other writers  
have fallen into affectation and nonsense.  
His views are fanciful and original, and may  
be true; he will be a bold man who ven-  
tures to say more in their praise. We  
opened his volume with great misgivings,  
but read it with great delight. There are  
some opinions we differ from, and some as-  
sertions of which we doubt the accuracy;  
for instance, we think Mr. Gardiner mis-  
taken in what he says of the cuckoo. That  
bird certainly, in his early song, gives a dis-  
tinct major third; but towards the close of  
the season, this major third is so flattened,  
as to become a minor third, a little out of  
tune. Neither is it true, that all cuckoos  
sing in the same diapason or pitch. We  
have, ourselves, heard two cuckoos at the same  
time, being between the two, at an almost  
equal distance from each; and so far from  
singing in unison, there was a difference of  
three semi-tones between them. Besides, it  
is a well-known physiological fact, that there  
is as great variety of temperament and con-  
stitution in animals, as in man; and the  
pitch of the voice is subject to the same laws.

As Mr. Gardiner's theories are illustrated  
by engraved music, which we cannot ex-  
tract, we shall select only some incidental  
anecdotes or opinions.

The following are curious facts, relative  
to the powers of the human ear:—

"The atmosphere is the grand medium by  
which sound is conveyed, though recent dis-  
coveries prove that other bodies conduct it with  
greater expedition, as in the instance of vibrat-  
ing a tuning fork, to the stem of which is at-  
tached a packthread string; on the other end  
being wrapt round the little finger, and placed  
in the chamber of the ear, the sound will be  
audibly conveyed to the distance of two hun-  
dred yards, though not perceptible to any by-  
stander. Miners, in boring for coal, can tell by  
the sound what substance they are penetrating;  
and a recent discovery is that of applying a lis-  
tening-tube to the breast to detect the motions  
of the heart. The quickness which some per-  
sons possess in distinguishing the smaller sounds,  
is very remarkable. A friend of the writer has  
declared he could readily perceive the motion of  
a flea, when on his nightcap, by the sound emit-  
ted by the machinery of his leaping powers.  
However extraordinary this may appear, we find  
a similar statement is given in the ingenious  
work upon insects, by Kirby and Spence, who  
say, 'I know of no other insect, the tread of  
which is accompanied by sound, except indeed  
the flea, whose steps a lady assured me she  
always hears when it passes over her night-cap,  
and that it clacks as if it was walking in pat-  
terns!' If we can suppose the ear to be alive to  
such delicate vibrations, certainly there is no-  
thing in the way of sound too difficult for it to  
achieve."

Of the great superiority of Cremona vio-  
lins:—

"To those who are conversant with the power  
of musical instruments, the following observa-  
tions will be fully understood. The violins  
made at Cremona about the year 1660 are su-  
perior in tone to any of a later date, age seem-  
ing to dispossess them of their noisy qualities,  
and leaving nothing but the pure tone. If a  
modern violin is played by the side of one of  
these instruments, it will appear much the  
louder of the two, but on receding 100 paces,

when compared with the *Amati*, it will be  
scarcely heard."

The following on vocal performers, is  
worthy of attention:—

"The cultivation of the female voice has con-  
ferred upon the musical art a charm never con-  
templated by our early composers; and of late  
it has been carried to such perfection as nearly  
to surpass every instrument in its powers of  
execution and expression. Two hundred years  
ago, a solo for either instrument or voice was  
unknown; but such is the love of exhibition at  
the present day, that it is found expedient to  
impose a fine of five guineas upon any one per-  
forming a solo, either in the Antient or Phil-  
harmonic Concerts. But, as Dr. Burney ob-  
serves, instead of this sum being forfeited, if  
five hundred had been offered to the individual  
who could perform such a feat at that time,  
fewer candidates would have entered the lists,  
than if the like sum had been offered for flying  
from Salisbury steeple over Old Sarum without  
a balloon. For the last one hundred and thirty  
years we have scarcely produced more than half  
a dozen singers of first-rate eminence of either  
sex; while Italy has been pouring into this  
country a crowd of vocalists."

To this we will add a short account of the  
celebrated Grassini:—

"Grassini was the first female singer who  
appeared on the Italian theatre with a contralto  
voice, that part having been previously sustained  
by men. Her tones, though purely feminine,  
were so new, that they were received with dis-  
trust; and some time elapsed before the audience  
were reconciled to a voice which was thought  
greatly too low for a woman. Her compass did  
not exceed ten notes, from A in the bass to c in  
the treble; but such was their rich and mellow  
quality, that they formed a new species of de-  
light in the vocal art. Her pathos and feeling  
became the more evident when contrasted with  
the cold and fluty tones of Billington. She was  
beautiful and graceful; and her acting was su-  
perior to all those who had preceded her. From  
the introduction of Grassini, we may date one of  
the greatest improvements in the opera, that of  
the *duetto* for female voices, in which Rossini has  
shown such exquisite and incomparable taste."

An anecdote of Catalani, will not be here  
out of place:—

"When Captain Montague was cruising off  
Brighton, Madame Catalani was invited, with  
other ladies, to a brilliant fête on board his  
frigate. The captain went in his launch on  
shore, manned by more than twenty men, to  
escort the fair freight on board, and as the boat  
was cutting through the waves, Madame Catalani  
without any previous notice, commenced the air  
of '*Rule Britannia*.' Had a voice from the  
great deep spoken, the effect could not have been  
more instantaneous and sublime. The sailors,  
not knowing whom they were rowing, were so  
astonished and enchanted into inactivity, that  
with one accord they rested upon their oars,  
while tears trembled in the eyes of many of them.  
'You see, Madame,' said the Captain, 'the effect  
this favourite air has upon these brave men,  
when sung by the finest voice in the world. I  
have been in many victorious battles, but never  
felt any excitement equal to this.' On arriving  
on board, the sailors, with his consent, entreated  
her to repeat the strain: she complied with the  
request with increased effect, and with so much  
good-nature, that when she quitted the ship, they  
cheered her until she reached the shore."

We are sorry, that Mr. Gardiner should  
have recorded in this valuable work, the  
silly anecdote of Paganini's confinement in  
a dungeon; where, having a violin with only  
one string, he, by incessant practice, acquired  
his extraordinary execution. The story is  
false, from beginning to end.



The following anecdote of Braham's parrot, is curious:—

"Parrots, like cuckoos, form their notes deep in the throat, and show great aptitude in imitating the human voice. A most remarkable instance I met with at Mr. Braham's villa in Brompton. A lady, who had great admiration for his talents, presented him with a parrot, on which she had bestowed great pains in teaching it to talk. After dinner, during a pause in the conversation, I was startled by a voice from one corner of the room calling out, in a strong hearty manner, 'Come, Braham, give us a song!' Nothing could exceed the surprise and admiration of the company. The request being repeated, and not answered, the parrot struck up the first verse of '*God save the King*,' in a clear, warbling tone, aiming at the style of the singer, and sang it through. The ease with which this bird was taught, was equally surprising with the performance. The same lady prepared him to accost Catalani, when dining with Mr. Braham, which so alarmed Madame, that she nearly fell from her chair. Upon his commencing '*Rite Britannia*,' in a loud and intrepid tone, the chantress fell on her knees before the bird, exclaiming, in terms of delight, her admiration of its talents.

"This parrot has only been exceeded by Lord Kelley's, who, upon being asked to sing, replied—'I never sing on a Sunday.' 'Never mind that, Poll, come give us a song.' 'No, excuse me, I've got a cold—don't you hear how hoarse I am?' This extraordinary creature performed the three verses entire of '*God save the King*,' words and music, without hesitation, from the beginning to the end."

We call the attention of singers to the following remark upon orchestras:—

"The concert orchestras are universally defective: the stringed instruments are overpowered by a crowd of flutes, clarionets, bassoons, trumpets, trombones, drums, and horns. If we except the Philharmonic band, there is not one in London that is properly composed. Singers have an aversion to the full orchestra, and to save the expense of duplicate parts, seldom give out more than one copy to each of the stringed instruments, thinking they shall be better heard by abridging them: they forget that in every case there is seldom or ever a sufficient number of violins, to moderate and keep down the force of the wind instruments. The writer noticed two circumstances in the Abbey band in the year 1791, worthy of remark: first, the great softness with which the songs were executed, although three hundred and seventy-seven stringed instruments accompanied the single voice: such was the lightness of the effect, that they did not overpower or incommode it. Second, from the great extent of the surface from which the sounds emanated, they were diffused through the atmosphere, so as completely to fill it. No single instrument was heard, but all were blended together in the softest showers of harmony."

In our notice of this entertaining work, we may be allowed to add, that its use is not confined to the musician alone; it contains hints and examples of great value to public speakers; and we have no doubt that the '*Music of Nature*' will obtain that popularity to which it is so justly entitled.

*A Narrative of a Nine Months' Residence in New Zealand.* By Augustus Earle.

[Second Notice.]

We now resume our extracts from this interesting volume—and first, of

*The New Zealanders.*

"The natives are 'cast in beauty's perfect mould:' the children are so fine and powerfully

made, that each might serve for a model of a statue of 'the Infant Hercules:' nothing can exceed the graceful and athletic forms of the men, or the rounded limbs of their young women. These possess eyes beautiful and eloquent, and a profusion of long, silky, curling hair: while the intellects of both sexes seem of a superior order: all appear eager for improvement, full of energy, and indefatigably industrious. \* \* \*

"I must do justice to the temperate habits of my savage friends. During my residence in New Zealand, I have known but very few who were addicted to drinking, and I scarcely ever saw one of them in a state of intoxication; and, on this occasion, where a profusion of what they esteem delicacies was provided gratuitously, they partook so moderately of the tempting fare as not to be prevented using the most violent exertions immediately after their meal. \* \* \*

"The great and leading defect in this country, and the principal cause of their frequent wars and disturbances, which harass and depopulate the tribes and put a stop to all improvement, is the want of some regular system of government. There are only two classes of people—chiefs and slaves; and, as consanguinity constitutes a high claim, the eldest son of a large family, who can bring the greatest number of warriors of his own name into the field, is considered the chief of that district or tribe; and as he, by reason of his followers, can take possession of the greatest number of prisoners or slaves, he becomes the ruling man. Every other man of his tribe considers himself on an equality with him in everything, except that he shows him obedience, and follows him to battle.

"Each is independent in his own family, and holds uncontrolled power of life and death over every individual it contains. They seem not to exercise any coercion over the younger branches of a family, who are allowed unbounded liberty till the girls have sweethearts and the boys are strong enough to go to war. They are kind and hospitable to strangers; and are excessively fond of their children. On a journey, it is more usual to see the father carrying his infant than the mother; and all the little offices of a nurse are performed by him with the tenderest care and good humour. In many instances (wherein they differ from most savage tribes) I have seen the wife treated as an equal and companion. In fact, when not engaged in war, the New Zealander is quite a domestic, cheerful, harmless character; but once rouse his anger, or turn him into ridicule, and his disposition is instantly changed."

Mr. Earle throughout speaks in terms of high praise of the character of the people, and of the progressive advance they are making towards civilization. Our navigators, indeed, report them to be treacherous and wantonly cruel; but it is not remembered how often they may have innocently offended against their prejudices, and even their religious opinions. It appears from the accounts collected by Mr. Earle, that it was owing to an unintentional offence of this nature—fishing in taboo'd water, and drawing their nets on to the sacred beach—that Captain Marion and his crew were murdered. From like ignorance Mr. Earle and his friends were placed in a position of great difficulty. The vessel had, accidentally, a chief from another part of the island on board. The moment he was seen, King George and the natives became outrageous, and resolved on vengeance:—

"To all our remonstrances George replied, 'Any other man than this I would have pardoned; but it was only last year he killed, and helped to eat, my own uncle, whose death still

remains unrevenged: I cannot allow him to leave my country alive; if I did, I should be despised for ever.'

"I was greatly grieved at the circumstance; but as I was somewhat of a favourite with George, I succeeded in convincing him that it arose purely from accident, and no intention of giving him offence; and he consented to leave him on board, but cautioned us not to allow him to land. 'If I see him on shore, he dies,' he repeated several times. \* \* \*

"Some days having passed since this altercation with George, we thought no more about it. The brig, from various causes, was certain to remain some time in this harbour; and, as our New Zealand guest expressed a great desire to go on shore one day, we consented to his accompanying us. We had scarcely entered our house, when we had reason to repent the imprudent step we had taken: all the natives were in commotion; messengers were sent off to George to acquaint him with the circumstance, and soon after we saw him, attended by all his relations, accoutred for war; that is, quite naked, their skins oiled and painted, and armed with muskets. Fury was in their looks and gestures as they hastened towards our residence. We had scarcely time to shut and fasten our door, when they made a rush to force it; and we had a severe struggle to keep them out. At one period their rage became so ungovernable that we expected every instant they would fire on us for preventing their entrance. The man who was the cause of all this violence crept into our bed-room, and kept out of sight; but he did not, at any period of the disturbance, exhibit the least sign of fear, so accustomed are they from childhood to these deadly frays.

"When the natives found we would not give up the man, but that they must murder us before they could accomplish their revenge, the disappointment rendered them nearly frantic. Our situation was most critical and appalling; and nothing can be a more convincing proof of the influence the Europeans have obtained over them, than that, at such a moment, they should have refrained from setting fire to or pulling down the house, and sacrificing every one of us. George again remonstrated with us, assuring us it was his sacred duty to destroy this man, now he was in his territory; a duty which, he said, he owed to the memory of his murdered relations, and which must be performed, even though he should sacrifice his 'good English friends.' He cautioned us not to stand between him and his enemy, who must die before the sun-set, pointing, at the same time, to that luminary, and ordering his slaves to kindle a large fire to roast him on. Finally, he and his friends planted themselves all round the house to prevent the escape of their victim."

King George was at length prevailed on to permit the man to return to the ship.

"During this transaction I witnessed the natural kindness of heart and disinterested tenderness of the female sex: no matter how distressing the circumstance or appalling the danger, they are, in all countries, the last to forsake man. While the enraged chiefs were yelling outside our house, and all our exertions could scarcely prevent them from making a forcible entry, all the women were sitting with, and trying to comfort the unhappy cause of this calamity. They had cooked for him a delicate dinner; brought him fruit, and were using every means by which they could keep up his spirits, and buoy up his hopes; confidently assuring him the white men would not yield him up to his ferocious foes. Notwithstanding all their exertions, he was miserable, till informed by me of his safety; and I received the warmest thanks, and even blessings from his 'fair friends,' as if I had conferred upon each a personal favour."

Neither Mr. Bennett nor Mr. Earle give a

very favourable report of the Missionaries, or of the success of their labours.

"It has been imagined that the residence of missionaries would have the effect of civilizing the natives, and adding to the safety of ships touching here; but experience fully proves the fallacy of such an expectation. These people, abstracted by their own gloomy reflections, look with contempt on all who are in the pursuit of 'worldly wealth;' and regard the arrival of a whaler as an enemy coming to interfere with the spiritual interests of 'their flock,' as they term the inhabitants; though I never yet saw one proselyte of their converting.

"They never visit a whaler except on a Sunday, and then it is to beg for the benefit of their society. It cannot, therefore, be expected that much sympathy can exist between parties, where the cold formality of one excites the contempt and disgust of the other."

On one occasion, when Mr. Earle was present,—

"The minister endeavoured to explain the sacred mysteries of our religion to a number of the chiefs who were present. They listened attentively to all he said, and expressed no doubts as to its truth, only remarking that 'as all these wonderful circumstances happened only in the country of the white men, the great Spirit expected the white men only to believe them.' The missionary then began to expatiate on the torments of hell, at which some of them seemed horrified, but others said, 'they were quite sure such a place could only be made for the white faces, for they had no men half wicked enough in New Zealand to be sent there;' but when the reverend gentleman added with vehemence that 'all men' would be condemned, the savages all burst into a loud laugh, declaring 'they would have nothing to do with a God who delighted in such cruelties;' and then (as a matter of right) hoped the missionary would give them each a blanket for having taken the trouble of listening to him so patiently."

The dogs left by the early voyagers have multiplied to such an extent, as to be now an intolerable nuisance; so the cats at Tristan D'Aunha.

"When the first settlers arrived here, they brought with them several cats; some of which unfortunately escaped into the bushes, and have increased so rapidly, that they have become quite a nuisance. Poultry had run wild, and the climate was so congenial, that they multiplied prodigiously, and were to be found in all parts of the island in abundance; but since the cats have been introduced, the poor fowls disappear rapidly. Indeed, these wild cats come so near the settlement as to attack and carry off the domestic poultry. I was out a few mornings ago, when the dogs caught one upon the beach. The nature and appearance of the animal seemed quite changed; all the characteristics of the domestic cat were gone: it was fierce, bold, and strong; and stood battle some time, against four good dogs, before it was killed."

*The opinion of the Natives on the Compass.*

"The second day after we were at sea, I saw a group of savages lying round the binnacle, all intently occupied in observing the phenomenon of the magnetic attraction; they seemed at once to comprehend the purpose to which it was applied, and I listened with eager curiosity to their remarks upon it.

"This," said they, 'is the white man's God, who directs them safely to different countries, and then can guide them home again.' Out of compliment to us, and respect for its wonderful powers, they seemed much inclined to worship this silent little monitor."

We now take leave of Mr. Earle, wishing him a pleasant voyage; and trusting

that the success of this work will tempt him to give us another chapter out of the Journal of his wandering life.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'Sketches of Venetian History,' Vol. II. This volume forms the thirty-second number of Murray's Family Library; and, perhaps, it would be enough were we to say that it equals, in the spirit of its narrative and the graphic force of its details, its elder brother, volume the first, which we noticed some time ago. The history of that remarkable republic is now brought down from the year 1400 to its final extinction by the French in 1798, and the adventures of its children by sea and land, and the vicissitudes of its own changeable fortunes are related at great length, probably more than necessary. The story of Venice is one of a romantic kind: she fought more great battles for existence or conquest by land, and fitted out more splendid naval armaments for protection or aggression at sea, than nations of ten times her extent: Christendom at large owes her much for her valour against the Infidels; Freedom owes her something for preserving at least an image of liberty on her shores, when half the earth around her was sunk in slavery; and Commerce is deeply indebted to her intrepid and fortunate navigators, who showed or led the way to riches and honours. It is these considerations which make the name of Venice dear to us; nor are there wanting other ties. Our Shakspeare, our Otway, and our Byron, have made her streets, her palaces, and public places, as well as her citizens, familiar to us by the imperishing charm of divine verse: nor should we forget that she foiled not only open enemies, but discovered and frustrated the most extraordinary conspiracy—formed by one nation against another—which the world ever heard of. On the whole, the volume is worthy of the Family Library; the embellishments, too, are numerous, and, what is better, much to the purpose.

'The Unchanged:' a Novel. 3 vols.—Mr. Newman assuredly is the most fortunate of all publishers: his authors and authoresses have all fine-sounding poetic-looking names—he has no Crabbes, nor Scotts, nor, in short, any other barbarous name on his list—he deals in Rosas, Selinas, Celestinas, Seraphinas, and Clementinas, and hence we have stories all silk and satin and otto of roses, which throw our young ladies into gentle raptures, and are even but too captivating for us elderly men. Read but the spell which our Selina of 'The Unchanged' casts at the threshold of her story, and doubt, if you can, that it leads not to sweet love, sad crosses, fortunate incidents, and happy marriages. "It was a bright and cloudless morning in Spring, when the cheering rays of the sun shone full on the venerable countenance of Farmer Bloomfield, and, by their warmth, awakened him from a sleep as calm and tranquil as was the heart of the good old man." We shall not unveil—to use the appropriate language—any further the chaste blessings of love or the sacred mysteries of Hymen, but leave the adventure to such of our readers as may choose to encounter it in company with Selina Davenport.

'The Frugal Housewife,'—dedicated to those who are not ashamed of economy, by Mrs. Child,—like all the works we have ever seen by this lady, appears to be excellent. We are not now speaking on our poor unauthoritative judgment; the work has been submitted to all the "womankind" of the family; and they are agreed that the receipts alone are worth the price of the volume, and that it is equally valuable to mistress and maid.

'Introduction to Goldsmith's Grammar of Geography.'—This little ninepenny thing is for the use of junior pupils, and contains, in small com-

pass, much that must be sought widely elsewhere.

'A Royal Road to Short Hand, and a Key to the Same,' by G. W. Jones.—We are admonished to beware how we meddle with the mysteries of short hand by an inscription still extant in Westminster cloisters:—

With diligence and zeal most exemplary  
Did William Lawrence serve a Prebendary:  
Short hand he wrote, his flower in prime did fade,  
And hasty death short hand with him hath made.

'A Roman History for Youth,' by T. Rose, is a meagre outline, and has been compiled from sources long since convicted of inaccuracy, and is besides very carelessly executed. The illustrations are designed by Brooke—but either he has been more negligent of his fame than usual, or has not received justice from the hands of the engraver.

The second volume of 'The Family Topographer,' by Samuel Tymms, contains Cornwall, Devonshire, Dorsetshire, Hampshire, Somersetshire, and Wiltshire. The first volume had our good word, and the present appears to have been compiled with equal care.

'Doddridge's Devotional Letters,' &c. There was a time when an English lady would scarcely have deemed her devotion to be real, unless she had it fortified by frequent admonitions from the lips, and letters from the hand of some distinguished divine. Many of these letters are extant—those of Rutherford are, perhaps, the most singular: on reading them one cannot but be struck with his ingenuity in making them acceptable to his fair correspondents; they abound in spiritual raptures, allegorical wooings; and, when he quotes Scripture he has recourse to the Song of Solomon, and cites those verses which speak of kisses. The letters of Doddridge are more guarded, more elegant, but nothing like so interesting as are those of the elder divine. The present volume, however, contains many epistles to male devotees; and, to the whole are added, meditations and lectures from the most popular of the author's works.

Another 'Memoir of Eugene Aram,' by Mr. Morriison Scatchard, has been sent to us. It is surely time to let the murderer's memory be forgotten; but Mr. Scatchard's babble about the "great man—the solitary rambler—the sublime visionary—the worshipper of nature," is exceedingly disgusting.

'The Literary Pancreatium,' by R. Carr, and T. S. Carr.—Under this odd title much learning and much agreeable—nay, searching, writing, are concealed. The two bold brethren have ventured on the discussion of perilous themes—viz. knowledge—the immateriality of the soul—the immortality of the soul—on natural religion—the origin of natural religion—those mental associations which precede and follow discoveries—on language—on the existence of the Deity—on revelation. These are subjects, some of which have been often, perhaps too often, discussed: they are too profound, and too awful for human ingenuity to make much of: the sword of sacred mystery opposes the way to them as it did to the Garden of Eden of old, and men even of learning and genius should abstain from approaching. Our authors, nevertheless, embark with much boldness and perfect self-possession on the dangerous sea of these speculations; they beg charts, and borrow lights indeed from all lands, and when they know not well in what direction to go, they lay down their oars and trust to fortune. When the husband, in Prior's tale, disclosed to his spouse a new scheme of domestic happiness, he "backed his opinions with quotations;" in like manner the makers of this book embellish one part and strengthen another, and, we are afraid, weaken a third, by quotations from sermons, poems, speeches, magazines and reviews. We have been by turns, pleased, delighted, amused, and offended in the perusal of this singular work.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS

## SIR WALTER SCOTT'S RETURN TO ENGLAND.

BY H. F. CHORLEY.

CHANGE is abroad, and tumult:—ancient thrones  
Shake on their pedestals—distrust and fear  
Brood o'er the dwellings of those haughty ones  
Whose names were late a tower of strength,—  
we hear

Rumours of battles from afar,—the ear  
With ghastly tales of pestilence runs o'er;  
And dauntless hearts grow dull, that never sunk  
before.

We live not in the easy plenteous day  
Of seed-time hope and harvest merriment;  
The hind no longer to some rustic lay  
Whetteth his scythe—but sadly doth lament  
Bright years gone by—or plods along, intent  
On care and want to come;—in every field  
Sadness hath silenced song;—the lover's lip is  
sealed.

We hear of heavy things—the mighty fall,—  
And none rise up to fill their vacant seat:  
The tomb those great magicians doth enthrall  
Who held the world of hearts beneath their  
feet—  
The Bard whose music made our pulses beat  
Even as he willed—the Prophet and the Sage—  
Rests by his princely friend—the giant of his  
age!—

We hear of heavy things—there went one forth  
Whose spells ten thousand thousand hearts  
obeyed—

We thought th' inclement breezes of the north  
Too boisterous for a flame about to fade:  
And to the spirit of the south we prayed  
With genial airs to nurse its waning fire,  
Nor let its precious light in her warm breast  
expire.

The summer brings him back—ah! woeful day,  
When the tired wanderer finds his native  
shore,

Not with the buoyant step, the promise gay  
Of active health, to gladden us once more—  
Lies not Life's secret in his treasured lore?—  
Vain thought—how vain!—a cloud of boding  
fears

Sinks on the anxious heart, and loads the eyes  
with tears.

Must he too go?—Come, sit we by his gate  
To catch the tidings of the passing hour,—  
Is there not yet retrieval left to Fate?  
Is there not Hope, unalienable dower  
That clings to Life?—Hath mind divine no  
power

For him who bears it, to increase the span  
Of few and changeful years allotted unto man?

Thou seek'st too much—and yet, that spark from  
Heaven,

That mind divine, itself shall never die!—  
Lo—on the earth it shall survive—the heaven  
Of future triumphs over worlds that lie  
In the gross darkness of the sealed eye.

Years pass—it spreads—it breathes—it burns—  
and light

Breaks out where was but mist—and knowledge  
springs from night!

Then hold thy hope—though they must go—  
whose songs

We hung upon like oracles—the seed  
Is sown among the world's unheeding throngs,  
From which the Tree of Life shall yet proceed,  
Whose fruit is lofty thought, and noble deed;  
It shall increase—shall flourish—bright and  
brave,  
Albeit its Planter's hand lie withered in the  
grave.

THE LIFE AND CONFESSIONS, INCLUDING THE  
OPINIONS, MORAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL, OF  
DICKY O'BRADY, ESQ.

[Continued from No. 243.]

I have a little deviated from the strict  
order of time in this narrative; but the plan  
of my story renders a certain portion of ir-  
regularity eminently necessary.

I come now to that period of my human  
existence when I was eight years of age.

It may perhaps be generally asserted  
that the progress made by any given indi-  
vidual in learning depends less on the price  
paid for his education, than his capacity or  
willingness to receive instruction. My mo-  
ther derived our means of subsistence from  
the purchase of oysters at the market of Bil-  
lingsgate, and the subsequent sale of that  
nutritious fish, at an inconsiderable profit,  
at the corner of the court in which we lived.

From this acknowledgment, it may be  
inferred that it did not come within the  
ability of my mother to provide for my edu-  
cation at any of the greater, or more expen-  
sive, establishments for instruction. This is  
an advantage from which the poor are for  
ever excluded. I was consequently intrusted  
to the care of one who, as the poet expresses  
it, "taught the young idea how to shoot,"  
in consideration of the humble recompense  
of three-pence per week. Thus it will be  
seen that, even allowing the year to consist  
of fifty-two weeks, the annual charge of my  
education could not possibly exceed thirteen  
shillings. It must, however, in fairness be  
admitted that, on a subsequent year, this  
charge was somewhat aggravated by the  
necessity that occurred of furnishing me  
with a slate and a ciphering-book. Slate!  
What a sensitive and impressive being is  
man! That the mere act of writing this one  
little word should possess the magic and  
irresistible power of disturbing the whole of  
my animal organization, and of shaking my  
immortal soul as the leaf is shaken by the  
blast! Strange as it may appear, this dumb  
and passive utensil was to become the ar-  
biter of my destiny! Oh! that I had  
been gifted with the power of Hercules,  
as described in Tooke's Pantheon, or the  
strength of Samson, anterior to the cropping  
of his hair by the barbarous and barberizing  
Dalilah! I would have dashed thee into mil-  
lions of pieces, and again shattered each par-  
ticular and individual fragment into atoms  
innumerable! . . . . But to proceed.

The name of the superintendent of the  
society in which I was now admitted a mem-  
ber was *O'Floggarty*. School-boys are ever  
prone to bestow, what they term nick-names  
on all who come within the sphere of their  
acquaintance. . . . I shall not attempt  
to account for this propensity. I merely  
state the fact. I retain a fresh and perfect  
recollection of one of those "flashes of mer-  
riment," as Shakspeare, in his tragedy of  
Hamlet, expresses it, which the propensity  
I have just noticed elicited.

One of my school-fellows, a lively, whim-  
sical lad, perceiving that the name of *O'Flog-  
garty* was eminently susceptible of a pun,  
waggishly converted it into *Old Flog-hearty!*  
The jest was hailed with enthusiasm. The  
inventor was instantly proclaimed the very  
paragon of wit. His success invested him  
with a certain degree of influence in all the  
proceedings of this little community. He  
became the lord of the ascendant. His name

was *Stubbs*. It must be confessed, that he  
was a lad of amiable and engaging manners.  
In his person he was beautiful. His exte-  
rior habiliments were composed partly of  
brown velvet, and partly of crimson  
plush. It was scarcely possible to conceive,  
against such a being, a sentiment of dislike;  
and thence it resulted that I hated, I ab-  
horred, I detested him! His jest was not  
the emanation of my spirit, and I envied him  
its success. At that moment I conceived  
the idea, that we must for ever be bitter and  
remorseless enemies; that it was inevitably  
in the destiny of one of us to destroy the other.  
I formed the determination, if possible, to  
destroy him. It may, perhaps, be imagined,  
that I was not, what is usually termed, a  
well-disposed lad. I confess it. I was, com-  
paratively, a bad boy. Strictly speaking, I  
was positively a bad boy. In a word, I was  
superlatively a bad boy. "Show me a boy  
with such a mind as this, and time, that  
ripens manhood in him, shall ripen vice too."  
—*The Gamester, a Tragedy in five acts.*—  
Act 1. sc. 2. p. 3. line 4. ed. 5.

At the time of which I am now speak-  
ing, the metropolis was agitated by the com-  
motion, vulgarly distinguished as the Riots  
of Eighty. If there be one subject rather  
than another in which numerous bodies of  
children feel intensely interested, it may be  
said to be a political dispute. Another cir-  
cumstance, eminently tending to heighten  
this interest is, the fortunate concurrence of  
a religious feeling being grafted, if I may  
so express myself, upon the political stem.  
These disturbances, it is well-known, received  
also the appellation of the "No Popery  
Riots."

It happened that the school of which I  
was a member was eminently popish. We  
were, to a boy, the offspring of popish parents.  
Any slur upon the cause of popery would  
have invited the utter and inevitable destruc-  
tion of him who should have dared to level  
it. I have already mentioned *Billy White*.  
A custom at this time existed in the school,  
of shooting peas at each other, out of a hol-  
low tube. This weapon, paramourly sim-  
ple in its construction, was denominated a  
pop-gun. I was of a grave cast of mind. I  
took no delight in this amusement. I dis-  
liked it in an inexpressible degree. . . .

It was a remarkable part of my system  
of conduct never to talk more than was  
strictly necessary. Not only was I silent  
when I had nothing to say; but frequently,  
when it became a matter of urgency that I  
should communicate my ideas to another, I  
preferred, if possible, to convey them through  
any other medium than that of language.  
Thus, I frequently expressed my thoughts  
and feelings by a look, a nudge, or a kick.  
Having stated this circumstance, it will ap-  
pear the less extraordinary that I devised  
the expedient of exhibiting in writing my  
protest against the use of pop-guns. . . .

I have already said it became necessary  
to furnish we with a slate. At the period I  
am now speaking of, I was in possession of  
it. According to the laws by which the  
right of property is regulated and established,  
the slate was legally and equitably mine. It  
was superlatively my slate. No honourable  
or ingenious mind would have disputed my  
property in it. I contemplated my right in  
it with feelings of indescribable complacency.  
I knew that nothing short of the appli-

cation of an external and unjust force could divest me of it. Yet I was not ignorant that it might be wrenched and wrested from me. The physical possession of it might indeed be abstracted from me, and vested in another; but the moral right of property in the slate would still be mine; nor could the most subtle and plausible inventions of argument, backed and aided by the united force of all the armies of Europe, deprive me of it. From what I have here premised, it will naturally be anticipated, that a spoliation of this kind had been meditated. No such thing. No indications of any attempt, nor, indeed, of any disposition, hostile to my property, were ever manifested. I basked in the quiet and undisputed possession of my slate. But to proceed.

On one side of this utensil was proposed the following question, the solution of which was referred to my arithmetical abilities, namely: "If a barrel of herrings cost fifteen shillings, what is the distance to Tyburn turnpike?" I record this absurd query as a striking example of the contemptible and senseless waggery to which that petty tyrant of a school, the monitor, will occasionally descend. The other side of my slate presented, as Shakspeare says in his play of *Twelfth Night*, "a blank." I promptly conceived the idea of rendering this blank an accessory in the project I have alluded to. I did not for a moment hesitate in acting upon this suggestion. I seized my slate, and wrote upon it, in large and legible characters, the words *No poppery!* To every ingenuous mind it must be evident that these words merely contained a prohibition of the pop-gun game I have described. Can it be imagined that there existed the devilish chymistry which should transmute these innocent combinations of six members of the alphabet, into a charge of a heinous and an unpardonable nature, against so unoffending an individual as myself? *Billy White!* I have already described the terrible effect produced upon my animal economy by the simple mention of this heart-withering name; but the soul-corroding tale must be told. In the hellish crucible of his brain, *White* concocted the design of rendering the innocent phrase, "No poppery," the instrument of my utter and complete destruction; and with fiend-like subtlety he selected the opportunity most likely to give it its fullest and direst operation.

One Tuesday morning, during school-hours, I applied to the master for leave of temporary absence. It was granted. In the pure unsuspectingness of my heart, I left my slate on my desk. I had scarcely been absent a quarter of an hour. On my return I found the school in commotion. I took my seat. My slate was no longer where I had left it. I demanded what had caused its removal. *Stubbs*, whom I have already mentioned as having, by his amiable and intellectual qualities, excited my hatred, held it up in his right hand, elevated a little above his head. In a tone of voice sufficiently loud to render his question audible, and in his peculiar idiom, he exclaimed, "Is this here slate yours?" I answered simply by one word of an affirmative signification. "Then these here words is of your writing?" "Eminently so," replied I. But what was my astonishment and horror, when, on a nearer view, I perceived that the second p

in the word *poppery* had insidiously been removed; and thus the war-whoop of intolerance and fanaticism, the fearful words, "no popery," appeared to be traced by my hand, and were exhibited as a serious and overwhelming charge against me.

Any excuse would have been useless. I had confessed to the writing; that alone was sufficient to insure my condemnation. I was too proud to explain. \* \* \* \*

These circumstances combined, weighed heavily against me. What was to be my punishment? *Billy White* (who, some years after this event, confessed, as he lay on his death-bed, that with the fore-finger of his right hand, he himself, dislocated that thrice important p,) proposed that I should be forced to eat the slate! The inhumanity of this proposition, coupled perhaps with the consideration of the inadequacy of the human organs of digestion to its fulfilment, caused it to be negated by a small majority. He then demanded that the slate should be exhibited to our preceptor. *Stubbs*, who for ever, and eternally, was fated to be my bane and curse, suggested more lenient measures. In a tone of voice eminently indicative of feeling and good-nature, he said, "Let his only punishment be, to spit upon this here sponge, and rub out them there words." Oh! *Stubbs!* had myriads of daggers been within my grasp, I could for this have plunged them all into thy kindly heart?

His really good-tempered intentions were overruled. The slate was exhibited to *O'Floggarty*. I was summoned to appear before him. The form of trial was abrupt, as the infliction of punishment was speedy and severe. *Billy White*, with savage eagerness, volunteered his powers of eloquence, as my accuser. He stated the charge in few words, but those words were selected and arranged with diabolical skill. I was simply asked, whether I had anything to object against the truth of the charge. My soul took refuge in itself; I disdained to reply; or, rather, before I could sufficiently collect myself to reply with the proper degree of confidence and consistency, the fatal mandate to hoist me had issued from the lips of the tyrannical pedagogue.

I inwardly felt the injustice of this proceeding. It created in my mind a sentiment never to be crushed or eradicated. This sentiment was a settled and regulated hatred of every species of authority. This sentiment, by a constant collision with others in my mind, generated another, the principle of which was, if I may so express myself, an invincible objection against every sort of punishment for any sort of crime.

I have already said that the mandate to hoist me was issued. At that early period of my human life, I felt an unconquerable dislike of all kinds of bodily pain. To state my idea with more precision—I should say that I have at every period of my human life entertained this aversion. Even now, while my feeble hand is occupied in transcribing these melancholy records, this aversion is still the inmate of my bosom. The conviction is strong upon my mind that this aversion is rational. I was not without sentiments of shame; but now that I can look back with a certain portion of calmness upon this scene, I freely declare that I would willingly and without a murmur have suffered the degrading exposure to which I was sub-

jected, and have preserved the at once elevated and debased posture I was placed in till the extinction of time itself, if I could thereby have been relieved from the agonizing pangs that were to follow.

With fiend-like readiness, *Billy White* offered himself (as in the technical language of the school it was expressed,) to be the horse. I have a perfect and distinct recollection of the scene, with all its heart-rending circumstances. I wore a pair of breeches made of that material distinguished by the name of *brown corduroy*. They were so constructed as, simply by loosening a cord at the back, to fall down to my heels. I have before hinted at the unostentatious and almost primitive character of my wardrobe. On that day I wore no shirt. The duration of the ceremony was rather curtailed by this circumstance.

The master now approached. In his right hand he held the instrument of my punishment. He elevated his arm. In an instant of time the conviction rushed into my mind that it had descended. Strictly speaking, this conviction was not purely metaphysical. I uttered a scream. It was in vain. Man, thought I, has exchanged his nature with the beasts of the forest. At that precise moment I formed the resolution of hating my species. The lashes were reiterated with inconceivable rapidity. I adapted my cries, with admirable proportion, to the increase of my sufferings. The arm of my tormentor at length became languid through exertion, and he permitted me to descend. My pain was intolerable.

I have often shuddered on considering the refinement of cruelty implied by this mode of punishment. Under almost every kind of bodily suffering we derive some relief from the placing of ourselves in that particular posture or attitude commonly described by the phrase "sitting down." Now, in this case, the cruel and excoriating flagellation is applied to that precise part of the human anatomy which essentially determines the character of that attitude; and, therefore, such a relief is rendered utterly unattainable, and the slightest attempt to attain it is necessarily accompanied by an aggravated renewal of suffering. I cannot resist the impulse which forces me to exclaim in the pathetic and indignant, yet quaint words of Chaucer—

Savage beastes yee bee, not men;  
I tellen ye so agen and agen.

I could no longer remain in, or breathe of, the same atmosphere with my persecutors, and the objects of my hate. My removal was determined on. The period of this long-desired event was somewhat accelerated by a circumstance which I will relate.

I have already explained my notions respecting the nature of property. I will again explain them; but with stricter reference to the incident I am about to record. Property is of two kinds: physical and moral. The former implies actual possession, which is said to be nine points of the law; the latter implies right, which, as I have before shown, is unalienable. Thus, a man may be forcibly dispossessed of the actual holding of his property, his house for instance; yet still the moral right in that house remains with him, and it is therefore to all intents and purposes his house. I turn this man forth from his tenement into the street, and

instal myself the physical possessor of it; yet the house is as clearly his, as though he were at that moment sleeping quietly in the best apartment it contains. The difference is in the tenant, not the proprietor.

On my way to the school one morning, and, as Jaques says, with my "shining morning face," I perceived in the window of a gingerbread-baker a cake, before which was lying a small paper bearing simply the words "one penny." These words, as I well knew, implied that the cake would not be surrendered but in exchange for a piece or pieces of money, conventionally possessed of that precise value. I could not call myself the proprietor of the smallest specimen of the coin of the realm. To have gazed longer on the cake would have been to tamper wantonly with my desires. I withdrew. I proceeded to my school.

I could not compose my mind to the duties of the morning. In every tempting form, the cake I had seen haunted my imagination. My desire to become the possessor of it was irresistible. My mode of considering its exhibition, too, inflamed my anxiety. It was placed there, I thought, for no other purpose than to "show my eyes and grieve my heart;" and I proudly determined, that my feelings should not be the "pipe" for a gingerbread-baker to "tune what stop" he pleased upon.

The lad who usually occupied the right hand seat next to me in the school, was called *Simkins*. The prevailing quality of this boy's mind, was vanity; this quality usually manifested itself in silly and contemptible boastings. It happened, that morning, that he was in possession of a piece of copper, round and flat, bearing on one side a portrait of the king, and on the other, a figure of Britannia. The metal, thus formed and impressed, was precisely of that current value for which I had occasion. With a smile of triumph he exhibited his wealth, and then placed it in the left hand pocket of his waistcoat. I have ever entertained an unbounded dislike of boasting, and I determined to punish it in *Simkins*. The money that lay idly in his pocket would be useful to me; and this consideration, blended with the notion that to deprive him of it would be the severest punishment I could inflict upon him, determined me in the course to be pursued.

He was soon intently engaged upon a sum in addition; and, if I may be allowed for once to indulge in a little pleasantry, I took that opportunity of performing my experiment in subtraction. I cautiously conveyed my right hand into his left-hand pocket, and, with considerable dexterity, I succeeded in abstracting the penny I have mentioned from his person, and disposing of it on my own. Already I was the ideal proprietor of the cake. This glorious vision was suddenly to be dispelled.

I have often thought, that there are certain beings placed upon the surface of our planet for the mere and only purpose of opposing the views, and counteracting the intentions of others. Such a being was *White* in reference to me. Need I say that he had observed the evolution, which I fondly imagined I had in secret performed? Need I describe with what alacrity he communicated what he had observed to *O'Floggarty*?—No! The mind of the reader has anticipated all

this. He already knows that *Simkins* attested to his property in the money, which, upon a slight search, was discovered upon my person. It was in vain that I expatiated upon the nature of property; that I explained my notions concerning the separate and distinct qualities of moral and physical possession; that I endeavoured to convince my auditors, that by abstracting his coin from the pocket of *Simkins*, I did not thereby deprive him of his moral right in it. *O'Floggarty* retorted by his common-place ideas upon the nature of *meum* and *tuum*; and I was consequently subjected to the process I have before pictured in such vivid colours. My retirement, or, as it was technically termed, my expulsion from this establishment, immediately followed.

[To be concluded in No. 246.]

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

We have seen the plans of the proposed New National Gallery and Royal Academy, and we can have no hesitation in saying, that the architect has wrought well to the limited nature of his site and outlays. A confounded carriage way—in obedience to old established right—intersects the design, while the cumbrous nature of sculpture, and the aerial quality of painting, refuse to unite so as to make galleries beneficial to them both. It is proposed in one plan, to give painting and sculpture a magnificent range of galleries, with a splendid stair and top-lights; and to this there can be but one objection, namely, the floor is 10 feet or more above the ground, and weighty works in marble would require to be craned up; this would exclude massy works—nothing above a ton weight could be admitted without excessive toil, and no little danger. Another plan offers a gallery on the ground floor 50 feet long, 22 feet wide, and some 30 feet high. This, as a matter of convenience, is unobjectionable; but it has three serious faults: 1, It is at least 15 feet too narrow; 2, The lights are on the sides, instead of the ends of the gallery; 3, The way to the great staircase of the painting galleries goes through it. We are quite sure, that this latter plan will never do; the sculpture gallery on the same range with the painting galleries, is to scale 50 feet long, by 40 feet wide—dimensions, which experience tells us, are suitable for exhibiting works in marble. Those who covet economical plans, will be pleased to hear that the old portico of Carlton House is to be wrought into the new building.

Chantrey's colossal bronze statue of James Watt, has, we hear, been erected in the city of Glasgow; the northern papers praise its ease and simplicity, and the unrivalled beauty of the portrait. A statue of the same person in marble, and from the same hand, has been munificently presented to Glasgow College, by the only son of the great northern inventor.

We are looking forward with some impatience to the appearance of the *Magazines* this month. Not only has Moore become art and part, as the Scotch lawyers word it, with Campbell in the *Metropolitan*; but Lady Blessington, who, amid the pure air of Italy, enjoyed the company of Lord Byron, is about to give the fruit of these conversations to Mr. Bulwer and his *New Monthly*; while the Hon. Mrs. Norton has

enlisted for *The Court Magazine*, contributors from the Commons and from the Lords. If either of these *Magazines* be but half as good as the proprietors have tried to persuade us they will, we shall be contented.

Taglioni, the graceful and the fascinating, "the admired of all beholders," is hourly expected in London, and is forthwith to make her appearance at Covent Garden in a ballet, under the direction of Coulon, who is now in town. How is this? Surely we remember that Taglioni was announced among the large letter engagements at the Opera! Paganini, too, has once more come among us, and is about to give concerts at Drury Lane—so says report. We regret to hear, as a set-off for all this promised pleasure, that Cinti and her husband left London on Thursday, for Paris. Cinti was, for nearly two months, the sole support of the Italian Opera; and her loss will be sensibly felt. With regard to the disagreement between her and the manager, we shall not offer an opinion. The accounts of the different parties cannot be reconciled. The friends of the one assert, that the terms asked were extravagant and ridiculous; and certainly those mentioned to us, deserve to be so characterized. On the contrary, the friends of the other state, that she did not receive while, here, one-half the salary of either Tosi or Grisi; and assuredly, she was worth both together.—Mr. Mason's own opera is at last to be put in rehearsal, and will probably be produced within a fortnight. *Macbeth* was not acted this week, as we anticipated, owing, it is said, to the continued attraction of 'Fidelio'; but should the engagements of Devrient and Haitzinger be renewed this day, it will perhaps be produced on Monday. At Munich, Dresden, and Frankfort, it was successful.

Miss Kelly's mono-dramatic entertainment, which was advertised for Friday the 6th of July, at the Hanover-square Rooms, is, we understand, postponed to Friday the 13th. Arduous as an undertaking of this nature is for a man, the difficulties presented are still more formidable for a female to surmount. Miss Kelly has too much good sense not to be fully aware of this; and, therefore, the simple fact of her determining to make the attempt, may be taken as a fair presumption in favour of her success. The force of her talent is, at present, better known than its variety; and we trust, that the result of her bold experiment will be, to make the public equally acquainted with both.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

##### ROYAL SOCIETY.

June 21.—His Royal Highness the President in the chair.

The following papers were read—namely, An Account of the Magnetical Experiments made on the Western Coast of Africa, in 1880 and 1881, by Commander Edward Belcher, of H.M.S. *Etna*; communicated by G. Fisher, Esq., through Capt. Beaufort, R.N., F.R.S.

On the Use of a Substance called the False-tongue in Foals, by Professor Sewell, of the Royal Veterinary College; communicated by Sir Charles Bell, F.R.S.

Journal of the Weather kept at High Wycombe, during the year 1881, with Monthly Observations, by James G. Tatem, Esq.

Relation des Experiences Physiques et Géolo-



riques faites au Lac d'Oo, près de Bagnères Deluchon en 1831, par M. Nérée Bombée.

Observations on the Anatomy and Habits of Marine Testaceous Mollusca, illustrative of their mode of preying, by Edward Osler, Esq.; communicated by L. W. Dillwyn, Esq. F.R.S.

On the Mammary Glands of the Ornithorhynchus Paradoxus, by Richard Owen, Esq.

A Physiological Inquiry into the Uses of the Thymus Gland, by John Tuson, Esq.; communicated by J. C. Carpue, Esq. F.R.S.

An Investigation of the powers of the simple supporters of Combustion to destroy the virulence of Morbid Poisons, and of the Poisonous Gases, with a view to ascertain the possibility of controlling the extension of contagious or epidemic Diseases, by Edw. Browne, Esq. F.L.S.; communicated by J. H. Green, Esq. F.R.S.

Considerations on the Laws of Life, with reference to the Origin of Disease, by Dr. A. Crawford; communicated by T. J. Pettigrew, Esq. F.R.S.

On the Water Barometer erected in the Hall of the Royal Society, by J. F. Daniell, Esq. F.R.S., Professor of Chemistry in King's College, London.

Hourly Observations on the Barometer, with experimental Investigations into the Phenomena of its periodical Oscillation, by James Hudson, Assistant Secretary and Librarian to the Royal Society; communicated by John Wm. Lubbock, Esq. V.P. and Treasurer R.S.

Note on the Tides in the Port of London, by John Wm. Lubbock, Esq., V.P. and Treasurer Royal Society.

Researches in Physical Astronomy, by the same.

The following were admitted Fellows of the Society: Lord John Spencer Churchill; Lieut. W. S. Stratford, R.N.; John Disney, Esq.; Michael Thomas Sadler, Esq.; Dr. James Clark; and Dr. James Hope.

The Society then adjourned over the long vacation, to meet again on the 15th of November next.

#### A List of the Royal Society's Meetings for the ensuing Session:—

|               |               |
|---------------|---------------|
| 1832. Nov. 18 | 1833. March 7 |
| 22            | 14            |
| 30 Annivers.  | 21            |
| Dec. 6        | 28            |
| 13            | April 18      |
| 20            | 25            |
| 1833. Jan. 10 | May 2         |
| 17            | 9             |
| 24            | 16            |
| 31            | 23            |
| Feb. 7        | June 6        |
| 14            | 13            |
| 21            | 20            |
| 28            |               |

#### ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

June 25.—A letter was read from Mr. Coultherst, who lately left this country for Africa, dated at the Old Caleba river, 16th of March, at which time he was on the point of proceeding into the interior to Funda, on his journey towards the Barh-el-Abiad.

A letter was also read from Capt. Johnson, of the East India Company's Service, detailing a plan for obtaining a water communication with Calcutta by steam-boats, from the mouth of the river Hooghley, instead of the present intricate and tedious route through the Sunderbund passages. This is to be effected by means of a canal with locks, which would remove the necessity of passing over the bar where at times there is only a depth of three feet at low water.

At the former meeting of this Society an account of the islands of Anegada, in the West Indies, was read.

The present being the last meeting of the season, the Society adjourned for the summer.

#### ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

Meeting of the 20th inst.—Colonel Leake in the chair.

A paper, by Mr. Hamilton, was read, containing an elucidation of the celebrated passage descriptive of the descent of Apollo, in the Iliad, book I. v. 47.

Ὁ δ' ἦγε νυκτὶ λολυός.

The writer's object was to show that this description includes a particular reference to the mythological meaning of Night, as the daughter of Chaos and mother of the Fates and Furies, whose vengeance the god was about to bring on the Grecian chiefs, for their impiety in dishonouring his priest Chryses.

It is true, this allegorical or metaphysical sense is by no means in harmony with the general simplicity of Homer; accordingly, Mr. Hamilton, with several of the best commentators, rejects the clause as the interpolation of a later period, when Greek poetry still flourished, but when the pure simplicity of primitive times had been succeeded by an artificial and enigmatical style, enriched with moral and mythological allusions.

Lord Cavendish, Lord Morpeth, and Ralph Sneyd, Esq. M.P., were elected members.

We observe it stated in the Annual Report, just printed, that His Majesty has been pleased to signify his intention to present the Society with 100*l.* annually, in furtherance of the objects of the Institution.

This was the last meeting of the Society for the season.

#### ORIENTAL TRANSLATION FUND.

The Annual Meeting of the Subscribers to the Oriental Translation Fund was held at the house of the Royal Asiatic Society, in Grafton Street, on Saturday, the 23rd instant.

The Report of the Committee of the progress of the fund since the last annual meeting, in June 1830, was read by the chairman, the Right Hon. Sir G. Ouseley, Bart. It commenced by explaining the reason of no anniversary meeting having been held last year, referring to the delivery of nine works in the course of that period as evidence that the committee had not relaxed in its endeavours to fulfil the objects for which it was associated. After expressing the regret of the committee at the death of its first patron, King George IV. and announcing that His present Majesty had been most graciously pleased to continue the royal donation of fifty guineas annually to the Institution, the report detailed the correspondence which had taken place with the branch committee at Rome, and the establishment of one at Bombay, under the auspices of the Earl of Clare; it then alluded to the arrangements consequent on the resignation of Mr. Huttman as Secretary to the committee, in the latter part of last year, and the acceptance of that office by Mr. Haughton; and enumerated the titles of the ten different works this day placed on the table, besides which two others would have been ready but for unexpected causes of delay. The decease of M. Rémusat was noticed in terms of great regret; and it was stated that he had, before his death, completed an interesting translation from the Chinese for the committee, which would be carried through the press by M. Klaproth. An interesting donation to the fund from His late Majesty the King of Sardinia, was announced as having been presented through his ambassador: it was a beautiful copy, by M. Jouy, of Paris, of a Persian romance called Humay and Humayun; this copy is a perfect imitation of the original, both in the manuscript and the paintings which adorn it.

The report announced that James Atkinson,

Esq., translator of the Shah Nameh, and Dr. Adolphus Stenzler, translator of the Raghu Vansa, had been selected by the committee to receive the royal medals this year; also, that a royal medal had last year been presented to Major Charles Stewart, for his translation of the Autobiography of Timúr.

A list of works in the press, and of translations preparing for publication, both in Europe and Asia, was next given; the names of the subscribers who have joined the Institution since the last report, followed, and, after a statement of the proceeds of the sale of the works published by the Fund for the last two years, the report concluded with a very favourable view of the future prospects of the association.

The Duke of Somerset moved, and Sir A. Johnston seconded a motion, that the report should be received and printed, which was carried unanimously, as was also a motion to the same effect, relative to the auditors' report, which exhibited a balance in favour of the fund, of 692*l.* 14*s.* 7*d.* The Duke of Wellington then presented one of the gold medals to Dr. Stenzler, expressing his gratification at being empowered by the meeting to present him with a royal medal, as a reward for the translation which he had executed. The other medal was presented to James Atkinson, Esq., by the Duke of Somerset, with an appropriate address.

The regulations of the committee, as arranged and extended by Mr. Haughton, were then submitted, and adopted by the meeting.

Thanks were then voted, *seriatim*, to the committee and its officers, and the branch committees at Rome and in India. Sir A. Johnston moved a vote of thanks to the American missionaries at Jaffa, in Ceylon, who are preparing translations for the committee, and in so doing gave a short history of the rise and progress of that establishment, and pointed out its claims to the acknowledgments of all who feel an interest in the civilization of India. Mr. Vail, the American minister, returned thanks on the part of his countrymen in Ceylon. Sir Gore Ouseley having left the chair, it was moved by the Duke of Wellington, seconded by Lord Munster, and carried unanimously, "that the thanks of the meeting be given to him for his able conduct in the chair this day."

Among the warm supporters of this Institution who were present on this occasion, were the Dukes of Wellington, Northumberland, and Somerset; Earls Munster and Delawarr; Sir Robert Gordon, Sir George Warrender, Sir Gore Ouseley, Sir George Staunton, Sir Alexander Johnston, Sir W. Ouseley, &c. &c. The Archbishop of Canterbury sent to express his regret at not being able to attend, as it would have gratified him to have expressed his interest in the success of the association, and his satisfaction at its progress hitherto.

The following are the ten works laid on the table this day: viz.—The celebrated historical poem, entitled, Shah Nameh, by Firdausi, translated by J. Atkinson, Esq.; the Raghu Vansa, a Sanscrit poem, translated by Dr. Stenzler; the Siyar ul Mutakherin, translated by Colonel Briggs; two geographical works of Sádik Isfaháni, and a critical essay, in Persian, on various Oriental works, translated from MSS. in the possession of Sir W. Ouseley; the Hsèi lan ki, a Chinese drama, translated by M. Julien; the San Kokftau ran, a Japanese work on Loo-choo and other islands, translated by M. Klaproth, with an atlas; Naima's Annals of the Turkish Empire, translated by Charles Fraser, Esq.; and, the Memoirs of the Emperor Humayun, translated by Major Charles Stewart.

## FINE ARTS

## EXHIBITION AT SOMERSET HOUSE.

(Sixth Notice.)

THAT we have hitherto omitted all allusion to the Sculpture Room arose from no wish to slight an art which we admire, but from a desire to examine the chief labours of the pencil before we descended to those of the chisel. We shall now—leaving many paintings of merit unmentioned for the present—proceed to say what we think of the figures in plaster or in marble, of which there are in all one hundred and thirty. Of this number many are indeed of little value: distinguished by no beauty of sentiment, or skill of workmanship, they scarcely deserve the name of works of art: and it cannot be denied that they are most appropriately placed—namely, in a confined and ill-lighted room, which is rather a packing-case for containing sculpture, than a gallery fit for exhibiting it.

1113. '*Model of a Statue of George IV. holding the Globe, with the figure of Peace*;' PISTRUCCI.—Those who have seen Canova's Napoleon, in the fit keeping of the Duke of Wellington, need not look at Pistrucci's George IV.: for Bonaparte holds out the globe in his hand with a winged Peace and a palm branch; but some artists imagine that change of name is change of sentiment.

1138. '*Statue of a Supplicating Virgin*;' MACDONALD.—There is generally a poetic aim about the works of this artist: he is less deficient in conception than in that fine grace and softness of execution, which hides many other blemishes.

1144. '*The Conchologists*;' RENNIE.—The idea of this group is not new, neither is the workmanship any way wonderful; but we have a desire to encourage poetic sculpture, and we love its professors, even when they fail to accomplish at first all we could wish. There is, however, the presence of poetry even in this group—greater simplicity, and more of the proprieties of art are wanting.

1150. '*Bust, in marble, of His Majesty*;' FRANCIS.—If this bust be a correct image of the king, then Chantrey has been playing the courtier: the narrowness above and the width below make the head more like a sugar-loaf than aught else we can compare it to. In other respects, the bust is well enough.

1159. '*Duncan's Horses*;' LOUGH.—These horses tumble too wildly for our taste, and, what is perhaps as bad, they are far too extravagant in their action to be able to eat each other, as Shakespeare represents. Violent postures are farther removed from the sublime and the grand than this artist seems to suppose.

1167. '*Bust of Prince George of Cumberland*;' LEGG.—This head is well conceived and well executed: it is quiet, simple, and graceful, and looks prince-like without any effort.

1172. '*Statue of George Canning, for the Town Hall of Liverpool*;' CHANTREY, R.A.—It is perhaps enough to say of this statue, that in easy dignity of demeanour, and quiet vigour and propriety of expression, it is every way worthy of the statesman's fame and the sculptor's reputation. It is too large for the room, and we lose the true expression of the face for want of proper lights.

1172. '*The Cymbal Player*;' WESTMACOTT, JUN.—The posture of the figure is anything but easy; yet the production is a striking one; and the whole has been executed with much care.

1173. '*Statue of Thomson, the Poet*;' ROSSI, R.A.—The author of the '*Seasons*' is represented with his dressing-gown on, and his cap awry, pacing the room in a studious mood; for it is said that the silence of the night was his favourite time for meditation. There is an air of reality about the figure which we like: we wish, however, that the poet had less the look

of a tippler: he seems reeling under the influence of drink.

1176. '*Status of Mercury with the Apple of Discord*;' ROSSI, R.A.—We prefer this to the statue of Thomson; but we cannot say that we are at all partial to heathen gods or goddesses: they have had their day, and we long for something new.

1177. '*Status of Earl Harcourt*;' SIEVIER.—The position of the figure is anything but natural; a man should stand like a man—a notion of dignity that seldom enters the mind of a sculptor. The carving is some compensation for the modelling.

1178. '*The Gipsy and Child*;' WESTMACOTT, R.A.—We admired this group much when we saw it first, and we like it still—the air is wild and strange: subjects found in our own land are most to our liking; but the posture is, we fear, untrue to nature: a mother will not stand with her left foot at ease when she holds her child on the left arm: it can be done, of course, but that is no defence. The artist might have seen the same fault in an otherwise fine statue of Venus by Thorwaldsen.

1180. '*Bust of Thomas Telford, Civil Engineer*;' HOLLINS.—Telford has a penetrating and sagacious head; and though the present likeness is not what we wish, still there is a good deal of the original about it. To know this eminent person aright, an artist should read his plans and descriptions of new lines of road: he would perceive that the head which planned them was poetical; but if farther confirmation were required, let him turn to Currie's '*Life of Burns*,' and read there an advice in rhyme to the poet, respecting the choice of subjects for his muse, which will prove all, and more, of what we have said of "True Thomas."

1183. '*Bust of Lord Augustus Fitzclarence*;' SHARP.—A good likeness, and a good work of art, and every way worthy of the hand which carved the pretty figure of the '*Boy and Lizard*,' in last year's exhibition.

1207. '*Bust of Lord Brougham*;' BAILY, R.A.—This bust has a bitter and a biting look: we have seen the original often, but we never saw him look so, though, in justice to the distinguished artist, we must say, that the living head of his lordship seems capable of expressing all that he has chiselled.

1211. '*Midsummer Night's Dream*;' PITTS.—A personification of those merry wanderers of the night, Puck and his companions: there is a fantastic grace and a sort of tumbling-in-the-air drollery about it, which induce us to think highly of the hand that made it. Some of our wealthy lords or squires, who love Shakespeare, should order it in silver for their sideboard: it would be a true ornament.

1213. '*Model of a Sleeping Lady*;' BAILY, R.A.—This is decidedly one of the most graceful and lovely figures in the room: no description can express the slumbering elegance and unconstrained ease with which she presses the couch. It comes closer to the '*Two Children*,' by Chantrey, than any work we have seen since their day.

1215. '*Bust of a Young Lady*;' WEEKES.—The Committee were right in placing this very sweet and graceful bust beside Baily's work: we consider it superior to any other female head in the room: it is, however, only the bust of a child. Let Weekes try his hand on the face of a lady about to be married,—who is very beautiful, and not unaware of it,—and he will find he has a quicksilver sort of subject, worse than twenty such girls as this.

We can particularize no farther: there are, however, several good busts by Behnes—a pretty group of heads by Wyatt—and some by Moore, which merit notice: one or two by Ternouth, a head by Heffernan, and another by the younger Theakstone, which, in better situations,

would not be passed unregarded. On the whole, the present Exhibition has, in all its branches, maintained the fame of the Academy. It was once our intention to have spoken of every work contained in it; but, on reflection, we shrunk from a task which could not well be a pleasing one, and in the performance of which we must have said things vexatious, may be, to some of the old, and not very grateful to some of the young. We have seldom, indeed, touched on a work which we could not find something in worthy of praise; and the manner in which we handled it, showed that we were desirous of speaking so that the public might understand,—we had no idea of addressing ourselves to men skilful in the art, and masters of the calling themselves. To diffuse a love of painting and sculpture through the land, is far more our wish than to write sharp and sarcastic things. We are glad that our labours have not been misunderstood—nay, we know that they have been appreciated by many. We now bid the exhibitors farewell, with the hope of meeting them again in times more favourable to art; meanwhile, we will continue to notice any new work of the pencil, the chisel, or the graver, which may come under our notice.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Pompeiana*. No. 12. New Series. By Sir William Gell. Jennings.

THOSE who wish to see the veil lifted up from an old Roman city, and to look at the houses, the shops, and the whole internal economy of the people, will obtain that satisfaction from this delightful work. The scholar will grieve to find that many noble works, now lost to the world of letters, were in the Libraries of Pompeii when the red-hot lava descended; the sculptor will trace with much satisfaction the outlines of many ancient statues and bas-reliefs, and even drawings; and it will even be some consolation to the moralist to observe, that, as far as signs and symbols may be trusted, the city of Pompeii surpassed in wickedness all modern cities whatsoever. Of the extreme accuracy and beauty of the illustrations, we have often heretofore made mention; and we do not hesitate to pronounce the work, now completed, to be one of the highest interest.

'*The Sportsman at Home*,' painted by Cozins, engraved by Raddon, and published by Ackermann.—The dogs are almost more than dogs, but the man is something less than man; we see no reason why a head

With less of manhood than God gives an ape, should be stuck on respectable-looking shoulders, and the whole called a sportsman. It is not indeed necessary that a fellow who can halloo to a hound, and direct the muzzle of his fowling-piece by the nose of his pointer, should be an Apollo; but we see as little reason for the beetle brow and turned-up snout of the personage before us—unless the face is a portrait, in which case we have only to ask forgiveness of the artist, and pray to be kept out of his sportsman's company. The design is, nevertheless, clever, and the engraving good.

## MUSIC

## KING'S THEATRE.

"*The furore with which contemptible operas are received in Italy*," said Meyerbeer, on his visit in London, "literally drove me out of the country with disgust!" We can fully sympathize with this confession of an honest musician, after witnessing '*La Straniera*' by Bellini, given on Saturday last! His great success at Milan, proves only the degenerated taste of the Italians, and the retrograding state of the musical drama in Italy.

Tosi as the heroine, strained her harsh voice, so as to give pain rather than pleasure. Tamburini exerted himself, and where he had a phrase of elegant melody to sing, failed not to make it effective. Mad. Tamburini took a second part; her voice is a mezzo-soprano, and her talent not by any means transcendent. Donzelli earnestly endeavoured to do his best; the aria which he sings is not original, and we suspect it comes from the same hand which has patched other operas without improving them. Nearly the whole of the vocal pieces are in four and five flats, which produce a languid and monotonous effect. The choruses and finales are below criticism.

'Robert le Diable' was repeated on Tuesday, at the reduced prices of the German performances, and also on Thursday for the benefit of Nourrit; on both nights, although the parts of Mons. and Mad. Damoreau were but inadequately filled by a German chorister and Madlle. Schneider, the performance gave great satisfaction. This opera, we presume, is now put in abeyance until another season.

Some novelty is expected this evening in the ballet department, which will be a very acceptable relief to the eternal first act of 'L'Anneau Magique.' Herberle of course will be the principal attraction.

#### ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

A Concert was given at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Wednesday, for the benefit of this institution. It was on an extensive scale, including the entire forces, male and female, of the Academy, in addition to those of the Antient Concerts.

The first act consisted of a *Mass*, composed by Lord Burghersh. The second, of several pieces of vocal music from the Italian School, sung by Cinti, Grisi, Mr. and Mrs. E. Seguin, a quartet and chorus, with the (ridiculous) accompaniment of *ten (!)* harps, from 'L'Eroe di Lancastro,' by Lord Burghersh, and a concerto on the violin by a Master Mawkes. This youth was a clever lad before he went to Germany, and, having remained two years with Spohr, has caught the spirit and style of the German School, and become a very finished performer.

#### SOCIETÀ ARMONICA.

THE fifth and certainly the best Concert, took place on Monday. The selection was judicious, commencing with Beethoven's descriptive symphony, (Pastorale, No. 6.) This exquisite composition was on the whole well played, although the second movement should have been more subdued. A chorus from Beethoven's 'Fidelio'; the grand finale to Weber's 'Euryanthe'; and the jager chorus from 'Der Freischütz,' by the German chorus-singers, met with deserved applause; as did also Maurer's delightful quartett concertante for four violins, in which Mori was most conspicuous for tone and execution. Nourrit sang 'Ah! quel plaisir d'être soldat,' (from 'La Dame Blanche,') in excellent style; and Mad. Devrient, in a cantata by Schubert, and a duet 'Amor possente nome,' with Nourrit, elicited great applause. The overture to 'Fidelio' terminated this well-selected Concert.

#### SIGNOR DE BEGNIS'S CONCERT.

WE never saw so many pretty women, and, as a lady friend observed, so many tasty bonnets, as on this occasion—nor, and it certainly must not be forgotten, have we often read a more tempting bill of fare. In addition to the best talent from the Italian and German companies, we had two debutantes, Mrs. Salmon Hantute and Miss Waters. The former certainly reminded us of her mother—but her embarrassment was so great and distressing, that it would be unfair to offer an opinion on the probability

of her success. The latter promises well. Cinti, Schroeder, Stockhausen, Donzelli, and the others of fame, were of course welcomed as they deserved to be—and the ladies seemed particularly interested in the quartet played by the little German brothers.

#### THEATRICALS

##### HAYMARKET THEATRE.

A new farce in one act, called 'The Wolf and the Lamb,' made a successful first appearance here on Saturday last. The author of it is Mr. Charles Mathews, son of the inimitable actor of that name. The plot is simple enough; not that we mean to convey any reflection in so saying, because, if a plot is good, it cannot, to our thinking, be too simple. Two cousins—*Colonel Bronze*, a man, ex officio, of gallantry and intrigue, (Mr. Cooper,) and *Bob Honeycomb*, a bashful civilian, (Mr. Farren,) have eyes (the one a wolf's eye the other a sheep's) to two sisters—a widow (Miss Taylor,) and a spinster (Mrs. Ashton). These two ladies live together in the country, in the immediate vicinity of their uncle (Mr. Strickland). This uncle is also their guardian, and the good-humour with which he fulfils his office, is such as to derange all one's preconceived notions of his tribe. Far from crossing his wards in anything, he tells them that everything they do is right, approves of all their little manoeuvres, and vows they shall marry any body they like. When he first arrives on a visit to his nieces, he finds *Colonel Bronze* in possession, and in great favour with the ladies. This state of harmony he somewhat disturbs, on learning that the *Colonel* is the nephew of an old friend of his, by charging him with being a person of whom he has heard a terrible character for dissipation and debauchery. The ladies are, or pretend to be, vastly shocked, but the *Colonel* saves himself from present detection, by laying all his peccadilloes on his cousin—the other nephew. He has no sooner given this explanation, than the bashful *Bob Honeycomb* arrives in *propria persona*. From this moment the fun and equivocal begins. Too bashful to ask or to give explanation, the unfortunate *Bob Honeycomb* finds himself shunned by everybody, and cannot, of course, guess the reason; and so proceeds the piece to the end, when the mystery is cleared up. *Bob* is accepted by the spinster, and the widow, rather than lose her chance, accepts the *Colonel* upon his promise to amend. Mr. Farren, artist as well as actor, was as usual admirable. His first entrance put the audience in a state of good humour, which never left them; they were in roars of laughter before he opened his mouth. Nothing indeed could be better conceived or represented than his notion of a man, eaten up by timidity, coming into a room amongst a parcel of strangers. He entered from the back, and coasted it round the apartment, almost rubbing the paint off the walls, until he arrived at the extreme corner of the stage, where he stood for some time bowing like a bulrush, and without daring to look up even to see to whom he was bowing. His performance was equally good throughout, and unavoidable laughter and well-merited applause were his rewards. We could make some little objections to the construction of the piece, if we were so minded, but the tomahawk and scalping-knife of criticism are not for trifles of this description. They pretend to nothing but to amuse, and when this is effected, their purpose is answered. Mr. Cooper, Miss Taylor, and Mrs. Ashton, were satisfactory representatives of their several characters; and Mrs. Humby, with her quaint voice and virtuous indignation, was very droll in defence of herself against a supposed attack on the part of *Bob Honeycomb*.

OBJECTIONS of various sorts have been raised to Mons. Chélard's opera of 'Mac-

beth,' by persons interested in different ways against its success. Certain Germans have accused him of the crime of pretending to be a German when he is, in fact, a Frenchman. This may be true, and no great harm done. Certain Frenchmen have put forth that the opera was damned in Paris—this is not true—although it is true that the music was coldly received there, on the score (no joke intended) of its being "too German"; a ground of complaint scarcely likely, by the way, to be recognized here, just now, in the present state of enthusiasm of our audiences towards the music of that country. Certain, at all events, it is, that Mons. Chélard's opera was received with rapture at Munich, that, after its second representation there, he was sent for to the King of Bavaria's box, and named Kapel Meister, *sur le champ de bataille*, and that it has since been given, with invariable success, at nearly all the principal theatres in Germany. Under these circumstances, though we pledge ourselves to no opinion of the work, we are convinced that Mons. Chélard may proceed to his first performance without the slightest fear that he will not have impartial justice rendered him. Let the French object that he is a German, and the Germans that he is a Frenchman—talent is of no country; and if he should be proved to possess it, and have no better engagement as to country, we shall be proud of his company as an Englishman. "And if you turn her as your house I will receive her into mine," as Lord Ogleby says. We have just been favoured with the sight of a letter from the composer to a friend of his, in which he very modestly explains the pretensions of his work. It will, perhaps, be but justice to him to give an extract from it:—"Je n'ai pas eu la prétention de mettre en musique toute la tragédie de Shakspeare—j'ai trop de respect pour cet immense génie; mais, frappé du caractère lyrique de quelques scènes, je n'ai pu résister à mon enthousiasme. Le fond de l'opéra se borne au seul assassinat du Roi Duncan. Les caractères de Macbeth et de sa femme, les sorcières, le somnambulisme de Lady Macbeth, en forment les principales divisions; autour desquelles sont groupés des personnages et des développemens étrangers à la tragédie, il est vrai, mais indispensables à un opéra. De semblables infractions ont été accueillies avec indulgence par le public Anglais dans 'Otello,' 'Romeo et Juliette,' déjà. Puisse ce nouveau tribut payé au Génie Britannique par un étranger, mériter la même faveur."

#### MISCELLANEA

*Crosby Hall*.—We direct attention to an advertisement in this day's paper, announcing that a subscription is opened for the preservation and restoration of this beautiful specimen of the domestic architecture of the fifteenth century. From the spirit with which it has commenced, we have good hopes that the exertions of the Committee will be successful. Crosby Hall is the only part now remaining of a princely house built by an English merchant, which subsequently became the residence of King Richard III., and we have no doubt our readers will recollect Shakspeare's reference to it:—

That it may please you leave those sad designs  
To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,  
And presently repair to Crosby Place.

We only request such as have any taste for architecture to make one pilgrimage to this shrine of art and beauty, and we shall then willingly leave it to their feelings whether to subscribe or not for its preservation.

*Goethe Biography*.—Goethe, it appears, had his Boswell. Falk, a man well known in the literary world of Germany, has left an account of his conversations with Goethe. The work has been for more than four years in the hands of a

bookseller, who, with becoming delicacy refrained from publishing it while Goethe lived. It is now on the eve of publication, and the readers of the *Athenæum* shall shortly hear more of its merits.

**Naval and Military Museum.**—We are happy to see from the report of the Council, that this excellent institution may now be considered as completely established, the present number of members exceeding nineteen hundred. The small house granted by government for the use of the institution is already crowded with contributions, and the Council are actively engaged in seeking a building better calculated for the increased and increasing consequence of the museum.

**Bread made from Sawdust.**—A zealous friend to the *Athenæum* has kindly sent us a crumb of this curiosity. We can only say, that it tastes like what it is. How far it might satisfy the cravings of hunger we hope never to know—certainly nothing short of such extremity could tempt any one to venture on a second trial of it.

**Literary Phenomenon.**—Upon Smirdin, the Petersburg Murray, giving a dinner lately to a hundred and twenty Russian scribes, they actually toasted "*Prosperity to the Founder of the Censorship*,"† with three times three! Russian genius, we conclude, like a fresh-weaned child, is still in need of a go-cart!

**Search after Wisdom.**—In one of the imperial towns in Germany it is customary to address the Mayor as "Your wisdom." A party, who had consumed hour after hour in a bootless chase after the sapient functionary, having at last fallen in with him, very innocently hailed him, ejaculating, "I have been rummaging every nook and corner the whole day long, but deuce a bit could I find out *your wisdom*."

**Candour.**—The manager of one of the theatres at Vienna yielded to the solicitation and importunity of court friends, and permitted a young lady to make her *début* as a singer, who had the mortification to be hissed off. Not a little annoyed, the manager rushed hastily before the curtain, and addressed the audience in a stentorian voice with this brief question—"Gentlemen and ladies, don't you like her?" "No!" was the reply from all parts of the house; "Neither do I," added the manager, and disappeared amidst roars of laughter.

**Aphorism by Heine.**—All constitutions are bad, if the government is not in the hands of the wisest; all the difference between a democracy and a monarchy is this—that in the former 500,000 and some odd fools may decide against 400,900 sensible people, and in the latter, one fool may ruin 999,999 philosophers, if they will let him.

**The Blessings of a Weak Government.**—The Saxon army, one of the bravest and most patriotic in Germany, was compelled to change sides five or six times in the space of eight years—viz. In 1806, it fought for Prussia against France; in 1807, for France against Prussia; in 1809, for France against Austria; in 1812, with Austria against Russia; in 1813, for France against Austria, Russia, and Prussia; and in 1814 and 1815, with these three powers against France.

**Calamities of Authors.**—Our industrious friend, D'Israeli, should make the subsequent mournful addenda to his next edition:—"Amongst the individuals, whom chance threw into my way in Paris, was Llorente (the enlightened, talented, and persecuted historiographer of the Inquisition). I frequently paid him a visit, and found him to be an extremely well-read scholar. On one occasion I met him in the street, early in the morning; upon asking him where he was

coming from, he replied, "I hired myself last night to watch a dead man's body. How little did I dream, when a canon at Toledo, and a privy-councillor in Madrid, that I should ever be forced to earn my daily bread by mounting guard over a defunct Parisian!"—Soon after this occurrence, Peyronnet ordered him instantly to quit France; such was the will and pleasure of the Jesuits about the court; poor Llorente was compelled to obey the unfeeling mandate, and had scarcely regained his native soil, when he fell a prey to wretchedness and destitution. —*Depping's Reminiscences of a German's Life in Paris.*

**Highest Tavern in Europe.**—A tavern has been built on the summit of Mount Faulhorn, in Switzerland; it stands at an elevation of 8,140 feet above the level of the sea, and is, therefore, between five and six hundred feet higher than the Hospice of the Great St. Bernard.

#### NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

**Forthcoming.**—A Companion and Key to the History of England, by George Fisher, Swaffham. A Genealogical Atlas, composed of the Charts of the above work.

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Views of the River Fleet; from drawings by Anthony Crosby; with Historical Notices from the Earliest Periods to the Present time.

**Just published.**—Harriet Martineau's Illustrations of Political Economy, No. 6, Weal and Woe in Garbelloch, a Tale, 1s. 6d.—Rennie's Alphabet of Insects, &c. 10mo. 2s. 6d.—Rennie's Conspectus of Butterflies and Moths, 16mo. 7s. 6d.—Belinzeau on Hygiene, 12mo. 7s.—Valpy's Classical Library, No. 31, Cæsar, Vol. 1, 4s. 6d.—Simoni's Hebrew Lexicon, by C. Seager, 12mo. 6s.—Doisey's Course of French Literature, 12mo. 7s. 6d.—Jones's Pleas of Christian Piety, 8vo. 12s.—Reid's Bibliotheca Scoto-Celtica, 8vo. 12s.—Nicholson's Annals of Kendal, 8vo. 7s. 6d.—Il Paradiso Perduto di Milton Riportato in Versi Italiani da Sorelli, 8vo. 1l. 1s.—Boucher's Supplement to Webster's Dictionary, Part 1, 7s. 6d.—A Key to both Houses of Parliament, 8vo. 1l. 8s.—Lardner's Cabinet Library, Vol. 9, Wellington, Vol. 2. 5s.—Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol. 22. History of Spain, Vol. 3, 6s.—Taylor's Natural History of Religion, 12mo. 4s.—Edgeworth's Novels and Tales, Vol. 3, 5s.—Hibbert on Extinct Volcanoes, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Rev. R. Parkinson's Sermons, Vol. 2, 12mo. 6s.—The Pulpit, Vol. 19, 7s. 6d.—Cockburn's Reform Act, with Notes, &c. 3s.

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Thanks to E. B.—R. Z. S. T.—C.

We have received some dozen letters on the subject of the booksellers' monopoly. They include all varieties of opinion. Some are fiercely personal, and attack certain influential houses—we mention this, because such parties need not write again. We scrupulously abstained even from mentioning the names of the committee—it is not pleasant to be dragged personally before the public—and, however much we may differ from the subscribing parties, both as to the policy and the equity of their proceedings, we do not for one moment question the integrity of their motives. We shall probably, when more at leisure, abridge the most important of these communications, or publish one or two of the best letters in favour of and against the combination.

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

| Days of Week. | Thermom. Max. Min. | Barometer. No. | Winds.       | Weather.   |
|---------------|--------------------|----------------|--------------|------------|
| Th. 21        | 80 69              | 29.80          | N.E.         | Rain, P.M. |
| Fr. 22        | 78 58              | 29.00          | S.E. to N.W. | Ditto.     |
| Sat. 23       | 66 51              | 29.33          | S. to N.W.   | Rain, A.M. |
| Sun. 24       | 74 50              | 29.06          | S.W.         | Show. P.M. |
| Mon. 25       | 65 51              | 29.65          | N.W.         | Clear.     |
| Tues. 26      | 67 45              | 29.75          | N.W.         | Cloudy.    |
| Wed. 27       | 78 61              | 30.02          | N.W.         | Clear.     |

**Prevailing Clouds.**—Cumulus, Cirrostratus. Nights and Mornings for the greater part fair.

Mean temperature of the week, 62.5°.

Day decreased on Wednesday, 2 min. No night; the sun not descending far enough below the horizon to cause darkness.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS

#### PRESERVATION OF CROSBY HALL.

AT a Meeting held at the City of London Tavern, to take into consideration the best means to be adopted for preserving and restoring Crosby Hall, in the City of London, W. T. COPELAND, Esq. M.P. and Alderman of the Ward, in the Chair,

It was resolved unanimously, First, That it is highly expedient to preserve from destruction that rare and beautiful specimen of the domestic architecture of the fifteenth century, known as Crosby Hall, in the City of London.

Second, That subscriptions be opened for the purpose of defraying the expense of the necessary repairs.

Third, That a Committee be formed, with full authority to carry into effect the necessary arrangements; to apply the Funds to the restoration of the Fabric; and to appropriate the Building to such public object as the Committee may deem expedient.

Fourth, That the Members of the Committee, and the Treasurer, be requested to receive subscriptions.

Fifth, That Octavius Wigram, Esq. be requested to act as Treasurer.

Sixth, That Samuel James Capper, Esq. be requested to act as Honorary Secretary.

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1, Our Three Days—2, Cultivation of the Fancy—3, What will the Army do?—4, Miss Edgeworth's Works—5, the Boisterous of the 'Personnel'—6, To a Certain Ex-Minister—7, the Bank Charter—8, Goethe—9, To a Tame Deer—10, Irish Education—11, Power and Prospects of Russia—12, My Native Isle—13, Jean Jacques Rousseau—14, The Fourth Estate—15, The Court—16, Notes on the Crisis—17, Monthly Register.

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# THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 245.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1832.

PRICE  
FOURPENCE.

•• A Supplement Sheet of Eight Pages is published with the present Number—GRATIS.

✂ This Journal is published every Saturday Morning, and is despatched by the early Coaches to Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Dublin, and other large Towns, and reaches Liverpool for distribution on Sunday Morning, twelve hours before papers sent by the post. For the convenience of persons residing in remote places, the weekly numbers are issued in Monthly Parts, stitched in a wrapper, and forwarded with the Magazines to all parts of the World.

## REVIEWS

*The Visit.* London: Fraser.

THE announcement of this little tale states, that it "is intended to illustrate the country life of the higher class of the English aristocracy." The appearance of the work will command more than common consideration. The typography is singularly beautiful, and the engraved ornaments are of a very superior description. The frontispiece is really a work of art. The botanical representation of the curious bee orchis, coloured from nature, will deservedly attract attention; and the illuminated title-page—for it deserves to be so called, rather than engraved—is extremely elegant. Whether the earl's coronet in the centre refers to the rank of the fair author, or to the story, we shall leave the reader to determine; but the whole getting up is not only out of the common style, but indicates an employment of wealth and taste, such as authors who write for profit hardly dare venture on.

We must, however, defer our notice of the work itself until next week. We the less regret this delay, as it will not be published for some days. From the slight glance that we have taken of the earlier part of the volume, we are enabled to say, that it is the production of a very amiable mind, perfectly familiar with that class of life which the author has undertaken to describe. In dipping into the story there appears in it a greater degree of romance than, from the simplicity of the style and the natural ease of the narrative, we had anticipated.

LARDNER'S CABINET CYCLOPÆDIA.

*The History of Spain and Portugal.* Vol. III. London: Longman.

THIS third volume comprehends the histories of Navarre, Barcelona, and Arragon, down to the union of these countries with Castile, and the history of Portugal to the beginning of the sixteenth century. All that was excellent in the former volumes, and which drew from us such warm commendation, is conspicuous in this; and never has judgment been more apparent than in the discrimination with which the writer has sifted the fables and exaggerations of the original historians of Spain—perhaps scepticism has gone a trifle too far. If there be anything to which we must object, it is the writer's evident bias towards ultra-royal opinions. This feeling was excusable in the Spanish historians, who were for personal safety obliged to pay deference to predominant authority; but an Englishman has no such apology, and, without intending to question the integrity of the writer, we cannot but believe that his opinions have, upon occasions, influenced his judgment—for instance, the conduct of the States of Arragon is not always considered in a liberal,

enlarged, or, in our judgment, wise spirit, and the influence of the States is not put so prominently forward as it ought to have been. But, after all, it is possible that these objections originate in the feeling we are condemning in another; we have, no doubt, a bias of our own; and shall therefore conclude by recommending the work to our readers as the very best on the subject with which we are acquainted, either foreign or English.

*The Ruins of Athens, with other Poems.* By a Voyager. Washington: Thompson & Homans.

THERE is as much nature and genius in this little volume, as will give the author a place, and not a very low one, among the American poets. We have in these pages some very successful verses, full of home feelings, and impressed with the image of the author's fatherland; we have also some wearing a very different aspect, and so vigorous and true, that we cannot help quoting as well as praising them—the poet is in Athens:—

Morn hush'd as midnight—save the bee's wild hum,  
Or lizard rubbing through the unshorn grass;  
Faint sounds, but startling—for 'tis one wide tomb,  
And still we pause and ponder as we pass.  
Here Desolation is, and Empire was!  
No stone, however rude, but seems to wear  
Some trace of mind, as we withhold our pace  
Where turf and temple blend their dust, and share  
The spirit of the spot—the dreams of things that were.

Dwellings of gods and monuments of men,  
All, wherein power and glory placed their trust,  
A wreck, a name, as they had never been.  
Of some, the winds have strewn the vanish'd dust:  
And some beneath the gather'd rubbish rust  
Where the weed rustles and the waves retire;  
Untomb the tomb—remove the earthing crust—  
Less freshly springs the grass, or flaunts the briar,  
Than if from common mould their rankness did aspire!

The bark flies on, and shuns the lonely shore,  
The bay, whose wave seems never to have borne  
A keel, nor rippled to the dip of oar.  
But the shy sea-bird there hath found a lorn  
And quiet home: and of the plover o'er  
The hills is heard the melancholy cry.  
Yet here, their wealth, did thronging nations pour,  
And wafted by the winds of every sky,  
Their tribute bring as to an Ocean-Deity.

But so it is: Earth from her old lap shakes  
Cities as dust; the myriads of to-day  
To-morrow rot; the harrow comes and rakes  
The soil—they fertilize their kindred clay.  
But Nature bounds all smiling from decay,  
Light on the mountain, music in the wave,  
And dews with incense laden come, as they  
Were gather'd from no flowers that strew the grave,  
And shores by Ruin heap'd, as from a charnel-cave.

Of the poems which claim America for their scene, one of the best is the 'Song of the Fairy Mariner,' which the poet says is founded on an old nautical superstition: we shall quote it entire:—

*Song of the Fairy Mariner.*

It is the hour when Sprites have power,  
A merry crew are we;  
The cock crows soon—so follow the moon,  
And let the breeze come free:  
Bring blast from mountain, flood from glen,  
Bring upper and bring nether,  
Till air and ocean have but one motion,  
And let 'em roar together!

Ha, bravely done! a merrier time  
Was never pip'd by wind;  
The waters, like a cataract,  
Come foaming on behind:  
One Sprite, go, damp the day-star lamp,  
I've borrow'd the ship but till morn;  
One up to the moon—go, Elf, and with  
A cobweb stay her horn.

More hands! one Fairy's diving now  
For the small pearl, and one  
In chase of the Gold-fly bestrides  
The slant beam of the Sun;  
And one, the knave, has pilfer'd from  
The Nautilus his boat,  
And takes his idle pastime where  
The water-lilies float.

And one is battling with the Owl,  
And sooth, ere morn, I ween.  
He'll need the old Monk's feathery cowl,  
Such night hath never been;  
And one is with the glow-worm's lamp  
Lighting his Love to bed—  
The lagging tricky Sprites—go, Elf,  
And see them hither sped.

Haste! hither whip them with this end  
Of spider's web—be brief!  
The mast bends like a reed, and soon  
It will be time to reef;  
At every bound the waters flash  
In thunder from her prow:  
And, like a bird, she scarcely seems  
To touch the white waves now.

Hilloah—more hands! for we must make  
A thousand leagues ere morn;  
Blow, wind! till not a crested wave  
Leap from the deep unshorn;—  
Blow!—sweep their white tops into mist,  
As merrily we roam,  
Till the wide sea one bright sheet be,  
One sheet of fire and foam.

The horned Moon will soon go down,  
And then our course is up;  
Our frigate then the cockle-shell,  
Our boat the bean-flower cup.  
More hands! more hands! Haste—hurry! Elves!  
From thicket, lake, and swamp,  
We'll dash the waters in her face  
Till they put out her lamp.

Ha! here they come, skinning the foam  
And dripping through the spray,  
Like water sprites: a gallanter crew  
There was never, black, white, or grey:  
Bring blast from mountain, flood from glen,  
Bring upper and bring nether,  
Till air and ocean have but one motion,  
And let 'em roar together!

But look! the Moon!—O for a spell  
To stay her setting horn!  
Hie! Fairies, hie! she fades like mist  
In the dewy light of morn.  
Our course is run, our work is done,  
A thousand leagues are day:  
Shout! shout! a merry peal ring out  
And wake the churls—away!

There is a singular coincidence both in conception and handling, between this legendary strain from the great Western Continent, and a song written in our own little Island many years ago—we quote three of the verses:—

*The Elfin Miller.*

Full merrily rings the millstone round,  
Full merrily rings the wheel,  
Full merrily gushes out the grist,  
Come taste my fragrant meal;  
As sends the lift its snowy drift,  
So the meal comes in a shower.  
Work, fairies, fast, for time flies past,  
I borrowed the mill an hour.

The miller he's a worldly man,  
And must have double fee,  
So draw the sluice of the churl's dam,  
And let the stream come free.

Shout, faibles, shout—see gushing out,  
The meal comes like a river:  
The top of the grain, on hill and plain,  
Is ours and shall be ever.

One elf is chasing the wild bat's wing,  
And one the white owl's horn,  
One hunts the fox for the white o' his tail,  
And we winna have him till morn;  
One idle fay with the glow-worm's ray  
Runs glimmering 'mongst the mosses;  
Another goes tramp, with Will-o'-Wisp's lamp,  
To light a lad to the lasses.

There are three other verses all bearing the same resemblance to the American song, which may be remarked in these; nor is this all, 'The Mariner's Adieu,' which stands at the head of this volume, is far more like 'The Mariner's Song' of Allan Cunningham than a lover of originality would desire.

*Anecdota Græca*: descripta J. F. Boissonade.  
4 vols. 8vo. Paris.

THIS is one of those contributions to classical literature, which we despair of seeing emulated in this country,—we mean, the publication, at the expense of the nation or some corporate body, of those ancient manuscripts preserved in our libraries, which, without possessing sufficient interest to ensure a remunerative sale, would be valuable, as books of reference, to those engaged in learned investigations. The greater part of the tracts that have been thus edited by Boissonade, are the productions of Byzantine writers, and tend to illustrate the most interesting portion of the history of the Lower Empire. The affected obscurity, the depraved taste, and, in some instances, the perfect barbarism of the writers, rendered the publication of these works hopeless, as a mere bookselling speculation; and without the aid of the government they could not have appeared. That aid, however, was cheerfully conceded; and though it cannot be denied that many of the tracts are of little or no value, it is but justice to add, that there are others whose merits will well repay the student's labour. The epistles of Theodulus, in the second volume, contain a most graphic account of the devastation of the Eastern Empire by the Catalans and Turks in the fourteenth century. As specimens of the learning of that age, we have two declamatory exercises from the same writer, on that hackneyed topic, the contest of Euphron and Polemarchus. They are such speeches as might be written by a ready school-boy, who had a greater command of words than ideas; and we cannot discover in them that acuteness of which the learned editor speaks; but the style, language, and structure, possess a higher degree of purity than we should have expected in the last ages of the Byzantine dynasty. The third volume contains a satirical description of a visit to hell, in which an opportunity is taken to lash, very severely, some of the principal characters in the court of Manuel Palæologus; and the fourth volume contains the life of Barlaam, whose strange career as a sectary and a legate is well known to every reader of Gibbon. The theological tracts interspersed through these volumes shed more light on the history of the Greek church, in the middle ages, and its peculiar superstitions, than has hitherto been conceded to the Western Christians; but the perusal of them is painful; for it is ever a sad contemplation to see perverted ingenuity and mistaken piety engaged in the support of

absurd legends, such as those that, in the eastern church, nearly supplanted the pure simplicity of the gospels.

*Le Livre des Cent-et-Un*. Vol. V. Paris, Ladvocat.

[Third Notice.]

THE following is translated from a paper by Henry Monnier.

#### *The Album Mania.*

"The origin of Albums dates from a very remote period. They are of German origin. A man, on the eve of a long journey, sent a book to his friends to receive contributions in drawings, poetry, or music, to which family letters were often added. In a distant land he found this volume a delightful travelling companion. When his mind wanted the associations of friendship, or his heart yearned towards those on whom his best affections were centered, he opened this album and listened to the fond voice of maternal counsel, the tender solicitude of a beloved sister, or the gentle endearings of the first woman he ever loved.

"The Album was a book of the heart, in which were treasured all the most cherished affections.

"By degrees the original idea and object were lost sight of, and Albums were filled with drawings made by mere acquaintances, with sketches often purchased at the picture-dealers'—or oftener still, obtained by importunity from the careless generosity of artists.

"Next came the frightful race of amateur artists, who amuse themselves for a couple of hours with an object of art, as a child with a toy. These people are a thousand times more disgusting than amateur picture-dealers; they come in the morning to your studio, where they remain until their dinner hour. Noisy and idle, they talk of nothing but the price of horses and tilburies, or the fashionable beauties of the day—they overturn your easel—write their name upon your casts, and wear you out with their insignificance. Such, with very few exceptions, is the race of pretended amateurs.

"Five or six years ago, when the profession of artist was one by which a man could live, these amateurs sprung up. Many of them took it into their heads to become dealers. Some made purchases, which they sold a few days after to their friends at three hundred per cent. profit, whilst others, less fortunate, lost large sums of money.

"This species of jobbing was tolerated by artists, who learned from these pedlars of a new kind, the current value of their works. In a word, they encouraged the system, for they found it a source of great profit; it enabled them to build their cottages, purchase horses and dogs, dream of rich heiresses whom they never married, and paved the way for the future mortification of getting rid of their equipages and studs, and of being forced by their tailors to take the air only on Sundays.

"Soon, however, the hauntings of studios found that their day was passed; for the pretensions of artists became higher in proportion as their wants increased; but, as the album fever still raged, a new plan was hit upon, that of giving dinners. They invited those painters, none of whose drawings had yet appeared in the Album to be filled; and the lady of the house contrived to make her guests pay for the dinner.

"Whilst the coffee was served in the drawing-room, the *salle à manger* was transformed into a studio, and, at a given signal, the poor artists were led to a large round table, upon which were spread drawing paper, pencils, indian ink, and boxes of water-colours.

"Nothing was more ridiculous than these assemblies—the miserable rivalry, the impromptus

prepared beforehand, the hollow and exaggerated compliments, uttered with a lying heart and smooth tongue; then came the 'particular favours' requested by the master of the house, of a drawing for the album of Madame this, and Mr. that, dear friends of the hostess.

"Meantime, the fair ladies and gallant gentlemen who had come to share in the gaieties of the evening, were pent up in a drawing-room too small to hold in comfort an eighth part of them; those who could not find places, took their station behind the artists. Then came a stout gentleman with broad shoulders, huge whiskers, and calves to his legs like those of the Farnese Hercules, who, advancing with a firm step and an air indicating that he was on excellent terms with himself, began a song, words and music composed by himself, and dedicated to his friend Mr. . . ., as little known as the author. Then, without solicitation, he murdered, for the thousandth time, the cavatina of the poor *Barbieri*, amidst the giggling and trampling of the crowd, the obligato accompaniment of opening and shutting doors, and the announcement of little Madame D—, with her ugly acid look, her wrapped up head, and her bare black shoulders, forcing her way through the crowd of ladies, to take the place reserved for her near the hostess, whilst her noble husband was discussing in the next room, with the voice of a Stentor, the debates in the Chamber of Deputies or the price of stocks.

"Between the songs, the ladies hustle towards the table of the artists. 'Ah! that is the profile of M. de la Boissière!' 'Oh! that is a tree!'—'Mama,' says a little girl, 'that is M. Desfeuillie.' And then the common-places of, 'How fast you draw, Sir!' and 'Will you allow me to show you my daughter's drawings? she is only six years old, and is wonderfully clever.' Then the pale-faced, light-haired young gentleman observes to the pretty girl hanging on his arm, that 'Drawing is an agreeable pastime.' And that stock-broker, with one thumb in the sleeve-hole of his white waistcoat, whilst the fingers of the other hand are playing with an enormous bunch of watch seals, protests in mere idleness that he would sacrifice a finger of his useless hands to be able to draw like those gentlemen; though the other day at Tortoni's, when speaking of the works of Charlet and Bellangé, he asked who would be fool enough to purchase such trash.

"After all these opinions upon art, so freely given, come the requests of the visitors. How many poor artists have I seen shudder and compress their lips convulsively, at perceiving a young lady carefully fold their beautiful drawing into the form of a letter, and put it into her reticule; and yet he ought to have considered himself fortunate if it were not dropped in the ante-chamber to become the plaything for children or servants.

"Invitations were also given for the country. The artist, delighted at the jaunt, took his place in some diligence passing within three or four miles of the country-house. He arrived perhaps at three o'clock in the morning, with his portmanteau under his arm, and waited in an ante-room until his noble hosts had risen. He remained three or four months, made sketches of the whole neighbourhood, and returned to town with an empty portfolio, after leaving the whole contents of his purse with the servants.

"The fashion of Albums passed—amateurs began to make drawings, superior, in their estimation, to those of artists; and the works of the latter were no longer purchased. . . .

"One man alone derived benefit from the revolution in the fine arts, consequent upon our political convulsions; that is M. Rouget, proprietor of the *restaurant* in the Rue de Valois. At his house, all the celebrated of the age of Albums assemble from five till seven in the

evening, where they forget their dreams of fame and fortune, their invitations to dinner, and the patronage of lovers of Albums."

*The Heliotrope; or, Pilgrim in pursuit of Health.* Canto First. London: Whiting.

THE Pilgrim who goes abroad in quest of health, and so far forgets the advice of friends and physicians as to commence poet, has little chance of returning home a sounder or a wiser man than he went away. The feverish intercourse which he maintains with the muse is prejudicial to a return of health; the labour, too, of doing all the hills, and cities, and rivers, and matrons, and madonnas into rhyme, cannot fail to be hurtful; and unless the publication of his verses evokes the evil spirit of poesie out of him, he is lost to his friends and to the world for ever. We are afraid, however, that in the present instance we have been throwing away our sympathy; really our sick pilgrim sings a healthy and vigorous strain; we now and then, indeed, see symptoms of weakness, and hear a low and a feeble voice, but, on the whole, he acquits himself like one who has health to throw away rather than to seek. We cannot, however, spare room for an account of his wanderings from sea to shore; and it is the less to be regretted, since it has been his pleasure to make a descent upon Italy, and "our picked man of countries" sings through the entire canto,

— of the Alps and Apennine,  
The Pyrenean and the river Po.

There is enough talent in the following song to justify us for extracting it; and with it we bid farewell to the first canto of 'The Heliotrope.'

The mid-watch is set;  
O'er the dark heaving billow  
Night's shadows have met,  
Then awake from thy pillow!  
Let the bell of St. Remo  
Give warmth to thy seal,  
At the voice of thy patron  
Kneel, mariner, kneel!

From his shrine on the cliff,  
In thy joyance or cumber,  
He pilots thy skiff,  
Though his master may slumber!  
When like weeds o'er the waters  
Storm-drifted we reel,  
The dark cloud he scatters—  
Kneel, mariner, kneel!

Tho' the mast like an osier  
Be stript in the gale;  
One sign from his crossier  
Can rescue thy sail!  
Then to holy St. Remo,  
Who wakes for thy weal,  
And the sainted Madonna,  
Kneel, mariner, kneel!

From the welkin and wave,  
As we bow to his relic,  
From the mountain and cave,  
Hark! voices angelic:  
"In doubt and in danger  
To guard and to cheer,  
Thy star mid the darkness,  
St. Remo is near!"

LARDNER'S CABINET LIBRARY.

*Military Memoirs of Field Marshal at the Duke of Wellington.* By Capt. Moyle Sherer. Vol. II.

It was now eighteen months† since, in the language of the Captain, we "fretted handsome" under the first volume of his immortal work, and with no "loud weariness of voice" exposed its manifold and disgraceful blunders. The second was, at that time, announced to appear on the 1st of April! and we persuade

† January 1831.

ourselves, that the long interval has been passed in revising and correcting. There is a modesty in this that quite disarms us, although, under circumstances, it might have been better to have left the work imperfect; for the Captain, in his extreme nervousness, has not permitted one original opinion to remain in the volume, which is a mere compilation and abridgment from Southey, Napier, and others. As to matters of "cakelology," they are not worth wasting a thought upon; but we could not help smiling at the caution of the editor of the Library, who, having come in for a little lashing for permitting such a skittish colt as the Captain to run in single harness, thinks it prudent now to announce, that "the work being of a professional nature, that interference which is generally understood to fall within the province of an editor, has not, in the present instance, been exercised by Dr. Lardner."

*Popular Zoology.* London: J. Sharp.

THIS is a pretty little volume, as all are that issue from the Chiswick press. But we have heretofore acknowledged our obligation to Mr. Whittingham, for "the Gardens and Menagerie of the Zoological Society," a work without a rival for beauty of typography and illustration; and we must still recommend all who desire to make a welcome and splendid present to a young relative or friend to purchase the latter—and it may be some temptation to them when they hear that the price has been reduced to twenty-four shillings for the two matchless volumes.

*The Van Diemen's Land Almanack for the Year 1832.* Hobart Town, Edited and Printed by H. Melville—London: Smith, Elder & Co.

WE spoke last year with the warmest commendation of the first volume of this useful, and, we may add, interesting work. Much of the information then collected, is embodied in the present volume, which has, however, many valuable additions. To all who have any thoughts of emigrating, or desire correct information respecting the colony, this little work will be invaluable.

*The Mercantile Navy Improved.* With Explanatory Drawings. By James Ballinghall. London: Morrison.

THE security which Mr. Ballinghall's plan of doubling ships' bottoms to a certain height upwards affords, is a recommendation which ought not to be overlooked by our merchants and ship-owners. It is acknowledged by every seaman that there is not a more difficult point of his duty than that of keeping a ship clear of her anchor; and Mr. Ballinghall adduces an instance of a ship sinking in the river from that circumstance alone. Had she been fortified according to Mr. Ballinghall's method, it would not have happened. We do not know a system better calculated for the safety, cleanliness, and economy of the ship and her cargo, than that which Mr. Ballinghall proposes.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE feverish look of these vacillating times had chased, we imagined, all poetry away: the muses, like doves, fluttered by a fire in their residence, have returned, and, though their strains are neither lofty nor loud, they are, nevertheless, pleasing to the ear and welcome to the heart. 'Angel Visits, and other Poems,' by James Riddall Wood, were written, the author says, amid the pressure of business or the misery of a sick chamber; and we are sorry for it; because, we think, if the hand and mind of the author had been free and unfettered, he would have cheered us with a strain more vigorous and

varied, though, perhaps, not more pure and pious than this. The poet recounts and illustrates the visits which the angels of God made in ancient times to the dwellings of men—commencing with Adam, and concluding with Abraham: he follows Scripture closely, adopting its language and expanding its truths. We cannot, however, conceal from ourselves that, notwithstanding many stanzas are pleasing to read and some in a spirit of nature which we like, the piety of the work is of a better order than its poetry.

'Poems, chiefly Religious,' by Jacques.—We feel, as well as the author seems to do, the right tendency of these rhymes, yet we wish that he had refrained from printing them: any one who reads them will soon see that they want spirit and feeling. We wish men would refrain from doing religion into rhyme: piety is much better in the simplicity of prose than in the dullness of verse.

'The Mother's Present to her Daughter.'—This very little and very pretty volume was printed in Dublin, and contains many pages of prose and verse by the most popular of our authors: the same may be said of 'The Sacred Harp,' in which all the poets of any merit are laid under contribution.

'Clarenswood, or, Tales of the North.'—There are two stories in this neat and well-embellished volume: one is called 'Glenavon, a Tale of Destiny,'—the other, 'The Pledge of Peace; a Tale of Love, War, and Tyranny—Treachery, and Usurpation.' There are, doubtless, many passages, both of force and feeling, in these tales, but the language in which they are related wants simplicity and ease. The sentiments are often just, and the situations now and then new. The author concludes by saying to his reader, "We meet again at Philippi." We hope we shall be living to see this meeting: we advise him, however, to walk less on tiptoe when he comes, and speak more like a man of this world.

'Authentic Information relative to New South Wales.'—Mr. Busby, the author, was formerly Collector of the Internal Revenue, and Member of the Land Board of New South Wales, and, consequently, what he says may be regarded as little less than official. We cannot spare space for details, but we have no hesitation in recommending the little book to all who desire to emigrate to that distant pastoral land.

'An Offering of Sympathy to Parents bereaved of their Children.'—This is a little volume, full of good feeling, and the intention is, no doubt, most excellent; but "the heart knoweth its own secrets," and refuses to be comforted in any other way than according to its own nature. It is not the reading of a book full of learning and eloquence that will soothe a stricken spirit—no, nor the counsel or sympathy of many friends: time and the fulfilment of our duties are, after all, perhaps, the surest way to resignation and peace. We have seen few works of this domestic kind that were not too artificial and laboured for our taste.

'Byron's Narrative of the loss of the Wager.'—Of all tales of shipwreck, hardship, and endurance, this is the most touching; some men will think its merit lies in having supplied Lord Byron with many hints for passages in his 'Don Juan,'—and no doubt it has done so; but with us, its attraction lies not only in the varied fortunes of the narrator, but in the simplicity of style and sincerity of manner in which the whole is related. We see no reason for printing it and binding it to match with Murray's Byron—it can stand very well by itself.

'The Tradesman's Guide.' This is an useful and convenient volume; it contains tables of superficial measurements calculated from one inch to two hundred inches in length, by one inch to an hundred and eight inches in breadth, and saves a world of figures, and what is equally important—time.



## ORIGINAL PAPERS

## THE OUDALISK'S SONG.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

THEY said that I was fair and bright,  
And bore me far away—  
Within the Sultan's halls of light,  
A glittering wretch to stay;  
They bore me o'er the dreary sea,  
Where the dark wild billows foam—  
Nor heard the sighs I heaved for thee,  
My own—my childhood's home!

They deck my arms with jewels rare  
That glitter in the sun,  
And braid with pearls my long black hair—  
I weep when all is done!  
I'd give them all for one bright hour  
Free and unwatched to roam:  
I'd give them all, for one sweet flower  
From thee—my childhood's home.

They bring my low-toned harp, and bid  
My voice the notes prolong—  
And oft my soul is harshly chid  
When tears succeed to song:  
Alas! my lip can sing no more,  
When o'er my spirit comes  
The strains I heard in thee of yore,  
My own—my childhood's home!

For then, the long-lost visions rise  
Of happy sinless years—  
I dare not hide my streaming eyes,  
Yet cannot cease from tears:  
I see the porch where wearily  
My mother sits and weeps—  
I see the couch where rosiely  
My little brother sleeps.

I see the flowers I loved to tend,  
Lie tangled on the earth;  
I hear the merry voices blend—  
Mine old companions' mirth!  
Oh! what to me are gilded halls,  
Rich vestments, jewels rare?  
I'd rather live in cabin walls,  
And breathe the mountain air.

Here the hot heavy winds are still,  
The hours unwearied pass:  
Oh! for the sunshine on the hill—  
The dew upon the grass!  
Oh! for the cool resounding shore,  
The dark blue river's foam!  
Shall my sick heart *never* see them more?  
Woe! for my childhood's home!

## WHEN THE WORLD WAS IN ITS YOUTH.

WHEN the world was in its youth,  
(Now 'tis old and grey.)  
There were maidens, fair and true,  
Who felt love, and *owned* it, too:  
Where, oh! where are they?

Is the world a wiser world?  
Is it brighter grown?  
Hath it kept its hopes of youth?  
Or its brave free-hearted truth,  
Since those maids have flown?

No? Then, if 't no better be  
Than 'twas in its youth,  
Let's call back those maids to woo us,  
Haply they may bring unto us  
Gentle, gentle Truth.

## AN ADVENTURE.

Unto

Mr. Leitch Ritchie, of London,  
These.

DEAR SIR,—I duly acknowledge receipt of the half-crown, and of a copy of the *Athenæum* literary paper, which has been regularly sent me ever since. The title of this work is even as a sweet savour to the scholar, recalling the literary glories of the city of Cecrops, and associated with the names of the Cilician philosopher, and of him who is surnamed Naucratis, the author of the learned treatise *De Deipnosophistis*. Nevertheless, I am concerned to find that the editor is altogether neglectful of the ideas which no doubt suggest themselves every time he casts his eye upon the paper; and it is for the purpose of putting him in mind of his duty, and of showing him how to combine recreation with instruction, that I send, for the amusement of the readers of the *Athenæum*, the inclosed Dissertation on the Greek Particles. It will not fill more than half a number, or at most two thirds, and I demand for it ten shillings and sixpence; but, lest the conductors of a fourpenny paper should be startled by such a price, I inclose a brief narrative as before,† which I hope you will think worth half-a-crown of the money.

As for your charge of pedantry, it is as unfounded as the expression used by Scaliger to denote a pedant—*grammaticaster*—is low and base Latin. However, I ought rather to pity your ignorance than upbraid your presumption, convinced as I am that the editor of a paper with so Attic a name as the *Athenæum*, will perceive at a glance that I am more *grammaticus* than *grammatista*.

P. P.

## The Answer.

DEAR SIR,—I regret to have to communicate to you an afflicting calamity, which has befallen your Dissertation on the Greek Particles. One evening, while enjoying its perusal, I was seized with an unaccountable drowsiness, and before I had reached the third page fell fast asleep. I dreamed that I was under the hands and birch of a remorseless pedagogue, and writhed and started so emphatically, that the candle was overturned and set fire to the precious manuscript, which burned, like the diamond, without leaving a residue, so that there is now not one particle extant of your Greek Particles!

This, however, was no fault of yours, and I send you the money demanded; but as the sum is a serious loss to a poor devil of an author like myself, I hope you will speedily fall in with a third adventure, and make some allowance in your charge. L. R.

## THE ADVENTURE.

WHEN the flames of the burning of Bristol were extinguished, the turmoil of the city gradually subsided, and silence reigned, co-heir with desolation. The house, more especially, at the top whereof was my abode, resembled a ruin. The window glass had been shivered by the heat; and from the blackened walls, cracked and rent here and there, the inhabitants fled in disgust. Many of them besides—of those who had got clear off with their goods—owed arrears of rent; and this providential calamity, as they presumed, cancelled their debt to Cæsar. Thus

it happened, from one cause and another, that I was left alone in the desolate tenement.

No one came to ask me for my weekly sixpence—and of a truth, the charge would now have hardly been warranted by the accommodation; for the roof had in some places given way, and exposed me to "skyey influences," more applicable to the concerns of poetry than of human comfort. I had some thoughts at length of quitting the house; but the temptation of lodging rent-free confined me to my roost.

One evening, while sitting musingly listening to the distant noises of the street, I heard suddenly the unaccustomed sound of a heavy footstep on the stair. Upward it came—tramp—tramp—tramp,—its echoes rumbling through the deserted mansion, till at last it stopped on my own landing-place. First it passed into one room, then into another, the doors opening and shutting with a sound that made my heart quake—for this late visitor, whose approach was like the approach of one having authority, I thought must surely be the landlord! Finally the heavy footstep paused at the threshold of my apartment, and the door flying open, a tall man muffled in a cloak, and his hat slouched over his brow, stood before me.

"You are Peregrine Peters?" demanded he.

"My name is *Peregrinus* Peters."

"Why not *Petrus* also? Because you disclaim the qualities of a rock?"

"Except its poverty and barrenness."

"Well," said he, with a hard and bitter smile,

"You are poor at any rate; and I think you simple, if not honest. Can you keep a secret?"

"If it burthen not my conscience," replied I, "I will keep it; but, if it touches the shedding of blood—"

"Why the shedding of blood?" I could not answer the question. I had been looking in the stranger's face, and the idea presented itself. "What I require of you," said he, after a pause, "is a simple affair. You are to receive this into your custody;" putting into my hands a small box, of fine wood inlaid with silver, and resembling a case of mathematical instruments, only somewhat larger—"which you will deliver, unopened, into the hands of one who will come here to demand it of you. The person I allude to will ask no questions, and you are to promise solemnly to me, that you will not answer the questions of any other."

"Why do you ask this of me?" demanded I in surprise. "What connexion or acquaintance is there between us, that you should choose a poor grammarian for your agent?"

"A public writer," replied he, with the same peculiar smile I had noticed before, "should not wonder at his being known to all the world. At any rate, you are only a stranger among strangers, and it is no more surprising that I should choose you than another. You are poor, secluded from the prying world, and, perhaps, honest. This is sufficient for my purpose. Allow this box to remain with you; keep the terms I have appointed; and when you deliver it up you shall receive a reward, in coined money, that shall content you." The stranger had no sooner thrown down the small box than he turned upon his heel and suddenly left the apartment; and in another minute, the echoes of his footsteps died away in the distance.

The whole affair did not take more time than I have spent in telling; and I declare to you, that after the stranger had disappeared, I thought, for more than one minute, it was nothing better than a trick of the imagination. The box, however, remained, and this was tangible enough. It was about half a foot in length, and of an oblong figure, but scarcely so heavy as a case of instruments of the size. It was, notwithstanding, handsome enough outside, with its silver mountings; and after I had grown weary of turning it over and over, and

† See "Sally in our Alley," No. 320.

tormented myself so long as was possible with conjectures, as to the nature of its contents, I set it upon the mantel-piece for an ornament, and went to bed.

The next morning, before I was well up, the landlord, and a troop of surveyors and masons, were in the room to examine into the state of the premises, with a view to repair the house. Their attention was speedily attracted by the box; which was, indeed, a comely object, and the more remarkable, that with the exception of my trundle, or trundle bed, there was only a deal table in the apartment, and a chair of mahogany, that looked, however, as well as ebony. Presently they began to whisper, one with another, and to look, with a strange side-long look at me. I was, indeed, troubled at the expression of their eyes, and rejoiced when they at last departed.

An hour had scarcely elapsed when my attention was caught by a small quick foot upon the stair, and presently a little boy broke hastily into the room.

"Master," said he, (for he was an ancient pupil of mine), "if you have stolen the box, run for your life!" I was thunderstruck with surprise at the lad's audacity.

"Come," continued he, "you have no time to stand staring; for the case, they say at the police, is clear against you. You were seen prowling up and down on the night of the fire, and lo! there is suddenly found in your room a silver box filled with bank notes to the lip!" It was clear enough, indeed, if the box contained money—which was not impossible from the unlucky stranger's harping so much about my honesty, I should certainly suffer death; and if, on the other hand, its contents were documents of importance, was it not my duty, as well as my interest, to make every effort to fulfil the tacit engagement into which I had been driven?

"Boy!" said I suddenly, "I am an innocent grammarian, but I must yield to fate."

"To fate? What is fate?—a halter?"

"*Fatum est quod dii fantur—Adieu!*" and hastily wrapping up my property in my pocket-handkerchief, and concealing as well as I was able the ill-omened box in the breast of my coat, I rushed into the street.

My grand object was to get clear of the town, till the noise of the event should die away; and seeing a countryman, whose son I had taught the humanities, riding homewards in his cart, I persuaded him to let me mount beside him. I soon, however, repented me of this plan, for methought every eye was turned upon me. I knew not whether my conscious imagination may not have played me a trick on the occasion; but, at any rate, my tall and spare figure, philosophic countenance, and raiment of decent black, that I had received as a gift from my grandmother on reaching man's estate, might well have attracted attention, perched upon the front of a turnip cart.

As we got further and further from the town, the curiosity of the passers by seemed to increase. This awakened the attention of the countryman with whom I rode; and, perceiving that I was an unwelcome passenger, I got down, and crept away along the side of a hedge.

Having walked till I was weary and faint, I stopped near a village, and went into the churchyard to rest. I had not been long seated when some boys, and afterwards some women, came to look at me. They were especially struck with the appearance of the box which lay beside me; and the females, after communing together in an indignant manner, threw such glances towards me as made my flesh creep.

"I tell you, they are surgical instruments," I could hear them exclaim, as they walked tumultuously away. "It is plain enough what he is prowling here for, and why, of late, folk cannot

rest in the village, even in their graves! Bide a bit!" added the termagant, shaking her clenched hand at me, as they left the consecrated ground.

I did not abide; for I have observed that one might as well be suspected of robbing a woman of her living child, as of her dead; and in either case, there is no animal in the creation more fierce, bloody, and relentless. I made my way over the wall; and, wrapping up the box in my bundle, (which I regretted I had not done at first,) skirted round the village, and regained the road at some distance beyond it.

I was at length faint with hunger, as well as weary and way-sore, and went into an ale-house to comfort the carnal man. There were a good many countrymen and pedestrian travellers in the room: but I was rejoiced to find from their conversation that the news from Bristol had not yet reached so far, and I pleased myself with the thought that I might quaff my ale in peace. I had no sooner laid down my bundle, however, than a mastiff-dog—may he die the death!—came smelling to it with more than human curiosity. In vain I removed it; in vain I drove him away; in vain I bribed him with bread, and even cheese—he only became more eager: and, at length, with a sudden spring, catching at the bundle with his teeth, he dragged it down, and the wretched box rolled upon the floor. At this sight, the monster sprung upon me, with a yell that might have alarmed the dead, and had not the company come to my rescue, he would certainly have torn me to pieces. Even when beaten away by his master, he crouched himself before me at some distance, in the attitude of springing, and, while his eyes were rivetted upon me, emitted, every now and then, a short smothered howl that made me tremble.

All this, no doubt, seemed very surprising to the guests; and they began to converse apart: I thought it, therefore, better to depart; and, with a heavy heart, I buttoned my coat upon the accursed box, and, shouldering my bundle, trudged away.

Before I had done communing with myself, on the strange fatality of which I appeared to be the sport, the shadows of the twilight came gloomily down upon the earth, and I was right glad to reach a village. As I was entering the inn, an old gentleman was just coming out.

"Have you got the box?" said he, quickly laying his hand upon my shoulder. My heart leaped to my mouth; I grew sick, and felt as if about to fall.

"That is not the porter, sir," remarked a servant in livery; "but the box is found, and already on the coach." Relieved, and yet ashamed, I went into the house. There were no dogs, heaven be praised! and the guests took but little notice of me.

"I say, my friend," said the servant in livery, who had come in soon after me, "what was the matter with you when master asked after the box? Why you looked all sorts of sky blue!"

"We have some guess of that!" remarked two men entering the room. I thought I should have swooned, and the words of the celebrated ballad came ding-dong in my ears—

And Eugene Aram walked between,  
With gyves upon his wrist!

These men, however, were persons who had seen me at the last public-house, and had no authority to apprehend me. Nevertheless, they so grieved and alarmed me by their hints and half-charges, that I could stay no longer in their company, but retired to the room where I was to pass the night. Just then a thought of deliverance suddenly came into my head. I saw by the moonlight, that the yard behind the house, opened upon a wood, and I determined instantly to go there and bury this fatal box till

it should be required of me by the appointed person.

Gliding down stairs, I reached the wood unobserved. Here it occurred to me, that if one would bury, he must have wherewithal to dig; and, while pausing in perplexity, I lost the opportunity, for two persons came so suddenly from the interior of the wood, that I had scarcely time to conceal myself behind a tree before they were upon the very spot where I had stood. They were a young lady and a young gentleman; and, having so premised, I need hardly say that they were engaged in some love conspiracy.

"I would implore you, dearest," said the young man, "to fly with me for the second time, but alas! I am no longer so able as I have been to protect you."

"Why not?" demanded the girl, in alarm—"I understood that you had completely recovered from your wounds." The lover, withdrawing his left arm from his cloak, held it up. It was without a hand! His mistress all but fainted.

"On that dreadful evening," said he, "when we were pursued to Scotland by your father and your suitor Sir M——, while waiting in a bedroom to arrange my dress, till the person who was to join our hands was found, I saw a man come in, and carry away my cloak. The thought passed through my mind that it was a servant who wanted to brush it; but, after a while, it struck me as being a little odd, that in so miserable a public-house they should think of doing so without orders; and presently the idea flashed across my brain like lightning, that the man resembled one of Sir M——'s servants! I rushed to the door—and found that I was locked in. Knowing well the character of the resolute and quick-minded villain, a suspicion arose, which even now I cannot think of without horror. I threw myself repeatedly against the door, and at length succeeded in bursting it open. You were not in the room where I had left you. You had been torn from almost my very grasp—but when I was informed that your only companion in the carriage was your father, I blessed heaven for its mercy; I threw myself upon a horse, and swept after you like the wind. I overtook Sir M——, who was riding alone after the carriage; and when he saw me at his side, he pulled in, and dismounted immediately. We both walked into a woodcutter's shed by the road-side. 'What is your pleasure?' said he. 'To settle for ever our dispute,' was my reply; and, pulling out my pistols, I gave him his choice. He took one on the instant, and, presenting it at my breast, pulled the trigger. It missed fire. I lost a moment in surprise and horror, and that moment was fatal. He caught up a hatchet from the ground. In one instant I was down, and in another my hand was severed, and I fainted."

During this recital the young lady was dissolved in tears.

"Did the suspicion you have hinted at," said she, after a while, "never recur to you? It was correct! In the dusk, I may almost say in the dark, bewildered in mind, ashamed, and terrified—wretch that I am!—I believed I saw you enter the room wrapped in your cloak; and, clinging to you for support, I hid my face on your shoulder. I became a wife—the wife of Sir M——, and from that moment have never seen my husband!" The rage of the young man at this intelligence became so ungovernable, that his mistress drew him back into the wood to prevent his cries from being heard at the house. The last words I could hear her say were these—"There is yet some hope—I have more to tell you—" when her voice was lost in the distance, and, leaving these unhappy lovers to their sorrow, I returned to my chamber.

In the middle of that night, when I was dreaming that the accursed box, expanded to

the size of a tombstone, was lying upon my breast—I was suddenly awakened by a glare of light falling upon my eyes. I thought I beheld an apparition, and my bones trembled, and the hair of my head stood up.

"Old man," said the lady of the wood, "be not afraid. Give me the box! I have only this instant heard a report that it is in your possession." Recovering my presence of mind, I demurred to the demand, on the score of my uncertainty of her being the person appointed to receive it.

"Here are my testimonials," said she, "read this note." It ran thus:—"You will find, at No. 13, Fag-end Lane, Bristol, in the possession of a schoolmaster, a simple fellow, who is too great a fool to be a rogue, a box, in or-moulu, the contents of which, as young ladies say, will enchant you. I send you the key of the box, and I give you the trouble to go so far to open it, that I may have time to get out of your way, by a vessel which sails in a day or two for—the island of the Blest." I could no longer doubt, and drawing the fateful box from beneath my pillow, the young lady opened it with a trembling hand. A strongly perfumed note lay upon the top, which she eagerly read thus:

"I am not so unconscionable as to play the dog in the manger. Being about to quit this country for ever, I cannot enjoy your fortune, which is tied up; and as for your person, I never cared about it. Lest, however, you should be scared from matrimony by a bug-bear, (for, in reality, our marriage was never consummated,) and imagine that, being rather a whimsical person, I may return one day to claim your hand, I now put into your possession the evidence of a hand which will effectually exclude me from the pleasure of your society, at least in England. This I owe to the daughter of that man of whom I have made, for some years past, so egregious an ass. Present it, with my compliments, to your romantic lover, if he be still alive.

"Your ex-husband, M——."

My curiosity was now excited to such a pitch, that, sitting up in the bed, I seized upon the other contents of the box, which were wrapped in coarse paper, and dragged them forth without ceremony. And what do you think they were? A human hand! a cold, dead, livid, gory, ghastly hand! I declare to you, I should have swooned with horror, had not the lady prevented me, by breaking into such screams of hysterical laughter as brought the whole house about us in their chemises. The situation was awkward. At my time of life one does not like to have young ladies caught in one's room—not to talk of the injury such a circumstance might do to a follower of the scholastic profession.

Nevertheless, I was comforted by the sum of coined money I received in the morning; and all I can tell further on the subject of the lovers is contained in the following paragraph, extracted from a Bristol newspaper:—"The reports of a certain wealthy heiress having been married to Sir M—— are, it appears, incorrect. She eloped, yesterday, with an old sweetheart; and her father, it is said, tired of the whims of a marriageable daughter, has determined to receive the young couple into his good graces."

#### THE SOUL'S TENURE.

BY MARY HOWITT.

There is a wondrous dwelling-house,  
A palace fair to see;  
A house of goodly workmanship,  
Compacted curiously:

The cunning of the wisest head  
Ne'er formed that wondrous plan;  
The structure of its curious walls  
Is past the skill of man.

Among the trees of Paradise,  
This pleasant house was set:—  
Oh, glorious dome of happiness,  
What joy around thee met!

God was thy builder, pleasant house,  
And gave a lord to thee,  
And gave him guests of goodly sort  
To keep him company:

He gave him joy, he gave him peace,  
Kind thoughts and nature mild,  
And innocence, that in his house,  
Dwelt like a happy child.

And to this house he gave domains,  
That lay both far and wide;  
Nor was there any want at all  
That was unsatisfied.

O pleasant house, O goodly state,  
What better might be had!  
The angel bands of Paradise  
Beheld it, and were glad!

Five thousand years and more since then  
A thousand wrecks have made:  
What marvel that this lordly house  
Like all things has decayed?

The house is old—five thousand years  
Pass not without a trace;  
All chill and drear, and dark and cold—  
It is a dreary place.

Time has made chinks within the walls,  
And let strange dwellers in;  
A place of melancholy sights,  
A place of cheerless din.

Five thousand years and more have passed  
Since Guilt got entrance there,  
And with him came austere Remorse,  
And miserable Despair.

They stalked about the lordly rooms,  
A stern and cruel three;  
And in that desolated place  
Held awful sovereignty.

And ghosts of all unholy things  
Range up and down at will,  
Nor can the master of the house  
Conjure them to be still.

Unquiet musings come by night,  
And flit around his bed;  
And memories of all things unkind,  
That have been done or said:

And voices and mysterious calls  
Disturb his stately ease,  
Like to the writing on the wall  
Amid his revelries:

And music cannot drown the voice,  
That like an undertone  
Keeps up a wailing, warning cry,  
For evil that is done.

And to some mighty master-sin,  
The ill-kept house is given:  
A strong and cunning enemy,  
Like him that ruled the seven.†

It is a dreary, haunted house—  
Why cling unto it so!  
Hast thou, dear soul, no better home  
For refuge whence to go?

For thirst and hunger, and strong pain,  
Thy goodly house deform,  
And care, with its corroding tooth,  
Is here the canker-worm:

And Time, the mighty robber chief,  
Goes by thy house each day,  
And ever his rapacious hand  
A booty bears away:

† "Then goeth he and taketh to him seven other spirits, more wicked than himself; and they enter in and dwell there."

He takes the gladness from thy soul,  
Which wealth can ne'er supply;  
He takes the brightness from thy cheek,  
The lustre from thine eye;

Some precious hope—some bosom friend,  
That was like life to thee;  
Some treasure which thy heart did keep  
As 'neath an iron key:

He ever steals away from thee,  
Sweet rest and peace of mind:—  
Dear soul, Time is an enemy  
That leaves but wreck behind.

And last comes Death, the conqueror,  
From whom thou hold'st in fee,  
Thy tottering, crumbling tenement,—  
A cruel lord is he!

He will not hear thee plead for grace—  
He will not let thee stay:—  
In rain, though tempests howl without,  
Poor soul, thou must away!

O then upon thy feeble house  
Expend not all thy gains,—  
Sweet soul, a better dwelling-place,  
A nobler, yet remains.

Up—man thy walls, and drive away  
The foe that has got in,—  
Thy worldly cares, thy vanities,  
Thy cruel master—Sin.

And keep thy house in readiness,  
The watch upon the walls,  
Until the hour thou know'st not of,  
When Death, the conqueror, calls.

Then stand before him manfully,  
And give him up the key,  
Saying, 'Farewell house! now, welcome Death,  
I gladly follow thee!'

#### CHANGEABLE CHARLIE—A TALE OF THE DOMINIE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE DOMINIE'S LEGACY.'

REALLY when I come to think on the various fortunes of my pupils after they went from under my charge, I am as much diverted and moved to laughter at the ways and proceedings that were followed out by some, as I am sobered into sorrow at the sad and pathetic fate that befell several others. If I could say conscientiously, that the wisest man always turned out to be the happiest or the most fortunate, greatly should I be gratified. But truly, it hath never consisted with the little philosophy that I have gathered in going about the world, to deal much in general rules or specific conclusions; and I have often from my observations been rather tempted to say with the proverb-making king, that folly was in some cases better than wisdom, and lightness of heart more to be envied than sobriety and sense.

It was in the early part of my life, when I was yet in the apprenticeship of my fortune, that I had the teaching of a pleasant boy, whose name was Charlie Cheap. Charlie's father was a weel-speeked witless body, who kept a shop in the largest village near; and having made money by mere want of sense, and selling of the jigs and jags of a country town, was called by the name of John Cheap the Chapman, after the classical story of that personage with which we used to be diverted when we were children; so the old man seeing indications of genius in his son, sent the lad to me to finish his education.

There was not a better-liked boy in the whole school than Charlie Cheap; for though he never would learn anything effectually, and was the head and ring-leader of every

trick that was hatched, he had such a laughing happy disposition, and took his very punishment so good-humouredly, that it went to my heart to think of chastising him; and as for the fool's cap, and the broom sceptre, they were no punishment to him, for he never seemed better pleased than when he had them on; and when mounted thus on the top of the black stool, he seemed so delighted, and pulled such faces at the rest of the boys, that no mortal flesh could stand to their gravity near him, and my seat of learning was in danger of becoming a perfect hobbleshaw of diversion. How to master this, was past my power. But Charlie's versatility ended it by his own will, and before he was half learned in his preliminary humanities, his father and he had taken some scheme into their heads, and he was removed from me and sent to the college.

I know not how it was, but for several years I lost sight of Charlie, until I heard that his father was dead, and that he was now a grown man, and likely to make a great fortune. This news was no surprise to me, for I now begun to make the observation, that the greatest fools that I had the honour of preparing for the world, most generally became the wealthiest men.

It was one day when on a summer tramp, that entering a decentish town, and looking about at the shop windows, I began to bethink me of the necessity that had fallen upon me, by the tear and wear of the journey, of being at the expense of a new hat, so I entered a magazine of miscellaneous commodities, when who should astonish me in the person of the shopkeeper, but my old pupil Charlie Cheap. "Merciful me! Charlie," said I, "who would have expected to find you at this trade! I thought you had gone to the college to serve your time for a minister of the gospel."

"Indeed," said Charlie, "that was once the intent, but, in truth, my head got rather confused with the lair and the logic. I had not the least conjugality to the Greek conjugations, and when I came to the Hebrew that is read every word backwards, faith, I could neither read it backwards nor forwards, and fairly stuck, and grew a sticked minister. But I had long begun to see that the minister trade was but a poor business, and that a man might wait for the mustard till the meat was all eaten, and so I just took up a chop like my father before me; and faith, Mr. Dominic, I'm making a fortune."

"Well," said I, "I am really happy to hear it, and I hope, besides that, that you like your employment."

"I'm quite delighted with the chop-keeping, Mr. Balgownie, a very different life from chapping verbs in a cauld college. Besides, I am a respected man in the town; nothing but Mr. Cheap here and Mrs. Cheap there, and ladies coming in at all hours of the day, and bowing and becking to me—and throwing the money to me across the counter;—I would not wonder if they should make me a bailie yet."

"Well, I am really delighted too," said I: "and from my knowledge of bailies, I would not wonder in the least—so good bye, Mr. Cheap. I think this hat looks very well on me."

"Makes you ten years younger, Sir—good bye! wish you your health to wear it."

It might be a twelvemonth after that, I

was plodding along a country road some ten miles from the fore-mentioned town, when looking over the hedge by my side, I saw a team of horses pulling a plough towards me; and my cogitations were disturbed by the yo-ing and yau-ing of the man who followed it. Something struck me that I knew the voice, and when the last of the men came up, I discovered under the plush waistcoat and farmer's bonnet, my old friend Charlie Cheap.

"Soul and conscience!" cried he, thrusting his clayey hand through the hedge and grasping mine—"if this is not my old master the Dominic!" and truly he gave me the farmer's gripe, as if my hand had been made of cast metal.

"What are you doing here, Charlie?" said I. "Why are you not minding your shop, instead of marching there in the furrows at the plough-tail?"

"Chop," said he, "what chop? Na, na, Dominic, I've gotten a better trade by the hand."

"It cannot be possible, Charlie, that ye've turned farmer?"

"Whether it be possible or no, it is true," said Charlie; "but dinna be standing there whistling through the hedge, but come in by the slap at the corner, and ye shall taste my wife's treacle ale."

"Well really," said I, when I had got down into the farm-house, "this is the most marvellous change."

"No change to speak of," said he; "do ye think I was going to be tied up to haberdashery all my days? No, no, I knew I had a genius for farming, the chop-keeping grew flat and unprofitable, a chield from England set up next door to me, so a country customer took a fancy for a town life, I sold him my stock in trade, and he sold me the stock on his farm. He stepped in behind the counter, and I got behind the plough, so here I am, happier than ever; besides, harkie! I am making money fast."

"Are you really? But how do you know that?"

"Can I not count my ten fingers? Have I not figured it on black and white over and over again? There's great profits with management such as mine, that I can assure you, Sir."

"But how could you possibly learn farming? That, I believe, is not taught at college."

"Pooh! my friend; I can learn anything. Besides, my wife's mother was a farmer's daughter, and Lizzy herself understands farming already, as if she was reared to it. She makes all the butter, and the children drink all the milk, and we live so happy: birds singing in the morning—cows lowing at night—drinking treacle ale all day; and nothing to do but watch the corn growing. In short, farming is the natural state of man. Adam and Eve were a farmer and his wife, just like me and Lizzy Cheap!"

"But you'll change again shortly, I am afraid, Mr. Cheap."

"That's impossible, for I've got a nineteen years lease. I'll grow grey as a farmer. Well, good bye, Dominic. Be sure you give us a call the next time ye pass, and get a drink of our treacle ale."

"Well, really this is the most extraordinary thing," said I to myself as I walked up the lane from the farm house. "I shall be curious to ascertain of his going to stick to the farming till he's ruined."

I thought no more of Changeable Charlie for above a year, when, coming towards the same neighbourhood, I resolved to go a short distance out of my way to pay him a visit. My road lay across a clear country stream which winded along a pleasant green valley beneath me; and as I drew near the rustic bridge, my ear caught the lively sound of a waterfall, which murmured from a picturesque spot among opening woods, a little way above the bridge. A little mill-race, with its narrow channel of deep level water, next attracted my notice; and presently after, the regular splash of a water-wheel, and the boom of a corn-mill became objects of my meditative observation. The mill looked so quaint and rustic by the stream, the banks were so green and the water so clear, that I was tempted to wander towards it, down from the bridge, just to make the whole a subject of closer observation.

A barefooted girl came forth from the house and stared in my face, as a Scotch lassie may be supposed to do at a reasonable man. "Can you tell me," said I, willing to make up an excuse for my intrusion, "if this road will lead me to the farm of Longrigg, which is occupied by one Mr. Cheap?" The lassie looked in my face with a thievelous smile, and, without answering a word, took a bare-legged race into the mill. Presently, a great lumbering miller came out, like a walking bag of flower from beside the hopper, and I immediately saw he was going to address me.

Never did I see such a snowy man. His miller's hat was inch thick with flour; he whitened the green earth as he walked, the knees of his breeches were loose, and the stockings that hung about his heels, would have made a hearty meal for a starving garrison.

"What can the impudent rascal be staring at?" I said, and I began to cast my eyes down on my person, to see if I could find any cause in my own appearance, that the miller and his lassie should thus treat me as a world's wonder.

"Ye were asking I think," he said, "after Charlie Cheap, of the Longrigg?"

"Yes," said I, "but his farm must be some miles from this. Perhaps as you are the miller of the neighbourhood, you can direct me the nearest road to it."

The burley scoundrel first lifted up his eyewinkers, which were clotted with flour, shook out about a pound of it from his bushy whiskers, and then burst into a laugh in my very face as loud as the neighing of a miller's horse.

"Ho, ho, hough!" grinned he, coughing upon me a shower of flour. "Is it possible, Dominic, that ye dinna ken me?" and opening a mouth at least as wide as his own hopper, I began to recognize the exaggerated features of Changeable Charlie.

"Well really," said I, gazing at his grin, and the hills of flour that arose from his cheeks,—"really this beats everything! and so Charlie, ye're now turned into a miller."

"As sure's a gun!" said he. "Lord bless your soul, Dominic! do you think I could bear to spread dung and turn up dirt all my life? no! I have a soul above that. Besides, your miller is a man in power. He is an aristocrat over the farmers, and with the power has its privileges too, for he takes a multre out of every man's sack, and levies

his revenues like a prime minister. No one gets so soon fat as those that live by the labour of others, as you may see; for the landed interest supports me by day, and my water-wheel works for me all night, so if I don't get rich now, the deuce is in it."

"I suppose," said I, following him into the mill, "you are just making a fortune."

"How can I help it?" said he, "making money while I sleep, for I hear the musical click of the hopper in my dreams, and my bairns learn their lessons by the jog of it. I wish every man who has passed a purgatory at college, were just as happy as the miller and his wife. Is not that the case, Lizzy?" he added, addressing his better half, who now came forth hung round by children—"as the song goes,"

"Merry may the maid be that marries the miller,  
For foel day and fair day, he's aye bringing till her—  
His ample hands in ilk man's pock,  
His mill grinds muckle stiller,  
His wife is dress'd in silk and lawn,  
For he's aye bringing till her."

"But dear me, Mr. Cheap," said I, "what was it that put you out of the farm, where I thought you were so happy, and making a fortune?"

"I was as happy as a man could be, and making money too, and nothing put me out of the farm, although I was quite glad of the change, but just a penny of fair debt, the which, you know, is a good man's case—and a little civil argument about the rent. But everything turned out for the best, for Willie Happer, the former miller, just ran awa the same week: I got a dead bargain of the mill, and so I came in to reign in his stead. Am I not a fortunate man?"

"Never was a man so lucky," said I, "but do you really mean to be a waiter on a mill-hopper all your days?"

"As long as wood turns round and water runs; but Lizzy," he added to his wife, "what are you standing glowing there for, and me like to choke. Gang and fetch us a jug of your best treacle ale."

"It surely cannot be," said I to myself when I had left the mill, "that Changeable Charlie will ever adopt a new profession now, but live and die a miller." I was, however, entirely mistaken in my calculation, as I found before I was two years older; and though I have not time, at this present sitting, to tell the whole of Charlie's story—and have a strong suspicion that my veracity might be put in jeopardy, were I to condescend thereto, I am quite ready to take my oath, that after this I found him in not less than five different characters, in all of which he was equally happy and equally certain of making a fortune. Where the mutations of Charlie might have run to, and whether, to speak with a little agreeable stultification, he might not, like another remarkable man, have exhausted worlds and then imagined new, it is impossible to predicate, if Fortune had not in her usual injustice, put an end to his career of change, by leaving his wife Lizzy a considerable legacy.

The last character then that I found Charlie striving to enact, was that of a gentleman—that is, a man who has plenty of money to live upon, and nothing whatever to do. It did not appear, however, that Charlie's happiness was at all improved by this last change; for, besides that it had taken from him all his private joys, in the hope of one

day making a fortune, it had raised up a most unexpected enemy, in the shape of old father Time, whom he found it more troublesome and less hopeful to contend with, than all the obstacles that had formerly seemed to stand in his way to the making of an independent fortune.

When the legacy was first showered upon him, however, he seemed as happy under the dispensation, as he had been before under any other of his changes. In the hey-day of his joy, he sent for me to witness his felicity, and to give him my advice as to the spending of his money. This invitation I was thoughtless enough to accept, but it was more that I might pick up a little philosophy out of what I should observe, than from any pleasure that I expected, or any good that I was likely to do. When I got to his house, I was worried to death by all the fine things I was forced to look at, that had been sent to him from Jamaica, and all that from him and his wife I was forced to hear. I tried to impress him concerning the good that he might do with his money, in reference to many who sorely wanted it; but I found that he had too little feeling himself to understand the feelings of others, and that affliction had never yet driven a nail into his own flesh, to open his heart to sympathy. Instead of entering into any rational plans, his wife and he laughed all day at nothing whatever, his children turned the house upside down in their ecstasy at being rich; and, in short, never before had I been so wearied at seeing people happy.

In all this, however, I heard not one single word of thankfulness for this unlooked-for deliverance from constant vicissitude, or one grateful expression to Providence, for being so unreasonably kind to this family; while thousands around them struggled incessantly, in ill-rewarded industry and unavailing anxiety. So I wound up the story of Changeable Charlie in reflective melancholy; for I had seen so many who would, for any little good fortune, have been most thankful and happy, yet never were able to attain thereto; and I inclined to the sombre conclusion, that in this world the wise and virtuous man was often less fortunate, and generally less happy than the fool.

#### THE LAMENT.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

WHILE the moon laughs on the mountains,  
While the stars smile in the fountains,  
While from cot and castle glancing,  
Comes light, with sounds of mirth and dancing;  
I must tread, in mournful measure,  
The footsteps of departed pleasure;  
With soul in sorrow—heart a breaking,  
The moments of past gladness reckon.  
As with the dead in thought I wander,  
I scarce can dream we are asunder;  
The flowers we oft have prest are springing;  
The stream by which we walked is singing;  
Yon is our star: see how 'tis glowing,  
The air with fragrance seems o'erflowing.  
Nay, as night comes, and balmy shadows  
Hang, like a veil, o'er groves and meadows,  
I go—and to her bower obeisance  
Make—it seems breathing of her presence,  
And fancy, with a fond beguiling,  
Brings her, all sweetness and all smiling—  
She looks such looks—her ripe lips mutter  
Such words as lips of love but utter—  
'Tis sweet—though followed by much sadness,  
To live o'er hours of bygone gladness.

#### MILTON AND SPENSER.

##### Sonnet to a Friend.

WE both are lovers of the poets old!  
But Milton hath your heart,—and Spenser mine;—

So let us love them:—you, the song divine,—  
And I, the tale of times gallant and bold.  
Be it yours to dream in Paradise,—behold  
The trusses of fair Eve roll down, and shine  
Over her bending neck in streams of gold;—  
While her white hands the straggling roses twine

Up the green bowers of Eden.—Mine be it to look

At the romantic land of Faëry!  
See Una sit under a shady tree,  
And troops of satyrs near a wooded brook,  
All dancing in a round;—and dimly see,  
In arbour green, Sylvanus, lying drowsily.

1817.

J. H. R.

#### EXISTENCE, CONSIDERED IN ITSELF, NO BLESSING.

From the Latin of Palingenius.\*

BY CHARLES LAMB.

The Poet, after a seeming approval of suicide, from a consideration of the cares and crimes of life, finally rejecting it, discusses the negative importance of existence, contemplated in itself, without reference to good or evil.

Of these sad truths consideration had—  
Thou shalt not fear to quit this world so mad,  
So wicked; but the tenet rather hold  
Of wise Calanus, and his followers old,  
Who with their own wills their own freedom wrought,

And by self-slaughter their dismissal sought  
From this dark den of crime—this horrid lair  
Of men, that savager than monsters are;  
And scorning longer, in this tangled mesh  
Of ills, to wait on perishable flesh,  
Did with their desperate hands anticipate  
The too, too slow relief of lingering fate.  
And if religion did not stay thine hand,  
And God, and Plato's wise behests, withstand,  
I would in like case counsel thee to throw  
This senseless burden off, of cares below.  
Not wine, as wine, men choose, but as it came  
From such or such a vintage: 'tis the same  
With life, which simply must be understood  
A blank negation, if it be not good.  
But if 'tis wretched all—as men decline  
And loath the sour lees of corrupted wine—  
'Tis so to be condemn'd. Merely to BE  
Is not a boon to seek, nor ill to flee,  
Seeing that every vilest little Thing  
Has it in common, from a gnat's small wing,  
A creeping worm, down to the moveless stone,  
And crumbling bark from trees. Unless to BE,  
And to BE BLEST, be one, I do not see  
In bare existence, as existence, aught  
That's worthy to be loved, or to be sought.

\* Talia si tecum reputas, animoque revolvis,  
Non metues mundum hunc tam stultum, tamque  
malignum,  
Lingere; sed potius rectè fecisse Calanum  
Atque alios dicere, qui nec sponte necarunt.  
Et sponte hanc scelorum cavem, stabulumque  
ferarum,  
Deseruere, manu cessantia fata vocantes,  
Nec voluere ultra moribundum pascere corpus,  
Et misere carni tanto servire labore.  
Quod nisi religio ostendat, legesque Platonicæ,  
Et Deus, hortaretur ut ultro dimittere vitam,  
Et sortem insanam, et sceleratas lingere terras.  
Non vinum, ut vinum, appetitur, sed tale, bonumque.  
Sic et vita, ut vita, est nil, nisi bona: quod si  
Est misera, ut vinum corruptum, despiciatur.  
Eas quidem, per se, nec amandum, nec fugiendum est:  
Quippe habet hoc quamvis vilissima recula, vermis,  
Musca, lapis, cortex: nihil est optabile, demptis  
Conditione boni: nisi sit tale, esse, bonumque,  
Non video cur optari, cur possit amari.  
Zod. Viti. Lib. 6, apud Anon.



## WHAT ART THOU, MIND!

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'CORN LAW RHYMES.'

GRIEF, sages tell us, hath a drooping wing,  
And loves to perch upon the shaken mind,  
To which she sings notes like the muttering  
Of wintry rivers in the wintry wind,  
Till health flies wing'd away, and leaves behind  
Shadows, illusions, dreams, and worse than  
dreams.

But Alfred dreams not—he is wide awake!  
Light is around him, and the chime of streams;  
Bees hum o'er shallows yet; and in the brake,  
Coil'd like a chain of amethyst, the snake  
Basks on the bank, above the streamlet's flow.  
Oh, there are beauteous plumes, and many a bill,  
And life, and love, beneath the ivy's bough!  
The swallow dips his purple in the rill,  
The lark sings in the cloud, and from the hill  
The blackbird's song replies.—But Alfred's ear,  
Nor splashing swallow hears, nor humming bee,  
Nor warbling lark, nor ivy, shaken near  
By brooding thrush, nor breeze-borne melody  
Of chiming streams. He listens mournfully  
To accents which the earth shall hear no more!  
What art thou, Mind, that mirror'st things un-

seen,

Giv'st to the dead the smiles which erst they  
were,

And lift'st the veil which fate hath cast between  
Thee and the forms which are not, but have  
been?

What art thou, conscious power, that hear'st the  
mute,

And feel'st at th' impalpable? Thy magic brings  
Back to our hearts the warblings of the lute,  
Which long hath slept with unexisting things!  
And shall we stand, doubting immortal wings,  
In presence of the angels? Ask the worm,  
And she will bid thee doubt; yet she is meek,  
And wise—for when earth shakes, she shuns thy  
form,

But never saw the morning on thy cheek,  
The blue heav'n in thine eye, the lightning break  
In laughter from thy lips. So, she denies  
That colours are, even while the fragrant thorn  
Blossoms above her! Weight, and shape, and  
size,

She says, are real; but she laughs to scorn  
The gorgeous rainbow, and the blushing morn,  
And can disprove the glory of the rose!—  
Yet doth she err, our limbless sister errs;  
For on thy cheek, oh Man, the morning glows,  
And fair is heaven's bright bow. The wayside  
furze

Discredits her; the humblest weed that stirs  
Its small green leaves, can undemonstrate all  
Her proofs triumphant, that celestial light  
Shines not at noon. But though the sunflower  
tall,

And tiniest moss, are clad in liveries bright,  
Never, to her, canst thou disprove the night,  
The starless night, in which she hath her home!  
Then, marvel not, if death-bless'd spirits free  
Wander, at times, beneath this heavenly dome,  
On wings too bright for mortal eyes to see;  
While, unperceived by them, as both by thee,  
Forms more seraphic still around us fly,  
And stoop to them and thee, with looks of love;  
Or vainly strain the archangelic eye,  
To gaze on holier forms above, above,  
That round the throne of heaven's Almighty move.  
Oh, look on Alfred! look!—the man is blind!  
She whom he loved sleeps in her winding sheet,  
Yet he beholds her, with the eyes of mind!  
He sees the form which he no more shall meet,  
But cannot see the primrose at his feet!  
They mingle tears with tears, and sighs with  
sighs,

And sobs with sobs; but words, long time, have  
none;

She looks her soul into his sightless eyes,  
And, like a passionate thought, is come and gone,  
While at his feet, unheard, the bright rill bab-  
bles on!

## THE HUNTED STAG.

(From an unfinished Play.)

BY JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

—WELL, Master Wildrake, speak you of the  
chase!

To hear you, one doth feel the bounding steed:  
You bring the hounds, and game, and all, to  
view—

All scudding to the merry huntsman's cheer!  
And yet I pity the poor crowned deer;  
And always fancy 'tis by fortune's spite,  
That lordly head of his he bears so high—  
Like Virtue, stately in calamity,  
And hunted by the human worldly hound—  
Is made to fly before the pack, that strait  
Burst into song at prospect of his death!  
You say their throats make harmony; and yet  
Their chorus scarce is music to my ear,  
When I bethink me what it sounds to his;  
Nor deem I sweet the note that rings the knell  
Of the once merry forrester!

## OLD ENOUGH, AND NOT TOO OLD.

BY CHARLES DANCE.

Is any one prepared to assert that he is,  
or ever was, of an age answering precisely  
to the description contained in the above  
text? In reference to reading, to experience,  
and to knowledge—the result of both,—  
some are neither old enough, nor too old;  
some are not old enough, yet too old; and  
some are old enough and too old at the same  
time. Knowledge! What is knowledge?—  
That which all wish for, but none possess.  
He who has least thinks he has most; while  
he who has most, has only learned that he  
knows nothing. It is a ladder up which men  
toil and toil, but ere they reach the top, their  
heads fail—they fall, and the grave receives  
them. It is a plank, one end of which rests  
on the vessel of life, while the other hangs  
suspended over the sea of eternity: men  
walk out upon it until they lose their balance,  
and then—but hold—I am putting too  
serious a head to a comic tale: I have dis-  
gressed when I ought to have progressed.  
For shame! I am old enough to know better,  
and yet not old enough to profit by it. The  
history of one man is, *mutatis mutandis*, the  
history of a million. Listen, then, gentle  
reader, to the biography of a million of thy  
fellow-creatures, and, if thou art not too old,  
turn it to account.

Peter Posthumous began the world under  
circumstances unfavourable to him in point  
of time. Had he been born one week sooner,  
that is, had he been seven days older, he  
would have been a rich man—at all events,  
a rich boy. He was the son of respectable  
parents, but his father had offended his father  
by a clandestine marriage; and the old  
gentleman, one of those "fathers with flinty  
hearts," whom "no tears can melt," had dis-  
inherited his son, and, in order to insure his  
never enjoying any portion of his wealth,  
had bequeathed it to the eldest child of such  
marriage who should chance to be alive at  
the father's decease. Peter came into the  
world on the day week on which his father  
went out of it, and was therefore not quite  
old enough to obtain five thousand a year.

"And will the poor child then get no-  
thing?" inquired his anxious mother.

"Nothing," was the answer.

Peter neither heeded nor heard it. He  
was *not* old enough—his time was *not* come.

He remained in the country under his  
mother's care until his twelfth year, during

which time he was frequently invited to  
children's parties, given by the gentry of the  
neighbourhood, and always had his own con-  
sent to go; but he never went, because his  
mother thought him "rather too young."  
At the age of twelve she removed with him  
to London, and placed him at a preparatory  
school. This proceeding was attended with  
some difficulty, owing to his mother's ex-  
cessive tenderness, for she considered him  
scarcely old enough to encounter the hard-  
ships of a boy's school, and decidedly too  
old for a girl's. However, the matter was  
compromised by his being sent to a seminary  
for young gentlemen, superintended by two  
old ladies; and here he was destined to re-  
main, in order that he might be unfitted for  
transfer to a foundation school, to which his  
mother had been promised that he should,  
in due time, be presented. Due time, how-  
ever, was with Peter what "due notice" is in  
a play-bill—it never came. When the va-  
cancy occurred which gave the governor of  
the school an opportunity of fulfilling his  
promise, it was discovered that Peter was two  
months too old to be admitted. His mother  
felt the disappointment more than he did.  
What was to be done? He was too old to  
remain longer where he was, and she could  
not afford to send him elsewhere at an in-  
creased expense. Home, therefore, he went  
once more, and at home he remained, cod-  
dled and coddled. Out-of-door amusement  
he was for some time a stranger to. He was  
now too old for children's parties, and not  
old enough for others. He was too young  
to be allowed to go to a theatre by himself,  
and too old, for reasons best known to his  
mother, to be seen about with her. A friend  
procured the promise of a colonial appoint-  
ment for him; but when he presented him-  
self for examination, he was politely bowed  
out on the score of youth. The year which  
he waited in expectation of this just carried  
him over the age at which he might else have  
been admitted into the counting-house of a  
merchant, who was a particular friend of his  
mother; but, unfortunately, *also* a particular  
man, with certain rules, which nothing could  
induce him to break. Peter at length, (and  
he was Peter at full length, for he had grown  
to be six feet high, and was too old to grow  
any longer,) finding that his mother's looking  
out for him did not answer, began to think  
of looking out for himself; and, as the state  
of subjection in which he was still kept, de-  
prived him of other opportunities, he looked  
out of window. His looking out of his own  
window would have been harmless enough,  
but he contracted a habit of looking in at an  
opposite one, and thus laid the foundation of  
future troubles. At the second floor window  
of the house immediately facing the dwelling  
of Mrs. and Master Posthumous, there daily  
sat and looked and worked, Miss Ogle, the  
tall and only daughter of a wealthy and re-  
tired tradesman. By degrees, Miss Ogle  
worked less and looked more—after a while,  
there was a look between every stitch—and  
at length, it was evident, even to Peter, that  
she had an eye to him and none to her needle.  
There were some doubts as to the degree of  
consistency of Peter's head, but that his  
heart was soft is beyond question. He could  
not resist the fascination of Miss Ogle's eye  
—he was not old enough. Peter wrote three  
notes to Miss Ogle—Miss Ogle sent three  
answers to Peter—Peter submitted the whole

correspondence to his mother—his mother wrote one long letter to Mr. Ogle—Mr. Ogle sent one short answer to his mother: "He was not old enough"—the next morning Mr. Ogle's house and Peter's heart were both "to let."

Mrs. Posthumous had a general eye to business, and though all her endeavours to provide for her son were fruitless, she contrived, during one of them, to provide for herself; she married again. Her new husband allowed our hero undisturbed possession of his mother's moderate income, but declined receiving him into his establishment. Peter was now upon his own hands, and a heavier weight no hands could have to carry. Sick and tired of being met, whenever he attempted to obtain some occupation, with the answer, that he was not old enough, he determined to wait until at least *that* objection should be removed. Accordingly, he yawned, slept, dreamt, ate, drank, potted and muddled away his life, until an accidental peep into the first leaf of the family Bible, opened his eyes to the fact of his being eight and forty—he stared with astonishment;—from which astonishment he never thoroughly recovered until he was fifty. "At all events," said he to himself, "I am *now* old enough to marry"—and he proposed to a buxom widow next to whom he had sat at church every Sunday for three years. Her answer had nothing but novelty to recommend it—"He was too old." The time for acute sensibility, if ever he possessed it, was gone by—but Peter was chagrined. "Too old—too old," muttered he to himself; "is one never to be the right age for anything? It was but just now, that I was too young for everything." But Peter was a dreamer, and his just now, was more than thirty years ago. The widow's answer, however, made a more permanent impression upon him, than any previous incident of his life had made. He gave up dreaming, and passed ten years in positive reflection. During these ten years, he made two other attempts to get married;—his propositions were both rational, more so, perhaps, than might have been expected from the unmeaning tenour of his life, but they were both rejected, and for the "*old*" reason. On the second of these occasions, he felt more excitement than he had ever felt since the days of Miss Ogle. "If I am too old to marry," said he, in a fit as near to desperation as his nature admitted of, "I am too old to live"—and he raised a pistol to his head—"but no," he added, "no—I am at least old enough to know better"—and his resolution went off instead of his pistol. A few days restored him to his habitual calmness—to his last new state of reflection. He was now, as I have shown, sixty years of age. In a short time, illness came upon him—and illness was for once a welcome visitor. He was delighted—at length he had got something to do—at length he felt an interest about himself, which he had never felt before. "Ha! ha! Doctor," said he, to his medical adviser, "ha! ha! I've got the gout."—"Nonsense, my dear Sir," said the doctor, "*you* have the gout, indeed! you're not old enough."—"Don't talk to me about not being old enough," said Peter; "do you mean to assert that I'm too old?"—"Certainly not," replied the doctor, "you can't be *too* old to have the gout."—"Then I don't care," said Peter, "thank Heaven, there is still something that I'm not

too old for." Thus passed Peter's life until he was seventy.

One evening, about three years since, he was musing, during a temporary absence of pain, upon the circumstances of his past life—or rather, upon the circumstance—for nothing stood out with sufficient prominence to break the level of the distant view. "What a strange thing is this life," said he: "one is always either not old enough, or too old for everything. Surely it cannot be with all people as it has been with me, for I have lately read of many who have led lives of activity, and been serviceable to their fellow creatures—while I, though I have harmed no one, have done good to no one—would that I had been earlier taught to think for myself!"

After a short pause, during which, the oppression produced by the only intense thoughts he had ever had, was relieved by the only tears he had ever shed, he thus continued—"Even now, it may not be too late—when I get well, I will act differently—I am not too old to mend, and I am yet old enough to become—"

"Nothing"—was the answer of King Death.

Peter neither heeded nor heard it. He was old enough—but his time *was* come.

#### THE THREE LEGACIES.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

HAVING dealt much in fiction in my day, I wish now to deal in truth; I shall relate, therefore, what actually happened, concealing nothing but the names of the parties. Three brothers lived in a country parish in the north; they were frugal, industrious men, and respected in their stations; they were married too, and each of them had three children; the eldest three daughters, the second the same, and the youngest three sons. Now it so chanced that one day a great storm arose; the eldest brother, a husbandman, was killed by lightning in the field, the second, a seaman, commanding a small brig, perished within sight of his own door, and the youngest, a shepherd, was found dead among his lambs, on the hill-side, his dog whining beside him, and no marks of violence on his body. They were all buried in one grave, and on the following Sunday the three fatherless families appeared in the church in deep mourning. It was the first time I had observed—for I was only some seven years old then—that people put on sad-coloured clothes at the death of their relations, and I did little else but look at the three melancholy groups all the time of the sermon. On our way home I heard some of the old people—more particularly John Halberson, say that they had long looked for something happening in these three families, that they did not at all marvel at the suddenness of their call, and that more would yet be heard of. I could not imagine what this meant, but I afterwards learnt that the ancestor of these men had been guilty of some sad deed, and that its expiation was visible in the fate of his descendants. What the crime was I never fairly knew—but by piecing hints and allusions and dark proverbs together, I concluded it to be murder, under trust, for the sake of money; be that as it may, the country whisper was, that the judgment of heaven would be seen on them, and that nought that they possessed would prosper.

The latter part of the rustic prediction seemed unlikely to be fulfilled, for the families were well to do in the world—and moreover, in the second month of their mournings, word came that a fourth brother had died in the West Indies, leaving nine thousand pounds to be equally divided amongst his brothers—or, failing them, their families.

This seemed a signal to let all the tongues of the parish loose. "I told ye ay, said one, that something would be seen and heard of." "Indeed, a three-year old child might have lisped as much," said another, "for when did any one see blood-guiltiness, as honest John Rowat observed, go without its punishment?" "They say," said a third, "that the Demerara brother died on the same day that his three brethren perished here—if that be so, the hand of the avenger is indeed visible." "He died on the very day, for certain," exclaimed a fourth, "for I saw the same written in the letter which came with the will—more, by token, he was murdered by three slaves, two of whom have been hanged—the other escaped to the woods." "Now that is most marvellous," said a fifth: "but touching the money that he left, it has got its work to do; I look upon it as a gift from the author of all evil, that will do much mischief to the three fatherless families. I am sorry for the elder brother's three daughters—save that they are too fond of fine clothes, and one of them sticks feathers in her noddle, no one can say aught against them." "Now I," said a sixth, "am most concerned for the second brother's family—what ill have the three harmless handsome lasses done, that they should not enjoy this blessed windfall, which seems to have come to make amends for their poor father's death—saving that at the fair they are too fond of eating preserved ginger, pickled pears, sugar plums, and corianders, with every lad that likes to lay out a shilling—who can utter a word against them?" "Oh, it's all very natural," said a young woman who made one of the group, "that being men, ye should see something to your liking in these two families. I have no leanings to the right nor to the left—but I would not give five minutes mirth with the three lads of the younger brother's family, for an hour with their six cousins. Saving that they take a dram at a fair or a sermon, or in a cold morning to keep away the chill, or in a warm one to support them against the heat, I defy any one to say harm of them." "I'll tell ye, my friends," said an old grey-headed man, who weighed all things before he gave an opinion, "ye have, in your sayings, indicated the three rocks on which the three families will suffer shipwreck—dress, dainties, and drink. Aye, aye, I see it all. Poor young giddy creatures, they little know the sorrows that are before them: but here they come—one after another—dress first, dainties next, and drink last of all."

In the order in which the old man described them so did they appear; it was Sunday morning, and they were on their way to church. Their fathers had been but some twelve weeks buried, yet the influence of the legacies was visible on all. On the first three it appeared in the guise of additional ornaments to their mourning dresses: the crape was of a finer texture, the cambric of a more delicate thread; the smell of sundry expensive scents hovered around

them, and they no longer walked in plain slippers; each rode upon a little black pony, taking care that their dresses should not hide their black stockings with rich clocks of curious workmanship. The second three had used the first fruits of their legacy in the purchase of a neat little carriage, into which they had stowed, along with themselves, a handsome basket, with slices of savoury ham, spiced cake, and abundance of other dainties, such as make a long sermon seem short. They apologized for this by saying that their state of health forbade them to eat of the coarse food such as they had existed on before, and that, on the same account, they drank distilled water, coloured with cordials. The third party were a good space behind—their pace was slow and steady; but their faces were flushed, their eyes were unrefreshed with wholesome sleep, and there was some disorder in their dresses—all of which betokened late sitting, and intercourse with the liquor-cup. In the church their behaviour was in character. Dress tossed her head about, spread out her beauty and her bravery, and seemed anxious to attract attention even from the preacher. Dainties held down her head—lifted her hand frequently to her mouth, and the smell of spiced bread and other delicacies was felt in several seats around. Drink sat and listened for a little—found the text after a struggle—nodded his head on one side, then on the other, and, finally dropping forward, fell fast asleep. Nor was he awakened by the rude salutation of a parish idiot, who said, "Aye, sleep, sleep—ye're right; ye'll get no sleep in your dwelling place in the other world."

When the usual period which custom assigns for mourning was expired, the ground which casts off the dullness of winter to attire itself in the flowers and loveliness of spring, exhibits not half the change which appeared in the three daughters of the elder brother when encumbered with all the gauds of public fashion and their own folly, they flashed out upon the astonished parish. I am not sure that I can describe faithfully, and in a way by which a tire-woman might profit, the cut and pattern of their silks and satins and crapes; nor their flounces and slashed capes and puckered sleeves; suffice it to say, that all other women around nearly swooned for envy, and half the men of the parish nearly died of laughing. What dwelt chiefly on my young fancy was four long feathers, arising an arm's length from the head of one, and spreading out in blue, and green, and red, and white, to the four winds of heaven; some, however, averred, that a certain long, broad, rainbow-coloured ribbon, fastened by a clasp of rubies to the side of the bonnet, and thence descending to the floor, upon which it flowed away a yard distant, bearing some resemblance to a cow tethered among clover, was more wonderful to the sight; nor should I conceal that the third sister, whose pleasure it was to leave her neck and shoulders and bosom bare, was much looked at, but perhaps she attracted regard mainly from the circumstance that whatever scantiness of apparel might be above, she made more than amends for it by a sweeping superfluity below, for her train extended behind her as she walked as long as that of a peacock. When these apparitions made their appearance in the church, there was a general stretching of female necks,

and an anxious turning of male eyes; even the clergyman was astounded—he leant back in the pulpit, spread his palms before his face, and was at least five minutes behind his usual time in commencing service. The three daughters of the second brother were but little moved by this unlooked-for display of their cousins; they were heard to whisper to each other, that to lay out a legacy in fine feathers, gum flowers, and rustling silks, was a poor way of enjoying it; their cousins had no sense of what was comfortable, and as they said this they thought on the spice cake, the rich pudding, the cooling custard, and, more particularly, on that abridgment of all that is delightful in culinary things, mince-pie—which were preparing for their return; and as they thought on these things the sermon seemed long, and they desired to be gone. There were others who permitted not the serenity of their minds to be moved by this vain display; of these were the sons of the younger brother, who had prepared themselves for enduring all with philosophical calmness, by frequent and protracted draughts of three kinds of liquid. The eldest drank brandy neat from France, out of respect for the ancient league which bound Scotland to that country; the second drank gin direct from Holland, out of extreme love to the sea which wafted the cordial over; and the youngest, a sincere lover of his country, refused to have his unconquered island brain invaded by aught foreign; so he defied France and scorned Holland, and stuck to Ferintosh. The hand of destiny, rather than of folly, was observed to be busy in all this, and not a few devout people lamented the approaching destruction of nine young creatures, and the scatterment of nine thousand sterling pounds.

Had these young people resided in this splendid city, they might have flown through their fortunes in less than no time, for here, thanks to the ingenuity of man, nine thousand pounds can make themselves wings in an hour, and fly away as if by enchantment. But they lived in a country place, where the process of consumption was slow, and where they had to exercise their own invention in order to conquer the obstinacy of thrice three thousand pounds which hung on hand as if unwilling to depart. The daughters of the elder brother were compelled to wait on fashion, and fashion in the days of which I write, was content to change once a quarter, she desired, moreover, only four breadths of silk to the skirts of a gown, and never dreamed of sleeves such as the ladies of these latter days wear, which extend their shoulders at the expense of their heads. Nevertheless, with their limited powers of waste, they wrought wonders—much may be done even in a small way to get the better of a moderate income; they had feathers of all kinds; mantles of all hues; gowns of every quality and pattern—the long waisted—the short waisted—the full skirted—the narrow skirted—the low bosomed—the high bosomed—the flounced—the plaited—the slashed; then followed a legion of caps, and bonnets, and turbans, false curls, false gems, paid for as real ones, paste pearls; stones set in buckles, bracelets, stomachers, pins, arm-lets, chains. There the eldest, in her newest attire, lay in a languishing posture on an ottoman, endeavouring to familiarize herself to a splendid Turkish dress, to suit which,

she had stained her light eye-brows black, placed raven curls over her own sandy ringlets, and remained silent for several hours, lest the island tones of her voice should destroy the illusion wrought by her costume. The second, in the meantime, was busy walking to and fro in the sun, looking now and then at her shadow, which she imagined of itself was captivating; while the third, with "patches, paint, and jewels on," was consulting an old sibyl on the probable chance of her charms and dress leading some man with a coronet captive. The response no doubt was favourable, for it was paid in gold. I have described a portion of a day; but in that is contained a year; save that winter brought the welcome change of furs and quilted dresses, their course was the same; it however may be noteworthy, that in winter they invariably wore thin-soled slippers and thin caps; and in summer, thick-soled boots and well-lined bonnets, but as this is the general practice of that reflecting animal woman, the observation cannot be regarded as new.

It must be owned that the daughters of the second brother were unable to keep pace with the expenditure of their elder cousins; they were not learned enough to know that ladies before them had drank dissolved pearls, and that gentlemen, in no distant day, had made their dinner on the brains of two hundred peacocks, yet they succeeded wondrously considering all things; their taste, at first confined to the ordinary dainties of the land, revelled amid puddings and poultry, but time opened wider the doors of culinary knowledge; they read and they inquired, and they made experiments: to the latter, we owe an invaluable fish sauce for red trout, and an additional charm to the manifold attractions of the haggis. They excelled, too, in the manufacture of what is now numbered amongst northern dainties, by the name of short-bread; they improved too the whole of the savoury generation of patties; jellies too obtained their attention, and they made considerable progress in the art of embalming the wild fruits of their native land, so that they might command cranberries and hindberries at all times and seasons. The stewpan was never off the fire, the skimming-cap was constantly in the milk, and a prudent serving man with a pony and a covered cart hung on springs, was a daily go-between them and an ingenious person who excelled in minced meats, custards, savoury patties, and other tasteful inventions, and had a shop in a town some seven miles off. As they sat, and ate, and drank, and slept, and waked, and drank, and ate again, the folly of their elder cousins was a fruitful source of remark: they exclaimed against their vanity and want of taste, and wondered how they could think of laying out their dear deceased uncle's legacy on flounces, and frills, and feathers. Their cousins, however, to say the truth, were no less sharp in their remarks upon them: they called them their custard-cousins, and tossed all their feathers and fluttered their flounces when any one praised the delicacy of their desserts.

The three male cousins seemed to think of themselves alone; to them it was a matter of moonshine how their other relatives dissipated their legacies; at first they moved about, attended a horse-race here, or a cattle-market there, or a public sale in some other

place, in short, wherever drink was flowing, there they were present; but continual intercourse with the cup at last made motion a source of uneasiness, or, at all events, induced them to regard it as a consumer of time which might be better employed; at last they settled resolutely down into confirmed toppers, and lest their powers should be too much concentrated, they spread themselves over three inns, and each brother installed himself head of the public board and sole arbiter in all disputed matters regarding strong drink. It was of them, that a north country wit said they were like and yet unlike all spendthrifts—"other folk ran through their fortunes, but these men's fortunes ran through them."

There was a singular coincidence regarding the final winding up and termination of the fortunes of these three families: almost at the same time was the last five pound note expended in the last new fashion; the last guinea laid out on comfits and custards, and the last crown spent in drink: almost on the same day they resolved to be wise and turn over a new leaf. The three elder cousins became skilful milliners and made a fortune, the second brother's daughters distinguished themselves in the pastry and dessert line and waxed rich, and the three toppers died quietly in old age, leaving ten thousand pounds amassed by dealing in cattle.

#### MISS FANNY'S FAREWELL FLOWERS.

Not "the possie of a ring,"  
*Shakespeare (all but the not).*

I came to town a happy man,  
I need not now dissemble  
Why I return so sad at heart,  
It's all through Fanny Kemble:  
Oh! when she threw her flow'rs away,  
What urged the tragic slut on  
To weave in such a wreath as that,  
Ah, me!—a bachelor's button!

None fought so hard, none fought so well,  
As I to gain some token—  
When all the pit rose up in arms,  
And heads and hearts were broken;  
Huzza! said I, I'll have a flow'r  
As sure as my name's Dutton—  
I made a snatch—I got a catch—  
By Jove! a bachelor's button!

I've lost my watch—my hat is smash'd—  
My clothes declare the racket:  
I went there in a full-dress coat,  
And came home in a jacket.  
My nose is swell'd, my eye is black,  
My lip I've got a cut on—  
Odds buds!—and what a bud to get—  
The deuce!—a bachelor's button!

My chest's in pain; I really fear  
I've somewhat hurt my bellows,  
By pokes and punches in the ribs  
From those herb-strewing fellows.  
I miss two teeth in my front row;  
My corn has had a *fat* on;  
And all this pain I've had to gain—  
This cursed bachelor's button!

Had I but won a rose—a bud—  
A pansy, or a daisy—  
A periwinkle—anything  
But this—it drives me crazy!  
My very sherry tastes like squills—  
I can't enjoy my mutton;  
And when I sleep I dream of it—  
Still—still—a bachelor's button!

My place is book'd per coach to-night;  
But oh! my spirit trembles  
To think how country friends will ask  
Of Knowles and of Kembles.

If they should breathe about the wreath,  
When I go back to Sutton,  
I shall not dare to show my share—  
That all!—a bachelor's button!

My luck in life was never good,  
But this my fate will harden:  
I ne'er shall like my farming more,—  
I know I shan't the Garden:  
The turnips all may have the fly,  
And wheat may have the smut on—  
I care not—I've a blight at heart—  
Ah me!—a bachelor's button!

T. HOOD.

#### LINES TO MISS F. KEMBLE, ON THE FLOWER-SCUFFLE AT COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

BY CURL-PATED HUGH.  
"Make a scramble, gentlemen—make a scramble."  
*Boys at Greenwich.*

WELL—this flower-strewing I must say *is* sweet,  
And I long, Miss Kemble, to throw myself con-  
siderably at your feet;  
For you've made me a happy man in the scuffle,  
when you jerk'd about the daisies;  
And ever since the night you kiss'd your hand  
to me and the rest of the pit, I've been  
chuck full of your praises!

I'm no hand at writing, (though I can say several  
things that's handsome);  
But that ignorance, thank my stars! got me off,  
when I was tried for forging upon Ransom.  
I didn't try to get the flowers, which so many  
of your ardent admirers were eager to  
snatch;  
But I got a very good going chronometer, and  
for your sake I'll never part with the watch!

I've several relics from those who got *your*  
relics—a snuff-box, a gold snap;  
A silver guard and trimmings, from a very eager  
young chap;  
Two coat flaps with linings, from a youth, who,  
defying blows,  
And oaths, and shoves, was snatching at, and,  
I'm sorry to say, missing, the front rose!

One aspiring young youth out of the country  
rushed at the wreath like a glutton,  
But he retired out of the conflict with only a  
bachelor's button!  
Another in a frenzy fought for the flowers like  
anything crazy,  
But I've got his shirt-pin, and he only got two  
black eyes and a daisy.

The thought of you makes me rich—Oh, you're  
a real friend to the free trade;  
You agitate 'em so, and take their attention off  
—If you'd keep farewelling my fortune'd  
be made.  
Oh! how I shall hate to make *white soup* of the  
silver, or part with anything for your sake!  
I'll wear the country gentleman's brooch, on  
your account, it's so very pretty a make!

I didn't get a bud—indeed, I was just at the  
moment busy about other things:  
I wish you'd allow me to show you a choice  
assortment of rings—  
You understand the allusion; but I'm in earnest  
—that's what I am;  
And though I'm famous a little—domestic hap-  
piness is better than all fame!

Well—you're going over the water—(it may be  
my turn one of these days);  
Never heed what them foreigners, the Americans  
says!  
But hoard your heart up till you come back,  
and if I luckily can  
Scrape up enough, you shall find me yours, and  
a very altered young man!

#### SECRETS IN ALL TRADES.

A Sketch.

BY JOHN POOLE.

It was nearly two years since I had last paid a visit to a favourite summer retreat of mine—the \*\*\*\* inn,—(as the character I am about to introduce is a real, existing personage, I must be allowed this slight touch of mysteriousness),—on the road between London and Cambridge. The rooms I usually occupied overlooked a spacious lawn and shrubbery at the back part of the house, bounded by an amphitheatre of rising ground, well wooded with firs and other sheltering trees; so that, for all the purposes of quiet and seclusion, I was as well circumstanced in this public inn, as I could have been in the most private dwelling in the most remote corner of England. In addition to this advantage, my frequent visits had familiarized me with all the great dignitaries of the establishment—meaning thereby, Burley (the landlord) and his wife; Tim, the head-waiter; and Patty Ash, the head-chambermaid:—I was therefore always sure of the best rooms, the best attendance, the best-aired bed, and the best wines—yes, certainly, the *best* wine—the house could supply. With respect to the last commodity, I must admit that I never tried my friend Burley's cellar more than twice; for finding that his "best port," and his "other port," and his "different sort of port," and his sherry, and madeira, and claret, and burgundy, and champagne, were alike detestable, I always pleaded the orders of my physician, and took refuge in negus or cold punch. Well; the other morning, the fineness of the weather acting powerfully in concert with the first Cockney attack of the season—a longing to look at green trees—I bethought me of the \*\*\*\* inn, jumped into a Cambridge coach, and in little more than two hours found myself within ten miles of my place of destination. Here the coach stopped to lunch; and of the time allowed for the performance of that operation I intended to avail myself, in order to examine the literary treasures of the churchyard, which was invitingly situated on the opposite side of the road.

Scarcely had I entered this silent city of the dead, when I perceived, on an elevated tomb, at a short distance before me, a man reading a newspaper. He was in the reclining attitude of a river-god. The instant he saw me he leaped from his pedestal, and, with many a low bow, approached me. He was a short, round person, with a good-humoured red face, and an eye twinkling and blinking with a sort of grave drollery. His light hair was combed smoothly over his forehead; and, to complete the portrait, I must add, that he wore a straw hat, a pepper-and-salt coat, white waistcoat, yellow silk neckerchief, brown corded breeches, and top-boots. It was no other than my friend Burley himself.

After a brief interchange of expressions of astonishment at our meeting in such a place, I told him I was going on to pass a few days with him at the \*\*\*\*.

"Why, bless my soul, Sir!—don't you know, Sir?—I've left business these six months, Sir! Realized enough for me and Mrs. B. to live upon—no chicks, you know, Sir; made over the concern to Tim, who has married Patty Ash,—a relation of Mrs. B.'s—and bought a cottage just off the road

here, Sir. No, no, Sir; if I were still in business, you wouldn't see me taking my pleasure on a tomb-stone at this time of day, Sir." And, as was usual with him, he accompanied each "Sir" with a low bow.

"I congratulate you on your retirement, Burley. But you must have had a wind-fall, or made some lucky hits in other ways than trade; for you hadn't been many years in possession of the \*\*\*\*.

"No, Sir; all plain sailing, I assure you, Sir; merely minding my P's and Q's; and above all, Sir, *my-system*—Sir: the double L.B.'s."

"The double L.B.'s!"

"Yes, Sir: low bows, Sir—long bills, Sir: you can't have a notion of its value, Sir; but I know it by experience, Sir. Make a gentleman a very low bow when you give him a rather longish bill, and he's as much satisfied as if you took off twenty per cent. Sir. I don't mind letting you into the secret, Sir, now I'm out of the concern; because you were always a patron of mine, Sir, and because I know you are a sort of inquirer into what we may call human nature, Sir;—Eh, Sir?"

"Thank 'e for your confidence, Burley. But pray, now, add to the obligation by informing me upon one other point. Although the service and accommodations of your house were generally unexceptionable, how was it you could command any custom at all, considering that your wines were, to say the best of them, execrable?"

"Bless my soul!—dear me, Sir! Well, that's astonishing!—Why, Sir, I seldom had any complaint about my wines; I assure you, Sir, my wines gave general satisfaction—*especially to the young gentlemen from Cambridge, Sir.*" And, as with comical gravity he said this, he made a bow much lower than usual.

"You can't deny it, Burley: your wines, of all kinds, were detestable—port, madeira, claret, champagne—"

"There, now, Sir! to prove how much gentlemen may be mistaken! I assure you, Sir, as I'm an honest man, I never had but two sorts of wine in my cellar—port and sherry."

"How! when I myself have tried your claret, your—"

"Yes, Sir—*my claret*, Sir. One is obliged to give gentlemen everything they ask for, Sir; gentlemen who pay their money, Sir, have a right to be served with whatever they may please to order, Sir,—especially the young gentlemen from Cambridge, Sir. I'll tell you how it was, Sir. I never would have any wines in my house, Sir, but port and sherry, because I *knew them* to be wholesome wines, Sir; and this I will say, Sir, my port and sherry were *the—very—best* I could procure in all England—"

"How! the best?"

"Yes, Sir—at the price I paid for them. But to explain the thing at once, Sir. You must know, Sir, that I hadn't been long in business when I discovered that gentlemen know very little about wine; but that if they didn't find some fault or other they would appear to know much less,—always excepting the young gentlemen from Cambridge, Sir; and *they are excellent judges!*—[And here again Burley's little eyes twinkled a humorous commentary on the concluding words of his sentence.] Well, Sir; with re-

spect to my dinner wines, I was always tolerably safe: gentlemen seldom find fault at dinner; so whether it might happen to be madeira, or pale sherry, or brown, or—"

"Why, just now, you told me you had but two sorts of wine in your cellar."

"Very true, Sir: port and sherry. But this was my plan, Sir. If any one ordered madeira:—From one bottle of sherry take two glasses of wine, which replace by two glasses of brandy, and add thereto a slight squeeze of lemon; and this I found to give general satisfaction—especially to the young gentlemen from Cambridge, Sir. But, upon the word of an honest man, I could scarcely get a living profit by my madeira, Sir, for I always used the best brandy. As to the pale and brown sherry, Sir—a couple of glasses of nice pure water, in place of the same quantity of wine, made what I used to call *my delicate pale*—(by the bye, a squeeze of lemon added to that, made a very fair Buccellas, Sir—a wine not much called for now, Sir,)—and for my old brown sherry, a *little* burnt sugar was the thing. It looked very much like sherry that had been twice to the East Indies, Sir; and, indeed, to my customers who were *very* particular about their wines, I used to serve it as such."

"But, Mr. Burley, wasn't such a proceeding of a character rather—?"

"I guess what you would say, Sir; but I knew it to be a wholesome wine at bottom, Sir. But my port was the wine which gave me the most trouble. Gentlemen seldom agree about port, Sir. One gentleman would say, 'Burley, I don't like this wine—it is too heavy!'—Is it, Sir? I think I can find you a lighter.' Out went a glass of wine, and in went a glass of water. 'Well, Sir,' I'd say, 'how do you approve of that?'—'Why—um—no; I can't say—' I understand, Sir, you like an *older wine—softer*: I think I can please you, Sir.—Pump again, Sir.—Now, Sir,' says I, (wiping the decanter with a napkin, and triumphantly holding it up to the light,) 'try this if you please.'—'That's it, Burley—that's the very wine: bring another bottle of the same.'—But one can't please every body the same way, Sir. Some gentlemen would complain of my port as being poor—without body. In went *one glass* of brandy. If that didn't answer, 'Aye, gentlemen,' says I, 'I know what will please you—you like a fuller bodied, rougher wine.' Out went *two glasses* of wine, and in went *two or three glasses* of brandy. This used to be a *very* favourite wine—but *only* with the young gentlemen from Cambridge, Sir."

"And your claret?"

"My good, wholesome port again, Sir. Three wines out, three waters in, one pinch of tartaric acid, two ditto orris powder. For a fuller claret, a little brandy—for a lighter claret, more water."

"But how did you contrive about Burgundy?"

"That was *my claret*, Sir, with from three to six drops of bergamot, according as gentlemen liked a full flavour or a delicate flavour. As for champagne, Sir, that, of course, I made myself."

"How do you mean of course, Burley?"

"Lord, Sir," said he, with an innocent, yet waggish look; "surely everybody makes his own champagne—else what can become of all the gooseberries?"

## A PEASANT GIRL'S LOVE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE O'HARA TALES.

THE county assizes had commenced in my native town, when a new batch of Irish tithe arrangers were brought in prisoners by a strong party of police. They had attacked only the previous evening a gentleman's house, in our neighbourhood, for the purpose of rifling it of arms—had been repulsed by the police, who, aware of their intentions, lay in ambush for them, and lives were lost on both sides. I was idling on one of the bridges, when they passed by to the jail, bound with ropes and with belts and buckles to the common cars of the country, and the expression of their haggard cheeks and hopeless or scowling eyes, was sickening in the fair sun-light of that beautiful spring day. Some of them were wounded too, and brow, or hand, or clothing, gave vivid evidence of the fact.

But, although the general impression made by the whole of the wretched groups was painful, one face among them strongly interested me. It was that of a young man not more than nineteen or twenty; his features were comely, and, I would have it, full of goodness and gentleness. His clear blue eye too was neither sulky, nor savage, nor reckless, but seemed to express only great awe of his situation, unless when, from some sudden mental recurrence to home—perhaps, it quailed, or became suffused with tears. I involuntarily followed the melancholy procession towards the jail, thinking of that young man. After all the prisoners had been ushered into their new abode, a popular, anti-tithe attorney, whom I knew, accosted me. He was always ready to conduct, gratis, the defences of poor wretches similarly situated, and he told me his intention of going into the jail, that moment, to try and collect materials for saving the lives, at least, of some of the new comers. I expressed a wish to assist him in his task: he readily consented, observing, that as the unfortunate men would certainly be put on their trials the next day, no offer of aid, in their favour, was to be disregarded; and so we entered the jail together.

It fell to my lot to visit the cell, among others, of the lad who had so much interested me. His assertions, supported, or, not contradicted, by most of his band, seemed to argue, that I had not formed a wrong opinion of his character—may, better still, that there was a good chance of snatching him from the gallows, even though he must leave his native land for ever. He had been forced, he said, to accompany the others upon their fatal sortie—had never been "out" before—and had not pulled a trigger or raised a hand against the police; and, as I have said, his more guilty associates supported, or else did not contravene his statement. So, confident that the police would also bear him out, at the really critical moment, I took notes of his defence for my friend the attorney, and passed on to other cells—but of the results of my continued investigation I will not now speak.

The sagacious attorney was right. By twelve o'clock next day four of the men, including my favourite client, were placed at the bar of their country: three others were too ill of their wounds to be at present produced. All was soon over—and over to my affliction and almost consternation. Instead of swearing that the young lad had been comparatively forbearing during the battle



outside the gentleman's house, the police, one and all, from some strange mistake—for surely they thought they were in the right—distinctly deposed, that his was the hand which slew one of their force, and badly wounded another. In vain did he protest, with the energy of a young man pleading for dear, dear life, and all its array of happy promise, against their evidence; in vain did his fellow prisoners support him: he and they were found guilty in common; but his fate was the terrific one—of him the example was to be made; and while the other men were only sentenced to transportation for life, he was doomed to be hanged by the neck within forty-eight hours, and his body given for dissection.

As the Judge uttered the last words of his sentence, a shriek, I shall never forget—it wings through my head now, and makes my nerves quiver and cringe—a woman's shriek—and a young woman's too, pierced up to the roof of the silent court-house, and then I heard a heavy fall. The young culprit had been trembling and swaying from side to side, during his sentence; at the soul-thrilling sound he started into upright and perfect energy; his hands, which had grasped the bar of the dock, were clapped together with a loud noise; the blood mounted to his very forehead; his lips parted widely, and, having almost shouted out—"Moya! it's she! I knew she'd be here!" he suddenly made a spring to clear the back of the dock. Obviously, no impulse to escape dictated the action; he wanted to raise Moya—his betrothed Moya—from the floor of the court-house, and clasp her in his arms—and that was all. And, doubtless, in his vigorous and thrice-nerved strength, he must have succeeded in his wild attempt, but that the sleeve of one arm, and the hand of the other became impaled on the sharp iron spikes which surmounted the formidable barrier before him. Thus cruelly impeded, however, he was easily secured, and instantly led down, through a trap-door in the bottom of the dock, to his "condemned cell," continuing, till his voice was lost in the depths beneath us, to call out, "Moya, cuishla-ma-chree, Moya!"

I hastened, with many others, into the body of the court, and there learned, from her father and mother, and other friends, the connexion between her and the sentenced lad. They were to have been married at Easter. This did not lessen my interest in him. My attorney joined me, and we spoke of all possible efforts to obtain a commutation of his sentence, after Moya's parents had forced her out of the court-house, on the way to their home, rejecting all her entreaties to be led into the jail, and—married.

We thought of hearing what the wounded policeman might say. But he was fourteen miles distant, on the spot where the affray had occurred, and, even though his evidence might be favourable, we knew we must be prepared to forward it to Dublin, as the Judge would leave our town for the metropolis that day. We set to work, however, mounted two good horses, and within three hours learned from the lips of the wounded man that the Rockite who had fired at him was an elderly and ill-favoured fellow. It was our next business to convey our new evidence into the town; we did so, in a carriage, borrowed from the person whose house had been at-

tacked. He was confronted with all the prisoners; we cautioned him to say nothing that might give a false hope to the object of our interest—but, after leaving the cell, he persisted in exculpating him from having either killed his comrade or wounded himself, and, moreover, pointed out the real culprit among those who had not yet been put upon their trial.

This was a good beginning. An affidavit was soon prepared, which the policeman signed. A few minutes afterwards the attorney, helped in his expenses for the road by some friends, myself among the number, started for Dublin as fast as four horses could gallop with him. Ten hours, out of the forty-eight allowed to the condemned to prepare for death, had already elapsed. Our good attorney must do the best he could within thirty-seven hours—it was fearful not to leave an hour to spare—to calculate time when it would just be merging into eternity. But we had good hopes. If horses did not fail on the road, going and returning, and if the Judge, and, after him, the Lord Lieutenant, could be rapidly approached, it was a thing to be done. That if, however!—I scarce slept a wink through the night. Next morning early I called on the clergyman whose sad duty it was to visit the poor lad in his condemned cell; he and I had been schoolfellows; and he was a young man of most amiable character. He told me "his poor penitent" was not unfit to die, nor did he dread the fate before him, notwithstanding his utter anguish of heart at so sudden and terrible a parting from his young mistress. I communicated the hopes we had, and asked the clergyman's opinion as to the propriety of alleviating the lad's agony by a slight impartation of them. My reverend young friend would not hear of such a thing: his conscience did not permit him. It was his duty, he said, his sacred duty, to allow nothing to distract the mind and heart of his penitent from resignation to his lot: and should he give him a hope of life, and then see that hope dashed, he would have helped to kill a human soul, not to save one. I gave up the point, and endeavoured to seek occupations and amusements to turn my thoughts from the one subject which absorbed and fevered them. But in vain: and when the second night came, I had less sleep than on the first.

Early on the second morning I took a walk into the country, along the Dublin road, vaguely hoping to meet, even so early, our zealous attorney, returning to us, with a white handkerchief streaming from the window of his post-chaise: that idea had got into my head, like a picture, and would recur every moment. I met him not. I lingered on the road. I heard our town clock pealing twelve—the boy had but an hour to live. I looked towards the county jail, whither he had been removed for execution—the black flag was waving over its drop-door. Glancing once more along the Dublin road, I ran as fast as I could towards the jail. Arrived at the iron gate of its outer yard, I was scarce conscious of the multitude who sat on a height, confronting it, all hushed and silent, or of the strong guard of soldiers at the gate, till one of them refused me way. I bribed the serjeant to convey my name to the governor of the prison, and was admitted, first, into the outer-yard, then by the guard-room door, and along a colonnade of pillars, connected

with iron-work, at either hand, into the inner courts of the jail. The guard-room was under the execution-room, and both formed a building in themselves, separated from the main pile; the colonnade of which I have spoken, leading from one to the other. What had sent me where I now found myself, was an impulse to beseech the sheriff (whom I knew, and who was necessarily in the jail to accompany the condemned to the door of the execution-room) for some short postponement of the fatal moment. He came out to me, in one of the courts at either side of the colonnade; we spoke in whispers, as the good and kind-hearted governor and I had done—though there was not a creature to overhear us, in the deserted and sunny spaces all around. I knew the sheriff would at his peril make any change in the hour; but I told him our case, and his eyes brightened with zeal and benevolence, while he put his watch back three quarters of an hour, and asseverated, with my uncle Toby's oath, I believe, that he would swear it was right, and that all their clocks were wrong, and "let them hang himself for his mistake." Our point arranged, we sunk into silence. It was impossible to go on talking, even in our conscious whispers: one o'clock soon struck! The governor, pale and agitated, appeared, making a sad signal to the sheriff. We beckoned him over to us, and he was shown the infallible watch, and retired again, without a word. My friend and I continued standing side by side, in resumed silence. And all was silence around us too, save some few most melancholy, most appalling sounds: one caused by the step of a sentinel under the window of the condemned cell, at an unseen side of the prison: another by the audible murmurings of the condemned and his priest, heard through that window—both growing more fervent in prayer since the jail clock had pealed one; and a third was made by some person, also unseen, striking a single stroke with a wooden mallet, about every half-minute, upon a large muffled bell, at the top of the prison. Yes—I can recall two other sounds which irritated me greatly: the chirping of sparrows in the sun—and I thought that their usually pert note was now strangely sad—and the tick, tick, of the sheriff's watch, which I heard distinctly in his fob. The minutes flew. I felt pained in the throat—burning with thirst—and losing my presence of mind. The governor appeared again. My friend entered the prison with him. I remained alone, confused and agonized. In a few minutes, the governor came out, bare-headed, and tears on his cheeks. The young clergyman and his younger penitent followed; the former had passed an arm through one of the manacled ones of the latter, and the hands of both were clasped, and pointed upward, and they both were praying, audibly. My old schoolfellow wept like a child. My poor client had passed the threshold into the colonnade, with a firm step—his knees kept peculiarly stiff as he paced along, and his cheeks and forehead were scarlet, while his eye widened and beamed, and was fixed on the steps going up to the execution-room, straight on before him. He did not yet see me, gazing at him. As the sheriff appeared behind him and his priest, also bareheaded, I rapidly snatched my hat from my head. The action attracted his attention—our glances met—and oh! how the flush instantly forsook his forehead and his cheeks—and

how his eyes closed—while cold perspiration burst out on his brow, and he started, stopped, and faltered!—Did he recognize me as the person who had spoken kindly to him in his cell, before his trial, and perhaps, with all my precaution, given him a vague hope? or, was it that the unexpected appearance of a human creature, staring at him in utter commiseration, in that otherwise lonely court-yard, had touched the chord of human associations, and called him back to earth, out of his enthusiastic vision of heaven?—I know not. I cannot even guess:—*who* can? As he faltered, the young priest passed his arm round his body, and gently urged him to his knees, and knelt with him, kissing his cheeks, his lips, pressing his hands, and in tender whispers manning him again for facing shame, and death, and eternity. The governor, the sheriff, and I, instinctively assumed the attitude of prayer at the same moment.—But I hate to give a character of clap-trap to a real, though wonderful occurrence, by continuing too circumstantially. Moya's "own boy" never even mounted the steps of the execution-room. We were first startled, while we all knelt, by—as it afterwards proved—her shrieks at the outer gates: she had escaped from the restraint of her family, and had come to the jail, insisting on being married to him "wid the rope itself round his neck, to live a widow for him for ever"—and next there was a glorious shout from the multitude on the rural heights before the prison, and my one ceaseless idea of our attorney, with a white handkerchief streaming through the window of his post-chaise *was* realized, though every one saw it but I. And Moya, self-transported for life, went out to Van Dieman's Land, some weeks afterwards, a happy and contented wife, her family having yielded to her wishes at the instance of more advocates than herself, and put some money in her purse also.

## THE LOVER OF MUSIC TO THE PIANOFORTE.\*

BY LEIGH HUNT.

Oh, friend, whom glad or grave we seek,  
Heaven-holding shrine!

I ope thee, touch thee, hear thee speak,  
And peace is mine.

No fairy casket, full of bliss,  
Outvalues thee:

Love only, waken'd with a kiss,  
More sweet may be.

To thee, when our full hearts o'erflow  
With griefs or joys,

Unspeakable emotions owe  
A fitting voice.

Mirth flies to thee—and Love's unrest—  
And Memory dear—

And Sorrow, with his tighten'd breast,  
Comes for a tear.

Oh! since no joys of human mould  
Thou wait us still,

Thrice bless'd be thine, thou gentle fold  
Of peace at will.

No change, no sullenness, no cheat,  
In thee we find:

Thy saddest voice is ever sweet,  
Thine answers kind.

## SHAMHOZAI AND ADAH.

*A Talmudic Legend of the Antediluvian World.*

BY W. C. TAYLOR, A.B. T.C.D.

AMONG the holy watchers that stood before the gate of Paradise was Shamhozai, a chief among the spiritual legion appointed to guard the tree of life. As he contemplated from his lofty station the kingdoms of the antediluvian world and the glory of them, thoughts of high and daring import arose in his mind: he beheld the littleness of human affairs, and the eager struggles which men exerted to attain the summit of that littleness, and contemning such intellectual degradation, he secretly praised Satan for refusing homage to such a creature as man. His inmost thoughts were known to the Omniscient: scarcely had they assumed shape when Gabriel, intrusted with a commission from Jehovah, stood beside him. "Shamhozai," said the archangel, "why lookest thou with contempt on the lower world? why is that glance of scornful pride cast upon the children of Adam?"

"Because," replied the watcher, "though they have heard of the glorious Eden, from which they have been banished by the crimes of their progenitor, instead of endeavouring to regain the mansions of bliss, they seek paltry enjoyments, frail, fleeting, and unsubstantial. Oh! were I proffered such blissful hopes, and subjected only to such trials, how different would be my conduct—how manifest my scorn of temporal delights—how zealous my pursuit of a glorious immortality!"

"Have thou thy wish," replied the archangel; "for a season shall thy spirit be trammelled by a tabernacle of clay: if thou overcomest all temptation, great shall be thy reward; if thou yieldest, the punishment must be severe."

With joy Shamhozai embraced the offer: a form of more than mortal loveliness soon enshrined his spirit, and he descended to earth full of confidence and hope.

The vale of Daniel, so called by its admiring inhabitants, because they deemed it worthy of a deity's regards, was the loveliest spot that the waters of the deluge washed to ruin. The morn was rising upon its beauties, and clothing them in that mystic light of subdued brilliancy, which unites the whole landscape into one glorious picture—countless fragrant flowers and shrubs loaded the air with their essence—the winged warblers poured forth streams of melody;—Shamhozai stood at its entrance enjoying the ravishing sensations that belonged to his new state of existence, until the ascending sun, flooding the landscape with its effulgence, broke the picture into masses of light and shade; when the flowers bent their heads beneath the scorching rays, and the birds sought refuge in their leafy bowers. He too felt it necessary to seek a place of temporary shelter;—in the distant plain he beheld the towers of a city which the descendants of Cain had built; but the cottages in the happy valley belonged to the holy Sethites; and towards these the angel directed his steps.

The first cottage that he approached belonged to a pious widow named Naamah, who had retired thither with her only daughter Adah, when the wicked Cainites had swept with desolation her former dwelling, and slain her husband at his own threshold. She received the stranger with generous hos-

pitality, and joined him in his reverential homage to the Supreme, which he offered at the stated time which he had been accustomed to in Paradise. Pleased by his devotion, which proved that he belonged not to the race of Cain, Naamah offered him a share of her habitation, while the retiring Adah looked her wishes, Shamhozai gladly assented, and thenceforward was to Naamah as a son.

The growth of love in the bosoms of the pure and pious is like that of a flower, planted we know not when: it springs up we know not how, and attains perfection by a progress so imperceptible, that its appearance in full vigour is the first noticed proof of its existence. Thus it was with Adah and the angel: they scarce knew that they loved, until the feeling had become with them an actual principle of life, and they found themselves necessary not merely to the happiness, but to the existence of each other. With joy did Naamah assent to their union—the marriage was celebrated with the simple rites of a society as yet unsophisticated. Months rolled on, and found their happiness still undiminished: time seemed rather to bring new joys, as each discovered in the other some new perfection.

The season of the vintage arrived,—the period when the Cainites came to enjoy the pleasures of Daniel, to fill the old with melancholy forebodings, and tempt the young to the practice of forbidden pleasures. Among the visitants was Mohara, the loveliest of the daughters of Cain, said to be descended on the mother's side from one of those unhalloed spirits, with whom the father of mankind dwelt after the fall. A proud intellectual bearing, eyes flashing defiance, lips curled with haughty scorn, and a tongue speaking mighty things, gave proof of her demon origin. Shamhozai at first looked with disgust on a being that contrasted so powerfully with his own modest Adah; but his curiosity was piqued to investigate more nearly a character that in its mighty energies not a little resembled his own. From the moment that she first saw him, Mohara had resolved to master the affections of one so superior to all her other lovers: she met the angel with undisguised raptures—she conversed with a freedom and boldness that even to him seemed the consummation of intellectual daring—she spoke of fate, free will, and the contest between energy and necessity, as though her soul had penetrated the secret of mysteries that transcend even angelic ken. Surprise changed into admiration, and that again into a warmer passion,—not such holy and pure love as he felt for Adah, but that burning, desolating flame that consumes every noble feeling, and leaves room in the breast for nought but its own wild fires. Adah mourned in secret over a change, of which she was conscious, ere yet it was suspected by Shamhozai; but she spoke not a word of reproach, and confined her sorrows to her own bosom. Her melancholy look, the tears she sometimes shed, and the dullness of suppressed grief, were, in the excited state of his feelings, as fuel to the unlawful passions of the angel: he fled from Adah to the intoxicating Mohara, and with her forgot all the tranquil joys that had hitherto been the bound of his desires.

It was night; the juice pressed from the grapes circled round among the companies of labourers that had completed their toils:

\* Intended for a forthcoming work, entitled 'Musical Illustrations of the English Poets,' by Mr. Barnett.

one by one the Shemites retired from its maddening influence, while Shamhozai with the sons of Cain drank deeper of the fatal cup. Let darkness cover the deeds of guilt that succeeded the festivity: deeds that ere long were to blight the earth with a fearful curse, and change its whole surface into one universal charnel-house.

In the morning Naamah went forth to tend her flock, and, passing by a shady bower, beheld Shamhozai pillowed on the breast of his paramour. Her shriek at the sight woke the guilty pair. Enraged at the detection, Shamhozai spurned the aged woman: she fell against a sharp stone, and her life flowed forth with the bubbling blood.

Mohara accompanied Shamhozai to the cottage, and Adah was ordered by her cruel husband to wait on her imperious rival. It was the hour of morning prayer, and, turning to the east, she poured forth to the author of mercy those sublime effusions of devotion, which the angel had taught her in happier hours. To the lost spirit the words of holiness sounded as a reproach: howling forth an oath of horrid blasphemy, he sprung on the hapless Adah, and had seized her throat with deadly gripe, when at once "the heavens thundered, and the Highest gave his voice hailstones and coals of fire." A cloud of thick darkness fell round about them, and the voice of Gabriel exclaimed, "It is consummated—the measure of guilt is complete!"

When the cloud cleared away, the cottage and its inhabitants had disappeared; but our father Enoch, to whom the secrets of the invisible world were known, declares that Adah joined her mother Naamah in the world of bliss; that the demon Mohara still wanders upon earth, and is worshipped by the idolators as the goddess of impure pleasure; and that thus she labours to make others share in the horrors that eternally torture her breast; and Shamhozai sits, and will sit for ever, chained to a seat in front of Paradise, shut out from the presence of those holy choirs where his Adah enjoys endless felicity, condemned to contemplate the earth while it endures, and to confess that self-confidence and defiance of temptation are the certain sources of guilt and shame.

#### To the Editor of the Athenæum.

I send you some very striking lines: they were written two or three years ago by Mr. Beddoes, the author of 'The Bride's Tragedy,' and form part of a drama. I am taking, I apprehend, no more than the liberty of a friend, in sending them to the Editor of the Athenæum. I wish, at the time that I thus make them public, that I could by any persuasion induce one of the most imaginative poets which our age has seen, to return to his allegiance to the muse. C.

#### A great Spirit becomes conscious of its powers.

Now my soul  
Developes its great beams, and, like a cloud  
Racked by the mighty winds, at once expands  
Into a measureless, immortal growth.  
Crescented Night and amethystine Stars,  
And Day, thou god and glory of the heavens,  
Flow on for ever! Play, ye living spheres,  
Through the infinity of azure, wafted  
On billowy music! Airs immortal, strew  
Your tressed beauty on the clouds and seas!  
And thou, the sun of these! Nature of all!  
Thou Providence, pervading the whole space  
Of measureless Creation! the vast Mind,

Whose thoughts these pageantries and seasons  
are;

Who claspest all in one imagination,  
All hail! I too am an Eternity!  
I am a Universe! My soul is bent  
Into a girdling circle full of days;  
And suns are launched, and planets wake  
within me!

The following dialogue is full of fancy and tenderness.

#### Song.

Merry, merry little Stream,  
Tell me, hast thou seen my dear?  
I left him with an azure dream,  
Calmly sleeping on his bier—  
But he has fled!

I passed him in his churchyard bed—  
A yew is sleeping o'er his head,  
And grass roots mingle with his hair.

What doth he there?  
O cruel! can he live alone?  
Or in the arms of one more dear?  
Or hides he in that bower of stone,  
To cause and kiss away my fear?

He doth not speak, he doth not moan—  
Blind, motionless, he lies alone;  
But ere the grave-snake flesh'd his sting,  
This one warm tear he bade me bring,  
And lay it at thy feet  
Among the daisies sweet.

Moonlight whisperer, summer air,  
Songstress of the groves above,  
Tell the maiden rose I wear,  
Whether thou hast seen my love.

This night in heaven I saw him lie,  
Discontented with his bliss;  
And on my lips he left this kiss,  
For thee to taste, and then to die!

#### PHILOSOPHY.

Where doth soaring Fancy fly?  
Where doth Thought, the spirit, lie?  
Where lives the angel Love?  
Where Life? where Peace, the dove?  
In the heart? or in the eye?  
Tell me where they live, and why?  
Old and sage Philosophy!

Why doth mortal man disdain  
Safe and harmless rest?  
Wherefore roam from sin to pain,  
Trying every change in vain,  
Leaving still the best,—  
Hopes that live for Fears that die?  
Tell me, grave Philosophy!

Sure, all frantic fancies run  
Through his boiling veins,  
Maddening life from sun to sun,  
Till the last grand goal is won,  
And then—what use his pains?  
All his fame 'tween earth and sky?  
Tell all this, Philosophy!

B. C.

#### AN EVERY DAY PARADOX;

OR, HOW A MAN LOST ALL THAT HE WAS  
WORTH BY GETTING RICH.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

THERE was a little village boy,—  
Oh! but his heart was full of joy,  
Had he a stick to whistle on;  
A bag of marbles and a kite,—  
Surely there never was delight,  
Like that of Johnny Littleton.

But time flew on;—a boy no longer,  
Up he grew, taller, stouter, stronger,  
And then you would admire;—

For he had made a splendid marriage,  
And he rode in a shining carriage,—  
John Littleton, Esquire!

No doubt you think this very grand,—  
But I must make you understand  
A very different case;  
Though shrewdest heads might not have found,  
Had they surveyed this great man round,  
Misfortune in his face.

And yet he was most sad,—for riches  
Have something in them that bewitches,  
And fills with large pretences;  
Whilst, like a terrible disease,  
They rob us of our mirth and ease,  
Our faculties and senses.

And this was now his case; for he  
Had lost his sight; he could not see  
Some things, however nigh:  
The friends and playmates of his youth—  
He could not see them, though, in truth,  
Some stood full six feet high.

And then his hearing went;—oh! none  
Had ears so quick as little John  
For neighbours in their need;—  
But now, if sorrow cries and roars,  
What hope to pierce a dozen doors,  
And ears most deaf indeed?

And soon he lost his common sense.  
Puffed up with most absurd pretence,  
He hoped abroad to find  
Each better man, in poorer case,  
Bow down unto the dust his face,—  
He was so out of mind.

His peace of mind expired in glooms.  
He built a house of many rooms,—  
Of many, and most grand:  
But through them all he sought in vain;  
He could not find his peace again,  
In all his house and land.

Next memory wavered and withdrew.  
The more estate and body grew,  
Still grew his memory thinner;  
Until he even could not tell,  
Without a good resounding bell,  
His common hour of dinner.

So, on his house-top it was hung,  
And loudly, duly was it rung,  
To summon him to dine;  
As well as that the poor might be  
Assured, as they were drinking tea,  
That he was drinking wine.

Alas! what mattered wine, or food?  
Oh! but he was in different mood,  
By his own mother's door,  
With porringer of milk and bread;—  
But now, his appetite had fled;  
And it returned no more.

No! not though dishes did abound;  
Though powdered lacqueys stood around,  
In jackets quaintly dressed:  
With scarlet collar, scarlet wrist,  
And buttons stamped with a great beast,—  
John's true armorial crest.

This beast he on his trinkets wore;  
On harness; on his carriage door;  
And on his sealed letters;  
Upon his bed, upon his chair,  
This beast was figured everywhere,—  
A beast in golden in fetters.

Lost eye and ear; lost heart and health;  
Good name; good conscience;—save his wealth,  
What loss could still befall?  
Alas! to crown the dismal whole,  
He died!—'tis feared he lost his soul—  
The heaviest loss of all!

## THE PEASANT.

BY MISS JEWSEBURY.

It was an afternoon in May,  
Not one like this, half March, half June,  
With now a gust,—and now a ray,—  
Blossoms shut up—birds out of tune—  
Oh no, it was a lovely day,  
Or day's best part, the afternoon.  
I loitered through a sweet domain,  
Sweeter, because 'twas not my own,  
And wages, and the want of rain,  
Were evils to my friend alone;  
With every other fear and pain  
That is to careful gardeners known.  
To me, the apple-blossom's pink  
Was but a lovely hue of beauty;  
I never checked my walk, to think  
Of future fruit, (the owner's duty;)   
Rich beds were there, yet on their brink,  
I never dreamt of market booty.  
My heart was in my ears and eyes,  
And those, the birds and flowers were filling  
With that still joy which never dies,  
(And yet will never fetch a shilling,)   
A joy that makes air, earth, and skies,  
And even man, seem bland and willing.  
I loitered on with languid pace,  
Too tranquil or for book or thought,  
Until I reached a sunny space,  
To which exotic plants were brought;  
In idle mood I sought the place;  
I left it not as I had sought.  
Broad, brown, and not much past his prime,  
I saw a hale and sinewy man,  
My eye had passed him many a time,  
Now, keenly o'er his face it ran;  
He leaned his back against a lime,  
And, seeing all, seemed nought to scan.  
A touch of grief was in his eye;  
And when I asked him of his trees,  
And foreign flowers of splendid dye,  
He answered me as ill at ease,  
And said, his son was like to die,  
An idiot son;—"If God should please,  
'Twould be a great relief," said I—  
Light words that no rude meaning had:  
Yet, how few know the father's heart!  
He looked upon me sternly sad  
As I had pierced him with a dart:  
"My only, helpless, precious lad,  
My last of ten—'tis hard to part!  
"Since I beheld his dying mother,  
'Tis twenty years this very May;  
We watched beside her, one or other,  
Thinking she could not last a day,  
And wondering when she reached another:  
It seemed she *could* not pass away;  
"Eleven years had she been my wife,  
Faithful as ever poor man had;  
She gave ten pretty children life,  
And strove with fortune, good and bad,  
Ever with love and patience rife,  
But most for her afflicted lad;—  
"The one now dying—from a boy,  
He had an idiot-cripple been,  
Mischievous, caring not for toy,  
Nor play-fellow, nor change of scene;  
And yet she dwelt on him with joy,  
As if he had been fair and keen.  
"The others were all dead, and so  
Our love could only rest on him,  
I thought I loved him well; but no,  
Her feeling made mine weak and dim;  
Even to heaven she could not go  
Unless I promised—('twas a whim  
"I thought at first,—a fancy come  
Through the strong fever of her brain,)   
Never to give within my home  
Another woman right to reign,  
Lest her poor helpless one should roam  
Neglected—and have cause for pain.

"She thought the child would early die,  
And then I should be free to use  
My freedom as I would;—so I  
Could not her dying wish refuse;  
Full twenty years have passed me by,  
And yet, I am not free to choose.

"At first, perhaps, I thought it hard,  
When neighbours' hearts looked blithe and  
cheery,

That I alone should be debarred,  
And forced to live a life so dreary;  
But soon, I found a great reward,  
And never more my heart was weary.

"The boy grew up to man's estate,  
Yet helpless as a babe in arms;  
I watched him early, watched him late;  
He often ailed and came to harms;  
I had to work, and watch, and wait,  
Till work and watching had their charms.

"He kept my cot from being lone;  
He loved me with his feeble mind;  
And oft would utter word and moan,  
That must have made a heathen kind;  
Besides, besides, he was my own,  
The one his mother left behind.

"He knew no joys that others knew,  
But he had oft their cause for tears,  
Strange fits of sickness, and not few;  
Nor might he stir abroad, through fears  
Of mischief he might meet or do—  
And this has lasted twenty years.

"Aye, twenty years; and every one  
Has brought him closer to my heart;  
He cannot last another sun,  
And it is hard, so hard to part!  
To feel my work for ever done—  
Pray God, you never feel such smart!"

The father ceased; I turned aside  
Corrected for my idle phrase,  
And much of false refinement's pride  
Lay dead in me, for many days;  
And soul and sense were satisfied  
To doubt and question less, God's ways.

Boast we of days heroic, fled?  
Of the pure faith of chivalry?  
Knight, noble, hero, bow the head,  
And say a kindred soul may be  
A dweller in life's lowliest shed—  
Aye, say my noble peasant's he!

## NOTHING BUT RAGS!

BEFORE the time of Confucius, there flourished, in the Celestial Empire, a certain merchant, named Xi-fo. He had a son, Psu-fi, of comely mien, and of a disposition that recommended itself unto all hearts. Even fathers envied the happiness of Xi-fo, possessing such a son; and bachelors, when they beheld him, lifted up their hands, and prayed that when they married, their wives might bring them such an heir as Psu-fi. He was, indeed, a mirror of truth, and a pearl of loveliness.

It happened that Xi-fo became bound for one whom he had known from the days of his childhood: but the heart of him he held his friend was filled with untruth, and his smiles were the blandishments of the deceitful. In few words, Xi-fo trusted, and was deceived: he lost his riches; but, as the wise have held, he lost what is dearer than wealth—confidence in his fellow-men. Unhappy Xi-fo! he was forced to leave the house of his fathers, and with his only son, the pious Psu-fi became an outcast and a beggar. Psu-fi—to support his parent—hardened the soft hand of ease with daily labour: he worked as a porter in the city, and returned every night to his father, with the

scanty wages of his toil. One day, spent with weariness, Psu-fi had cast his load upon the earth, and, seated beside it, he gave vent in tears to the bitterness of his heart. He was interrupted in his grief by the appearance of an old and ugly woman. Her face was wrinkled—she was bent double—and her limbs shook with palsy. She asked the cause of Psu-fi's grief; and, though at first the young man started with fear at the intruder, yet, when further urged, there was a kindness in the old woman's voice that opened Psu-fi's heart, and it straightway poured forth its sorrows.

"Cheer up, Psu-fi," cried the old woman, when she had learned the history of his grief, "Cheer thee, beautiful youth; thou shalt again be rich—thou shalt cease from labour—and the grey hairs of Xi-fo shall be lifted from the dust. This I promise thee." Psu-fi smiled a sickly smile, and the old woman continued, "Look here, my son. Here is a little box: it contains a spirit that shall work for thee night and day—that shall make thee fine houses, gardens, build pagodas, train thee horses, clothe thee with the richest attire, and, indeed, make thy whole life one long walk through a garden of never-fading roses. This will the labouring spirit do for thee."

"Impossible, mother," cried Psu-fi, though his ears rang as with a strain of rich music, "Impossible."

"All this will the spirit do for thee."

"And how shall I reward it?—What shall I do for it?—for all this labour—this life of ease and joy, what shall I give the spirit!"

"Rags!"

"Mother—truly I am sick at heart: pass on, and do not mock me."

"Psu-fi, I do not mock. Take the box, and listen to my speech. The spirit will work for thee, so thou dost give it *nothing but rags*: one strip each morn will suffice. The spirit will labour and do thy wishes; but heed my words, thou must pay its works in *nothing but rags*." The old woman placed the box in the hands of Psu-fi, and before he could wink, she was gone.

In a short time, Psu-fi put to trial the skill of the spirit. He was overjoyed; the old woman had uttered truth. Xi-fo was again rich, and died in the house of his fathers. For many years did Psu-fi reap the labours of the spirit. But the heart of Psu-fi was gentle, and it often smote him that for such costly gifts all he returned to the spirit was *rags*. "At least," would ruminate Psu-fi, "the creature should have some share of the treasures that it brings me." At length, Psu-fi determined that with the next moon, instead of a strip of rag, he would present the spirit with a beautiful cloth of woven gold. He did so, and from that hour the spirit fled and ceased to serve him.

On his death-bed Psu-fi related to his son, Fo-fo, how disobedience to the orders of the old woman had lost him the labours of the spirit. "I charge thee," said Psu-fi, "should the spirit be given to thee, return it for its labours *nothing but rags*."

Psu-fi died, and Fo-fo, thrown upon the world, became a beggar. Then the old woman appeared again, and entrusted to Fo-fo the spirit which had served his father. Fo-fo received the gift, with a determination to return for all kinds of good *nothing but rags*.

Fo-fo became the richest mandarin in

China. He never suffered the spirit to be idle. It built bridges, temples, streets, cut rivers, dug mines, travelled for luxuries to all corners of the earth, was a slave, a sweating slave; whilst Fo-fo, gorged with wealth, remembered his father's injunctions, and gave to the spirit, to the toiling wretched servant of his will—*nothing but rags*.

Has not the Chinese mandarin left many descendants?

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

#### A FAREWELL.

BY T. K. HERVEY.

FAREWELL!—I do not bid thee weep,—  
The hoarded love of many years,  
The visions hearts like thine must keep,  
May not be told by tears!  
No! tears are but the spirit's showers,  
To wash its lighter clouds away,  
In breasts where sun-bows, like the flowers,  
Are born of rain and ray;  
But gone from thine is all the glow  
That helped to form life's promise-bow!

Farewell!—I know that never more  
Thy spirit, like the bird of day,  
Upon its own sweet song, shall soar  
Along a sunny way!—  
The hour that wakes the waterfall  
To music, in its far-off flight,  
And hears the silver fountains call,  
Like angels through the night,  
Shall bring thee songs whose tones are sighs,  
From harps whose chords are memories!

Night!—when, like perfumes that have slept,  
All day, within the wild flower's heart,  
Steal out the thoughts the soul has kept  
In silence and apart;  
And voices we have pined to hear,  
Through many a long and lonely day,  
Come back upon the dreaming ear,  
From grave-lands, far away;  
And gleams look forth, of spirit-eyes,  
Like stars along the darkening skies!

When fancy and the lark are still—  
Those riders of the morning gale!—  
And walks the moon o'er vale and hill,  
With memory and the nightingale;—  
The moon,—which is the daylight's ghost,  
(As memory is the ghost of hope,)  
And holds a lamp to all things lost  
Beneath night's solemn cope,  
Pale as the lamp by memory led  
Along the cities of the dead!

Alas! for thee and for thy youth!  
The youth that is no longer young!  
Whose heart, like Delphi's shrine, in sooth,  
Gives oracles that still are truth,  
But never more in song!†  
Whose breast, like echo's haunted hall,  
Is filled with murmurs of the past,  
Ere yet its "gold was dim," and all  
Its "pleasant things" laid waste!  
From whose sweet windows never more  
Shall look the sunny soul of yore!

Farewell!—I do not bid thee weep,—  
The smile and tear are past for thee;  
The river of thy thoughts must keep  
Its solemn course, too still and deep  
For idle eyes to see!  
Oh! earthly things are all too far  
To throw their shadows o'er its stream;—  
But, now and then, a silver star,  
And, now and then, a gleam  
Of glory from the skies be given,  
To light its waves with dreams of heaven!

† One of the works of Pliny was, an Inquiry into the causes why the Priestess at Delphi had ceased to deliver her oracles in verse.

#### WRITTEN AFTER CONTEMPLATING THE BEAUTIFUL EFFIGY OF THE

LADY MARGARET OF RICHMOND,  
In Henry the Seventh's Chapel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'LONDON IN THE OLDEN TIME.'

SCEPTRE, nor ermined gown,  
Nor orb, nor leaf-wrought crown,  
Grace thy proud image, Lady Margaret!  
With robe of simplest guise,  
Clasped hands, and closed eyes,  
Thou sleep'st, famed scion of Plantagenet!  
Yet, well may we in form and feature trace  
That thou wert daughter of a kingly race.

No circlet needeth thou  
To span that high arched brow,  
Where power and intellect sit throned in state—  
A proud regality  
Hath so invested thee,  
Like royal mantle, that amid the great  
Thou art the greatest. On thy princely mien  
We gaze, and own, tho' crownless, thou wast queen.

O! foster-mother kind  
Unto the youthful mind—  
What halls, what palace schools, were reared  
by thee:

How kindly didst thou smile,  
When to this favoured isle,  
That wondrous art was brought, whose energy  
Such marvels wrought—tho' timid power with-  
stood,  
Thy nobler mind pronounced—that "light was  
good."†

And thou didst hail the dawn  
Of that far glancing morn  
That poured upon the world its splendours  
bright;  
And nobly cast aside  
All thine ancestral pride,  
To seek and hail that all-reviving light;  
Even as the frozen Laplander doth run  
To bless and worship his long vanished sun.

And when, struck by the might  
Of that all-piercing light,  
The fount of classic lore out-welled anew;  
Like priestess of the spring,  
Each votary welcoming  
With ceaseless hand, thou, from its fulness drew  
The copious draught, that all who would might  
drain  
The witching cup, and thirst to drink again.

Oh, therefore, crownless one!  
Tho' worthy loftiest throne,  
On thy brow noblest diadem is set;—  
To aid the aspiring mind,  
To bless all human kind,  
These are thy trophies, honoured Margaret!  
And dim would gems or golden circlet glow,  
To that pure halo shed around thy brow.

With chant and anthem swell,  
Incense, and pealing bell,  
And white-robed priests, girt round with tapers'  
blaze,

They bore thee to thy tomb;  
And many here did come  
In pious pilgrimage, thro' many days  
Blessing thy name. 'Tis past—and votary none  
Hast thou, save she, who muses o'er thy stone.

Alas!—but not for thee—  
For, to thy memory  
The thankful few shall ever honour give.  
And nought reck'st thou in Heaven  
Of fame withheld, or given,  
Thy deeds have followed thee, for aye, to live;—  
Alas! for us, not thee—we, who forget  
Thy princely largesse, noblest Margaret!

† The first printing press in England was set up under the express auspices of this most illustrious patroness of literature.

#### THE HOUR OF SONG.

BY THE REV. HENRY STEDDING, M.A.

WHEN storms are brooding o'er the sea,  
And thou my heart art beating free,  
And dreams arise that are not bound  
To wander on earth's charnel ground,  
But forth the spirit springs to hold  
Communion with the great of old,  
Then let the night be still and long—  
Then is the fittest hour of song.

'Tis then thought comes, the spirit's bride!  
With love-born beauty at her side,  
And flashing thwart the gloom of night,  
Fills all the heart with heavenly light;  
While memories—dim, sweet memories rise,  
And grow beneath her wakeful eyes,  
Distinct and bright as forms that live  
In all the glory life can give.

And then we better feel within,  
What we and what the past have been;  
Shake off the change the world has taught,  
And be what God and nature wrought:—  
Then know we 'tis the hour of song!—  
Then walk we 'mid a glorious throng  
Of pure, bright spirits, crowned, like them,  
With thought's imperial diadem!

#### LIFE'S PILGRIM.

BY THOMAS ROSCOE.

Quæstia vita mortal, ch'în una o due  
Brevi e notturna ore trapassà occorra.  
Dante Cam.

THIS mortal life, of few and feverish days,  
Time hurries on!—Though weak, oppressed,  
obscure;

Its iron yoke and fetters still endure!  
In spirit mourning, but with lips of praise.  
For thou art taught, through dark and dange-  
rous ways,

A Saviour's hand shall lead thy footsteps sure.  
Go, fold within thy heart his precepts pure,  
Lean on his cross;—a staff that none betrays.  
Summon thy spirit from the dream of death,  
That bound it trembling to this world of dust—  
Gird on thy strength of faith and holy trust,  
And warm thy being in immortal breath:  
Adoring, trembling, ask the King of Kings  
To shield thee 'neath his own almighty wings.

#### TO A CELEBRATED SELF-MULTIPLIER,

When not yet seen on the Stage.

I've seen you once or twice—or seen  
One of you once or twice, I mean,  
And the high treat's reserved for me,  
Your fourscore other selves to see—  
(Bewildering diversity  
Of multiplied identity!)  
But, laud you as I must, good Sir,  
In each quick change of character,  
No, never one can ever seem  
So worthy of my true esteem,  
As that, I have already known,  
Without disguise or change—*your own*.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

POETRY and romance have made an inroad upon the province of criticism this week, and, to say the truth, such invasion was not unwelcome, for there is nothing stirring in literature that required much space for discussion. We hear with deep concern, that the days of the illustrious Author of 'Waverley' are numbered; that he lies on a sick bed, whence he is never likely to rise in life: all this, it is true, is but rumour, and we know nothing of certainty; yet it gains general belief. It is said, that his extreme desire to reach Abbotsford, induced him to tra-



vel seventeen hours a day on his way home, which was more than he could well bear.

The Royal Academy have sanctioned, we hear, various improvements in the galleries of their proposed structure: of these, the most material, is the hall of Sculpture; the width is increased to thirty-six feet; the lights are better regulated, and the entrance is altered, so that the way to the Paintings will not lie, as before, directly through the Sculpture.

Various circumstances have conspired to delay the commencement of Miss Kelly's projected mono-dramatic entertainment, until November next. On Miss Kelly's account, we cannot regret this arrangement, for it would surely have been too much for her, to have gone through so arduous an undertaking twice a week, and to have played at the Olympic the four remaining nights. When Miss Kelly does begin her single-handed engagement with the public, she will thus be enabled to devote the whole energies of her mind and body to it, and the result can hardly fail to be more satisfactory to both parties.

S<sup>rs</sup> Tosi and Mr. Mason are battling it away fiercely with paper pellets in the daily prints. The manager is of opinion that the lady has forfeited her engagement by refusing to perform in male attire. How this may be, we leave the lawyers to determine: but certain it is, that she is the fourth prima donna who has felt it necessary to publish her grievances—Mr. Seguin too, we regret to hear, has retired from the box-office management. We fear Mr. Mason is not sufficiently sensible of the value of undeviating courtesy and unshakeable temper in that most wearying situation.—Mad. Devrient takes her benefit on Wednesday next, when 'Don Juan' will be performed in German with the original finale. Mad. Fischer has just arrived to supply the place of Mad. Devrient if the latter decide not to renew her engagement.—We believe it is intended to continue the performance of German operas for two months longer, should the public not grow weary of them. Pellegrini leaves on Saturday next.

The ink was hardly dry with which this was written, when we read a *fifth* appeal to the public, by S<sup>rs</sup> Grisi—really these squabbles are very disgraceful. We offer no opinion on the subjects in dispute, but certainly Mr. Mason's letters are sadly wanting in courtesy.

## SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

### HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

July 3.—This being the day appointed for the adjudication of medals for the most superior collections of roses, the meeting-room was thronged with the admirers of that favourite plant. The number of varieties of roses exhibited was very considerable, and reflected great credit on the competitors, the most choice portions of whose collections were displayed. Although they were the principal, they did not form the sole attractions, there being intermingled with them the cactus, the air-plant, hybrid gladioli, and plants of many other beautiful tribes. We observed also specimens in high perfection of the black Hamburg, white Constantia, and black Frontignac grapes; and, among the strawberries, the old pine, Wilmot's superb, and yellow Chili varieties.

The medals were gained by Mr. John Lee,

Lord Grenville, Mr. Young, and Mr. Smith, of Combe Wood.

Nine candidates were elected Fellows of the Society.

### ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THE monthly meeting was held on Thursday, Joseph Sabine, Esq., in the chair.—The report stated the receipts in the month of June to be 1996*l.*, and the number of visitors to the garden 34,348. The first sale of duplicate animals by auction, in the gardens, produced 93*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.* The donations to the menagerie were of more than usual value—a pair of African lions, a puma, a tortoise of enormous size, and many smaller animals of interest—the tortoise, a specimen of *Testudo Indica*, weighed 400 lbs. when shipped for England, had been 70 years in one family, and was supposed to be considerably more than 100 years old. The Secretary stated that both elephants at the Gardens now took to the water freely, and enjoyed their bath together on the most friendly terms.

## FINE ARTS

### BRITISH INSTITUTION.

#### *Exhibition of Old Masters.*

EACH successive year as it brings round a new exhibition of the works of the old masters, serves to show how great are the riches of the art contained in the private houses of England—and every exhibition is fresh proof which way the taste of the country inclines. We see a preference evinced for portraits, landscapes, and for those masters, who, by colouring, compensate for the absence of the highest qualities of the art; and, we see also, that there is a still more general partiality for those departments which require little more than mechanical excellence. Thus, whilst we have but two or three of the pictures of the great schools of Rome and Florence, and as many of the Lombard,—we find almost a whole side of the South-room warmed with the glorious colouring of the Venetians, and a more than average quantity of Dutch sea-pieces and landscapes, and interiors, and drolls, scattered in profusion throughout the gallery. This, with all proper respect to the directors and collectors, does not announce the attainment of the highest stage of taste, but rather that of a country not yet in a state to feel the vast superiority of those qualities which have their origin in the painter's mind, much more than in his hand. An eye only slightly exercised, may acquire a relish for a picturesque style, and for splendour of colouring—and may even be capable of forming a fair estimate of a performance of such a character; but long and diligent observation and study is required, before we obtain the necessary intelligence to appreciate the full merit of correct design, of unpretending composition, of noble invention, and, above all, of just expression. Such are the chief qualities that more or less mark the great schools above mentioned; and the possession of these have given to them the pre-eminence, which no critic nor man of taste has ever attempted to deprive them of. On the other hand, a common mind, with a little knowledge, may soon perceive much of the merit that exists in a Teniers, a Karl Jardin, in a Paul Potter, or in a "De Hooge," where nature, and not the choice of nature, has been the object of the artist's imitation. "The value of every art, (to use Sir J. Reynolds's remark,) is in proportion to the mental labour employed in it: as this principle is observed or neglected, our profession becomes either a liberal or mechanical art." These remarks do not detract, they only distinguish the degrees of merit, which different classes of painting are entitled to claim—and that the public, from blindness or from perversity, seem to mistake

them, is a conclusion forced upon us, when we find, that at public sales a little Dutch merry-making, or a miniature representation of a few cows, and a peasant in a wood, obtain prices five times as large as the sum offered for a grand work of Van Dyke, or of Ludovico Caracci.

The liberality of the proprietors, and the taste and largeness of the governors, have united to bring together this year a collection superior to its predecessor, and equal to any that has of late years been opened to the public. By familiarizing us with its varied excellence, there must result a certain diffusion of good taste. We propose in a subsequent number to notice some of the chief works. At present we will content ourselves by remarking, that the Gallery is, perhaps, less rich in historical works of the first order, than it is in fine portraits, in landscapes and sea-pieces; and in these branches of the art, as connoisseurs and artists, we are now in England more successful than in any other country. Among the landscape painters, we find specimens of Gaspar Poussin, of Claude, S. Rosa, Zuccharelli, Gainsborough, Wilson, Reynolds, and of most of the Flemish; and there is a Cuypp that makes us in love with winter.

Of the portraits, Titian, Paris Bourdon, Seb. del Piombo and Parmegiano give evidence of the fine characteristic manner of the great Italians in this province of art, where simplicity and dignity is conspicuous, and where nature is elevated and dignified without any visible effort. In those by Rembrandt, on the contrary, (and there is one of prodigious force,) we see the work of a master, whom, for effect and handling, none could surpass—but we see his great powers lavished on ignoble subjects; a vulgar female, dressed in a stuff gown, with a dagger in her hand, becomes a Cleopatra, but really appears to be a kitchen-maid with a skewer.

The celebrated Rubens, 'St. Martin dividing his garment,' and a small allegorical picture exquisitely painted—a Canaletti—and a Velasquez, are among those that will certainly please, and are deserving of admiration.

*Procession of the Flitch of Bacon.* Painted by T. Stothard, R.A. Engraved by James Watt.

We think, for beauty, variety, and simplicity, this fine national picture is superior even to the 'Canterbury Pilgrimage,' of the same painter. We never before saw so much loveliness and modesty engaged in any procession either on foot or on horseback. It is related by Dr. Plot, in his History of Staffordshire, that Sir Philip de Somerville held sundry manors of the Earl of Lancaster, on condition that he should "find, maintain, and sustain one bacon flake in his hall at Winchenovra, ready to be given to every woman a year and a day after their marriage, who might be enabled to declare, upon oath, that, during all that period, they had neither repented of their contract nor desired change of partners, nor had quarrelled with their husbands." Another authority adds, that, on the flitch of bacon being claimed and obtained, "the happy pair were taken upon men's shoulders in a chair kept for that purpose, and carried round the site of the priory, from the church to the house, with drums, minstrels, and other music, the gammon of bacon being borne high before them." The painter has given form and character to this curious custom: with true poetic feeling he has dismissed all that is common or vulgar; the scene is laid in those times when simplicity of manners prevailed; and the youthful pair who claim the flitch are not only of beauty, but of rank. In the front of the procession are four minstrels or musicians cheering the march with music from four different kinds of instruments: behind them rides the hind who bears the flitch, three maidens—worthy of becoming brides—follow, scattering all kinds of flowers before the happy couple, who, in their turn, are accompa-

nied or followed by a score or so of their companions and friends: some young, bashful, and beautiful; others well acquainted, if we may judge by their looks, with the world and its ways, but all distinguished by individuality of character, and by an easy and graceful carriage. Those who desire to see ladies lovely, modest, and unaffected, and gentlemen of natural good-breeding and true spirit, all engaged in an adventure of mingled joy and seriousness, will see them far better in Mr. Watt's engraving than in our description.

## MUSIC

### KING'S THEATRE.

Chellard's 'Macbeth' was produced here on Wednesday last. The music generally is of the highest class of composition; the melodies are frequently accompanied with the characteristic harmony of Scotch national music, the phrases terminating with the subdominant chord preceding the tonic; the harmonies are throughout rich without being cloying, and the instrumentation most masterly. The overture is cleverly made up of detached movements from the opera. The trio of the witches, and the introduction to the air of Pellegrini (*Macbeth*), are noble specimens of dramatic composition; the bacchanalian chorus is a spirited and characteristic piece of exhilarating music, and was deservedly encored, as was the trio of bards; the quartet and chorus in the second act, with voices only, deserves most honourable mention. The air and duet in the last act are quite à l'écossaise, and delightfully put together. In this opera Pellegrini displays great powers, both as a singer and actor. Madame De Meric and Haitzinger have not very prominent or important parts in the drama, yet their songs and duets are pleasing and expressive. Madame Devrient was great only in the last act, in the sleep-walking scene, where the roll of the drum and the tremulando of the tenors and basses were wonderfully effective. The chorus singers merit the most unbounded praise. The orchestra, which was considerably augmented for this performance, executed the overture and the accompaniments with extraordinary vigour and precision.

The public have been much indebted to M. Chellard for the series of German operas, which, notwithstanding the known inferiority of the band, and the fact that some of the singers had never met before in the same company, have, under his direction, surpassed all other musical performances.

### SOCIETA ARMONICA.

The sixth and last Concert took place on Monday. The instrumental pieces consisted of Beethoven's symphony in c major; Spohr's overture to 'Jessonda'; and Weber's jubilee overture. Mori played a fantasia by Mayseder, with his usual skill, and was rapturously applauded. An air from Weber's 'Euryanthe,' was delightfully sung by Haitzinger. Three choruses by the Germans, viz.—'O Isis,' from the 'Zauberflöte,' a chorus from Spohr's 'Faust,' and one by Ferdinand Ries—were all very fine.

The wind-instruments were too predominant throughout—this should be corrected.

## THEATRICALS

### ENGLISH OPERA—OLYMPIC THEATRE.

It would appear from the report in the papers, of Messrs. Peto and Grissell's tender for building Mr. Arnold's new theatre having been accepted, that a serious move is at length making, and that the present is the last season in which we shall have to speak of this lively com-

pany as wanderers on the face of the theatrical world. For the current summer, they have taken refuge at the Olympic, and a snug quarter it is. Operations were commenced on Monday, under favourable auspices, and we rejoice to learn, that there is every appearance of a prosperous season. Miss Kelly's talents have been exerted in pieces too well known to need particular comment—and she has evinced her usual power over the smiles and tears of her audiences. The other old favourites of this company have been cordially received, and various novelties are in preparation. All, in short, looks like business, and we trust it will prove what is called, in theatrical parlance, "good business." The manager has acted wisely in keeping his prices of admission at the usual scale of the theatre.

### STRAND THEATRE.

WE want elbow room this week, and must therefore be brief in our theatrical notices. The author of the 'Rent Day' has been again, and deservedly, successful. The 'Golden Calf,' produced here on Saturday, was received equally, by critics and public, with a hearty welcome. It would seem that women are your only managers—Vestris closes a winter season of triumphant success, and Waylett opens a summer campaign of golden promise.

## MISCELLANEA

*Mr. Hood and the Comic Magazine.*—We have had occasion lately to notice the very questionable advertisements of some of our contemporaries, and we had direct authority to contradict them. Now, Mr. Hood requests us to say a word or two on an announced "pending negotiation" between him and the proprietors of the Comic Magazine, and we should certainly have complied with his request, but that a word or two from his own inimitable pen will be more conclusive and satisfactory.

"Dear Athenæum,—It has been industriously announced that 'negotiations are pending' between me and the conductors of the 'Comic Magazine,' published by Kidd. I trust the Stamp Commissioners will make that advertisement pay double duty for its double dealing.

"I have had no negotiations with the parties, for it would not suit me to write for them, even if they offered—they will understand me—to post the coin, *Poole* measure.

"I am, dear Athenæum,

"Yours, very truly,

"THOMAS HOOD."

*Illuminated MSS.*—We have just been favoured with a sight of a very curious, beautiful, and interesting volume, entitled 'Illustrations of Illuminated MSS.,' being a collection of extracts from rare manuscripts of the 14th and 15th centuries, principally derived from the *Bibliothèque du Roi* at Paris. It is the work of a gentleman named Costello, who has devoted much time and trouble in acquiring the materials, which are chosen with great taste. The subjects are chiefly specimens of early romance and poetry in French, Spanish, English, and German, and the whole is illustrated by copious notes in English. As the work is for sale, we should be glad to hear of its finding its way ere long into an appropriate niche in the library of some connoisseur. The volume is at present in the hands of Mr. Molteno, of Pall Mall, where it may be seen on application.

*Prodigious!*—An American expatiating on the merits of a certain "severe colt," belong to that "cute Yankee, Uncle Ben," relates, as a proof of the animal's agility, that it was once chased several times round the circuit of a meadow by a flash of lightning, and that the lightning could not "come within a rod of the colt."

*King's College, London.—Distribution of Prizes.* The Archbishop of Canterbury presided yesterday, at a numerous meeting of the friends of this institution; and upon the principal's and professors' reports, presented the prizes awarded to the following students:—In *Theology*—1st, J. A. Frere, 2nd, H. J. C. Smith, 3rd, E. Sleep, 4th, J. Smith, 5th, W. Winchester.—*Classical Literature*—Sen. Class, 1st, J. A. Freere, 2nd, E. Sleep.—*Mathematics*—1st, R. A. Gordon, 2nd, W. W. Pocock, 3rd, F. W. Shaw, 4th, R. Peppercorne.—*English Literature*—Henry J. C. Smith.—*French Literature*—1st, Henry Tritton, 2nd, J. E. Cooper.—We regret that we have not space to give the names of the pupils in the junior departments, to whom prizes were awarded and presented.

*Take care of your crockery.*—Place a wine-glass upon the edge of a table, and another wine-glass upon the edge of another table, at the distance of three or four feet; a pine stick, of one half or three-fourths of an inch square, being then laid across the two glasses, so that its two ends may rest upon the two contiguous edges of the glasses, strike the stick at right angles, in the middle, with a heavy cane, and it will break in two, without breaking the glasses. The two pieces of the broken stick fly up to the ceiling, while the glasses remain, not only uninjured, but are not even moved from their places. I have often, successfully, repeated this curious experiment; when, however, the glasses are thin and the stick is too strong, they will break; and they will break in any event, if the stick does not.—*Silliman's Journal.*

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

|       | Days of Thermom. |     | Barometer. | Winds. | Weather.    |
|-------|------------------|-----|------------|--------|-------------|
|       | W.               | M.  | Noon.      |        |             |
| Th.   | 28               | 81½ | 54         | 30.21  | Var. to N.  |
| Fr.   | 29               | 83  | 55         | 30.22  | N. to E.    |
| Sat.  | 30               | 81  | 40         | 30.25  | N. E.       |
| Sun.  | 1                | 85  | 53         | Stat.  | N. W. to N. |
| Mon.  | 2                | 83  | 51         | 30.20  | N. E.       |
| Tues. | 3                | 85  | 52         | 30.12  | S. E. to E. |
| Wed.  | 4                | 86  | 53         | 29.95  | S. E.       |

*Prevailing Clouds.*—Cumulus, Cirrostratus. Early in the morning, Comoid cirrostratus, Cirrocumulus. Nights and Mornings throughout the week fair. Mean temperature of the week, 68.5°. Day decreased on Wednesday, 8 min. No night; the sun not descending far enough below the horizon to cause darkness.

## NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

*Forthcoming.*—A third edition of the *History of the Contagious Cholera*, by Mr. Kennedy. The *Play of Vortigern*, by Ireland.

*Just published.*—Bloomfield's Greek Testament, 2 vols. 8vo. 12. 16s.—Leland's Demosthenes, 8vo. 12s.—Paris and Fonblanque's Medical Jurisprudence, 3 vols. 12. 16s.—Alexander's Travels, 2 vols. 8vo. 12. 8s.—Botanic Annual, 15s.—Buck's Life of Akenaide, cr. 8vo. 9s.—Booth's Composition, 7s. 6d.—Studies of Trees, by S. Sims, of Birmingham, 10s.—Juvenile Cyclopædia, Vol. 5, roy. 18mo. 3s. 6d.—Live Doll, 18mo. 2s.—Clarendon, or Tales of the North, 12mo. 7s. 6d.—Lessons on Shells, with plates, f.c. 8vo. 5s. 6d.—Beggars Daughter of Bethnal Green, as edited by Dr. Percy, 2s. 6d.—A Series of Tales, Historical and Domestic, by W. H. Harrison, 8vo. 1s.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS

Next week, with other Papers, for which even our extra sheet could not afford room, will be given, 'THE COURT OF SAXE-MEININGEN,' being a translation from an interesting MS. about to be published at Paris, under the title of 'Recollections of an Officer;' and the week after, the first part of 'A MEMOIR OF THE LATE PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY,' by his relative, school-fellow, and friend, CAPTAIN MEDWIN, illustrated by extracts from inedited Letters and Papers.

Thanks to E. B. M.—I.

We must request to be favoured, in confidence, with the name of T. P.

Several Correspondents are, we fear, waiting to hear from us by letter: we request all such to hold us excused for a short delay.

Such has been the demand for the back numbers of this Paper, that to satisfy the wishes of new Subscribers, no less than five Numbers have been reprinted, and complete sets for the year may now be had.

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\*The authors already retained for this unique little work, are—John Poole, Esq. Author of '*Paul Pry*,' &c.—R. B. Peake, Esq. (who illustrates for *Figaro*), W. T. Moncrieff, Esq. Author of '*Tom and Jerry*,' &c.—The Editor of '*Figaro in London*,'—The Great Unmentionable—The Author of '*Absurdities*,' &c. &c.—Miss L. Sheridan, and Thomas Dibdin, Esq. have promised their valuable assistance; and the Proprietors are in hopes of obtaining the zealous co-operation of Thomas Hood, Esq. Author of '*Whims and Oddities*,' &c., Horace Smith, Esq., Theodore Hook, Esq., Croker, Esq., Samuel Beazley, Esq., and George Colman, the Younger, Author of '*Broad Grins*,' &c.

\*The whole press, as well Metropolitans as Provincial, have been remarkably unanimous in praise of this highly-popular little Magazine; and the following extracts from a few of the leading Papers combine to make the following singularly eulogistic paragraph:

'This little literary gem'—(*Times*). 'Most amusing and most elegant of the Magazines, Kidd's 'Comic,' edited by the Editor of 'Figaro in London,' who is in himself a host.' (*Courier*). 'This beautiful little periodical—the very focus of humour, wit, and drollery'—(*Morning Herald*). 'worthy of a place in the library'—(*Morning Chronicle*). 'and, at the same time, the most elegant, the most interesting, and, without the least exception, the most valuable of the comic press.' (*Court Journal*). 'a full of fun and humour both graphic and literary.' (*Literary Gazette*). 'replete with comic and comic writing.' (*Athenæum*). 'This pleasant little periodical, full of humour both in plate and print, whose illustrations are some of the happiest and most laughable we have yet seen.' (*Old Bell's Weekly Messenger*). 'contains several richly-humorous articles by authors of the highest celebrity, illustrated by the extraordinary number of fifteen beautiful comic engravings by the celebrated Seymour.' (*Weekly Dispatch*). 'pursues its course rejoicing, and abounds in quips, cranks, and oddities,—fun, merriment, and illustrations of practical jokes.' (*Morning Advertiser*). 'How all this can be done for the moderate price of one shilling, we are absolutely paralyzed with wonder.' (*Johs Bull*).

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# THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 246.

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PRICE  
FOURPENCE.

This Journal is published every Saturday Morning, and is despatched by the early Coaches to Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Dublin, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and other large Towns, and reaches Liverpool for distribution on Sunday Morning, twelve hours before papers sent by the post. For the convenience of persons residing in remote places, the weekly numbers are issued in Monthly Parts, stitched in a wrapper, and forwarded with the Magazines to all parts of the World.

## REVIEWS

*Fifteen Months' Pilgrimage through untrodden tracts of Khuzistân and Persia in a Journey from India to England, &c.* By J. H. Stocqueler, Esq. 2 vols. London: Saunders & Otley.

THESE are two light trifling volumes, that may be run pleasantly over between breakfast and dinner. The writer's original intention on leaving India, was to reach England by a beaten track as early as possible. He had, however, hardly set foot in Persia, before the breaking out of the plague disarranged his plans, and he was obliged to travel through parts of Khuzistân and Irân, which had not before been trodden by Europeans; this induced him to make careful observation; the advantages which he imagined might be derived from opening a trade with the Asiatic provinces on the Black Sea, led to further consideration and attention; and the accident of reaching Europe at the close of the Polish war, and the meeting casually with the illustrious Polish Exile, Skryznecki, were circumstances which, combined, led him to make public this unpretending narrative of his unsought adventures. Our first extract will be a sketch of Bussorah, on the reported approach of the plague.

"On my arrival at Bussorah, I took up my quarters at the residency; and after a refreshing bath strolled through the town. But what a change had been effected in seven short days! Intelligence of the approach of the plague had spread consternation throughout the city, and had sent thousands of its inhabitants into retreat. The shops were closed—trade at a stand—the streets deserted—houses tenantless—the oft busy creek had scarcely a boat moving on its surface—the mosques were filled with the dismayed Moslems, whom poverty or self-interest had kept in the town—the Christian churches held the few Armenians and Chaldeans whom fear had driven to pray with sincerity. Here might be seen a cluster of Zobeir Arabs, meditating rapine; and there a straggling Jew, ruminating on the losses he had sustained by the flight of the panic-stricken slaves of his usury.

"Aga Pharseigh had lost all his confidence and self-sufficiency. He had sent off his family to Bushire; he was himself to sink into the humble office of clerk to the resident; and he was (which he esteemed the most distressing event of the three) to encounter face to face those who had just left the 'city of the plague.' I had told him of the circumstances under which I had met the resident, and that there were three cases of plague on board. The Armenian, whose only notions regarding cases were acquired in the course of his mercantile transactions, and who believed a plague case and a six dozen champagne case to be much about the same article, ejaculated, 'Three cases of plague! Merciful heavens!—if the major wanted to preserve such abominable virus, could he not have brought a smaller quantity? Three cases! If

it should run out, how it might spread about the town!"

The brief history of an adventurer, from whom Mr. Stocqueler received some kindness, is worth recording here.

"Nicolas, or Sahab Khan Nicolas, (for so he styled himself, by virtue of a firman from Futteh Ali Shah,) was a native of Corfu, acknowledging an English sire and a Greek mother. He had passed his earliest youth in nautical pursuits in the Archipelago; subsequently got a commission in a Sicilian regiment, when Lord William Bentinck was in Sicily; had visited England as a dealer in Grecian antiquities, (a Lord Elgin on a small scale;) then entered the Persian army, as an officer acquainted with European tactics, and finished by joining the Bactarian mountaineers and becoming a leader of hordes. For good services rendered the Prince of Oologerte Berugia, Nicolas was named governor of Shuster; but political convulsions had unseated his friend, and he was obliged to seek the countenance of the sheikh of the Chabeans."

### Taking Coffee at Bebuhan.

"I was honoured with a few visits of ceremony from mine host and his aristocratic acquaintance, who seemed much diverted with the difference between their customs and dress, and those which they observed in me. The Khans and Meerzas of Bebuhan are considerable consumers of coffee, but not after the fashion of Turks, Arabs, or Europeans. It is with them a kind of *bon-bon* eaten in a powdered and roasted state, without having had any connexion with hot water. When Meer Goolam Hussein called on me, he was always accompanied by his coffee-bearer, who carried about the fragrant berry in a *snuff-box*, and handed it frequently to the company present. The first time it was brought to me, deceived by its colour and quality, and strengthened in the delusion by its singular repository, I took a *pinch* of the coffee and applied it to my nose, amidst the roars of laughter and looks of surprise of all the party."

Mr. Stocqueler's route now lay through a *terra incognita*, and is proportionably interesting; but it is not possible for us to give more than an occasional brief passage. When passing the Buctiarian mountains, he observes:

"Between Bebuhan and the luxurious town of Simiroon, which is built on the side of a stupendous rock, and abounds in springs of delicious water, there is not a single modern building of any note. The mountaineers generally live under the shade of trees, in hollow caverns, in black tents, or occasionally shelter themselves under wicker screens. In two places, however, they, and their flocks and herds, tenant the ruins of towns, which once must have enjoyed considerable importance, and justify the inference that the mountains have not always been the resort of brigands only. Elegant mosques, baths, caravanserais, and palaces of incredible extent, attest the ancient grandeur and importance of DEIDASS (situated within a pleasant vale,) while similar *débris*, though on a smaller scale, indicate the former consequence of Sadaat. The latter town was, during my

short stay, undergoing some repair and fortification. A powerful chieftain had obtained (or assumed) the government of the place, and calling himself a *syud*, declared his right to a considerable sum, in the shape of tolls or gommuck, which my party were not in a condition to resist paying. The immediate neighbourhood of Sadaat is remarkable for extensive plantations of vines, the produce of which is sent to Shirauz, to be employed in the manufacture of wine."

### Again—

"Amongst the various flowers which adorn this earthly paradise the rose is abundant and of a mild fragrance. It is, however, very small,—smaller than the wild rose of Great Britain, and less odiferous. The same inferiority in size, beauty, and smell, is likewise apparent in the cultivated rose—the far-famed *gûl* of the Persian gardens. One morning, while at breakfast at Bushire, a servant of the residency brought to us a small nosegay as a *peashush*, or present, the flowers composing which were the first of the season. Amongst them was a rose, but of such small dimensions, that I was tempted to inquire whether the rose of Persia—the fabled favourite of the bulbul—was not generally considered brilliant and of powerful scent? I think Captain Hennell then told me, that so far from the notion being correct, the flower was there so insignificant, though the trees were large, that it required at least two hundred thousand of them to make one ounce of *attar-gûl*—Anglicé, attar of roses."

With an abridged account of an adventure among these mountains, and a sketch of the character of the mountaineers, we must conclude—at least for the present.

"The lawless character of the Fileah and Buctiarian tribes, the chief inhabitants of the mountains, has long furnished a theme for the Persian traveller, and has formed the chief, if not the only, impediment to an earlier exploration of their retreat. It is certainly beyond question that any one venturing into the mountains without the protection of a *rackum* from the Begler Beg of Bebuhan, or a *firman* from the Schah, would run great risk of personal violence; but armed with passports from both authorities, his safety will not be compromised, provided he comports himself with temper and discretion, and freely enters into the humour of the people. Out of pure wantonness and silly bravado, some of the mountaineers were wont to threaten me with injury, but they never attempted to carry their threats into execution until we had left the town of Simiroon. To the south of this place we were within the limits of the Begler Beg's influence, and as we regularly paid the tribute here and there exacted, we suffered no molestation, but on the contrary, experienced as much hospitality and attention as their paucity of means and the deficiency of culture enabled the tribes to show. Four pharaghs north-east of Simiroon, however, in a district where the people only acknowledge fealty to the Schah, we experienced one of those 'disastrous chances' which render travellers very interesting personages in books and by family fire-sides, but which in actual experience

are anything but agreeable. In short, we were attacked and robbed. . . .

"We had left the woody portions of the mountains behind us, and had entered upon one of those extensive undulating wastes which distinguish the more level portions of Iran. The day was sultry and the ride tedious. We believed we had got fairly out of all chance of danger, and had ceased to observe that order of march, exhibiting a concentration of force, which had hitherto seemed best adapted to our security. We were straggling at short distances from one another, my servant in the van, and were just on the point of ascending a little eminence, when a horseman, splendidly attired suddenly appeared on the summit, and discharging a pistol in the air, as a signal of attack, dashed down the hillock, followed by several others. "The shepherds fled for safety and for succour,"—*saave qui put* was the order of the day. In a few seconds, however, they rallied, and a sharp skirmish ensued, which ended in the whole of my party being discomfited, then driven together like so many sheep, their eyes bandaged, their hands tied behind them and their persons rifled. Of my own share in the transaction it is unnecessary to say more than that though I took as active a share in the distribution of blows as my companions, no personal violence was offered to me on the part of the assailants, and I was merely robbed of everything valuable I possessed.

"As soon as the brigands had secured the victory and bound the 'true men,' they rode up to me while I was standing at a distance watching the progress of events, and discharging their pieces in the air, called out, '*Hakeem Sahab, bishoen*,' 'Sir Doctor, sit down'—a kind of half-mandate, half-request which I could not decline complying with. Besides I was rather fatigued. They then blindfolded me, drove the mules and horses up a hill, and taking with them one of the defeated party, (a merchant who had joined my escort a few days previously, with a small caravan of merchandize,) they desired him to point out the 'Ingreze's' property: this he readily did; upon which they proceeded to cut to pieces my *khoordis* or travelling bags, and to empty them of the money, silk handkerchiefs, knives, razors, spoons, blankets, and other useful little articles they contained.

"They finished by thrashing *Hajee Moolla Mahomed Shuffa*, the merchant, until the poor fellow could scarcely stand, by way of testifying their gratitude for his officious zeal, and then galloped off to narrate their exploits to their friends and to divide the spoil."

The second volume is much less valuable, although the meeting with Skryznecki, and the account of his adventures, is not without interest.

*The Bengal Annual, a Literary Keepsake for 1831.* Edited by D. L. Richardson. Calcutta: Smith & Co.

THERE is very little of a provincial air about this handsome volume: the printing is good, so is the paper: the arrangement would do credit to one grown grey in the London market; and the commodities of prose and verse resemble in quality the materials of our own periodicals. There are really many sweet poems, pretty stories, and clever sketches in this book of the east; and yet we are much afraid of its success in a market where embellishment is the order of the day, and a work of this kind, no more than a lady, can come safely abroad unadorned. We have all along been of opinion, that the quality of the literature in the yearly over-

flow of *Annals*, is less material to their success than is the excellence of their engravings: verse and prose recommend them, but the prints sell them. '*The Bengal Annual*' must stand by the force of its literature alone; and few, we are afraid, of our own, could survive under such circumstances. In truth, the very nature of these beautiful volumes is alien to all boldness, and vigour, and originality: authors know that their verses and stories are for scented hands and delicate sensibilities, and write accordingly: hence, except a few songs, or such small matters, the *Annals* contain little that is likely to survive the season. We would advise Mr. Richardson to avail himself of the fine scenes, picturesque costume, and strange people of the land which he has adopted. Whatever is new, is considered interesting here; and we have no doubt of his being able to make, next season, a volume which, both in its art and its literature, will do him honour. As it has been his pleasure to send his progeny into the world without paint on the face, or jewels on the hands, we must examine, and speak accordingly.

There are many pretty verses by the Editor; some sweet and natural ones by Miss Roberts; and strains of all kinds by other contributors, civil and military;—in truth, these Eastern minstrels are skilful in the "art unteachable, untaught." Not the least melodious and pleasing are the lines by Sir John Malcolm:—

#### *The Sisters.*

In Olympia see manners and mildness combin'd,  
Grace plays on each feature, truth dwells in her mind;  
With feminine softness each bosom she warms,  
And by goodness she keeps what she wins by her charms.

By her kindness and love all around her are blest,  
And her house, like her heart, is a mansion of rest.  
Her sister, young Charlotte, with soul light as air,  
To each guile is a stranger, and cheerful as fair;  
With spirit delightful she joins in life's throng,  
By innocence guarded she cannot go wrong;  
'Tis the absence of art gives her freedom and grace;  
'Tis the pureness of heart gives the smiles to her face.  
Like two tints in a picture, these sisters we view,  
Though the shades are distinct, yet they blend in the hue;

For the colour of virtue, as lasting as bright,  
Is spread o'er the whole, and makes each part unite.

Nor has Mr. Richardson been less successful in his sonnets than formerly:—

#### *Written at Sea.*

The plain of Ocean 'neath the crystal air  
Its azure bound extends—the circle wide  
Is sharply clear—contrasted hues divide  
The sky and water. Clouds, like hills that wear  
The winter's snow-wrought mantle, brightly fair,  
Rest on the main's blue marge.—As shadows glide  
O'er dew-decked fields, the calm ship seems to slide  
O'er glassy paths that catch the noon-tide glare  
As if bestrown with diamonds. Quickly play  
The small crisp waves that musically break  
Their shining peaks;—and now, if aught can make  
Celestial spirits wing their downward way,  
Methinks they glitter in the proud sun's wake,  
And breathe a holy beauty on the day!

The strains of Miss Emma Roberts are equally, if not more attractive:—

#### *Written in a Pavilion of the Rambaugh.*

Fresh are thy roses—beautiful retreat—  
As when, in other days, your tangled shades  
Sheltered from noon-tide's enervating heat,  
The Hours forms of Agra's loveliest maids.  
Blue are thy waters, Jumna, as of yore—  
When regal beauties sought thy grottoed caves,  
And trod, with jewelled feet, thy sun-kissed shore,  
And laughing bathed within thy sparkling waves.—  
Yon flashing river, and yon orient flowers  
Which decked the spot where Achar's daughters  
ranged;

The clustering foliage of these summer bowers,  
Are all, alas! that still remain unchanged.  
Crumbling to dust, see each fair chamber fall,  
Where, in the glory of her monarch's reign,  
The beautiful, the peerless Nourmahal,  
Added, each day, fresh links to love's soft chain.

Scene of her brightest triumphs, here, perchance,  
Sharing an emperor's power with his throne,  
Her heart's deep-seated bliss found utterance  
In those glad tones which spring from joy alone.

Had we not already filled the space allotted for quotation, we should have found a companion for the following clever prose picture:

#### *The Picture of the Virgin.*

"The pious virgin, Sarah Bugle, spoke frequently, out of pure fear and love of God, of her approaching end, and her longing for the celestial Jerusalem and the godly bridegroom; yet though she was dying every day, she, poor delicate creature, condescended to live, and oftener thought of an earthly bridegroom, as even sensible people have sometimes silly things running in their heads. We have not always the command of our own thoughts. True, that since her forty-fifth year, she solemnly declared she would never marry; still sometimes she had a maiden weakness, particularly when a good-looking widower teased her, or when a bachelor passed her window more than once a day with a friendly salute. 'This man has some design upon me—that is quite clear,' thought she. 'Well, time brings roses. We certainly ought never to forswear anything. If it is to be so,—God's will be done! I am just now in my ripest age! My namesake in the Old Testament was eighty years of age at the christening of her first child. I am still in my bloom. If I were yet to marry, it would not be a *Blue Wonder*!'

"The prayer book dropped from her hands in her lap, when she thus soliloquized aloud; sure enough she took it up again, when she thought she was observed. At last she gave credit to every man's having some sinister views on her virginal person, and after full thirty years that such fantasies crossed her brain, she conceived every unmarried man to be her secret adorer, and every one that married, as having committed towards her a gross infidelity.

"Now it is clear why, with an implacable animosity, she gave vent to her anger against every new marriage, and why she was so lavish in her abuse of man in general.

"Several godly old maids, her usual companions, assisted her faithfully in her pious work to spy out whatever transpired in the town. Over their tea, every new dress of their neighbours, every marriage, every christening, and every scandal, was canvassed in a truly edifying and conscientious way. Considering the amiable qualities of the virgin, her piety and usurious zeal, it may be easily conceived why, with the exception of the aforesaid old maidens, and her four nephews, who waited for inheritance, every one kept at a distance from her."

What we like most in the volume are those eastern stories,—too long to extract entire,—which have come to the editor from all quarters of India: we look upon them as records of manners, and feelings, and customs of a strange and extraordinary people. They awaken new emotions, and excite a desire to know the land more fully, and become acquainted with its hordes. The '*Persian Sketches*' of Sir John Malcolm, which were only so many extracts from his memorandum books, are models of that kind of composition. An *Annual* wholly of an eastern character, we therefore earnestly recommend: it would at least suit our market, whatever it might do in India.

#### *The Visit.* London, 1832. Fraser.

[Second Notice.]

THE prepossessions in favour of this beautiful little work are increased by an exceedingly tasteful preface, in which the fair author states, that this, her first attempt, was written to beguile the tedium and melancholy of a

slow recovery from illness; and, with that reliance on the better feelings of others, which is the characteristic of amiable minds, she throws herself on the forbearance and good-nature of her critics.

Under such circumstances it is impossible for the most hardened of our ungentle craft to enter upon the perusal of this lady-like volume, without relaxing the brow of criticism, and sympathising in a gallant spirit with the amiable feelings of the writer. Still more prepossessed will the reader be in favour of the work, after the perusal of the first chapter, where he will find an English baronial residence, its ample park and tasteful ruralities, with the quaint pomp of its aristocratic inmates, described with simplicity and truth. For the sake of such as delight in these small matters, we shall give the following characteristic specimen,—the writer is speaking of the interior of the mansion.

"I must in this place introduce some description of the principal sleeping apartments of the Castle. They opened from an oaken gallery, which went round two sides of the building. The walls of each were hung with Indian paper; and the curtains and bed-furniture were composed of the handsomest chintz: the dressing-rooms annexed to each had every luxury and comfort for the purpose. One side commanded an extensive range of country: the other looked upon the garden, on which side my room was situated, as I much preferred a home-view. Besides, a rich and musky gale was wafted to my windows from a luxuriant bed of lilies of the valley, morning and evening, that refreshed my senses and delighted my imagination. Think of opening one's window with the balmy air from a thousand flowers breathing around, the first thing on a fine budding spring morning! and then think of doing the same in a London street!!"

We have often read more ambitious descriptions in the high-seasoned fashionable novels, but the luxury of this quiet scene comes fresh upon us. What would we not give to be this instant throwing open a window overlooking such a country, and inhaling one breath of balmy air perfumed by the lilies of the valley beneath Clairville Castle!

The same minuteness of description and simplicity of thought, mark the notice of every person and thing which this lady encounters during her country visit; but we regret to add, that, for lack of experience, these descriptions at times sink into something like flatness and tedium. That, however, of the harmless and pompous old Earl and his family, proceeding to church on Sunday morning in their huge ark of a vehicle, "drawn by four long-tailed black horses," and under the management of the portly and respectable old coachman, in flaxen wig and cocked hat, the rear brought up by Mr. Jameson, my lord's gentleman, dignified by black silk breeches and silver buckles, and bearing under his arm the huge prayer-book with brass clasps, for the no less pompous Mrs. Price, the housekeeper, who walked by his side, reminded us, as they entered the village church-yard, of Addison's inimitable picture of Sir Roger De Coverley and his family, in the same circumstances; and the remark, that, on going into church, the party observed that the men took off their hats and hung them against the sides of their respective pews, and that "honest Joe Robson," the parish clerk, appeared under the pulpit in a grey coat decorated

with large white metal buttons, and wore a nosegay in his breast, "in which was introduced a yellow marygold by way of distinction," may be considered as a clever characteristic of the style which this lady has adopted.

The romantic part of the volume, which indeed includes the whole of the story, though written evidently with great care, is less to our taste. The interest consists mainly in circumstances connected with an equestrian exhibition by three Indian chiefs, which takes place on the lawn in front of the castle, at a fête given on the birth-day of Lord Fancourt, the Earl's son. A melancholy lady lives at a cottage near the castle, about whom there is of course a mystery. This lady lost a son in his infancy, which is the cause of her sorrow. The youngest of the "warriors" who are to exhibit on this auspicious day, is quite a nonpareil of a gentleman, Indian though he be, and "savage" as he is termed, and turns out to be the real hero of the story, and the lost son of the sorrowful lady. As the account of this exhibition is one of the most extractable passages in the tale, we shall give it here.

"All was expectation, with every individual of the company. Lord Fancourt and Mr. Leslie had gone, mounted and equipped, to the great yard, to escort the warriors to the area. At half-past three the gates of the court were thrown open, and first issued forth the two officers—their accoutrements very splendid. The three Indians followed, their horses prancing, champ-ing the bit, and seeming as though they disdained to touch the ground, so spirited and elastic was the tread of their finely-formed hoofs. The steeds were led each by a groom, in the Indian garb; the chiefs themselves having loosened the hold of their bridles, one hand resting on their lance, the other raising the conch to their lips, from which they drew forth sounds, as they advanced, in correct harmony, resembling a slow and wild march.

"Their singular and striking appearance had so original an effect, that the spectators were too much absorbed in their own sensations to evidence them by outward demonstration. The warriors proceeded thus till they stopped at the entrance of the lists; then dropping their conchs, and resuming their bridles, they put themselves in position, advancing to the centre fronting the stand. The chiefs drew up together, and made their salutation by lowering their lances, and bending their eyes slowly along the range of company. Lord Fancourt and his friend stationed themselves on horseback on the outside, each at one end of the lists.

"The first manœuvres were nearly the same as those which we had previously witnessed in town, gone through, perhaps, with more spirit and energy of action, from the enlarged space, and from the horses feeling more spring to their limbs on the soft elastic turf.

"The first impression of the company was deep and engrossing admiration, at such unexampled dexterity; then a low and increased murmur of approbation went round. At length their trained and practised evolutions came to a close; when the chiefs drew up, as before, in the centre, each warrior bending forward his head and lowering his lance. A loud and vehement expression of applause burst forth; with which the chiefs seemed duly gratified, repeating their acknowledgments. They vaulted from their steeds, and the grooms loosening the bits, led them quietly back and forth on the turf. Meantime, Lord Fancourt and Mr. Leslie dismounted outside, entered the area, and joined the warriors, who were pacing the ground with slow and regulated mien. The youthful Konzas

stepped lightly, but proudly; and the fine lofty lineaments of his countenance claimed admiration from all.

"Even our 'Queen of the May,' with a beam of interest and wonder playing over her sweet face, turned round to Miss Ducie and me, saying, in a whisper,

"How can a savage be so handsome! is it not very odd? Do tell me, dear Miss Ducie."

"I am sure, sweet, it is only in the odious epithet, which always associates something revolting with it; for nothing in the appearance of that noble young chief indicates the 'savage.'

"Lord Clairville became all bustle and eagerness for the grand exploit he had dwelt so much upon, from the first suggestion of the plan. The warriors intimated to Lord Fancourt, that it was necessary their horses should be perfectly cool before the 'wild gallop' took place;—about a quarter of an hour would suffice for that purpose.

"During the interval, they conversed in the sedate Indian manner, with serene countenances and unmoved muscles, every now and then casting a lustrous but steady glance on the spectators. The mind of every one was too much wound up to admit of desultory conversation; and even Lady Twidley's tattle was for the moment subdued by eager curiosity.

"In the space of a few moments the conchs were raised, and the same long-drawn tones put forth. The grooms, obeying the signal, halted in the centre of the area, with each a steed in hand, tightened the bits, arranged the bridles, and awaited the approach of the horsemen, who quietly drew near their respective animals. Konzas, being in advance, sprang into the saddle with his accustomed grace and agility, the others following his example: the beautiful creatures appeared immediately to put themselves upon their mettle, gathering up their exquisitely-formed limbs, and fidgeting from one leg to another, as though they would have preferred a flight in the air to treading the heavy earth.

"Konzas drew the reins of his impatient steed, paused a second, then turning his horse, suddenly made a tremendous vault over the lines, rode for a moment in short and rapid circles, as if uncertain of his course, then darted off; after scouring the park, as it appeared, (so great was the velocity,) but for a minute, he was lost to the eye in the opening of the beech-wood on the heights: he soon emerged from another opening in the wood, and galloped like a deer along the skirts of the forest.

"The remaining two chiefs meanwhile continued motionless in the centre, when they also gave a sudden turn, vaulted the lines, and ascended the heights with the same rapidity.

"The Earl was in ecstasies, and with a glass to his eye was minutely watching the various circuits and curvettings the heroes were performing on the hill, as if in mock combat. This we could all perceive distinctly, and the whole attention was directed to what was occurring on the upland. For a moment the party were concealed under the shade, from whence they emerged, and drawing up on the brow of the hill, raised their conchs, and sounded the thrilling war-blast of their people: wood, hill, and dale, rung with the echo, which gradually died away down the valley. The horses, at the top of their speed (the ground being admirably adapted to the finest powers of the animal), then rushed down the hill: the noble black seemed conscious of the advantage, and bore his warlike rider with a loftiness and spirit truly beautiful. They turned all three at the bottom of the declivity abreast, and continuing their course, in a sort of trial of speed, for about half a mile in circuit, returned in a devious and rapid course to the lines. Konzas was foremost, and a shout of delight greeted him. Riding into the centre of the area, and pulling hard with a jerk on the rein, his steed reared his forward

legs into the air, as the rider bent his body in a gesture of salutation, amidst continued applause. Having dismounted from his smoking steed, and the rays of the sun pouring forth intensely at the moment, the young chief threw open his scarlet vest for air, leaning on his lance, as if exhausted; all eyes were instantly riveted upon a medallion suspended from his neck, encircled with diamonds, which sparkled in their brilliancy."

A scream is now raised by the melancholy lady, on the discovery of this medallion; an *éclaircissement* takes place between her and the young warrior, aided by a gipsy woman, who opportunely makes her appearance; and the result is such as romance readers will readily guess. Thus ends a very simple tale and a pretty boudoir book.

### *The Florentine Brothers, and other Poems.*

By David Hobkirk. Newcastle: Charnley.

ITALY! always Italy, and again Italy! Poets dream, painters paint, and travellers write of Italy, and nothing but Italy: we have annuals of Italy, tours of Italy, histories of Italy, tales of Italy, romances of Italy, and poems of Italy. That painters should go to a land full of fine ruins, and tourists follow the pencil with pen and ink in hand, may be in some degree accounted for; but why poets should go for their heroes and heroines to that country of singers, slaves, and cicisbeos, surpasses all understanding. Now, our Newcastle bard must not imagine, that because we dislike his theme, that we are about to cut up his verses: we have no such intention; in truth, we think many of his strains very sweet and beautiful; they may be accused of being sometimes fuller of words than of meaning—a fault pretty prevalent in these latter days of song. The following passage will justify at once our praise and our censure:—

The sun has poured his last bright beam  
Upon the Arno's waveless stream,  
And, on the purple-tinted sky,  
The herald-streaks of twilight lie.  
Though falling, still light lingers long  
To greet the soft melodious song  
Breathed, in ecstatic numbers, o'er  
The glittering tide and fragrant shore;  
Dark eyes are watching each bright ray  
Pass, slow and silently, away:  
Proud lips repeat the love-fraught strain,  
And deem their taking not in vain,  
Languishing for the moment when  
Responsive chords shall breathe again.  
The night-wind floats o'er slumbering flowers,  
Through balmy groves and perfumed bowers;  
Its course is o'er that lovely tide  
Where Florence reigns in all her pride.  
Cheeks, softly, beautifully fair,  
Greet that cool odour-laden air;  
The lovely, in their bright array,  
Be-gem the gloomy gondola;  
Proud anxious hearts, too, swiftly glide  
Upon the treasure-laden tide,  
And, to their Naiads, fervently,  
They pour love's deep idolatry.  
Their votive worship poured, the while,  
To win from love, not heaven, a smile.  
Oh! there is much of heaven's delight  
Borne on the Arno's breast to-night;  
All that the soul can languish for,  
And hover in wild rapture o'er;  
Dark eyes on whose Promethean rays  
'Tis bliss, or wretchedness, to gaze;  
Whose fascinating glances light  
A fire within the powerless heart.

The little poem called 'The Miniature,' has more simplicity and more strength than 'The Florentine Brothers;' 'The Desert Island,' is better than either; it is a tale of true love, and ends with these fine lines:—

These lines are all my records tell  
Of Bryant and his Isabelle—  
Save that 'tis said a fairy song  
Is often heard those shores among;

A simple song—a touching air  
Of pathos mingled with despair,  
Whose lingering cadence dies away  
In murmurs with the dying day,  
As if, in that most holy hour,  
Alone it might exert its power.  
It tells how youth and love came thither,  
Without a cloud their hopes to wither—  
(Save when, in some soft tranquil mood,  
They thought upon their solitude,  
And only sighed to touch the strand  
Of their delightful father-land.)  
And how the stranger lady's smile  
Shed radiance round the lonely isle—  
Till shrieks arose upon the air,  
And savage fury batted there—  
And nought remained of what had been,  
For death and darkness closed the scene.  
Then sinks the syren of the wave  
In silence to her coral cave,  
Till sunset o'er the golden main  
Calls forth her mournful air again,  
And makes her sweetly sadly tell  
Of Bryant and his Isabelle.

We advise Mr. Hobkirk to lay the scene of his next poem near Newcastle, and make his characters out of the ladies and gentlemen around; he will find all he wants, without wetting his feet in long excursions.

### *Personal Sketches of His Own Times.* By Sir Jonah Barrington.

[Second Notice.]

We had marked down one other anecdote for extract, and it is too good to be lost; but, as we have little room to spare, we shall here give without comment,

#### *A Barrister Besieged.*

Curran and Barrington were on a visit to a clergyman near Carlow, who had invited a party of jovial spirits to meet them. Dinner was appointed for five *precisely*, as Curran always stipulated for punctuality. The clock struck—the guests were assembled—everything bespoke a joyous banquet—but the Counsellor was not to be found—six, seven came—day departed, and twilight approached, people were sent in every direction, but no tidings of him could be heard, except that he had been seen in the garden at four o'clock.

"Yet every now and then a messenger came in to announce, that 'an old man had seen a counsellor, as he verily believed, walking very quick on the road to Carlow.' Another reported that 'a woman who was driving home her cow met one of the counsellors going leisurely toward Athy, and that he seemed very melancholy; that she had seen him at the 'sises that blessed morning, and the people told her it was the great law preacher that was in it.' Another woman who was bringing home some turf from the bog, declared before the Virgin and all the Saints that she saw 'a little man in black with a stick in his hand going toward the Barrow;' and a collough, sitting at her own cabin door feeding the *childer*, positively saw a 'black gentleman going down to the river, and soon afterward heard a great splash of water at the said river; whereupon, she went *hot-foot* to her son, Ned Coyle, to send him thither to see if the gentleman was in the water; but that Ned said, sure enuff nothing natural would be after going at that time of the deep dusk to the place where poor Armstrong's corpse lay the night he was murdered; and he'd see all the gentlemen in the county to the devil (God bless them!) before he'd go to the said place till morning early.'

"The matter became too serious to admit of any doubt as to poor Curran having met his catastrophe. I was greatly shocked; our only conjectures now being, not *whether*, but *how*, he had lost his life. As Curran was known every day to strip naked and wash himself all over with a sponge and cold water, I conjectured, as most rational, that he had, in lieu of his usual

ablution, gone to the Barrow to bathe before dinner, and thus unfortunately perished. All agreed in my hypothesis, and hooks and a draw-net were sent for immediately to Carlow, to scour the river for his body.

"It was at length suggested by our reverend host that his great Newfoundland dog, who was equally sagacious, if not more so, with many of the parishioners, and rivalled, in canine proportion, the magnitude of his master, was not unlikely, by diving in the Barrow, to discover where the body lay deposited—and thus direct the efforts of the nets and hookers from Carlow. This idea met with universal approbation; and every body took up his hat, to go down to the river. Mary, a young damsel, the only domestic who remained in the house, was ordered to call Diver, the dog;—but Diver was absent, and did not obey the summons. Every where resounded, 'Diver! Diver!' but in vain. . . .

"Mary, the maid, was now desired to search all the rooms and offices for Diver, while we sat pensive and starving in the parlour. We were speedily alarmed by a loud shriek, immediately after which Mary rushed tottering into the room, just able to articulate:—

"O, holy Virgin! holy Virgin! yes, gentlemen! the counsellor is dead, sure enough. And I'll die too, gentlemen! I'll never recover it!' and she crossed herself twenty times over in the way the priest had taught her.

"We all now flocked round, and asked her simultaneously how she *knew* the counsellor was dead?

"Crossing herself again, 'I saw his ghost, please your reverence!'

"Where? where?' cried every body, as if with one breath.

"In the double-bedded room next your reverence's,' stammered the terrified girl.

"We waited for no more to satisfy us either that she was mad, or that robbers were in the house: each person seized something by way of a weapon: one took a poker, another a candlestick, a third a knife or fire-shovel, and up stairs we rushed. Only one could go in, conveniently, abreast; and I was among the first who entered. The candles had been forgotten; but the moon was rising, and we certainly saw what, in the opinion of some present, corroborated the statement of Mary. Two or three instantly drew back in horror, and attempted to retreat, but others pressed behind; and lights being at length produced, an exhibition far more ludicrous than terrific presented itself. In a far corner of the room stood, erect and formal, and stark naked (as a ghost should be), John Philpot Curran, one of his Majesty's counsel, learned in the law,—trembling as if in the ague, and scarce able to utter a syllable, through the combination of cold and terror. Three or four paces in his front lay Diver, from Newfoundland, stretching out his immense shaggy carcase, his long paws extended their full length, and his great head lying on them with his nose pointed toward the ghost, as true as the needle to the pole. His hind legs were gathered up like those of a wild beast ready to spring upon his prey. He took an angry notice of the first of us that came near him, growled, and seemed disposed to resent our intrusion;—but the moment his master appeared, his temper changed, he jumped up, wagged his tail, licked the parson's hand, cast a scowling look at Curran, and then a wistful one at his master,—as much as to say, 'I have done my duty, now do you: yours!' he looked, indeed, as if he only waited for the word of command, to seize the counsellor by the throat.

"A blanket was now considerably thrown over Curran by one of the company, and he was put to bed with half a dozen more blankets heaped upon him: a tumbler of hot punchteen punch was administered, and a second worked miracle: the natural heat began to circulate, and he was



in a little time enabled to rise and tell us a story which no hermit even telling his last beads could avoid laughing at. Related by *any one*, it would have been good; but as told by Curran, with his powers of description and characteristic humour, was super-excellent;—and we had to thank Diver, the water-dog, for the highest zest of the whole evening.

"The fact was, that a little while previous to dinner-time, Curran, who had omitted his customary ablution in the morning, went to our allotted bed-chamber to perform that ceremony; and having stripped, had just begun to apply the sponge, when Diver, strolling about his master's premises to see if all was right, placed by chance his paw against the door, which not being fastened, it flew open, he entered unceremoniously, and observing what he conceived to be an extraordinary and suspicious figure, concluded it was somebody with no very honest intention, and stopped to reconnoitre. Curran, unaccustomed to so strange a valet, retreated, while Diver advanced, and very significantly showed an intention to seize him by the naked throat; which operation, if performed by Diver, whose tusks were a full inch in length, would no doubt have admitted an inconvenient quantity of atmospheric air into his œsophagus. He therefore crept as close into the corner as he could, and had the equivocal satisfaction of seeing his adversary advance and turn the meditated assault into a complete blockade—stretching himself out, and 'maintaining his position' with scarcely the slightest motion, till the counsellor was rescued, and the siege raised.

"Curran had been in hopes that when Diver had satisfied his *curiosity* he would retire; and with this impression, spoke kindly to him, but was answered only by a growl. If Curran repeated his blandishments, Diver showed his long white tusks;—if he moved his foot, the dog's hind legs were in motion. Once or twice Curran raised his hand: but Diver, considering that as a sort of challenge, rose instantly, and with a low growl looked significantly at Curran's windpipe. Curran, therefore, stood like a *model*, if not much like a marble divinity."

#### FAMILY LIBRARY.

#### *The Trials of Charles the First, and of some of the Regicides.*

[Second Notice.]

WE have seen nothing, on a closer examination of this volume, to alter the opinion we last expressed of it. It is crudely compiled, and with a too evident leaning to the royal cause. Whatever may have been the merits or faults of the republican party, the scenes which followed their overthrow and the restoration were, undoubtedly, awful scenes of treachery and persecution. We are not reminded of this in the volume before us,—which would too plainly have us forget the insincere and designing tyrant, in the hardships of the suffering prince. We could as soon forget the murder of Eliot, or the dark business of the Irish Rebellion. The remarks appended to Charles's trial, with the interpolated comment on "poor Bradshaw's" dialogue with the king, are but transcripts of some of Mr. D'Israeli's flights, written in a worse style. With respect to the praises lavished on the composed demeanour of Charles at his trial, and the favourable arguments drawn from it—it seems forgotten, that such reasoning will, in a still stronger degree, justify those who doomed him to die; and indeed, though we would not detract from Charles's claim to equanimity, in that last crisis of his fortunes, we believe that those memorialists, who describe his

restless and "quick eye" and "nimble gestures, turning himself oftentimes about, and casting an eye, not only on those who were on each side of the court, but even on the spectators in the midst of the hall," give us the truest notion of the man, although they detract a little from the accustomed accounts of his almost superhuman composure. Of the abstract right or wrong of an insincere and unjust king brought to judgment by his people—that mightier sovereign,—we do not here offer any opinion: it was certainly a nobler course than any of those secret means of imprisonment or destruction, so often practised on the rulers of despotic states; nor are the celebrated words, used by Lord Orford, in exposing the inconsistency of Lord Anglesey's sitting in judgment on the regicides, with whom he had before acted in open rebellion, without their weight. "If a king," said the courtly Orford, "deserves to be opposed by force of arms, he deserves death. If he reduces his subjects to that extremity, the blood spilt in the quarrel lies on him.

Whatever may be our opinion, however, of the justice of Charles's fate, the treatment of the regicides was, to the last degree, barbarous and inhuman—only worthy of the petty malignity of a government that could order the bodies of Ireton, Cromwell, and Bradshaw, to be dug out of their graves and hanged at Tyburn; and that took the patriot Pym and the immortal Blake from their tombs in Westminster Abbey, to cast them, with the bodies of the amiable mother and daughter of Cromwell, into one common pit. We alluded, in our last notice, to some of the base hardships endured by the regicides; but we here find no mark of reprobation attached to them,—whilst the few notes appended to the trials, are extremely partial. We certainly believe the motives of the great actors in that remarkable tragedy to have been as free from any charge of petty individual passion, of selfishness, or malignity, as their conduct was uninfluenced to the great deed by any fear of violence from the army. On this latter point, we hold the silence of Ludlow, and the explicit testimony of Mrs. Hutchinson, to be perfectly satisfactory. They were sincere and ardent republicans; mistaken, it might be, in their views, but honest in the prosecution of them, and supported in their day of trial and suffering, beyond almost any men found on record, by that consciousness of rectitude. They were, the great majority of them by birth, and all by education and feeling, what Algernon Sydney well called them, the "true nobility of the country."

The three lives in the volume, of Ireton, Bradshaw, and Harrison, though not drawn up with any show of research, possess considerable interest. We extract a passage from the life of Bradshaw—the account of the last public act of that sincere republican. To him, who had performed the principal part in destroying royalty, it had devolved to make the last expiring protest on behalf of the commonwealth. His was the first, and his the last act of the first English republic. But another noble protest was reserved for him, and even in the weakness of old age he was found not unequal to it.

"We have seen Bradshaw's vehement denunciation of Oliver Cromwell's violent dissolution of the Long Parliament. The last act which

we find of his public conduct was in protesting against a similar military outrage committed by Richard Cromwell's generals and officers on the parliament in his reign. The officers of the army assembled at Wallingford House, presented an address to the house, stating a multitude of grievances, and praying that a commander-in-chief might be appointed immediately,—that no officer might be dismissed without court-martial,—that the Protector's debts might be paid, and his revenue enlarged; and when the parliament were with some vigour and resolution debating on this proceeding, and taking measures for the resistance to the conspiracy of officers, Lambert, Sydenham, and others, at the head of their troops, in spite of opposition from other regiments, invested the house, placed guards at the doors and in the avenues, and prevented the approach of the members. The Speaker was stopped in his coach in Palace Yard by Colonel Dukensfield, compelled to return up Parliament Street, and nearly forced to drive into Wallingford House, where the council of officers sat. He insisted on proceeding, however; and was allowed to go home. Sydenham, one of the Protector's council, attempted to justify this outrageous proceeding at one of its meetings, declaring that they were driven to the measure 'by a particular call of the Divine Providence.' But the Lord President Bradshaw, who was present, 'though by long sickness very weak, and much attenuated, yet animated by his ardent zeal and constant affection to the common cause, upon hearing those words stood up, and interrupted him, declaring his abhorrence of that detestable action, and telling the Council, that being now going to his God, he had not patience to sit there to hear his great name so openly blasphemed; and, therefore, departed to his lodgings, and withdrew himself from public employment.' He did not live many days; dying on the 22d of November, 1659, of a quartan ague, from which he had suffered more than a year. He was buried with great pomp in Westminster Abbey. His body was disinterred, with those of Cromwell and Ireton, at the Restoration, and exposed on a gibbet at Tyburn, and then thrown into a pit."

We have only, in conclusion, to express our surprise, that no allusion is made in this life, to Bradshaw's relationship to Milton. It seems to us a fact by no means unimportant, in the history of both of these great men. The evidence on which it rests is perfectly satisfactory, being that of the brother of the poet, Christopher Milton, who was a judge under James the Second, and not likely to feel flattered by the alliance. He states his mother to have been a Bradshaw. Wood, in his 'Athenæ Oxonienses' confirms it, and yet the biographers persist in asserting her name to have been Sarah Caston, on the very uncertain authority of the inaccurate Edward Phillips. Mr. Godwin seemed to have set the matter beyond a doubt, in his work on the 'Nephews of Milton'; and more recently in his great work on the 'Commonwealth'; but the most recent biographer of the poet (Mr. Mitford), as well as the author of the volume before us, persist in an unaccountable silence about a circumstance which certainly illustrates, in an interesting view, the close connexion so remarkably evident between the fortunes of Milton and Bradshaw.

#### *An Historical Sketch of Sanscrit Literature.* Oxford: Talboys.

THE recent foundation of a Professorship of Sanscrit in the University of Oxford, naturally gave an additional impulse to the curiosity

of the learned respecting that interesting language; but, though our countrymen had the start of the continental scholars in the early cultivation of Sanscrit literature, they have been long since distanced by the more laborious Germans; and a guide for students existed not in our language, when the able translator of Heeren undertook to supply the deficiency. Though this manual has been based on Adelung's work, it far surpasses the meagre original, both in the accuracy and extent of the information it affords. The only fault we can discover, and it is one that for its rarity may be excused, is, that the translator is a little too diffident. Gladly should we have seen some additional specimens of the translations that have been made from the Sanscrit both in England and on the continent, for the few that have been given evince great taste and sound judgment. The work is the best bibliographical guide to the students of Sanscrit that exists in any language, nor is it altogether destitute of attractions for the general reader; but a few additional extracts from the Sanscrit drama, and from the poets and fabulists, would certainly have greatly extended the sphere of its interest. Chézy's Discourse on Sanscrit Literature has made the study of the language popular in France; and if the attention of our countrymen were once directed to the great and varied riches of that literature, we trust that a similar effect would be produced in England. It is with great pleasure we learn incidentally, that Heeren, on the Asiatic Nations, will soon appear; and, from the glimpse afforded us of its style and execution, we venture to predict, that it will prove the most valuable addition made to historical literature since the days of Gibbon.

*The Beggar's Daughter of Bednall Green.* London: Jennings & Chaplin.

THIS is quite a jewel in the way of typography and illustration. The fine old ballad is printed from Percy's edition—is illustrated with engravings on wood, executed by and under the superintendence of Branston and Wright, from designs by Harvey, with an original and very pleasant preface, we believe, by the editor of the Every Day Book. Harvey's designs want something of that breadth of colouring which was so admirable in his 'Children in the Wood,' and are, perhaps, a trifle too ornate and elaborate; but, taken as a whole, they are beautiful, and the vignette of the old Beggar is truly noble for its simplicity. The wood engravings, for delicacy and high-wrought finish, we do not remember to have seen equalled. There is a pleasant passage in the preface, on the subject of beggars, which we think worth transferring here:—

"There is a saying among country-people, that many insects in spring is a sign of many birds in summer. Begging keeps pace, or slackens, with the disposition to give, or withhold, alms. In a former age, the rich dispensed liberally to the poor, and poverty itself could afford to relieve indigence. Then, beggar joined company with beggar, and troops of mendicants, swarming from towns, overspread the country, and fattened on gleanings which, in the midst of plenty, were scarcely missed. The demands outgrew the supplies. So early as the reign of Henry VII., there is a statute directing that every impotent beggar should resort to the hundred where he last dwelt, was best known, or was born, and there remain, upon pain of being set in the stocks for three days and nights, with only bread and water, and then sent out of the

town. In the next reign, when Henry VIII. dissolved the monasteries and nunneries 'with good incomes and warm kitchens,' whence provisions were daily distributed to the needy, the helpless poor wandered far and wide, and so troubled the kingdom for sustenance, that parliament authorised the justices of every county to grant licenses to indigent, aged, and impotent beggars, to beg within a certain district. At that time, Bethnal Green, which is now a parish of itself, formed a part of the large and ancient parish of Stepney, and the helpless part of the population resorted daily, for alms, to the many religious establishments in the parish and its neighbourhood. In Holywell Lane abode the Benedictine Nuns, in their priory of St. John the Baptist, re-edified in the reign of Henry VII., by Sir Thomas Lovell, whose bounty they were required to remember in their devotions by the following lines, painted on the windows:—

All the nuns of Holywell  
Pray for the soul of Thomas Lovell.

Then also was standing the munificent hospital called St. Mary's Spital, whence the ground belonging to it, and adjoining Bethnal Green, was called Spital-fields, a site long since covered with houses, now mostly inhabited by descendants of a multitude of French Protestants, who fled from the persecution consequent upon the revocation of the edict of Nantz, and established the silk manufacture upon this spot of refuge. And, doubtless, in the time spoken of, the necessitous of Bethnal Green made pleasant summer strolls to the monastery at West Ham, on their way to Barking Abbey, where all who asked, received liberal alms from the sisters of that magnificent foundation. At the Reformation, these sources of charity were dried up, and the indigent poor of Bethnal Green, and the neighbourhood, with all the equally poor people of the kingdom, became common beggars."

#### *Encyclopædia Britannica.* Part XXVII.

THIS very valuable work, which may be placed at the head of our cheap literature, with equal honour to itself and to cheap literature, proceeds with its accustomed regularity, every number deserving from us a word of commendation. The judicious arrangement of the work—the ability of the writers—the accuracy of the illustrations, with the careful attention of the editor, Professor Napier, unite to make it a dictionary of literature and philosophy that ought to be found in every public library in the kingdom, and every private one where the parties can spare an occasional seven shillings. To bring down the History of Britain, contained in the present number, to the latest moment, the last sheet has been detained, and is to be given in the next number.

#### *State Trials.* London: Strange.

THE State Trials have been recommended to the humbler classes, by the Society for Diffusing Useful Knowledge—we do not agree in the recommendation—but for those who differ from us, here is a very neat and cheap edition, publishing in numbers at twopence each.

*Divines of the Church of England, with a Life of each Author, and a Summary of each Discourse.* By the Rev. T. S. Hughes. Vols. 21 and 22. London: Valpy.

WE have heretofore fully explained the nature of this work, and expressed our opinion of the manner in which Mr. Hughes has executed his editorial duties: it only remains for us, therefore, to announce that the present volumes contain sermons by Powell, Fawcett and Ogden.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'*The Poetry of Truth*,' by John Maule, M.D. Canto I.—Our physician imagines his poem to be as mystical as one of his own prescriptions. "I write not to the world," saith he, "for I know that to the world I must be unintelligible—I write for the people of God, for those who understand that Christ's kingdom is not of this world; I write not for those who are commonly called the religious world, for I know no essential difference between them and what they call the world; I write for those who are taught of God; who are born again of the spirit, who are of the true circumcision, and who have no confidence in the flesh. These, and these only, can understand me; I seek their approbation, and no other." After this singular exordium we expected verses to follow as mystical as the ravings of the unknown tongues, which have overset the understanding of one of the worthiest men of the age: but it is quite otherwise. We are of this world, certainly: we have undergone none of those mystic transformations which the author thinks necessary for those who give audience to his muse, and yet we understand every word she utters as well as if she were one of the heathen ladies who formerly dwelt by Helicon, and not a regenerated songstress, who attunes her song to the comprehensions of such as imagine themselves born again of the spirit. Nay, what is worse than this deviating into sense, our author has actually deviated into poetry—a bit of backsliding of which he is, perhaps, unconscious, and for which we hope he will not be seriously rebuked by any of those sighing sisters who have the dangerous gift of tongues. No one would look for verses so freely written as these after the prose which we have quoted.

Wee to thee, world! for thou full many a heart  
Hast lured from good by false betraying smiles—  
Wee to thee, world! for oft thy treacherous art  
With seeming fair, the generous beguiles—  
Who can resist thy ever-varied wiles?  
For every age thou hast allurements fit—  
The painter's, poet's, and the author's styles  
Are not more changeful; thy seducing wit,  
Thy beauty, wealth and fame, can every fancy hit.

A pilgrim, to the voice of fame unknown,  
Too honest to obtain the worldling's praise,  
And yet perchance too wise its loss to moan,  
Comes forth the voice of sacred truth to raise,  
No coward fear his ardent mind betrays.  
Familiar with the world, its frowns its smiles,  
Truth's temper'd arms he wields, her shield displays,  
Her spear's Ithuriel touch no art beguiles,  
Vain against that were e'en the fallen angels' wiles.

There is nothing obscure or mystic in the author's description of the Church as it is and was:—

Long had the church, from persecution free,  
Grown careless—rich in this world's goods, and proud  
Of liberty, has sought to make agree  
All sorts of fables with God's word, and loud  
In praise of liberality has bow'd  
The neck to sin, presumptuous, and pride—  
Pride, dignified by all the learned crowd,  
Who far from Christian meekness wander wide,  
Nor heed Christ's lowly flock, by long afflictions tried.

Let past experience tell the coming woe;  
Where are the once-lov'd churches of the east?  
When poor in worldly goods, the living flow  
Of heaven's rich treasures form'd their daily feast.  
Till curs'd with wealth, they soon became the least  
In God's esteem; and, of his grace depriv'd,  
They sunk beneath the sway of that fell beast  
Who reigns triumphant with the power deriv'd  
From Satan's seat, where all our woe is still contriv'd.  
There was a time, a glorious time indeed,  
When scarce reliev'd from persecution's fire,  
And rich with martyr's blood sprung forth the seed  
Replete with life. What more could heart desire,  
Than thus to see the mightiest conspire  
To pull Rome's idols down, and join in hand,  
With zeal and energy that nought could tire,  
To plant that gospel vine that fill'd the land,  
And, fed with grace from heav'n, could every foe withstand!

'*Poetic Fragments, from unpublished MS.*'—We have just left a mystic bard who writes much plain, strong common sense and worldly wisdom, and found a poet who writes of plain matters mystically. The author selects a number of passages from written originals in his pos-

session; and that they may want no attractions, he prints them prettily, and dedicates them to the Ladies of Great Britain; he, however, informs his fair auditors that his strains are "generally deficient in those essential requisites, Feeling and Fancy." Now we would gage "a basnet to a 'prentice cap," that our author imagines that his chief strength lies with fancy and with feeling; at least, he ventures on themes where they are essentially necessary for his success. The introductory lines will show, as well as any other, the nature of his verses, and how little he is inclined to adopt the line of the old song for his motto, "Humility sets me best."

Go, stem the torrent's rapid force—  
Check the wild falcon in her course—  
Hurl from its base the tow'ring rock,  
And turn aside the lightning's shock.  
Level the mountain with the plain—  
Dash back the billows of the main!  
These, these, proud Man, may yield to thee;  
And more than these perchance may be  
Thy slaves; yet seek not to controul  
The freedom of the Muse's soul.

She's free:—free as the breeze that bows  
The sturdy pine, and fragile rose.  
Free,—as the feelings fierce that roll  
Across dark Guilt's destructive soul,  
Which brave both heaven and earth's controul.  
Free,—as the Sons of Man, ere Sin  
Had found a place of rest within—  
Ere Ruin ruled them with the rod  
That sway'd them to a despot's nod—  
Ere Tyranny a throne had won—  
Ere Fraud and Force their state o'erran,  
And with rapacious fury swept  
The Treasure, while its guardian slept.  
Like the swift scythe of Time effaced  
The lines that God's own hand had traced;—  
Dimm'd the fair feelings of the mind,  
And left—nought but a wreck behind.

For "Feeling" and "Fancy," our readers may look in the following verses:—

Where are those hours of love,  
O'er which the beam  
Of brilliant Hope brightly glow'd,  
Gilding the stream  
Of joy that glanced gladly on,  
Gleaming in light—  
Where are those hours of love,  
Beaming and bright?  
Where are the looks that broke,  
Breathing the spell  
O'er the soft yielding heart,  
Therein to dwell;  
Spite of the dark storms,  
Around that may roll—  
Where are the looks that broke  
Bright o'er the soul?  
Gone;—never to return—  
Darken'd and past—  
Fled are the hours that beam'd  
Too bright to last:—  
If in Oblivion's shade  
Thought could find rest,  
Then might remembrance be  
Tranquil and blest.

Though he dedicates his poetry to the Ladies, he has nothing remarkable to tell them; his verses on Love are full of harmony, but wanting in passion and tenderness.

'Fort Risban; or, Three Days Quarantine, by a Detenu.'—We cannot think well of the taste of an author who in these days carries on a conversation through a whole volume, between Hartley, Pungent, Scribbleton, Orthodox, Tythinkind, Benignus, Goodenough, O'Lucre, Pyrotic, Pertinax, and others of that family, who come with characters ticketed and labelled into company, and cannot speak otherwise than according to their names. We do not mean to say that our Detenu has in these colloquies shown no knowledge of human nature or of the world; on the contrary, he discourses cleverly enough concerning many matters of kingdoms, republics, merchandize, plague, poison, poetry, and politics.

'Tales Historical and Domestic, by Will. Harrison.'—The author of the series of tales of which this is the commencing number, is well known to the reading world by his 'Tales of a Physician.' He has conceived the idea of giving us a succession of stories in a cheap form, and well embellished, and we think he may be successful; there is nature enough, and tact enough,

in the 'Lost Deed,' with which the work begins, to recommend it to a large class of readers, without trusting to the attractions of the embellishments, of which many are promised, from the pencils of Boxall, Richter, Stothard, and Wright. We ought to mention that, in imitation of prouder names, Mr. Harrison sends his tales to the public in monthly instalments, at the low charge of one shilling.

'Periodicals.'—We are called upon, almost daily, to announce some new periodical—in truth, they come so fast, that even a few lines of criticism upon each will occupy more space than we can well spare. We have now before us 'The Saturday Magazine,' published under the direction of a committee appointed by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. It is a rival to the Penny Magazine, and this first number is quite as dull as the first number of the original wrong-doer, but it contains more useful information. The Penny Magazine has improved; the Saturday's may follow the example. The success of these speculations, we repeat, must end in the ruin of the little publishers; in establishing two or three huge monopolies, which will swallow up all competitors. It is impossible that Mr. Limbird, or Mr. Steill, or Mr. Berger, or any other publisher, can succeed in opposition to chartered societies, fed by subscription, and marshalling in the title pages of their works, as a recommendation, the names of half the rank and talent of the country. Unfortunately, the rank and talent are blind or indifferent to the consequences of these proceedings. We are now told of the good done in disseminating knowledge, by the sale of a hundred thousand copies of the Penny Magazine. This is just the same ignorance which, five and twenty years ago, argued in favour of large farms and inclosures—"look at the broad corn-lands, look at the well filled stack-yards;" never pausing to think of the numberless small farmers and honest yeomen gradually sinking into labourers and paupers. The Penny Magazine alone will probably end by ruining a hundred rival speculations. It is altogether forgotten that its hundred thousand sale includes all the readers that the Mirror, the Mechanic's Magazine, the Olio, the Casket, and other well conducted works have lost—it is a cruel, an unjust, and an unfair rival—and if not shortly and seriously opposed by the public press, will do incalculable mischief.—We have also to announce a 'Weekly Miscellany,' to which we wish success, as to every honest speculation which tends to diffuse knowledge among the people.—'The Islington Popular Library' is a religious publication.—'The Schoolmaster at Home,' and 'Asmodeus,' are political satires, somewhat too close in imitation of Figaro to be commended for originality, though not wanting in spirit.—'The Guide to Knowledge,' edited by Mr. Pinnock, assumes a higher character, and is an instructive and clever work, likely, we think, to prove a valuable one to the humbler classes.—'The Morning Star' is a daily paper, light, trifling, and pleasant: if it keeps up to its present promise, we hope it will succeed; it will certainly deserve to do so. These are all penny papers.

'The Political Investigator' assumes a higher tone, and grapples with more important subjects. It is written with considerable talent, and is ultra-radical both in politics and religion. Its price is twopence.

'The Story Teller' is, perhaps, a more important work than any of the preceding. Its object is to collect together "those gems in the department of imaginative writing" which do not find a place in the larger collections of national literature. It is published weekly, price sixpence, and with the first number was given a beautiful embossed head of Sir Walter Scott. It will, when in complete volumes, form a very curious and interesting work.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS

## THE COURT OF SAXE-MEINUNGEN.

[The fact of Her present Majesty Queen Adelaide being a Princess of the House of Saxe-Meiningen, gives great additional interest to the following Paper, which is translated from a Manuscript about to be published at Paris under the title of 'Recollections of an Officer.']

Of all the satellites, great and small, which, under the denomination of members of the Confederation of the Rhine, revolved round the bright star of Napoleon's glory, none was less hostile or more submissive than the chief of the principality of Saxe-Meiningen.

This chief was an amiable and timid woman, the mother of a numerous and interesting family, whom she brought up in the fear of God and of Napoleon, with all the economy, if not the simplicity, which characterizes the establishment of a bettermost German tradesman. With the truly German ostentation and old-fashioned formality of her court, as it was termed, were combined the most paternal care for the welfare and happiness of the few hundred subjects over whom she reigned.

If my memory serve me correctly, the military force which, as member of the Rhenish Confederation, this excellent princess maintained under arms, at the disposal, though not in the pay of Napoleon, amounted to some sixty or seventy men. This modest corps d'armée, in which, no doubt, the warlike virtues made up for any deficiency in numerical strength, took a very serious part in more than one of the battles fought by the Grand Army. At Ratisbon, a drummer of Meinungen was wounded—and severely too—by a vigorous kick from the foot of a French grenadier, who asked him in French, which the poor drummer did not understand, for a bit of touchwood to light his pipe. It is said, that after the battle a report of the wound—the place and cause of which were somewhat disguised—was made to the princess, and the star of Meinungen, with its pendant ribbon, was transmitted, by the chancellor of the order, to the brave drummer and twelve of his valiant companions.

At the period when all the high roads in Germany swarmed with detachments from the army destined by Napoleon to carry fire and sword into the remote dominions of the Czars, a regiment of light infantry arrived, one fine morning, at the little town of Saxe-Meiningen. Having obtained leave to make a halt there of three days, gallantry required the officers, whom fame had made acquainted with the amiable character of the princess and her family, to offer to this interesting sovereign that personal homage which she deserved, much more than she desired; and on the very day of their arrival a *visite de corps* was ordered by the commanding officer.

Every portmanteau was accordingly unpacked, its contents put into requisition, and the officers appeared in all the splendour of full-dress uniforms; more in keeping with the magnificence which they anticipated, than that which they really found. At noon precisely they assembled on the neat, well-swept *place d'armes*, whence they proceeded in a body towards the palace, termed by the Germans, the *Residence*.

The regiment, with its four battalions complete, counted a hundred officers of different ages and ranks—a number somewhat greater than that of the whole army kept up by

the princess to maintain the peace of Europe. These, with their dazzling uniforms, proceeded in solemn procession to the *Residence*. But as no one building in the town, save only the church, overtopped the houses of the ordinary inhabitants, it was impossible to distinguish the palace from the surrounding habitations, by any of those magnificent proportions with which the excited imaginations of the officers had associated it.

However, at the end of a narrow street, which, as they were subsequently informed, was inhabited by all the great state officers, they arrived at a modest square building, which, by a dark sombre appearance, differed from the neatly white-washed houses with green blinds, which stood contiguous to it. A few long narrow windows admitted the light through small dirty panes of glass, which the aged wood-work had scarcely strength to retain in their places. Before the door which gave entrance into this royal dwelling, paraded a sentinel, who, divorced from his musket, which he had left in the peaceful sentry-box, yawned as he performed his perambulations. From his shoulders was suspended one of those huge German cartridge-boxes, which used so to amuse the soldiers of the French army. The Saxon warrior, taken by surprise, and unable to resume his arms and pay military honours to the strangers, a young urchin having, unperceived, slipped into the sentry-box and taken away his musket to learn the exercise, told his vexation by his humbled and abashed countenance.

The *cortège* passed through the door, whose archway served as a coach-house, and proceeded up a wooden staircase of tolerable proportions, adorned with a wooden balustrade, sculptured à l'antique. In front walked, by order of the colonel, a young ensign from the banks of the Rhine, who, according to his own account, spoke German very well, and was therefore delegated to act as interpreter.

On the landing-place stood a man in a blue jacket, with a cap of the same colour in his hand, who, attracted by a noise of voices and footsteps, so unusual and extraordinary at the *Residence*, had come thither to learn the cause.

This individual, as it afterwards appeared, was the first valet-de-chambre of the princess, and, no doubt, the only one.

The interpreter informed him in German, that the officers there present aspired to the honour of paying their respectful homage to the princess. With a wave of his hand he beckoned the intruders to remain where they were, and then disappeared through a door, which he carefully closed after him.

A quarter of an hour was spent upon the staircase, in various conjectures, when a grave and aged officer, in an old-fashioned uniform, and whose grey hair was adorned with a tail à la Prussienne, approached the colonel, and inquired, in German, the cause of his visit with so numerous a suite. The interpreter made the same reply as to the blue-cap questioner. Bowing with great dignity, the venerable personage stated that the duties of his office required that he should first make known this request to his illustrious sovereign and mistress.

After a second pause of another quarter of an hour, the grand chamberlain—for such was his title—again appeared, bowed very

low, and ordered the first valet-de-chambre, who had returned with him, to throw open the door opposite to the staircase—then, with a wave of the hand, accompanied by two bows, he motioned the strangers to advance.

The latter, naturally enough, imagined that they would now have to traverse a long suite of apartments—not so: they found themselves immediately in a narrow gallery,—the end of which, near the door, was wholly free from furniture—there not being even a chair; whilst, at the other end, sate several ladies nearly encircling another, who appeared to be of a higher rank. This was the princess; and they who surrounded her were the ladies of her court—the wives and daughters of the grandees of Saxe-Meiningen.

When the leaders of the party had arrived at about the middle of the gallery, the grand chamberlain suddenly stopped, and informed the astonished interpreter, who made faithful report accordingly, that severe etiquette, which could in no case be departed from, required that all strangers admitted into the presence of his august mistress should be first officially announced to her Highness in due form, by the proper officer of her household. Whilst this point was being settled, the French officers took the opportunity of glancing at the ladies, whose seriousness and impassibility were such, as made it difficult to believe that a hundred gallant soldiers stood only a few paces from them. The grand chamberlain, whose imperturbability nothing could disturb, now asked in a loud voice—

“What is the pleasure of Messieurs the French officers?”

“To obtain the honour of a presentation to the reigning princess,” replied, for the third, or fourth, or fifth time, the impatient interpreter.

“You shall be announced to her Highness, gentlemen,” said the grand chamberlain, who, wheeling round, walked towards the court in measured steps, and said in French,

“Messieurs the officers of the — regiment of light infantry, belonging to the grand army of the Emperor Napoleon, one of the allies of the principality of Saxe-Meiningen, (here he enumerated all the titles of the principality) humbly solicit the signal honour of being presented to her Highness the reigning princess.”

“I will receive them with great pleasure,” said the princess, rising, and advancing with much grace and affability towards the strangers, to whom she said, “Gentlemen, I am sensible of the honour you confer upon me—pray approach.”

The grand chamberlain then announced in full, official loudness of tone, “Messieurs the officers of the — regiment.”

These tedious ceremonies, these courtly forms, and this rigorous etiquette, in a dwelling which displayed more than ordinary homeliness, put the officers into good humour, and many of them had great difficulty to refrain from laughing outright. The colonel was delighted at being able to converse with the princess in French, and, after the usual compliments, presented individually each of his officers. The modest attire of the princess, her mild and noble bearing, and her benevolent countenance and manner, soon gained the hearts of her visitors. After a short conversation, in which she evinced a profound knowledge of European politics, and a warm admiration for the chief of the

French government, whom she always termed the illustrious Napoleon, she invited the whole party to a ball which she intended to give next day, in honour of their passage through her dominions; stating to the colonel that she had given orders that each soldier of the regiment should participate in the fête, by receiving an extra ration of wine from the host upon whom he was billeted.

A gracious inclination of the head to the colonel was a signal for the visit to terminate. The party then withdrew, preceded by the grand chamberlain, who departed not a hair's breadth from the accustomed ceremonial; and the officers knew not which most to admire, the adaptation of these courtly forms to so humble an establishment, or the extreme amiableness and affable dignity which distinguished the princess.

The ball took place in the gallery we have already described. The numerous family of the princess was present, and mingled with the guests without any appearance of pretension. She herself was habited in nearly the same plain costume as on the preceding day, and, like Cornelia, could point to her children and say, “These are my jewels!”

Certainly nothing that the French officers beheld at this ball bore the slightest resemblance to anything they had before seen. There were old ladies decked out in the costume of the court of Louis XV.; a dozen antiquated officers—fossil remains of past glory—almost effaced monuments of the seven years' war;—whilst, under the protection of these venerable Teutonic ruins, plump, fresh-coloured, frank and good-tempered girls scarcely clad—kind hearted Germans, always ready to utter the *Ja* of approbation and add to it a hearty laugh—and the interesting children of the princess, gaily whirled through the groups in the mazy waltz.

In a word, German pride was combined with courtesy—reserve with frankness—and the indispensable ceremonial was divested of its stiffness and ungracious formality;—but the music was only worthy of an ale-house; and there was a lamentable paucity of refreshments. At the end of the ball, a kind of side-board supper was served up, which prevented no one from supping on his return home.

The next day the official Gazette of Saxe-Meiningen announced to the peaceable subjects of the most amiable and kindest of sovereigns, that on the previous night there had been a *ball and reception at court*.

#### THE REVOLUTION OF 1832.

BY THE AUTHOR OF ‘CORN LAW RHYMES.’

SEE! the slow Angel writhes in dreams of pain!

His cheek indignant glows!

Like Stanedge, shaking thunder from his mane,

He starts from long repose!

Wide, wide his earthquake voice is felt and heard;

“Arise, ye brave and just!”

The living sea is to its centre stirr'd;

And, lo, our foes are dust!

The earth beneath the feet of millions shakes;

The whirlwind-cloud is riv'n;

As midnight, smitten into lightning, wakes,

So wak'd the sword of Heav'n.

The Angel drew not from its sheath that sword;

He spake, and all was done!

Night fled away before th' Almighty word;

And, lo—the Sun! the Sun!

THE LIFE AND CONFESSIONS, INCLUDING THE OPINIONS, MORAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL, OF DICKY O'BRADY, ESQ.

[Concluded.]

In most, if not in all the countries of Europe, the progress of time is noted by those divisions and subdivisions called days, months and years. A certain number of these portions had now rolled into the gulph of the past since first I trod the boards of life. I had hitherto, as it were, acted only an unimportant and probationary part on the minor theatres of school-boy society. I was now to be enrolled among the actors of the great theatre-royal of the world. I was to tread the stage on which kings and heroes trod. The part first to be allotted to me, it is true, was one of but little value in the drama. To continue the metaphor, the gestures I was to exhibit, and the words I was to speak, were to have little or no influence on the progress of the play. Yet were I to be but the mute representative of a warrior in a pageant or a priest in a procession, I knew that my conduct would, in some way or other, be influential. A somewhat higher cast of part, however, awaited me. To drop the metaphor, it was decided that I should be bound 'prentice to a coffin-maker.

My mind was at once in favour of, and adverse to this decision. The occupation of coffin-making seemed to me like the "rocking of the battlements" to Zanga: it suited the "gloomy temper of my soul." The course of my employment might, by some fortunate concurrence of events, lead me to assist in the construction of a coffin for the worthless worm and reptile *White*, for the ever deeply detested *Stubbs*. It was "a consummation devoutly to be wished." But then, on the other hand, the purchase of this sublime pleasure could only be accomplished by the sacrifice of a leading principle of my mind—a settled hatred and contempt of authority.

My hatred of authority, that is to say, when vested in any other being than myself, was intense. Now, to be bound 'prentice, clearly implied the surrender of my liberty into the hands of another. I must relinquish the dominion over my own bones and muscles, and deliver the master-string by which all their motions were regulated, into the hands of a task-master.

I could submit to labour, but then that labour must be voluntary. My soul must approve of the quantity of labour meted out to me. The time of duration of that labour, and its two periods of commencement and termination, must be subject only to the impulses of my own mind. I knew that those impulses would not occur so often as the interests of my employer might require; I knew, too, that in the indentures of a coffin-maker's apprentice, there is no clause by which those impulses are provided for.

The term of apprenticeship, then, is clearly, so far as the self-will of the apprentice is concerned, a term of slavery. But it is "young ambition's ladder," and that ladder I determined to ascend. Yet, strictly speaking, I was not ambitious; or, at most, ambition occupied but one quarter of the measure of my soul, while the other three quarters were filled with hatred. To gratify this ravishing passion has ever been the leading object of my life; and I calculated the means this situation offered to assist me

in the sole purpose for which I draw the breath of existence. Generally speaking, when in the ciphering book of life Hope sets us a sum in the rule of three, she makes the stating in round numbers of infinite value, and we ourselves complete the delusion by some extraordinary error in the casting up. This was my case in the present instance.

I reflected on the destiny proposed to me. "I will embrace it," said I; "I will become this coffin-maker's apprentice. I will apply myself with infinite industry to my task. Seven years are not a century in the computation of time. The duration of seven years, long and tedious as it may be, is not eternal. Computed by the severe arithmetic of truth, seven years are but seven years. They must inevitably have an end. At the arrival of that period, I shall be as free as is that bird which I remember to have read of, but the name of which I forget. I shall then vend the powers which hitherto I have been compelled to employ for the profit of another. I shall become journeyman, foreman, master! A fatal and destructive malady will happily ravage the metropolis. The infinite powers of arithmetic will be too weak to number the coffins I shall make. My fortune will infallibly and rapidly increase. My possessions will exceed those attributed to *Cræsus* or the rapacious *Ehees*. My lands shall extend, as far as mortal eye can reach, on the right hand and on the left. My gold shall glitter even as the sun glimmereth in the heavens. I will keep a gig!"

Think not, however, that my aspirations ceased with the supposed accumulation of wealth. No. From the possession of wealth I leaped to the pride of office. In the elation of the moment I passed rapidly over the minor offices of beadle and churchwarden. Already I fancied my proud foot treading on the necks of the common council;—already had I cast the imaginary sneer at the gaudy sheriff;—the court of aldermen were already trembling beneath the iron hand of my sway—"Yes," I exclaimed, (my imagination heated by the vision, and striking my hand firmly upon the post at the corner of Dyot Street,) "Yes, I will burst upon the eyes of men in the imposing attitude of Lord Mayor of London!"

And here I call the angels to witness that simply to become Lord Mayor was not the end and aim my mind proposed to itself. My soul abhors the empty title. What is a Lord Mayor? In the expressive and powerful phraseology of *Mrs. Glasse*, Take a Lord Mayor; deprive him of the symbols and the frippery of office; strip him of the well-fashioned clothes he wears; place him naked in Pickett Street, on the western side of the barrier of civic power; close against his entrance those stubborn masses of wood and iron; bid him, with certain emissions of his breath, pronounce the spell-fraught words—"Open and admit me: in me behold the Lord of Finsbury and Mayor of London!" [such, I find upon inquiry, are his legal titles.] Doubtless the obedient portals will blush, and turn abashed upon their hinges! "Vain pomp and glory of the world, I hate ye." At this advanced period of my human life, I firmly declare it was not the empty and abstract honours of the office I coveted. It was the power it possessed.

That power I might make the instrument of my hatred and revenge. By me the ma-

gisterial chair would be occupied. *White*, *Stubbs*, *O'Floggarty*, and others whom in the progress of time I should infallibly hate, would become charged as offenders against the laws of society. They would render themselves obnoxious to punishment. They would appear before me as the arbiter of their fate. Guilty or innocent, I should naturally award them to death. I should attend their execution. The dreadful apparatus of their expulsion from the scheme of life would be to me as a gorgeous pageant. How amply, how singularly, how infinitely, how eminently should I be revenged on these hated miscreant wretches for the wrongs—they never inflicted on me. But I am too eloquent; I must restrain the stream and current of my human mind.

Alas! those glorious visions were never realized. They vanished, and, like the magic pageant of Prospero, "left not a rack behind."

A day and hour was appointed when I should present myself to the coffin-maker. With the pendulum of my heart vacillating between hope and fear, I proceeded towards the residence of this ruling god of my fate. It was situated in Fleet Market. I arrived at it. I found him in his study, or, as it was vulgarly called, his workshop. He was intently engaged in the adjustment of the lid, or covering of a coffin, to that part which was intended to contain some person who, as I imagined, had lately died, and for whose reception he was preparing it. I took this brief opportunity of scrutinizing him.

The name of this man was *Boxwell*, or *Boxall*, I do not accurately remember which, though I incline to believe the former. He presently observed me; and, after eyeing me for some time with unparalleled attention and minuteness, he said to me in a tone of voice more indicative of command than persuasion, "Wait at the door, my lad." I instantly conceived against this man a hatred which time has neither weakened nor abated. I obeyed his mandate.

I had scarcely remained an hour at the door, when the viper, into whose leprous and unquarantined body the breath of life was infused for the sole purpose of infecting the atmosphere in which I moved, the accursed *Stubbs*, entered the shop. In passing me he took my hand, and with a voice sweeter than the tones of Cartwright's musical glasses, he exclaimed, "Ah! Dicky my lad, is it you?" But I was too wary to be deceived. I understood the full meaning and import of the words. Like the oracle of the ancients, he adopted a mystical phraseology, but, like the sacred and gifted priest, I unravelled and explained all that was dark and tangled in it. To my ears he spoke, as clearly as human organs could speak, "If you think to get this place you're mistaken."

The issue confirmed my translation. *Boxwell* or *Boxall* (for, as I have before said, I have no certain and distinct recollection of his name) came out. He merely said, "You won't do, my lad;—besides, you're too late."

I remember no more. After this, all was chaos. With the swiftness of a courser I galloped down Fleet Market. With the speed of sound I passed over Blackfriars Bridge, and took the direction of the Borough. With the velocity of light I flew down Bishopsgate Street. With a celerity beyond the limited



capacity of human powers to conceive, I darted into Moorfields.

So far as any rational or useful effort on my part was concerned, I was now no longer to be considered as a member of the scheme of human existence. At the end of two years a combination of circumstances produced in my mind the conviction that I was in Bedlam! . . .

The immutable laws by which all sublunary affairs are governed have provided for every human work a period of conclusion. That small portion of human society destined to become the readers of these pages will probably acknowledge the mercy implied by this provision. These melancholy records are now fast approaching towards their termination.

I had now reached the sixteenth year of my human life. Beyond that valuable and instructive portion of my terrestrial existence, these memoirs must not extend. I am now become old; yet, strange as it may appear, it has never been permitted to me to arrive at years of discretion. The task for the accomplishment of which I was ordained a member of the scheme of life is fulfilled. I throw down my pen. It may be remembered that a few sentences back I stated that, at an early period of my human life, I found myself in Bedlam: I find myself there still!

D. O'B.

#### DINNER TO WASHINGTON IRVING.

By the kindness of a friend, we have been favoured with a file of the *New York American*, containing an account of a dinner given by the citizens of New York to their distinguished countryman. Nearly 300 persons were present. Mr. Irving, in returning thanks upon his health being drunk, was often deeply affected. Some passages in his eloquent speech will be read with painful interest by Englishmen:—

"On my side I see changes, it is true, but they are the changes of rapid improvement, and growing prosperity; even the countenances of my old associates and townsmen have appeared to me but slightly affected by the lapse of years, though, perhaps, it was the glow of ancient friendship and heartfelt welcome beaming from them that prevented me from seeing the ravages of time.

"As to my native city, from the time I approached the coast, I had indications of its growing greatness. We had scarce descried the land, when a thousand sails of all descriptions gleaming along the horizon, and all standing to or from one point, showed that we were in the neighbourhood of a vast commercial emporium. As I sailed up our beautiful bay, with a heart swelling with old recollections and delightful associations, I was astonished to see its once wild features brightening with populous villages and noble piles, and a seeming city, extending itself over heights which I had left covered with groves and forests. But how shall I describe my emotions, when our city rose to sight, sealed in the midst of its watery domain, stretching away to a vast extent; when I beheld a glorious sunshine lighting up the spires and domes, some familiar to memory, others new and unknown, and beaming upon a forest of masts of every nation, extending as far as the eye could reach. I have gazed with admiration upon many a fair city and stately harbour, but my admiration was cold and ineffectual, for I was a stranger, and had no property in the soil. Here, however, my heart throbbed with pride and joy as I ad-

mired—I had a birthright in the brilliant scenes before me—

This was my own native land!

It has been asked, 'Can I be contented to live in this country?' Whoever asks that question must have but an inadequate idea of its blessings and delight. What sacrifice of enjoyments have I to reconcile myself to? I come from gloomy climates to one of brilliant sunshine and inspiring purity. I come from countries lowering with doubt and danger, where the rich man trembles and the poor man frowns—where all repine at the present and dread the future. I come from them to a country where all is life and animation—where I hear on every side the sound of exultation—where every one speaks of the past with triumph, the present with delight, the future with growing and confident anticipation. Is this not a community in which one may rejoice to live? Is this not a city by which one may be proud to be received as the son? Is this not a land in which one may be happy to fix his destiny and ambition,—if possible, to found a name? I am asked how long I mean to remain here. They know but little of my heart or my feelings who can ask this question—as long as I live."

To add to the interest of the Report, the American editor has published a prophetic letter of Sir Walter Scott's, written many years since, of the very existence of which Mr. Irving was up to that moment ignorant.

"MY DEAR SIR—I beg you to accept my best thanks for the uncommon degree of entertainment which I have received from the most excellently jocose 'History of New York.' I am sensible that, as a stranger to American parties and politics, I must lose much of the concealed satire of the piece: but I must own, looking at the simple and obvious meaning only, I have never read anything so closely resembling the style of Dean Swift as the annals of Diedrick Knickerbocker. I have been employed these few evenings in reading them aloud to Mrs. S. and two ladies, who are our guests, and our sides have been absolutely sore with laughing. I think, too, there are passages which indicate that the author possesses power of a different kind, and has some touches which remind me much of Sterne. I beg you will have the kindness to let me know when Mr. Irving takes pen in hand again; for assuredly I shall expect a very great treat, which I may chance never to hear of but through your kindness.

"Believe me, dear Sir,

"Your obliged humble Servant,

Abbotsford,  
23rd April, 1813.

WALTER SCOTT."

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

THERE were so many demands on our columns last week, that we could not spare even a line for the *Magazines*. It is now too late, except for a brief report on the success of the new editors.—First, of *La Belle*, which under the genial taste of Mrs. Norton, has changed from its chrysalis state, and come forth *The Court Magazine*, with a plumage as gay and beautiful as a queen butterfly. It is decidedly a good number—and the best article is Mrs. Norton's own, 'The Lament of the Poet Savage.' 'A Pleasure Party in the Highlands,' is clever and entertaining; 'My Maiden Speech,' and 'The Drop Scene,' pleasant trifles. 'Miss Fanny Kemble's Dramatic Sketch,' will be liked by many—and the paper on 'The Musical Drama,' is sound and sensible, on a subject whereon folly hath usually permission to sport his cap and bells unquestioned. But a first number

is an unfair specimen of any work; and neither publisher nor editor have had time to arrange their plans or bring their resources to bear. The announced series of Seats of the Nobility, is a capital idea, and if executed with care, as there is good promise of, when entrusted to the academician Daniell, will, with the Gallery of Portraits, make *The Court Magazine* a choice and treasured volume.—What we have said of first numbers generally, must be allowed to serve as an apology for some little deficiencies in the *Ladies' Museum*, which is now under the editorship of Mr. F. W. N. Bayley, a man of undoubted talent, though it suits his humour upon occasions to startle common place dullness by strange hair-brained pleasantries. The editor himself apologizes for the imperfect manner in which the engravings have been struck off—but time and experience will remedy these things, and certainly the spirited etching of the graceful Brugnoli and Samengo needs no apology. There are many pleasant papers even in this first number—some clever lines by Miss Jewsbury, others by Miss Mitford—contributions from Thomas Roscoe, Miss Hill, and Mr. Picken—a notice of the opera by Trueba—a Memoir of Ninon de l'Enclos, whose portrait is given, by Mr. Bayley, and a discursive letter from Lady Somebody in town to Nobody in the country, which touches in a light gossiping way on all the follies and frivolities, art, literature and theatricals of the past month.

"It is intended to raise a monument to M. Cuvier, in the Jardin des Plantes, by a public subscription among naturalists of every country; and I am persuaded, that those of England, who knew so well to appreciate the services rendered to science by the illustrious author of 'Des Ossements Fossiles,' will not be the least liberal contributors to it." These are the words of an eminent French naturalist, to one of the brethren in London; the hint has been actively acted on, and already good round sums have been subscribed.

We see by an article in the *Morning Chronicle*, that some claim to increasing courtesy is set up for the populace of London, because they neither hissed nor pelted Sir Walter Scott when he embarked last Saturday for Abbotsford, though Fielding was taunted and jeered by the rude rabble, when, sick and dying, he left England to seek for health on a foreign shore. It is true, that the people refrained from hissing and pelting Sir Walter: they did more, they uncovered themselves one and all, when he was borne from the hotel to his carriage: many cried "God bless you, Sir, and better health to you;" and all seemed affected and sensible of the worth of which they were about to be deprived. We wonder our sagacious friend did not perceive in the hissings and hootings bestowed on Fielding, that the rabble avenged their own stripes, fines, and imprisonments, on an active magistrate, who scoured the midnight streets, and consequently drew on himself the indignation of the rabble. The cases of these eminent men are not at all analogous.

In literature, we have little to communicate. Several new works are announced to appear to-morrow, which, we forewarn our readers, certainly will not be then published. There is good promise of future entertainment, in a report which has just reached us, that Mr. Bull has purchased the copyright of

Marshall Ney's Memoirs, and that they will be forthwith translated and published. The work is said to contain many valuable materials for history, especially of the retreat from Moscow.

Among exhibitions lately opened, is one in Bond Street, called the Papyro Museum, which for its ingenuity and taste, is well worth a visit. It consists of nearly a hundred figures and groups modelled in paper, full of character and expression. They are the works of two ladies in Hampshire, who with a considerate feeling that does them great honour, have given this labour of years to a charity at Southampton, for the benefit of which it is now exhibited, and will hereafter be sold.—Another exhibition in the same neighbourhood, is the Clarence Vase, of which we heretofore made mention; and our reason for referring to it again, is, that a magnificent collection of stained glass has lately been added. It was purchased at Cologne, and is said to be the work of Albert Durer.—We may add, that the Diorama will re-open on Monday, with a View of Paris from Montmartre, by M. Daguerre, and of the Campo Santo of Pisa, by M. Bouton.

Mr. Mason's opera is, we hear, withdrawn for the present, and Paer's 'Agnese' is announced as in rehearsal.

## SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

### INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

May 29.—Thomas Telford, Esq., President, in the chair.—Some facts regarding the use of the hot air blast were communicated by Mr. Neilson. The weekly consumption of coal at the Clyde Iron Works was formerly 1800 tons; by the adoption of heated blast this has been reduced to 600 tons, at the same time a greater quantity of iron has been manufactured.

The next subject for discussion being 'The best mode of removing large stones, or rocks, and clearing the foundations for building piers under low water, where the diving bell cannot be used,' it was stated by Mr. Gibb, that large masses of loose rock had of late years been removed from Aberdeen Harbour, under his direction. The manner of performing this operation was extremely simple: a cast-iron block, twelve inches square and nine inches thick, was first let down and laid on the top of the stone intended to be removed: a hole, two to three inches diameter, had been cast in the middle of the block, through which a jumper was introduced of sufficient length to be worked from a barge; by this means a hole was perforated in the stone to the depth of twelve inches: the sole purpose of the cast-iron block being to guide the strokes of the iron rod or jumper. A long Lewis bolt was then let into the stone, firmly keyed, and the upper end secured by a chain to one or more barges, according to the size of the stone; this operation being performed at low water, as the tide flowed, the barge rose also, and along with it the stone, which was then floated to the place where it was finally deposited. In this manner large quantities of stones from three to seven tons weight have been raised from a depth of nine feet at low water, and, by employing several Lewis bolts at a time, fragments of rock weighing from twenty to thirty tons have been removed without difficulty.

A description was likewise afforded of the manner of blasting rocks under low water at Peterhead Harbour, without the aid of a diving-bell.

A discussion ensued on the most advantageous forms of Steam-boats for Sea and Inland Navigation, and some valuable particulars com-

municated by Mr. Wood of Port Glasgow respecting the steamers of North America, and their performance as compared with those of this country.

Mr. John Francis Dundas was admitted an Associate, and Mr. Thomas Dyson, of Downham, Norfolk, as a corresponding member.

June 5.—The President in the chair.—A specimen of fine sand used at the Royal Foundry of Berlin was presented by Mr. Hawkins; it is found abundant in that neighbourhood; and he considered the fine smooth surface of the largest castings made in that country was to be attributed to the excellent quality of this sand, and not to the superior fluidity of their metal, as has been supposed.

The different processes which have been adopted for hardening steel were taken into consideration, and particular descriptions given of the method pursued by the late Mr. Maudslay, for this purpose, also that of several manufacturers of fine tools in Staffordshire and elsewhere.

A general account was communicated of the performance of iron passage-boats in present use upon the Ardrossan Canal between Glasgow and Paisley: the boat is drawn by two horses, and the voyage from Glasgow to Paisley (a distance of eight miles) is performed in one hour, length of the boat seventy feet, and about six feet on the beam; it draws less than twelve inches of water, and carries from eighty to one hundred passengers.

A paper by Mr. T. B. Neilson, on the subject of hot-air blast, was received and read.

June 12.—The President in the chair.—A model of Messrs. Jones & Co.'s patent iron-wheel was placed on the table, and a full account of its construction and use communicated by the patentee. The spokes and rim of this wheel are of wrought, and the nave of cast iron; its peculiarity chiefly consists in employing the wrought iron by tension. In wooden wheels, the spokes, which happen to be under the nave, bear the load, while in Mr. Jones's invention the weight is suspended by several rods, which act jointly as ties from that part of the wheel which happens to be uppermost.

A working model of a planing machine, on a new principle, for which a patent has been taken out, was exhibited and explained by the inventor, Mr. Brayton; the construction of this machine is such as to combine the planing, grooving, and tonguing of a board in one operation.

Mr. Neilson was elected a corresponding member.

A variety of specimens of wood and stone from Old London Bridge was received from Mr. Aitcheson; and two volumes of a work entitled, 'Gleanings of Science,' published at Calcutta, from Major Irvine.

June 19.—The President in the chair.—Mr. Aitcheson's historical account of Old London Bridge was read; and some remarks, communicated by him, on the construction of the bridge and general state of the river; he had been informed by different individuals, that the river bed had become deeper both above and below the bridge within their recollection; this effect being considerably increased of late years by the quantity of ballast taken out by the colliers and other vessels, and none being allowed to be thrown in. That this deepening of the river has been going on gradually for many years there can be no doubt from a reference to some ancient records, where it is stated, that at low water many persons waded into the middle of the river at London Bridge, to examine the ruins of part of a former structure which were there visible.

Mr. Joseph Green was introduced to the meeting as an Associate.

June 26.—The President in the chair.—An interesting account was afforded by Mr. Hawkins of the proceedings at a meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, which took place at Oxford.

Mr. Stedman Whitwell gave a minute description of a method adopted by him, with complete success, for warming the great Stadt Theatre, at Hamburg, by means of the circulation of heated air.

Mr. Whitwell presented Mr. John Martin's plans for improvements in ship building, steam navigation, &c.

This being the last meeting of the Session, the President congratulated the members on the increasing influence and prospects of the Institution, and adverted with much satisfaction to the general advancement of practical science in this country.

The meetings were then adjourned to the second Tuesday in January 1833.

## FINE ARTS

*Portrait of William Wordsworth*: painted by W. Boxall; engraved by W. Bromley.

THOUGH this is the first portrait which we have seen from the pencil of Boxall, he has not been unknown to us for works of another order; in truth, we have for some time regarded him as an artist of no ordinary promise: we perceive not only much natural elegance and quiet simplicity, and rich and harmonious colouring in several of his compositions, but a poetic feeling, particularly in his images of female loveliness, which is far from being abundant amongst the young artists of our day. His poetic taste has perhaps influenced him in choosing to make his first public essay in portraiture from among the poets; and he has had the good fortune, or good taste, to select one of the most original of the living bards of Britain. This adventure, however, was not without its difficulties—the spirit of beauty which animates the works, is not so visible in the person, of the poet; and though his forehead is truly capacious and noble, the lower part of his face is of that character which puzzles and confounds common artists: the world, too, will not put up with fac-simile representations: in the likeness of a poet they look for the presence of poetry:—all this seems to have been passing in the mind of the artist when he was at his easel; and he has made a likeness of the twofold kind which we desire—mental and bodily. The poet is meditating: a strong light passes over his face from the right, which throws the left side into deep shadow—a degree too deep perhaps: his arms are folded—the thought stamped on the brow makes any posture poetic—his eyes are cast downwards;—in short, though not without faults, we think this work belongs to a high order of portraiture.

*Martin's Illustrations of Milton*.—1. Satan in Council. 2. Pandemonium.

THE great enemy of mankind, seated on his infernal throne, and surrounded by myriads of his fallen companions, and meditating the renewal of war against Heaven, is a subject worthy of the highest powers; and it cannot be said that John Martin is deficient in matters which belong to imagination. It is not, however, in magnificent light and shade, and supernatural splendour alone, that Milton excels; he is a great painter of character—particularly those of a melancholy and gloomy kind—and we think his Satan a masterpiece. Now we have seen sundry Satans in our day—Fuseli, Lawrence, Stothard, and Blake, tried their talents on the great apostate, and all, in our opinion, more or less failed; nor can we say that the fiend of Martin, as a solitary figure, is successful: it is not, however, as a solitary figure that the painter has exhibited him; he is seated on his throne

in the centre of his new palace; lights, to which Greek fire was as a will-o'-wisp, burn overhead; while ranked in order round, his comrades in evil are seated, gloomily listening to the words of the great anarchy; the scene fills and satisfies the imagination. The Pandemonium—which rose like a brilliant exhalation at the wish of one of the fallen—is certainly a wonderful creation of its kind: the architecture is of an order which may be accounted infernal, since it is wild, solemn, and massive, and calculated to endure the wear and tear of fiery elements; the rank above rank of open columns is well imagined, and, on the whole, Satan seems far more magnificently lodged than any potentate of upper air. We wish the Government would desire Martin to design a palace for our kings.

## MUSIC

### KING'S THEATRE.

WITH Grisi substituted for Tosi, 'La Straniera' lingers on. The singing of Tamburini in one or two expressive melodies, is the sole interest of the drama. The new ballet is a stupid affair, and the music is little better. Herberle skips gracefully over a string of roses, a feat of no very surprising power, although it obtains nightly an encore.

Chelard's 'Macbeth' was but thinly attended on its second and last representation.

'Don Juan' was given on Wednesday for the benefit of Mad. Devrient, on which occasion this lady most effectively sustained the character of Donna Anna. Mad. de Meric as *Eltira*, deserves our thanks for restoring the exquisite aria, which, for want of an efficient singer in the part, we have too often been deprived of. The original finale was also a delightful addition. We regret to add, that with the exception of Haitzinger, the male singers were unworthy of their parts. From the favourable impression we have of the music when sung in Italian by Sontag, Fodor, Ronzi, Malibran, Camporese, Lablache, Zucchelli, De Begnis, Santini, Rubini, and Donzelli, we never again desire to hear the "Original German."

## THEATRICALS

### HAYMARKET THEATRE.

'A Duel in Richelieu's Time' is a translation, by Miss Boaden, of a French piece called 'Un Duel sous le Cardinal de Richelieu;' whether it is a free one, or, as literal as the translation of the title, we, knowing nothing of the original, cannot determine. We have, therefore, only to speak of the English version as we find it. *Marie de Rohan Montbazon* (Miss Taylor) has been married to her second husband the *Duc de Chevreuse* (Mr. Cooper) two years, but the match has been kept secret through fear of Richelieu, who wished the fair widow to become the bride of his nephew. This nephew, at the commencement of the drama, has just fallen in a duel with the *Duc de Chevreuse*, who is arrested and likely to answer for his offence with his life. *Mons. de Chalais* (Mr. Vining), the favourite of the Queen of Louis XIII., who has long loved the Duchess, ignorant of her second marriage, is solicited by her to plead in favour of the Duke, and learns at the same time two secrets—the first, her real situation—and the second, her preference of himself, her union with the Duke having been effected by the persuasion of her friends only. De Chalais flies to the King and obtains not only the Duke's pardon, but the disgrace of the Cardinal, and, moreover, by the influence of the Queen, is himself appointed Prime Minister. A quarrel with a fighting Abbé, immediately previous to his appointment, is to be settled by the sword at six o'clock the next morning, and the new premier disdains taking advantage of his unexpected elevation. He even makes out a passport

for the Abbé in case of fatal consequences to himself; while occupied in doing which he is disturbed by the arrival of the Duchess masked and cloaked, bringing him the alarming news of the weak King's sudden reconciliation with the Cardinal, who has accused De Chalais of conspiring with the Queen to place the Duke of Orleans on the throne. De Chevreuse having volunteered to second De Chalais in his duel with the Abbé, arrives immediately afterwards, and the conscious Duchess, instead of making the danger of their friend the excuse of her visit, is hurried into an adjoining cabinet. De Chevreuse picks up her mask, and unsuspectingly joking De Chalais respecting his amour, and being ignorant of the return of Richelieu to office, offers to wait without the leisure of De Chalais. The agitation and agony of the Duchess detain De Chalais beyond the hour of the appointment, and the Duke impatiently seeks the Abbé alone, and is wounded in defence of his friend. On his return to his hotel he learns the danger of De Chalais, and assists him to escape, but not before the Duchess has, in a private interview, agreed to join the fugitive at the Porte St. Paul in an hour's time. An officer arrives with a packet for the Duke from the Cardinal. It contains an avowal of De Chalais's love for the Duchess, and evidence of her encouragement of his passion, discovered among his papers. The Duke dismisses the officer, and summons his wife before him. He taxes her with her falsehood, and discovering, from her agitation, that he has prevented her keeping some appointment, immediately anticipates the return of De Chalais, and a most powerful situation occurs, in which both Duke and Duchess watch, with opposite feelings, but equal agony, for the shadow or the step of the unsuspecting criminal. His sudden appearance in the door-way electrified the house, and we almost screamed with the Duchess. The Duke places a pistol in the hand of the astonished and conscience-stricken De Chalais, and, seizing another himself, hurries him into an adjoining room. The frantic Duchess vainly strives to force the bolted door. The guards of the Cardinal arrive to arrest the denounced victim. A shot is heard, and the Duke re-entering, directs them where to find the body of the self-destroyed De Chalais.—This drama was perfectly and deservedly successful, at which we sincerely rejoice, for the lady's sake, and should also for the manager's, did we think it would do much for his treasury, but of this we doubt. The Haymarket is not the stage for tragedy or tragic dramas; and we regret that Miss Boaden did not reserve her work for Drury Lane or Covent Garden, where its elements would have been in their element; but the manager seems determined to snow brown, whether he can snow white or not, and therefore must not complain of French ballets or German operas. If he would not be forced to weep himself, he must make his audiences laugh. Mr. Cooper was very energetic, and Mr. Vining, though out of his best line, played with much feeling and good sense. Mr. Webster was not quite at home in the Abbé, but the character is too French for almost any Englishman. That unfortunate word, too, "Monsieur," suffered almost more than its usual portion of tortures. It was Mounseered, Musseered, Mooshoed, and Monsued, until we wished it endowed with vitality, that it might have thrown up its letters of naturalization, and fled the country. The scenery was as ordinary; but there was a decided improvement in the dresses, which were really correct and creditable. May we flatter ourselves with the hope, that the manager is about to make a bonfire in honour of reform, with his old wardrobes: and can we persuade him to wrap his painters up in some of their own scenes, and lay them carefully on the top of it?

Miss Taylor acted almost everything well, but spoke little or nothing so. It grieves us to say this, but truth demands it. It grieves us the more, because we were among her earliest and warmest admirers—and the less, because we are convinced that the remedy is within her own power. She has contracted habits of imitation and indistinctness, which will be ruinous to her if not speedily laid aside. Her first appearance at Covent Garden was the best first appearance we ever witnessed; her acting was easy, graceful, and artless—her speaking natural—why may we not hear the same voice now? The audience were unanimously with her and with us—many of them have since changed their opinion. It would be easy for her to call them back—nothing is wanted but the absence of effort.

### FRENCH PLAYS—COVENT GARDEN.

PURBLIND people will continue to assert, that the taste for theatricals has declined in London, when they have only to open their eyes in order to see, that whenever there is anything really good at any theatre, large or small, that theatre is sure to be well attended. We speak, of course, of good things produced in a good style, and not of things good in themselves, but spoiled in the representation, through the stinginess or ignorance of managers. Covent Garden was some time since at so low an ebb, that it was about to shut its doors. A play of real merit, well acted, was brought out, and all went triumphantly to the close of an extended season. The manager of the King's Theatre gives a succession of milk and water Italian Operas, and nobody cares to see them. Sterling German Operas are produced in a style worthy of them, and the house is crammed each night. Other instances might be adduced from the minor theatres, but the facts are as well known to those who will not acknowledge them, as to those who do. But "revenons à nos moutons." A full and fashionable audience graced this house on Thursday evening, to gaze at the Stars (would that they were fixed ones!) which M. Laporte has had the good taste to import from Paris—to witness the junctions of Molière and Mars, Terpsichore and Taglioni. All present were delighted, and all, who can, will go again—and why? Simply because the exertions of these two "artistes," each the undisputed Queen of her line, carry conviction with them; and people have no occasion to read the papers next day, to know whether or not they were delighted. Madlle. Mars, we rejoice to say, appears to be in capital health. She has, perhaps, less activity of body than formerly, but this is one of the sins which time has to answer for—all else is as it was—and her admirers, (that is to say, the audience, for the terms are synonymous,) had the gratification of contemplating, in their wonted perfection, her grace, her ease, her self-possession, her mind, her —, (we would go on with as many *hers* as are to be found in a catalogue of German subscribers;) but we would be understood to mean her *everything* that is wanted to form the complete lady, and the complete actress. It is difficult, and, indeed, almost presumptuous, to select particular points for praise, from a performance which is incapable of improvement; but we must call the attention of those who have not yet seen Madlle. Mars in the part of *Célimène*, to her delivery of the speech in the fifth scene of the third act, where she retorts upon *Arsinoë*—beginning

"Madame, j'ai beaucoup de grâces à vous rendre."

and to her last exit, after being refused by *Alceste*. She has no reply to make to the brutal speech in which he finally refuses her. The workings of her mind have to be expressed by action alone—and they *were* expressed so, that nobody could mistake them. There was a positive excellence in her courtesy which words could

scarcely have been found to equal, and we felt particularly grateful for that expressive little toss of the hand, after her back was turned upon him for ever, which convinced us that she fully estimated his unworthiness.

In the little after-piece, 'La Jeune Femme Colère,' from which our 'Day after the Wedding' is taken, Madlle. Mars was again perfection; but we could use a quarter of a hundred of pens in her praise, and shall, therefore, conclude with an earnest entreaty to all our actresses, who profess or are about to profess genteel comedy, to see her again and again, assuring them that their best chance of getting on is to learn of her to stand still.

If it be good to learn of Madlle. Mars to stand still, it is equally so to learn of Madlle. Taglioni to move. Talking with the fingers has long been in use, but it remained for this intellectual dancer to invent a language for the feet. The limbs, which other people use for walking, she applies to the purposes of talking; the old joke of calling legs understandings, ceases to be a joke when applied to her—there is a soul in her sole—and more point in her toes than in most people's conversation. Report says, that this exquisite creature is about to be married, and we greatly fear that report is for once not a liar. We know not who her intended husband is, but if he means to take her off the stage, we would think no more of shooting him than of shooting a mad dog; she has no right to be wedded except to her profession.

Mons. Paul Taglioni is a very excellent dancer, and so is his wife, and so is Mons. Theodore: but we began with the Taglioni, and cannot keep working at anti-climax.

HOOD, POOLE, AND GEORGE COLMAN,  
versus

#### The Comic Magazine and its Advertisements.

Early in the week, we received a letter from the editor of the 'Comic Magazine,' explanatory of the "double dealing" charged by Mr. Hood against his advertisements. This letter was in many points objectionable, and we wrote immediately, to say, that unless we were at liberty to make such omissions as would confine his reply to an explanation, it could not be inserted. The editor, it appears, is out of town, and from his answer just received, it is clear that he has not been correctly informed of the nature of our objections. We must, therefore, exercise our best discretion. The following is a copy of the letter:—

"Monday 9th July, 1832.  
"12, Staples Inn.

"Sir,—You have in the last number of the *Athenæum*, given insertion to a letter from Mr. Hood, in which he thinks proper to assert, that in announcing negotiations to be pending with him, the proprietors of the 'Comic Magazine' have been guilty of double dealing.

"The fact is simply this: Mr. Hood was applied to for an article for the 'Comic Magazine,' but he did not think proper to • • • return an answer to the overture. It was naturally supposed that he had not made up his mind in what way he should reply, and the proprietors having opened a negotiation with him, merely expressed a hope that it would be brought to a satisfactory conclusion. • • •

"I must request on behalf of the proprietors of the 'Comic Magazine,' to know the meaning of an expression in the last paragraph of Mr. Hood's letter—he says 'it would not suit me to write for them, even if they offered—they will understand me—to post the coin, Poole measure.' Mr. H. has calculated too much on the proprietors' powers of understanding, • • • and I therefore call upon him to divest his language of its present elegant ambiguity, and state publicly what is intended by his innuendo. • • •

"I am, Sir, yours most obediently,

"G. A. à BECKETT,  
"Editor of the Comic Magazine."

We leave all comment on Mr. G. A. à Beckett's simple fact to our readers; and the following letter, from Mr. Poole himself, will perhaps be allowed to serve as an explanation of Mr. Hood's "ambiguity":—

Tuesday, 10th July 1832.

"Dear Mr. Editor.—In an advertisement which appears in the *Athenæum* of last Saturday, I am accused of being retained—'Ods, blunderbusses! retained was the word!'—as a contributor to the 'Comic Magazine.' The renowned Captain Macheath exclaims,

O cruel, cruel case!  
Must I suffer this disgrace!

As the gallant Captain's is merely a case of hanging, I think he indulges in a strain of complaint altogether unbecoming so great a man; and one which is, at the same time, immoderately disproportioned to the trifling nature of the accident he contemplates. But I am accused of being 'retained' in the manner I have stated, and am pilloried (as it were) in certain advertisements as if such were the fact: I may, therefore, with much better show of reason than the Captain, say or sing 'O cruel, cruel,' &c.

"Now, dear Mr. Editor, I won't 'suffer this disgrace;' and why should I, when I can relieve myself from it by a flat contradiction of the charge? Neither am I retained by, nor have I the most remote intention of contributing to, the work in question. I do, indeed, plead guilty to one single transaction with the 'editor,' or the 'sub-editor,' or the 'editor's friend,' or the 'gentleman authorized,' or the 'gentleman not authorized'—(I really cannot say which, though, doubtless, the multifarious person alluded to 'will understand me'!);—but as this was my first, and shall most certainly be my only offence of the kind, I offer in its extenuation, my youth, and my inexperience in the ways of this wicked world: begging leave to add that I regret, and am sincerely sorry for, what I have done. "I remain, very faithfully yours,

"JOHN POOLE.

"P.S.—Would the gentlemen of the 'Comic Magazine' take it as too serious a joke if you were to ask them, how many of the names which they have dragged into their advertisements they have the slightest possible authority for promising to our good-natured and unsuspecting friend PUBLIC, as contributors to their work?"

We have since received the following communication on the same subject from Mr. Colman:—

"Thursday, 12th July, 1832.  
"Brompton Square.

"Sir,—There is a person, I am told, who announces, by advertisement in your paper, that he is in treaty with me to write in his 'Comic Magazine;' which is all I know, or wish to know, about him.

"Oblige me by stating to your readers, that this Comical Gentleman has never treated with me,—and certainly I shall never treat with him.

"I am, Sir,

"Your obedient humble servant,  
"GEORGE COLMAN."

#### MISCELLANEA

Sir Thomas Gresham.—The commemoration of the illustrious founder of Gresham College, took place on Thursday last at the Church of St. Helen's, Bishopgate, where this 'Royal Merchant' lies entombed. There was a good selection of sacred music performed on the occasion, amongst which was the 'Jubilate Deo' of Mr. Hart, which gained the prize medal. The Rev. W. M. Blencowe delivered an impres-

† See Mr. Hood's letter in your last, in which there occurs a passage which must be a profound mystery to all except those for whom my facetious friend intended it. I could expound it; and should I be compelled to take further notice of this matter, Poole upon Hood might perhaps be made as amusing as Coke upon Littleton.

sive sermon upon the character of the founder. After the service, many of the friends to the preservation of Crosby Hall, repaired to that fine building, and were again gratified by some fine music, sung by Messrs. Vaughan, Atkins, and Novello, and other good voices. We are happy to hear that the subscription for the preservation is going on prosperously.

Siberia.—A Berlin letter of the 21st of June mentions, that Dr. Lessing, a great-nephew of the celebrated German writer, was about to proceed on a scientific excursion through this unexplored region, assisted by an annual grant of a thousand roubles, so long as he should be absent.

The Egyptian Sphinxes.—The Ipsariot brig, *Buona Speransa*, which is the first Greek vessel that has entered the Baltic, has arrived at Cronstadt, having on board two colossal sphinxes of granite, as a present from the Pasha of Egypt to the Russian Autocrat.

Pulpit Bull.—"Remember, I beseech you, that we are all sailing down the stream of time, and must inevitably land, at last, in the great ocean of eternity."

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

| Days of W.&Mon. | Thermom. Max. Min. | Barometer. Noon. | Winds.     | Weather.   |
|-----------------|--------------------|------------------|------------|------------|
| Th. 5           | 85 51              | 29.95            | N.W.       | Clear.     |
| Fr. 6           | 75 51              | Stat.            | S.         | Shrs. P.M. |
| Sat. 7          | 75 51              | 29.55            | W.         | Cloudy.    |
| Sun. 8          | 71 57              | 29.65            | S.W.       | Ditto.     |
| Mon. 9          | 71 57              | 29.75            | S.W.       | Clear.     |
| Tues. 10        | 73 57              | Stat.            | S.W.       | Cloudy.    |
| Wed. 11         | 74 56              | 29.61            | W. to S.W. | Ditto.     |

#### NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

Forthcoming.—We are informed, that Dr. Rowing has made great progress in the preparation of the Autobiography of Jeremy Bentham for press, and that the volumes will contain copious extracts from his Correspondence, with the most eminent men of the age, with the Opinions of the great Utilitarian Philosopher, both as to the persons, events, and publications which have most excited the public attention in the last half century.

Mr. Keightley, author of *Mythology*, *Outlines of History*, &c. is preparing for publication a translation of Büttenan's celebrated Greek Grammar.

A Memoir by the late Major Rennell to accompany his Charts on the Prevalent Currents of the Atlantic Ocean.

A Historical View of the Principal Councils of the Primitive Church, by the Rev. J. H. Newman, M.A.  
The Law and Practice of Elections, (for England and Wales) as altered by the Reform Act, &c. by Charles F. F. Wordsworth, Esq.

The Law and Practice of Elections for Scotland.

The Law and Practice of Elections for Ireland.

Just published.—Rogers's Reform Act, 12mo. 5s. 6d.  
—Rowe's Reform Act, 12mo. 5s.—Fisher's Genealogical Atlas of the Kings of England, royal 8vo. 8s. 6d.  
—Wood's Bible Stories, Part 2, 2s.—The Well-spent Hour, 2s.—Fisher's Companion and Key to the History of England, royal 8vo. 12s. 15s.—Rev. Dr. Doddridge's Devotional Letters and Sacramental Meditations, 8vo. 8s.—Kidd's Picturesque Companion to Richmond, &c. 18mo. 3s. 6d.—Outlines of General Knowledge, by H. V. Ince, 1s.—Mabire's French Conversations, 5s.—Hansard's Debates, 3rd Series, Vol. 9, 12s. 10s.—The Doomed One, by Rosalia St. Clair, 3 vols. 12mo. 18s.—History of the War in Spain, 8vo. 12s.—Stevens's Observations on the Blood, 8vo. 15s.—Rev. J. Boy's Suppressed Evidence on Miracles, 8vo. 10s.—Matthew Henry's Bible, by Rev. E. Bicknor, 6 vols. 6s. 6d.—Rev. R. Burgess's Lectures on Evidences, 9s.—Rev. E. Berens' Advice to Young Men at Oxford, 3s.—Rev. P. Wilson's Sermons, Vol. 2, 8vo. 16s. 6d.—Merry's Memoirs, 12mo. 4s. 6d.—The Four Gospels in Greek, 8vo. 3s. 6d.—Stories from German Writers, 12mo. 2s. 6d.—Merchant of Venice, 1s. 6d.—Othello, 1s. 6d.—Fort Rishane, 6s.—Turner on the Horse's Foot, royal 8vo. 7s. 6d.—Wordsworth's Poetical Works, 4 vols. 8vo. 12s. 4s.—Calculations relating to the Equipment and Displacement of Ships of War, royal 8vo. 12s. 5s.—The Cook's Own Book, 1s.—The New Book of Economy, or How to Live on 300l. to 3000l. per annum, 1s.—How to Live without Pain, 1s.—The Tradesman's Guide to Superficial Measurement, 6s.—Dodley's Annual Register, Vol. 73, for 1831, 16s.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS

Next week the first part of 'A MEMOIR OF THE LATE PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY,' by his relative, school-fellow, and friend, CAPTAIN MEDWIN, illustrated by extracts from inedited Letters and Papers.

P. G. shall hear from us.

## ADVERTISEMENTS

Just published, in a neat pocket volume, price 7s. 6d. cloth bds.  
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**ALPHABET of INSECTS**, for the Use of Beginners, forming the First of a Series of Scientific Alphabets.

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## WAVERLEY NOVELS.

2nd July, 1832.  
**VOLUME THIRTY-EIGHT** of this Work is published this day, price 5s. It contains **THE TALISMAN**, being the Conclusion of **THE TALES of the CRUSADERS**. The Illustrations by JOHN WATSON GORDON.

Volume Thirty-nine, which commences **WOODSTOCK**, will appear on 1st August, with copious Introduction and Notes.

Volume Forty, which concludes **WOODSTOCK**, on 1st September.

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# THE ATHENÆUM

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## REVIEWS

*Extracts from the Hawthornden Manuscripts: and Notes, by William Drummond, of Conversations with Ben Jonson.* Edinburgh: published by the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland.

THIS is a very valuable publication: here we have at last the celebrated Conversations between Ben Jonson and Drummond, with many quaint and curious passages of wit—many interesting letters to and from poets, and, what is better than all, many beautiful sonnets and small poems from the bard of Hawthornden, which have never been published before. The story of these reliques is related by Mr. David Laing, the editor: it is both interesting and curious. The poet, it seems, was so much of a methodical man, that he made memorandums of sallies of wit and humorous sayings; nor did he omit to note down the verses of other men as well as make copies of his own: he kept his letters too in order, and, in short, preserved whatever struck him as clever in the remarks of his companions or correspondents, or pleased him in the compositions of his own pen. These papers were arranged into volumes, or, more properly speaking, bundles, and preserved in Hawthornden House, from the day of the poet's death, in 1649, till the year 1782, when Bishop Drummond put them into the hands of the late Earl of Buchan, for the purpose of having them placed in the safe keeping of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. Whatever the Earl of Buchan undertook to do, he generally accomplished with no little stir and outcry: accordingly, we find, that though his lordship failed to make himself acquainted with the contents of the sacred packets, thirteen in all, he did not fail to have entered in the minutes of the Society the munificence of Bishop Drummond, and the courtesy of the Earl of Buchan, who presided on the occasion.

The Secretary of the Society in those days was James Cummyng, of whom David Herd, a brother antiquary, has recorded, that he undertook everything and performed nothing: in the spirit of this character, the Secretary did nothing, or something worse; the manuscripts were neglected for forty years and odd, and were forgotten perhaps by many, when the taste and enthusiasm of David Laing drew them from their dread abode. It was, however, with no little sorrow, that the editor discovered a sad difference between the description given of these bundles by the Earl of Buchan and their actual contents: it is true that his lordship marked letters from Drayton as letters to Drayton, and made some other slight mistakes such as men fall into who are careless examiners; yet it cannot be concealed that some material documents must have been abstracted—antiqua-

rians never use the word *steal*—and among them the far-famed 'Conversations between Drummond and Jonson;' and what some will deplore as deeply, 'King Charles the First's Appeal to the People of England, with corrections and marginal notes in the King's own handwriting.' The editor has been fortunate enough to discover Sir Robert Sibbald's copy of the 'Conversations,' which, from internal evidence, contains all that was in the original manuscript, of which nothing, save the envelope, remains in the keeping of the Society: but King Charles's Appeal is yet to be found, and we cannot help thinking there must be some mistake in the matter, for no such document was ever heard of before.

Of the 'Conversations' we shall proceed to give some specimens: they set us right in some important particulars: they show us that Jonson was not quite such a sour and surly man as he has been represented: that what he said of Shakspeare was less harsh than the commonly received account; and that Gifford's attempts to free Ben from the charge of having spoken fiercely against Inigo Jones, might as well have been spared. Of his brethren, the bards, he spoke with much freedom.

"3. HIS CENSURE OF THE ENGLISH POETS WAS THIS:

"That Sidney did not keep a decorum in making every one speak as well as himself. Spenser's stanzas pleased him not, nor his matter; the meaning of which Allegorie he had delivered in papers to Sir Walter Raughlie.

"Samuel Daniel was a good honest man, had no children, but no poet.

"That Michael Drayton's Polyolbion, if [he] had performed what he promised to write (the deeds of all the Worthies), had been excellent: his long verses pleased him not.

"That Silvester's translation of Du Bartas was not well done; (and that he wrote his verses before it, ere he understood to conferr): nor that of Fairfax his. That the translations of Homer and Virgil in long Alexandrines were but prose. That John Harrington's Ariosto, under all translations, was the worst.

"That when Sir John Harrington desired him to tell the truth of his Epigrammes, he answered him, that he loved not the truth, for they were Narrations, not Epigrammes.

"That Warner, since the King's comming to England, had marred all his Albions England.

"That Donne's Anniversarie was profane and full of blasphemies: that he told Mr. Donne, if it had been written of the Virgin Marie it had been something; to which he answered, that he described the Idea of a woman, and not as she was. That Donne, for not keeping of accent, deserved hanging.

"That next himself, only Fletcher and Chapman could make a mask.

"That Shakspeare wanted arte.

"That Sharpham, Day, Dekker, were all rogues; and that Minshew was one.

"That Abram Francis, in his English Hexameters, was a foole.

"4. HIS JUDGMENT OF STRANGER POETS WAS:

"That he thought not Bartas a poet, but a verser, because he wrote not fiction.

"He cursed Petrarch for redacting Verses to Sonnets; which he said were like the Tirrants bed, wher some who were too short were racked, others too long cut short.

"That Guarini, in his Pastor Fido, kept not decorum, in making Shepherds speak as well as himself could.

"That Lucan, taken in parts, was good divided; read altogidder, merited not the name of a poet.

"6. HIS CENSURE OF MY VERSES WAS:

"That they were all good, especiallie my Epitaph on the Prince, save that they smelled too much of the Schooles, and were not after the fancie of the tyme: for a child (says he) may writte after the fashion of the Greeks and Latine verses in running; yett that he wished to please the King, that piece of Forth Feasting had been his owne.

"7. HE ESTEEMETH JOHN DONE the first poet in the world in some things: his verses of the lost Chaine he hath by heart, and that passage of the Calme, *That dust and feathers do not stirr, all was so quiet.* Affirmeth Done to have written all his best pieces err he was 25 years old.

"Sir Edward Wotton's verses of a happie lyfe he hath by heart; and a piece of Chapman's translation of the 13 of the Iliads, which he thinketh well done.

"That Done said to him he wrotht that Epitaph on Prince Henry, *Look to me, Faith,* to match Sir Ed. Herbert in obscurenesse.

"He hath by heart some verses of Spenser's Calender, about wyne, between Coline and Pertye.

"8. THE conceit of Done's transformation, or *Μετεμύωσις*, was, that he sought the soule of that apple which Eva pulled, and thereafter made it the soule of a bitch, then of a shee wolf, and so of a woman: his general purpose was to have brought in all the bodies of the Hereticks from the soule of Cain, and at last left it in the bodie of Calvin. Of this he never wrotte but one sheet, and now, since he was made Doctor, repenteth highlie, and seeketh to destroy all his poems.

"9. THAT Petronius, Plinius Secundus, Tacitus, spoke best Latine; that Quintilianes 6. 7. 8. bookes were not only to be read, but altogether digested. Juvenal, Perse, Horace, Martiall, for delight; and so was Pindar. For health Hippocrates.

"Of their Nation, Hooker's Ecclesiasticall historie (whose children are now beggars,) for church matters. Selden's Titles of Honour for Antiquities here; and a neoke of the Gods of the Gentiles, whose names are in the Scripture, of Selden's.

"Tacitus, he said, wrotht the secrets of the Councill and Senate, as Suetonius did those of the Cabinet and Courte.

"10. FOR a Heroick poeme he said ther was no such ground as King Arthur's fiction; and that S. P. Sidney had an intention to have transform'd all his Arcadia to the stories of King Arthur."

It will be seen from these passages, that Jonson was a plain-spoken person: his character of Drummond's poetry is correct; and if he said that Shakespeare wanted art, we must not forget, that he elsewhere says, "I loved the man, and do honour his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any."—We continue the 'Conversations':—

**"11. HIS ACQUAINTANCE AND BEHAVIOUR WITH POETS LIVING WITH HIM."**

"Daniel was at jealousies with him.

"Drayton feared him, and he esteemed not of him.

"That Francis Beaumont loved too much himself and his own verses.

"That Sir John Roe loved him; and when they two were ushered by my Lord Suffolk from a Mask, Roe wrott a moral epistle to him, which began, 'That next to playes, the Court and the State were the best.' 'God threatneeth Kings, Kings Lords, and Lords do us.'

"He beat Marston, and took his pistoll from him.

"Sir W. Alexander was not half kinde unto him, and neglected him, because a friend to Drayton.

"That Sir R. Aiton loved him dearly.

"Ned Field was his schollar, and he had read to him the Satyres of Horace, and some Epigrams of Martiall.

"That Markam (who added his English Arcadia) was not of the number of the Faithfull, *i. e.* Poets, and but a base fellow.

"That such were Day and Middleton.

"That Chapman and Fletcher were loved of him.

"Overbury was first his friend, then turn'd his mortall enimie.

**"12. PARTICULARS OF THE ACTIONS OF OTHER POETS; AND APOTHEGMES."**

"That the Irish having rob'd Spenser's goods and burnt his house and a litle child new born, he and his wyfe escaped; and after, he died for lake of bread in King Street, and refused 20 pieces sent to him by my Lord of Essex, and said, He was sorrie he had no time to spend them. That in that paper S. W. Roughly had of the Allegories of his Fayrie Queen, by the Blating beast the Puritans were understood, by the false Duessa the Q. of Scots.

"That Southwell was hanged; yet so he had written that piece of his the Burning Babe, he would have been content to destroy many of his.

"Franc. Beaumont died ere he was 30 years of age.

"Sir John Roe was ane infinit spender, and used to say, when he had no more to spende he could die. He died of the peat, and he [Jonson] furnished his charges 20 lb.; which was given him back.

"That Drayton was chalenged for intitling one book Mortimeriades. That S. J. Davies played in an Epigram on Drayton's who in a sonnet concluded his Mistress might bee the ninth Worlthy, and said, he used a phrase like Dametas in Arcadia, who said for wit his Mistress might be a gyant.

"Dones grandfather on the mother's side was Heywood the Epigramatist. That Done himself, for not being understood, would perish.

"That S. W. Roughly esteemed more of fame than conscience. The best wits of England were employed for making his historie. Ben himself had written a piece to him of the Punick warre, which he altered and set in his booke.

"S. W. heth written the lyfe of Queen Elizabeth, of which ther is [are] copies extant.

"Sir P. Sidney had translated some of the Psalmes which went abroad under the name of the Countesse of Pembrock.

"Marston wrott his Father-in-Lawes preaching, and his Father-in-Law his Commedies.

"Shakspear, in a play, brought in a number

of men saying they had suffered shipwrack in Bohemia, wher y<sup>e</sup> is no sea neer by some 100 miles.

"Daniel wrott Civil Warres, and yett hath not one batle in all his booke.

"The Countess of Rutland was nothing inferior to her Father Sir P. Sidney in poesie. Sir Th: Overburie was in love with her, and caused Ben to read his Wyffe to her, which he, with ane excellent grace, did, and praised the author. That the morne thereafter he disordred with Overburie, who would have him to intend a sute y<sup>t</sup> was unlawfull. The lines my Lady keep'd in remembrance, *He comes too near who comes to be denied.* Beaumont wrot that Elegie on the death of the Countess of Rutland, and in effect her husband.

"Owen is a pure pedantique schoolmaster, sweeping a living from the posteriors of litle children; and hath no thinge good in him, his Epigrames being bare narrations.

"Chapman hath translated Musaeus, in his verses, like his Homer.

"Flesher and Beaumont, ten yeers since, hath written the Faithfull Shepherdesse, a Tragicomedie, well done.

"Dyer died unmarried.

"Sir P. Sidney was no pleasant man in countenance, his face being spoiled with pimples, and of high blood, and long: that my Lord Lisle, now Earle of Worster, his eldest son, resembleth him."

Of himself, Jonson says:—

"His Grandfather came from Carlisle, and, he thought, from Anandale to it: he served King Henry 8, and was a gentleman. His Father losed all his estate under Queen Marie, having been cast in prison and forfeitted; at last turned Ministet: so he was a ministers son. He himself was posthumous born, a month after his father's decease; brought up poorly, putt to school by a friend (his master Camdben); after taken from it, and put to ane other craft (*I think was to be a wright or bricklayer*), which he could not endure; then went to the Low Countries, but returning soone he betook himself to his wonted studies. In his service in the Low Countries, he had, in the face of both the campos, killed ane enimie and taken *opima spolia* from him; and since his comming to England, being appealed to the fields, he had killed his adversarie, which [who] had hurt him in the arme, and whose sword was 10 inches longer than his; for the which he was emprisoned and almost at the gallowes. Then took he his religion, by trust, of a priest who visited him in prison. Thereafter he was 12 yeares a Papist.

"He was Master of Arts in both the Universities, by their favour, not his studie.

"He married a wyfe who was a shrew, yet honest: five years he had not bedded with her, but remayned with my Lord Aulbanie.

"In the tyme of his close imprisonment, under Queen Elizabeth, his judges could get nothing of him to all their demands but I and No. They placed two damn'd villains to catch advantage of him, with him, but he was advertised by his keeper: of the spies he hath ane epigramme.

"When the King came in England at that tyme the pest was in London, he being in the country at Sir Robert Cotton's house with old Camdben, he saw in a vision his eldest sone, then a child and at London, appear unto him with the mark of a bloodie crosse on his forehead, as if it had been cutted with a suord, at which amazed he prayed unto God, and in the morning he came to Mr. Camdben's chamber to tell him; who perswaded him it was but ane apprehension of his fantasie, at which he could not be disjected; in the mean tyme comes there letters from his wife of the death of that boy, in the plague. He appeared to him (he said) of

a manlie shape, and of that growth that he thinks he shall be at the resurrection.

"He was dilated by Sir James Murray to the King, for writing something against the Scots in a play Eastward Hoe, and voluntarily imprissoned with Chapman and Marston, who had written it amongst them. The report was that they should then [have] had their ears cut and noses. After their delivery he banqueted all his friends; there was Camden, Selden, and others; at the midst of the feast his old Mother dranke to him, and shew him a paper which she had (if the sentence had taken execution) to have mixed in the prison among his drinke, which was full of lustie strong poison, and that she was no churle, she told she minded first to have drunk of it her self.

"He had many quarrells with Marston, beat him, and took his pistoll from him, wrote his Poetaster on him; the beginning of them were, that Marston represented him in the stage, in his youth as given to venerie.

"S. W. Raulighe sent him Governour with his son, anno 1613, to France. This youth being knavishly inclined, among other pastimes, \* caused him to be drunken, and dead drunk, so that he knew not wher he was, thereafter laid him on a carr, which he made to be drawn by pioneers through the streets, at every corner showing his governour stretched out, and telling them, that was a more lively image of the Crucifix than any they had; at which sport young Roughlies mother delighted much (saying his father young was so inclyned), though the Father abhorred it.

"He can set horoscopes, but trusts not in them. He with the consent of a friend cousened a lady, with whom he had made ane appointment to meet ane old Astrologer in the suburbs, which she kept; and it was himself disguised in a longe gowne and a whyte beard at the light of dimm burning candles, up in a litle cabinet reached unto by a ladder.

"Every first day of the new year he had 20lb. sent him from the Earl of Pembrock to buy bookes.

"After he was reconciled with the Church, and left of to be a recusant, at his first communion, in token of true reconciliation, he drank out all the full cup of wyne. Being at the end of my Lord Salisburies table with Inigo Jones, and demanded by my Lord, Why he was not glad? My Lord, said he, you promised I should dine with you, but I doe not, for he had none of his meate; he esteemed only that his meate which was of his own dish.

"He hath consumed a whole night in lying looking to his great toe, about which he hath seen Tartars and Turks, Romans and Carthaginians, feight in his imagination.

"Northampton was his mortall enimie for beating, on a St. Georges day, one of his attenders: He was called before the Councell for his Sejanus, and accused both of poperie and treason by him.

"Several times he hath devoured his bookes, *i. e.* sold them all for necessity. He hath a minde to be a churchman, and so he might have favour to make one sermon to the King, he careth not what thereafter should befall him: for he would not flatter though he saw Death.

"At his hither comming, Sr Francis Bacon said to him, He loved not to sie Poesy goe on other feet than poetically dactylus and spondaeus."

We cannot make room for any more of these 'Conversations': the character which Drummond gives of Jonson concludes the paper, and we are glad to see that it is milder than we imagined: still it is sufficiently severe:—

"He [Jonson] is a great lover and praiser of himself; a contemner and scorner of others;

given rather to lose a friend than a jest; jealous of every word and action of those about him, especially after drink, which is one of the elements in which he liveth; a dissembler of ill parts which reign in him, a bragger of some good that he wanteth, thinketh nothing well but what either he himself or some of his friends and countrymen hath said or done; he is passionately kynde and angry; careless either to gain or keep; vindictive, but, if he be well answered, at himself.

"For any religion, as being versed in both. Interpreteth best sayings and deeds often to the worst. Oppressed with fantasie, which hath ever mastered his reason, a generall disease in many poets. His inventions are smooth and easie; but above all he excellet in a translation."

From these words, copied from the manuscript of one who is too honest to deceive, and too accurate to be mistaken, the reader will see that the following sentence is a forgery, and a base one:—

"In short, Jonson was in his personal character, the very reverse of Shakspeare—as surly, ill-natured, proud, and disagreeable, as Shakspeare, with ten times his merit, was gentle, good-natured, easy, and amiable."

We have seen that Jonson said the verses of Drummond were good, but smelled too much of the schools: this is in a great measure true; yet it was the fault of his age; and it cannot be denied that, amid all his learned allusions, there is much noble natural poetry. There are few lovers of the British muse who are unacquainted with the fine sonnets of Drummond: they have been repeatedly likened to those of Milton; and passages from the author of 'Paradise Lost' might be quoted to show that he perceived the beauties of the northern bard, and sometimes condescended to imitate them. In truth, the poet of Hawthornden was a writer of great taste and elegance;—even in the work before us, there are poems, now published for the first time, which would make him a separate name in the world of song: we shall string together a few of these pearls of old Scotland: they are polished with a happy care, and might grace the neck of any modern muse. The Athens of the north has been often praised, but seldom so successfully as in the following sonnet, translated from the Latin of Arthur Johnstone:—

Install'd on Hills, her Head neare starry bowres,  
Shines ENIMVAGEN, proud of protecting powers.  
Justice defendes her heart; Religion east  
With temples; Mars with towres doth guard the west:  
Fresh Nymphes and Ceres serving, waite upon her,  
And Thetis, tributarie, doth her honour.  
The Sea doth Venice shake, Rome Tiber beates,  
Whilst she bot scornes her vassall watteres threats.  
For scepters no where standes a Towne more fitt,  
Nor place where Towne, World's Queene, may faire sit.

Bot this thy praise is, above all, most braue,  
No man did e're diffame thee bot a slave.

The second sonnet has merit of a nobler kind:—

Rise to my soole, bright Sunne of Grace, O rise!  
Make mee the vigour of thy beams to prone;  
Dissolve the chilling frost which on mee lies,  
That makes mee lesse than looke-warm in thy loue.  
Grant me a beaming of thy light about  
To know my foot-steps, in these tymes, too-wise;  
O guyde my course! and let mee no more mone  
On wings of sense, where wandring pleasure flies.  
I have gone wrong and erred; but ah, alas!  
What can I else doe in this dungeon dark?  
My foes strong are, and I a fragill glasse,—  
Howres charged with cares consume my life's small sparke;

Yet, of thy goodnesse, if I grace obtaine,  
My life shall be no losse, my death great gaine.

His lament for Greece in the year 1610 will do very well, we are sorry to say, now:

we agree with the editor, that "for solemn grandeur it may be compared with the best of Milton's sonnets." It was written before a poem called 'Irene.'

Mourne not, faire Greece, the ruine of thy Kings,  
Thy temples raz'd, thy forts with flames devour'd,  
Thy championes slaine, thy virgines pure deflow'd,  
Nor all those greifes which sterne Bellona brings!  
But Mourne, fair Greece! Mourne that that Sacred

Band  
Which made thee once so famous by their Songs,  
Forc't by outrageous Fate, have left thy land,  
And left thee scarce a voice to plaine thy wrongs!  
Mourne that those Climates which to thee appeare  
Beyond both Phoebus and his Sisters wayes,  
To saue thy deedes from Death must lend thee layes,  
And such as from Muscous thou didst heare!

For now Irene hath attain'd such fame,  
That Hero's Ghost doth weepe to heare her name.

Nor is the conduct of Britain, with respect to its men of genius, altered, but for the worse, since Drummond penned his indignant sonnet on the fate of Sir Alexander Falconer, of Halkerton.

I feare to me such fortune be assign'd  
As was to thee, who did so well deserve,  
Braue HALKERTON! even suffred here to sterne  
Amidst base-minded freinds, nor true, nor kind.  
Why were the Fates and Furies thus combined  
Such worths for such disasters to reserve?  
Yet all those evils neuer made thee swerue  
From what became a well resolved mind;  
For swelling greatness neuer made thee smyle,  
Despising greatness in extremes of want;  
O happy thrice whom no distress could dant!  
Yet thou exclaim'd, O Time! O Age! O Isle!  
Where flatterers, foolles, bandes, fiddlers, are  
rewarded,

Whilst Vertue sterues vnpiety, vnregard!

There is something more than the smell of the schools in the lines on Chloris:—

Forth from greene Thetis bowres  
The Morne arose; her face  
A wreath of rayes did grace,  
Her haire rain'd pearles, her hand and lap dropt  
flowres.

Led by the pleasant sight  
Of those so rich and odoriferous showres,  
Each shepherd thither came, and nimphe bright:  
Entranc'd they stood;—I did to Chloris turne,  
And saw in her more grace than in the Morne.

We know not with what success the poet sung his 'Persuasive Dissuading': the lines are elegant and warm:—

Show mee not lockes of gold,  
Nor blushing roses of that virgine face,  
Nor of thy well made legge and foot the grace;  
Let me no more behold  
Soule charming smyles, nor lightnings of thine eye,  
For they (Deare life!) but serue to make me dye.  
Yes! show them all, and more, vnpine thy breast,  
Let me see liuing snow  
Where strawberries doe grow;  
Show that delicious feild  
Which lillies still doth yeeld,  
Of Venus' pabe the nest:

Smyle, blush, sigh, chide, wee thousand other charmes,  
Mee kill, so that I fall betweene thine armes.

We shall conclude with a free translation of one of the sonnets of Bembo: it is really difficult to make selections: we might safely open the book at random, and quote the first we find:—

As the Yong Faune, when Winter's gone away,  
Unto a sueter saison granting place,  
More wanton growne by smyles of heauen's faire face,  
Leauith the silent woods at breake of day,  
And now on hills, and now by brookes doth pray  
On tender flowres, secure and solitar,  
Far from all cabans, and wher shepherds are;  
Wher his desir him guides his foote doth stray,  
He feareth not the dart nor other armes,  
Till he be schoot in to the noblest part  
By cunning archer, who in dark bush lyes:  
So innocent, not fearing coming harmes,  
Wandering was I that day when your faire eles,  
World-killing shafts, gaue death-wounds to my hart.

IN RIME MORE FAIR.  
As the Yong Stag, when Winter bids his face,  
Giuing vnto a better season place,  
At breake of day comes forth, wanton and faire,  
Leauing the quiet woods, his suet repaire,  
Now on the hills, now by the riuers sides,  
He leape, he runs, and wher his foote him guides,  
Both sure and solitarie, prayes on suet flowres,  
Far fra al shepherds and their belmish boun;  
He doth not feare the net nor murdering dart,  
Till that, poor beast, a shaft be in his hart,

Of one qubo pitlesse in embush laye:  
So innocent wandring that fatal daye  
Was I, alas! when with a heauenlie cie,  
Ye gaue the blowe wherof I needs must die.

The editor has done his duty in the true spirit: he has preserved the original text with the accuracy of a man who makes literary probity a matter of conscience; and he has illustrated both the conversations of Ben Jonson, and the letters, and anecdotes, and poems of Drummond, with learning which gives light, and with a diligence as unwearied as it is useful.

*The History of Charlemagne; with a Sketch of the State and History of France from the Fall of the Roman Empire to the Rise of the Carlovingian Dynasty.* By G. P. R. James, Esq. London: Longman & Co.

THE history of the period which immediately succeeded the fall of the Roman Empire, and that of the establishment of the Barbarians among its vast and memorable ruins, are among the most hopeless subjects that could be opposed to literary research. On one hand, the refinement and civilization of the ancient world had sunk into an idiot lethargy; and on the other, the simplicity and wild virtues of savage life had withered before the habits of the social state began to grow. All is darkness and terror. Nothing presents itself to the eye but a gloomy abyss, in which the decomposed elements of society are seen floating wildly about us in a chaos. Shadows mingle and jostle in the confusion; and in the midst, more definitely horrible, some demon-like forms appear, on which awakening History bestows the name of men, while she brands them with the characteristics of fiends. The narrative itself partakes of the spirit of its scenes and personages. Rude, cumbrous, indistinct, overshadowed by fable, and distorted by prejudice, it presents nothing more than a series—to use the words of the elegant historian of Charles V.—"of deeds of cruelty, perfidy, and revenge, so wild and enormous as almost to exceed belief."

In the midst of this chaos, there is one mighty landmark which draws the gaze of the world. The Empire of the Franks, consolidating, as it were, in a moment, the diffused elements, rises proudly and suddenly in the gloom, seeming almost to emulate the majesty of that "giant-statue," on whose ruins it is reared. It is like an oasis in the desert, where the explorer may rest his wearied foot. Not satisfied with the real wonder of its existence in such a place, and at such a period, the imagination delights to invest it with all the glories of romance. The master-spirit of the spot—the architect who fashioned materials so rude into a form so splendid—who upheld it while living by the spell of his genius, and at whose death it crumbled into ruins, is a demi-god, or something more. Seen through the mist of ages as dark as those which preceded him, his form acquires the dimensions of a colossus. Everything great and magnificent in the institutions of after-times is traced to its origin in him. He is the true founder of this lordly France, which still convulses the entire earth with its throes; his *leudes* or *fideles* are the parents of nobility; he is the first grand master of the sublime order of chivalry. He is *The Great par excellence*: and the title becomes so habitually united with his name, that he



would not now be recognized under any simpler cognomen than that of CHARLEMAGNE.

Such is the hero of the author before us; and in stating briefly the impressions we have received from the work, we do it with a full consciousness that his task was a most difficult and delicate one, requiring much patient research, and an imagination entirely under the control of judgment.

Mr. James himself, indeed, appears to have been profoundly, and even painfully, impressed with the consciousness of his danger; and he determined that his book should be as unlike a *romance* as possible. And in some sense it is so. It is filled to overflowing with erudition; the facts are carefully sifted, and correctly stated; and the language is, in general, moderate, and suited to the dignity of history. This is high praise, and Mr. James must feel it to be so. We go farther, and say, that his work displays talent of a very high order, and that it supplies an important desideratum in English literature. We shall now as openly and frankly mention what we consider to be deserving of blame.

The Saxon wars of Charlemagne, are the principal subject of debate among authors; and here, whether Mr. James be correct or not, in the side he has espoused—a question into which we shall not at present enter—he is, in our opinion, grossly wrong in the length to which he has gone. There is no mystery whatever in the case of the Franks and Saxons. The former were somewhat earlier than the latter in the field of blood and rapine, and naturally wished to retain their prey, while the others as naturally wished to share with them. On this quarrel, Charlemagne determined, as Mr. James tells us, “to seek and subject them by force of arms,” and, having so done, “to soften their manners and change their habits by the combined effect of law and religion”—

“The military preparations of the young monarch were soon completed; and, entering the enemy’s territory, he laid waste the whole land with fire and sword, according to the cruel mode of warfare in that day. No force appeared to oppose him, and he penetrated, without difficulty, to the castle of Eresburg, where a garrison had been left. The fortifications were speedily forced by the Frankish soldiers, and a much more important conquest followed than that of the castle itself, namely, that of the famous temple of the Irminsula, or great idol of the Saxon nation. The temple consisted of an open space of ground, surrounded by various buildings, ornamented by every thing rapine could collect and offer at the altar of superstition. In the centre rose a high column, on which was placed the figure of an armed warrior; and gold and silver, lavished on all the objects around, decorated the shrine, and rewarded the struggle of the conquerors.”

Having overthrown this idol, which “was not alone the object of veneration to one particular tribe, but was the great tributary deity of the whole people,” and having, as we have seen above, “laid waste the whole land with fire and sword,” Charlemagne, “seeking rather to reclaim than punish,” accepted hostages, and withdrew his troops—being “called hastily back to France by circumstances.” But our author is not jesting, as the reader might suppose; for when the Saxons embrace the next opportunity of rising, he treats it as the vilest faithlessness. Every new incursion is described as an aggression of theirs—an abuse of the clemency of

Charlemagne, who had merely resolved at the outset, (according to Mr. James,) to subject them by force of arms, and make them Christians *volens volens*. Surely this could not be what the Scripture calls *baptizing with fire*!—and yet “it is evident,” as our author tells us, (page 243,) that “Charlemagne was inspired by a sincere love for the Christian religion, and an eager wish to spread its pacific doctrine amidst his barbarous and intractable neighbours.” One proof of this pacific and Christian disposition, is the massacre in cold blood, of four thousand five hundred Saxons, after they had been subjected by force of arms.

But in his defence of the laws which Charlemagne inflicted upon this gallant people after their final subjection, Mr. James is still more unhappy:—

“Both from political and religious motives, it had become the great object of the French monarch to force this the most obdurate race of pagans in Europe, to listen to the voice of Christian teachers, which nothing but the fear of death could induce them to do: and for that purpose he used the terror of extreme punishment, as a means of enforcing attention to the doctrines of peace. But, at the same time, there cannot be a doubt, that he had no intention the severity of the law should have effect; for it was enacted by the self same code, that the unbaptized who receive baptism, and the relapsed who returned and underwent a religious penance, escaped the infliction of the punishment.”

Thus it was *only* those who would not change their religion, that were put to death by this clement monarch, and “such considerations shield the Saxon code from the bitter censures which have been directed against it by some writers.” The code spoken of, inflicted death, as Mr. James tells us, “for a thousand crimes,” and among others for *refusing* the Christian religion. We are the less punctilious in insisting upon the strange prejudice of our author, as he himself treats with disdain all who differ from him on such points, citing triumphantly in proof of the villany of the Saxons, and the clemency of Charlemagne, the conqueror’s own secretary! Eginhard, to be sure, knew the facts as well as anybody—“mais le souvenir de l’honneur que le prince lui avoit fait, n’etoit-il pas un engagement à la flatterie?” asks Bayle, with one of his quiet sneers.

We doubt very much the justness of Mr. James’s reasoning, with regard to the succession at that period of the crown of France; and, therefore, the entire innocence of Charlemagne in retaining the inheritance of his brother’s children, is at least problematical. The suspicion too of foul play, which exists in the minds of some writers in the case of the brother’s sudden death, and the flight of his widow and children into Lombardy, is not even hinted at; while the demand of the princess to have her children placed by force upon their hereditary throne, is not allowed to appear as an argument either for right or custom.

The ruling passion of Charlemagne was, in our opinion, ambition. For this he decimated Saxony; for this he divorced his first wife and married the Lombard princess; for this, he accepted or seized upon the inheritance of his brother’s children; for this, he dethroned his father-in-law, and usurped his kingdom.

His wars, however, were by no means so miraculous as one might suppose. The

troops of the Franks had been regular soldiers for at least two generations, and, in general, they were led against peasants. If Mr. James will look into the Capitulaires of Charlemagne, he will find it rigorously forbidden to sell *armour* to the Saxons; and if he remembers, that it is now no longer a wonder how a single knight cased in steel should have driven whole bands of unarmed serfs before him, his admiration of the conqueror will be not extinguished, but moderated.

The only other passage we mean to notice—or perhaps can notice—in blame, relates to Charlemagne’s acceptance of the imperial crown. It seems he was trepanned into receiving this gift, at the time he did receive it! So moderate, so philosophic was he in his views, that his mind was not entirely made up, at least as to the proper time of ascending the throne of the Cæsars; and, although the Pope had “obtained the consent of the Roman people, and prepared all things for his purpose,” he alone entered the Church of St. Peter on Christmas Day—like a lamb to the slaughter—utterly ignorant that it was intended he should leave it the Emperor of the West! “Whether the extraordinary preparations which he must have seen in the church, had given Charlemagne any suspicion of the intentions of the Pope, or whether the conduct of the Pontiff really took him by surprise, must ever be a matter of doubt (!)”

“However that may be, on Christmas day, Charlemagne, with the rest of the Catholic world, presented himself in the church of St. Peter, to offer up his prayers with the multitude, to the Giver of all dignities or debasements, the Ruler of kings and peasants. At the request of the Pope, and to gratify the Roman people, he had laid aside the national dress which he usually wore on days of solemnity, and which consisted of a close tunic, embroidered with gold, sandals laced with gold, and studded with jewels, a mantle clasped with a golden agraffe, and a diadem, shining with precious stones. He now appeared in the long robe of the patrician, and as military governor of Rome, presented himself to the people as a Roman. The church was filled with the nobility of Italy and France; and all that they saw around, after they entered its vast walls, must have told them that some great ceremony was about to take place. At the high altar, stood the head of the Christian church, surrounded by all the splendid clergy of Italy; and the monarch approaching, knelt on the steps of the altar, and for some moments continued to offer up his prayers. As he was about to rise, Leo advanced, and, raising an imperial crown, he placed it suddenly on the brows of the monarch, while the imperial salutations burst in thunder from the people,—‘Long life and victory to Charles Augustus, crowned by God, great and pacific Emperor of the Romans!’”

Notwithstanding that we differ from our author in some points, we can congratulate him with great truth, as we do it with great pleasure, on the talent with which he has performed his task. If the work, however, was not so strictly a history, it might perhaps be less instructive, but would certainly be more popular. If we did not hear less of Charlemagne as a hero or a demi-god, we might at least have heard more of him as a man. There are ample materials in Eginhard and others for pictures of his private life, manners, and character; and we know few persons better qualified than Mr. James to paint them.

*The Highland Smugglers.* By the Author of 'Adventures of a Kuzzilbash,' 'Persian Adventurer,' &c. 3 vols. London: Colburn & Bentley.

THIS novel breathes of the northern mountains, and of them only: the costume of nature, of manners, and of incidents, is all of that land—in short, the whole, to use a north-country expression, is "as Hieland as heather." This we consider a beauty; though it would not be much pleasure to us to "run upon the sharp wind of the north," we like to hear how it fared with others, who adventured in that "land of dread," for, in spite of the broad and level way which Scott made by the skirts of Bennevis and the side of Benvenue, and his coasting excursions by "mainland and isle"—nay, in spite of the expeditions made by gentlemen from the south against the ptarmigan and the wild deer, the Scottish Highlands are still little known to any save the native mountaineers. We are not sure that the author of 'The Highland Smugglers' has wholly lifted the veil from this northern *terra incognita*: he has, however, blown away a little of the mist from Morven. Though it has been his taste to indulge in long conversations, during which the story not only makes a pause, but sometimes actually runs back: though the tale of true love to which he treats us is anything but original—though stupid lairds and sharking attorneys abound elsewhere—and though the story of abduction and violence with which the narrative concludes is a little out of keeping with the manners of the present day, still all this is redeemed by the truth and nature of the delineations: the stalking of wild deer—the angling in mountain torrents—the search for the contraband distillers among the wild glens and mountains—nay, many of the true love passages are, to us, fresh, vivid, and natural. The story is, in truth, of little value. Tresham, a young Englishman, of good family, pays a visit to the Highland dominions of Mac Alpine, one of his schoolfellows, for the double purpose of mending his health and slaughtering wild deer amongst wilder hills. In one of his excursions he loses his way, and falls in with the haunts of a gang of desperadoes—in short, distillers and smugglers, who carry on their calling in defiance of all law and authority: in another excursion he has the fortune to meet with a young northern lady, Bell Stewart by name, who is, of course, very lovely, of long descent, but allied to poverty through the neglect and imprudence of the chieftain her father. They fall in love with each other, notwithstanding the evil auguries of a sort of highland propheticess, who adds to a kind of second sight an excellent ear sharpened by blindness: the course of true love is running smooth and pleasant, when a northern admirer steps boldly in, removes the Englishman by stratagem, most audaciously carries the lady away, and is on the point of securing his prize through the help of his friends the smugglers, when Tresham unexpectedly returns to the field of action—joins forces with his friend Mac Alpine—and pursues and recaptures the lady, though not without bloodshed, and the opportune appearance of her only brother, a naval officer, who drops accidentally into the very bay when the strife, which is to decide the fate of his sister, is raging. We are reminded but too

often of the conceptions of other novelists in the incidents and characters in these volumes: but the air of truth and originality, which is breathed over some of the scenes, particularly the huntings of the deer and the search for the distillers, may compensate to the reader.

*The Religion of Taste, a Poem.* By Carlos Wilcox. First printed in America; reprinted for Fletcher & Sons, Southampton; and Holdsworth & Ball, London.

THE divine allegory of Spenser has been the fruitful mother of other allegories; but what was clear and simple with the author of the 'Fairy Queen,' became what he called a "dark conceit," in the hands of others, and, save the 'Castle of Indolence' of Thomson, we have seen few of the allegorical brood in this land, which we can with any propriety admire. We should do injustice to Mr. Wilcox, were we to accuse him of hiding altogether his poetic light in the dark lantern of allegory; he is, however, sometimes more obscure than a bard should be, who wishes to instruct as well as amuse. As the Scot had his "most enchanting wizard," hight Indolence, so the American has his "enchanted of romantic mood," by name Imagination, who lives deep in a vale, and has for her attendants the Nymphs and Graces, besides Love, Beauty, Pleasure, and Hope; there is, moreover, Contemplation and Enthusiasm. Now, some poets would have difficulty in finding work for these ladies to do: our western author gives them employment enough—namely, songs to make and sing, romances to frame and work, to do both in marble and oil colours. If, however, they did their minstrelsy as deftly as the poet has represented them, they were spirits worthy of all praise:—

In all her dwelling, tales of wild romance,  
Of terror, love, and mystery dark or gay,  
Were scattered thick to catch the wandering glance,  
And stop the dreamer on his unknown way;  
There too was every sweet and lofty lay;  
The sacred, classic, and romantic, sung  
As that Enchantress moved in night or play;  
And there was many a harp but newly strung.  
Yet with its fearless notes the whole wide valley rung.

There from all lands, and ages of her fame,  
Were marble forms, arrayed in order due,  
In groups and single, all of proudest name;  
In them the high, the fair, and tender grew  
To life intense in love's impassioned view,  
And from each air and feature, bend and swell,  
Each shapely neck, and lip, and forehead, threw  
O'er each enamoured sense so deep a spell,  
The thoughts but with the past or bright ideal dwell.

The walls around told all the pencil's power;  
There proud creations of each mighty hand  
Shone with their hues and lines as in the hour,  
When the last touch was given at the command  
Of the same genius that at first had planned,  
Exulting in its great and glowing thought:  
Bright scenes of peace and war, of sea and land,  
Of love and glory, to new life were wrought,  
From history, from fable, and from nature brought.

With these were others all divine, drawn all  
From ground where oft, with signs and accents  
dread,

The lonely prophet doomed to sudden fall  
Proud kings and cities, and with gentle tread,  
Bore life's quick triumph to the humble dead,  
And where strong angels flew to blast or save,  
Where martyr'd hosts of old, and youthful bled,  
And where their mighty Lord o'er land and wave  
Spread life and peace till death, then spread them  
through the grave.

These verses are elegant and harmonious, and are not without graphic truth and vigour; no one, indeed, can read the poem without finding many such passages, and feeling sensible that the author is a scholar and a man of fine taste, as well as a poet worthy of being known in our isle.

*Excursions in India; including a Walk over the Himalaya Mountains, to the Sources of the Jumna and the Ganges.* By Capt. Thomas Skinner, of the 31st Regiment. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Colburn & Bentley.

It is easier to open these volumes at a clever passage than at a dull one; the author writes with fluency and spirit; he is a scholar without oppressing us with his learning, and a soldier without any professional pedantry. Most of the scenes which he describes are new; the incidents which he encounters on his way are curious or amusing; the people with whom he converses are tribes entirely out of the line of our acquaintance; their manners, their customs, their ceremonies, and their dresses, are all strange or interesting; and if we add to all this, a taste for the picturesque and tiger-hunting, we have made no defective summary of the good qualities of our literary soldier. There is, however, no perfection, we fear, in human nature: our Captain has his faults; he is generally too much in an ecstasy with everything; he writes with less simplicity than we could wish—his style is too ornate and aspiring. We shall now look upon his books as a bird looks from the air upon the earth, and our visit shall only be to the pleasant places. There are few Englishmen, we fear, who will be prepared to sympathize with the sorrows of the people of Bogwongola:—

"In the early part of our voyage, one afternoon, a little before dark, while we were standing in a group by the banks of the river, a large deputation from the boatmen, with downcast eyes and cringing figures, their hands joined in a supplicating position before them, drew towards us, as if some most important representation were to be made: the great body of the dandies, their constituents, followed at an humble distance. An old man opened the case, and complained, in bitter terms, how every day their meals were destined to pollution! 'Whenever we sit down to eat our dinners,' he continued, 'the "gorelogue" (the white men) walk carelessly by; not only cast their shadows over them, but absolutely touch them with their feet! We are defiled!' he exclaimed; 'Ghureeb pur war! the poor man's provider: we are your slaves, your children; you are our fathers and our mothers!' This oration was taken up by all the men around him; and the great body, which had now drawn closer to us, listened with interest to the conversation. No one, I hope, would be inclined to ridicule prejudices, sincerely adopted, however absurd; but it was difficult to refrain from a smile at the fear of starvation they so eloquently described, from our own accidental contact with the rim of a cooking pot. They were soon relieved from their apprehensions, by an assurance that the men should be cautioned not to approach within a defiling distance of their food. I do not think the men very clearly understood the objection to their baneful touch. 'For sure!' I heard some say, 'I would not eat his nasty mess, if he would pay me for it!' And when one of the boatmen broke the dish which a soldier had touched, and threw its contents, his only food, into the river, they were indeed struck with wonder. 'Do they put tricks upon us, with monsters and with men of Ind?' seemed a riddle, that all were anxious to have solved."

The fertility and riches of the East, are the theme of all historians; the climate too comes in for its share: nevertheless, there are drawbacks:—

"In the beginning of April we began to feel the hot winds. As we were completely novices

in the East, we had not prepared against them. It is impossible to conceive any visitation so severe; they generally begin about ten o'clock in the day, and blow sometimes so violently, that we are not able to advance, while moored perhaps to a low bank of white sand. The heat is so excessive, that it is misery to move, yet the budgerows rock so violently as to prevent the possibility of being still a moment. Clouds of sand drift about and enter our rooms at all quarters. The miserable natives sit without, quite overcome, to be powdered by them as they fly. All has so withering an aspect—the earth so dry, the trees so blasted, and the people, like faquirs whitened for penance, seem to have no life in them; all natural moisture locked up, they appear as if suddenly turned into stone, like the inhabitants of the enchanted town on the coast of India, in the Thousand and One Tales. It sets the teeth on edge to look at them."

To ride through the streets of English cities, is one thing; to ride through those of Delhi, is another:—

"Riding through the town requires much management, and some skill. It is necessary to shout, push, and kick the whole way to warn the multitude to get out of the road. Occasionally you have to squeeze past a string of loaded camels, or start away from a train of elephants; and if your horse be frightened at these last animals, which is frequently the case, it needs some ingenuity to avoid being plunged into the cauldrons which simmer, on each side of the way, in front of the cooks' shops. The fear is mutual very often; and the elephants, in attempting to escape from the approach of a horseman, may well be supposed to throw the whole street into a fine confusion. In one of my strolls through the city on horseback, I was nearly swept away by a species of simoom, caused by the progress, through the dusty town, of some important personage travelling in state.

"When overtaken by such a storm, it is a long time before you can recover either your sight or position. The idle cause of all this tumult was reposing quietly in a shining, yellow palanquin, tricked out with gilt moulding in every possible direction. He was preceded by a large retinue of strange-looking beings, mounted on horses and dromedaries, and dressed in the most fantastic style. The animals were covered with scarlet housings, bound by gold lace, their bridles studded with shells; round their necks were collars of gold or silver, with little drops hanging to them, that kept time most admirably with their jogging measure. The camels were likewise adorned with bells."

India has its equestrian dandies as well as Britain:—

"When a youth of family is fully equipped and mounted for the course, he shows most plainly, by his air and manner, that he is, in his own opinion, all in all; the fashion of his turban, and the curl of his moustache, are evidently the result of great pains. The horse is covered with costly trappings; and what little of his natural coat can be seen, is as sleek as possible. His tail is long and sweeping, and his mane plaited with the neatest art, having points of silver to each length, to keep it in its place. He is taught to caper, to turn, and to plunge; and is constantly exercised in these accomplishments, particularly when in a crowd; for the great ambition seems to be, as with beaux of less showy exterior, to attract attention, and create a sensation; and, as the scattered foot-passengers are seen flying in all directions before him, he is certain to attain his object."

There are evening parties, we see, given in all quarters of the world:—

"Cards of invitation were issued by the Nu-

waub to all the servants of the government in the neighbourhood of his palace, of which the following, to myself, may serve as a specimen:

"Most benevolent Sir; the delight of your friends; health to you!

"The anxious wish I feel to see you surpasses all expressions in writing. The desire of my heart is, that you will come into the fort on the evening of Friday next, in the month of Sufur Moosufur, and partake of an entertainment and supper it is my intention to give. Make me happy!

"May your hopes always be gratified!"

"This invitation was written upon beautifully glazed paper sprinkled with golden stars, and well perfumed with attar of roses. It does not often fall to my lot to be invited in such flowery terms, and I place great store by the royal mandate. I went up in the morning by the river, and passing the city, visited the preparations for the ceremony—a peep behind the curtain which, in matters of oriental finery, had better be avoided. By night, and at a distance, as everything is constructed for effect, such scenes have a most imposing appearance, and the person who can look at them without thinking of fairies and genii must be wofully matter-of-fact indeed. I fancied I was enjoying some festival in the best days of Bagdad or Damascus. The pipes, the carpets, the ottomans, the dancing girls, all combined to favour the belief."

Our London thieves, dextrous as they are, might learn something of their brethren of Hindostan: the following scene is equal to that in Don Quixote, where Sancho's ass is stolen while he is sitting on its back:—

"I have heard so many instances of the skill of these worthies, that I should never feel astonished at any feats they might perform. A traveller accustomed to be robbed in Europe would scarcely think it possible that a sheet should be stolen from under him without his discovering it; but nothing is more simple to a Hindoo thief;—perfectly naked, he glides, like a serpent, into the room, and sits on the floor, at the foot of the bed, watching his opportunity: when he thinks the sleeper fast as possible, he gives the sheet a gentle pull, and crouches under the bed. If disturbed from his nap, seeing nothing, the man yawns, stretches, turns round, and sleeps again. This is natural, and on this the thief reckons. By repeating the same operation two or three times, the utmost that will be necessary, he gains the sheet, and makes off."

We shall reserve a few of the other pictures in these volumes, for our columns next week: in the meantime, we recommend Capt. Skinner's Excursions to all who are desirous of a more intimate acquaintance with the splendid scenes and singular hordes of India.

*Scottish Proverbs.* Collected and Arranged by Andrew Henderson, with an Introductory Essay by W. Motherwell. Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd.

This little compact volume of Scottish Proverbs and Sayings is, to us, very welcome, and we have no doubt it will be equally or more so to others, though it is not exactly such a work as the subject merits. The labours of the two editors are distinctly set forth in the title: it has been the business of Andrew Henderson to correct, collate, and arrange the Proverbs of the north; and we cannot but say, that he has been industrious, and, in some instances, lucky: but it has been his pleasure to arrange them according to the subject-matter instead of by the letter of the alphabet with which they commence—for instance,

He's auld and cauld, and ill to lie aside,  
is not inserted under the letter *a*, but under

the word "AGE": yet, under that title, where is the proverb

He'll be rotten ere I be ripe!

Again, under the heading "BAIRNS," we have sought in vain for

Bairns and birds wad ay be pickling:

nor indeed can we find it anywhere: yet it may be in the volume. We miss others too of our old, pithy, sarcastic favourites; nor do we think it any amends that we have some with which we had no previous acquaintance—new coined ones, in short, we suspect—bearing but a very faint resemblance to the genuine old pithy proverb. Hundreds of proverbs might be added to this collection, and it would be well too to restore in their rustic meaning many which are erroneously given. We cannot, however, say

Many a one spits in his loof and does little,  
for Mr. Henderson has done much, and we thank him for what he has done.

Of Mr. Motherwell's portion of the work we must now speak: he is well and favourably known both as poet and antiquarian, and though the skill of the latter was chiefly required in this introduction, he has occasionally shown that he has a feeling of a deeper sort than what grubbing among the rotten bones of old matters requires. His part of the work is full of agreeable knowledge, told agreeably; and we are the more pleased with this, because, in his former work, 'Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern,' he wrote in a style which set our hair on end, and in a spirit which astonished us: those who admire the "Ercles vein," will find the following specimen pure and matchless—he is accusing a brother editor of old songs with not observing the ceremonious accuracy of Ritson;—

"It is an unholy and abhorrent lust which thus ransacks the tomb and rifles the calm beauty of the mute and unresisting dead: and it is a most irreverent jest to tear away the ancient cerements in which they were swathed, for the purpose of tricking them forth in the garish holiday garments of the living and the walking flesh: and yet this monstrous passion hath filled the soul of the editor of the 'Songs of Scotland,' and this heartless, tasteless, and impious jest glares frightfully in many a corner of his four volumes. While thus violating ancient song, he seems to have been well aware of the heinousness of his offending. He might shudder and sicken at the revolting task indeed. To soothe his own alarmed conscience—"

But we cannot go on—in short, we must leave Mr. Motherwell's labours, both new and old; and we do so, not a little glad at heart that he can now think like a poet, and write prose in a style of sobriety and sense.

*Dramatic Stories.* By T. Arnold, Esq. 3 vols. London: Colburn & Bentley.

We some time ago censured Horace Smith for laying the scenes of one or two of his stories in periods too remote for modern sympathy; we may say the same of some of the tales by Mr. T. Arnold: he spreads wide the net of his talents, and at one sweep takes in European history from the days of Canute the Dane, down to the conscriptions of Bonaparte. Why these stories are called dramatic, it is impossible to conceive; they have no better claim to the title, than any other series of tales; his characters speak when spoken to, and enter into discussions as the occasion demands: when wearied with talk-

ing, they hold their tongues, and the narrative proceeds till the persons in the drama acquire fresh wind; a halt then takes place, and the dialogue recommences. This is a very convenient, and it is certainly a very common way of conducting a story. We acknowledge, however, that the tales of the author are generally well told; that the leading characters are frequently true to nature, and that they are accurately clothed in the historic costume of their times.

Mr. Arnold has skill in selecting situations, and in employing incidents; he sees all the leading points of his story, sets them fully before the reader, and leaves nothing in obscurity; he has, too, considerable command of language, and his knowledge of history and human life is respectable—nay, extensive. He has a certain knack in conversation—a skill in the bandying of words, which give life and animation to the scenes; yet we cannot conceal from ourselves, that many of these dialogues are trifling, and abound in “pibble prabble,” even unto weariness. As an instance of that flat and unprofitable way of writing, we might quote the greater part of ‘*The Wish Unwished*.’ We would, indeed, advise Mr. Arnold to beware of the besetting sin of talking; his characters have a flux of words, which nothing short of actual death or extreme violence can stop.

#### FAMILY CLASSICAL LIBRARY.—No. XXX.

*Hesiod, Bion, Moschus, Sappho, Musæus, and Lycophron.*

THE diligent study of Hesiod's Theogony is essentially necessary to all who desire to understand the popular mythology of Greece; and just as necessary is the resolution to disregard all the explanations given by his commentators. The Theogony is just as little a versification of the Pentateuch, as it is of the English history; and the laborious efforts of Bryant and Faber to discover the sacred narratives disguised under heathen fables, are not one whit more wise, than the attempt of the French infidel to prove the gospel a treatise on astronomy, and the twelve Apostles the signs of the zodiac. Learned men during the last century wasted time and toil in such precious foolery; but it is a poor compliment to the present generation to republish their absurdities: we cannot conjecture for what reason the editor of this volume has chosen to give as notes some of Bryant's wildest theories, and to preserve a preliminary dissertation on Hesiod's mythology, chiefly remarkable for being splendidly erroneous from beginning to end. Every mythology in the world is but a collection of popular traditions; and the similarity found between the legends of different countries, proves nothing more than the sameness of human nature. The true description of the Theogony is, that it is a collection of ancient Greek traditions, formed into a system not particularly remarkable for consistency. We doubt of the ‘*Works and Days*’ being written by the author of the Theogony, and are disposed to believe that all the poems of a certain school were ascribed to Hesiod, just as all the compositions of the Rhapsodists were attributed to Homer.

The translations in this volume are all excellent, and that of Lycophron in particular merits the highest praise, for it is a perfect facsimile of the original in everything but its obscurity. We hope that Mr. Valpy will include the Cyclic poets in his collection, and the pragmatized narratives of the Trojan war. Such a volume, carefully executed, would be a great addition to the many services which Mr. Valpy has rendered to classical literature.

#### FAMILY CLASSICAL LIBRARY.—No. XXXI.

*Cæsar. Vol. I.*

THIS is a reprint of Clarke's valuable translation, with several important corrections and improvements.

*The Private Correspondence of a Woman of Fashion.*  
2 vols.

*Fortune Hunting. By the Author of ‘First Love.’*  
3 vols. London: Colburn & Bentley.

THE publishers of works like these, act wisely in having them well reviewed, ere they permit them to go before the public. The *Private Correspondence* is just such superfine gossip as we presume would pass between two superfine ladies' maids. The *Fortune Hunter* is perhaps a shade better, inasmuch as there is an attempt to develop character—but both were beyond the endurance of even our well-tried patience.

*Advice to a Young Man upon first going to Oxford.*  
By the Rev. Edward Berens, M.A. London: Rivingtons.

A little volume containing so much good sense and good feeling, that we see no reason why the advice should be whispered exclusively into the ear of an Oxford student. We assure Mr. Berens, it would be equally serviceable to a Cambridge freshman; and should the work be found out of the universities, none will be the worse for it, who may chance to cut the leaves and dip into its pages.

*Observations on the Law, and Constitution, and present Government of India, &c.* By Lieut.-Col. Galloway. 2nd. edit. with additions.  
8vo. London: Parbury & Co.

THE first edition of this useful work met with due attention from the public some years ago, and we should not have done more at present than merely announce the appearance of the second, were it not for an additional chapter, which it contains on the Government of India.

The general reader has heard so much about the “India Question,” that it is, by this time, necessary to tell him what the question is. It is simply, whether the vast countries conquered, bought, and stolen by England in the East, shall be governed, like other territorial acquisitions, by the crown, or by a company of individuals.

What is our author's argument in favour of the patronage remaining in the hands of the Company? We cannot tell. He admits that the dominions in question have not “proved to us that fountain of wealth which had been vainly imagined,”—that “the value of India to England cannot be made up of pounds, shillings, and pence;”—in short, that the question is not one of mercantile gain, but of national power and extended dominion. The inference seems to us very easy. We shall, however, copy the result of the Colonel's researches, premising that we do not understand above one-third of the substance.

“I apprehend, therefore, that the true system for the practical government of India will be found in this, that whilst the right of control shall remain in his Majesty's Ministers, India shall nevertheless be virtually and really governed by the Body of Directors; the Board of Control being modified so as to become a chain of connexion between the controlling and the executive power, keeping up an active communication of the proceedings of the Court: the duty which the institution of the superior board was probably designed chiefly to perform.”

*The New Testament, with a Commentary: Part I. containing St. Matthew and St. Mark.* By the Rev. Charles Girdlestone, M.A. Oxford: S. Collingwood.

As far as we have examined this volume of Scriptural expositions, it strikes us that Mr. Girdlestone has effected his intentions with considerable success. The work is arranged in short separate lectures, to which are prefixed the words of Scripture, divided into paragraphs, text and commentary occupying together about two octavo pages. The arrangement is especially adapted for the reading of the Bible in families; and is, therefore, practically, rather than critically, explanatory. One hint we must offer Mr. Girdlestone; we do not think the style of expression is always simple enough for servants and children. The common theological fault of long sentences is avoided; and the error of a somewhat too elaborate phraseology may also be avoided in the portions of the Commentary yet to be published. “No man,” said the late Robert Hall, “would think of using a word of three syllables, when a word of one can be found to express his meaning as well.” Notwithstanding these exceptions, we warmly recommend the volume to families.

*A Key to both Houses of Parliament, consisting of Alphabetical Notices of the Lords and Commons of Great Britain and Ireland; the Regulations and Standing Orders of both Houses, respecting Privileges, Private Bills, Fees, Fines, and Committees; Lists of the Lords of His Majesty's Privy Council, and of the Scottish and Irish Nobility who do not sit in the House of Peers; with every other Species of Information respecting the Constitution, History, and Usages of Parliament.* London: Longman & Co.

WE give the whole of this title-page, for, in truth, it explains the nature of the work better than we could do. Our contemporaries have, without exception, so far as we know, spoken well of the work; and it certainly contains much valuable information, although that information is generally gleaned from very obvious sources.

#### MEDICAL WORKS.

*Counteraction viewed as a means of Cure.* By John Epps, M.D. London: Renshaw.

THIS is a valuable essay on a subject of which we know little. Counteraction is a powerful agent in medicine, yet our knowledge of its operation and effects are scanty and imperfect. Dr. Epps has condensed a great deal of useful information into a very small space, and his little work may be considered as an excellent appendix to the more scientific one of Dr. Sabatier d'Orleans, on the same subject.

*Observations on the Healthy and Diseased Properties of the Blood.* By William Stevens, M.D. London: Murray.

THIS is a most important work, and especially so at the present moment. It cannot fail to do some good, if only by directing the attention of medical men to the influence of the state of the blood in the production of disease, and particularly the cholera. It should be read by all.

*Lithotritty and Lithotomy compared.* By Thomas King, M.D. London: Longman & Co.

A very valuable work, not only for the anatomical information which it contains, but for the comparative estimate of the two methods. We cannot doubt, that this work will induce our surgeons generally to adopt lithotritty, which has been with great justice called one of the greatest discoveries of the age.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS

## SONG.—PAT TO JOHN.

THEY tell us, John, that you and I,  
In all we ever say or sing,  
Are so unlike, 'tis vain to try  
Agreeing, John, in any thing—  
But well we know, they tell us so  
To keep us jarring if they can,  
For none agree, where'er we go,  
Like Englishman and Irishman.

At first, indeed, their working tools,  
While jealous of each other, John,  
In idle strife the knaves make fools  
Of brother, and of brother, John;  
But, once when face to face we're set,  
No neighbours, since the world began,  
In manliness have nearer met,  
Than Englishman and Irishman.

Monsieur bows low, and lays his hand  
Just where his heart, John, ought to be,  
But soon he lets us understand,  
There's more of *that* 'tween you and me;  
Aye, different our lot has been,  
Our worldly ways, and social plan,  
But still there's *heart galore* between  
The Englishman and Irishman.

Since Yankee did your friendship spurn,  
I guess you've found him rather gruff—  
We've driven bargains, in our turn,  
With Andrew, John—and that's enough;  
But we can love just when we will,  
And strike accounts, if any can,  
And think each other honest still,—  
The Englishman and Irishman.

The truth to tell, you scarce are gay,  
Yet, German phlegm, and German rant,  
Their smoke and flash, ten times a day,  
Seem not exactly what you want—  
Nor poor proud Don can please like me—  
Nor cross-abjuring Mynheer Jan—  
Nor either with ourselves agree,  
Like Englishman with Irishman.

Of Russian serf I will not speak,  
In any song that speaks of you—  
Of poor Italian, worn and weak,  
Of rugged Dane, or clever Jew;—  
Nor me with them will you compare—  
And as, my friend, turn where you can,  
No two are matched, you must declare,  
Like Englishman and Irishman.

Straightforward, each in his own way,  
We do not meet, the world around,  
In human breasts the mainspring play,  
Out of our own, John, half so sound;  
We differ, John, just as we should,  
And so we must, try all we can—  
Yet differing, promote the good  
Of Englishman and Irishman.

You teach me skill, when merely brave—  
I stir your spirit, now and then—  
I make you gay, you make me grave—  
We laugh—but you advise the *when*;—  
My mind is ardent, yours more fixed—  
Mine has more project, yours more plan—  
But who, our minds together mixed,  
Like Englishman and Irishman?

o shake hands, neighbour, after all;  
And while they prate, let us agree  
To find our differences small,  
And our resemblance, brotherly;  
Aye! do but this, and in the day  
Of danger put me in the van,  
And a fido for the world's array,  
'Gainst Englishman and Irishman!

## MEMOIR OF SHELLEY.

LORD BYRON is said to have prevented the school-room at Harrow from being burnt in a rebellion, by showing the boys the names of their ancestors on the wall†; SHELLEY, to have entered into a conspiracy at Eton against the odious custom of fagging. I believe that neither of these anecdotes rests on any good authority. Shelley was in love with no Mary Duff‡; at eight years old, nor wrote epigrams on lame ducks, like Dr. Johnson, at four. I knew him from a child, our mothers being near relatives, but remember no precocity of genius which he displayed. His parents were not remarkable for any particular talent. It is true that his grandfather possessed what is thought most worth acquiring, the science of getting money, for, commencing the world with no fortune, he contrived to marry two of the richest heiresses in England, and to leave 20,000*l.* a year, and 300,000*l.* in the funds. A Greek poet says, that those who amass inordinate wealth "produce a stock that differs from the tree." Thus Shelley, even from a boy, had a sovereign contempt for the universal idol.—But I am not "beginning with the beginning." He was born in August 1792, and brought up till seven or eight years of age in the retirement of Field Place, Sussex, with his sisters, receiving the same education as they—hence, he never showed the least taste for the sports or amusements of boys, and, on account of his girlishness, was, on going to school, subject to many persecutions which, in his introductory stanzas to 'The Revolt of Islam,' he depicts—

Until there rose  
From the near school-room, voices that, alas!  
Were but an echo from a world of woes,  
The harsh and grating strife of tyrants and of foes.

That school-room was not of Eton, but of Sion House, Brentford, where he passed several years preparatory to being sent to Eton. This place was a perfect hell to Shelley; his pure and virgin mind was shocked by the language and manners of his new companions; but, though forced to be *with* them, he was not *of* them. Methinks I see him now, pacing, with rapid strides, a favourite and remote spot of the playground—generally alone—and where, he says, I formed these resolutions:—

To be wise,  
And just, and free, and mild, if in me lies  
Such power, for I grow weary to behold  
The selfish and the strong still tyrannize  
Without reproach or check.

Tyranny generally produces tyranny in common minds—not so in Shelley. Doubtless, much of his hatred of oppression may be attributed to what he saw and suffered at

† Byron's own name would now act as a spell against any similar attempt. I saw his name carved at Harrow, in three places, in very large characters—a presentiment of his future fame, or a pledge of his ambition to acquire it.

‡ This love affair of Byron's seems rather to border on the ridiculous. That he showed a remarkable precocity of talent is certain. A schoolfellow of his at Aberdeen, and who used to visit his mother when lodging at Leslie's the apothecary's in Broad Street, told me that Byron and himself were caught in a thunder storm, and obliged to take refuge in a cellar, where, to wile away the time, Byron, with much emphasis and action, recited a tale from the 'Arabian Nights.' He might then be five years old. He was exceedingly pugnacious at this school, a character he maintained at Harrow, and notwithstanding the deformity in *both* his feet, he was very active. He used to blame his mother's mock delicacy for this defect. In common with many Scotch ladies of that time, it seems she had a prejudice against accoucheurs.

this school; and so odious was the recollection of the place to both of us, that we never made it the subject of conversation in after-life. He was, as a schoolboy, exceedingly shy, bashful, and reserved—indeed, though peculiarly gentle, and elegant and refined in his manners, he never entirely got rid of his diffidence—and who would have wished he should? With the characteristic of true genius, he was ever modest, humble, and prepared to acknowledge merit, wherever he found it, without any desire to shine himself, by making a foil of others.

He went to Eton at thirteen. It was a new and better world: but Shelley's was a spirit that ill brooked restraint, or, in his own words, he cared to "learn little that his tyrants knew or taught;" nor did he distinguish himself much at Eton, where, as at other public schools, superior merit is only assigned to those who have the knack of making Latin verses—a task he abhorred. Perhaps his depreciation of the Latin poets (though common to all great Greek scholars) might be partly owing to his disgust at the recollection of being forced to swallow this, to him, bitter drug. I was surprised to find at every vacation the rapid development of mind which each succeeding half-year produced in Shelley; he proved himself also no bad scholar, before leaving Eton, by having translated several books of Pliny's *Natural History*: he told me he had stopped short at the Chapters on Astronomy, which his tutor, on being consulted, owned his inability to explain.‡ Much of the last year, before he went to the University, was devoted to German, which he studied with his usual ardour of pursuit: and to his particular course of reading in this language I attribute much of his love of the romantic and the mystic and the marvellous.

He had become a believer in the ghost stories and enchantments of the Black Forest, and was giving birth to no poetical fiction when he confessed—

While yet a boy I sought for ghosts, and sped  
Thro' many a lonely chamber, cave, and ruin,  
And starlight wood, with fearful steps pursuing  
Hopes of high talk with the departed dead.

Bürger's tale of 'Leonora' was an especial favourite with him: he had also procured the splendid edition illustrated by Lady Diana Beauclerk; and this wild ballad it was which inspired him to write verses. I remember well the first of his effusions, a very German-like fragment, beginning with—

Hark! the owl flaps his wings  
In the pathless dell beneath,  
Hark! 'tis the night-raven sings  
Tidings of approaching death.

I think he was then about fifteen. Shortly afterwards we wrote, in conjunction, six or seven cantos on the story of the Wandering Jew, of which the first four, with the exception of a very few lines, were exclusively mine. It was a thing, such as boys usually write, a cento from different favourite authors; the crucifixion scene altogether a plagiarism from a volume of Cambridge prize poems. The part which I contributed I have still, and was surprised to find *totidem verbis* in Fraser's

‡ I remember his pointing out to me a passage that particularly struck him, and with which Calderon puzzles Cyprian, in the 'Mágico Prodigio'—"God must be all sense, all sight, all hearing, all life, all mind, self-existent," &c. Thence arose the first germ of Shelley's scepticism.



*Magazine.* The Wandering Jew continued to be a favourite subject of Shelley's. In the notes of Queen Mab † he gives the Legend, probably a translation from the German, from which Byron took that splendid idea in Manfred—

Back, ‡

Back by a single hair, I could not die.

Shelley also introduces Ahasuerus in his 'Hellas.' Voltaire did the same in the 'Henriade.'

As might be shown by the last cantos of that poem, which *Fraser* did not think worth publishing, his ideas were, at that time, strange and incomprehensible, mere elements of thought—images wild, vast, and Titanic.

Shelley, like Byron, knew early what it was to love: almost all the great poets have. After twenty-five years, I still remember Harriet G., and when I call to mind all the women I have ever seen and admired, I know of none that surpassed, few that could compare with her in beauty. I think of her as of some picture of Raphael's, or as one of Shakspeare's women. Shelley and Miss G. were born in the same year. There was a resemblance, as is often the case in cousins, between them, such as Byron describes as existing between Manfred and Astarte, or, as Shelley himself, in a fragment, says,

They were two cousins almost like to twins,

And so they grew together like two flowers  
Upon one stem, which the same beams and showers  
Lull or awaken in their purple prime.

If two persons were ever designed for each other, these seemed to be so. His novel of 'Zastrozzi,' a very wonderful work for a boy of sixteen, embodies much of the intensity of this passion that devoured him; and some of the chapters were, he told me, written by the lady herself. Shelley's mishap at Oxford was a blight to all his hopes, the rock on which all his happiness split; he had the heart-rending misery of seeing her he adored wedded to another. Save for that expulsion (which I had almost called an unfortunate one, but that, as far as the world is concerned, the epithet would have been misapplied), Shelley would probably have become a member for some close borough, a good acting magistrate, and an excellent country squire. It is my firm belief, that he never wholly shook off this early attachment, that it was long the canker of his life, even if he ever really loved a second time.

I remember, as if it occurred yesterday, his knocking at my door in the Temple at four o'clock in the morning after his expulsion. I think I hear his cracked voice, with its well-known pipe, "Medwin, let me in; I am expelled, (here followed a loud half-hysterical laugh)—I am expelled for Atheism." Though somewhat shocked, I was not much surprised at the news, having been led, from the tenour of his letters, to anticipate some such end to his collegiate career. In my memoir on Shelley, in the 'Conversations of

† Queen Mab was commenced when Shelley was seventeen, as is proved by its being dedicated to his first love, of whom he says—

Thou wast my purer mind—  
Thou wast the inspiration of my song—  
Thine are these early wilding flowers,  
Though garlanded by me.

This poem underwent, however, considerable correction; and the notes were written after an interval of some years.

‡ The pitiless curse held me by the hair, and I could not die.—Notes of Queen Mab.

Lord Byron, I have already spoken of the marvellous treatise and conduct which led to this catastrophe. During the last term he had published also a strange half-mad volume of poems, entitled the 'Posthumous Works of my Aunt Margaret Nicholson,' in which were some panegyrical stanzas to the memory of Charlotte Corday; the poetry was well *worthy* of the subject—probably the copy I have is the only one existing.

Shelley, whilst at University College, formed but one friendship, † and even that one was the effect of accident. Nor did this arise from any unsocial feeling, but from an unwillingness and dislike to form acquaintance with strangers, which characterized him all his life. That stiffness and formality, and unapproachableness, which are so justly ridiculed by foreigners in Englishmen, are not confined to the great world, but begin at the University—perhaps there were no Etonians whom Shelley knew in the College—perhaps he shrunk from the idea of asking for introductions, and, entirely occupied in his pursuits and lucubrations, and always communing with himself, he knew not what solitude meant.

As to chemistry, he was very superficial in that science. Its phenomena alone excited his interest. I believe he imbibed his taste for it from a private exhibition of Walker's Lectures, with which he was much struck: but all he knew consisted in setting fire to trees—burning holes in carpets, and flying kites to attract lightning—an idea borrowed from Franklin. He was not very profound either in his metaphysics at this time: Hume's Essays (of which he gave me a copy I have still) were his gospel. He was very serious at my ridiculing the chapter entitled 'A Sceptical Solution of Sceptical Doubts,' and asking him what he could make of a doubtful solution of doubtful doubts.

It was with some reluctance that the head of his college urged against him the fiat of banishment—not only on account of his extreme youth (he was only seventeen) but that his ancestors had been benefactors to the College, and founders of one exhibition, if not more. ‡ Is it not to be regretted that his tutor or some of the authorities of the University, did not attempt to convince him of the fallacy of his deductions, instead of resorting at once to expulsion, a poor test of truth? The Germans act differently with their sceptical under-graduates, and if argument fails, leave the correction of their errors to time and good sense. Shelley looked upon the refusal of the examining masters to accept his challenge in the schools, as a proof that his logic was incontrovertible, and gloried in what he considered a persecution. But if Shelley thought thus, it was different with his father, who, proud of his son's

+ I can perceive no resemblance to Shelley in the misanthrope Mandeville, though it is generally understood that Godwin intended that character as an idealism of Shelley, not of Shelley in the darker traits which led to crime, but to show how the most brilliant talents warped into a wrong direction, counteract all the external advantages of life, and conduce to their possessor's misery.

‡ His grandfather married a descendant of Sir Philip Sydney. If Shelley had any aristocratic feelings, he was proud of this connexion. He told me that his uncle, the possessor of Penshurst, when he re-settled his estates, offered him some thousand pounds to make over his contingency (for he was in the entail); but, that although he was in great want of money at the time, he declined the proposal.

talents, had looked forward to a brilliant career for his heir. Shelley, till his father's fury had in some degree evaporated, remained in town, and we lived much together. His mind was at that time wholly devoted to metaphysics, and he lived in a world of shadows, that fitted him well for the Clouds of Aristophanes. To instance this. Being in Leicester Square one morning at five o'clock (I hardly know what I was doing there myself at that early hour), I was attracted by a group of boys standing round a well-dressed person lying near the rails. On coming up to them I discovered Shelley, who had unconsciously spent a part of the night *sub dio*.

I am not sure whether it was at this period that he was in the habit of noting down his dreams. The first day, he said, they made a page, the next two, the third several, till at last they constituted far the greater part of his existence, realizing what Calderon says, in his comedy of *Vida Sueno*—

"Sueno é Sueno."

Dreams are but the dreams of other dreams.

His correspondents had now become very numerous, for he was in the habit of writing to all those whose works pleased or interested him. Among the rest he addressed some letters to a beautiful girl, who had just published a volume, in which he discovered the germs of that talent which marks her as the first poetess of the day. Why should I not name Mrs. Hemans?

On his return to

His cold fire-side and alienated home,

we kept up an almost daily correspondence. Much of the subject-matter of it was controversial, and, as is common with disputants, literary as well as others, his reasonings made no impression on me—mine had no power to convert him. Yet, sceptic as he was, he became such from no selfish feelings. On the contrary, attributing the vices and miseries of society to the existing system of things, the "anarch custom," he determined to employ all his thoughts, talents, and energies, to combat it, with a view of ameliorating the condition of man. I shall speak of his doctrines at some length hereafter. He had, very early, this ambition of becoming a reformer, and wrote to Rowland Hill under a feigned name, proposing to preach to his congregation—of course he received no answer.

Of the marriage into which he was inveigled at eighteen, I shall say little. What could be expected from an union where there was no concord, no sympathy of taste or pursuits, and when every coming day must have revived in dismal contrast the being his soul idolized?

I shall not follow him during his visit to Mr. Southey † at the Lakes, his residence in Sackville Street, Dublin, or in North Wales. From Ireland he sent me a political pamphlet. It was very long, closely printed, very ill digested, but abounding in splendid passages. I am only aware of his having written one other pamphlet, under the name of 'The Hermit of Marlow.' This was on the occasion of the

+ He was once a great admirer of Southey's poems, particularly 'Thalaba,' and 'The Curse of Kehama.' He told me in Italy he looked upon him as a great improvisatore, and that it was sufficient to have read his poems once. The fact was, that Shelley always coupled the man with his works, and it must be remembered that Southey once addressed sonnets to the authors of the Rights of Women, and eulogized Charlotte Corday and Wat Tyler.

Princess Charlotte's death. The title was only a masque for politics. Under the lament of the Princess he typified liberty, and rung her knell. In Ireland he, however, made himself obnoxious to the government, and in consequence left the country. Shelley was of opinion, that for many years a price was set upon his head, and that several attempts were made to cut him off. I had a long conversation with Mr. Maddocks, whose tenant he was, in Carnarvonshire, as to what occurred, or Shelley supposed to occur, there. The scene at the inn in 'Count Fathom,' was hardly surpassed in horror by the recital Shelley used to make of the circumstance. The story was this: At midnight, sitting in his study, he heard a noise at the window, saw one of the shutters gradually unclosed, and a hand advanced into the room, armed with a pistol. The muzzle was directed towards him, the aim taken, and the trigger drawn. The weapon flashed in the pan. Shelley, with that personal courage which particularly distinguished him, rushed out to discover and endeavour to seize the assassin. In his way towards the outer door, at the end of a long passage leading to the garden, he meets the ruffian, whose pistol misses fire a second time. A struggle now ensues.—This opponent he described as a short powerful man. Shelley, though slightly built, was tall, and at that time strong and muscular. They were no unequal match. It was a contest between mind and matter.—After long and painful exertion the victory was fast declaring itself for Shelley, which his antagonist finding, extricated himself from his grasp, rushed into the grounds, and disappeared among the shrubbery. Shelley made a deposition before Maddocks the next day to these facts. An attempt at murder caused a great sensation in the principality, where not even a robbery had taken place for twenty years. No clue could be found to unravel the mystery; and the opinion generally was, that the whole scene was the effect of imagination. Mr. Maddocks, like all who ever knew Shelley, perfectly idolized him—nor without reason. During Maddocks's absence in London, an extraordinary tide menaced that truly Roman undertaking, his embankment against the sea. Shelley, always ready to be of service to his friends, heading a paper with a subscription of 500*l.*, took it himself to all the neighbourhood, and raised, for the use of Mr. Maddocks, a considerable sum, which prevented this colossal work from being demolished. I cite this, as I might do many other instances of his active benevolence. This extreme generosity often led him into great pecuniary embarrassments; and some years afterwards he suffered, in all its horrors, the evils of distress. He at length succeeded in borrowing some money from the Jews. In the early part of his life no man was so improvident as Shelley—his heart and purse were alike open to all. He knew I was much attached to a young person whom prudential motives prevented my marrying. To do away with this obstacle, he earnestly proposed (which of course I declined) to raise a sum of money on a post obit, and settle it on the lady. Some one has said, that he would have divided his last sixpence with a friend: I say, that he would have given it to a stranger in distress.

[To be continued next week.]

#### WRITTEN IN THE FIRST LEAF OF BARRY CORNWALL'S ENGLISH SONGS.

A branch that bears a hundred flowers, and falls  
Bowed by its sweet profusion, on the grass;  
A lyre, whereon doth skilful lutist pass  
From hope to anguish—from love's madrigals  
To bold and stirring joys—whose tone recalls  
The brave old times of England's poet-pride,  
When Shakspeare was, and Sydney—and the  
tide  
Of Spenser's song swept through Eliza's halls:—  
Thou art like these, dear book!—but no  
farewell  
From him who wove thy witcheries;—can the  
tongue  
When once unloosed, thenceforth forbear to  
tell  
The Bard's aye-changing dreams?—O, from  
such wrong  
Guard us, sweet spirits who do minstrels move,  
And wake his harp again to passion and to  
love.

H. F. C.

#### CAPTAIN ROSS'S EXPEDITION.

THERE are, we should suppose, very few of our countrymen who have not asked themselves frequently, "Is there any chance of poor Ross ever coming back?" To many who, like ourselves, have had some acquaintance with the painful circumstances under which that brave man went forth, the question is of deep interest; and slowly, very slowly, and reluctantly, is all hope of his safety abandoned. Perhaps a few words given to the circumstances and fate of his expedition will not be misapplied.

Few of our readers will forget the effect produced upon the public by Captain Parry's comment upon Ross's last government voyage, but only those who knew Ross can fully measure his feelings. He determined at once, that if a ship could be procured, he would go again; and he rejoiced in the chance afforded him, by a generosity which has too few parallels. The details of the fitting out of his expedition are too well known to be here repeated; and it is also well known, that he cared not to return at all if unsuccessful. He went, resolving to enjoy an unquestioned triumph, or perish in the attempt.

The application of steam to such an undertaking was itself an experiment requiring the utmost perfection and certainty in all its details. Unfortunately, his ship was fitted with boilers of a new construction, which have been since proved not to answer the high expectations then formed of them. It is doubtful whether they could generate or keep up a supply of steam to give sufficient speed even in fair weather and smooth water; and it is very much to be feared that, in rough and deep seas, where they would be most needed, the engines would fail to act. Moreover, the hull of the vessel was not of a construction to bear safely the impulse and pressure of the ice. She was, besides, too deeply laden: and, even supposing the necessary consumption by the crew would materially lighten her, still she would be what sailors call too "laboursome" for so weak a vessel.

But had his steamer been stronger, more roomy, and the machinery the most perfect and certain, Ross would have started under better prospects than any of the former expeditions. From the point of Parry's return in Regent's Inlet, no land or ice could be seen, and he probably would

have reached Cape Turnagain in a week or ten days. Had Ross found as open a sea (as, from the combined evidence of Parry and Franklin, there seems little reason to doubt), he would have done the same in three or four days. But the loss of his tender, the *John*, was an additional misfortune, which diminished his resources, already scanty when compared with the equipment of government expeditions.

The last authentic news of him was in lat. 57° N., 25th July, 1829. They had lost their foremast, but by singular good fortune had refitted in the harbour of Holsteinberg with the mast of the *Rockwood*, an abandoned whaler; from which they also took provisions and stores. They sailed, after remaining there only a few hours, with high hopes; the accounts of the ice received from the natives were excellent—all right amongst the crew—wind fair and weather favourable. Ross's last words were, "We are in a more complete state than when we left England; and if ever the north-west passage be made, it should be this year."

What destroyed these brave men, or how their ship was set fast or crushed, we shall never know, unless some remains be found by one of those changes which, from age to age, reveal the wreck of sea and land, or some one should hereafter visit the sad scene of their destruction. All chance of the return of the vessel or crew is, we fear, at an end. Yet, hunger can scarcely have been their destroyer. They were provisioned for three years, and had they passed Behring's Straits, could have got further supplies from Kamschatka.

It is hard to give up all hope. It is barely possible that he may exist amongst the Esquimaux or Indians—he may yet return. But we fear his name must be added to the list of those whom ingratitude and injustice have driven upon enterprises with feelings which threaten only one issue; and we could not longer delay the expression of our regret and sorrow: histories, like this of Ross, should be stamped deep upon the hearts and memories of his countrymen.

#### JEAN ANTOINE SAINT-MARTIN.

THE *Institut* of France has just experienced another loss in the person of M. Saint-Martin, who lately died at Paris, of cholera, in the forty-first year of his age. He was born at Paris. At a very early age, he applied himself to the study of the oriental languages, and became one of the best pupils of the learned orientalist Silvestre de Sacy. Appointed first inspector of oriental typography at the *Imprimerie Royale*, he was elected in 1820 member of the *Institut*, and of the *Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres*. His principal work is the *Mémoires Historiques et Géographiques sur l'Arménie*: Paris, 1818—19, 2 vols. 8vo. The first volume contains a description of the country, according to the Greek and Latin writers of different ages, combined with materials taken from the oriental writers; further, a variety of documents upon the antiquity of Armenia, and a complete compendium of its history, followed by ample chronological tables. The second volume contains a translation, with the text, side by side, of several Armenian writings. This work supplies the best and most authentic information concerning Armenia, a country so interesting in the history of Asia, and so little previously known. Among M. Saint-Martin's other works we may mention, as the most distinguished, his *Recherches sur l'Epoque de la Mort d'Alexandre, et sur la*

*Chronologie des Ptolémées*: Paris, 1820; and his *Histoire de Palmyre*, in which he discusses all that has been said by the ancients and by the oriental writers concerning this celebrated city of antiquity. This latter work, embellished with a map and plates, was printed at the *Imprimerie Royale*. The last of his labours was the getting up of a new edition of *L'Histoire du Bas-Empire*, by Lebeau, which he revised and corrected, and increased by a full fourth part, with materials from the oriental writers; so that, with Saint-Martin's additions, this may be considered almost a new work, and is esteemed in many points superior to that of Gibbon.

M. Saint-Martin had finished, before his death, a work on the Chronology of Ancient History, in which he discusses and solves with remarkable talent most of the difficult questions relating to ancient chronology. He had deferred the publication of this book until less troubled times than those by which France has been afflicted for some years past. He was a friend of M. Abel Rémusat, the celebrated Chinese scholar; and both, in politics, leant towards ultra and anti-liberal opinions.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

A fine statue by Chantrey, of Sir Joseph Banks, was placed on its pedestal yesterday, in the British Museum—a gift from certain members of the Royal Society. The eminent naturalist is seated in a chair; his dress is that of the present day, modified a little, so as to render it simple and graceful; the posture is easy and dignified, and, altogether, it is one of the most successful statues of the artist. The great hall, or gallery of sculpture, in the Museum, is nearly finished; many of the marbles are in their places, and we expect it will, before long, be opened to the public. We wish the colour of the wall was such as to show the old mutilated times worn marbles to more advantage; and we also wish that the architect had constructed the ceiling after a more airy and elegant model. We never saw anything so heavy-looking and cumbrous; it is horizontal; the beams which support it are enormous; the ribs and panels are all square, without moulding or ornament, and as there are no pilasters or breaks in the side walls, the ceiling is quite out of character with all the rest of the place. The ceiling of the Great Library, where the King's books are kept, is heavy enough in all conscience; but still it is lightened much by judicious ornaments, and by the pilasters between the windows.—Newton, the painter, we hear, has made some sketches of American scenes and groups, and it is rumoured, that the magic of his pencil has had such effect on a young lady of that land, that he talks of bringing her to England through means of the church. Washington Irving, we see, has bid us an everlasting farewell; we wish that his happiness in his native country may be such as to remove England, and all that she has done for him, for ever from his memory.

We sometimes indulge ourselves with an evening's examination of the most popular of our newspapers, to see, by the advertisements and criticisms, how literature is going on. It gives us much pleasure to observe that works, of whose success we had augured but indifferently, have, if we credit the assurances of repeated paragraphs, risen into most enviable popularity, and become the delight of all classes. We feel not, for all

this, the less confidence in our own judgment: such is the charity of our nature, that when we see works which ministered much to our repose, keeping all the rest of the world awake with rapture, we really rejoice, and feel obliged by the publishers informing us of the fact. We are neither chagrined nor astonished at the multiplication of editions of books which brought us the blessing of repose; we hail it as the assurance that literature flourishes, and it even begets hopes that the season for selling the works of genius is at hand.

The Germans, without Pellegrini, are but an imperfect corps; but 'Fidelio,' to the last, has been crowded. Mad. Fischer is to appear next week in Weigl's 'Sweitzer Familie' and Weber's 'Euryanthe'—the latter, if well given, will deserve the suffrages of the musical public. Their version of 'Don Juan' is universally considered a failure. Thanks to Mr. Ayrtton, we have seen Mozart done justice to by much abler vocalists.

A favourite Italian tenor singer, who has been ten years in this country, and received from John Bull for his singing at the King's Theatre, Concerts, and for private lessons, not less than thirty thousand pounds, has lately decamped to the Continent, leaving his debts, to a considerable amount, unpaid.

The only Musical Festival to take place this year, in the country, is the triennial meeting of the three choirs at Gloucester.

We have just seen one plate, 'The Dancing Girl Reposing,' after Canova, of the forthcoming 'Illustrations of Modern Sculpture.' If the promises of this specimen be fulfilled, the work will be one of the most splendid and beautiful which even this age of embellishment has yet produced. The treasures of modern sculpture which exist in the private galleries of England, and on the Continent, are known to few, and it was in the desire to diffuse generally a knowledge and admiration of such works, that the present undertaking originated, and we sincerely hope that it will meet with that encouragement which it so well deserves.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

##### HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

July 17.—A paper was read 'On the Cultivation of the Camellia,' by John Allnutt, Esq.; and a second, by Mr. Robert Thompson, of the Society's Garden, containing an account and description of the black Corinth grape, which forms so large an article of commerce in its dried estate, and in which it is better known in our shops under the name of currant. The first communication more particularly related to the treatment most proper to be observed in the propagation of the Camellia Reticulata, one of the largest and most beautiful of the tribe, and a variety which has hitherto presented great difficulties, even to the cultivators possessing the greatest experience.

The cherries, apricots, peaches, and grapes exhibited were much admired—as was a Fuchsia globosa from Mr. Bunney's Nursery at Kingsland. A model of a box to contain orange-trees, formed of moveable panels of slate in wooden frames, and of ingenious construction, was exhibited by Mr. Allnutt.

Lieut.-Col. Feilding, Col. Lushington, Mr. H. Lucas, and Sir Edmund Antrobus, were elected Fellows of the Society.

#### FINE ARTS

*Illuminated Ornaments, selected from Missals and Manuscripts of the Middle Ages.* Nos. VII. & VIII. By Henry Shaw. Pickering.

THIS is a beautiful, a valuable, and we think, a useful work. Some of the illuminations of our manuscripts, are not only remarkable for the beauty of their colours and the elegance of the pencilling, but are well worthy of notice for truth and nature; the dawnings of English art are there. Of the illuminations before us, we chiefly admire the pains which have been taken, and the talent laid out in embellishing the letters S and I and N. The letter T also, and the smaller S, are particularly fine. The specimen of "Royal MS., 6 E. IX." induces us almost to regret that printing has superseded the art. We have not overlooked the illuminated G and H and V—we really know not how to express our sense of their elegance; in the first, a Cupid is seated playing on an instrument of music; in the second, a Satyr seems running away with the arrows of Love; and in the third, another Satyr is attempting to kindle a fire on the altar of Hymen.

*Finden's Landscape Illustrations of the Works of Lord Byron.* Part IV.

THE proof impressions of this fourth number of the illustrations of the noble poet's works are now before us: viz. 1. St. Sophia, from the Bosphorus; 2. Cintra; 3. Mafra; 4. The Castle of Chillon; 5. The Wenger Alps; 6. The Coliseum; 7. Ada Byron. Of these, St. Sophia, by Roberts, and Cintra, by Stanfield, are surprisingly beautiful, more particularly the first: they are at once true to nature and to art; they impress one with a sense of reality, while, at the same time, they are truly poetic. Nor are the others to be passed over unnoticed: in fact, they are all very fine works, skilfully handled, and agreeable in their light and shade. We wish more of these illustrations could be found in England: the charm of novelty, to be sure, is a great thing, and the scenes of most of the poet's stories are laid—the more the pity—in foreign countries: still we would advise the proprietors to find a few more at home; Italy is nearly as well known to us as the coast of Kent, and is not a tenth part so acceptable to our feelings, and we are growing weary of Greece, with its scrip and its scoundrelism. One of these seven prints has a beauty of another kind than what arises from landscape: "Ada, sole daughter of my house and heart," brings a charm with her which few hearts can resist; young as the sole child of the poet is, we can see in her mouth and brow something of the father—and, as she grows up, we hope to see more.

Part V. of the new series of the 'Illustrations of the Waverley Novels,' is also before us. There are sixteen fine engravings, from painters of much talent, for the sum of twelve shillings. The portrait of Sir Walter Scott, by Watson Gordon, is very like; the scene in 'St. Ronan's Well,' where Winterblossom discourses on works of art to the provincial dilettanti, is excellent; but Leslie is always so: Mulready's Nabob visiting Carrigill, the clergyman, is perfect; so is Inskipp's Fisherman, in 'Redgauntlet'—it is all nature and truth; Boxall's Sir Henry Lee and his daughter Alice, is full of fine character; and the graver of Fox has done it justice. We cannot further particularize the illustrations which we like in this number, and it is the less necessary as we have said something about them before.

Part I. of the 'Landscape Illustrations of the Prose and Poetry of Sir Walter Scott.' This is a re-issue at a reduced price, (these five beautiful

engravings being now offered for half-a-crown,) of the Landscape Illustrations with additions of a more mental kind—personifications of the principal characters in the narratives. An imaginary Rose Bradwardine, from the pencil of Lealie, graces the present number, and it is high praise to say that it is not unworthy of the fascinating original.

*Sketches in the Isle of Wight.* By George Brannan. Westley & Davis.

THIS little work has more claims to accuracy than to elegance; its chief charm is its reality.

## MUSIC

### KING'S THEATRE.

FOR the benefits of Donzelli and Mad. De Meric, excellent entertainments were given to empty benches. The truth is, that these benefits come too frequently, and are generally farmed by the manager at a certain moderate sum, the Beneficiare being indifferent to the further result. In lieu of a faithful representation of an entire Italian opera, the subscription performances now consist of an unsatisfactory hodge-podge, compounded of acts from three different operas. The only novelty worthy of remark, is the *Desdemona* of Mad. Devrient with the *Otello* of Donzelli.

## THEATRICALS

### HAYMARKET THEATRE.

ON Thursday night a very clever and amusing little piece was produced here, called, 'The Court Jester.' It is from the French, and it is most admirably naturalized. 'The Court Jester' justifies both terms of its appellation by the elegance of style and the comicality of its ideas. There is, throughout, an easy, flowing dialogue, equally remote from vulgarity and affectation.—But to the story. A certain grand Duke of Ferrara (who, like many others on every stage of life, intends better than he acts), while serving in an inferior military capacity, has gained the affections of an amiable female—daughter of a companion in arms. Urged on by the advice of an unprincipled courtier, he has obtained the object of his desires by means of a false marriage. Having been recalled from service immediately after this event, he has quitted his victim, who remains unconscious of the perfidy which has been practised upon her, and full of the purest love for her "most filthy bargain." The parasite has followed up his scheme by communicating to each a forged detail of the death of the other. Before the commencement of the drama, the young Prince has assumed the reins of government, and his profligate adviser is advanced to the post of Prime Minister. The voice of the people calls upon the Sovereign to form a matrimonial alliance, and he, who now cherishes the fondest recollection of the being he formerly betrayed, gives a reluctant consent. The Prime Minister sees danger to his own ascendancy in such a measure, and, in concert with an apt accomplice, contrives a plan by which a young and beautiful female is thrown in the way of their royal master, in the hope that she may prove a useful tool in their hands. This new device betrays itself, and all the former villainies of its contriver at the same time, by the fact of the two objects proving to be one and the same; and the piece concludes with a few words of royal repentance and retribution. In order to make our outline simple, we have taken the liberty of leaving out of its detail the principal personage of the drama. We have played Hamlet, merely omitting the character of the Prince of Denmark: but if any man can afford to be thus treated *en cavalier*, it is Mr. Farren—who, in everything he does, takes his own part (and his author's) so well, that he makes

himself the Hamlet of the piece, whether it was intended for him or not. In the particular instance before us, indeed, he is rather "Yorick" than the Prince, for he is, or at least is believed to be the Court Jester. Introduced (through a series of mistakes) in that capacity to the palace of the Sovereign, while he, "good, easy man," thinks no less than that he is, on account of his profound erudition, summoned to become a member of the Privy Council—we are presented with a scene which, for boldness of conception, and delicacy of execution, reflects equal honour upon author and actor, and which stands out, in our idea, as one of the happiest efforts of the modern drama. There is another link by which this character is connected with the most important interests of the piece, and this, his turning out to be the uncle and only surviving relative of the deserted wife. We were delighted at this, inasmuch as it gave Mr. Farren an opportunity, which he is not the man to lose, of showing how well he can pass from the gay to the grave, from the height of all that is ludicrous to the depth of all that is pathetic. His bold appeal to the Prince in favour of his wronged niece, was worthy of any tragedian. We have further only to say, that the remainder of the dramatic personæ were, on the whole, very well represented, and, merely repeating our assurance to Miss Taylor, that in doing less she would do more, we thank her for her spirited pains-taking performance.

The piece is the work of Mr. Mathews, jun.—We have much pleasure in having so soon again to congratulate him. We need not tell him that his present production is far superior to his last.

### STRAND THEATRE.

As this house plays under a licence granted by itself, it is not trammelled in the way in which more regularly licensed theatres are. The word "burletta," is therefore left to those, which, being under the especial protection of the law, feel it respectful to pay the law the compliment of evading it, and pieces are here designated by their right names. Two new musical farces were produced on Wednesday evening, the one called, 'A Day in Paris,' the other, 'Wheedling; or, Love in a Snow Storm.' Criticism is proverbial for not standing upon trifles, and certainly we are not disposed to make any fierce stand upon such trifles as these. There is, in truth, so little to say either for or against them, and their pretensions are so equal, that we should have been at a loss to know which to put before the other, had not the management, in point of order at least, settled the question for us. 'A Day in Paris' is constructed, as it should seem, for the mere purpose of exhibiting a young lady (Miss C. Crisp,) in a variety of characters—a proceeding which has become so common of late, that the admiration it obtains is generally confined to the notes of admiration in the play-bill. These notes of admiration are always put forth according to a graduated scale—such scale consisting of one for the first character, two for the second, and so on *ad finitum*. From this, it would appear, that we are expected to exclaim "Really!" at the first—"Indeed!!" at the second—"Why you don't say so!!!" at the third—"Astonishing!!!" at the fourth—"Miraculous!!!" at the fifth. We beg it to be considered, that we have said so, and now proceed to notice the performance. "But the plot—Mr. Critic—the plot."—"Oh! the plot—true—we had forgotten—well—here's the plot." Mr. Charles Wyndham (Mr. Abbott,) is an Englishman who has arrived in Paris, in order to enjoy a final "lark" as a bachelor, previously to his marriage with Emily Grenville, (Miss C. Crisp.) Miss Grenville thinks that he stays rather too long, and therefore follows to see what he is about. The better to effect her object, she assumes various disguises,

and having satisfied herself that it is "all right," they "drive on" towards marriage in the usual way. Miss C. Crisp is a pleasant-looking lively girl, with a fair proportion of capability, but she is at present rather more of the country actress than the town one. She, however, obtained considerable applause, and some of it was not undeserved. Her broken French wants mending. Mr. Abbott did his best with a part which gave him a great deal to learn and but little to do—his animal spirits carried him through, and the writer of the piece is much indebted to him. Mr. Mitchell enacted one of those "hail fellow, well met" sort of servants, whom we see so often upon the stage, and never off it. We had occasion to speak very well of this actor when we first saw him last year—each succeeding part that he plays serves to confirm our opinion, not only of his genuine comicality, but of his originality—we look upon it as certain, that he will become a general favourite. The piece was very well received.

'Wheedling, or, Love in a Snow Storm' is evidently taken from the French. This, we should think, the French will not object to, provided, whoever took it, does not give it back. We have before had occasion to remark, that there is a probability for real life, and a probability for the stage. From that which would be consistent with the former, it is often permitted an author to depart—but regard should in all cases be had to the latter. The piece under consideration is a succession of even *stages* impossibilities; and, as there is little either in the characters or the writing to compensate for these, we are compelled to pronounce the whole as a poor affair. The part of *Sampson Sledge* defied even Mr. Keeley's talent to make it comical, and if it could do this, it could do anything, or, rather it could do, as it did, nothing. The only sentence which produced any material effect upon the house, was one in which Mr. Keeley, who is a farrier, being taken to task by the father of the girl, to whom he was engaged, but whom he has resolved on giving up, and asked if he means to say that he really will not marry her, answers, "No—split my bellows if I do." We would have laid a moderate wager, that this coarse answer—coarse even for a blacksmith—would not have been well received in a house which has no gallery; and yet it drew forth shouts of laughter and applause. We only mention it, in the plenitude of our candour, to prove that even theatrical critics are not infallible. We are somewhat at a loss to know whence comes the first title of this piece—'Wheedling.' Mr. Keeley makes his escape at night by being wheeled away over the snow in a wheelbarrow—Query, therefore, 'Wheeling, or, Love in a Snow Storm.' It was, like its predecessor, well received by the house. Altogether there is a spirit about the performances under the new management, which deserves encouragement. More novelties are advertised, and if Mrs. Waylett should not have good houses, it will not be for want of praiseworthy activity.

### THEATRICAL CHAT.

THE glaring invasions of theatrical copyright which are now going on in all directions, will not, we trust, escape the observation of the dramatic committee, whether such invasions have been put before them in evidence or not. It is not for us to assert, that the talent for original dramatic writing, about which such an outcry is made, and the want of which we freely admit is felt, does exist at present in this country to any extent. All we say is, that there is so much talent manifesting itself every day in all the other departments of literature, that it is highly improbable this should be the only one deficient. Granting then, for the sake of argument, that it does exist, the question naturally arises, "why does it not manifest itself?"

We answer—for want of encouragement. This want of encouragement is owing partly to the absence of proper protection for dramatic copyright, and partly to the conduct of managers and proprietors of theatres—to their want of liberality—to their want of discrimination—and to the airs which they are too much in the habit of giving themselves to those who may be their inferiors in pocket, but *must* be their superiors in intellect. That there have been honourable exceptions is quite true. We speak generally, and disclaim personality. To the first of these impediments we trust ere long to see a remedy applied: a cure for the second we see but slender prospect of; it is almost a hopeless job to wait until offenders reform themselves. If we were aware of the exact period at which the skies will fall, in order that every man may catch his own larks, we should be able to state with more precision the time when theatrical managers may be expected to become the patrons of genius, which they ought to be, instead of the chandler's-shop dealers in it, which they too often are. They are penny wise and pound foolish—they look at everything through a microscope—they judge of everything by the receipt of the night, and lay all faults, including their own, nay, even all external casualties, on the shoulders of the author. If it rains heavily, and people don't come to the theatre, it is the author's fault. If a pestilence rages, the author must suffer. If a violent political question agitates the public, and keeps them from thinking of the theatres, the effect is still made to fall upon the author. A piece fails to attract through anything but its own demerit—through improper haste in the bringing out—through the incapability of those who have to act it—through mismanagement of whatever kind—no matter—the punishment falls on the author, and he is a most unreasonable man if he expects to be paid anything like the price agreed on. On the other hand, we will suppose a piece to have survived the hundred and one chances, which frequently stand against the best—it succeeds—it draws money—it puts hundreds, perhaps thousands, into the pocket of the manager—what happens to the author, does he participate in the profits? No! Are the times when he has been wronged remembered, and is the opportunity seized to compensate him out of the funds which his labours have produced? No! The manager shakes him by the hand, congratulates him, and says—what? "He shall be happy to have such another piece from him!" "The devil doubt him," as the Irishman says. There are unquestionably instances of a different line of conduct on the part of managers, and they are most honourable to the individuals in question, but they are scarcely more than sufficient to prove the rule and the necessity for a change. Did Mr. Knowles receive any extra remuneration proportioned to the success of his admirable play of the 'Hunchback'? No! But then he has the proud satisfaction of knowing that it is being nightly pirated at the Surrey Theatre, for the benefit of the manager, and that Mr. and Miss Kemble are playing it all over the country, and dividing the spoil with those brigands of literature, the country managers.—Let us look at another instance. 'The Grenadier,' a one-act piece, which many of our readers will remember as having been highly successful at the Olympic, and which, by the bye, has never even been published, was somehow obtained by the management of the Surrey Theatre, and acted for two or three nights before its owner, Madame Vestris, became aware of the spoliation. Some notice was then served by Madame Vestris's attorney, which caused a discontinuance. We can give the management of the Surrey Theatre no credit for its forbearance. It is fear of the consequences, and not principle, which has prevented it from continuing the

offence. Principle would have prevented its commission. Is it any answer to this, to say that the law has provided no penalty for an "irregular appropriation" of this nature? Certainly not. The law does not recognize a palpable wrong as a right, merely because it has not been foreseen and provided against. The author of the piece in question is Mr. Haynes Bayly; and he has no doubt received one sum for the right of representation, and another for the copyright—as the custom is, when managers wish to confine the representation of any particular drama to their own theatre. So far, in the present instance, Madame Vestris is the sufferer, and not Mr. Bayly. But what is the consequence? Next season Mr. Bayly will most probably produce some other piece at the Olympic, and when he talks about a separate sum for the copyright, he will, of course, be told that it has been found that such a purchase is a nominal, and not a real protection, and that it is consequently declined: thus will he be, in effect, as completely deprived of the value of his copyright by the conduct of the Surrey management, as if that management had put its fingers into his pocket, and helped itself to the amount. Nor will this loss be confined either to Mr. Bayly or to the Olympic Theatre: and this is part of the encouragement which dramatic writers receive from "liberal," "spirited," and "enlightened" managers. We remember an instance, but a very few years ago, where the manager of a principal theatre in the north, wrote up to Drury Lane Theatre for a copy of a piece, which was then and there (as the lawyers say) having a great run. The copyright not having been purchased by the theatre, the application was very properly referred to the author, who wrote to the country manager, saying that he should have a correct copy upon payment of some extremely moderate sum—certainly not more than five guineas. An answer came which not only contained a flat refusal to pay anything, but was couched in terms of excessive insolence, accompanied by what were intended for sarcasms on the work itself. In less than a fortnight, a short-hand copy (of course an incorrect one,) having been procured, the piece, which had been abused in the letter, was placarded for performance amidst a shower of puffs. And this is another specimen of the treatment to which dramatic writers are exposed under the present system. Who that has the spirit of a mouse, and is not as poor as a church one, would put himself in the way of it?

#### MISCELLANEA

*University of London.*—The distribution of prizes took place on Saturday last—the Bishop of Chichester presiding—and were awarded as follows:—

*Greek, Senior Class.*—1st, Mr. A. C. Gooden.—*Junior Class.*—Mr. J. Thompson and Mr. J. Lainsion, (equal).

*Latin, Senior Class.*—Mr. A. C. Gooden.—*Junior Class.*—Mr. J. Lainsion.

*Mathematics, Senior Class.*—Mr. Aldam.

*Natural Philosophy.*—Mr. J. Williams.

*Philosophy of the Mind, and Logic.*—Mr. John Batten.

*English Literature, Senior Class.*—Mr. J. Williams.

*Junior Class.*—Lord W. Townshend.

*French.*—Mr. T. Wheeler.

*English Law.*—Mr. Harden, Mr. Heath, Mr. Hubbeck, (equal).

We should have given the names of all to whom prizes were awarded, but they have been published in the daily papers. We are happy to hear, that the Professors are now united in a body denominated the Senate, with power to act, in concert with the Council, in the regulation of the University. The school is prosperous, and already there are 139 pupils.

*Russian Academy.*—A public sitting of the Imperial Academy of the Arts and Sciences, was held at St. Petersburg on the 23rd of May, for the purpose of awarding the prizes founded by

Demidow. The works sent in were thirteen in number, and the prize was adjudged to a 'Meteorology of Russia and its German provinces,' in six quarto volumes, from the pen of Dr. Paucker, professor of mathematics and astronomy at the Mitau Gymnasium; but the prize (five thousand roubles) is not to be paid unless the professor consent that his work be translated into Russian, and the translation be published; in this case he will be entitled to a further sum of five thousand roubles, assigned by Demidow to defray the expense of publication, and if this is not sufficient, the surplus is to be made good to him.

*Annual Meeting of Continental Naturalists.*—We learn from a notice issued by Jacquin, the imperial Astronomer, and Littrow, the Professor of Natural History in the University of Vienna, that the tenth meeting of the scientific association is to be opened in that capital on the 18th of September, and to close on the 26th of that month.

*J. J. Audubon,* the celebrated ornithologist, and his two assistants, have arrived at Charleston, in excellent health, after a tedious but very successful tour through the Florida Keys.

*Liberia.*—Our readers will no doubt remember an article that appeared in *The Athenæum*,† giving an account of this very interesting settlement of free blacks. We now learn from the American papers, that a ship lately sailed from Norfolk, U.S., which had on board 170 emigrants, of whom 94 were slaves transferred to the American Colonization Society, for the express purpose of being sent to Liberia. The agent at Norfolk states that there have been upwards of 500 applicants, free persons of colour, for passage to Liberia, and that the number which can be obtained is only limited by the want of funds to transport them.

*Plagues.*—Chronologists and historians tell us that the whole world was visited by a plague 767 years before Christ. Some of the most remarkable since the christian era, are the following:—

| Place.          | Time.     | Number destroyed.  |
|-----------------|-----------|--------------------|
| London,         | A.D. 1347 | 50,000             |
| Ditto,          | 1407      | 30,000             |
| Ditto,          | 1604      | ½ part population. |
| Constantinople, | 1611      | 200,000            |
| London,         | 1665      | 68,000             |
| Bossorah,       | 1773      | 80,000             |
| Smyrna,         | 1784      | 20,000             |
| Tunis,          | 1784      | 32,000             |
| Egypt,          | 1792      | 800,000            |
| Smyrna,         | 1814      | 30,000             |

*Tincture of Roses.*—Take the leaves of the common rose (*centifolia*), place them, without pressing them, in a bottle, pour some good spirits of wine upon them, close the bottle, and let it stand until it is required for use. This tincture will keep for years and yield a perfume, little inferior to attar of roses: a few drops of it will suffice to impregnate the atmosphere of a room with a delicious odour. Common vinegar is greatly improved by a very small quantity being added to it.—*From a German paper.*

*Dictamnus Frasinella.*—There is a singular phenomenon attendant on this pungently-fragrant plant. If, after a very hot day, a flame be applied near the blossom, its exhalations will blaze beautifully.—*Doverston in Mag. Nat. Hist.*

*Suicidal Woodcocks.*—Being a few years ago at Holyhead with some friends, we scrambled over the rocks to see the fine lighthouse erected on a detached crag called the South Stack. When we had ascended the lofty tower into the lantern, the man who conducted us struck with his fist, very hard, the large panes of plate glass, and bade us do the same, to prove their prodigious strength. He told us that, at mi-



gration time, the woodcocks in the night dashed against the glass frame wherein the lights revolved, and killed themselves; and that in the morning he frequently picked up several brace in the outer gallery."—*Ibid.*

### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

| Days of W. & Mon. | Thermom. Max. Min. | Barometer. Noon. | Winds.       | Weather.  |
|-------------------|--------------------|------------------|--------------|-----------|
| Th. 12            | 78 60              | 29.61            | S.W. to S.E. | Rain P.M. |
| Fr. 13            | 76 58              | 29.65            | S.W.         | Cloudy.   |
| Sat. 14           | 73 49              | 29.80            | S.E. to N.   | Rain A.M. |
| Sun. 15           | 73 50              | 30.20            | N.W.         | Clear.    |
| Mon. 16           | 80 50              | 30.20            | N.W.         | Ditto.    |
| Tues. 17          | 87 56              | 30.18            | N.W.         | Ditto.    |
| Wed. 18           | 71 46              | 30.00            | N.W.         | Cloudy.   |

*Prevailing Clouds.*—Cirrostratus. Cumulus, Nights fair. Mornings fair except on Friday and Sat. Mean temperature of the week, 66.5°.

Day decreased on Wednesday, 36 min. No night; the sun not descending far enough below the horizon to cause darkness.

### NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

*Forthcoming.*—Elements of Materia Medica, by A. T. Thomson, M.D.

Memoir of the Court and Character of Charles the First, by Lucy Aikin.

Outlines of the First Principles of Horticulture, by J. Lindley.

The Cabinet Annual Register for the present Year. An Argument, a Priori, for the Being and Attributes of God, by W. Gillespie.

A Collection of the Exercises which have obtained Prizes in the Charterhouse, from 1814 to 1832.

An Introduction to Botany, by Banks, F.L.S.

*Just published.*—Gilly's Memoir of Felix Neff, 8vo. 8s. 6d.—Rev. T. Ainger's Parochial Sermons, 12mo. 6s.—Introduction aux Annaires de la Société des Professeurs de la Langue Française en Angleterre, roy. 18mo. 6s.—Smith's Grecian Antiquities, 12mo. 4s. 6d.—Fifteen Months' Pilgrimage through Untroudden Tracts of Khuzistan and Persia, &c., 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.—Wayland's Sermons, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—James's History of Charlemagne, 8vo. 16s.—De Grey; or, a Tale of Condon Castle, a Poem, 6s.—Biblical Cabinet Atlas, 15s.—Finnelly on Reform Bill, 7s. 6d.—Wordsworth on Elections, England and Wales, 8vo. 21s.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS

We have received a packet of letters from the Proprietors of the *Comic Magazine*, with a request, or rather demand, that they should be inserted in this paper. This is very silly. The question, so far as the public are concerned, is brief and intelligible; and the answer might be equally so. The Proprietors of the *Comic Magazine* announced that Mr. Poole was "retained" as a writer for that work; that they were "in treaty" with Mr. Hood; that "the negotiations were on the eve of conclusion"; and that they were using "every means in their power to induce George Colman, the younger, to furnish their readers with some of his broad grins." Mr. Hood and Mr. Colman request us positively to contradict these assertions; and Mr. Poole begs leave to explain: we printed the letters *without one word of comment*; and there the question must rest, unless the Proprietors of the *Comic Magazine* are prepared to prove the truth of the announcements in their advertisement. The letters now received contain no such proof: they are filled with idle words: the writers merely speak of their own motives, and insinuate motives as influencing others. It is utterly absurd to suppose we should publish such stuff.—Now, a word to the Editor of the *Comic Magazine*, who has also favoured us with two letters. He is of opinion that we acted partially in omitting parts of his letter. We acted with due consideration, and for the honour of literary men; and hereafter he may think so. Not, however, to offend again in the same way, we decline inserting his letter, or any part of it; and as to the motives by which he affects to believe us influenced, we must remind him, that he has heretofore committed himself by like confident assertions; and we recommend him to be more cautious.

*Literary Piracy.*—We are so much indebted to the Provincial Press, that it is not without reluctance we advert to the misdoings even of a few papers; but one day's post has brought us the *Derby Mercury*, the *Staffordshire Gazette*, the *Liverpool Chronicle*, the *Manchester Times*, and the *Birmingham Journal*,—in all of which there are articles taken, without acknowledgment, from the *Athenæum*; and to make the measure of four wrongs complete, the *New Monthly Magazine*, edited by Mr. Bulwer, has this month set them the example. We protest against these literary robberies; and it may add some weight to our protest, when we inform the parties that we have already sought redress in the Court of Chancery against one offender, and, on Saturday last, obtained an injunction against the *Theif*. The *Theif* acknowledged whence the articles were taken. It is not less offensive to steal *without* acknowledgment, and we must request all parties so to consider it.

### ADVERTISEMENTS

#### Sale by Auction.

IMPORTANT HERALDIC MANUSCRIPTS.  
BY AUCTION, by Mr. SOTHEBY and SON, Wellington-street, Strand, on WEDNESDAY next, JULY 25, and following Day, at Twelve o'Clock,

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To be viewed on the Monday previous, and Catalogues now had of Mr. Parker, Oxford; Mr. Deighton, Cambridge; Mr. Lall, Edinburgh; Messrs. Hodges and Co. Dublin; Messrs. Robinson and Co. Manchester; and at the Place of Sale.

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| Prose, on the plan of Daisel's Anal. Gr., 10. 6d.   | 4  | Latin Grammar, 2. 6  | 4  |
| Robinson's Grecian Antiquities, and edition of Entic's Latin and English Dictionary, greatly improved, by the Rev. J. Niblock, 6. 0 | 5  | Latin Vocabulary, 2. 6   | 5  |
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| Homer's Iliad, Heyne, 6. 0  | 7  | Cicero Amicitia et Senectute, English Notes, by Barker, 4. 6     | 7  |
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## REVIEWS

*A Memoir of Felix Neff, Pastor of the High Alps, and of his Labours among the French Protestants of Dauphiné.* By W. S. Gilly, Prebendary of Durham. London: Rivingtons.

THIS is a remarkable and a very valuable book: it records the life and labours of one of the most extraordinary men whom the church has in these latter days produced. Felix Neff, born a peasant, was first a gardener; secondly a soldier; and thirdly a preacher of the gospel; and behaved himself most worthily in each station. His knowledge arose more from intercourse with men, than intimacy with books; his occupation of gardener extended his acquaintance with external nature and her productions; his military duties gave him an insight into man, and confirmed rather than abated his simplicity and earnest enthusiasm of character: and such was his love for devout lore, that before he was twenty-four years old he had learned to have a very humble opinion of himself, but a clear and exalted notion of the qualities of a true preacher of the gospel. It was his good fortune to find out—and that in the very centre of Europe—a simple and primitive race, who welcomed him as a pastor after their own hearts, and hailed him as a friend come to instruct them how to live both for this world and the next.

In the recesses of the French portion of the Alps, occupying those almost inaccessible regions through which it is supposed Hannibal penetrated when he invaded Italy, lives a community of mountaineers, the descendants of those devout people whom the revocation of the Edict of Nantz drove into the wild strengths of the uplands. Too poor to tempt the spoiler, they are never invaded save by whirlwinds and by tempests; their unproductive lands and ill-replenished houses hold out no allurements of tithe to the dignitaries of a wealthy and luxurious church; and they are permitted to remain unmolested by their brethren of the plains, who have a hearty contempt for the Alpine highlanders. The following picture from the skilful hand of De Thou, though painted long ago, reflects still in lineament and colouring the land and the people.

"Of all these regions the Val Fressinière is the most repulsive and wild; its soil is sterile and unproductive, and its inhabitants are most lamentably poor. They are clothed in sheepskins, and they have no linen in use, either for their garments or their beds. They sleep in the clothes which they wear during the day. They inhabit seven villages, and their houses are made of stone, with flat roofs, and mud cement. In these hovels the people and their cattle live together, and they often take refuge in caves when they expect an attack from their enemies,

in one corner of which they themselves lie concealed, and, in the other, their sheep and kine. They subsist principally on milk and venison, and their occupation is tending their cattle. They are skilful marksmen, and seldom miss either the chamois or the bear; but from the filthy manner in which they devour the flesh of these animals, they become so offensive to the smell, that strangers can hardly bear to be within scent of them. Happy in these their scanty resources, they are all equally poor alike but they have no mendicants among them, and contented among themselves, they very seldom form either friendships or connexions with others. In this state of squalidness, which causes them to present a most uncouth appearance, it is surprising that they are very far from being uncultivated in their morals. They almost all understand Latin, and are able to write fairly enough. They understand also as much of French as will enable them to read the Bible, and to sing psalms; nor would you easily find a boy among them, who, if he were questioned as to the religious opinions, which they hold in common with the Waldenses, would not be able to give, from memory, a reasonable account of them. They pay taxes most scrupulously, and the duty of doing this forms an article of their confession of faith. But if they are prevented from making payment by civil wars, they lay apart the proper sum, and on the return of peace, they take care to settle with the royal tax gatherers."

Of these people, who inhabit a region some eighty miles long and fifty broad, Felix Neff was appointed pastor in the year 1823, when he was twenty-five years old. His undertaking was an arduous one: he had to teach his people everything: he had to show them how to plan a house and build it; how to form levels and inclined planes; how to irrigate their meadows, and, in short, how to cultivate their sterile soil and render it productive. "A mere scholar from the University," observes Mr. Gilly, "even an ardent preacher with the whole scheme of the gospel written in his heart, could not have accomplished what this extraordinary man did, who, with his thorough knowledge of the book of life, possessed also a stock of available information, which was brought from the nursery-ground and the camp." Neff had other qualities which fitted him for this mountain ministry: he was an ardent admirer of picturesque scenes, and the terrible magnificence of the Alps was to him a source of inspiration. The moment that he arrived among his flock, he set out on a visitation journey, resolved to make himself familiar with the faces and homes of his people; wherever he went he was received with gratitude, and sometimes with wonder, not unmingled with tears. His way lay along the side of almost perpendicular mountains, where horse or chariot had never journeyed, or by the edge of terrific cliffs, where nothing that wanted wings was safe; yet in these alpine solitudes he found little com-

munities of contented Protestants, of one of which the hand of Mr. Gilly has drawn a clever picture.

"Here the houses are built like log-houses, of rough pine trees, laid one above another, and composed of several stories, which have a singularly picturesque look, not unlike the chalets in Switzerland, but loftier and much more picturesque. On the ground floor the family dwells, hay and unthrashed corn occupy the first story, and the second is given up to grain, and to stores of bread-cakes and cheeses ranged on frame-work suspended from the roof. But at Dormilleuse, the huts are wretched constructions of stone and mud, from which fresh air, comfort, and cleanliness, seem to be utterly excluded. Cleanliness, indeed, is not a virtue which distinguishes any of the people in these mountains; and with such a nice sense of moral perception as they display, and with such strict attention to the duties of religion, it is astonishing that they have not yet learnt to practise those ablutions in their persons or habitations, which are as necessary to comfort as to health. Even among the better provided, for they are all peasants alike, tillers of the earth, and small proprietors, the wealthiest of whom (if we can speak of wealth, even comparatively, on such poor soil), puts his hand to the spade and hoe with the same alacrity as the poorest, the same uncleanness prevails; their apartments are unswept, their woollen garments unwashed, and their hands and faces as little accustomed to cold water, as if there was a perpetual drought in the land. I should fear that the excellent Neff, with all the improvements which he introduced into his parish, either omitted, or failed to convince the folks there, that cleanliness is not a forbidden luxury, but one of the necessary duties of life."

Of his first visitation, Neff gives the following account in his journal; he had made his way to this wild region by night and over deep snow, lighted by pine-tree torches and wips of straw.

"The next day I followed the route to Dormilleuse, with a man belonging to that village, who had remained all night at Violina, to accompany me. Dormilleuse is the highest village in the valley, and is celebrated for the resistance which its inhabitants have opposed for more than 600 years to the Church of Rome. They are of the unmixed race of the ancient Waldenses, and never bowed their knee before an idol, even when all the Protestants of the valley of Queyras dissembled their faith. The ruins of the walls and forts still remain, which they built to protect them against surprise. They owe their preservation in part to the nature of the country, which is almost inaccessible. It is defended by a natural fortification of glaciers and arid rocks. The population of the village consists of 40 families: every one Protestant. The aspect of this desert, both terrible and sublime, which served as the asylum of truth, when almost all the world lay in darkness; the recollection of the faithful martyrs of old, the deep caverns into which they retired to read the Bible in secret, and to worship the Father of Light in spirit and in truth,—every

thing tends to elevate my soul, and to inspire it with sentiments difficult to describe."

He conceived that psalmody was useful in exciting an elevation of soul necessary in Christian worship, and he laboured to establish schools for teaching it among his widely scattered community: he also considered the great distance at which many of his hearers lay, and how liable they were to be impeded in their desire to attend divine service by storms and other occurrences; he therefore recommended with eloquent earnestness the establishment of family worship in every house, something similar to that of Scotland, so beautifully described by Burns. On this important subject, hear the opinion of the Prebendary of Durham, an opinion with which we entirely concur; we know from many sources that Scotland owes to fireside education and family worship much of her moral worth.

"A domestic association, such as I am supposing, which combines the advantage of family prayers, and edifying reading and conversation, is one of the most efficacious means, not only of awakening and establishing religious feeling, but of increasing religious knowledge. It gives, with the Divine assistance, force and permanency to holy impressions: it draws out a spirit of self-examination, and quickens and directs it: it produces habits of religious vigilance: it inspires a taste and a preference for devout conversation and reflection. It leads to a communication of thought, and to an explanation of doubts, emotions, and opinions, and to an interchange of knowledge and acquirement, which enriches the whole circle. The individuals, composing a family meeting of this kind, are too well acquainted with each other's foibles and weaknesses, and virtues and talents, to venture beyond the bounds of good sense, or to indulge in emulous or exciting transports which are the bane of prayer-meetings composed of persons not well known to each other, and the mutual confessions which the former make, and the encouragements which they dispense, are all within the limits of sober and serious piety."

Neff was no narrow-souled enthusiast, he looked far before and behind him, as well as upwards; he was of a nature kind and conciliatory; his hand and heart were alike open; and he had the address to soothe and satisfy various Catholic families who bordered on his territories; though he did not abstain from discussing religious topics, the Romish priests respected him and reported him as an useful brother.

Having established himself fully in the affections of his people, he next proceeded to instruct them in the arts of life. He desired to impart all his knowledge to them. "One proof," says Mr. Gilly, "of their utter wretchedness affected him sensibly. Long habits of suspicion and dread of ill-treatment had become so natural to them, that at the sight of a stranger they ran into their huts, particularly the young people, like marmots into their holes. Their houses, clothes, food, and method of cultivation, was four or five centuries behind the rest of France." The pastor had to begin with first principles; and in this, his scientific acquirements and knowledge gained in the garden were called into action.

"His first attempt was to impart an idea of domestic convenience. Chimneys and windows to their hovels were luxuries to which few of them had aspired, till he showed them how easy it was to make a passage for the smoke, and admittance for the light and air. He next con-

vinced them that warmth might be obtained more healthily, than by pigging together for six or seven months in stables, from which the muck of the cattle was removed but once during the year. For their coarse and unwholesome food, he had, indeed, no substitute; because the sterility of the soil would produce no other; but he pointed out a mode of tillage, by which they increased the quantity; and in cases of illness, where they had no conception of applying the simplest remedies, he pointed out the comfort which a sick person may derive from light and warm soups and ptisans, and other soothing assistance. So ignorant were they of what was hurtful or beneficial in acute disorders, that wine and brandy were no unusual prescriptions in the height of a raging fever.

"Strange enough, and still more characteristic of savage life, the women, till Neff taught the men better manners, were treated with so much disregard, that they never sat at table with their husbands or brothers, but stood behind them and received morsels from their hands with obeisance and profound reverence."

Having lodged his flock comfortably, Neff turned his attention to other improvements equally important. He did not disdain to put his own hand to the task; in truth, he was obliged to set the example and lead the way; he aided masons and carpenters in beautifying his church and in the erection of schools; and "now I will exhibit him," says his biographer, "in the character of an agriculturist," introducing an improved system of irrigation, and of sowing and planting, which doubled the quantity of production.

"One of the principal resources of the valley of Fressinière, is the breeding and pasturage of cattle. But the winter is so long, and the tracts of land capable of producing fodder are so scanty, that every blade of grass that can be raised, and made into hay, is a very treasure. A dry summer often left them unprovided with hay, and compelled the poor creatures to part with their stock at an inadequate price. Neff's eye perceived that a direction might be given to the streams in one part, which would improve the ground in another, and furnish the proprietors with constant means of keeping the grass fresh and moist. But he found the utmost difficulty in explaining the simplest principles of hydraulics, and in persuading his ignorant listeners that the waters might be made to rise and fall, and might be dammed up and distributed, accordingly as it might be required for use. The imaginary expense stared them in the face like certain ruin; and the labour appalled them, as being perfectly insuperable. When their pastor first advised them to construct the canals necessary for the purpose, they absolutely refused to attempt it, and he was obliged to tell them, that they were equally deaf to temporal and spiritual counsel. Pointing to the rushing waters, which were capable of being diverted from their course to the parched and sterile soil, which he wished to see improved, he exclaimed, 'You make as little use of those ample streams, as you do of the water of life. God has vouchsafed to offer you both in abundance, but your pastures, like your hearts, are languishing with drought!'

It was not without much persuasion, and after a season of drought had admonished them, that this persevering pastor got his men set to work.

"It was a toilsome undertaking. In some places they had to elevate the floor of the main channel to the height of eight feet, and in others to lower it as much. In the course of the first day's labour, it was necessary to carry the construction across the rocky beds of three or four

torrents, and often when the work appeared to be effectually done, Neff detected a default in the level, or in the inclination of the water-course, which obliged him to insist upon their going over it again. At four o'clock the volunteers were rewarded by seeing the first fruits of their labours: one line of aqueduct was completed; the dam was raised, and the water rushed into the nearest meadow amidst the joyful shouts of workmen and spectators. The next day some cross cuts were made, and proprietors, who were supposed to be secretly hostile and incredulous, saw the works carried over their ground without offering any opposition to the measure, for who could indulge his obstinate or dogged humour, when the benevolent stranger, the warm-hearted minister, was toiling in the sweat of his brow to achieve a public good, which never could be of the least advantage to himself? It was the good shepherd, not taking the fleece, but exhausting his own strength, and wearing himself out for the sheep. On the third, and on the following days, small transverse lines were formed, and a long channel was made across the face of the mountain, to supply three village fountains with water. This last was a very formidable enterprise. It was necessary to undermine the rock, to blast it, and to construct a passage for the stream in granite of the very hardest kind. 'I had never done anything like it before,' is the pastor's note upon this achievement, 'but it was necessary to assume an air of scientific confidence, and to give my orders like an experienced engineer.'

We have not space to describe any farther the labours of this excellent man; with Oberlin for his model, he toiled incessantly, and had the satisfaction of establishing schools throughout the district; even on the wild summit of Dormilleuse, he partly with his own hands built a school house, a labour which cost him his life. A severe winter and incessant toil vanquished his active and benevolent spirit at last, and constrained him to seek for health in milder regions; before he went he gave one of his distant friends a description of the wintry horrors of Dormilleuse.

"Thanks to the generosity of my friends, our little school is now floored and glazed—the benches and seats are all finished, and while all the other schools in this country are held in damp and dark stables, where the scholars are stifled with smoke, and interrupted by the babble of people and the noise of the cattle, and are obliged to be constantly quarrelling with the kids and fowls in defence of their copy-books, or shifting their position to avoid the droppings from the roof, we have here a comfortable and well warmed apartment. I am again conducting a school for the education of those, whose business it will be to educate others—it now consists of about twenty young men from the different villages. We are buried in snow more than four feet deep. At this moment a terrible hurricane is raging, which dashes the snow about in clouds—we can scarcely put our feet out of the house, and I know not when my letter will reach you. During the late abundant falls of snow, and the violence of the wind, our communication with the other valleys has been both difficult and dangerous. The avalanches threaten us on all sides. They have been falling thick, especially about Dormilleuse."

He tore himself with reluctance from his flock, and went to seek what he could not find—such sweet air and such healing waters as would repair a crushed constitution; he looked up for a time, touched no doubt by removal to his native village and his aged mother's arms; but he drooped at length,



and died on the 12th of April, 1829. Mr. Gilly has in this memoir made a welcome addition to our devout literature; good sense and good feeling are impressed on every page, and no one need suspect the accuracy of the account, since the author visited all the scenes where Neff's cure lay, and had access to all his manuscripts.

## FAMILY LIBRARY.

*Letters on Natural Magic, addressed to Sir Walter Scott, Bart.* By Sir David Brewster, K.H., LL.D., &c. London: Murray.

We have fallen on evil days! We are in the absolute power of the philosophers: nature and art they have laid bare—the crucible of the alchemist they have broken—the universal solvent they have held up to derision—the universal medicine is now restricted, by patent, to quack-doctors—spirits, good and evil, have been sunk, by their most potent voices, forty fathom deep—they have robbed earth and heaven of their mysteries; and now comes Sir David Brewster, battering down the idols and wonders of the old world, and leaving the history of the past as barren as the future threatens to be of all respectable and imaginative supernaturals. The golden virgins at Delphos—the oracular head at Lesbos—the mysteries of Eleusis—were, according to this philosopher, all trickery and deception: with a few plain and concave mirrors, he works more wonders than the priests themselves, and talks, after his irreverent fashion, as if stopping a hole in a tube would have silenced an oracle. We must, however, take his work with its imperfections; and first, of

*The Art of Breathing Fire.*

"One of the most ancient feats of magic was the art of breathing flame,—an art which even now excites the astonishment of the vulgar. During the insurrection of the slaves in Sicily, in the second century before Christ, a Syrian named Eunus acquired by his knowledge the rank of their leader. In order to establish his influence over their minds, he pretended to possess miraculous power. When he wished to inspire his followers with courage, he breathed flames or sparks among them from his mouth, at the same time that he was rousing them by his eloquence. St. Jerome informs us, that the Rabbi Barchochebas, who headed the Jews in their last revolt against Hadrian, made them believe that he was the Messiah, by vomiting flames from his mouth; and at a later period, the Emperor Constantius was thrown into a state of alarm when Valentinian informed him, that he had seen one of the body guards breathing out fire and flames. We are not acquainted with the exact methods by which these effects were produced; but Florus informs us, that Eunus filled a perforated nut-shell with sulphur and fire, and having concealed it in his mouth, he breathed gently through it while he was speaking. This art is performed more simply by the modern juggler. Having rolled together some flax or hemp, so as to form a ball the size of a walnut, he sets it on fire, and allows it to burn till it is nearly consumed: he then rolls round it while burning some additional flax, and by these means the fire may be retained in it for a considerable time. At the commencement of his exhibition he introduces the ball into his mouth, and while he breathes through it the fire is revived, and a number of burning sparks are projected from his mouth. These sparks are too feeble to do any harm, provided he inhales the air through his nostrils."

And now of the kindred art of

*Walking on Burning Coals or Red-hot Iron.*

"The priestesses of Diana at Castabala, in Cappadocia, were accustomed, according to Strabo, to walk over burning coals; and at the annual festival, which was held in the temple of Apollo on Mount Soracte in Etruria, the Hirpi marched over burning coals, and on this account they were exempted from military service, and received other privileges from the Roman Senate. . . .

"Of the same character was the art of holding red hot iron in the hands or between the teeth, and of plunging the hands into boiling water or melted lead. About the close of the seventeenth century, an Englishman of the name of Richardson rendered himself famous by chewing burning coals, pouring melted lead upon his tongue, and swallowing melted glass. That these effects are produced partly by deception, and partly by a previous preparation of the parts subjected to the heat, can scarcely admit of a doubt. The fusible metal, composed of mercury, tin, and bismuth, which melts at a low temperature, might easily have been substituted in place of lead; and fluids of easy ebullition may have been used in place of boiling water. A solution of spermaceti or sulphuric ether, tinged with alkanet root, which becomes solid at 50° of Fahrenheit, and melts and boils with the heat of the hand, is supposed to be the substance which is used at Naples when the dried blood of St. Januarius melts spontaneously, and boils over the vessel which contains it.

"But even when the fluid requires a high temperature to boil, it may have other properties, which enable us to plunge our hands into it with impunity. This is the case with boiling tar, which boils at a temperature of 220°, even higher than that of water. Mr. Davenport informs us, that he saw one of the workmen in the King's Dock-yard at Chatham immerse his naked hand in tar of that temperature. He drew up his coat sleeves, dipped in this hand and wrist, bringing out fluid tar, and pouring it off from his hand as from a ladle. The tar remained in complete contact with his skin, and he wiped it off with tow. Convinced that there was no deception in this experiment, Mr. Davenport immersed the entire length of his forefinger in the boiling cauldron, and moved it about a short time before the heat became inconvenient."

The natural illusions of the eye and ear, as explained by Dr. Brewster, are often very extraordinary, and he is of opinion that the ancient magicians turned them to profitable uses. On this subject he gives some curious particulars of the effects of

*Ventriloquism.*

"M. St. Gille, a grocer of St. Germain en Lay, whose performances have been recorded by the Abbé de la Chapelle, had occasion to shelter himself from a storm in a neighbouring convent, where the monks were in deep mourning for a much esteemed member of their community who had been recently buried. While lamenting over the tomb of their deceased brother the slight honours which had been paid to his memory, a voice was suddenly heard to issue from the roof of the choir, bewailing the condition of the deceased in purgatory, and reproving the brotherhood for their want of zeal. The tidings of this supernatural event brought the whole brotherhood to the church. The voice from above repeated its lamentations and reproaches, and the whole convent fell upon their faces, and vowed to make a reparation of their error. They accordingly chaunted in full choir a *de profundis*, during the intervals of which the spirit of the departed monk expressed his satisfaction at their pious exercises. The prior afterwards inveighed against modern scepticism

on the subject of apparitions, and M. St. Gille had great difficulty in convincing the fraternity that the whole was a deception. . . .

"Another ventriloquist, Louis Brabant, who had been valet de chambre to Francis I. turned his powers to a more profitable account. Having fallen in love with a rich and beautiful heiress, he was rejected by her parents as an unsuitable match for their daughter. On the death of her father, Louis paid a visit to the widow, and he had no sooner entered the house than she heard the voice of her deceased husband addressing her from above, 'Give my daughter in marriage to Louis Brabant, who is a man of large fortune and excellent character. I endure the inexpressible torments of purgatory for having refused her to him. Obey this admonition, and give everlasting repose to the soul of your poor husband.' This awful command could not be resisted, and the widow announced her compliance with it.

"As our conjuror, however, required money for the completion of his marriage, he resolved to work upon the fears of one Cornu, an old banker at Lyons, who had amassed immense wealth by usury and extortion. Having obtained an interview with the miser, he introduced the subjects of demons and spectres and the torments of purgatory, and during an interval of silence, the voice of the miser's deceased father was heard complaining of his dreadful situation in purgatory, and calling upon his son to rescue him from his sufferings by enabling Louis Brabant to redeem the Christians that were enslaved by the Turks. The awe-struck miser was also threatened with eternal damnation if he did not thus expiate his own sins; but such was the grasp that the banker took of his gold that the ventriloquist was obliged to pay him another visit. On this occasion, not only his father, but all his deceased relations appealed to him in behalf of his own soul and theirs, and such was the loudness of their complaints that the spirit of the banker was subdued, and he gave the ventriloquist ten thousand crowns to liberate the Christian captives. When the miser was afterwards undeceived, he is said to have been so mortified that he died of vexation."

What will our readers think of the perfection of the following mechanical automata?—

*M. Vaucanson's Duck.*

"It exactly resembled the living animal in size and appearance. It executed accurately all its movements and gestures, it ate and drank with avidity, performed all the quick motions of the head and throat which are peculiar to the living animal, and like it, it muddled the water which it drank with its bill. It produced also the sound of quacking in the most natural manner. In the anatomical structure of the duck, the artist exhibited the highest skill. Every bone in the real duck had its representative in the automaton, and its wings were anatomically exact. Every cavity, apophysis, and curvature was imitated, and each bone executed its proper movements. When corn was thrown down before it, the duck stretched out its neck to pick it up, it swallowed it, digested it, and discharged it, in a digested condition. The process of digestion was effected by chemical solution, and not by trituration, and the food digested in the stomach was conveyed away by tubes to the place of its discharge.

"The automata of Vaucanson were imitated by one Du Moulin, a silversmith, who travelled with them through Germany in 1752, and who died at Moscow in 1765. Beckmann informs us that he saw several of them after the machinery had been deranged; but that the artificial duck, which he regarded as the most ingenious, was still able to eat, drink, and move. Its ribs, which were made of wire, were covered with

duck's feathers, and the motion was communicated through the feet of the duck by means of a cylinder and fine chains like that of a watch."

After this, all mechanical inventions must seem poor and unprofitable—yet the perfection to which they may be ultimately carried may be judged of by the following attempt to construct

*A Talking Automaton.*

"In the year 1779, the Imperial Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg proposed as the subject of one of their annual prizes, an inquiry into the nature of the vowel sounds, A, E, I, O and U, and the construction of an instrument for artificially imitating them. This prize was gained by M. Kratzenstein.

"About the same time that Kratzenstein was engaged in these researches, M. Kempelen of Vienna, a celebrated mechanician, was occupied with the same subject. . . . After two years labour he succeeded in obtaining from different jaws the sounds of the consonants P, M, L, and by means of these vowels and consonants, he could compose syllables and words, such as *mama, papa, aala, lama, mulo*. The sounds of two adjacent letters, however, run into each other, and an aspiration followed some of the consonants, so that instead of *papa* the word sounded *phaa-ph-a*; these difficulties he contrived with much labour to surmount, and he found it necessary to imitate the human organs of speech by having only one mouth and one glottis. The mouth consisted of a funnel or bell-shaped piece of elastic gum, which approximated, by its physical properties, to the softness and flexibility of the human organs. To the mouth-piece was added a nose made of two tin tubes, which communicated with the mouth. When both these tubes were open, and the mouth-piece closed, a perfect M was produced, and when one was closed and the other open, an N was sounded. M. Kempelen could have succeeded in obtaining the four letters D, G, K, T, but by using a P instead of them, and modifying the sound in a particular manner, he contrived to deceive the ear by a tolerable resemblance of these letters.

"There seems to be no doubt that he at last was able to produce entire words, and sentences such as, *opera, astronomy, Constantinopolis, vous êtes mon ami, je vous aime de tout mon cœur, venez avec moi à Paris, Leopoldus secundus, Romanorum imperator semper Augustus, &c.*

"The labours of Kratzenstein and Kempelen have been recently pursued with great success by our ingenious countryman Mr. Willis of Cambridge.

"Some important discoveries have been recently made by M. Savart respecting the mechanism of the human voice, and we have no doubt that, before another century is completed, a *Talking* and a *Singing machine* will be numbered among the conquests of Science."

We may, hereafter, perhaps, make a few other extracts from this interesting volume.

*Byron's Life and Works.* Vol. VIII. London: Murray.

This volume contains the whole of 'Childe Harold,' and comes on us with many of the attractions of a new work;—not only have we notes on almost every page from such men as Scott, Wilson, Lockhart, Jeffrey, Heber, and Brydges, but we have, in addition, many new stanzas from the hand of Byron himself, which the fears or the prudence of friends prevailed on him to withhold from the early editions. Byron has been luckier in his death than in his life;—the malice of criticism tried to blast him in

the outset of his career, and the sneer and the lie of malignant tongues accompanied him out of the world; justice has since been done, or is doing, to his great and insulted spirit; artists of all ranks are endeavouring to embody his pictures; authors of the highest genius are proud to write his memoirs, or pen comments upon his verses; while the bookseller, who was his friend in life, is giving the world an edition of his works which has no rival in compact elegance or embellished beauty. The following verses introduce Childe Harold's page and yeoman in the first canto. The "staunch yeoman" is the faithful William Fletcher, who, after all his adventures by flood and field, has now established himself as the keeper of an Italian warehouse in Charles Street, Berkeley Square, where we wish him good fortune, and better custom than ours, which he shall surely have:—

And of his train there was a henchman page,  
A peasant boy, who served his master well;  
And often would his pranksome prate engage  
Childe Harold's ear, when his proud heart did swell  
With sable thoughts that he disdain'd to tell.  
Then would he smile on him, and Alwin smiled,  
When aught that from his young lips archly fell,  
The gloomy film from Harold's eye beguiled:  
And pleased for a glimpse, appeared the woeful Childe.  
Him and one yeoman only did he take  
To travel eastward to a far country;  
And, though the boy was grieved to leave the lake  
On whose fair banks he grew from infancy,  
Erelong his little heart beat merrily  
With hope of foreign nations to behold,  
And many things right marvellous to see,  
Of which our vaunting voyagers oft have told,  
In many a 'tome as true as Mandeville's of old."

Some verses on the Treaty of Cintra, which the poet omitted at the entreaty of his friends, can now offend no one: Cobbett cannot choose but be pleased:—

In golden characters right well design'd,  
First on the list appears one "Junot;"  
Then certain other glorious names we find,  
Which rhyme compelleth me to place below:  
Dull victors! baffled by a vanquish'd foe,  
Wheelled by conyng tongues of laurels due,  
Stand, worthy of each other, in a row—  
Sir Arthur, Harry, and the dizzard Hew  
Dalrymple, seely wight, sore dupe of t'other tew.

Convention is the dwarfish demon styled  
That foil'd the knights in Marialva's dome:  
Of brains (if brains they had) he them beguiled,  
And turn'd a nation's shallow joy to gloom.  
For well I wot, when first the news did come,  
That Vimiera's field by Gaul was lost,  
For paraphrase no paper scarce had room,  
Such Paines teemed for our triumphant host,  
In Courier, Chronicle, and eke in Morning Post:  
But when Convention sent his handy-work,  
Pens, tongues, feet, hands, combined in wild uproar;  
Mayor, aldermen, laid down the uplifted fork;  
The Bench of Bishops half forgot to snore;  
Stern Cobbett, who for one whole week forbore  
To question aught, once more with transport leapt,  
And bit his devilish quill agen, and swore  
With foe such treaty never should be kept,  
Then burst the blant beast, and roar'd, and raged, and  
—slept!

Thus unto Heaven appeal'd the people: Heaven,  
Which loves the lieges of our gracious King,  
Decreed, that ere our generals were forgiven,  
Inquiry should be held about the thing.  
But Mercy cloak'd the babes beneath her wing;  
And as they spared our foes, so spared we them:  
(Where was the pity of our sires for Byng?)  
Yet knaves, not idiots, should the law condemn;  
Then live, ye gallant knights! and bless your Judges'  
phlegm!

We are not sure that "Dark Hamilton and sullen Aberdeen" will like the kind of immortality which two new stanzas of canto the second bestow:—

Come, then, ye classic Thanes of each degree,  
Dark Hamilton and sullen Aberdeen,  
Come pilfer all the Pilgrim loves to see,  
All that yet consecrates the fading scene:  
Oh! better were it ye had never been,  
Nor ye, nor Elgin, nor that lesser wight,  
The victim sad of vase-collecting spleen,  
House-furnisher withal, one Thomas night,  
Than ye should bear one stone from wrong'd Athens' site,

Or will the gentle Dilettanti crew  
Now delegate the task to digging Gell,  
That mighty limner of a birds'-eye view,  
How like to Nature let his volumes tell;  
Who can with him the folio's limits swell  
With all the Author saw, or said he saw?  
Who can topographize or delve so well?  
No boaster he, nor impudent and raw,  
His pencil, pen, and shade, alike without a flaw.

Between stanzas 135 and 136, in canto the fourth, Lord Byron wrote the following fine verse:—

If to forgive be heaping coals of fire—  
As God hath spoken—on the heads of foes,  
Mine should be a volcano, and rise higher  
Than, o'er the Titans crush'd, Olympus rose,  
Or Aethos scars, or blazing Etna glows:—  
True they who stung were creeping things; but what  
Than serpents' teeth inflict with deadlier throes?  
The Lion may be goaded by the Onat.—  
Who sucks the slumberer's blood!—The Eagle!—Ne:  
the Bat.

Now for the notes: our specimens must be brief. There is something new of the poet in the note to stanza twenty-seven, canto second:—

"One of Lord Byron's chief delights was, as he himself states in one of his journals, after bathing in some retired spot, to seat himself on a high rock above the sea, and there remain for hours, gazing upon the sky and the waters. 'He led the life,' says Sir Egerton Brydges, 'as he wrote the strains, of a true poet. He could sleep, and very frequently did sleep, wrapped up in his rough great coat, on the hard boards of a deck, while the winds and the waves were roaring round him on every side, and could subsist on a crust and a glass of water. It would be difficult to persuade me, that he who is a coxcomb in his manners, and artificial in his habits of life, could write good poetry.'—Ed."

Jeffrey supplied stanza twenty-one of canto three with a few words of admiring comment: "O this is counter, you false Danish dog"; but "out of the eater came forth meat":—

"There can be no more remarkable proof of the greatness of Lord Byron's genius, than the spirit and interest he has contrived to communicate to his picture of the often-drawn and difficult scene of the breaking up from Brussels before the great Battle. It is a trite remark, that poets generally fail in the representation of great events, where the interest is recent, and the particulars are consequently clearly and commonly known. It required some courage to venture on a theme beset with so many dangers, and deformed with the wrecks of so many former adventurers. See, however, with what easy strength he enters upon it, and with how much grace he gradually finds his way back to his own peculiar vein of sentiment and diction!—Jeffrey."

The taste of Sir Walter Scott added the following note to stanza ninety-three of canto three:—

"This is one of the most beautiful passages of the poem. The 'fierce and fair delight' of a thunder-storm is here described in verse almost as vivid as its lightnings. The live thunder 'leaping among the rattling crags'—the voice of mountains, as if shouting to each other—the plashing of the big rain—the gleaming of the wide lake, lighted like a phosphoric sea—present a picture of sublime terror, yet of enjoyment, often attempted, but never so well, certainly never better, brought out in poetry.—Sir Walter Scott."

The admiration which Byron poured forth on the sculpture of the ancients, is fully felt and understood by Professor Wilson:—

"This delight with which the pilgrim contemplates the ancient Greek statues at Florence, and afterwards at Rome, is such as might have been expected from any great poet, whose youth-

ful mind had, like his, been imbued with those classical ideas and associations which afford so many sources of pleasure, through every period of life. He has gazed upon these masterpieces of art with a more susceptible, and, in spite of his disavowal, with a more learned eye, than can be traced in the effusions of any poet who had previously expressed, in any formal manner, his admiration of their beauty. It may appear fanciful to say so;—but we think the genius of Byron is, more than that of any other modern poet, akin to that peculiar genius which seems to have been diffused among all the poets and artists of ancient Greece; and in whose spirit, above all its other wonders, the great specimens of sculpture seem to have been conceived and executed. His creations, whether of beauty or of strength, are all single creations. He requires no grouping to give effect to his favourites, or to tell his story. His heroines are solitary symbols of loveliness, which require no foil; his heroes stand alone as upon marble pedestals, displaying the naked power of passion, or the wrapped up and reposing energy of grief. The artist who would illustrate, at it is called, the works of any of our other poets, must borrow the mimic splendours of the pencil. He who would transfer into another vehicle the spirit of Byron, must pour the liquid metal, or hew the stubborn rock. What he loses in ease, he will gain in power. He might draw from Medora, Gulnare, Lara, or Manfred, subjects for reliefs worthy of enthusiasm almost as great as Harold has himself displayed on the contemplation of the loveliest and the sternest relics of the inimitable genius of the Greeks.—*Professor Wilson.*

We would willingly, were it not unfair to the publisher, transfer a few more notes and scraps of poetry to our columns. The volume is beautifully embellished with two landscapes; and a shrewd and skilful person, who can feel Byron in his sublime or sarcastic moods, has penned notes of his own, and arranged those of others, so that the work has nearly all the attractions of a new production.

*The Heidenmauer.* By the Author of 'The Pilot,' &c. 3 vols. London: Colburn & Bentley.

*The Reformer.* By the Author of 'Massenburg.' London: Wilson.

*The Double Trial; or, the Consequences of an Irish Clearing.* 3 vols. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

Five and twenty volumes of novels in one fortnight, would be beyond the reader's powers of digestion. We shall therefore be brief with what remain upon our tables. Under ordinary circumstances, a work by Mr. Cooper would be entitled to a separate notice—but 'The Heidenmauer' has been puffed until we sicken at the very name, and, on examination, it turns out to be but indifferent. Cooper is a powerful writer, but his power is limited; and he is nothing, if not on the ocean or in the wilderness. His 'Bravo' fell still-born, and 'The Heidenmauer,' if it live beyond the hour, will be but a rickety bantling. We like Cooper—we respect his genius—he is unequalled in his own admirable manner, and therefore we are the less reluctant to pass over 'The Heidenmauer' without further comment.

'Massenburg' we suppose to be a work "hidden in the blaze of its own celebrity," for we have never had the good fortune to ascertain its existence by the evidence of our senses,

and the perusal of 'The Reformer' is not likely to stimulate us to the search. Very clever, or, as they are called, "taking" titles, are generally the frontispieces to bad books; and the introduction of political discussions in works of fiction, is the certain forerunner of dullness. The three volumes of 'The Reformer' possess therefore a double claim to demerit, and never was a claim better established.

The following amendment on a well-known quotation, we seriously recommend to the writers of political novels:—

When truth severe 's in fairy fiction drest,  
The jest is serious, and the serious jest.

If an illustration of the truth of the aphorism be required, we recommend to them the perusal of 'The Double Trial,' in which the raw materials of an interesting story are worked up into one of the dullest novels. The main design of the work is to maintain the principles of political philosophy patronized by Mr. Sadler, in opposition to the Malthusian theories. The mode of argumentation is neither very convincing nor very new; it is simply to set all the good people of the book to abuse Malthus, M'Culloch and the *Edinburgh Review*, in all the vague terms of vituperation that have formed the staple of pamphlet controversy since the deluge. By itself, the novel might have been made a pleasant fiction; and by itself, the political reasoning might have formed a tolerable appendix to some of Mr. Sadler's speeches; but, united, they compose a "*tertium quid*," which is "flat, stale, and unprofitable."

*Excursions in India; including a Walk over the Himalaya Mountains, to the Sources of the Jumna and the Ganges.* By Capt. Thomas Skinner, of the 31st Regiment.

[Second Notice.]

HAD Capt. Skinner confined his information within the limits of one volume, instead of diffusing it over two, he would have made a much more acceptable work: from a wish to tell all he knew, his style must have become concise; there would have been little or no room for laborious embellishment, for poetic quotations or allusions, or for those frequent attempts at liveliness and wit, which abound more and more as we move along, when the necessity of husbanding scanty materials till they cover two volumes, grows apparent to the author. We are afraid that he has inclined his ear too much to the blandishments and persuasions of his adroit publishers, who love two dull volumes better than one of a brighter kind, and three better than two, and look upon your one volume author as a barren rascal, through whose unfruitfulness the trade in general, and their own house in particular, is doomed to suffer. With all these drawbacks, the Captain's work is a clever one; full of information, and abounding with living pictures of living things.

His first glimpse of the Ganges, on descending from the mountain tops, is well described; all nations that we have read of, pay some respect to their chief rivers:—

"We were not long in commencing our descent: it was as scrambling and sliding a one as usual. After emerging from a grove of reeds, (many of them broken and strewn over the ground, which gave a variety to the cause of our slipping, though the effect was much the same,) we found ourselves on the point of a

projecting crag that 'beetled o'er its base,' and gave us the first glimpse of the Ganges, which was rapid and broad, but dark and sandy as it flows through the plains. If the sound of *Jumna* excited my followers to a high pitch, at merely the commencement of their pilgrimage, how much more so would the thrice welcome shout of *Gunga Jee!* when they had at length gained it, after a painful journey of more than thirty days. *Gunga Jee!* was the universal cry for some minutes; and *Gunga Jee!* was echoed by the woods and hills around, till it reached the ears of the slowest of my stragglers, when, calling upon its name long before they saw it, they endeavoured to rush forward, and enjoy the sight they had been so long toiling to obtain. The Hindoos salaam'd and muttered its name over and over again; and even the unbending Mahometan seemed in some way softened by the scene. I sat on one side, to allow full scope to their feelings, affected by the beauty of the picture as much as they were by the veneration of the river."

There are devout pilgrims in all lands; some who are in earnest, and others, whose purity, like that of the widow of Mhow, is suspicious:—

"Fragments of cooking-vessels and blackened stones, by the water's side, showed that we had fallen upon the track of pilgrims. We have met many returning from Gungoutri, though we have been only one day on the route thither; several had come from great distances, and were carrying the holy water from the source of the river to their respective abodes, even to Benares and to Juggernaut. Among them was a woman of apparently eighteen or twenty years of age, who had travelled from Mhow, and had been to Jumna as well as Gungoutri, and was now on her way to Kedar-Nath. She chose the longest, though easiest way, and from the Jumna had reached the Ganges at Barahat. She had lost her husband not long ago, and was making a pilgrimage to these holy spots for the peace of his soul: her labour to attain this object was tremendous; for she was half-naked, and her feet were bleeding from the pointed stones. I fancied that she had adopted this mode in preference to the Suttee, and looked with great interest upon her; but I could not learn her history: all she possessed, her cooking-pots and food, she carried in a bundle on her head. A roguish-looking Brahmin, who seemed to encourage her piety, took something more, I suspect, than a fatherly care of her."

Scribblers find ample materials for writing in the great paper manufactories of Europe; there are other evils than critics in the way of an eastern author—the difficulty of finding paper:—

"He writes on the bark of a tree, the Boji Putta, well known throughout India as the inner covering of Hookah snakes; and it makes a capital substitute for paper. The trees are in great quantity hereabouts; and as the bark is peeled off in large sheets, it requires no preparation, nor is it necessary to have a peculiar pen to write with, as is the case with leaves that are still used for that purpose in the East."

"The natives of Ceylon as yet employ no paper: they write on thin leaves of the *Ola*, and are obliged to make use of an iron pen, which they support in a notch cut in the thumb-nail of the left hand, allowed to grow for that purpose: a literary man is discovered by such a mark. A quill or a reed serves my friend of Mookba, for the pen runs as quickly over the skin of the Boji as it would over the surface of a glazed sheet. I know I am not relating anything new in mentioning this truly natural paper; for I believe the word *liber*, a book, was derived from the custom of using a similar one."

We doubted the sincerity of the widow of

Mhow—the pilgrim of Gungoutri seems in earnest:—

"At Gungoutri there are several sheds erected for the shelter of pilgrims; and as the evening was far advanced, and a storm brewing, I went into one of them. It was a long narrow building, and the further end was so wrapped in darkness, that I had been some moments in it before I perceived anything. I was attracted by a sullen murmur, and went to the spot whence it proceeded. A miserable wretch had just blown a few sticks into a flame; and as the light burst upon his countenance, I unconsciously recoiled, and had to summon all my fortitude to return to him again. His eyes started from his head, and his bones were visible through his skin: his teeth chattered, and his whole frame shook with cold: and I never saw hair longer or more twisted than his was. I spoke to him, but in vain: he did not even deign to look at me—and made no motion, but to blow the embers into a fresh blaze; the fitful glare of which, falling on his skeleton form, made me almost think that I had descended to the tomb. I found that he had come for the purpose of ending his life by starvation at Gungoutri. Many fakirs have attempted this death, and have lingered on the banks of the river for several days without food. The Brahmin, however, assures me that nobody can die in so holy a place; and to preserve its character for being unconnected with mortality, the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages take care they should not, and bear them by force away, and feed them, or at any rate give them the liberty to die elsewhere.

"A small temple marks the sacred source of the river; and immediately opposite is the orthodox spot for bathing and filling the phials, which, when ready, receive the stamp of authenticity from the seal of the Brahmin who wears it as a ring upon his finger: it bears the following inscription engraved upon it—"The water of the Bhagirathi, Gungoutri." Without such mark the water would not be deemed holy by the purchasers in the plains."

Men of all countries have aspired to something beyond nature; even in our land, ladies acknowledge supernatural gifts, and men believe them; workers of miracles are not scarce in the East:—

"I do not believe much in that, for indeed I never witnessed a man but once, who could work a miracle. A naked fakir came to the village where I was born, and asked me to be his guide to Gungoutri. He refused food, for he said he could feed himself whenever he felt hungry. "Take your stick," said he, "and leave the rest to me." "To you?" I answered, "why, you are a beggar! what can you give me?" He had nothing with him but the dried gourd, from which he drank water. He looked angry, and repeating, "*Ram! Ram!*" desired me to set forth. When we reached Bairo Ghati, he bade me wait at the temple while he bathed; and on his coming up to it, asked if I was hungry, and what I would like to have: "Some cakes of flour," I replied. In a few moments after he had prayed, the ground was spread with cakes. He performed the same miracle at Gungoutri—on that very spot, pointing to the front of the adjoining shed. "I do noulie, for I saw it with my own eyes, and eat the cakes; and very good they were."—"I do not lie, like Mr. Mathews' Longbow," was the invariable summing-up of every story he told; and it frequently offered a fair presumption why a verdict of 'guilty' should be recorded against him."

Some of the eastern dames are not, however, so harmlessly employed, as speaking a language which no one understands:—

"So resolute a dame as Begum Soimroo is not likely to be moved by pity or remorse. If all the stories told of her be true, it is a strange

sight to see the honour and attention she meets with from a Christian society. Many of the worst tales are currently believed, particularly that sad one of her stretching a carpet over the ground, beneath which two female slaves were buried alive. She smoked her pipe coolly, it is said, until she thought they were dead; afraid, if she had moved from the spot, that more tender-hearted people might have rescued them. In the present age, when these horrors are supposed to live in story alone, it is difficult to believe such cruelty possible, when confronted with the gay and smiling countenance of the perpetrator of them. We may really say, though from a very different cause, 'Look in her face, and you forget them all,' for a more lively old dame is not to be found. I have heard many instances of her bounty as well as of her cruelty; and I believe the Europeans about her person have no cause to be dissatisfied with her generosity. She is, however, a female Djeddar Pacha, and has all the caprice as well as the barbarity of a tyrant."

We shall conclude with a picture of eastern manners; the Captain grows thirsty on his way from Doolah to Meerut:—

"I felt very thirsty from my long drive; and as I had no cup of my own, I feared I should find some difficulty in obtaining a draught of water. In Bengal, when I asked for a drink on a similar occasion, a man brought me a new earthen vessel, which he dashed to the ground in a thousand pieces the moment I had satisfied my thirst, lest any Hindoo should be polluted by using it after me; I was agreeably surprised to find myself better treated here, although all were Hindoos. A woman sent me a brass vessel to drink from; and, when I returned it, merely emptied out the water I had left, and rubbed it over with sand, deeming a purification of some sort still absolutely necessary."

We make our salaam to Capt. Skinner, and thank him for the entertainment and instruction he has afforded us. The East India Company may well be proud of the attainments of their servants: they have written many excellent works, and some of them on very lofty topics.

*Characteristics of Woman, Moral, Poetical, and Historical.* By Mrs. Jameson. 2 vols. London: Saunders & Otley.

"ACCIDENT first made me an authoress; and not now, nor ever, have I written to flatter any prevailing fashion of the day for the sake of profit, though this is done, I know, by many who have less excuse for thus coining their brains. This little book was undertaken without a thought of fame or money: out of the fulness of my own heart and soul have I written it. In the pleasure it has given me, in the new and various views of human nature it has opened to me, in the beautiful and soothing images it has placed before me, in the exercise and improvement of my own faculties, I have already been repaid: if praise or profit comes beside, they come as a surplus. I should be gratified and grateful, but I have not sought for them, nor worked for them."

These are the words of Mrs. Jameson herself: we are pleased with their truth, their beauty, and their modesty: we may add, what she could not be unconscious of—that she has written a work of great depth of feeling, and knowledge of human nature. We have not time now to discuss the various merits of some four and twenty ladies whom the muse or history have supplied, nor have we leisure to pen a criticism on the fifty and odd ingenious etchings which illustrate their

characters—all this, and more than this, are reserved for next week: in the meantime, to enable our readers to taste the spirit of the work we shall quote a passage—we cannot well open it wrong: a part of the Introduction will do as well as any—nay, better, for here we have the notions of the authoress concerning the handling of her quicksilver subject.

"*Alda.* Women are illustrious in history, not from what they have been in themselves, but generally in proportion to the mischief they have done or caused. Those characters best fitted to my purpose are precisely those of which history never heard, or disdains to speak: of those which have been handed down to us by many different authorities under different aspects we cannot judge without prejudice; in others there occur certain chasms which it is difficult to supply; and hence inconsistencies we have no means of reconciling, though doubtless they might be reconciled if we knew the whole, instead of a part.

"*Medon.* But instance—instance!

"*Alda.* Examples crowd upon me: but take the first that occurs. Do you remember that Duchess de Longueville, whose beautiful picture we were looking at yesterday?—the heroine of the Fronde?—think of that woman—bold, intriguing, profligate, vain, ambitious, factious!—who made men rebels with a smile,—or if that were not enough,—the lady was not scrupulous,—apparently without principle as without shame, nothing was too much! And then think of the same woman protecting the virtuous philosopher Arnauld, when he was denounced and condemned; and from motives which her worst enemies could not malign, secreting him in her house, unknown even to her own servants—preparing his food herself, watching for his safety, and at length saving him. Her tenderness, her patience, her discretion, her disinterested benevolence, not only defied danger, (that were little to a woman of her temper,) but endured a lengthened trial, all the ennui caused by the necessity of keeping her house, continual self-control, and the thousand small daily sacrifices which to a vain, dissipated, proud, impatient woman, must have been hard to bear. Now, if Shakspeare had drawn the character of the Duchess de Longueville, he would have shown us the same individual woman in both situations;—for the same being, with the same faculties, and passions, and powers, it surely was: whereas in history, we see in one case a fury of discord, a woman without modesty or pity; and in the other an angel of benevolence, and a worshipper of goodness; and nothing to connect the two extremes in our fancy.

"*Medon.* But these are contradictions which we meet on every page of history, which make us giddy with doubt or sick with belief; and are the proper subjects of inquiry for the moralist and the philosopher.

"*Alda.* I cannot say that professed moralists and philosophers did much to help me out of the dilemma; but the riddle which history presented I found solved in the pages of Shakspeare. There the crooked appeared straight, the inaccessible, easy, the incomprehensible, plain. All I sought, I found there; his characters combine history and real life; they are complete individuals, whose hearts and souls are laid open before us—all may behold and all judge for themselves."

This is as it should be, a most lady-like work; beautiful in its print and paper, and elegant in its embellishments; nor can it well fail to be a successful one, and for the sake of genius, we hope it will be so.

*Mirabeau's Letters during his residence in England.* 2 vols. London: Wilson.

THIS work comes before us in a very "questionable shape." The anonymous translator states in his preface, that being at Brussels in 1806, he had an opportunity of taking copies of these letters, some of which, he confesses, were not in the handwriting of Mirabeau, nor did it appear to whom any one of them was addressed. Upon such authority only, does the authenticity of this correspondence rest; and we must confess, that, after reading them attentively, we entertain strong doubts of their being genuine; there is certainly no internal evidence of their emanation from a mind like that of Mirabeau. The objects noticed, and the views taken, evince no superior understanding; there is none of that powerful philosophy—of that keen and searching perception—of that wonderful political acumen for which Mirabeau was so remarkable.

There is prefixed a biographical sketch of Mirabeau, the writer of which seems to be on the best terms with himself. It contains nothing not already known.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'*Rhymes and Reminiscences*,' by the Rev. J. Saul.—Mr. Saul must excuse us, but we cannot enrol him among the prophets. There is nothing in his Rhymes or Reminiscences of which he need be ashamed, in point of moral sentiment; but as to poetry and poetical expression, a flag-staff contains as much. Apropos of a flag-staff—here is the military opening to a fragment touching a broken heart:—

I sentinelled her death-couch—saw her part!  
The look that telegraphs a broken heart  
Glanced from her upturned eye; yet, Patience, thou,  
Like a young angel, sat'st upon her brow, &c.

Leaving the angel Patience to his or her very uneasy seat, we turn to another specimen at once military, marine, and legal:—

What! though of earth the direst forms appear—  
What! though Destruction his red gauntlet rear,  
And crush the life of life beneath his shock,  
Like Ocean's spindrift scattered on the rock!  
Hope still directs pale Pity's dewy eyes,  
To save revelations treasured in the skies.

We also beg to ask the candid reader whether the two following lines, meant to illustrate the growth of a vine, would not much better describe the noonday peregrinations of a cat:—

The clambering vine o'er clustering roses crept,  
Then climbed the roof, and in luxuriance slept.

We would gladly praise if we could; but after searching the volume, as the lady in Logan's ballad sought the forest, "thorough," we have been equally disappointed—

She only saw the cloud of night,  
She only heard the roar of Yarrow.

'*Tales of many Climes*,' by C. C. V. G., are ditto to Mr. Saul, with the addition of an affected horror of bad poetry, which comes with a peculiarly ill grace from one whose grammar is by no means immaculate, and whose arrangement of syllables is extremely open to conviction. Even had the Tales been good, the flippant introduction would have been anything but a letter of recommendation. The authoress declares—

I do acknowledge I can scarcely swallow  
The homage which mechanics pay Apollo.

Every one for himself;—probably Apollo may as little like the lady's; of which a specimen, and then we commend the Tales entire, to all who are not particular what they read, and are ignorant of the true value of three and sixpence.

Her love was sudden, flexuous, like the flame  
Which wasted by its flickering became;  
But Laura's shone with steady cheering ray,  
And burned still brightly till she passed away:

Charlotte in wayward mood her mind had changed,  
Her wealth and confidence from me estranged;  
A private will she made, and left me nought,  
Save the poor income to her store I brought;  
The which she mentioned as in bitter hate,  
Saying, "I would not leave him desolate!"  
My Acraçy's stipend—('twas that she meant)—  
Th' expenses of my voyage home had spent;  
And when I stood again on English ground,  
An empty purse—a sorrowing heart I found.

'*The Smaller Hebrew and Chaldee Lexicon of Professor Simons*, translated by C. Seager,' is a brief but comprehensive vocabulary, and well adapted to the use of junior students, who are too frequently deterred by the toil of hunting over the larger lexicons, and confused by the number and prolixity of the explanations. Some very useful hints on the best mode of acquiring a practical knowledge of Hebrew, are given in the preface.

'*The Bibliotheca Scoto-Celtica*, by John Reid,' is a useful catalogue of all the books which have been printed in the Gaelic language. It is enriched by many judicious bibliographical notices, and by several interesting anecdotes respecting the modern Gaelic poets. The author has given some account of the several dialects of the Celtic in his introduction, and has dwelt at some length on the subject of Irish manuscripts. There is one in the possession of Dr. Murphy, the Catholic Bishop of Cork, which he has not mentioned, but which would probably throw much light on European history; it is a life of Charlemagne, apparently written by some Irishman who resided in the French Court, and contains many curious anecdotes respecting the habits and customs that prevailed during the period of the Carlovingian dynasty.

'*A Manual of Grecian Antiquities*,' by G. H. Smith.—This is the second Manual of Grecian Antiquities, that has come before us in the course of a few weeks, and we welcome it as a proof that the guardians of education have at length become convinced that such ponderous tomes as those of Potter and Robinson are wholly useless to junior students. The compilation before us is fairly executed, and the editor has availed himself of the modern works of Heeren and Cardwell, to explain many interesting particulars respecting the religious system and political economy of the Athenians.

'*The Eastern Origin of the Celtic Nations*,' by J. C. Prichard, M.D.—The learning and research displayed in this work, leads us to regret that the author has devoted so much time and toil to an unprofitable subject. After all the boasts of our antiquaries, it must be confessed, that Celtic literature is scanty in extent, and still more limited in value; and in this age of utilitarianism, we fear that few will encounter the toil of studying and comparing languages, difficult to be learned, and possessing no special merits to reward the labour of study.

'*Cæsar and the Britons*,' by the Rev. H. Barry.—The design of this work may be creditable to the author's patriotism, but it awakens suspicion of his sanity. It seems like a joke, for any one to contend for the truth of the old monkish chronicles, and to assert, that the colonization of Britain by Brute the Trojan, is as certain as the victory of Wellington at Waterloo, and that the Commentaries of Cæsar are false as the bulletins of Napoleon: yet, verily, all these assertions, and others even more startling, are made by our author in sober seriousness, and proved by a process which would demonstrate equally well the non-existence of America, and the reality of Lilliput. Of such a book, it is impossible to speak seriously, yet no powers of ridicule could aggravate its absurdity. It will be read and valued by the descendants of those Britons who monopolized civilization before Rome was built; but the posterity of the semi-barbarians that Cæsar found in these islands, will speedily consign it to unhonoured oblivion.

'*Ince's Outlines of General Knowledge*.'—It is difficult, and even dangerous, to define what are "school essentials": we shall never know enough, and we can never know too much. Mr. Ince does not, however, affect to have comprised, in a small book, all that will suffice in the matters of history, biography, geography, &c. &c.: he intends it simply as initiatory; and though, for our own part, we decidedly prefer beginning even on a more extended scale, we are bound to say, that the present manual contains, for its size, a remarkable quantity of interesting and well-arranged information. It would make a valuable present to Sunday-schools and lending libraries.

'*Remember Me: a Token of Christian Affection*.'—This is the second appearance of a religious Annual—small in size, prettily got up, and, without affecting any great pretensions, sufficiently attractive to be worth encouraging. It contains a pleasing piece of biography; also two interesting poems by James Montgomery and Bernard Barton.

'*Kidd's Picturesque Pocket Companion to Richmond*,' &c.—A very neat, communicative, and portable book, which should find its way to the hands of all strangers who wish in one excursion to get intimate with the beauties of Kew, Richmond, Twickenham, and Hampton Court. The wood-cuts are numerous, and not unfaithful.

'*Pierce Egan's Book of Sports*,' No. 21.—Those who desire to know the rise and progress of the noble art of wrestling in England, need only look into this number for full satisfaction; they will there learn the comparative merits of the wrestlers of Cumberland, Westmorland, Devon, and Cornwall; the former for our money—we exclaim with Chaucer—

In wrestling there was none their peer  
Where any ram shulde stonde.

'*A Treatise on the Nature and Causes of Doubt*.'—A subject is here taken, and in many respects very well disposed of, which requires the earnest consideration of all who are anxious to prevent the growth of infidelity. The author of this little volume has evidently written from experience; and whilst he does not affect to have put forth a work having much claim to original reasoning, he has carefully digested much information. What is better still, he debates in the right spirit, and makes a wide difference between the scepticism of conscientious doubt, and the scepticism which has its rise in "faults in the life." We commend the book to the attention of those who have much contact with minds at once intelligent and audacious; and for all who are connected with the great work of education, we quote the following weighty remark:—

"I conceive it a radical error in the general system of education in this country, that while the truths of the established religion are sedulously propounded, the reasons why those truths must be believed are so rarely taught."

'*The Church of God; in a Series of Sermons*.'—These Sermons, by the Rev. Robert Wilson Evans, author of the 'Rectory of Valehead,' are too elaborate for family use; but for the private study of cultivated readers they are much to be admired, as combining devotion and literature.

'*The Nature, Use, and End, of the Office of Dean Rural*.'—This little publication comes, it seems, from the manuscripts of one not unknown to science and letters, Dr. Priaux, Rural Dean of Chalke, in Wiltshire, in 1666. Concerning the name, title, origin, appointment, and functions, personal and caputular, of Rural Deans, we have neither space nor leisure to make comments; some light is afforded both by the text and notes of this pamphlet-sized work; but more is required to enable laymen to form right conclusions: we are not however sure that more light would make the matter attractive.



## ORIGINAL PAPERS

## TO SORROW.

Spirit of the lonely vale,  
 With the long-lash'd dewy eye  
 Bending o'er the lilies pale  
 'Neath the melancholy sky;  
 Sorrow! when in primrose fields,  
 Where the rills laugh, sing the bowers,  
 Fondest sigh life's pilgrim yields  
 To thy vale of sunless flowers.  
 Who beside the streamlet dwells,  
 With the merry sylvan song  
 Mingling music through the dells,  
 Little heeds, or heeds not long:  
 Bless the guide's mysterious hand,  
 Sun that smiles, and cloud that lowers;  
 Doubly fair joy's summer-land  
 For the vale of sunless flowers!

S. S.

## MEMOIR OF SHELLEY.

[Continued from p. 474.]

SHELLEY'S ill-assorted marriage contributed, as might have been foreseen, to the misery of both parties.

Some of the outpourings of his soul on this fatal union were these:—

"What is love? Ask him who lives, what is life—ask him who adores, what is God. I know not the internal constitution of other men. I see that in some external attributes they resemble me; but when, misled by that appearance, I have thought to appeal to something in common, and unburthen my inmost soul, I have found my language misunderstood, like one in a distant and savage land. The more opportunities they have afforded me for experience, the wider has appeared the interval between us, and to a greater distance have the points of sympathy been withdrawn.

"With a spirit ill fitted to sustain such proofs, trembling and feeble through its tenderness, I have everywhere sought, and have found only repulse and disappointment. Thou demandest, What is love? If we reason, we would be understood: if we imagine, we would that the airy children of our brain were born anew within another's: if we feel, we would that another's nerves should vibrate to our own,—that the beams of her eyes should kindle at once, and mix and melt into our own,—that lips of motionless ice should not reply to lips quivering and burning with the heart's best food. This is love;—this is the bond and the sanction which connects not only the two sexes, but everything that exists.

"We are born into the world, and there is something within us which, from the instant we live and move, thirsts after its likeness. This propensity develops itself with the development of our nature—to this eagerly refer all sensations thirsting that they should resemble or correspond with it. The discovery of its antetype—the meeting with an understanding capable of clearly estimating the deductions of our own—an imagination which can enter into, and seize upon the subtle and delicate peculiarities which we have delighted to cherish, and unfold in secret—with a frame whose nerves, like the chords of two exquisite lyres strung to the accompaniment of one delightful voice, vibrate with the vibration of our own—and of a combination of all these in such proportion as the type within demands,—this is the

invisible and unattainable point to which love tends; and to attain which it urges forth the powers of man to arrest the faintest shadow of that without which there is no rest or respite to the heart over which it rules. Hence, in solitude, or in that deserted state when we are surrounded by human beings, and yet they sympathize not with us, we love the flowers, and the grass, and the waters, and the sky. In the motion of the very leaves of spring—in the blue air there is found a secret correspondence with our heart that awakens the spirits to a dance of breathless rapture, and brings tears of mysterious tenderness to the eyes, like the enthusiasm of patriotic success, or the voice of one beloved singing to you alone.

"Sterne says, that, if he were in a desert, he would love some cypress. So soon as this want or power is dead, man becomes the living sepulchre of himself, and what yet survives is the mere wreck of what he was."

Is there anything in the writings of Rousseau that can compare with the tenderness, with the eloquence of passion, contained in these aspirations?

What disappointed hopes gave birth to them we may more than conjecture. It was with such lacerated and withered feelings that he sate down to trace the wanderings of Alastor, and, under the idealism of the spirit of solitude, to paint his own vain and fruitless search of a being with whom he could sympathize, and render this earth, what, in his enthusiastic admiration of nature, I have often heard him call it, a paradise.

In looking back to his first marriage, it is surprising, not that it should have ended in a separation, but that he should have continued to drag for more than three years the matrimonial chain, every link of which was a protraction of torture. That separation, for which there were other and more serious grounds, into which I shall not enter, took place by mutual consent, and, considering himself free, he resolved to go abroad. His health, always delicate, was impaired by the misery he had undergone, and the quantity of that beverage, other than a Lethæan one to him, laudanum, which he had taken. He required change of scene, and a milder climate; and on the 28th July, 1814, commenced a continental tour. He crossed the Channel in an open boat, and had a very narrow escape of being upset in a sudden squall. Passing a few days in Paris, he received a small remittance; and after talking over with his party, and rejecting many plans, fixed on one eccentric enough—to walk through France—went to the Marché des Herbes, bought an ass, and thus started for Charenton: there, finding the quadruped too weak to carry his portmanteau, he made the purchase of a mule, and not without many adventures arrived with this singular *equipage* at Troyes.

The desolation and ruin that the Cossacks left everywhere behind them in their pestilential march—the distress of the inhabitants, whose houses had been so lately burned, their cattle killed, and their all destroyed, made a deep impression on Shelley's feeling mind, and gave a sting to his detestation of war and despotism.

Further pedestrianism being rendered impossible by a sprained ancle, the remainder of the journey to Neuchâtel was performed *par voiture*. Lucerne was the next canton visited:

coasting its romantic lake up to Brunen, the château was hired for a week. But finding he had only 28*l.* left, and no chance of further remittances till December, he resolved with that small sum to return home by the Reuss and the Rhine. Shelley and his party took the *coche d'eau* for Loffenburgh: thence to Mumph the passage was made in a narrow, long flat-bottomed machine, consisting of pieces of deal nailed together. "The river is rapid, and sped swiftly, breaking as it passed over rocks just covered by the water. It was a sight of some dread to see the frail boat winding along the eddies of the rocks, which it was death to touch, and where the slightest inclination on one side would instantly have overset it." However, this punt brought them in safety to Basle, where, hiring a boat for Mayence, they bade adieu to Switzerland; and landed in England from Rotterdam on the 13th August, having travelled 800 miles at an expense of less than 30*l.* Shelley used to describe with an enthusiasm that was infectious, the rapturous enjoyment this voyage down the Rhine was to him;—to dilate with all the fire of poetic inspiration, on the rapidity of their descent of that torrent-like river—winding now along banks of vines, or greenest pastures—now rushing past craggy heights surmounted by feudal castles.

This was one of the favourite topics in which he delighted to intoxicate his imagination; and, with a prodigality, like that of Nature in some tropical island, to lavish a world of wealth, as though his store was inexhaustible as hers.

The next eighteen months after his return were passed almost exclusively in London, where he had to suffer all the horrors of poverty. It was at this time, I imagine, that he walked the hospitals, and studied medicine, not with any intention of practising it as a profession, but with a view of alleviating the sufferings of humanity. His knowledge of anatomy was very limited; but he made himself a tolerable botanist. I doubt, however, whether Shelley had not too much imagination to make any great proficiency in the abstract sciences: nature and education both designed him for a poet.

In May 1816, Shelley paid a second visit to the continent, and reached Sécheron, near Geneva, on the 17th of that month. On his arrival he learned, that Byron was living in the Hotel. Some correspondence on the subject of 'Queen Mab' had already passed between himself and Shelley: it was renewed, and in their interview they were so mutually pleased with each other, that it ended in Shelley's deciding to take a villa immediately at the foot of that already taken by Lord Byron, the Campagne Diodati,—a name associated with that of Milton, and perhaps one of Childe Harold's principal reasons for choosing it as a residence. The cottage occupied by Shelley is in a most sequestered spot. There is no access to it in a carriage. It stands only separated from the lake by a small garden, much overgrown by trees. A pathway through the vineyard of Diodati communicates with it. It was here that Byron formed an attachment to the mother of Allegra. They were not altogether strangers, he having seen her once on the eve of his departure for the continent, when she applied to him for an engagement at Drury Lane; but he was no longer on the Committee of the theatre, and could not for-

ward her views. I have already spoken of C—. She was a brunette, and gifted with no common talents, and, if I may judge by what she was six years afterwards, possessed at that time no common beauty. This *liaison* was, however, of very short duration;—but to return to Shelley.

At Geneva, then, commenced that friendship between Shelley and Byron, that was destined to contribute so much to their mutual advantage, and to soothe their after regrets, if such they entertained, for their lost native land.

The similarity of their destinies tended not a little to cement this intimacy. Both were marks for the world's obloquy—both were self-exiled. Their pursuits were congenial—they had

Been cradled into poetry by wrong,

And learnt by suffering what they taught in song.

They both sought and found in solitude, and Nature—to whom the Greeks rightly gave the name of mother,—a balm for their wounded spirits. It cannot, I think, be denied, that the benefit of this intimacy weighed much on the side of Byron. That he profited by the superior reading and refined taste of Shelley, is evident from all he wrote in Switzerland. There is a higher strain of poetry—a depth of thought, of feeling—a natural piety—in the third canto of *Childe Harold*, which we do not find in his previous works. These must be attributed, in some measure, to the influence this daily intercourse had over his mind. Byron took as much pleasure in the society of Shelley as he was capable of taking (and he certainly was very social in Italy,) in that of any one, and soon entertained the greatest deference for Shelley's judgment, which, in the compositions of others, was infallible. With Shelley, Byron disagreed in many essential points; but they never came to a difference—which was the case with few of his pseudo-friends. Mr. Hobhouse and himself were always best apart; and it was a relief to him when they finally separated in Greece. A cold, calculating, unoriginal, mathematical mind, could have little in common with Byron's; but Shelley's was an *El Dorado*, an inexhaustible mine. Byron, (as in the case of Charles Skinner Matthews, of whom he used to talk so much, and regretted so deeply,) not being a great reader himself, liked the company of those who were,—especially if they could think, for he thus obtained both the matter and spirit distilled through the alembic of others' brains. His admiration of Shelley's talents and acquirements only yielded to an esteem for his virtues; and (I think from what I witnessed five years afterwards,) to have passed a day without seeing him, would have seemed a lost day. No wonder, then, that in this absolute retirement they were inseparable. They spent their mornings on the lake—their evenings in their own small intellectual circle; and thus, as Byron said, he passed that summer more rationally than at any other period of his life. He had before written for fame: here, he was inspired by a higher feeling. Madame Beloe, in her '*Life of Lord Byron*,' has given a journal of his tour in the smaller cantons; where are to be found all the elements of '*Manfred*.'

Shelley, in some interesting letters addressed to his friend Mr. Peacock, describes a Tour du Lac, which he made with Lord

Byron. Off Miellerie they were in great danger of being lost. He says, "It blew tremendously, and came from the remotest extremity of the lake, producing waves of frightful height, and covered the whole surface with a chaos of foam. My companion, an excellent swimmer, took off his coat: I did the same, and we sate with our arms crossed, every instant expecting to be swamped. My feelings would have been less painful had I been alone, for I was overcome with humiliation, when I thought that his life might be risked to save mine." Shelley dwells with rapture on the scenes of the '*Nouvelle Heloise*,' which he calls an overflowing of sublimest genius, and more than human sensibility. On visiting Clarens he says, "Why did the cold maxims of the world compel me, at this moment, to repress the tears of melancholy transport which it would have been so sweet to indulge, immeasurably, even until the darkness of night had swallowed up the objects that excited them." At Lausanne, whilst walking on the Acacia-shaded terrace belonging to Gibbon's house, he observes, "Gibbon had a cold and unimpassioned spirit. I never felt more inclination to rail at the prejudices which cling to such a thing, than now that Julie and Clarens, Lausanne and the Roman Empire, compel me to a contrast between Rousseau and Gibbon."

At the end of July he went to Chamouni, where at the foot of Mont Blanc were composed his sublime lines on the source of the Arveiron; which rest their claim to admiration on an attempt to imitate the untamable wildness and inaccessible solemnity from which those feelings sprang.

Of the Mer de Glace he speaks thus: "I will not pursue Buffon's grand but gloomy theory, that this globe which we inhabit will at some future period be changed into a mass of frost, by the encroachments of the polar ice, and of that produced on the most elevated points of the earth. \* \* \* Imagine to yourself Ahriman throned among these desolating snows—among these palaces of death and frost, so sculptured in this their terrible magnificence by the adamant hand of necessity, and that he casts around him, as the first essays of his final usurpation, avalanches, torrents, rocks, and glaciers, at once the proofs and symbols of his reign; add to this, the degradation of the human species, who, in these regions, are half deformed, or idiotic, and most of whom are deprived of anything that can excite interest or admiration. This is a part of the subject more mournful and less sublime, but such as neither the poet nor the philosopher should disdain to regard. One would imagine Mont Blanc, like the god of the Stoics, was a vast animal, and that the frozen blood for ever circulated through his stony veins."

What his real opinion of Byron's genius was, may be collected from a sonnet he once showed me, and which the subject of it never saw. The sentiments accord well with that diffidence of his own powers—that innate modesty which always distinguished him. It began thus—

If I esteemed him less, envy would kill  
Pleasure, and leave to wonder and despair  
The ministration of the thoughts that fill  
My soul, which, as a worm may haply share  
A portion of the unapproachable,  
Marks his creations rise as fast and fair  
As perfect worlds at the Creator's will.

Shelley used to say, that reading Dante produced in him the same despair. He was at this period of his life, and continued ever, a warm admirer of the Lakists, especially of Wordsworth and Coleridge. But he was a still greater lover of Æschylus and Goethe. He read to Lord Byron the '*Prometheus*,' (of which I shall have occasion to speak hereafter,) and '*Faust*,' from which was derived the idea of '*Manfred*,'—though he has treated that drama in such a way, that Goethe's loud accusations were by no means well founded. Among all his poetical crimes, Shelley has never been taxed with plagiarism.

It was one of his fanciful notions, that what we call talent, is in some degree magnetic, or epidemic: that spirits catch from each other a particle of the *mens divini*or. Such an idea, if not to be found in Plato, is worthy of him. This divine author he had long made his constant companion, and ended in idolizing. It was probably to the '*Phædo*' that he owed his conversion from materialism.

"Whatever may be the true and final destination of man," writes Shelley, "there is a spirit within him at variance with nothingness and decay. This is the character of all life and being. Each is at once the centre and circumference,—the point to which all things are resolved, and the line within which all things are contained. Such contemplations materialism and the popular philosophy of mind and matter alike forbid. They are consistent only with the intellectual system."

But, though congenial in their pursuits, there was little congeniality of sentiment between Shelley and Byron on these subjects. Byron was doubtless a sceptic; but why, he scarcely knew, or dared ask himself. Almost all his friends at Cambridge had been sceptics; and he had been rather laughed out of his faith than convinced, by inquiry or argument, of its fallacy. We next find Shelley at Como, where he composed his '*Elogue of Rosalind and Helen*,' which glows with all the enchanting scenery of that delicious summer retreat. Though deficient as a story, this tale abounds with isolated passages of beauty, such as are not to be surpassed in our or any language. One would imagine that Byron, when, on the banks of the Brenta, he wrote the stanza—

A single star is by her side,—

had in his mind's eye the still more exquisite lines from '*Rosalind and Helen*'—

Leading the infantine moon,  
And that one star which to her  
Seems as if to minister  
Half the golden light she brings  
From the sunset's radiant springs.

Shelley remained on the Lake of Como during the summer of 1817.

It was to a vivid remembrance of these romantic excursions that he owes the scenes in the '*Revolt of Islam*.' He there crowds images on images, each more lovely and fantastic than the former, illustrating one by the other, till he almost forgets, and his readers hardly wish to remember, in the enchantment which his magic wand calls up, that he is wandering from his theme. But I fear I am doing so myself, and shall land him again, after an absence of a year and some months, in England.

[To be continued next week.]

## STEAM COACHES.

Of the various projectors who have engaged in the adaptation of the steam-engine to propel carriages on turnpike roads, there are three whose proceedings are brought to such a state of maturity, as to present a reasonable probability of the speedy establishment of steam carriages in several populous districts of this country.

Mr. Gurney, the earliest and most spirited projector, has associated with him in his patent four gentlemen of large property; and a company is in progress for the purpose of working carriages under this patent. Carriages constructed with Mr. Gurney's boiler were worked for four months during the early part of last year, between Gloucester and Cheltenham—a distance of about ten miles. This journey was performed regularly four times a day, during the period just mentioned, at a greater speed than that of horse coaches, and at half their fares. The hostility evinced by the various parties who fancied their interests injured by the establishment of steam carriages and the removal of horses, occasioned the proprietors of the steam carriages constant and most vexatious annoyance. In addition to this, those who had the management of the road threw obstructions in the way, by spreading loose stones to the depth of eighteen inches on a considerable portion of the road over which the carriage was compelled to run. Finally, a number of Turnpike Bills were smuggled through Parliament, laying prohibitory tolls on all carriages propelled by machinery. This gave the *coup de grace* to the steam carriages, and they were necessarily discontinued in June last.

Mr. Gurney now petitioned Parliament for the repeal of the prohibitory toll bills; and a committee was appointed, which received evidence, and published a report in October last, in which, after recapitulating the evidence, the committee declare that the following propositions have been fully established:—

1. That carriages can be propelled by steam on common roads, at an average rate of ten miles per hour.
2. That at this rate they have conveyed upwards of fourteen passengers.
3. That their weight, including engine, fuel, water, and attendants, may be under three tons.
4. That they can ascend and descend hills of considerable inclination, with facility and safety.
5. That they are perfectly safe for passengers.
6. That they are not (or need not be, if properly constructed) nuisances to the public.
7. That they will become a speedier and cheaper mode of conveyance than carriages drawn by horses.
8. That as they admit of greater breadth of tire than other carriages, and as the roads are not acted on so injuriously as by the feet of horses in common draught, such carriages will cause less wear of roads than coaches drawn by horses.
9. That rates of toll have been imposed on steam carriages, which would prohibit their being used on several lines of road, were such charges permitted to remain unaltered.

The prohibitory toll bills are now in process of being repealed,—the repeal bill having already passed the Commons, and steam carriages will speedily be subject to the same tolls as carriages of an equivalent weight drawn by horses.

All carriages worked by steam, whether on turnpike roads or rail roads, are propelled by causing the engine to turn the wheels of the carriage, in exactly the same manner as ordinary steam engines turn their fly-wheels. The propelling wheel is fixed or keyed upon the axle, so as to be incapable of turning independently of it; and the axle being caused to revolve by

a crank, or other similar contrivance connected with the piston-rod of the engine, the wheel is thus turned, and from its adhesion to the road, it cannot turn without causing the progressive motion of the carriage. The chief point of difference then between the steam carriages of different projectors is in the form of the boiler.

The objects to be attained in the construction of a boiler for a steam carriage, are, 1, power—2, rapid production of steam—3, lightness.

The power must depend principally on the strength of the boiler, the pressure and temperature which it is capable of bearing, and on the intensity and magnitude of the fire which can be maintained in the furnace. The rapidity with which steam can be produced will also depend on the intensity and magnitude of the fire. But it will equally depend on the extent of surface of the boiler in contact with water which is exposed to the action of the fire.

In the boiler of Mr. Gurney, the fire is surrounded on every side by tubes filled with water. The grate-bars on which the fire rests are tubes slightly inclined upwards; the back of the furnace is formed of a grating of vertical tubes; and the roof of the furnace is likewise formed of a grating of tubes filled with water, sloping slightly upwards from the back towards the front. The tubes forming the fire-grate and roof of the furnace, communicate with two strong cylindrical vessels in front, above and below the fire door; and these vessels again are connected by two short vertical tubes on each side of the fire door. It will thus be seen that the water is distributed on every side around the fire. When the furnace is in action, an extensive sheet of burning fuel is spread on the lower tubes which form the grate-bars; and the water in these tubes receives whatever heat from the fire may pass downwards. The radiant heat, which is scattered upwards in every direction, is received by the water which fills the tubes in the roof, at the back, front, and on every side of the furnace. The draught of air which passes through the burning fuel, and maintains it in a state of combustion, is carried through a flue in the back of the furnace, and is conducted behind the tubes at the back, and above the tubes in the roof, imparting, as it passes, its heat to the water in those tubes, and it finally escapes by a chimney.

The effect of this arrangement is, that the water in the tubes, at the back and roof of the furnace, becoming lighter by increased temperature, acquires a tendency to ascend, and passes towards the cylindrical vessel at the top of the furnace in front. It is immediately replaced by the less heated water from below, and a circulation is thus constantly maintained. As the action of the furnace proceeds, a number of thin threads of water are thus continually whirled round the fire with inconceivable rapidity, and the water is raised to a temperature which affords steam of from 100 lbs. to 200 lbs. pressure on the square inch. The steam bubbles produced in the tubes are carried upwards by the circulation of the water, and are finally discharged into a vessel called a *separator*, removed from the action of the fire. Here, the pure steam is separated from the particles of water which are mechanically suspended in it—the latter being conducted back to the tubes, and the pure steam supplied to the engine.

It will be observed that this boiler is not only formed so as to produce steam with all the rapidity necessary to propel a carriage with the requisite velocity, but likewise from its form and materials is capable of sustaining almost unlimited pressure. Every part, being cylindrical, has the shape which, mechanically considered, is best adapted for strength; and the manner in which the water is exposed to the action of the fire, but more especially the prin-

ciple by which a rapid circulation is sustained around the fire, is eminently favourable to the abundant generation of steam. It is likewise to be noticed that there is no part of the boiler exposed to the action of the fire,—not even the grate bars,—which is not constantly filled with water. This secures the boiler from rapid wear by the burning away of the metal, inasmuch as the water constantly carries off the heat, and the metal of the tubes can never acquire a greater temperature than that of the steam. We have no hesitation in saying, that no form of boiler which has fallen under our attention fulfils so completely as this all the conditions required by theory in a locomotive boiler.

The method of blowing the fire deserves especial notice and approbation. After the steam has worked the engine, it is received into a close chamber, into which it is driven by the returning stroke of the piston. This chamber is kept sufficiently warm to prevent the re-conversion of the steam into water. It communicates with a chimney by a number of small jets presented upwards, through which the steam compressed in the chamber rushes in a constant and steady blast, which, of course, produces a corresponding draught through the fire. The functions of this chamber for the reception of the waste steam from the cylinders may not be inaptly compared to the space included between the upper board and middle of a smith's bellows, the effect of which is to convert the alternate puffs produced by the lowest or working board into a constant and uniform blast.

We regret that our limits compel us to overlook many admirable points in this engine. In our next Number we shall offer some observations on the steam carriages of Mr. Hancock and Dr. Church.

## ANTOINE PORTAL.

THE French *Institut* has again to lament the loss of one of its members. Antoine Portal died this week at Paris, at the advanced age of 90. He was born at Tarn, in the south of France, and sprung from a family celebrated for having, through a lapse of several centuries, constantly produced men of distinguished merit in the healing art. He received his medical education at Montpellier, where he obtained his degree of Doctor of Medicine. In 1765 he went to Paris, and studied surgery, a science then more distinct from medicine than at present. A thorough knowledge of both is now requisite in a good physician or a good surgeon; and the strict separation still existing in England, between medicine and surgery, is a remnant of old prejudice, which the immense progress made in the knowledge of anatomy and surgery ought to have eradicated.

Portal succeeded Ferrein, also a celebrated physician and anatomist, at the Academy of Sciences, and in the Professorship of Medicine at the College of France. In 1777, he was indebted to the friendship of Buffon for the appointment of Professor of Anatomy at the *Jardin des Plantes*, then called the *Jardin du Roi*.

At the restoration, Portal was appointed first consulting physician to the King, an office which he filled during the successive reigns of Louis XVIII. and Charles X.

Among the numerous successful works of Portal, we need only mention, as imperishable monuments of his fame, his '*Histoire de l'Anatomie et de la Chirurgie*,' a work of immense labour, in six volumes; '*Cours d'Anatomie Médicale*,' five volumes; '*Instruction sur le traitement des Asphyxies par le Méphitisme*,' several editions of which were printed by order of the government and gratuitously distributed; and '*Considérations sur la nature et le traitement des maladies de famille et des maladies héréditaires*.'

Portal was physician to the celebrated Madame

de Staël, after whose death he published a very remarkable and curious work, entitled 'Notice sur la maladie et la mort de Madame la Baronne de Staël.'

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

MURRAY has announced that his Family Library will close with the thirty-sixth number; we imagined, from the sale of some of the volumes, that he was making money by the speculation; but this seems to contradict the supposition. We are sorry for its failure; take it all in all, it was one of the best of the race; and had the publisher avoided histories and guide books and other such matters, he would have done well with it. Lardner will now have a clear field; and if he uses his powers judiciously, he will do better than he has yet done. He ought only to think of supplying the world with such books as are really wanted. For instance, we do not want a 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,' in other words than those of Gibbon, so he need not think of it: we are not sure that we were in want of a History of England, yet Mackintosh supplied one—a splendid disquisition, but not a real history.

The Royal Academy has closed its exhibition, and dispersed the pictures and statuary east, west, north, and south. It will be seen, in another part of our paper, that the season has not been so productive as some others; but the public mind had something else than matters of taste or elegance to muse upon.—It is proposed to raise a Doric column of solid granite eighty feet high without joint, in honour of Reform. But a Doric column tells nothing, save the order to which it belongs: an Egyptian obelisk is covered with characters, and an old English cross has saints and madonnas, and each tell their story wherever they are removed to; but a Doric column is only a mass of stone, and may mean anything.

The Opera, according to very general report, will close early and lamentably. We do not choose to give currency to the melancholy stories told to us, for we sincerely pity Mr. Mason and all others concerned. This result was foreseen by every man of common sense at all acquainted with the subject. The cocked hats and silk stockings at the outset, and the pretension and assumption of the green and gold pamphlet, were enough in themselves to stagger all faith in the practical wisdom of the management; and the progress of the season brought conviction to the doubting. In the most prosperous days of the Opera it has never been possible to have full houses three times a week.

We hear that Mad. Fischer is likely to appear in 'Freischütz;' and Devrient, if it be possible to prevail on her, is to close the season by a last appearance in 'Fidelio,'—at present she, as well as Mdle. Schneider, is singing at Manchester.

#### FINE ARTS

##### ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE annual dinner of the Royal Academy, in commemoration of his Majesty's birth-day, took place on Tuesday last in the council-room at Somerset House. The President in proposing the King's health, alluded to the grant which had passed in the House of Commons on the

preceding evening, for the construction of a new Royal Academy—an event which would give a new epoch to the history of the arts, and entitle the monarch, in whose reign it occurred, and the minister who proposed it, to the eternal gratitude of artists.—The announcement was received with the most lively demonstrations of satisfaction by the assembled guests.

On the health of the architect of the new building being proposed, Mr. Wilkins explained, that the subject of a new Royal Academy had occupied his attention for some years past; and having suggested to some of his brother academicians, that the King's Stables, with a sum of money to convert them to the purposes in question, might perhaps be granted by the government, in exchange for their present apartments in Somerset House, he was strongly urged by some of his friends in the Academy to lay the plan before his Majesty's government, for which purpose he had only awaited a favourable opportunity. The necessity for the removal of the national collection, and the well-known character of Earl Grey, which disposed him to the cultivation of the arts of peace, appeared to afford the hope of the accomplishment of this object; and, in July of the last year, Mr. Wilkins said, he submitted to the directors of the National Gallery, a plan for the alteration and extension of the Royal Stables at Charing Cross, for a National Gallery and a new Royal Academy. The plan having been approved by the directors, they lost no time in submitting it to Earl Grey, who instantly gave his attention to the subject, and as soon as the more urgent business of the state afforded an interval of repose, appointed a committee to decide upon a plan in conformity with their recommendation.

The committee consisted of members of all parties; and a most pleasing feature of the whole transaction was the union with which they acted. Laying aside all party considerations, they devoted themselves to the object of their appointment, with a liberality which reflects upon them the highest honour. Such is the origin and progress of a transaction which has been now brought to a most satisfactory conclusion.

The receipts for admission to the Exhibition, have been less by 300*l.*, than those of last year; and the auditors' accounts show an excess of expenditure beyond the income of the Academy. The prospects, however, of a more extensive encouragement of the arts, arising from the execution of the plans now in progress, have inspired the Academy with the most sanguine hopes of keeping their expenditure within the limits of their future income. It is not generally known, that the annual expenses for the support of the several schools, in addition to the pensions and donations to their distressed brethren, exceed 5000*l.*; these expenses are almost wholly defrayed by the receipts arising from the exhibition of their works.

##### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Devonshire and Cornwall Illustrated.*

*Westmorland, Cumberland, Durham, and Northumberland Illustrated.* From original drawings by Thomas Allom, with Topographical Descriptions by Thomas Rose. Part I. London: Fisher, Son & Co.

THE first of these works is now complete, and it forms a most interesting and beautiful volume. Not only to those who have any local knowledge of the counties, but to all who delight in English scenery, we commend it with hearty good will.

Every word that we have said in commendation of the Devonshire and Cornwall, is equally deserved by the first part of the Westmorland. The country itself is perhaps more picturesque, beautiful, and interesting. We cannot let these works pass without noticing the price at which

they are published—this first part contains no less than *seventeen views*, with descriptive letter-press, for *four shillings*.

#### MUSIC

##### KING'S THEATRE.

'La Gazza Ladra' was revived for the benefit of Brugnoli and Samengo, and has been since repeated. Tamburini, in the character of *Fernando*, had opportunities for displaying the fine flexible powers of his voice, and availed himself of them. Mad. De Meric, as *Ninetta*, and V. Galli, as *Podestà*, were respectable enough, but Signor Calveri's *Gianetto* was execrable.

'Tancredi' has also been given entire, Signora Mariani as the hero: in 'Di tanti,' although her embellishments were numerous and sometimes graceful, yet we prefer the version of Mad. Pasta, compared to whom, Mariani was tame and deficient in dignity.

Donzelli was splendid; Mad. De Meric, evidently much fatigued from her too frequent exertions in Italian, French, and German operas, did not sing with her accustomed success.

Herberle dances with increased éclat, and is now the principal attraction of the ballet.

'Fidoglio' was repeated on Friday last, to a very fashionable and crowded house, for the benefit of Mad. Devrient. On Wednesday, Mad. Fischer made her début in Weigl's opera, 'Die Schweizer Familie.' Her figure is large, and her face not very expressive; but her voice is brilliant and of great compass, and her taste generally correct. She was ill-supported by a Mr. Wappen, a tenor singer *sans voix*; and the opera being but poor, without any effective concerted pieces or choruses, is not likely to have a great run.

##### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*O Dio che Pena.* Words and music by Sir T. Charles Morgan, dedicated to Miss Josephine Clarke.

WE rather think this is a first offence—a sort of juvenile indiscretion. The circumstance, however, need not be taken into consideration—it is a very sweet duet, and we lately heard it sang with great pleasure.

*A Song of Delos.* Words by Mrs. Hemans, music by John Lodge, Esq.

THE aria in three-four time flows sweetly enough, with some pleasing modulations. The recitative, though somewhat tame, is interspersed with musician-like symphonies. Both poetry and music are of a higher order than the generality of English songs.

*Take heed! 'tis leap-year, girls.* Words by H. Brandreth, Esq., music by J. Blewitt.

*Yes, these are the Meadows.* By J. Parry.

*The Sunset Hour.* By S. Nelson.

*Sleep on, my Love.* By C. Eulenstein.

BALLADS are so numerous, that we are induced to string them together. The first is amusing and piquant—the second, sober and sentimental—the third, lightsome and gay—the fourth, elegant.

*Les Plaisirs de la Pension.* Six Quadrilles de Contre-danses variées. Par C. Chaulieu.

"FACILES et brillantes et composées pour les jeunes Personnes Anglaises," says the title-page. There is nothing remarkably original or characteristic in them; in some passages, the fingering is marked; and a chapter in the first page informs us how this species of music may be made useful, as well as amusing to the young pianist.

*My Cottage near the Rhine.* By H. Rodwell.

WE have seen much better compositions from the pen of Mr. Rodwell.

*Where are those Days?*

*The Bright Star of Day is appearing.* A. Donnadieu.

THE first is a quiet pleasing romance; the second is prettily relieved with a coda for three voices. Both these compositions are calculated to please in the drawing-room.

*The Muleteer's Bell.* Words and Music by Miss G. A. Lee.

*White as Snow is the Hawthorn Wreath.* A duet by the same authoress.

THE ballad is particularly pleasing. The duet should have been revised by a musician.

*Waters of Earn.* A song.

*The Crusader's Lay.* A romance: music by A. Donnadieu.

THE song is carefully written, and the character of the music accords well with the poetry. The melody is gay and simple, and the harmonies pleasantly varied.

*The Fluticon, or Flute-player's Monthly Companion.*

A small and cheap publication of this kind will find plenty of purchasers amongst flute amateurs; but we recommend the editor to publish pianoforte accompaniments to the solos, that they may be serviceable in the drawing-room as well as in the study.

## THEATRICALS

## ENGLISH OPERA—OLYMPIC THEATRE.

THE 'Climbing Boy' generally gets the best of it in a crowd—others fall back and make way for him. It was not so with us last week—we had a crowd of theatrical matter, and Mr. Peake's 'Climbing Boy' was edged out. After due apologies, we proceed with our tardy tribute of praise to the author of many highly amusing pieces, for having added one more to the list. 'The Climbing Boy' is full of the author's usual oddities and Peake-uliarities, but it is rather the more than the less acceptable, on that very account, to those who have often laughed and sometimes wept at his bidding. We are not ashamed to confess that the drama under discussion caused us to do both—but are happy, at the same time to state, for the information of our laughter-loving readers, that the latter operation bore but a very small proportion to the former. The truth is, that all great men are vulnerable in some point: Achilles was so in the heel—why then may not so lofty a personage as a theatrical critic, or (to speak more modestly) reporter, own to a little weakness in the eye? We have an eye (we speak collectively, because, in point of fact, we have two) which can look on unmoved and unmoistened at what are called the deepest tragedies. The rude unbending finger of the Tragic Muse may poke it out, but cannot so play upon our delicate organ as to produce the semblance of a tear—while in those dramas of a more domestic cast, a word, a look, a single act of generosity, a single sentiment of true benevolence, or honest affection, be it filial, paternal, or amatory, will, in an instant, cause us to bubble, if not to squeak. Being a week after our time with this notice, we must omit a detail of the plot. It has been given in all the daily papers, and is nightly becoming more known to the town. Suffice it to say, that the serious interest turns upon the adventures of a boy of good family who has been abstracted from his home, and sold to a sweep, but who is ultimately recovered and restored to his friends—and that the comic department is mainly entrusted to Mr. John Reeve, who enacts the part of a philanthropic street-sweeper—a compound of fat and fun, dirt and disinterestedness, rags and rough honesty, gin and generosity. The

idea of the story is taken, we presume, from the well known incident connected with Mrs. Montagu's family; but, perhaps, as the man says in the play, we "do presume, and it is not." Mr. Bartley, whose measure Mr. Peake has, had better never employ any other theatrical tailor. In the present case he is admirably fitted. He is called *Mr. Strawberry*, M.P., and is a warm-hearted country gentleman, with a superabundance of feeling, and rather less than his share of brains. He has, in particular, a most praiseworthy horror of the degradation to which English human-nature is subjected, in the persons of climbing boys; and, the little hero of the piece having by mistake descended the wrong flue and entered his apartment, he listens to the artless tale of his woes, and finally purchases his freedom. This scene is altogether excellent; and the alternations between fun and pathos are very cleverly kept up. We should be inclined to think it calculated to do more towards pointing general attention to the propriety of abolishing the odious practice in *toto*, than all the societies that ever were established—all honour at the same time to such societies for their good intentions. It is in this scene, that one of those little flowers of pathos occurs, which are so prettily scattered over the piece. The grinning urchin is thanking *Mr. Strawberry* for his generosity, and telling him that he is the only friend he has in the world, except *one*—and he goes on to explain that this one, among many other acts of disinterested friendship, has, upon a certain occasion, come forward, and given his master a black eye for ill-using him. *Strawberry* is delighted, and inquires his name—"Jack," answers the sweep. "Aye, but Jack what? he must have some other name." "I never knew him by any other name than Jack," replies the poor boy, in a tone of grateful recollection for the service performed, which would do honour to one of any rank. In an instant the philanthropic street-sweeper, *Jack Ragg*, of whom we have before spoken, is invested with a moral dignity, which makes us long for his approach. We are touched, sensibly touched, by a sweep, and are anything but blackened by the contact. Mr. Perkins displays his usual care and good sense in the part of *Sir Gilbert Thorncliffe*. Mr. W. Bennett is highly respectable in *Jacob Buz-zard*, his hard voice being here in good keeping with his hard heart. *Slinker*, a poacher, is played in a characteristic manner by Mr. Salter; and Mr. John Reeve, in *Jack Ragg*, ("a non-descript who describes himself," is quite at home; indeed, he is never more at home than when left to describe himself, for he is not fond (and we say it in all good humour) of being too much tied to his author—he plays the part capitally. Miss Henderson is a clever child, and one of considerable promise—but we miss Miss Poole, who was one of considerable performance. Mr. Arnold has lost the *Pool*, and the little fish he has begun again with, must have many additions before it can become one. Miss H. Cawse played prettily, but rather carelessly—her sweet singing voice, however, was heard to great advantage. We are sorry not to feel justified in saying more of Miss Somerville, than that her acting and singing were inoffensive. Mrs. C. Jones acted with her usual ability, and sang a medley with such good taste and execution, as to deserve and obtain a unanimous encore. She reminded us of Mrs. Bland in her best day. We hope 'The Climbing Boy' will prove as attractive as it deserves. We could find some minor objections if we chose, but do not care to pick holes in a piece which is good on the whole.

## FRENCH PLAYS—COVENT GARDEN.

*Madlle. Taglioni's Benefit—Thursday.*—Mars must for once give place to Venus, for we have no time to do more than notice the new ballet,

produced for the lady's benefit. We rejoice to say that it was for her benefit, for there was a capital house. The ballet is called 'La Sylphide.' The plot seems to consist in the love of a sylph for a young Scotchman, whom she spirits away with her into a beautiful wilderness, at the moment that he is about to be married to a beauty of earth—to one of mortal mould. There are escapes, and dangers, and difficulties, raised for the purpose of being overcome, and sundry other matters too numerous to mention, but it all comes right at last. The first act goes on in the Scot's cottage, and would have gone off with great applause—but, when they all rushed off to seek the lost bridegroom, instead of the act drop falling, a stage servant walked coolly on with a watering-pot, and gave the stage a drop of water. To a certain extent, this had the effect of a green curtain, for in a few minutes the flowers grew into the next scene of the wilderness. This was a bungle quite unworthy of Covent Garden, for the change took place "à vue," instead of the drop being lowered to allow time for the scene to be properly set. This proceeding sadly spoiled the end of the first act, and the beginning of the second. The second act opens with a sort of festival of witches, which witches conjured up a storm—of disapprobation, by bringing forward two very ill-made donkeys, and some other misshapen beasts, which marred the effect of an otherwise spirited scene. Besides the storm, there was a question raised as to the use of the incantation, or its applicability to the plot. It is possible that the *end* may have justified the means, but we did not stay to see the end. It may be important to mention, that one of the donkeys carried off a white cat on its back. M. Laporte played the principal witch and danced! with a great deal of character. A mist then clears off, and the wilderness, in all its beauty, is discovered. The sylph descends with her lover, and a ballet of sylphs takes place, in which Madlle. Taglioni steps on the stalk of a flower, which seems scarcely to bend beneath her weight, and dances on it—a very elegant and poetical idea admirably executed. She was throughout perfection—in pantomime, in dancing, in everything. The little mistakes of scenery will no doubt be rectified to-night, and all go well. The dresses were very gay and good, and the *corps de ballet* danced a Scotch dance with great spirit. Messieurs Theodore and Paul Taglioni, Madame Taglioni, and Madlle. Adele, all deserved and received considerable applause. The witching, the bewitching Madlle. Taglioni will dance, for the last time, we understand, on Saturday next. We shall endeavour to give her "one cheer more" on her departure, but really the terms of praise are almost exhausted upon this perfect—this preter-perfect—this preter-pluperfect creature.

## MISCELLANEA

*North London Hospital.*—We are happy to hear that the council of the London University have determined upon erecting an Hospital, on the vacant ground opposite to the University, and that a plan of the building has been approved of. Not only was such an Hospital wanting for the complete efficiency of the medical school of the University, but for the northern district of this great metropolis. As, however, the funds at the disposal of the council are insufficient for the purpose, an appeal will be made to the public, which, we trust, will be successful. Nearly £500 was subscribed by a dozen gentlemen, immediately on the determination being made known.

*The Pandemonian Flageleo.*—This is a new variety of the Pandean Pipes, which has been submitted to our judgment by the inventor, Mr. Walter, of No. 46, Great Peter Street, West-



minster. We are not very competent to offer an opinion on its merits, but certainly the notes are sounded with less effort than on almost any other wind instrument, and the tones are soft and sweet.

**Improved Raw Sugar.**—We are indebted to a correspondent for the following notice, and submit it without at all pledging ourselves for its accuracy:—"A sample of native raw sugar, prepared by the improved process of concentrating the cane juice in vacuo, has been introduced into the market, and has excited great interest in every person connected with this important branch of our commercial and colonial prosperity. It is raw sugar, obtained in perfect, pure, transparent granular crystals, developing the form of the crystal of the sugar, and being wholly free from any portion of uncrystallizable sugar, molasses, or colouring matter.

"The application of this improved and scientific process of manufacture, whilst it has supplied an important desideratum in the preparation of pure sugar direct from the cane juice, without any subsequent process of decolorization or refining, has established the important fact, that molasses was but a product of the former operation, from the intense and long-continued degree of heat employed in the process, rather than a direct educt from the cane. This important saving from the extensive waste in the production of molasses and uncrystallizable sugar, and the deteriorated state of the sugar from the extensive partial decomposition in which it has always before been transmitted to our hands, is of the first consequence to the planter."

**The Tepid Swimming Bath.**—We some time since received a ticket of admission to this Bath, but were prevented visiting it until this week. Not since boyhood have we so much enjoyed a swim;—the first summer plunge is an awful thing to the strongest nerves—here, however, it is a perfect luxury; and instead of panting and shuddering, and coming out with blue nails and an ague, the only hazard is, of remaining too long, and getting enervated and weakened. All who delight in bathing should certainly go.

A person has obtained the sanction of the Admiralty to descend, by means of air-pipes, to the wreck of the *Boyne*, of 98 guns, which, it may be in the recollection of many, caught fire by accident at Spithead, on the 1st of May, 1795, at 11 in the morning, drifted from her moorings, and finally blew up, about 6 in the evening of the same day, opposite Southsea Castle. At low water the wreck is approached at about two or three fathoms. A ladder of sufficient length reaches the wreck from a vessel moored over. The person descends, his head enveloped in a large leaden mask, with glass eyelets, protected by small brass bars, his body covered with an Indian rubber dress, leaving his hands perfectly free, as also his legs and feet. By this means he traverses the wreck, and has been enabled to suspend a few 24 pounders, which were hoisted into the vessel above. On the 20th inst., he discovered what is supposed was the captain's (the late Sir George Grey, Bart.) wine-store. He first brought up one bottle, then two; he then took down a basket, which he filled, and finally brought up 21 bottles—claret and port, which of course have been immersed in salt water for the last 37 years. He refused on the deck of the vessel 20s. a bottle for it, but handsomely tapped one by way of taster, for the bystanders. His agreement with Government is to have all he causes to be brought up, except the copper, which is to be deposited in the Dock-yard, for which he will be allowed the usual salvage. An immense number of boats, chiefly filled with ladies, attend every day. The bottles are covered with immense barnacles.

—Sun.

**Hindoo Marriages.**—The *Enquirer*\* contains some remarks upon Hindoo marriages. With respect to the Coolin Brahmins, it is observed, that "conscious their alliance is strongly solicited by all, without reference to their age or circumstances, they never remain constant to their wives; they go on marrying as many times as they find opportunities; their wives sometimes exceed a score or two in number. We know personally a man that married fifteen wives without hesitation. We have heard of one who wanted a schoolbook to read, and being unable to afford buying it, entered into a contract of marriage, and supplied himself with it by the fee he received from his marriage. Whenever any Coolin Brahmin feels inclined to provide himself with any article, and is unable to pay for it, he marries purposely to supply his inclination."

**Mackerel burying themselves in the Mud.**—Admiral Pleville-Lepley, who had his home on the ocean for half a century, assured M. Lacépède that at Greenland, in the smaller bays surrounded with rock, so common on this coast, where the water is always calm, and the bottom generally soft mud and fuci, he had seen in the beginning of spring myriads of mackerel with their heads sunk some inches in the mud, their tails elevated vertically above its level; and that this mass of fish was such, that at a distance it might be taken for a reef of rocks. The admiral supposed that the mackerel had passed the winter torpid under the ice and snow; and added, that for fifteen or twenty days after their revival, these fishes were affected with a kind of blindness, and that then many were taken with the net; but as they recovered their sight the net would not answer, and hooks and lines were used.—*Edin. Journ. of Science.*

**Dagenham Breach, near Barking.**—This fine piece of water was formed more than 100 years since by a disruption of the banks of the Thames. Although scarcely perceptible to the taste, the water contains a considerable quantity of salt: in many places it is very deep, and abounds with fish. Some years since the present proprietor made an attempt to stock it with sea-fish, and some hundreds of small cod and other fish were put in. That they should not live was probable enough; but what is singular, from the time of their being put in to the present, not one has been seen, either alive or dead. It has been conjectured that they died, and that the eels and other fish of prey devoured them; but that the eels, voracious as they are, should not have spared one to tell the tale of their destruction, is beyond the bounds of probability.—*Mag. Nat. Hist.*

**Misseltoe.**—Mr. Doveston succeeded in getting the misseltoe to vegetate on twenty-three sorts of trees; but on most of them it soon died, particularly on the gummy and the resinous, and only throve well on its usual habitats, the apple and hawthorn. He states that he never saw it growing well and luxuriantly upon the oak but once, and that at Anglesea, and singularly enough, hanging almost over a grand druidical cromlech. The misseltoe can only be propagated by seed; these are borne one in a berry, and when ripe, at Christmas time, may, by the tenacious gum which envelopes them, be readily fixed into the chinks of the bark of congenial trees.—*Ibid.*

**Character of a Gentleman.**—A lawyer, at a circuit town, in Ireland, dropped a ten pound note under the table, while playing cards at the inn. He did not discover his loss until he was going to bed, but then returned immediately. On reaching the room, he was met by the waiter, who said, "I know what you want, sir, you have lost something." "Yes, I have lost a

ten pound note." "Well, sir, I have found it, and here it is." "Thanks, my good lad, here's a sovereign for you." "No, sir, I want no reward for being honest;" but, looking at him with a knowing grin—"wasn't it lucky none of the gentlemen found it?"

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

| Days of W. & M. | Thermom. Max. Min. | Barometer. Noon. | Winds.     | Weather. |
|-----------------|--------------------|------------------|------------|----------|
| Th. 19.         | 72 46              | 30.00            | N.W.       | Clear.   |
| Fr. 20.         | 73 48              | 30.02            | N.E.       | Cloudy.  |
| Sat. 21.        | 65 47              | Stat.            | N.         | Ditto.   |
| Sun. 22.        | 64 46              | Stat.            | N.E. to N. | Ditto.   |
| Mon. 23.        | 66 47              | Stat.            | N.W.       | Ditto.   |
| Tues. 24.       | 70 51              | 30.04            | N.W.       | Ditto.   |
| Wed. 25.        | 73 51              | Stat.            | N.W.       | Ditto.   |

*Prevailing Clouds.*—Cumulus, Cirrostratus.

Nights and Mornings fair throughout the week.

Mean temperature of the week, 59°.

Day decreased on Wednesday, 54 min. During the last two months we have had no night, only twilight; the sun's greatest depression not exceeding 18°. Night commenced on Wednesday.

## NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

*Forthcoming.*—Illustrations of Political Economy, No. 7, 'A Manchester Strike,' a Tale, by Harriet Martineau.

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## TO CORRESPONDENTS

*Dr. Granville and Faust's Catechism.*—Our readers will remember the bitter sparring between the Doctor and H. H., which took place some time since in this paper. We cut the controversy short, presuming that Dr. Granville's assertion was conclusive. We, however, confess that the parallel passages in the *Quarterly* are not a little startling, and we are requested by H. H. to refer all who are interested in the question, to page 394 of the last number of that journal.

Thanks to J. B.—C. B. M.—C. H. F.—P. R.—G. C.—S. D.—D. R. L.—T.

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Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 249.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1832.

PRICE  
FOURPENCE.

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## REVIEWS

*Voyage à l'Abbaye de la Trappe de Melleray.*  
Par M. Edouard Richer. Nantes: Melin-et-Malassiau.

Among the strange things that are presented daily to our eyes and minds in this, perhaps the most extraordinary period in the history of the human race, we reckon an advertisement which appeared the other day in the London newspapers from the Monks of la Trappe. What an idea! The *Monks of la Trappe* competing with Miss Zouch, or "a small family," in the *Times* for the "patronage of the public," with the Patent Brandy men on one hand, and the Blacking men on the other, for bottle-holders! This wrings a smile from us, even in these days of terror, when a man dares not eat a cherry for fear of the pestilence;—but it is not at the thing itself we smile, but at the indignant tears which so profane a travesty of romance would have drawn from us in the days of love, wonder, and Mrs. Radcliffe.

The great convent of the Trappists, at Melleray, in Brittany, has been broken up, it seems, by the French government, and the holy brethren scattered abroad upon the face of the earth. This is a consummation which we do not grieve for, although we are sorry it should have been brought about by the exercise of authority, however lawful. Without entering into a question which has at least two sides to examine, if not more, we shall, in the mean time, treat our worthy friend, the public, if it will allow us, to a little gossiping on the customs and manners of this disfranchised burrow.

There is a little book before us—and a very little one—which will do some service on the occasion, although, perhaps, under other circumstances, it would not have aspired to the honour of a notice in the *Athenæum*. The author is M. Richer, a citizen of Nantes, who possesses a sufficiently ductile imagination, which, however, returns the impression with somewhat of the dimness of outline that renders a bread seal less effective than a stone one. As for ourselves, being in the habit, in imitation of a more ancient and eminent individual, of "going to and fro in the earth, and walking up and down in it," we have seen the convent of Melleray with our own eyes, and shall therefore be able to eke out, from the stores of our own memory, anything that may be wanting in the budget of the traveller.

The direct route from Nantes to Melleray is by the river Erdre, which resembles a juvenile Dead Sea. The very dip of the oar seems to awaken a muffled echo as you glide along the slumbrous wave, and the cry of the birds on the low, dark, and marshy banks, has something dismal and lifeless. Landing at Nort, where

the river becomes too narrow for navigation, you continue in the same direction, and after threading the forest of Vioreau, arrive at the bourg of Melleray. The convent is situated at some distance beyond, at the end of a wood of tall, straight, branchless, spectre-like trees, and near a smooth, silent, lonely lake. You are surrounded by clouds of dark foliage; the trees are everywhere marshalled in still and solemn ranks along the horizon; and in the middle space are only the calm surface of the water reflecting the gloomy face of the sky, and the grey walls of the monastery whispering of the peace of death and the rest of the grave.

The building belonged, in former times, to the order of St. Bernard, a monk of some genius, and an admirer of the glory, although not of the danger, of crusades. The Abbot de Rancé, a reformed libertine, who had become a Bernardine, finding the rules of the brotherhood not severe enough to mortify the flesh of so great a sinner, nor even to restrain his followers within the rules of priestly decorum, retired, in 1663, to the convent of La Trappe de Mortagne, and there instituted the severe and singular reform which still bears the name of its birth-place. St. Bernard, notwithstanding, continues to be looked on as the founder of the order, and his portrait is among the most conspicuous objects in the parlour of Melleray.

At the French revolution the monks emigrated from La Trappe to Friburg in Switzerland, from whence they dispersed themselves in various colonies, through Spain, Piemont, Westphalia, Hungary, and England. After the battle of Waterloo, these colonies mostly returned to France, and, among others, the English establishment, whose house was at Lulworth, near Wareham, in Dorsetshire. The abiding place chosen by the last-mentioned enthusiasts was the ancient Bernardine convent of Melleray, in Brittany, at the door of which we now find ourselves.

When M. Richer was admitted to the parlour, he stood for some time contemplating the features of St. Bernard. The door at length opened, and two very old men, dressed in a long robe of white linen, the head covered with a cowl, entered the room with a slow and solemn pace, and prostrated themselves at the feet of the stranger! They then beckoned him to follow, and led him into the chapel, where the whole three remained long enough to utter inwardly a prayer. He was then marshalled back again by his spectre-like hosts to the parlour, where one of them broke silence for the first time, by reading a chapter of the "Imitation of Jesus Christ." The father hotelier, whose office it is to receive strangers, and who is consequently permitted to speak, at length made his appearance, and proved to be a polite and intelligent man.

The father having invited our traveller to assist at *Complies*, they repaired again to the chapel. Everything here was simple, even to rudeness. The cross, the chandeliers, the ornaments of the altar, all were of wood, except the lamp and censor, which were lined with metal to resist the action of fire. The costume of the monks was the same, in all ranks and offices; and each, on entering, took his turn at ringing the bell. This was the only sound heard within the cloister, till the service commenced, when on a sudden the voices of the devotees burst forth in the plain solemn strain of the early Christians, now replaced by all other societies of the Church by the more refined music of the Gregorian chant.

After *Complies*, the Trappists glided one by one into the middle of the church, and prostrated themselves before an image of the Virgin, bearing this inscription:—*Come to me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.* During this ceremony the silence was intense; but at its conclusion, a single monk at the bottom of the nave began with a loud majestic voice the *Salve Regina*; and all the others, bent towards the earth, repeated the burthen like a mournful dying echo. At a signal from the superior, they then fell flat upon their faces, and remained completely motionless during the *Miserere*; till at length, rising up, they vanished slowly and silently from the church, each receiving the holy water from the prior as he passed.

At supper, in the parlour, there was neither meat nor fish provided for the guest, but abundance of vegetables, eggs, and milk. The fare of the monks themselves, however, is less rich even at dinner, their only meal. It consists of a soup made of vegetables, boiled in salt and water, without butter, a little rice in milk mixed with water, a few potatoes, and half a pound of black bread. While this frugal meal is going on, one of them reads aloud, sometimes in French, sometimes in English, a religious book; but every now and then the prior's bell sounds, and both readers and eaters suddenly stop in the midst of a word or a mouthful, and the brethren pray in deathlike silence. Immediately after dinner, the whole body walk in procession to the church, and recite the *Miserere* and *De profundis*.

The *dortoir* is a long gallery with a range of little cells at each side, separate, but without doors. The beds consist of two planks, a straw pillow, and a woollen cover. The monks lie down without undressing, for they wear no linen. They go to bed at eight o'clock in the evening, and rise at half-past one in the morning.

The Trappists not only make vows of poverty, but of gaining their living by the sweat of their brow. They exercise, in this



convent, the profession they have learnt in the world. They are mechanics, agriculturists, and gardeners; but, in the midst of all, they remain profoundly silent. The moment they enter the society, they cease to belong to the world. They abandon their baptismal and family name, and take that of their patron saint. Their head is shaved, and their hair burnt; and they kiss the feet of their comrades in token of humility and subjection. The death of a relation, however near, is never heard of. "My brethren," says the abbot aloud, addressing the whole community—"one of us has lost a father!" A grave, dug at a general meeting of the monks in the churchyard, always gapes for its expected tenant; and on this desirable object are fixed the longings of the whole community. When one of them is about to die, he is carried into the church to receive the last sacraments, and then to the infirmary, where he is laid upon straw and ashes, till released by death.

"Each of us, said the hôtelier," writes an anonymous author, "had hoped that this open grave was for him; but alas! it now seems to be reserved for father Stanislas. He is only twenty-five years of age, yet it is he who will gain the prize! He cannot live out the day; but he has sufficient strength left to repress the joy and pride, which such a preference causes; and he tries to console the rest of us in our disappointment, seeming to beg our pardon for the sort of larceny he is guilty of!" We conclude with a sentence or two from the correspondence of a brother of Chateaubriand, who died in a Trappist convent:—"We have here a number of little contradictions, which, running counter to our habits, disgust us at first. For example, we must never lean when seated, nor sit down when fatigued; because, man is born to labour in this world, and should never expect repose till the term of his pilgrimage. We lose also all property in our own body; if we happen to wound it even severely, we must accuse ourselves of the fault on our knees, just as if we had broken a vase of clay. If at any time, leaning against a wall, I fall asleep through fatigue, some charitable brother passing by, rouses me, seeming to say—'thou wilt repose in thy father's house, in domum eternitatis!'" One wonders what political offence the French government can see in such a society! At all events, it is to be hoped that the breaking up of their convent may be the means of restoring these poor enthusiasts to reason and to mankind.

*Characteristics of Women, Moral, Poetical, and Historical.* By Mrs. Jameson.

(Second Notice.)

We have said that this is a work of great depth of feeling and knowledge of human nature—it is much more: the authoress is lively, eloquent, and discriminating; she has great quickness of fancy, readiness of illustration, and a sense of whatever is noble, heroic, and natural. There is, however, a good deal of idle gossip in the introductory portion, and something approaching to an overflow of fine words when discussing the merits of her heroines, real and imaginary; yet we never tire in the company of the intelligent and exuberant lady: when she sees we are weary of her sprightliness, she tries

what her eloquence can do; and when words fail, she begins to scatter flowers of all hues and odours. Shakspeare she has by heart; she is deep in Schlegel, whom she rapturously admires; her acquaintance extends to Italian literature, and we may safely call her a learned lady; though if any one imagines that she wears her learning as a clown would a court dress, they do her much wrong; for on no one can it sit more gracefully. The characters on which the authoress exercises her taste and fancy are all to be found in Shakspeare; they are divided into four classes: 1. Characters of Intellect; 2. Characters of Passion and Imagination; 3. Characters of the Affections; and 4. Historical Characters. We shall give some portions of these delineations; we must, however, confess that half a dozen flowers can no more be considered as representing one of the royal gardens, than as many passages can be said to give an image of the contents of this very singular work:—

*Portia.*

"Portia, Isabella, Beatrice, and Rosalind, may be classed together, as characters of intellect, because, when compared with others, they are at once distinguished by their mental superiority. In Portia it is intellect, kindled into romance by a poetical imagination; in Isabella, it is intellect elevated by religious principle; in Beatrice, intellect animated by spirit; in Rosalind, intellect softened by sensibility. The wit which is lavished on each is profound, or pointed, or sparkling, or playful—but always feminine; like spirits distilled from flowers, it always reminds us of its origin;—it is a volatile essence, sweet as powerful; and to pursue the comparison a step further, the wit of Portia is like attar of roses, rich and concentrated; that of Rosalind, like cotton dipped in aromatic vinegar; the wit of Beatrice is like sal volatile; and that of Isabella, like the incense wafted to heaven. Of these four exquisite characters, considered as dramatic and poetical conceptions, it is difficult to pronounce which is most perfect in its way, most admirably drawn, most highly finished. But if considered in another point of view, as women and individuals, as breathing realities, clothed in flesh and blood, I believe we must assign the first rank to Portia, as uniting in herself in a more eminent degree than the others, all the noblest and most loveable qualities that ever met together in woman; and presenting a complete personification of Petrarch's exquisite epitome of female perfection:

*Il vago spirito ardente,  
E'n alto intelletto, un puro core.*

It is singular, that hitherto no critical justice has been done to the character of Portia: it is yet more wonderful, that one of the finest writers on the eternal subject of Shakspeare and his perfections, should accuse Portia of pedantry and affectation, and confess she is not a great favourite of his,—a confession quite worthy of him, who avers his predilection for servant maids, and his preference of the Fannys and the Pamelas over the Clementinas and Clarissas. Schlegel, who has given several pages to a rapturous eulogy on the Merchant of Venice, simply designates Portia as a 'rich, beautiful, clever heiress': whether the fault lie in the writer or translator, I do protest against the word clever. Portia *clever*! what an epithet to apply to this heavenly compound of talent, feeling, wisdom, beauty, and gentleness!"

*Beatrice.*

"Shakspeare has exhibited in Beatrice a spirited and faithful portrait of the fine lady of his own time. The deportment, language, manners, and allusions, are those of a particular class in

a particular age; but the individual and dramatic character which forms the groundwork, is strongly discriminated; and being taken from general nature, belongs to every age. In Beatrice, high intellect and high animal spirits meet, and excite each other like fire and air. In her wit, (which is brilliant without being imaginative,) there is a touch of insolence not unfrequent in women, when the wit predominates over reflection and imagination. In her temper, too, there is a slight infusion of the termagant, and her satirical humour plays with such an unrespective levity over all subjects alike, that it required a profound knowledge of women to bring such a character within the pale of our sympathy. But Beatrice, though wilful, is not wayward,—she is volatile, not unfeeling. She has not only an exuberance of wit and gaiety, but of heart, and soul, and energy of spirit; and is no more like the fine ladies of modern comedy,—whose wit consists in a temporary allusion or a play upon words, and whose petulance is displayed in a toss of the head, a flirt of the fan, or a flourish of the pocket handkerchief—than one of our modern dandies is like Sir Philip Sidney.

"In Beatrice, Shakspeare has contrived that the poetry of the character shall not only soften, but heighten its comic effect. We are not only inclined to forgive Beatrice all her scornful airs, all her biting jests, all her assumption of superiority; but they amuse and delight us the more, when we find her, with all the head-long simplicity of a child, falling at once into a snare laid for her affections. When we see her, who thought a man of God's making not good enough for her,—who disdained to be o'ermastered by 'a piece of valiant dust,' stooping like the rest of her sex, vailing her proud spirit, and taming her wild heart to the loving hand of him whom she had scorned, flouted, and misused, 'past the endurance of a block.' And we are yet more completely won by her generous enthusiastic attachment to her cousin. When the father of Hero believes the tale of her guilt; when Claudio, her lover, without remorse or a lingering doubt, consigns her to shame; when the Friar remains silent, and the generous Benedick himself knows not what to say,—Beatrice, confident in her affections, and guided only by the impulses of her own feminine heart, sees through the inconsistency, the impossibility of the charge, and exclaims, without a moment's hesitation—

*O, on my soul! my cousin is belied!"*

*Rosalind.*

"Though sprightliness is the distinguishing characteristic of Rosalind, as of Beatrice, yet we find her much more nearly allied to Portia in temper and intellect. The tone of her mind is, like Portia's, genial and buoyant; she has something too of her softness and sentiment; there is the same confiding abandonment of self in her affections; but the characters are otherwise as distinct (as the situations are dissimilar). The age, the manners, the circumstance in which Shakspeare has placed his Portia, are not beyond the bounds of probability; nay, have a certain reality and locality. We fancy her a cotemporary of the Raffaellas and the Ariostos; the sea-wedded Venice, its merchants, and magnificos,—the Rialto, and the long canals,—rise up before us when we think of her. But Rosalind is surrounded with the purely ideal and imaginative; the reality is in the characters and in the sentiments, not in the circumstances or situation. While Portia is splendid and romantic, Rosalind is pastoral and picturesque: both are in the highest degree poetical, but the one is epic and the other lyric. "Everything about Rosalind breathes of youth's sweet prime. She is fresh as the morning, sweet as the dew-awakened blossoms, and light as the breeze that plays among them. She

is as witty, as voluble, as sprightly as Beatrice; but in a style altogether distinct. In both, the wit is equally unconscious; but in Beatrice it plays about us like the lightning, dazzling, but also alarming; while the wit of Rosalind bubbles up and sparkles like the living fountain, refreshing all around. Her volubility is like the bird's song; it is the outpouring of a heart filled to overflowing with life, love, and joy, and all sweet and affectionate impulses. She has as much tenderness as mirth, and in her most petulant raillery there is a touch of softness—"By this hand it will not hurt a fly!"

#### Miranda.

"The character of Miranda resolves itself into the very elements of womanhood. She is beautiful, modest, and tender, and she is these only; they comprise her whole being, external and internal. She is so perfectly unsophisticated, so delicately refined, that she is all but ethereal. Let us imagine any other woman placed beside Miranda—even one of Shakespeare's own loveliest and sweetest creations—there is not one of them that could sustain the comparison for a moment, not one that would not appear somewhat coarse or artificial when brought into immediate contact with this pure child of nature, this 'Eve of an enchanted Paradise.'

"What, then, has Shakespeare done?—'O wondrous skill and sweet wit of the man!'—he has removed Miranda far from all comparison with her own sex; he has placed her between the demi-demon of earth and the delicate spirit of air. The next step is into the ideal and supernatural, and the only being who approaches Miranda, with whom she can be contrasted, is Ariel. Beside the subtle essence of this ethereal sprite, this creature of elemental light and air, that 'ran upon the winds, rode the curl'd clouds, and in the colours of the rainbow lived'—Miranda herself appears a palpable reality, a woman, 'breathing thoughtful breath,' a woman, walking the earth in her mortal loveliness, with a heart as frail-strung, as passion-touched, as ever fluttered in a female bosom.

"I have said that Miranda possesses merely the elementary attributes of womanhood, but each of these stand in her with a distinct and peculiar grace. She resembles nothing upon earth; but do we therefore compare her, in our own minds, with any of those fabled beings with which the fancy of ancient poets peopled the forest depths, the fountain, or the ocean?—Oread or dryad fleet, sea-maid, or naiad of the stream? We cannot think of them together. Miranda is a consistent, natural, human being. Our impression of her nymph-like beauty, her peerless grace and purity of soul, has a distinct and individual character. Not only she is exquisitely lovely, being what she is, but we are made to feel that she *could* not possibly be otherwise than as she is portrayed. She has never beheld one of her own sex; she has never caught from society one imitated or artificial grace. The impulses which have come to her, in her enchanted solitude, are of heaven and nature, not of the world and its vanities. She has sprung up into beauty beneath the eye of her father, the princely magician; her companions have been the rocks and woods, the many-shaped, many-tinted clouds, and the silent stars; her playmates the ocean billows, that stooped their foamy crests, and ran rippling to kiss her feet. Ariel and his attendant sprites hovered over her head, ministered deviously to her every wish, and presented before her pageants of beauty and grandeur."

#### Imogen.

"We come now to Imogen. Others of Shakespeare's characters are, as dramatic and poetical conceptions, more striking, more brilliant, more powerful; but of all his women, considered as

individuals rather than as heroines, Imogen is the most perfect. Portia and Juliet are pictured to the fancy with more force of contrast, more depth of light and shade; Viola and Miranda, with more ærial delicacy of outline; but there is no female portrait that can be compared to Imogen as a woman—none in which so great a variety of tints are mingled together into such perfect harmony. In her we have all the fervour of youthful tenderness, all the romance of youthful fancy, all the enchantment of ideal grace,—the bloom of beauty, the brightness of intellect, and the dignity of rank, taking a peculiar hue from the conjugal character which is shed over all, like a consecration and a holy charm. In Othello and the Winter's Tale, the interest excited for Desdemona and Hermione is divided with others; but in Cymbeline, Imogen is the angel of light, whose lovely presence pervades and animates the whole piece. The character altogether may be pronounced finer, more complex in its elements, and more fully developed in all its parts, than those of Hermione and Desdemona; but the position in which she is placed is not, I think, so fine—at least, not so effective, as a tragic situation."

#### Cleopatra.

"Of all Shakespeare's female characters, Miranda and Cleopatra appear to me the most wonderful. The first, unequalled as a poetical conception; the latter, miraculous as a work of art. If we could make a regular classification of his characters, these would form the two extremes of simplicity; and all his other characters would be found to fill up some shade or gradation between these two.

"Great crimes, springing from high passions, grafted on high qualities, are the legitimate source of tragic poetry. But to make the extremes of littleness produce an effect like grandeur—to make the excess of frailty produce an effect like power—to heap up together all that is most unsubstantial, frivolous, vain, contemptible, and variable, till the worthlessness be lost in the magnitude, and a sense of the sublime spring from the very elements of littleness,—to do this belonged only to Shakespeare, that worker of miracles. Cleopatra is a brilliant antithesis—a compound of contradictions—of all that we most hate, with what we most admire. The whole character is the triumph of the external over the innate, and yet like one of her country's hieroglyphics, though she present at first view a splendid and perplexing anomaly, there is deep meaning and wondrous skill in the apparent enigma, when we come to analyze and decipher it. But how are we to arrive at the solution of this glorious riddle, whose dazzling complexity continually mocks and eludes us? What is most astonishing in the character of Cleopatra is its antithetical construction—its *consistent inconsistency*, if I may use such an expression—which renders it quite impossible to reduce it to any elementary principles. It will, perhaps, be found on the whole, that vanity and the love of power predominate; but I dare not say it is so, for these qualities and a hundred others mingle into each other, and shift, and change, and glance away, like the colours in a peacock's train."

This, as our readers will see, is no everyday book: we scarcely ever met with any thing so thoroughly enthusiastic: the authoress speculates upon the character of her sex with singular ease and boldness, and inclines generally to the gentle and affectionate side: she sees tender mercies in Lady Macbeth. We have neither room nor leisure to question the accuracy of some of her notions; nor can we do more than allude to the beauty and truth of others. We consider this as by far the best of her works. It is profusely

embellished; some of the designs are clever, though not a little German; but we may spare all comment on the subject, for we have not met with a work for some time which less required the attractions of the graver.

#### FAMILY LIBRARY.

*Letters on Natural Magic, addressed to Sir Walter Scott, Bart.* By Sir David Brewster, K.H., LL.D., &c.

[Second Notice.]

No work of importance pressing on us this week, we return with pleasure to this pleasant volume, and shall glean a few more interesting facts:—

#### Of Spectral Apparitions.

"In his admirable work on this subject, Dr. Hibbert has shown that spectral apparitions are nothing more than ideas or the recollected images of the mind, which in certain states of bodily indisposition have been rendered more vivid than actual impressions, or, to use other words, that the pictures in the 'mind's eye' are more vivid than the pictures in the body's eye. This principle has been placed by Dr. Hibbert beyond the reach of doubt; but I propose to go much farther, and to show that the 'mind's eye' is actually the body's eye, and that the retina is the common tablet on which both classes of impressions are painted, and by means of which they receive their visual existence according to the same optical laws. . . .

"In the healthy state of the mind and body, the relative intensity of these two classes of impressions on the retina are nicely adjusted. The mental pictures are transient and comparatively feeble, and in ordinary temperaments are never capable of disturbing or effacing the direct images of visible objects. The affairs of life could not be carried on if the memory were to intrude bright representations of the past into the domestic scene, or scatter them over the external landscape. The two opposite impressions, indeed, could not co-exist: The same nervous fibre which is carrying from the brain to the retina the figures of memory, could not at the same instant be carrying back the impressions of external objects from the retina to the brain. . . .

"In darkness and solitude, when external objects no longer interfere with the pictures of the mind, they become more vivid and distinct; and in the state between waking and sleeping, the intensity of the impressions approaches to that of visible objects. With persons of studious habits, who are much occupied with the operations of their own minds, the mental pictures are much more distinct than in ordinary persons; and in the midst of abstract thought, external objects even cease to make any impression on the retina. . . .

"If it be true, then, that the pictures of the mind and spectral illusions are equally impressions upon the retina, the latter will differ in no respect from the former, but in the degree of vividness with which they are seen; and those frightful apparitions becoming nothing more than our ordinary ideas, rendered more brilliant by some accidental and temporary derangement of the vital functions. Their very vividness too, which is their only characteristic, is capable of explanation. I have already shown that the retina is rendered more sensible to light by voluntary local pressure, as well as by the involuntary pressure of the blood-vessels behind it; and if, by looking at the sun, we impress upon the retina a coloured image of that luminary, which is seen even when the eye is shut, we may by pressure alter the colour of that image, in consequence of having increased the sensibility of that part of the retina on which it is

impressed. Hence we may readily understand how the vividness of the mental pictures must be increased by analogous causes.

"In the case both of Nicolai and Mrs. A. the immediate cause of the spectres was a deranged action of the stomach. When such a derangement is induced by poison, or by substances which act as poisons, the retina is peculiarly affected, and the phenomena of vision singularly changed. Dr. Patouillet has described the case of a family of nine persons who were all driven mad by eating the root of the *Hyostyamus niger* or black Henbane. One of them leapt into a pond. Another exclaimed that his neighbour would lose a cow in a month, and a third vociferated that the crown piece of sixty pence would in a short time rise to five livres. On the following day they had all recovered their senses, but recollected nothing of what had happened. On the same day they all saw objects double, and, what is still more remarkable, on the third day every object appeared to them as red as scarlet. Now this red light was probably nothing more than the red phosphorescence produced by the pressure of the blood-vessels on the retina, and analogous to the masses of blue, green, yellow, and red light, which have been already mentioned as produced by a similar pressure in headaches, arising from a disordered state of the digestive organs."

A curious proof of the influence of imagination is given in the life of Peter Heaman, a Swede, executed at Edinburgh in 1822. The following are his own words:—

"One remarkable thing was, one day as we mended a sail, it being a very thin one, after laying it upon deck in folds, I took the tar brush and tarred it over in the places which I thought needed to be strengthened. But when we hoisted it up I was astonished to see that the tar I had put upon it represented a gallows and a man under it without a head. The head was lying beside him. He was complete, body, thighs, legs, arms, and in every shape like a man. Now, I oftentimes made remarks upon it, and repeated them to the others. I always said to them all, you may depend upon it that something will happen. I afterwards took down the sail on a calm day, and sewed a piece of canvas over the figure to cover it, for I could not bear to have it always before my eyes."

#### *Reading Coins in the Dark.*

"Among the numerous experiments with which science astonishes and sometimes even strikes terror into the ignorant, there is none more calculated to produce this effect than that of displaying to the eye in absolute darkness the legend or inscription upon a coin. To do this, take a silver coin, (I have always used an old one,) and after polishing the surface as much as possible, make the parts of it which are raised rough by the action of an acid, the parts not raised, or those which are to be rendered darkest, retaining their polish. If the coin thus prepared is placed upon a mass of red hot iron, and removed into a dark room, the inscription upon it will become less luminous than the rest, so that it may be distinctly read by the spectator."

#### *An Extraordinary Whispering Gallery.*

"A naval officer who travelled through Sicily in the year 1824, gives an account of a powerful whispering place in the cathedral of Girgenti, where the slightest whisper is carried with perfect distinctness through a distance of 250 feet, from the great western door to the cornice behind the high altar. By an unfortunate coincidence the focus of one of the reflecting surfaces was chosen for the place of the confessional, and when this was accidentally discovered, the overs of secrets resorted to the other focus, and has become acquainted with confessions of the

gravest import. This divulgence of scandal continued for a considerable time, till the eager curiosity of one of the dilettanti was punished, by hearing his wife's avowal of her own infidelity. This circumstance gave publicity to the whispering peculiarity of the cathedral, and the confessional was removed to a place of greater secrecy."

#### *Remarkable Echoes.*

"The echo which is produced by parallel walls is finely illustrated at the Marquis of Simonetta's villa near Milan, which has been described by Addison and Keyser, and which we believe is that described by Mr. Southwell in the Philosophical Transactions for 1746. Perpendicular to the main body of this villa there extends two parallel wings about fifty-eight paces distant from each other, and the surfaces of which are unbroken either with doors or windows. The sound of the human voice, or rather a word quickly pronounced, is repeated above forty times, and the report of a pistol from fifty-six to sixty times. The repetitions, however, follow in such rapid succession that it is difficult to reckon them, unless early in the morning before the equal temperature of the atmosphere is disturbed, or in a calm still evening. The echoes appear to be best heard from a window in the main building between the two projecting walls, from which the pistol also is fired. Dr. Plot mentions an echo in Woodstock Park which repeats seventeen syllables by day and twenty by night. An echo on the north side of Shipley church in Sussex repeats twenty-one syllables."

#### ALDINE POETS.—VOL. XXI.

*Poems of John Dryden.* Vol. I. London: Pickering.

Of all our great poets, no one commenced the race of fame with less promise than Dryden: his taste was bad; his style forced and exaggerated, and his verses harsh and unmusical. Till he attained the age of thirty years or so, he never deviated into true poetry; his muse danced, indeed, but she seemed to dance in gyves, and her contortions and grimaces were such as excited merriment rather than pleasure. Compared to the early works of Milton, or Cowley, or Pope, his efforts were untuneable, and, what was worse, prosaic: similitudes unlike; ideas far fetched, and not worth the carriage; and in short, all the evils which unite in a man destined by the Gods to be dull, were gathered together in his earlier pieces. But men of genius are like the trees of an orchard, some of which bear summer, others autumn, and a few winter fruits: Dryden was of the latter sort; his ripening was late; his mind had to go through a long course of severe discipline, before he discovered that nature had a greater share than art in all works of talent. There are, it is true, many glimpses of real grandeur, and many bursts of fine nature in his rhymed dramas written in middle life; while in his prefaces, he exhibits a deep sense of all that was material for the poet who desires to live hereafter: yet these excellencies are coupled with many deformities; and we must come far into Dryden's life before we have him in his strength and freedom and glory. It was not, however, in poetry alone, that his vigour was acknowledged: he was the first of this island who laid down rules for composition, and expressed them too in language yet unequalled for force and variety; of this, the King was not unaware when he made him Poet Laureate; the royal

mandate commends both his prose and verse. Labour and perseverance rendered him perfect at last; in his later poetry, he is natural, nervous, varied, and flowing; all the early Dalilahs of his fancy, as he called them, are banished; his knowledge strengthens his thoughts without oppressing them; and no poet has written so many rhymed lines of heroic metre, without becoming cloying and monotonous. He has been fortunate too in his biographers: the labours of Johnson and Scott were labours of love; nor is the present *Life*, by the Rev. John Mitford, unworthy of being named after them; on the contrary, it is clever and discriminating, abounds with happy passages, and gives us a clear idea of the poet and the man, and much insight into his household.

We shall say nothing of the birth and education of Dryden, save that the latter was by no means extensive, though it was respectable; we prefer taking a look with Mr. Mitford at some of his brother bards, whose characters are thus briefly and accurately delineated:—

"The metaphysical productions (to use the common phrase) of Cowley and Donne, their wild unlicensed flights and strange inharmonious lines, once so admired as to eclipse even Milton's fame, now found but few imitators. Waller, and especially Denham, had looked back on Fairfax and our elder poets with advantage, and had shown that a simpler and easier style, a more melodious and smoother system of verse might be attained without much difficulty. The light and sprightly manner of Suckling in his ballads and smaller poems was much admired. In Marvell true poetry might be found; nor must some of Withers's earlier notes be forgotten, though lost too soon by him. They were full of the simplest melody, the sweetest music. It was the gentle voice of his captivity, wild pastoral songs that beguiled his imprisoned hours, and then were heard no more. Dryden had evidently looked with somewhat of admiration or affection to the poetry of Davenant, and notwithstanding the ridicule of the wits, and with the confession of much that is absurd, and more that is tedious, Gondibert is the work of a man of powerful intellect and fine genius; it is full of fanciful images, ingenious reflections, and majestic sentiments: Hobbes has praised its vigour and beauty of expression. Davenant indeed, in all his poetry, throws out gleams of loftier and brighter creations, pathetic touches, sweet pensive meditations, imaginative and visionary fancies, and lines that run along the keen edge of curious thoughts, such as commanded the attention of Dryden beyond any other poet of the age, and such as long after Pope was not too proud to transplant into the most impassioned, and the most imaginative of all his productions. This early style of Dryden, or Davenant, is chiefly faulty, because the authors have not the courage, or inclination to reject an ingenious allusion, however remote, or a brilliant thought, however superfluous. Hence the surface of their poetry glitters with similes, is crowded with learned analogies, and surrounded with unnecessary illustrations; whatever is subtle, laboured, and unusual, is forced into the subject. The interest of the story is encumbered with imagery, and the progress of the narrative impeded by reflection. Davenant himself confesses, that 'Poetical excellence consists in the laborious and lucky resurgences of thought, having towards its excellence as well a happiness as care, and not only the luck and labour, but also the dexterity of thought, rounding the world like a sun with unimaginable motion, and bringing swiftly home to the memory universal surveys.'"

His marriage, which was far from a happy one, brought Dryden high connexions, without making him any real friends; his wife, the daughter of the Earl of Berkshire, was more than suspected of irregularities in her youth; and though she brought no farther dishonour upon the poet, her inequality of temper was such as to embitter many of his days:—

"The alliance between a dependent poet and the daughter of an earl was too unequal, to hold out much reasonable prospect of happiness, after the first bloom of affection and desire had passed away. The lady was violent and capricious in temper, and weak in understanding, she brought but little fortune to compensate for her deficiencies in the qualities expected in a wife. Dislike was aggravated by poverty. She did not share in the general admiration of her husband's genius, nor lighten the toils by which it was supported. She seems to have possessed neither sweetness of disposition, generosity of mind, nor attraction of person. A man of genius, of all others, can hope for happiness only when united to a woman of sense. What can be expected from narrowness of understanding, prejudice of views, and sullenness of temper, but conflicts, alienation, and misery? Dryden never lost an opportunity of venting such bitter sarcasms against the matrimonial state, as too plainly bore evidence to his domestic misery. Indeed he never wanted a subject for satire, when marriage was to be derided, or the clergy ridiculed."

Of Dryden's dramatic powers, the biographer speaks freely and accurately; Johnson certainly underrated them, and perhaps Scott errs the other way; we cordially concur in the following remarks—we think the parallel very well drawn—he is speaking of Don Sebastian, the play which contains that fine, almost unequalled, scene between Sebastian and Dorax:—

"Johnson says of this play, that some sentiments leave a strong impression, and others are of excellence universally admired. This, his last biographer considers to be but meagre commendation when applied to the chef-d'œuvre of Dryden's dramatic works, in which he had centred in the effort the powers of his mighty genius, and the fruits of his long theatrical experience; accordingly, Shakspeare laid aside, it would be difficult, he says, to point out a play containing more animating incident, impassioned language, and beautiful description. Perhaps the truth lies between these two opinions. Although in Dryden we must praise a happy disposition of accidents, and a considerable variety of characters; though there is much that is masterly in the conception and execution of his subjects, yet our praise cannot be bestowed without some qualification. The incestuous connexion between Sebastian and Almeyda is a great blemish to the plot; and the expressions of both parties, when their guilt is discovered, are such as we must consider with abhorrence. Some previous sentiments of Almeyda are too voluptuous to be approved; the manners of the Mahometans are grossly violated, and the comic scenes are too broad. After all, and with all its merits, this declamatory kind of drama, the school of the French theatre, with its elevated sentiment, its long-drawn similes, and its majestic and melodious verse, must not be compared to the pliancy, the fire, the vivacity, the truth, the flashes of comic genius, the depth of tragic passion, the genuine representations of life, the boldness, the variety, of our old dramatists, embodying in their noble dramas the passions and follies and virtues of men, shaking us with terror, or melting us with tears, and making us forget all their anomalies, and even some absurdities, in the surpassing splendour of their

creations. In the very best of Dryden's plays, there is something of an artificial medium which the poet has interposed between use and nature; we see her features in a glass darkly. It is a style formed after the rules of criticism, from arbitrary opinions and narrow views: its illustrations are tedious, its events improbable, its catastrophes ridiculous. It is wanting in real force, and rapidity of thought and language; it gives no emphatic imitation of real individual character, no strong representation of powerful feeling; the perfume is drawn through a limbec before it reaches us. In Shakspeare, it comes with all the woodland fragrance on its wing, fresh blowing from the violet banks, and breathing the vernal odours. Dryden's composition is like the artificial grotto raised amid level plains, sparkling with imported minerals, and glittering with reflected and unnatural lights. The old drama resembles rather the cavern, hewn from the marble rock by nature's hand, whose lofty portals, winding labyrinths, and gigantic chambers, fill the mind with wonder and delight. The one opens into decorated gardens, trellised bowers, and smooth and shaven lawns; the other lies amid nature's richest and wildest scenes, the glacier, and the granite hills above,—wild flowers, and viny glens and sunlit lakes below."

We thank Mr. Pickering for these Aldine Poets of his: the volumes are as beautiful, and the letter-press as elegant and accurate as ever: he has made a large stride in his biographies; the others were well and carefully written, but this one is excellent: we did not, it is true, much want a new Life of Dryden; that is to say, we did not think that a new one would interest us; but we have been undeceived.

*The Western Garland: a Collection of Original Melodies, composed by Musical Professors of the West of Scotland; the Words by the Author of 'The Chameleon.'* Willis, London; Mackellar & Robertson, Glasgow.

AFTER we had examined this very pretty book, we sat balancing the matter for some time, whether it ought to come under the head of Music or Poetry. Now, the title-page shows a certain leaning towards the former, and is supported, besides, with the names of men not unknown in the realms of melody; such as Webster, Clarke, Macfarlane, Hindmarsh, and Turnbull: the department of verse, on the other hand, is sustained by one solitary name, that of Thomas Atkinson—a name already blown abroad in prose, poetry, and politics. We read, and we chaunted an air or two—at last the muse of verse triumphed; and we shall introduce it to our readers as a poetical work. There are eight songs in all; and the following, if not one of the sweetest, is one of the shortest.

My life is all one dream of thee—  
Sweetest one and dearest:  
Sleeping, waking, still to me  
Ever, ever nearest!  
But to see thee, sleep I'd never;  
But to dream I'd slumber ever.

There's not a thought that flows along  
The channels of my soul,  
Or steals in silence or in song,  
But on to thee will roll:  
The fount streams forth without a hue—  
The sky 'tis makes the waters blue!

The song, 'For one fond hour with thee,' is in a better mood: we shall make room for a verse or so.

I'm here, my love, though late the hour—  
Though weary long the way:  
I'm at the window of thy bower,  
Come down, 'tis almost day!  
I've crossed the moor, I've swam the ford,  
Though raging like the sea;  
And all to meet with thee, adored—  
For one fond hour with thee!

O! fleetly sped my gallant gray,  
Like wild bird o'er the hill:  
Full well it knew the lovedward way,  
And guessed its master's will!  
With swifter pace my wishes flew,  
My heart leaped yet more free:  
It well the priceless value knew,  
Of one fond hour with thee.

Between the melodies themselves, it might be invidious to institute comparisons; but certainly the 'Minstrel's Roundelay,' by Macfarlane, and Turnbull's Duet, are favourites with us.

*On the Preparation of Printing Ink, both Black and Coloured.* By William Savage, author of 'Practical Hints on Decorative Printing.' 8vo. London: Longman & Co.

THIS work is professedly published for the use of those engaged in the printing business. It is pleasant to see a lover who has grown grey in unwearied devotion, still manifest all the ardour of his youthful passion. Mr. Savage is well known to his brethren of the art, by a former work, and by the ingenious method he invented of printing imitations of drawings, by a series of impressions from wood engravings. The result of his labours, we fear, has been only to show what *could* be done—for he met with little encouragement. It is, however, probable that his invention led the way to the ingenious mode of working from compound plates, now so successfully practised by Mr. Whiting. Little has hitherto been made public, as to the method of making printing ink of a fine quality. Moxon, in 1677, explained the Dutch method in his work on the art of printing. Le Breton, who furnished an article on printing to the 'Encyclopédie,' followed: these are the only early writers on the subject, for the succeeding treatises merely repeat what they suggested; but neither would be safe to follow in the present day. The most celebrated printers used to make their own fine ink, and kept the process a secret. Mr. Savage's long experience and known talent will be sufficient guarantee that the recipes he now offers are extremely valuable; and we can confidently say that his work is well worth even the high price charged (two guineas), to any printer desirous of making the finest ink, black or coloured. It will be invaluable to persons abroad, or those who reside at a distance from London, as they may, through his instruction, enter into competition with the ornamental printers of the metropolis.

WAVERLEY NOVELS.—VOL. XXXIX.

*Woodstock.* Edinburgh: Cadell; London: Whittaker & Co.

IN the preface is a full account of the Good Devil of Woodstock, copied with kind and liberal acknowledgment from Mr. Hone's 'Every-day Book,' and some satirical papers on the same subject, from rare works preserved in the British Museum. The notes are few and not of general interest. The illustrations are a beautiful picture by Boxall, which we have heretofore commended, and a clever vignette by Landseer.

*The Graphic and Historical Illustrator.* Edited by W. Brayley, Esq., F.S.A., &c. London: Gilbert.

THIS is one of the cheap publications deserving a separate notice. It contains sixteen quarto pages, illustrated as occasion may require with good wood-cuts, and is sold for threepence. Whether there be a sufficient number of persons who delight in "hoar antiquity," to support a work of this exclusive character, we somewhat doubt; but Mr. Brayley is better informed on this subject than we pretend to be; and we have only to wish him that success which his labours certainly deserve.

*Historical and Topographical Guide to the Isle of Wight, containing every Information necessary to the Antiquarian, Botanist, Geologist, Historian, and Tourist; with a Biographical Account of Eminent Natives, &c.* By W. C. F. G. Sheridan. London: Mitchell.

We have been amused by this little *Manuel de Voyage*. It gives us an accurate, a full, and withal an entertaining account of the attractions which draw visitors from every portion of the United Empire, to view the picturesque scenery in which the Isle of Wight is so well known to abound. Every object worth notice is pointed out; reference has been made to the best authorities; and, in a useful point of view, the various interests of this beautiful island have been alluded to in a spirit of justice and impartiality, which does credit to the writer.

*Lives of Eminent Missionaries.* By John Carne, Esq. London: Fisher & Co.

THIS volume is now published, and is one which we can safely recommend for the sober reading of English families. To the valuable biographies, from which we heretofore quoted, may be added several others, and an account of much interest of the Moravian Missions.

*Initia Latina.* Pars Prima, et Pars Secunda. For the Use of the School at Lewisham. London: B. Fellowes.

THE simplification of knowledge always merits praise, and we, therefore, gladly bestow our meed of applause on these little works, which contain in a few pages as much elementary instruction in the Latin language as is within the level of a school-boy's capacity. How great a boon is thus conferred on junior students, those will well appreciate who remember what sorrows the old Latin grammars brought in their youthful days.

#### ORIGINAL PAPERS

##### A PASSING GLANCE.

SHE sat within a summer room,  
And seemed retired from human sight;  
And o'er her face of healthful bloom  
Passed smiles like morning light.

And when her settling features sought  
The usual pensive grace they wore,  
There lived in them as happy thought  
As in the smiles before.

"'Tis thine," I cried, "the bliss to know,  
One happy, unpolluted breast—  
Thy breast as pure as mountain snow  
On which the sunbeams rest."

And I did bless her as I went,  
That in me she did strongly stir,  
With air and features eloquent,  
Some thoughts of some like her.

Such youthful Shakspeare's bride might be,  
And Milton's mother, calmly fair,  
The infant poet on her knee,  
Of amplest fame the unconscious heir.

Such Lady Russell, ere she stood  
Before the dread, determined few,  
Who thirsted for the only blood  
To which her heart's affection grew.

All graces of the form and face  
That nature can to woman give—  
All inward and exterior grace  
Did in my spirit live.

Of Mary did I think, who gave  
The Great, the Just, to mortal birth—  
To Christ, who came the lost to save,  
And walked in glory through the earth.

Of woman's love, and woman's tears—  
The anxious, watchful, tender, true;  
The spirit unsubdued by years,  
The love that death can scarce subdue.  
With tenderest tears my eyes were wet,  
As through my heart that current ran;  
And for a space did I forget  
The strength and dignity of man.

RICHARD HOWITT.

#### MEMOIR OF SHELLEY.

[Continued from p. 489.]

SHELLEY was at Bath in November 1817, when an event occurred which was destined to darken the remainder of his existence; or, in his own words, written about this period, when for him

Black despair,  
The shadow of a starless night, was thrown  
Over the world.

This event, upon which I could wish to throw a veil, was the death of his wife under the most distressing circumstances. Her fate was a dreadful misfortune, to him who survived, and her who perished. It is impossible to acquit Shelley of all blame in this calamity. From the knowledge of her character, and her unfitness for self-government, he should have kept an eye over her conduct. But if he was blameable, her relations were still more so; and, having confided her to their care, he might consider, with many others similarly circumstanced, that his responsibility was at an end. That he did not do so, his compunction, which brought on a temporary derangement, proves; and yet was it not most barbarous in a reviewer to gangrene the wounds which his sensitive spirit kept ever open? How pathetically does he, in a dirge not unworthy of Shakspeare, addressed to whom I know not, give vent to his agonized heart:—

That time is dead for ever, child—  
Drowned, frozen, dead for ever;  
We look on the past,  
And stare aghast,  
At the spectres, wailing, pale and ghast,  
Of hopes that thou and I beguiled  
To death on Life's dark river.

"Até does not die childless," says the Greek dramatist. A scarcely less misfortune, consequent on this catastrophe, was the barbarous decree of the Court of Chancery, unhappily since made a precedent, by which he was deprived of his children, had them torn from him and consigned to strangers.

The grounds upon which this act of oppression and cruelty, only worthy of the most uncivilized nations, was founded,—

#### Trial

I think they call it,—

was decided against him upon the evidence, if such it can be called, of a printed copy of 'Queen Mab,' which, in his preface to 'Alastor,' he disclaimed any intention of publishing. It is said that he was called upon, by the court, to recant the opinions contained in that work. Shelley was the last man in existence to recant any opinion from fear: and a fiat worse than death was the consequence—sundering all the dearest ties of humanity.

Byron told me, that (well knowing Shelley could not exist without sympathy) it was by his persuasion that Shelley married again. None who have the happiness of knowing Mrs. Shelley can wonder at that step. But in 1812, a year and a half after his first marriage, that he continued to think with

Plato on the subject of wedlock is clear, from a letter addressed to Sir James Lawrence, who had sent him his 'History of the Nairs.' Shelley says, "I abhor seduction as much as I adore love; and if I have conformed to the usages of the world on the score of matrimony, it is that disgrace always attaches to the weaker sex." An irresistible argument.†

His short residence at Marlow has been already described. There he led a quiet, retired, domestic life, and has left behind him a character for benevolence and charity, that still endears him to its inhabitants.

He became about this time acquainted with Keats; and Shelley told me that it was a friendly rivalry between them, which gave rise to 'Endymion' and the 'Revolt of Islam,'—two poems scarcely to be named in the same sentence. Shelley was too classical—had too much good taste—to have fallen into the sickly affectation—the *obsoletus scribendi formas* of that perverse and limited school. The 'Revolt of Islam' must be looked upon as the greatest effort of any individual mind, (whatever may be its defects,) in one at the same period of life. I do not forget Milton, or Chatterton, or Pope, when I say this. It occupied him only six months. The dedicating lines lose nothing in comparison

† Has a woman obeyed the impulse of unerring nature, society declares war against her—pitiless and unerring war. She must be the tame slave; she must make no reprisals: theirs is the right of persecution, hers the duty of endurance. She lives a life of infamy. The loud and bitter laugh of scorn scares her from all return. She dies of long and lingering disease; yet she is in fault. She is the criminal—she the forward, the untameable child;—and society, forsooth, the pure and virtuous matron, who casts her as an abortion from her undefiled bosom.—Shelley.

Nothing is more ridiculous, than a running commentary, wherein an editor apologizes for, or dissects from, the opinions of a writer in his own paper. Occasions, however, may arise to excuse, if not to justify, such disclaimer; and for self-satisfaction we enter our protest on this occasion. We go as far as Captain Medwin in admiration of Shelley; but as far as Shelley—"infalible," says the Captain, "in his judgment of the works of others"—in admiration of Keats. Shelley was a worshipper of Truth—Keats of Beauty; Shelley had the greater power—Keats the finer imagination: both were single-hearted, sincere, admirable men. When we look into the world,—say, not to judge others, when we look into our own hearts, and see how certainly manhood shakes hands with worldliness, we should despair, if such men did not occasionally appear among us. Shelley and Keats were equal enthusiasts—had the same hopes of the moral improvement of society—of the certain influence of knowledge—and of the ultimate triumph of truth;—and Shelley, who lived longest, carried all the generous feelings of youth into manhood; age enlarged, not narrowed his sympathies; and learning bowed down his humanity to feel its brotherhood with the humblest of his fellow-creatures. If not judged by creeds and conventional opinions, Shelley must be considered as a moral teacher both by precept and example: he scattered the seed of truth, so it appeared to him, every where, and upon all occasions,—confident that, however disregarded, however long it might lie buried, it would not perish, but spring up hereafter in the sunshine of welcome, and its golden fruitage be garnered by grateful men. Keats had naturally much less of this political philosophy; but he had neither less resolution, less hope of, or less good-will towards man. Lord Byron's opinion, that he was killed by the reviewers, is wholly ridiculous; though his epitaph, and the angry feelings of his friends, might seem to countenance it. Keats died of hereditary consumption, and was fast sinking before either *Blackwood* or the *Quarterly* poured out their malignant venom. Even then it came but as a mildew upon his generous nature, injuring the leaves and blossoms, but leaving untouched the heart within, the courage to dare and to suffer. Keats (we speak of him in health and vigour,) had a resolution, not only physical but moral, greater than any man we ever knew: it was unshakable by everything but his affections. We are not inclined to stretch this nose into an essay, and shall not therefore touch on the 'Endymion' further than to say, that Captain Medwin cannot produce anything in the 'Revolt of Islam' superior to the Hymn to Pan; nor in the English language anything written by any poet at the same age with which it may not stand in honourable comparison. —Ed. Athen.



with Byron's to Ianthé; and the structure of his Spenser stanzas, in harmony and the varied flow of the versification, may serve as a model for all succeeding writers in that metre.

Early in the spring of 1818, various reasons induced Shelley again to quit England, with scarcely a hope or wish to revisit it. The breach between himself and his relatives had been made irreparable. He was become *fatherless*—he was highly unpopular from the publicity given to the trial—from the attacks of the reviewing churchmen on his works; and his health was gradually becoming worse. The vegetable system which he followed, as to diet, did not agree with his constitution, and he was finally obliged to abandon it. That he was a Pythagorean from principle, is proved by the very luminous synopsis of all the arguments in its favour, contained in a note appended to 'Queen Mab.' He was of opinion, and I agree with him and the disciples of that school, that abstinence from animal food subtilizes and clears the intellectual faculties. For all the sensualities of the table Shelley had an ineffable contempt, and, like Newton, used sometimes to inquire if he had dined—a natural question from a Berkleyist.

But to follow him in his travels—a more interesting topic. He passed rapidly through France and Switzerland, and, crossing the Mont Cenis into Italy, paid a visit to Lord Byron at Venice, where he made a considerable stay.

Under the names of Julian and Maddalo, written at Rome some months afterwards, Shelley paints himself and Byron in that city. The sketch is highly valuable. He says of Byron, at this time, "He is cheerful, frank, and witty: his more serious conversation a sort of intoxication; men are held by it as a spell":—of himself, that he "was attached to that philosophical sect that assert the power of man over his own mind, and the immense improvements of which, by the extinction of certain moral superstitions, human society may be made susceptible." I shall enter more at large hereafter on Shelley's particular theories, though they are somewhat subtle and difficult of analysis.

Venice was a place peculiarly adapted to the studious life Shelley loved to lead.

The town is silent—one may write  
Or read in gondolas by day or night,  
Unseen, uninterrupted. Books are there—  
Pictures, and casts from all the statues fair,  
That are twin-born with poetry; and all  
We seek in towns; with little to recall  
Regrets for the green country.

In the autumn we find Shelley at Naples. Fortune did not seem tired of persecuting him, for he became the innocent actor in a tragedy here, more extraordinary than any to be found in the pages of romance. The story, as he related it to myself and Byron, would furnish perfect materials for a novel in three volumes, and cannot be condensed into a few sentences, marvellous as the scenes of that drama were. Events occur daily, and have happened to myself, far more incredible than any which the most disordered fancy can conjure up, casting "a shade of falsehood" on the records of what are called reality. Certain it is, that Shelley, as may be judged from his 'Lines written in Despondency,'

must have been most miserable at Naples. No one could have poured forth those affecting stanzas, but with a mind, as he says in the 'Cenci,' hovering on the devouring edge of darkness. His departure from Naples was, he said, precipitated by this event; and he passed the ensuing winter at Rome. There is something inspiring in the very atmosphere of Rome. Is it fanciful, that being encircled by images of beauty—that in contemplating works of beauty such as Rome and the Vatican only can boast—that by gazing on the scattered limbs of that mighty colossus, whose shadow eclipsed the world,—we should catch a portion of the sublime—become a portion of that around us?

Certain it is, that artists produce at Rome, what they are incapable of conceiving elsewhere, and at which themselves, are most sincerely astonished. No wonder, then, that Shelley should have here surpassed himself in giving birth to two of his greatest works, so different in themselves, the 'Cenci' and the 'Prometheus Unbound.' He drenched his spirit to intoxication in the deep blue sky of Rome. His favourite haunts were the ruined Baths of Caracalla, or the labyrinths of the Coliseum, where he laid the first scene of a tale which promised to rival, if not surpass 'Corinne.' Like Byron in 'Childe Harold,' or Madame De Staël, he meant to have idealized himself in the principal character. This exquisite fragment he allowed me to copy; and during the twelve months I passed at Rome, I read it as many times, sitting, as he says, on some isolated capital of a fallen column in the Arena, and each time with an increased delight.

Shelley's taste and feeling in works of ancient art were, as might be expected, most refined. Statuary was his passion. He contended, "that the slaughter-house and dissecting-room were not the sources whence the Greeks drew their perfection. It was to be attributed to the daily exhibition of the human form in all its symmetry in their Gymnasia. Their sculptors were not mere mechanics: they were citizens and soldiers animated with the love of their country. We must rival them in their virtue before we can come up to them in their compositions." The hard, harsh, affected style of the French school and Canova, he could never endure; and used to contrast what are considered the masterpieces of the latter with those of the age of Pericles, where the outline of form and features is, as in one of Sir Joshua Reynolds's paintings, so soft as to be scarcely traceable by the eye. He considered the Perseus, which Forsyth so ridiculously overpraised, a bad imitation of the Apollo; and said, after seeing the great conceited figurante of the Pitti, "go and visit the modest little creature of the Tribune."

Shelley used to say that he did not understand painting,—not meaning that he was insensible to the beauty of the pictures—(of the incomparable Raphael, for instance, whom I have often thought Shelley much resembled, not only in face, but genius, though it was differently directed,)—but that he did not know the style of different masters—the peculiarities of different schools. This he thought only to be acquired by long experience and observation, a retentive memory of minutiae, the faculty of comparison: whereas sculpture requires no previous study; and of which the Roman peasant is perhaps

as good a judge as the best academician or anatomist.

From Rome, in 1819, Shelley returned to Florence. The view from the Boboli Gardens he thus describes: "You see below, Florence, a smokeless city, with its domes and spires occupying the vale, and beyond, to the right, the Apennines, whose base extends even to the walls; and whose summits are intersected by ashen-coloured clouds. The green vallies of these mountains, which gently unfold themselves upon the plains, and the intervening hills, covered with vineyards and olive plantations, are occupied by the villas, which are, as it were, another city—a Babylon of palaces and gardens. [In the midst of the picture rolls the Arno, now full with the winter rains, through woods, and bounded by aerial snowy summits of the Apennines. On the right, a magnificent buttress of lofty craggy hills overgrown with wilderness, juts out in many shapes over a lovely valley, and approaches the walls of the city.]

"Cascini and other villages occupy the pinnacles and abutments of these hills, over which is seen, at intervals, the ethereal mountain line, hoary with snow, and intersected by clouds. The valley below is covered with cypress groves, whose obeliskine forms of intense green pierce the grey shadow of the wintry hill that overhangs them. The cypresses, too, of the garden, form a magnificent foreground of accumulated verdure: pyramids of dark green and shining cones, rising out of a mass, between which are cut, like caverns, recesses conducting into walks."

Shelley, while at Florence, passed much of his time in the Gallery, where, after his severe mental labours, his imagination reposed and luxuriated amid the divine creations of the Greeks. The Niobe, the Venus Anadyomene, the group of Bacchus and Ampelus, were the objects of his inexhaustible and insatiable admiration. On these I have heard him expatiate with all the eloquence of poetic enthusiasm. He had made ample notes on the wonders of art in this Gallery, from which, on my leaving Pisa, he allowed me to make extracts, far surpassing in eloquence anything Winkelmann has left on this subject.

In this city, also, he saw one of those republics that opposed for some time a systematic and effectual resistance to all the surrounding tyranny of Popedom and despotism. The Lombard League defeated the armies of the despot in the field, and until Florence was betrayed into the hands of those polished tyrants, the Medici, "freedom had one citadel where it could find refuge from a world that was its foe."

To this cause he attributed the undisputed superiority of Italy, in literature and the arts, above all its cotemporaries—the union, and energy, and beauty, which distinguish from all other poets the writings of Dante—that restlessness of fervid power, which surpassed itself in painting and sculpture, and from which Raphael and Michael Angelo drew their inspiration.

Here Shelley would probably have taken up a permanent residence, but that the winds that sweep from the Apennines were too keen for his nerves. After passing some months at Leghorn and the Baths of Lucca, he finally fixed himself at Pisa, where, in the tenderness of affection and sympathy of her who partook of his genius, and could appre-

ciate his transcendent talents, he sought for that repose in domestic retirement, which the persecutions of fortune, and a life chequered by few rays of sunshine, had as yet denied him.

[To be continued next week.]

### THE MOB SONGS.

IN these uneasy times, common men use strong language, and indulge in many wild speculations concerning natural rights and wholesome rule. Our nobles have expressed their notions concerning their own immunities; our commons have done the same; nor have the middle and well-educated classes been silent—in truth, their most sweet voices have been heard rather loudly of late, and they seem to think that they are the alpha and omega of the land. But the voice of that vast multitude, who, in the scale of public respectability, sink below *ten pounds*, has either not been heard or not listened to: no one has spoken for them, petitioned for them, fought for them, nor sung for them. With a sense of this injurious neglect upon him, a bard of the mob—some nine-pounds-nineteen-shillings-and-eleven-pence-three-farthings rogue has penned the following rude lines. He calls them chaunts, in which the feelings of humble men are set forth with more plainness than elegance. We differ from the rhymester a little in these matters: we wish the chivalrous feelings of our nobles were blended with the more work-day world sentiments of our humbler classes, and that both would unite in raising our peasantry and mechanics from the low and sad estate into which they have fallen:—

#### The Poor Man's Song.

##### CHAUNT FIRST.

I'll sing a song, and such a song  
As men will weep to hear—  
A sorrowing song, of right and wrong,  
So brethren lend an ear.  
God said to man, "This pleasant land  
I make it wholly thine."  
I look and say on this sad day,  
There's not one furrow mine.  
God said to man, "Increase, enjoy,  
Build, till, and sow your seed;"  
But through the land the Lord gave me,  
My children beg their bread.  
The north belongs unto the crown,  
The south to the divine;  
And east and west Wealth holds her hands,  
And says the rest is mine.  
God said to man, "All winged fowl,  
The finned fish of the flood,  
The heathcock on his desert hills,  
The wild deer of the wood—  
"Take them and live." The strong man came,  
As came the fiend of yore  
To Paradise,—put forth his hand,  
And they are mine no more.  
I saw the rulers of the land,  
In chariots bright with gold,  
Roll on—I gazed, my babes and I,  
In hunger and in cold.  
I saw a prelate, sleek and proud,  
Drawn by four chargers, pass:  
How much he seemed like Jesus meek,  
When he rode on an ass!  
A trinket of a lord swept by  
With all his rich array,  
And waved me off, my babes and I,  
As things of coarser clay.  
There followed close a hideous throng  
Of pert and pensioned things—  
Muck-worms, for whom our sweat and blood  
Must furnish gilded wings.  
I will not tell you what I thought,  
Nor for my burning looks  
Find words; but they were bitterer far  
Than aught that's writ in books.  
I'll set my right foot to a stone,  
And 'gainst a rock my back—  
Stretch thus my arm, and sternly say,  
Give me my birthright back.

The following chaunt is in a similar strain; there is the same intrepidity of expression, and the same plain unvarnished language:—

#### The Poor Man's Song.

##### CHAUNT SECOND.

I heard a rich man vaunting thus:  
"In Britain's glorious land,  
How blest the poor, for they can rise  
To glory and command!"  
"The church throws wide her doors, and sits  
With honours on her sleeve;  
Adjusts her mitre, takes her tithe,  
Nor asks a monarch's leave.  
"The army opens its plumed ranks  
To every stirring spirit;  
The law keeps room on every bench,  
For learning and for merit."  
Words, splendid words, and hollow all—  
I've proved and found them vain;  
List, titled men! to ragged Truth,  
She sings a sterner strain.  
O freedom is a blessed thing,  
And born in Britain's isle!  
Men say—I never heard her voice,  
And never saw her smile.  
I have a bold and dauntless boy,  
And he will to the war;  
But who in Britain leads or rules,  
Born under Labour's star?  
Heroic worth and virtue grave  
Can nor be bought nor sold;  
But all heroic are and brave,  
Who have enough of gold.  
I have another son, and he  
Delights in holy things;  
His eloquence mounts like the dove  
With sunshine on its wings.  
Whoso is poor and has no friend,  
Is thrust aside, to see  
Base wealth raise up its mitred head,  
Where genius wont to be.  
Ten thousand pound is sense and worth—  
An hundred thousand odd  
Is virtue—count but thrice as much,  
And man is more than God.  
John Russell says, Give man ten pounds,  
And he is fit to rule;  
One farthing less, adds wise Lord John,  
And man's both knave and fool.  
Proud men our birthright reap—the huns  
They yield us as a boon;  
And call it charity to feed  
Men with a parish spoon.  
My cottage hearth no fire has,  
And there no crickets cry;  
Hot toil has lost its hope—but shall  
I cast me down and die?  
Did God give me these vigorous limbs,  
And pour through vein and nerve  
Desire of freedom like a flood,  
That I might moan and starve?  
With hands prepared for a hard task,  
And with a resolute brow,  
I'll step among those lofty ones,  
And show what man can do.

We cannot help thinking that truth mingles with these rude and bitter strains; we are, however, no politicians, and our object in laying them before our readers, is for the purpose of showing that our peasants and mechanics still cherish a sort of rustic minstrelsy, in which they express, besides their domestic feelings, a sense of their condition in life.

#### DEMOCRACY AND MANNERS.

About a year ago, I was at a concert given by *The Wonder*, at a town in France. Most of the audience were French, though the place abounded with English, and, of those who came under my observation, none were of the higher classes—if, indeed, such an order as "the higher classes" can be said yet to exist among our neighbours. *Bons bourgeois* had arrived from adjacent towns to witness the supernatural feats of the Mephistopheles of the fiddle—by the way, an inappropriate cognomen—he appears too harassed and haggard, for the witty, satirical, gay, enlivening, "laughing devil" of Goethe: his appearance, I admit, is unearthly, still, it is an

earthly unearthliness, one in which diabolism is rather an acquired than an inherent virtue; the man looks, in fact, like one in league with the devil, rather than like the devil himself. *Mais brisons là*. One of the things I want to say is, that I was struck with the propriety and decorum of our audience—worthy members of our national guards, their wives, daughters, fathers, mothers, and friends; and national, nay, (I admit it anonymously, and on paper, though I never have, and never will do so by word of mouth), *prejudiced* as I am, against the land of the Gaul, I could not help making a comparison between French and English of the same grade, in a public place, which did not redound, (and I was angry with myself for the admission,) much to the credit of my dear countrymen and countrywomen. I called to mind a concert in London, where I had been as much entertained by the want of common quietness in a portion of my fellow audience, as I had been interested by the excellence of the performance. It was a morning concert, and I went early with my party, to secure good places; consequently I had leisure and opportunity to make my observation on those around me. I select one little group, the nearest at hand. Two *sai-disant* young ladies, with a chaperone, whom in due time I found to be their aunt, occupied seats just before us, and they had the gift of their own tongues, if not of apostle Irving's. In very audible terms, they harangued each other upon the pleasure they anticipated from what was coming on; and obliged those in their neighbourhood with criticisms on piano-forte music, and music in general, which was meant to prove their habitual attendance on "lots of concerts;" but which, however, went on to indicate, in spite of them, that they had not gained much by that mode of spending their money. Occasionally, their discourse was interrupted with wondering if "Ma" was come. "Perhaps she can't see us—Ameliar, you had better get upon the bench, and look—do—there's a dear"—and Ameliar mounted up accordingly, much to my annoyance, which I signified as gallantly as I could; but which was taken no notice of. "La! I don't see her nowhere!—how stupid of Ma!—take care, Mariar, if you keep a pulling of me so, I shall fall!"

At last, as much to my satisfaction as to hers, I heard her exclaim—"Ah! there's Ma!—I'm so glad!—'twould have been such a pity, after buying of the ticket!—Ma! here we are! come this way!" Ma, not quickly recognizing, or even hearing the voice of her progeny, kept poking and hustling about, in search of them, disturbing everyone in her way; at last, she heard Mariar's tones, calling "Ma! Ma!" in a stage-whisper, and turning her head in its direction, she saw Ameliar perched on the bench, beckoning to her, and off set Ma toward us, full trot, treading on dozens of gouty gentlemen, and of dandies, and young ladies who wore tight shoes. Being of that rotundity of proportion, which she would herself designate "stout," she was followed to her goal by smothered execrations, and audible "dear me's!" and her only consolation could have been, that her arrival in one end of the room, was hailed with as much satisfaction by her children, as was her departure from the other end, by scores of victims to the progress of

her fat heel. And now the whole family talked in a breath; and Ma, in answer to many inquiries concerning her long absence, explained, that just as she was about to leave home, such a crowd came into the shop, that she was obliged to stay to "help serve them;" and, after all, *her* share of them, purchased "nothink at all—how particular provoking!" and then Miss Ameliar reminded Ma, that she ought not to say "shop, shop," for ever, when "establishment," was now the word; and, turning to her sister, she regretted that they had prevailed on Ma to follow the Paris custom, of attending in the establishment herself; "cause, when other ladies don't do the like, people don't know how to treat ladies."

The very inharmonious preparations for harmony began; and, for a while, they stopped speaking, but soon resumed. Miss Mariar did, as Ma let us know, "play most beautiful on the pianor;" it was especially for her pleasure and improvement, that the tickets had been purchased, that morning; and, "Now, my dear," said Ma, "directly Mr. C. comes, you get up on the bench, and mind his fingers, 'cause 'tis all along of his fingers, *he* plays so particular beautiful"—the lady alluded to the well-known position of the hand on the instrument, for which the performer was so much admired. Miss Mariar hesitated—"Why, my dear, what should make you more ashamed than Ameliar?"—"Oh, cause, Ma—there's a hole in my stocking."

With such conversation I was entertained, even after the concert began; and not only on the part of my friends before me, but on that of others behind, and at either side of me. The performance ended; and on my way out, I overheard the following scrap of dialogue, between another lady and another gentleman—

"So, this is a concert, my dear?"

"Yes, my dear, don't you like it?"

"Why, I'd like it well enough; only I couldn't make no *toon* out of it."

"*Toon* out of a concert! Why, bless my heart," and he gave a little chuckling laugh, "a concert never has no *toon*! that's the meaning of a concert; every one plays out of his own head, and doesn't mind nothing what the others are a doing of."

Now, what is the reason that French people, of the same class as those I have been speaking of, are not vulgar and ridiculous at a concert, or other public places? Nay, more; what is the reason that the gradation, between the different classes in France are so softened down, as to be, at a superficial view, almost imperceptible? Are the French, after all, "a century behind us in everything"—as I have heard Englishmen so often say on their way home after a flying visit to Paris? Are differences always inferiorities, according to the same travelled and observant men? When next we import their *corps de ballet*, their curls, their bonnets, or their silks, we might as well, at all events, order over, at the same time, a little of their generally-diffused *bien-éance*—yes, and a little of their equally well-diffused knowledge and taste in those arts and sciences which adorn, soften, and add to the happiness of mere existence—in dancing, in pleasing address, and bodily motion, in civil phraseology and civil looks, in poetry, painting, music—for, after all the pretensions and chatter of Miss Mariar at

my English concert, her pendants at Paganini's concert in France knew more of the thing, at the same time that they behaved themselves incomparably better.

Democratic institutions in France are not revolting to you, for reasons deducible from what I have been saying. You can endure, if not enjoy, association with the *people*, no matter how aristocratic you are. But you draw back from it in England. And may not the unwillingness of our aristocracy to fraternize with their own people, in some cases, at least, be as much owing to a dread of contact with vulgarity, as from a spirit of injustice or ill-will? 'Tis true, good foreign manners are more easily caught up than English high-breeding, which consists a good deal in negatives—rather prohibiting what you should not be, than prescribing what you should be—whereas, the politeness of the French gentleman is more pronounced, and his manner more distinctly coloured. Be that as it may, I implore our highly-respectable, but oftentimes disagreeable *people* to try to imitate, as closely as they can, the upper classes, upon whose heels they are now treading so closely. Attention to my request would do good to all parties in case democracy should predominate among us more than it does at present. I am neither dandy boroughmonger, nor unwashed man; therefore I may be listened to. Let others improve the political condition of my countrymen; all I would aim at is to mind their manners, in order to fit them for such a change; and, in that good cause, I cry out as vehemently as ever did the most soiled mob from the Faubourg St. Antoine—*A bas la vulgarité! L'ignorance à la lanterne! et que la politesse soit mis à l'ordre du jour!*

#### LIVING ARTISTS.—No. XV.

GEORGE JONES, R.A.

JONES is a painter of varied powers—poetic history, real history, scenes of humble life, and landscape. He first made himself known to the world by his pictures of 'Victoria,' 'Borodino,' and 'Waterloo,' which were of such merit as attracted the notice of his late Majesty—no mean judge in art;—while his Coronation scene, for Lord Liverpool, made him a favourite with those courtiers who love to be seen in birth-day dresses, and who say, in the spirit of the lady in the satire of Pope,

One would not look quite horrid when one's dead.

In these martial pictures there were considerable powers displayed. Painters have hitherto grouped warriors in action with more regard to the picturesque in art, than the scientific in war; and, with some exceptions, the most of our battle scenes are but splendid riots, with a favourite hero or two, sword in hand, working wonders in the foreground. This kind of magnificent hurly-burly may pass muster with those who never saw armies in action. Jones has not only been a spectator of war, but an actor in its scenes: he saw—for he could not but see—that science ruled the whole, and that victory was achieved more by mathematical combination than by personal prowess. This principle has formed the groundwork of his historic paintings: it is visible in that of 'Vittoria' and 'Waterloo,' and more so in that of the 'Borodino,' where the whole Russian army appears to the spectator, and Napoleon in person is directing

that attack on the key of their position which gave him the victory. This we remark as something new in painting; and to it he has added much that made earlier works of that class attractive. Amid all the regularity and accuracy of combination, to which we referred, there is enough of actual strife, and commotion, and slaughter, to satisfy all those who insist on visible bloodshed and havoc; and such life and reality as make us imagine the real action is passing before our face.

Jones has lately surprised us with works of a very different character, of a higher kind—pictures, in short, of feeling and imagination. For these he is indebted to the inspiration of Scripture; but it requires something of a kindred mind to grapple with the high imaginings of the Apostles or Prophets of old; and we may be allowed to remark, that few painters, save those of the Catholic faith, have at all equalled the great argument which they attempted to illustrate. The Church of Rome was with them the chief patroness of art: through painting she revealed her miracles and her mysteries to the world, and by it endeavoured to reconcile the nations to her saints and her legends. With a daring only equalled by the poets of old, the artists of Italy invaded the sanctities of heaven: they presumed to limn the presence of God—to personify immortal spirits—and they can scarcely be said to have failed: the forms which they created are all but divine. In the characters of saints, in embodying legends, or in forming a magnificent image from some fine passage in Scripture, they were without rivals, and probably will ever remain so. It is high praise to say, that the scripture pieces of Jones, in conception at least, remind us of some of those noble works: his 'Mordecai' and the 'Three Children,' are works of a high order and great promise; and other sketches which we have seen are of equal merit: we mention this with sincere pleasure, for the English school by no means abounds in artists with genius of a poetic kind; nor is the nation quick in encouraging their speculations. We may add Jones to the well-known names of Hilton, Howard, Wilkie, and others, who have achieved fame in historic compositions.

There are many, however, who prefer his more homely scenes to either his scripture, history, or battle pictures; and it cannot be denied that they are touched with great spirit and truth. To him, a ruined town, a "howlet-haunted bigging," an old edifice tottering to its fall, are matters of deep interest; he tenants them at will with strolling gipsies, wandering mendicants, or a busy peasantry; and his human nature is not the least attractive part of the picture. A country town on a market day, seems a favourite topic for his pencil: the ancient city of Chester, certainly one of the most picturesque in the island, has supplied him with materials for some of his fairest pictures; nor has he passed through St. Albans without an eye to its peculiar beauties. In truth, an antique house, which no one without wings like a bat or an owl, would think of living in, is like the bowers of Paradise to a painter; he loves its clouterly and dilapidated looks; he rejoices in its ruin; and the ivy and the long grass streaming from its crevices, are better for him than lighted casements and displayed banners.

His colouring is harmonious and glowing;

his drawing of a scene is not equal to his conception of it—a fault too common in our island school; but his sense of character, and feeling for whatever is noble and poetic, are strong; he is rising gradually in reputation; step by step he is ascending the hill of fame;—nor will his manners, which are elegant and conciliating, at all retard him on his way.

#### STEAM COACHES.

[Concluded from last week.]

THE second projector, whose scheme claims our attention, is Mr. Hancock, of Stratford, in Essex.

Mr. Hancock's boiler is formed of a number of parallel flat plates, at the distance of about an inch asunder, bound together by bars passing through them at right angles. Between every alternate pair of plates the water is contained, while the spaces between the intermediate plates receive the flame from the fire, and in fact form the flues of the furnace. Thus, a number of these plates of water are exposed on both sides to the action of the fire, and by being, as it were, *toasted*, are raised to the required temperature. The plates of metal being very thin, the heat passes through them with great facility, and the necessary strength is given to them by stays placed at intervals in the flues. The fire is blown by a bellows or fanner, which must be worked by the engine.

The advantage of this boiler consists in the great rapidity with which the water can be raised to the requisite temperature, owing to the great extent of surface, in proportion to the quantity of water which is exposed to the action of the fire, and to the thinness of the metal plates interposed between the fire and water. Its defects are many and obvious. No form can be less conducive than that of flat plates subject to a pressure at right angles to their surface. Besides this, a considerable portion of the surface of each plate, exposed to the action of the fire, contains steam and not water. This occasions rapid wear by the burning of the metal; and though the inventor may endeavour to equalize this wear, still the evil is only modified, not removed or diminished.

The method of blowing the fire by a fanner or bellows worked by the engine is a capital defect, since it must rob the engine of more than half its power. We venture to predict, that, sooner or later, this defect, if not removed, must utterly destroy the efficiency of this machine.

A joint stock company has, we believe, been formed with a small capital in 25*l.* shares, for working steam-carriages under Mr. Hancock's patent, on the New Road between Paddington and the Bank, and on other roads in the immediate vicinity of the metropolis. Carriages ordered by this company, are in process of construction.

The last projector, whose undertaking we shall at present notice, is Dr. Church, of Birmingham. This gentleman has been for several years engaged in experiments, with a view to bring to perfection a form of steam-engine, which he has invented for propelling carriages on turnpike roads. He considers that he has at length attained sufficient success to warrant the enterprise on a large scale, and a company has been formed with a capital of about 150,000*l.* to work carriages under his patent, on the roads between London, Birmingham, and Liverpool. An application is about to be made to Parliament by this company, for an act of incorporation.

Although we are in possession of all the details of Dr. Church's steam-engine, we regret that the state of his patent is such, that we cannot with propriety do more than explain the machine in a very general way.

Let the reader imagine a circular grate to support the fuel, surrounded by a number of metal tubes in a perpendicular position, with small spaces between them, and carried upwards to the height of three or four feet above the grate. At the top they are curved, and turn downwards in a siphon form. Each of these tubes is included in another tube a little larger, so as to include between them a small space. This small space contains the water, which is exposed to the action of the fire. The inner siphon tube forms the flue, through which the heated air is carried by the draught; while the exterior surface of the outer tube is exposed to the radiant heat of the fire. It will thus be perceived, that the fire is surrounded on every side by a number of these cylindrical shells of water, the interior of which forms the flues.

The draft is produced by a bellows or fanner worked by the engine. This method of producing the draft, is subject to the same objections as were urged in reference to the engine of Mr. Hancock. Dr. Church states, that the power necessary to work this fanner, amounts to but a very small fraction of the whole power of the engine. We apprehend, however, that experience will amply demonstrate the superior advantage of using the waste steam to produce the draft.

We have confined our attention at present to these three projects for establishing steam-carriages on common roads, because they are the only ones, of which we are aware, which are in a state to present a probability of coming soon before the public in a practical form. We have thought it the more desirable on the present occasion, to call the attention of our readers to this subject, because we know that great ignorance prevails upon it; and that even persons, who are otherwise well informed, feel, or affect to feel, utter incredulity in its practicability. There is a certain inertia in the public mind, in the reception of novel and startling propositions, so that it requires a certain force of impulsion, as it were, to prevent the understanding, even after rational grounds of conviction have been presented to it, from relapsing into a slothful disbelief. Such disbelief most frequently arises from laziness to examine, or inability to appreciate the evidence which should lead the mind to a right judgment. But it sometimes also arises from a general repugnancy to all change. Such a disposition of mind, in fact, as prompted a public functionary, that happened to fall within our acquaintance, to declare, in reference to some general measures of public reform, that he thought it *useless to discuss the grounds on which they were proposed; for that he held that all change—even a change for the better—was bad*. The most active and mischievous, if not the most numerous opponents to this great improvement in internal traffic and communication, are, however, those who fancy that their individual interests may be injured by it. Happily, the tide of improvement is too strong, and the influence of public opinion too irresistible, for such opposition long to be effectual. That it is not, however, to be altogether disregarded as a cause of vexatious obstructions and delay, is proved by the fact of Parliament itself being entrapped into the passing of a number of bills, which in the very same session a committee of their own body declared were highly injurious to the public interests, and were founded in ignorance and misinformation. The public press is the agent which can effect the most legitimate and most effectual control in such matters; and we pledge ourselves, that we shall keep a steady eye on the proceedings of those who, from sordid and interested motives, may be disposed by unfair means to retard the progress of this incipient improvement in locomotion.

#### AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT OF GUTENBERG, AND OF THE EARLIEST STAGE OF THE ART OF PRINTING.

THE year of Gutenberg's birth, which has been alleged by Rotteck to have been in 1397, and by others, without more warrantable grounds, to have occurred in 1398, can only be fixed, with any degree of certainty, at the close of the thirteenth century. It is now ascertained beyond a doubt, that he was born in the house called the 'Hof zum Genssfleisch,' or 'zum Gutenberg' in Mayence; but nothing more is known of his earlier years than that he left that city in company with his parents and brother Friele for Elvil in the Rheingau, in 1420; how long he remained there is uncertain. We next find him mentioned in an old record as being settled at Strasburgh, where he was accounted one of its inhabitants of 'noble extraction,' and employing himself on all sorts of works connected with the arts. Here he formed a connexion with Andrew Dritzehn, under whose roof, and with the most rigid secrecy, his new process was carried on and brought to the state in which it existed in the year 1439. From the documents connected with the subsequent lawsuit between them, we are led to a knowledge of the instruments, which he used for laying down his type with moveable letters; hence it appears, that Gutenberg was indisputably the *inventor*, and Strasburgh the *cradle* of the art of typography, though the latter produced no fruits; whilst Mayence is entitled to the *honour both of the discovery, and of its completion*. After having sacrificed the whole of his property, Gutenberg left Strasburgh in 1445, and leaving his wife behind him, returned to Mayence, under the expectation of being assisted by his wealthy relatives. In respect to Gutenberg's proceedings between this period and the year 1450, every thing is involved in obscurity; though the Haarlem writers endeavour to clear it up by affirming that he went immediately from Strasburgh to join their fellow countryman Lawrence Koster, or Küster Lorenz; a fiction, which is positively contradicted by the well-known record of St. Gallus' Day in Mayence, anno 1448. There can be no doubt, that Gutenberg employed this interval on mechanical improvements for giving a greater degree of practical perfection to his invention, as well as in attempts on a small scale, &c., until he succeeded in meeting with John Fust, a rich and active partner, by whose aid he was enabled to bring his invention fairly before the public. Although the articles of their copartnership have not descended to the present times, there is much to be derived from the records of the lawsuit, in which he was engaged with Fust in the year 1455, and from which a variety of interesting and important information is to be gleaned.

Amongst the *first* attempts of the Gutenberg and Fust press with *moveable wood letters* may be classed the Abecedaries, Horaria, Confessionals, and Donates, of twenty-seven, thirty-five, and forty-two lines. The use of *metallic* characters appears to have been introduced some time during the last six months of 1452; and the first production, which resulted from this improvement, is generally admitted to have been the Latin Bible, without date, in columns of forty-two lines, of 1454 and 1455, i.e. begun in the former and completed in the latter year, or 1456, in two folio volumes. Peter Schöffer, who married Fust's daughter in 1453 or 1454, must have been engaged during a series of years in effecting the valuable improvements, which he made in the types and moulds, the metal of which they consisted, the form of the initial letters, and the permanency of the ink. Gutenberg was not discouraged, though he lost his suit with Fust; but, with the help of a new loan from Dr. C. Hamery, set up his presses,

and slowly advanced in his labours, because he had now to work single-handed. Eighteen months after the separation, namely, on the 14th of August 1457, Fust and Schöffer published their Psalterium, the first work printed on parchment—a masterpiece in typography, which has not been surpassed up to the present day. Two years afterwards, a second edition of this Psalter and Durandi's Rationale, and in 1460, the Clementines, made their appearance. During this interval, therefore, there were two establishments for printing in Mayence. Nor was there any lack of industry on Gutenberg's part; in 1460 he brought out his 'John de Janua Catholicon,' which was printed on parchment and paper, and with a degree of success, which excited the envy of Fust and Schöffer, and instigated them to enrich their complete edition of the Latin Bible, which was likewise printed on parchment and paper, with all the splendours of typography. Shortly after, a violent quarrel, which broke out between two of the archbishops in Mayence, occasioned the emigration of the inventor, and the consequent diffusion of the art of printing in other countries; and we find Schweynheym and Pannartz setting up a printing-house in Rome, and publishing a Lactantius on the 29th October 1465. After Fust's decease, the Bechtermünztes of Eltvil, who continued to carry on Gutenberg's establishment, afforded its illustrious founder the delight of witnessing in 1466 and 1467 the appearance of the 'Vocabularium Ex quo.' The period or manner of Gutenberg's death is still involved in obscurity, though this much is certain, that he was living on the 4th of November 1467, and must have died on the 24th of February 1468, or a short time previously, without issue.—[Abridged from Schaad's History of the Invention of the art of Printing, &c., with above 300 inedited documents, &c. Mayence, 1830—1831.]

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

LITERATURE, notwithstanding all our hopes, seems about to resolve itself into daily, weekly, monthly, and quarterly periodicals; the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews* contain few announcements of new works; the innumerable Magazines are equally barren; and though this may be but for a summer month or so, we cannot but feel that literature is not what it has been. For the present this is not displeasing to ourselves, nor will it prove, we hope, otherwise to our readers, since it enables us to bring forward some original papers, which we imagine will be found equally or more interesting than dissections and quotations from romances without poetic feeling, and novels without originality of character.—The taste of the public seems to be on the increase for embellished works; our table is covered with monthly issues of all manner of publications—from those which contain picturesque views of all the mole-hills and pig-troughs in the parish, to those which deal in mountains, capes, and cathedrals. The prospectus of one with some promise in it, is now before us; this is, "Major's Cabinet Gallery of Pictures, selected from the collections of art, public and private, which adorn Great Britain: to be engraved on steel by eminent artists, and published at a price so moderate as to place the best works of the greatest masters within the reach of all classes." The proposed price is half-a-crown for three large engravings, accompanied by some fifteen or sixteen pages of critical descriptions and dissertations, &c. by Allan Cunningham; should the work

correspond with its promise, it cannot fail to be acceptable to the public.

The plans and arrangements of the New Academy are now finally settled; the health of the fortunate architect has been toasted in full conclave by his academic brethren, and the government has voted some 15,000*l.* as the probable expense of the current year, for commencing the undertaking. We hope that proper accommodation has been provided in the National Gallery part for draughtsmen and engravers who may desire to copy the paintings; for to be seen is not the whole—these fine works should be useful. We have seen two names—strange to us—mentioned as those of the keepers of these splendid pictures: we thought we had known almost all who have either taste or talent in the fine arts; we certainly know all who have any claim to merit from their productions.

It is of little use to conceal any longer the state of affairs at the Opera House. The management is still in the hands of Mr. M. Mason, but the assignees have undertaken to be responsible for all payments for the last three weeks and to the close of the season. The last payment of the band was made through their agent, who informed the parties, that what was due previous to the 25th of June must be obtained from Mr. M. Mason. It was also stated, that, the *German Opera* performances being a private speculation of Mr. Mason's, the assignees had nothing to do with either the receipts or disbursements: and thus the poor Germans, who have brought the most money to the Treasury, are likely to be the greatest sufferers! This is lamentable indeed! Pellegrini and Haitzinger have, it is said, left England without receiving the whole amount of their engagement; and a large sum is due to Devrient.

#### FINE ARTS

*Illustrations of the Bible.* By John Martin. Parts III. and IV.

Mr. Martin seems fully sensible of the important task he has undertaken. "No attentive reader of the Bible," he says, "will fail to observe that it abounds in subjects singularly fitted for graphic illustration. The grandeur and importance of the events described—the awful and mysterious character of so many of the incidents—the romantic scenery of the countries in which they occurred—the picturesque costume of the inhabitants—and the extent and majesty of their public buildings—form altogether a mass of materials particularly calculated for pictorial display." The genius of the artist for subjects of a solemn, a lofty, and a mysterious or terrible nature, has been well proved; and there are few men with any pretensions to taste or feeling, who are insensible to the singular merits of his productions. The illustrations of the Bible at present before us, are four in number, and the subjects are, 1, 'The Mourning of Adam and Eve over the body of Abel'; 2, 'The Flood'; 3, 'The Sign of the Rainbow'; and 4, 'The Destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah.' They are all works of originality and talent. 'The Sign of the Rainbow' is sublime; but there is both sublimity and magnificence in 'The Destruction of the Cities of the Plain': the perpendicular downpouring of the fiery liquid; the terrible glare of the cities flaming up to heaven; the despair of the wife of Lot, who stands on the rock looking back "on these bad cities;" and the flight of the patriarch and his daughters, form altogether a picture of the grandest kind, and which can-

not but continue in the memory of all who look on it. A publication with such illustrations, cannot fail to be prosperous.

*The Captive Slave.* Painted by Hancock. Engraved by Beckwith.

'The Captive Slave' is a large dog, with a stern mouth, gloomy eyes, and a heavy chain, looking entreatingly up to heaven, or, in imagination perhaps, to Richard Martin, of Galway, to whom the print is inscribed. It is a powerful drawing, very cleverly engraved. We remember to have noticed, with high commendation, 'The Lame leading the Blind,' by these same artists; they are every way worthy of each other. The comparative facility with which a painter covers a few inches or a few feet of canvas has enabled Mr. Hancock to reap an early harvest of honest fame, but an engraver proceeds more laboriously. No young man has, in our time, come before the public, giving higher promise than Mr. Beckwith, and he seems determined to satisfy the best expectations of those who have equal pride and pleasure in having been among the first to notice him with the warmest and sincerest commendation. We regret that, in the hurry of overwhelming engagements, this clever print escaped our observation even for a few days.

*Sir James Mackintosh.* From an original Sketch by Slater.

WE have seen the original in the house of Sir Harry Inglis, Bart., along with the heads of Southey and others: this is a good copy, and the likeness is not little.

*The Right Honourable Lady Grey, of Groby.* The 32nd of the 'Series of Female Nobility.'

THIS lady has a sweet and an intellectual look: her dress is rich and plain, and her hair hangs down in graceful and natural ringlets: we have seldom seen one so fair with so little affectation.

*A Series of Views in India, comprising Sketches of Scenery, Antiquities, and Native Character.* By Captain John Luard, 16th Lancers. Part I. Smith, Elder and Co.

THE fine pictures of Daniell have introduced us to India, with its scenery and people, and have also taught us to be a little fastidious in our taste, and somewhat coy and ill to please. Yet, whatever throws light upon that remote and but little known land, cannot be otherwise than welcome; and it is in this spirit that we look at the work before us: it is cheap; the size is such, that nothing is lost in insignificance; and it has this advantage, the scenes which it gives are real, and sketched from nature, and not from imagination.

*One Hundred Examples of the Antique Rose, for the use of Architects, Sculptors, and Modellers.* Selected by Carlo Antonini, and drawn on stone by W. Doyle. Part I. London: Doyle.

THIS promises to be a useful work. Of the antique rose, as it appears in architecture and sculpture, there are many varieties; all beautiful, and all adapted to the material out of which they were cut. The hundred examples which this little work promises will be very acceptable, if they are as well selected and drawn as those in the present number.

*Finden's Landscape Illustrations to Murray's new edition of the Life and Works of Lord Byron.* Part V.

THERE are seven landscapes in this number; viz. 'The Acropolis,' by TURNER; 'Santa Maura,' by STANFIELD; 'Piazzetta,' by PROUT; 'Ithaca,' by STANFIELD; 'Delphi,' by STANFIELD; 'Santa Maria della Spina, Pisa,' by TURNER; and 'The Hellespont,' by HARDING. These illustrations are all good—well imagined,



drawn, and engraved; but 'The Acropolis,' 'Santa Maria della Spina,' by Turner, and 'The Hellespont,' by Harding, are of nearly unequalled beauty. The clouds, which in some of the earlier engravings, seemed rough and rocky, are soft and undulating in these, and on the whole, the work is one of great and increasing beauty.

*Landscape Illustrations of the Prose and Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott, Bart., with Portraits of the Principal Female Characters. Part II.*

THE beauty of these landscape illustrations, is well known to the world; but they come with an additional claim to our admiration; they present to us portraits of the chief female characters; LESLIE imagined 'Rose Bradwardine' for us in No. I.; in this number, PRENTIS has favoured us with 'Mysie Happer,' the personification is clever, and, we dare say, as like as any one else will fancy; yet, to our notion, it wants something of "the tempting lip and roguish ee" of the Maid of the Mill.

*Pictorial History of the Bible. Nos. I., II., & III. London: M'Gowan.*

Two respectable quarto engravings, with accompanying letter-press, for one shilling.

*Views on the Rhine, from Cologne to Mayence. By William Gray Fearnside. Nos. I. & II. London: Virtue.*

Six good engravings, from good drawings, for one shilling—art can descend no lower in price, and preserve anything like beauty or originality.

*Picturesque Memorials of Salisbury. No. III. Salisbury: Brodie & Co.*

A work very plain and very accurate; and not unacceptable to those who love to be reminded of Salisbury.

'Hodnet Church' and 'Poynings Church,' Sussex, are engraved illustrations for the *British Magazine*: the first is endeared to us all, through the name of Heber; and the other has considerable pretensions to natural beauty.

*Illustrations of the Surrey Zoological Gardens. Part I. London: Schloss.*

A laudable work, and tolerably got up.

'Racing,' and 'Wild Deer' are embellishments for the *Sporting Magazine*; the first is by Cooper, who is unequalled in his horses in motion, and the second is drawn and etched by Lieut.-Col. Batty.

## MUSIC

### KING'S THEATRE.

ON Saturday was given Paer's 'Agnese,' which, says a musical historian, is the last opera of the pure Italian school, as combining expressive melody with musical science, and from the time of its appearance may be dated the "decline and fall" of the Italian opera. The drama is founded on Mrs. Opie's story of 'The Father and Daughter.' Tamburini most powerfully, nay, painfully, delineates the "Padre pazzo"; indeed, so well, as to make us forget Ambrogetti, whom we once saw in the same character. The pathos of his *cantabile* drew tears from the audience; and, in our estimation, raised him tenfold as a dramatic singer and a musician of pure taste.

Grisi, in the part of *Agnese*, also merits praise beyond her former claim; yet we can never admire her thick guttural voice, which, above all on the fourth space, is intolerably harsh and offensive. Donzelli has never appeared in an opera with music better adapted to his splendid voice: in the figurative and sometimes flippant passages of Rossini, his want of flexibility not unfrequently marred the effect, which in the more sober and sentimental phrases of Paer's melodies,

he is always certain to produce. Galli has also a part in which his buffo singing is deservedly successful. Mad. Tamburini, by her acting, gave much interest to the character of the waiting-maid. The pleasure we derived, from the excellence of the singing, and of the original music, ought, perhaps, to induce us to pass unnoticed the patchwork which we once or twice detected, were it not that the system is too prevalent to be countenanced. The very naked and noisy instrumentation of the substituted Finale of the last act, renders its detection certain. It is a great reflection on the management, that, possessing the means of producing this admirable opera, its appearance should have been deferred until the last week, when most of the subscribers have quitted town.

## THEATRICALS

### ENGLISH OPERA—OLYMPIC THEATRE.

A melo-drama, called 'The Dilosk Gatherer; or, the Eagle's Nest,' is the last novelty at this theatre. It was produced on Monday evening. The story is taken from a book of tales, published some time since under the title of 'Three Courses and a Dessert.' We should have great pleasure in stating, that this piece is effectively transferred to the stage, and that it is likely to prove attractive, if we could do so with truth—but it is not permitted us on those terms. We do not think the one, and much doubt the other. To assert either, therefore, would be to betray our trust without benefiting either author or manager. *Norah Cavanagh*, (Miss Kelly,) has been a *protégée* of Sir Brian O'Beg, and his antiquated maiden sister (Mrs. C. Jones), but has been dismissed the castle, on account of an unexplained child, and resides, at the opening of the piece, in a cottage with her father, an old fisherman, (Mr. F. Matthews). *Norah's* child, being upon one occasion left alone, is carried off by an eagle—a hue and cry is raised—and *Fergus Purcell* (Mr. Perkins), nephew to the aforesaid Sir Brian and his sister, having avowed himself the husband of *Norah*, and father of the child, starts for the eagle's nest, in order to recover the latter, which can only be effected by his becoming a climbing boy. During this operation, we have to witness a clever, but most painful portraiture by Miss Kelly, of the anxious mother's agonies—and we are expected to jump suddenly into a high state of excitement, without having been previously worked up to it. Miss Kelly's talents enabled her to beat us at this—for she succeeded and we did not. However, the child is recovered unhurt, and the young people are forgiven. Mr. Benson Hill did his best as an Irish schoolmaster, and so did Mr. Collier as his ragged pupil; but the fun is heavy, and they could not carry it far. Mr. Perkins played his part carefully and well, but his dress stands over for explanation. It was quite beyond us. The story is admirably told in the book, but it is not applicable to stage purposes. We cannot stand eagles in leading strings. The piece was well received by the many, and but slightly opposed at its conclusion, by the few.

The new piece of Thursday, was completely and deservedly successful. Its weight, or rather lightness, rests upon Mr. Wrench, and this will go a long way towards accounting for it. Whatever rests upon Mr. Wrench, he neither rests himself nor lets his audience, until the drop (we speak scenically) give them "curtained sleep;" his first coming on the stage always reminds us of the first lines of the song:—

Come bustle, neighbour Prig,  
Buckle on your Sunday wig.

The author of 'Call again to-morrow,' we understand to be Don Telesforo de Trueba y Cosío—(what is an author without a name?). This gentleman is literally a Spaniard, literally an Englishman. The title is the plot, and so

we need not detail it. If the plot is not quite clear to our readers from this, the name given to Mr. Wrench, *Dick Neverpay*, will explain it. We remember that Mr. Charles Kemble once took it as an equivocal compliment, when a critic remarked, that, to see the perfection of his drunken personations on the stage, one must think that he had constant practice off it. If we did not fear producing a similar effect on Mr. Wrench, we should certainly say, that, to judge merely by his manner of playing such characters, he is the best possible putter off of a creditor. So highly, indeed, did he amuse us on Thursday night, that we felt as much indebted to him, as he seemed to be to everybody else. The audience were of our way of thinking, and a general burst of approbation was the answer to his invitation to them to "call again to-morrow." We hope that, either in person or by deputy, the audience will keep the sort of promise implied by their applause, and that it will be (as Macbeth says) "to-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow"—so that the proprietor may have cause to congratulate himself, that he has "touched the Spanish."

### SADLER'S WELLS.

IT is some years since we visited this place of amusement: to pass an evening at which, was once the height of our youthful ambition—at least, of our juvenile notions of enjoyment. Remembering the intensity of feeling with which we used to approach the building, and how sure we were to have our fondest anticipations realized when we got within it, we would have laid an egg, or some other trifling wager, that, owing to the change which time has wrought in us, we could not again be so delighted. We should have lost. The new lessee, Mrs. Fitzwilliam, has met the changes of time and taste with a corresponding change in the quality of her entertainments. The comic operatic drama called 'The Pet of the Petticoats,' which is now being nightly played, is one of the most pleasing entertainments of its class, the representation of which it has ever fallen to our lot to witness. We watched it from first to last with close attention and unmixed satisfaction, and, whether it be in reference to the writing, the acting, the music, the singing, or the general getting up of the piece, we can most conscientiously assert that there is scarcely a fault for the most fastidious critic to put his inky finger on. Unqualified praise is so seldom deserved, that we almost feel called upon to confirm our opinion by stating, that it was fully coincided in by some excellent judges who were of our party. The piece is taken from a French one, called 'Vert-vert,' but it has the rare merit of presenting none of the rough features of a translation. It should rather be described as a clever adaptation. The story is simple, but affords capital opportunities for fun, and none of them have been lost upon Mr. Buckstone; it also affords opportunities for grossness, from which he has had the good taste to abstain. *Paul* (Mrs. Fitzwilliam) is a youngster who has been brought up at a convent, under the superintendence of the Superior, who is his Aunt. There are several young ladies there as boarders, and Paul has become the "Pet of the Petticoats." In the innocence of his heart he displays much amusing impatience at the caresses which they lavish on him. To the great regret of all but himself, he is sent for, to see his mother; and the adventures he meets with makes him, in one day, a little man of the world. He falls into the society of a party of officers—overhears their conversation—learns how to make love *à la militaire*, and resolves to take the first opportunity of trying his hand at it. This soon occurs with an actress, who has been his companion in the diligence. Two of the officers are secretly married to two of the boarders at Paul's convent, but they are

both captivated by the charms of the actress, lay a wager as to which shall get the first appointment with her, and severally employ Paul to convey their letters to her. Paul keeps back the letters—answers them himself—sends the two bold dragoons to wait at different places in a heavy shower of rain, and is found dining with the actress, and doing the honours of love and wine, when they return drenched and disappointed. To make them amends for the joke, he promises to assist them in entering the convent, and recovering their wives; this is accomplished by means of disguises, and forms the subject of a very lively third act. There is an amusing little episode, consisting of the secret loves of *Mons. Zephyr*, dancing master to the convent (Mr. Buckstone), and *Sister Vinaigre*, the governess (Mrs. Weston). This piece is acted throughout, and on all hands, with a degree of ease, nature, and truth, which it is quite unusual to see, and no apology is needed for the theatre on the score of its minority. We never remember so military-looking a set of officers on the stage, though it may be that it has been our lot to see a worse-looking set off it. Mr. Hunt's voice is not a favourite with us, but his acting here is really excellent. Mr. Ransford, as the senior captain of the regiment, with his grey head, grey moustaches, and ramrod back, forms a prominent figure in this military picture; and he sings a clever bass song of Mr. Barnett's with great spirit and correctness. Mr. Buckstone, in the dancing-master, and Mr. W. H. Williams, in *Job*, the convent gardener, were highly comical, and "fooled" their characters "to the top of their bent." Mrs. Fitzwilliam, in the boy, is extremely arch and agreeable, and sings with much taste. Miss Daly has but little to do, but does that little well. The concerted pieces are very nicely executed by a very nicely dressed party of young ladies, and are well led by Miss Pitt and Miss Alleyne. The sweet tones of this last-mentioned young lady's voice are not rendered any the less agreeable by coming from so pretty a person. The music is all good—and not only good, but highly pleasing. It does Mr. Barnett great credit. Mrs. Fitzwilliam has followed the example which Madame Vestris has the merit of having set—that of seeing that her subordinate characters are well dressed—and for this, as well as for the remarkable improvement observable in the stage arrangements, generally, the new lessee of Sadler's Wells deserves that extensive support which we hope she will meet with. We stake our credit, that 'The Pet of the Petticoats' will alone amply repay any one within ten miles for the trouble of going to see it. The other entertainments were good of their sort, but we have not space to notice them at length.

## MISCELLANEA

*Rare Picture of the Bolognese School.*—We have just seen, by the kindness of Signor Jeffroy, of Arundel Street, Coventry Street, a very fine picture lately received from the celebrated gallery of the Prince Ercolani, at Bologna, painted by Alessandro Turchi, surnamed l'Orbato, a master little known in England, though his works are highly prized in Italy. He was a friend of Annibale Caracci, whose style he imitated, and whom he even excelled in colouring. It is well worthy the attention of the lovers of art.

*Balloons.*—It appears by the French papers, that a M. de Lennox ascended on Friday last, in a balloon in the shape of a whale, furnished with some mechanical oars, with which he hoped to be able to direct the balloon's course through the air. We have not heard the result.

*Instinct.*—A Norwegian Journal relates the following, in proof of the extraordinary instinct of the rein-deer. In some parts of Lapland these animals are subject to a pestilential

disease, and, when attacked, they come down to the coast, and, so soon as they have reached the beach, they plunge headlong into the sea, and greedily swallow a quantity of water, which induces a violent cough and vomiting, after which the disease rapidly leaves them. Some, however, are of opinion, that the object of the animals in going into the sea, is to rid themselves of the larvæ of the horse-fly, which in summer lays its eggs in their nostrils.

*The Romance of War.*—A French soldier, who accompanied the armies of Russia, concealed a small treasure at the entrance of a village near Wilna, with a view of taking it with him on his return. After the defeat of Moscow he was made prisoner, and sent to Siberia, and only recovered his liberty about three years since. On reaching Wilna, he remembered his hidden treasure, and, after tracing out the spot where he had hid it, he went to take it away. What was his astonishment to find, in the place of his money, a small tin box, containing a letter addressed to him, in which a commercial house was mentioned at Nancy, where he might receive the sum buried, with interest! The soldier supposed this was all a hoax; he went, however, to the house pointed out, where he received his capital, with twelve years' interest. With this sum he established a small business in Nancy, which enables him to live comfortably; but he has never yet been able, though he has taken pains, to ascertain how his money was taken away and restored to him.—*New York paper.*

*The Slave Trade and the Negroes of the Congo.*—Some of the most considerable markets for slaves in Africa, are established in the neighbourhood of the Congo, and two of the largest of these, *Bihé* to the south, and *Cassango* to the north, of that river, are described in the following terms by Douville, who has lately published at Paris, an account in three volumes of his recent visit to the Congo and the interior of Africa.—The price of a negro is from fifty to sixty-five shillings, or an equivalent in calico or other ware; such as a bad musket for a good negro, &c. About six thousand blacks, of whom two-thirds are women, are annually brought to the market of Bihé; and fifty or so of mulatto dealers, come and bargain for them, and, their purchase completed, carry them away in chains to Angola or Benguela, where these unfortunate beings are shipped off. Douville is of opinion, that this execrable traffic did not exist previously to the appearance of its *Christian* patrons; but he forgets, that proofs of its antiquity exist in Holy Writ, as well as in the pages of Herodotus and on various sculptured remains, which are extant in the tombs of Egypt. No change has taken place in this traffic since those early dates, save in the channel through which it passes. Most of the superstitions peculiar to the savage state, are prevalent among the Congo negroes. The God of Thunder is an object of peculiar reverence, and his supposed wrath is at times appeased by the sacrifice of human victims, whose flesh is divided among the crowd, and devoured by them. When the sorcerers or soothsayers have announced the necessity of allaying the god's vengeance by such a holocaust, attempts are immediately made to ensnare some young man or woman from a neighbouring tribe, under pretence of raising them to a high station, or showing them peculiar marks of honour; the unfortunate victims fall into the snare, and are received with caresses and feastings; then led to some public spot, where the scaffold awaits them, and the rude multitude welcome their appearance with shouts of joy; at the very moment when intoxicated with their adulations, a death-blow from behind is given them; their last sighs are drowned in the ferocious howlings of their kidnappers, and the breath has scarcely departed, before the body is torn to pieces and

shared amongst them. The individual, who has succeeded in entrapping the victim, is raised to the honours of nobility. Douville was himself more than once in imminent danger of falling a sacrifice; on one occasion, the priests had kept him incarcerated for eight days, and the people were impatiently awaiting the hour of his immolation, when he melted the hearts of his gaolers, by an offering of a handsome red cloak, some cotton cloth, and a few bottles of rum. Having secured this ransom, the priests sallied forth and persuaded the multitude, that the god would not only be exasperated if the white-man should be offered up to him, but that it was his will, that their prisoner should be set at liberty and suffered to depart freely in whatever direction he pleased. On a subsequent occasion, when at Yanvo, where he discovered a gold-mine, the Monatu or Chief tempted him to stay amongst his tribe by the most extravagant offers, one of which was his niece, who had reached her hundred and forty-second moon, and was born to the happiness, as the uncle said, of becoming his wife-in-chief. Douville, however, instead of listening to the invitation, evinced his anxiety to get away, and the kind Monatu, as a proof of the vehemence of his attachment to him, took an opportunity of poisoning his attendants, in order that he might be incapacitated from gaining the coast. Here again, the traveller would have been lost, had he not happily bethought himself of the priests' cupidity, and made them some rich presents, in aid of which came a lucky storm, which they announced as a manifestation of the divinity's anger at the detention of the white-man.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

| Days of Week. | Thermom. Max. | Thermom. Min. | Barometer. Noon. | Winds.       | Weather. |
|---------------|---------------|---------------|------------------|--------------|----------|
| Th. 26        | 74            | 52            | 30.04            | N.W.         | Cloudy.  |
| Fr. 27        | 67            | 40            | Stat.            | N.           | Ditto.   |
| Sat. 28       | 80            | 54            | Stat.            | N.E.         | Clear.   |
| Sun. 29       | 83            | 48            | 30.17            | N.E.         | Ditto.   |
| Mon. 30       | 82            | 49            | 30.20            | Var. to N.E. | Cloudy.  |
| Tues. 31      | 67            | 51            | Stat.            | E. to N.     | Ditto.   |
| Wed. 1        | 71            | 56            | 30.02            | N.E.         | Ditto.   |

*Prevailing Clouds.*—Cumulus, Cirrostratus. Mornings fair. Nights fair excepting Wednesday. Mean temperature of the week, 64°. Day decreased on Wednesday, 1h. 13 min.

## NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

*Forthcoming.*—The Pilgrim of Erin.

The Refugee in America, by Mrs. Trollope.

*Just published.*—Baskets of Fragments, 12mo. 3s.

—Scott's Luther and the Reformation, Vol. 2, 6s.—Illustrations of Surrey Zoological Gardens, Prints 3s. 6d. Proofs 6s.—Mirabeau's Letters from England, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.—The Reformer, 3 vols. post 8vo. 27s.—Rogers' Memoirs of the Rev. T. Rogers, 12mo. 5s.—Brett's Astronomy, Part I, 8vo. 10s.—Savage on the Preparation of Printing Ink, 8vo. 2l. 2s.—Rev. E. Wilson's Sermons, 12mo. 5s.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS

Thanks to R. T. C.—P. R.

Will the Subscriber who has written to us respecting the Sphinxes privately favour us with his name? We shall not otherwise feel authorized to insert the contradiction.

Musicians.—There are two works reviewed in the article alluded to. They ought perhaps to have been separated, but the clubbing them together was an after-thought.

We thank our correspondent at Macclesfield for his honest zeal. Piracy is, it appears, infectious, and spreads alarmingly. The *Macclesfield Courier*, not content with robbing the *Athenæum*, boldly robs our contributors of their honest fame, and Mr. Poole's article of 'Secrets in all Trades,' appears in that paper as if it were an original and modest offering by the Editor or some of his choice spirits.—We must remind the Proprietors of *The Thief* that the law of copyright protects translated as well as original papers: and we will not permit them to take either from the *Athenæum* with impunity.

A letter is left for J. H.

*Erratum.*—In the note to correspondents on Dr. Granville and Faust's Catechism, 2nd line, for "litter" read *little*. The error would be unimportant, but that it gives an absurdly false impression of the nature of the controversy.



# ENDLESS AMUSEMENT WILL BE FOUND IN THE STORY-TELLER; Or, JOURNAL OF FICTION, PUBLISHED WEEKLY, WITH ITS CAMEO GALLERY OF PORTRAITS, GRATIS.

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Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 250.

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## REVIEWS

GÖTTE aus näherm persönlichen Umgange dargestellt—*Goethe represented from an intimate and personal Intercourse: a Posthumous Work.* By Johannes Falk.

We heretofore made mention of the publication of this work, and promised our readers some farther account of it so soon as it should come to hand. We now keep this promise, at the same time confessing that our expectations have been greatly disappointed. From the acute and observing mind of Falk, who for several years enjoyed the intimacy of Goethe, and lived in daily intercourse with him, we expected a work more abounding in anecdote and personal observations. The fact appears to be, that Falk, as a friend and admirer of Goethe, thought it necessary to favour the world with a new defence of the author of 'Faust,' against renewed accusations of the immoral tendency of his writings, and of personal indifference to the political fate of his country; and he has therefore adduced only such facts as, in his judgment, tended to illustrate the peculiar disposition of Goethe.

"It is, no doubt," says Falk, "a peculiar distinction of his genius, that he, as it were, loses himself, and, to a certain degree, dreamingly transmutes himself into the object of his immediate contemplation, whether this happens to be a human being, an animal, a bird, or a plant. Nor can it be denied that Goethe's greatness, both as a naturalist and a poet—his style, his sentiments, his impersonations, his originality, and, I would almost say, the whole weakness as well as strength of his moral nature—may be explained by this intense attention to physical phenomena. Often I have heard him, when he wished to abandon himself to such an investigation, request his friends not to obtrude on him the thoughts of others on the same subject, as it was a strict, undeviating maxim with him, to repel in such a mood of mind every extraneous influence. It was not till after he had tried his whole strength on a subject—when, as it were, he had placed himself opposite to it, and conversed with it alone, that he would enter on the opinions of others; indeed, it delighted him to know what long before him others had thought, done, or written, on the same subject. He would then candidly rectify his views in some particulars; but would also rejoice like a child, when he found that, by his own unbiassed efforts, he had gained a new view of its phenomena. . . . Our old German magician (to speak figuratively,) has understood and explained much of the language of birds and flowers. His 'Metamorphoses of Plants,' and 'Doctrine of Colours,' are beautiful monuments of his calm spirit of inquiry: they are filled with the inspired glances of a seer, reaching far forward into coming centuries of science: so, on the other hand, his biographical sketches, of Wieland and Voss, two characters so different from his own, sufficiently display, not only his art, but his own beautiful mind, which was able, like a clear

stainless mirror, to receive and reflect every, object in its utmost purity."

But we are afraid the majority of our readers are not so much interested in the character of this great man as we are ourselves. Goethe is, in truth, little known in this country, but by hearsay; few of his works have been well translated, and these have had but a limited circulation. We shall, therefore, pass for the present to more amusing matter, and only inform the admirers of 'Faust,' that they will find in this little volume a very interesting commentary on the principal portion of this modern *divina comedia*.

The following is a pleasant specimen of Goethe's mode of life and conversational powers, as well as of his views of nature:—

"One summer's day, in the year 1809, I found him in his garden. He sat by a little table, on which stood a long-necked bottle, containing a lively serpent, which he kept feeding with a quill, and made it an object of daily observation. He said that it already knew him, as it always approached its head towards the edge of the bottle, when it saw him approach. 'What beautiful intelligent eyes!' he continued. 'With such a head, it ought to have had many other advantages; but the clumsy writhing body would admit of no more. Nature has withheld hands and feet from this oblong organization, although its head and eyes would have deserved them both. The skeletons of many marine animals distinctly show that Nature, in composing them, already thought of a superior species of terrestrial animals. Very often, in the adverse element, she contents herself with a fish's tail, where she would fain have added a pair of hind legs—indeed, where a sketch of them may be traced in the skeletons.'

"By the side of the bottle lay a few cocoons with caterpillars, which Goethe expected would shortly appear, as one could feel them move in the hand. He took them up, looked at them very attentively, and then told his boy to take them into the house, as they would hardly come out so late in the day. It was then four o'clock. At this moment Madame von Goethe entered the garden. Goethe took the cocoons again from the boy, and replaced them on the table. 'How beautifully the fig-tree has got into blossom and leaves!' she called from afar, as she approached us; then, after the usual compliments having passed between her and me, she asked if I had seen and admired the tree closely. 'Pray let us not forget,' she added, addressing her husband, 'to secure it against the winter.' Goethe smiled, and said, 'Pray, let her show you the fig-tree immediately, else we shall have no peace the whole evening. But it is really a fine tree, and deserves to be taken care of.'—'What is the name of the foreign plant,' resumed the lady, 'which was lately sent to us from Jena?'—'You mean, perhaps, the large hellebore?'—'Exactly: it is thriving wonderfully.'—'I am glad of it. In the end we may be able to make a second Anticyra of this place.'—'Here are the cocoons too: have you not noticed anything yet?'—'I had laid them aside for you. Look,' added

he, taking them up again, and holding them to his ear, 'how it knocks, and jumps, and struggles unto life! I would call these transmutations wonderful, if the wonderful in nature were not that which occurs every moment. Be this as it may, our friend here must also see the sight. The insect will be out in a day or two, and it will be as fine a one as you have ever seen. I invite you to be here in the garden to-morrow afternoon, if you desire to see something more remarkable than the most remarkable things Kotzebue saw in *The Most Remarkable Year of his Life*, in his distant trip to Tobolsk. In the meantime, let us place the box in which our fair sylphide is still dressing herself in some sunny window of the summer-house. There you stand, my good, pretty child! No one shall hinder thee in this corner from finishing thy toilet.'—'But,' resumed the lady, glancing at the serpent, 'how can you bear such an ugly creature about you, and even like to feed it with your own hands. It makes me shudder to look at it!'—'Don't say a word!' answered Goethe;—(who although calm by nature, had no objection to this kind of lively prattle;—) then, turning to me, he continued, 'Yes, if the serpent would do her the favour to spin, and to become a pretty butterfly, there would be nothing said about its horrible appearance. But, dear child, we cannot all be butterflies and fig-trees full of blossom and fruit. Poor snake! they neglect thee: they should look more kindly on thee. How it lifts up its head, and looks at me, as if it knew that I was pleading its cause!'

• • • Having said this, he began to lay aside his pencil and the paper on which he had been drawing all the while some fantastic landscape, without interrupting himself in his discourse."

But he was not always in this quiet contemplative mood: sometimes, when teased by trivial annoyances, he would break out into a strain of invective as severe as it was humorous. Our author gives an entertaining instance of this. One day he found Goethe in the garden, after he had just received the refusal of an actor to play that evening, when all the parts had been arranged:—

"Such insults," he said, in great rage, (filling another glass of wine, and making me sit down,) 'I must submit to from people who, when they get in at one gate of Weimar, already look for the other by which to make their exit. I have been these fifty years a favourite author of the nation you are pleased to call the German; have for these twenty or thirty years been acting privy-councillor, and must yet allow such fellows to overtop me. The deuce take it! To be obliged, at my time of life, to play a principal part in such a tragi-comedy! You will tell me that theatrical affairs are, after all, nothing but rubbish—for you have looked pretty well behind the curtain—and that I should act wisely to throw up the concern at once. But I answer you, that the battery which a general has to defend is also mere rubbish, yet he cannot give it up without also giving up his honour. You must not therefore think him particularly fond of rubbish, nor me either.'

"But just posterity," said I—'Let me hear nothing of posterity,' said Goethe, interrupting

me hastily; 'nor of the public, nor of the justice they may one day render to my efforts. I curse the *Tasso*, because they say it will descend to posterity; I curse *Iphigenia*;—in a word, I curse everything which this public like in me. I know that they belong to the day, and the day to them; but I won't live for the day. That is the reason why I will have nothing to do with that Kotzebue, because I am determined not to lose even an hour with people who cannot sympathize with me, nor I with them. If ever I should succeed in getting up a work—but I am too old for that—which should make the Germans curse me for some fifty or a hundred years to come, and make them abuse me at all times and in all places, that would be my great delight. It must be something splendid which should produce such an effect with a public so callous as this. There is at least some character in hatred; and if we did but begin once again to show a character, be it in whatever it may, there would be some chance of our again becoming a people. But most of us neither understand how to love or to hate. They don't like me! The faint word! I don't like them either! I have never been able to please them. Above all, if, after my death, my Walpurgis bag should be re-opened, and all the Stygian sprites, which I have shut up therein, should break forth to tease them as they have been teasing me; or if, in the continuation of "*Faust*," they should hit upon the part where I let the Devil himself find mercy and pardon before God,—they will never forgive me the offence. For these thirty years they have been plaguing themselves with the broomsticks on the Brocken, and the cat's conversation in the witch's kitchen, and have never succeeded in allegorizing this dramatic humorous nonsense. Even the ingenious Madame de Staël blamed me for having made the Devil too tame, in the scene with God the Father: what would she say if she were to meet him again in a higher grade, even in heaven!—On my asking what he meant by the Walpurgis bag, of which I had just heard for the first time, he replied with the assumed gravity of a judge of Avernus, 'It is a kind of infernal bag, sack, cavity, or by whatever name you may choose to denominate it, originally destined for the reception of witch-scenes in *Faust*. But, by degrees, as hell itself, which at first had but one chamber, received the additions of the limbo and the purgatory, its destination was extended. Every paper which falls into this bag, falls into hell, from which, as you know, there is no redemption. Indeed, I have a great mind to-day to throw myself into it: and, believe me, I should not get back again. There is a fire burning there, which, if it once got vent, would consume friends and foes. I, at least, would not advise any one to come too near it. I am afraid of it myself.'

Falk, however, gives us, as a specimen of the contents of this mysterious bag (of which it is hoped we shall soon see the whole), an abstract of a suppressed scene of *Faust*, in which the doctor, having been induced by his "infernal" friend to pay a visit to the emperor, tires his majesty by his learned disquisitions on sublime things; but is relieved by the Devil, who imperceptibly takes his place and shape, and continues the conversation from the point where *Faust* has stopped. But he talks in a very different key, *à tort et à travers*, till the "lord of Christendom" declares he never met with such a genius in all his life. If the scene be but half so good as that between Mephistopheles and the Student, it must be capital.

We conclude with the following anecdote, although Goethe plays but a secondary part in it:—

"Goethe was, for a time, manager of an amateur theatre at Weimar. Once, when the '*Jealous Husband*' was to be performed, the gentleman who was to act the lover was suddenly taken ill. A Saxon captain good-naturedly offered to undertake the part, although he confessed that he had but little experience in such matters. He went through the rehearsals very decently, and there was little doubt but that, with the help of a good prompter, all would go on well. But when the poor captain actually appeared before the audience, he seemed to lose all memory; still he contrived to halt on till the jealous husband was to rush in and stab him. At this unlucky moment he forgot the catchword, and continued hemming for several minutes, while the furious husband was standing between the side scenes with the uplifted dagger, ready to strike. The captain was about to begin his part afresh, catchwords and all, when, on the advice of Goethe, the husband rushed in, and, by one desperate lunge, thought to silence him. Not so—the captain stood like a wall. It was to no purpose that his adversary entreated him, in a low voice, to fall and die; 'I have not got the catchword,' was the inviolable reply. At last Goethe, quite out of patience, called from behind the scenes: 'Stab him in the back if he won't fall—we must get rid of him at all events.' Upon this, the husband, who had also lost his presence of mind, cried, with a voice of thunder, 'Die, villain!' and gave him, at the same time, such a blow in the side, that the captain, unprepared for this attack in his flank, actually fell down from the shock; upon which Goethe, fearing his resuscitation, instantly sent in four stout servants with orders to carry him off, dead or alive, by main force."

*The Natural Son.* London: Simpkin & Marshall.

This is a singular work: amid much that is prosaic and impertinent, there is not a little true, free, vigorous poetry: amid many rambling and incoherent things, there are passages of beauty and feeling worthy of famous names. Savage, in one of his happier moods, sang of 'The Bastard,' and claimed for him a glory "like a comet's blaze"; in like manner our author claims for his '*Natural Son*' a kind of meteoric splendour, and certainly regards him as something more ecstatic than if he had sprung, through permission of mother church, from the sober bed of marriage. If he meant that, as his hero had not the good fortune to come quite regularly into the world, he had a right to act irregularly when he was in it, there can be no doubt that he has fulfilled his meaning to the letter. The '*Natural Son*' is a sad lad—wilful and wild—fond of roaming, and flirting, and gazing on curling love-locks and other tempting and picturesque matters, all of which are described in the rhyming chronicle of his historian: we shall now present Selwyn, the hero of the narrative, to the reader, and follow him a little on his way in this weary world:—

Our hero roused his energy of mind,  
And bonyard trod the London road along;—  
On either side the elm and ivy twined,  
And the wild thrush poured forth its plaintive song:  
The setting sun in gorgeous hues declined,  
Leaving a wake of glory, radiant long;  
The distant village peaked its vesper bell,  
When Selwyn turned to take a last farewell.  
The clear vibration from the distant chime,  
Floating o'er fallow land, and mead, and flood—  
The deep enchantment of that twilight time—  
The stilly sounds that swept the wave and wood—  
Pressed on his heart, attuning into rhyme  
The sadness of his melancholy mood;  
And the soft cadence of that prayer-bell  
Had fastened on his spirit like a spell.

On his way to London he dines at an inn, and being something at a loss for an adventure, he looks at a romantic bar-maid, who had a taste for sweet music and wandering travellers: he sees at once that he can diffuse her beauties over a dozen stanzas: her looks are thus recorded:—

And then she gather'd up her silk attire,  
And placed the lights upon the polished table;  
Her well-turned form the sculptor might admire,  
And choose it for a model: soft as sable  
Was the black lash that veiled her glance of fire,  
Flashing forbidden beams; would I were able  
To trace those subtle shades, half-love—half-hope—  
Deep, fond, and melting as an antelope,—  
Roaming, with its young mate, the desert wide:—  
The soft, voluptuous swimming of the eyes—  
The small white hand—the lip like scarlet dyed—  
The circling breast, formed to engender sighs  
In man's stern being: have ye seen a bride,  
Led to the altar, in her virgin dyes,  
When her becoming blushes, like a star made  
Light for her lover's heart? so beamed the bar-maid.

He arrives in London: he had run away from the University, because some one had upbraided him with his birth; and having nothing in his pocket, he enters into the police, and acquits himself so as to gain what he calls the grim approbation of Sir Richard Birnie. He sees many touching sights, and some merry ones: whatever he sees he draws. Here is one of his sad pictures: those who know London will perceive how mournfully correct the portrait is.

One bitter night he paced near Whitehall Stair;  
The bridge looked lone and tenantless; the lamps  
Cast o'er the murky stream a fitful glare,  
Paling the gathered gloom: the vapour damps  
Condensed upon his brow; whilst lonely there,  
In dirt bedabbled drapery, that stamps  
The carnal sinner, some poor straggler roved—  
Heart-struck and faint—a victim that had loved.  
It was a bitter night—a bleak March night—  
Rainy and raw—the fog crept to the bone:  
In the dim haze, she faded from his sight,  
Leaning her head in anguish on the stone  
Of the cold granite block: her brow—how white—  
How marble pale! why droops she there alone  
Sad and forlorn? moaning as one in dread,—  
Her clouded eyes fixed on the river-bed.

It is not always his misfortune to find—

A desperate lady by a purling brook:  
he sees one whose hopes are high and beauty great, and takes a sitting of her in one of her most alluring moments: we must admit a bit of the picture:—

His mansion stood adjoining Belgrave Square,  
Ruled by his widowed sister—Lady Freeling;  
Her autumn cheeks defied the test of care,  
For scarce a wrinkle o'er her brows was stealing:—  
And she had one fair girl, famed for her hair,  
For whom she felt some slight maternal feeling;  
And had her tutored in the paths of grace,  
For virtue lends a lustre to the face.

And 'twice she called—a wayward child,  
That sought lone haunts, to list the seamew's call:  
She read a language in the forest wild,  
And heard sweet music in the waterfall;  
And prized rude scenes, where savage nature smiled,  
Rock-girt in solitude: the splendid hall  
Of modern luxury she heeded not:  
The main, the mountain, and the shell strewn grot,  
Took captive her young heart: she loitered hours,  
Seeking companionship with voiceless things;  
And loved to sketch the wilder sort of flowers—  
To braid her hair with the blue heron's wings—  
Or watch the sun-god, in his golden bowers,  
Fade like a gorgeous spirit, when he flings  
A cloud around him, as he sinks to rest,  
Pavilioned in the chambers of the west.

Broad lands had Circe, bounding Tenby-bay,  
And rich domains—her uncle's free donation;  
A gothic ruin, with stern turrets gray,  
And some good rooms for modern habitation;  
And there, with lyre and song, she wiled away  
Whole months,—and made an annual migration:  
Her passions were as boundless as the sea,  
And she herself—was like its billows, free.

Now it is the pleasure of the poet to make this young lady acquainted with the secret of the parentage of our friend with the number on his neck: she tells him, as he is rendering her some small service in the Park, that he is the son

of Lord Glengyle; and she afterwards sends him a note, commanding him to cast away his police livery, and ask for the situation of secretary to her uncle, Sir Joseph Orme: with all this he complies—is installed in this new vocation—and has many opportunities of seeing and admiring his young mistress. It is also his good fortune to render her some requital for her kindness: one sultry day, in a sea-coast excursion near her uncle's country seat, it is her pleasure to bathe:—

She came alone, at the fresh day-light hour,  
To the cool bathing-house; and cast aside  
Her shawl and mantle, as an opening flower  
Expands upon the sun its beauties wide:  
She looked a lily in her water-bower,  
As her bare breast was mirrored in the tide;  
Enriching the clear gulf with gleams of light,  
As the moon melts along the waste of night.

From her small feet the sandals she unbound,  
And drew from her straight limbs the silken hose,  
Unveiling the blue veins that, vine-like, wound  
Over her graphic instep, white as snows  
On Alpine tops: her hair dishevelled round  
Floated in downy folds: graceful she rose,  
An Aphrodite—unadorned as Truth—  
Beauty the only mantle of her youth.

She passed an instant on the fountain's verge,  
And with her foot the glassy surface stirred,  
Moving in lustre through the rippling surge;  
Then plunging, timid as a fawn or bird,  
Dipped her bright brow, and breathless did emerge,  
Quick starting at some rustling sound she heard:  
It might have been the breeze the casement shook,  
Or the far murmurs of the mountain brook.

While she is indulging in this summer luxury, the sky darkened, the thunder muttered, and a sudden storm came on—not much to the disquietude of the lady, it seems:—

Circe, half naked, watched the tempest scowl,  
Her spirit mingling with the element;  
The roar of the roused sea—the screaming fowl—  
The enormous mass, battling magnificent;  
And the pent whirlwind's wild terrific howl,  
When the electric fire the fragments rent,—  
Like choral music struck the mental strings  
That vibrated her rapt imaginings.

And flushed she sat, the Naiad of the place!  
With an immortal beauty in her mien;  
Her soaring mind was glowing in her face,  
For her tranced soul had with the tempest been—  
Had striven with the lightning in its race,  
A winged meteor. Had she mused unseen,  
It mattered not; but her dismantled form  
Had roused a spirit wilder than the storm.

The spirit which her loveliness had roused was captain of a band of smugglers; and the lady contributed by her voice, as well as by her looks, to his enchantment: she sung a song that proved too much for him:

#### *The Smuggler's Escape.*

The sky grew dark, the dim moon waned,  
The sea rose with the blast;  
The canvas broad the cutter strained,  
Loud oreaked the quivering mast.  
A flint-lock flashed along the gale,  
It roused the watch on shore:—  
The rovers furled their gleaming sail,  
And plied the muffled oar—

A rock beneath, stood the Rover-chief,  
Away from his ocean band;  
That signal shot soon brought relief,  
For the boat was ably manned.  
A beacon light blazed o'er the dark,  
From the cliffs the guard emerged;  
The Smuggler saw his own wild bark,  
Like a sea-bird on the surge.

Within the deadly carbine's reach,  
The long black boat lay to—  
Then bounding down the dusky beach  
Rushed the leader of the crew;  
He sprang—he almost touched the wave,  
When a foeman crossed the sand,  
The crew strained every nerve to save—  
They were struggling hand to hand.

The coast guard hurried on either side  
When blood from the heart was spilt;  
The Smuggler sprang knee-deep in the tide,  
With his sabre stained to the hilt;  
Shots poured around—slugs plashed the foam  
As the seaboard dashed afar;  
Three cheers for the reckless hearts that roam  
The deep by the midnight star.

The smuggler starts from his lurking place and seizes her: of course, she screams—her screams bring her attendant, who screams also: the united oratory of both brings the secretary, who happens, we know not how, to be most opportunely at hand; and as he had been taught how to handle such desperadoes during his service in the police, he goes roundly to work with the seaman: the struggle is well given:—

Locked in close grip, as serfs their prowess try,  
Straining and colling, knee to knee they stood,  
Savagely wrestling for the mastery—  
Equal in strength—and seeming bent on blood;  
Dilated nostril and dark troubled eye,  
Fierce as the leopard circled by the flood;  
And red they waxed with wrath, and pent their breath  
Like foes who struggled in the strife of death.

Selwyn, though tall and sinewy, was more dim—  
Firm in his tread—athletic in his air;  
The Smuggler had more brawn and bulk of limb,  
Rough as an African lion in his lair,  
Roused by the hunter's spear; with aspect grim—  
Swarthy complexion, and black clotted hair:  
From his swollen veins, tense nerves, and quivering  
Knees,  
A sculptor might have modelled Hercules.

Fiercely they strove, and grappled hand to hand,  
Well matched in muscle, and in courage too;  
The ocean roamer made a desperate stand,  
And from his shaggy jacket, cursing drew  
A short spring dirk, for trading contraband  
The safest weapon; but his heels up flew  
Ere he could raise an arm for human slaughter,  
He slipped—and Selwyn reeled him in the water,—

Then seized a table, and, with giant's might,  
Tore off the leg as he a twig would break,  
And his breath mustered to renew the fight;  
When the foiled Tarquin deemed it best to take  
Advantage of a mode that offered flight:  
He sprang the casement—down the cliff and brake,  
And pausing on the shingles, whistled shrill,  
To call his lurking comrades from the hill.

With these verses the canto concludes: another is promised soon; we hope it will have all the merits of the present with none of its defects. We have quoted such stanzas as seemed superior to their companions; and our readers will see that they are worthy of notice for their vigour and freedom. Had we desired to be severe, the poem overflows with passages such as a stern and fierce critic loves to pour out his bitterness upon. But we desire to be gentle with an undisciplined mind and an unregulated taste. We are glad that no name is to the work; because we are sure the author will, if he lives, write much better; and he could not be otherwise than ashamed of some of the verses of the 'Natural Son.'

#### *Irish Minstrelsy, or, Bardic Remains of Ireland, with Poetical Translations. Collected and edited by J. Hardiman, Esq., M.R.I.A. London: Robins.*

WE have been, for some time, anxious to notice these very interesting and valuable volumes, which, though published in London some months past, are practically as much unknown as if they had appeared in Siberia; but the pressure of novelty confined us within limits too narrow to admit of bestowing on the 'Bardic Remains' the attention they merit, and we deemed delay a less evil than an inadequate notice. The native literature of Ireland is less known to the people of this country, and to a large portion of the Irish themselves, than the literature of the Magyars, the Frisians, or any other of the tribes honoured by the patronage of Dr. Bowring; in that country, nationality has been too often and too long regarded as criminal by the dominant party, and the songs of the bards studiously discouraged and proscribed. Irish

music has been more fortunate than Irish poetry; while the affecting melodies of the sister isle have been known and valued in every European country, the original words to which they were sung have "been buried in oblivion," and the few who spoke of them as valuable, treated with ridicule and contempt. The chief cause of this anomaly is, that the history of Irish minstrelsy is also the history of the Irish nation: in Ireland, as in all the Celtic nations, the bards formed a distinct class in the social economy, and possessed a definite rank in the state; music and poetry were cultivated, not as refined amusements, but as instruments of government, and hence both attained a high degree of perfection, long before any other arts of social life had arrived at maturity. When the Anglo-Normans came to colonize Ireland, they entered a country where all the habits and customs differed essentially from their own; and where the amalgamation of the settlers and natives was prevented by a concurrence of circumstances, whose effects are still visible. The bards, thus stripped of their influence, naturally directed all their efforts to re-establish the independence of Ireland; the duty of insurrection was the general subject of their strains, incitement to vengeance the constant theme of their song. On the other hand, the local government, aware that the minstrels were the chief leaders of "agitation," persecuted them without mercy: in all the treaties made between the Irish chieftains and the princes of the house of Tudor, it is expressly stipulated that no protection should be given to poets and rhymers.

The great civil war of 1641, a war in all its circumstances wholly unparalleled in the annals of mankind, was fatal to the race of Irish bards. In the preceding century it was a maxim generally acknowledged, that a civilized nation had a right to the lands of a people that had not attained an eminent rank in the arts of social life; that the absence of civilization was a fair pretext for withholding the rights of humanity. On this axiom the Spaniards acted in Peru, the Portuguese in India, and the English in Ireland; the test of civilized manners was accordance with those of the invaders, a test that had at all events the merit of being easily applied; and when swords and muskets were the instruments of argument, the comparison was of course settled in favour of those who possessed the strongest powder and the sharpest steel. But the war of 1641 brought a new and more fearful enemy to the "children of song": the army that Cromwell led to Ireland was composed of the wildest fanatics in the parliamentary ranks—men whom he was anxious to remove from England, knowing that they would be the most virulent opponents to his future usurpation! It is useless to tell how by the disunion of the royalists—the treachery of Ormond—the foolish jealousies of the lords of the Pale—and the notorious insincerity of the unhappy Charles, this handful of enthusiasts became victorious. Their character, as enemies of Irish literature, and indeed of literature of any kind, is the only matter with which we are concerned. Unexpected success changes the nature of enthusiasm; in its place there arises a stern spiritual pride, mingled with hypocrisy, far more formidable, because far more permanent, than the heat of violent fanaticism. The Cromwellian invaders had been compared by their preachers to the

children of Israel entering Canaan; success had in some degree perfected the parallel, and they believed it at once their political interest and their religious duty to model their conduct after the followers of Joshua. In the age of Cromwell, songs, ballads, and minstrelsy were punished as high offences, more especially when the strains were directed to rouse the spirit of the vanquished, or to pour malediction on the conqueror. It was when Irish music was thus proscribed, that it definitely assumed the generic character of plaintive melancholy by which it is eminently distinguished; the Cromwellians, in the emphatic words of an old writer, "broke the heart of Ireland," and the sounds uttered under their domination bear the impress of helpless, hopeless despair. Of this character is the following song composed on the departure of an illustrious exile to seek a home in a foreign land:—

*John O'Dwyer of the Glen.*

TRANSLATED BY THOMAS FURLONG.

Blithe the bright dawn found me,  
Rest with strength had crown'd me,  
Sweet the birds sung round me,  
Sport was all their toil.

The horn its clang was keeping,  
Forth the fox was creeping,  
Round each dame stood weeping,  
O'er that prowler's spoil.

Hark, the foe is calling,  
Fast the woods are falling,  
Scenes and sights appalling  
Mark the wasted soil.

War and confiscation  
Curse the fallen nation;  
Gloom and desolation

Shade the lost land o'er.  
Chill the winds are blowing,  
Death aloft is going;  
Peace or hope seems growing

For our race no more.  
Hark, the foe is calling,  
Fast the woods are falling,  
Scenes and sights appalling  
Through our blood-stained shore.

Where's my goat to cheer me,  
Now it plays not near me;  
Friends no more can hear me;  
Strangers round me stand.

Nobles once high-hearted,  
Foes their homes have parted,  
Scatter'd, scared, and started  
By a base-born band.

Hark, the foe is calling,  
Fast the woods are falling;  
Scenes and sights appalling  
Thicken round the land.

Oh! that death had found me,  
And in darkness bound me,  
Ere each object round me

Grew so sweet, so dear.  
Spots that once were cheering,  
Girls beloved, endearing,  
Friends from whom I'm steering

Take this parting tear.  
Hark, the foe is calling,  
Fast the woods are falling;  
Scenes and sights appalling  
Plague and haunt me here.

The restoration of Charles II. revived the hopes of the Irish nation, but its result was only to aggravate their despair. The estates that had been forfeited for loyalty to his father, were by him confirmed in the possession of his father's murderers; those who had lost their all in supporting the cause of the Stuarts, were doomed to experience the worst ingratitude of that ungrateful race, and to behold the monarch for whom they had suffered so severely, bribing his enemies with their fortunes. The massacre, as it was called, in the north of Ireland, was made the pretext for this wholesale iniquity. It is now known, that the story of the massacre was at least an exaggeration; but even had it been true to the last letter, it could not afford any excuse for the Act of Settlement, because the

massacre is said to have taken place in Ulster, while the forfeited estates were nearly all in the three other provinces. This leads us to the most curious part of Mr. Hardiman's volumes, "the Jacobite Relics" of Ireland. It must appear strange, that a nation which had suffered more from the Stuarts than from all the other invaders and tyrants put together, should have been the steadiest supporter of James II.; the first to take up arms in his cause, and the last to lay them down. But the difficulty is explained, when we find in the bardic songs the success of James identified with the last hopes of the Irish people; the English Jacobites conspired to support the principal of legitimacy, the Scotch supported a prince descended from their country through natural and laudable pride; the Irish alone fought for national existence, and with them it was a contest for life or death. Hence, we find in the Irish Jacobite Relics, a fervid energy, an earnestness and power, unlike the simple spirit of war-songs. Reproach alternates with exhortation, the cry for vengeance is more frequent than the hope of victory; the sovereign is less regarded than the nation. On this account, the Jacobite Relics are unfortunately applicable in every period of national dissatisfaction, and stimulants to agitation in every moment of real or supposed injustice. With the surrender of Limerick, the national existence of the Irish may be said to have terminated; thenceforward, it was treated as a colony, a word of bitter meaning in the history of England. The descendants of the bards no longer loved to recall the days of former glory, they degenerated into song-writers, and, like all men who have nothing left to hope, reckless jollity and sensual enjoyment were the themes on which they loved to dwell. But sorrow still mingled in the cup: in the midst of the wildest Bacchanalian airs, a few plaintive notes suddenly strike the ear, and seem to say this is the mirth of madness, the very merriment of despair. The reckless glee of a man who has nothing to lose, and whose brief moments of comparative happiness are only to be obtained in the oblivion of intoxication, is vividly portrayed in the following "*chanson à boire*"; and, notwithstanding its extravagance of mirth, there are dashes of plaintiveness in the original wild air that strike sorrowfully on the soul:—

*Why, Liquor of Life.*

TRANSLATED BY JOHN D'ALTON, ESQ.

*The Bard addresses Whiskey.*

Why, liquor of life! do I love you so,  
When in all our encounters you lay me low?  
More stupid and senseless I every day grow,  
What a hint—if I'd mend by the warning!  
Tattered and torn you've left my coat,  
I've not a cravat—to save my throat,  
Yet I pardon you all, my sparkling doat!  
If you'll cheer me again in the morning.

*Whiskey replies.*

When you've heard prayers on Sunday next,  
With a sermon beside, or at least—the text,  
Come down to the alehouse—however you're vexed,  
And though thousands of cares assault you:  
You'll find tripping there—till morale mad,  
A cock shall be placed in the barrel's end,  
The jar shall be near you, and I'll be your friend,  
And give you a "*Keud mille fauille*!"†

*The Bard resumes his address.*

You're my soul, and my treasure, without and within,  
My sister and cousin, and all my kin;  
'Tis unlucky to wed such a prodigal sin,—  
But all other enjoyment is vain, love!  
My barley-ricks all turn to you,—  
My tillage—my plough—and my horses too,—  
My cows and my sheep they have—bid me adieu,  
I care not while you remain, love!

† One hundred thousand welcomes.

Come, vein of my heart! then come in haste,  
You're like Ambrosia, my liquor and feast;  
My forefathers all had the very same taste—  
For the genuine dew of the mountain.  
Oh, Usquebaugh!—I love its kiss!—  
My guardian spirit I think it is,  
Had my christening bowl been filled with this,  
I'd have swallowed it—were it a fountain.

Many's the quarrel and fight we've had,  
And many a time you made me mad,  
But while I've a heart—it can never be sad,  
When you smile at me full on the table:  
Surely you are my wife and brother—  
My only child—my father and mother—  
My outside coat—I have no other!  
Oh! I'll stand by you—while I am able.

If family pride can aught avail,  
I've the sprightliest kin of all the Gael—  
Brandy and Usquebaugh, and ale!  
But claret untasted may pass us.  
To clash with the clergy were sore amiss,  
So for righteousness sake I leave them this,  
For claret the gownmen's comfort is,  
When they've saved us with matins and mass.

The early part of the eighteenth century is a blank in the history of Ireland; but it was not unproductive of men whose fame is unfortunately far below their merits. Of this number, was Carolan, the last of the genuine minstrels, that is, of those who were at once composers of music and poetry. His musical powers have been long known, and duly appreciated in every part of the civilized world; but of his poetry, few have heard, and of these few, the majority have been contented with the report. But though his strains were all but *improvisated*, the following, even through the medium of a very imperfect translation, evinces no ordinary powers:—

*Carolan's Monody on the Death of his Wife*  
*Mary Mac Guire.*

BY THOMAS FURLONG.

Were heaven to yield me in this chosen hour  
As an high gift ordain'd thro' life to last,  
All that our earth hath mark'd of mental power,  
The concentrated genius of the past:  
Were all the spells of Erin's minstrels mine,  
Nine the long-treasur'd stores of Greece and Rome—  
All, all with willing smile I would resign,  
Might I but gain my Mary from the tomb.  
My soul is sad—I bend beneath my woe,  
Darkly each weary evening wears away;  
Thro' the long night my tears in silence flow,  
Nor hope, nor comfort cheers the coming day.  
Wealth might not tempt—nor beauty move me now,  
Tho' one so favour'd sought my bride to be—  
Witness, high heaven!—bear witness to my vow—  
My Mary! death shall find me true to thee.  
How happy once! how joyous have I been,  
When merry friends sat smiling at my side;  
Now near my end—dark seems each festive scene—  
With thee, my Mary, all their beauty died.  
My wit hath past—my sprightly voice is gone,  
My heart sinks deep in loneliness and gloom,—  
Life hath no aftercharms to lead me on—  
They wither with my Mary—in the tomb.

The translations in these volumes have been furnished by different friends of the editor: those contributed by the late Mr. Furlong, Mr. H. G. Curran, and Mr. D'Alton, are equally remarkable for their spirit and fidelity, and will give the merely English reader some specimen of the neglected treasure contained in the native literature of the "emerald isle."

The illustrative notes of the editor explain many interesting periods of Irish history; they were, however, written before the concession of emancipation in 1829, and therefore contain many allusions no longer applicable. Mr. Hardiman belongs to a class little known in England: he is an Irish gentleman of the old school; one who seeks justice for his country through the medium of good government, and eagerly labours to conciliate rival parties and hostile creeds, by showing that both have many claims to virtue, and that there have been times when

neither was free from guilt. The anecdotes that he has recorded of the Irish in the last century, throw a new and valuable light on the condition of Ireland during that period, and explain much that seems to Englishmen inexplicable in the situation of the country at the present day. We may perhaps at another opportunity glean some interesting *morceaux* from these abundant stores: for the present we content ourselves with naming the memoir of Carolan, as one of the most interesting biographies we have ever read, and quoting the following characteristic anecdote of Irish pride:—

"Daniel Byrne, well known in Dublin, in the seventeenth century, by the name of 'Daniel the tailor,' was the son of a forfeited gentleman, who resided at Ballintlea, near Red Cross, co. Wicklow. Daniel was bred to the clothiering trade; and, having contracted for clothing the Irish parliamentary forces, under Cromwell, he made a considerable fortune. His son, Gregory, (whose descendants took the name of Leicester,) was created an English baronet in 1660. Soon after, as both were walking in Dublin, Sir Gregory said, 'Father, you ought to walk to the left of me, I being a knight, and you but a private individual.' Daniel answered, 'No, you puppy, I have the precedence in three ways: first, I am your senior; secondly, I am your father; and thirdly, I am the son of a gentleman, and you are but the son of a poor lousy tailor.' Of Daniel's wit, the following, among other instances, is related: William Dawson, of Portarlinton, ancestor of one of our present noble families, one morning pressing him to a dram as they were going to hunt, said, 'Take it off, Daniel, it is but a thimble full.' 'Yes, Willy,' said the other, 'I would take it, if it were a hopper full:' thus reminding the Squire of his own old occupation, which was that of a miller."

*A Ramble of Six Thousand Miles through the United States of America.* By S. A. Ferrall, Esq. London: Wilson.

Much has been lately written on America, and yet we always read a new volume with satisfaction, especially if the traveller has good sense enough not to weary us with repetitions and statistical notices of New York, Philadelphia, and the other sea-board towns. Now, Mr. Ferrall's work has this merit. The writer pushes at once into the great western states, and we have a plain straight-forward account of such things as interested him. There is no high seasoning in his descriptions—no caricature resemblances—nothing is done or written for effect; yet, he has many natural home scenes described with truth and fidelity, that let us at once into the simplicity of farm life on the Ohio—the following may be taken as a specimen:—

"When a farmer wishes to have his corn husked, he rides round to his neighbours and informs them of his intention. An invitation of this kind was once given in my presence. The farmer entered the house, sat down and after the customary compliments were passed, in the usual laconic style, the following dialogue took place. 'I guess I'll husk my corn to-morrow afternoon.'—'You've a mighty heap this year.'—'Considerable of corn.' The host at length said, 'Well, I guess we'll be along'—and the matter was arranged. All these gatherings are under the denomination of 'frolics'—such as 'corn-husking frolic,' 'apple-cutting frolic,' 'quilting frolic,' &c.

"Being somewhat curious in respect to national amusements, I attended a 'corn-husking

frolic' in the neighbourhood of Cincinnati. The corn was heaped up into a sort of hillock close by the granary, on which the young 'Ohioans' and 'buck-eyes'—the lasses of Ohio are called 'buck-eyes'—seated themselves in pairs; while the old wives and old farmers were posted around, doing little, but talking much. Now the laws of 'corn-husking frolics' ordain, that for each red ear that a youth finds, he is entitled to exact a kiss from his partner. There were two or three young Irishmen in the group, and I could observe the rogues kissing half-a-dozen times on the same red ears. Each of them laid a red ear close by him, and after every two or three he'd ~~husk~~ up he'd hold the redoubtable red ear to the astonished eyes of the giggling lass who sate beside him, and most unrelentingly inflict the penalty. The 'gude wives' marvelled much at the unprecedented number of red ears which that lot of corn contained: by-and-bye, they thought it 'a kind of curious' that the Irishmen should find so many of them—at length, the cheat was discovered, amidst roars of laughter. The old farmers said the lads were 'wide awake,' and the 'buck-eyes' declared that there was no being up to the plaguy Irishmen 'no how,' for they were always sure to have everything their own way. But the mischief of it was, the young Americans took the hint, and the poor 'buck-eyes' got nothing like fair play for the remainder of that evening. All agreed that there was more laughing and more kissing done at that, than had been known at any corn-husking frolic since 'the Declaration.'"

Another scene is little less graphic, though somewhat less pleasant.

"One day while getting our horse fed at a tavern in Indiana, the following conversation took place between the persons there assembled. We were sitting at the door, surrounded by captains, lawyers, and squires, when one of the gentlemen demanded of another if there had not been a 'gouging scrape' at the 'Colonel's tavern' the evening before. He replied in the affirmative; and after having related the cause of quarrel, and said that the lie had been given, he continued, 'the judge knocked the major right over, and jumped on to him in double quick time—they had it rough and tumble for about ten minutes—Lord J—s Alm—y; as pretty a scrape as ever you see'd—the judge is a wonderfully lovely fellow.' Then followed a description of the divers punishments inflicted by the combatants on each other—the major had his eye nearly 'gouged' out, and the judge his chin almost bitten off. During the recital, the whole party was convulsed with laughter."

Many of our readers will, no doubt, recollect the excitement some years since, when Birkbeck having located in the prairies of the Illinois, gave notice of the *El Dorado* in sundry pamphlets. Birkbeck and Flowers were both men of property; they bought large tracks of land, and laid out much money in improvements. They are now both dead, and Mr. Ferrall informs us—

"Their property has entirely passed into other hands, and the members of their families who still remain in this country are in comparative indigence.

"The most inveterate hostility was manifested by the back-woods people towards those settlers, and the series of outrages and annoyances to which they were exposed, contributed not a little to shorten their days. It at length became notorious, that neither Birkbeck nor Flowers could obtain redress for any grievance whatever, unless by appealing to the superior courts,—as both the magistrates and jurors were exclusively of the class of the offenders; and the 'Supreme Court of the United States' declared, that the verdicts of the juries, and the decisions of the magistrates were, in many cases, so much

at variance with the evidence, that they were disgraceful to the country. A son of the latter gentleman, a lad about fourteen years old, was killed in open day whilst walking in his father's garden, by a blow of an axe handle, which was flung at him across the fence. The evidence was clear against the murderer, and yet he was acquitted. Whilst I was at Vandalia, I saw in a list of lands for sale, amongst other lots to be sold for taxes, one of Mr. Flowers'. The fate of these gentlemen and their families should be a sufficient warning to persons of their class in England, not to attempt settling in the *backwoods*; or if they have that idea, to leave aside altogether refined notions, and never to bring with them either the feelings or the habits of a gentleman farmer. The whole secret and cause of this *guerre à mort*, declared by the backwoodsmen against Messrs. Birkbeck and Flowers, was, that when they first settled upon the prairies, they attempted to act the *patron* and *benefactor*, and considered themselves entitled to some respect. Now, a west-country American would rather die like a cock on a dunghill, than be patronized after the English fashion."

Our readers will probably recollect a clever paper some time since in the *Athenæum*,† called the Last of the Boatmen; the following may pass as an interesting and explanatory comment:—

"The usual time occupied in a voyage from Orleans to Louisville is from ten to twelve days, and boats have performed it in the surprisingly short space of eight days. The spur that commerce has received from the introduction of steam-boats on the western waters, can only be appreciated by comparing the former means of communication with the present. Previous to 1812, the navigation of the Upper Ohio was carried on by means of about 150 small barges, averaging between thirty and forty tons burden, and the time consumed in ascending from the Falls to Pittsburg was a full month. On the Lower Ohio and the Mississippi there were about twenty barges, which averaged 100 tons burden, and more than three months was occupied in ascending from Orleans to Louisville with West India produce, the crew being obliged to poll or *cordelle* the whole distance. Seldom more than one voyage to Orleans and back was made within the year. In 1817, a steam-boat arrived at Louisville from New Orleans in twenty-five days, and a public dinner and other rejoicings celebrated the event. From that period until 1827, the time consumed in this voyage gradually diminished, and in that year a boat from New Orleans entered the port of Louisville in eight days and two hours. There are at present on the waters of the Ohio and Mississippi, 323 boats, the aggregate burden of which is 56,000 tons, the greater proportion measuring from 250 to 500 tons."

An excellent idea of the real nature of backwood travelling, may be collected from this work; and the description of New Orleans is more full and satisfactory than any we remember to have read. On the whole, we recommend it to our readers, as a plain, sensible, and serviceable volume.

*The Biblical Cabinet Atlas.* Engraved by Thomas Starling. London: Bull.

'THE Cabinet Atlas; or, Geographical Annual,' was, we believe, one of the most successful publications of the last season, and certainly, whatever may have been its merits, this 'Biblical Atlas' is in no way its inferior. It is not often that we have seen so very beautiful a volume: the maps are executed with the greatest care;

† No. 241, 'Lights and Shadows of American Life,' edited by Miss Mitford.



and the general index which accompanies them, is an addition of the highest value: we have in one line, but under distinct heads, the scripture name—the classic name—the tribe or province—the country—reference to where mentioned in Scripture, and where to be found in the map—the modern name—the modern locality—the distance and bearing from Jerusalem—the latitude and longitude—with historical remarks. We know not the work we could more conscientiously recommend as a valuable and beautiful present for young people. It ought, indeed, to be announced as the Geographical Annual for 1882, and it need not fear competition.

*Translation of several principal Books, Passages, and Tests of the Peds, &c.* By Rajah Rammobun Roy. 2nd edit. London: Parbury, Allen, & Co.

THE works here collected will have great interest with all who are desirous to obtain information on the subjects treated of; but, however valuable, they cannot, of course, be generally popular. Even the discussions on Concremation and Postcremation, or, the practice of burning widows alive, is too learned to interest the mere English reader.

#### LIBRARY OF ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE. British Museum. Vol. I.

THIS is a compilation from common works on the history and antiquities of ancient Egypt. It contains little new information, and the old acquires no additional value from the taste or skill of the compiler. A few more such specimens of the art of book-making would ruin a series even of greater merit than the 'Library of Entertaining Knowledge.'

ILLUSTRATIONS OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.—  
No. VII. *A Manchester Strike.* By Harriet Martineau. London: Fox.

WE were among the first to commend this very clever and useful series. Miss Martineau has since received the good word of all critics, and therefore ours will be the less serviceable—but this 'Manchester Strike' is among the best tales she has yet published.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

It is, we have heard, a pleasant thing to write a book; pleasant to see it in all the beauty of new type and fine paper; pleasant to see it in the hands of friends, in whose judgment men put confidence; pleasant to see it commended by toothy critics by the score; pleasant to see it glide through edition after edition, and pleasant when the bookseller puts on a glad some face at the author's approach, and asks for another work in the same spirit as the last. Such are the pleasures of authors, but alas, critics experience none of those joys; on our library table lie some dozen volumes or so, all of which we have to read, examine, and weigh, before we can apportion to each their due share of praise or blame. Now to read sometimes six hundred pages for the sake of writing six lines, is a misery unknown to the rest of mankind: but this is not all: those authors whom we commend in this brief way, think we might have indulged them with more extended praise, while those whom we condemn, are irritated at our brief mode of dismissal, and wish to have been shown up more at length. The woes therefore of a critic, are many and peculiar; and what is worse, they are looked on as a sort of tooth-ache, the worst pangs of which in the mind of all but the sufferer, are only worthy of laughter. So much for our task—let us now endeavour to perform it.

'Companion and Key to the History of England, by George Fisher.'—Under a title-page as long as an ordinary pamphlet, and a dedication in which all the virtues under heaven are show-

ered upon our gracious sovereign, this volume has much useful information for all who are desirous of knowing the history of their country. The author, indeed, goes a little farther back with his line of kings than we care about; yet it is gratifying to know that we are ruled by the descendants of Brute the Trojan. There have reigned over us—such is the pleasure of Providence—Trojans, Romans, Saxons, Danes, Normans, Dutch, and Germans. The History of Scotland, says our author, from Fergus the First to Fergus the Second, is all pure fable. Alas, that he should say so! Now we look upon it to be as good history as that of the Brute dynasty of England—and no better, and so let them both pass. The author is anxious, as becomes a historian, concerning the birth of the Pretender; we think with him, that it would have been prudent of the Queen to have given birth to the Prince before the Dutch Ambassador, or waited till the return of her sister Anne from Bath, and so eluded all doubts and surmises; but the inconsiderate woman did no such thing, and so "occasioned the factions of the eighteenth century." We never saw so reasonable a cause assigned for the two rebellions before. These eight hundred large and close-printed pages make somewhat of a cumbrous key to our history; yet they show on most occasions an anxious search after truth, and on all occasions such love of the subject as we never expected to encounter.

'The Minstrelsy of the Woods; or, Sketches and Songs connected with the Natural History of the most interesting British and Foreign Birds.'—The idea of this little work is a happy one; nor is the execution at all unworthy of the conception; it is full of clever descriptions and very pleasing verses; the introductory lines explain the aim of the volume:—

Young wanderers by the mountain streams,  
Whose days are all like sunny dreams,  
To you, from woodlands far away,  
I come, with legend and with lay:  
Songs of many a tuneless bird,  
Amid your own green valleys heard;  
Warblers whose strains are full of glee,  
Blythe as your own blythe songs can be;  
And tale, and sketch, and song I bring,  
Of birds who wave the glossy wing,  
And sing their tiny broods to rest,  
In the deep forests of the west.

As a specimen of the prose descriptions, we cannot do better than extract that of our especial favourite the Goldfinch; it shows an intimate acquaintance with the nature and habits of the bird:—

"This is one of the most elegant of our English birds; graceful in form, and arrayed in much more brilliant colours than the birds of this climate usually exhibit. It has also a sweet and cheerful song, which is heard from the earliest days of spring; but it is in the month of May that it gives us its sweetest and fullest strains: perched on a tree it will pour forth its notes from early morn to set of sun, and make the orchard resound with its music. It continues to sing till the month of August, except during the period at which it is rearing its young; then all its time and attention are devoted to parental duties. The male bird, though very attentive to his pretty mate, does not assist her in building the nest; but he is constantly watching over her, either close by her side, or perched on the nearest tree; and this he does, both when she is seeking her food, and while engaged in preparing the abode for her future progeny. The nest is composed of roots, fine moss, the down of plants, and lichens, and it is lined with horse-hair, wool, and downy feathers. Here the hen bird deposits five or six white eggs, spotted with brown towards the thick end. While she is hatching, her companion never leaves her except to procure food; but sits on a neighbouring tree and cheers her with his song. If disturbed, he flies away; but it is only

as a feint to prevent the nest from being discovered, and he soon returns. On her part, she devotes herself with the utmost patience and constancy to her maternal cares. As the time approaches when the young ones will make their appearance, she is evidently increasingly interested in their preservation, and will brave everything to defend them from injury: the stormiest gales of wind, the drenching rain, or the pelting hail-storm, do not drive her from her nest; there she remains, and her faithful mate continues in attendance on her. At last, the little birds pierce the shell, and faint cries proclaim their wants to their parents: then there is full employment to procure food sufficient to supply five or six craving little creatures. The tender seeds of groundsel, lettuce, and other plants, are its favourite food; but especially the thistle-seed; from its fondness for this plant, it is sometimes called thistlefinch in England, and *chardonneret* in France."

This is one of the neatest and most interesting little books which has come lately from Messrs. Harvey & Darton.

'*Alfred; or, the Wayward Son, a Domestic Poem in Eight Cantos*, by Thomas Hirst.'—This volume contains a very interesting story, told with much modesty and simplicity, but with less animation and fire than what is necessary to render it popular. As bold words and timid ideas distinguish too much of our poetry of the present day, it is at least something to find a plain story told in a homely way;—that we have not misrepresented the author of *Alfred*, the following passage will show:—

The merchant listens to the latest news  
Of the price current, discount, stocks, exchange:  
Sees the Gazette, his ledger then reviews;  
That's what he thought of; this seems rather strange;  
But chances rise, and, with a merchant's spirit,  
Ventures his skill, his money, and his credit.  
A thousand currents pour their varied store,  
Moved by the impulse of his ready pen,  
To freight his vessel for the distant shore;  
'Twixt hope and fear contending, he again  
Shoves off his treasure, with the hardy hand,  
While winds and waves assume the chief command.  
The husbandman beneath domestic charm  
Surveys his cattle and the rising blade;  
The mighty world seems fenced within his farm;  
For there his hopes and all his fears are laid.  
'Tis his amid the season's varied toil,  
To reap the bounty of his cultured soil.

The warrior hastens at the trumpet's blast;  
Courage sits sternly on his ample brow;  
Quick flows his blood, his pulses beat more fast;  
He hastes to conquest with a patriot's vow;  
With nervous arm, and hope inspiring breath,  
He tugs for victory in the face of death.

The sportsman mounted on his favourite steed,  
Bounds o'er the forest, field, or sounding wood;  
And hound, and horse, and man, with tireless speed,  
Chases the scent of honour and of blood.  
All have their objects, fraught with loss or gain—  
A cherish'd course that brings its joy or pain.

So had the father of the wayward son;  
Whose history demands this supplement:  
Which must in justice start where his had done.  
When to his journey all his strength he lent,  
What were the object, purpose, feeling, thought,  
With which the vision of his mind was fraught?

We must confess, however, that, save the division of the subject into cantos, the cantos into stanzas, and the whole into that kind of composition, straight on the left of the page, and ragged towards the right, this story has little or no claim to the honours of poetry.

'*The Blue Bag; or, Toryana*, by the Speaker of the House of Commons.'—This is a sort of political squib put forth by a Reformer against the Tories; we are not sure that the bitterness of its wit will spread much confusion in these stirring times among the enemy, nor do we think that the parties lampooned will be deeply affected by its invective. In truth, public men have been so much satirized of late, with tongue, pen, and pencil, that they are become blunt and insensible to aught but the very purest wit, and the very loftiest sort of satire. Of the little pieces

in this squib, we like Lord Tenterden's Dream best:—

Lord Tenterden, wisest of lawyers and men,  
Must be in his court as the clock strikes ten;  
His eye-brows and wig were in brimstone smoke,  
As he thought a debate of twelve hours no joke;  
And he wriggled like Wetherell twitching his breech,  
As Salisbury rose to make his dull speech;  
Up rose Carnarvon, his face showed pain,  
But the Cholera touched him when up rose Vane;  
Brother Wynford rose next—a horrible bore—  
Tenterden dozed, and began to snore;  
And dreamt what lawyer ne'er dreamt before—  
Gramercie, gramercie, to me it does seem,  
Lord Tenterden's wig is the nest of his dream.

'*The Faith as unfolded by many Prophets; an Essay*, by Harriet Martineau.'—This little work is issued by the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, and addressed to the disciples of Mahomet. We have heard of jig tunes being whistled to milestones, but we never heard that the stones danced; this fulmination against the Mahometans will, we have no doubt, if heard at all, be heard with apathy by that wise people, who refuse to have their faith questioned; it will, therefore, be as much thrown away as the music aforesaid. Perhaps, however, Harriet Martineau looks towards Turkey as she speaks, but expects her eloquence to tell on people nearer home.

'*The Grecian*, conducted by Archdeacon Adamson, Esq., now of Christ's Hospital, No. IV., for July.'—The editor and contributors of this work are bold lads; they deal with nothing but the loftiest and most perilous themes. Here we have 'Ambition,' 'Thy will be done,' 'Death and Sleep,' 'David and Goliath,' and 'Attila.' We like the 'Stanzas to Twilight' best, and would quote some of them if we had room.

'*The Elements of Mechanics*, by J. R. Young,' is a very excellent introduction to the mathematical analysis of statics and dynamics, written by a person not only perfectly master of his subject, but thoroughly skilled in the art of teaching. The great difficulty that the students of analytic mechanics have had to encounter, is the want of a work that would explain the meaning and extent of analytical expressions, as well as the theories they embody, most writers having given their readers credit, not only for a thorough knowledge of the calculus, but also for a perfect acquaintance with all its refinements.

#### ORIGINAL PAPERS

##### A MIDDLE-AGED LADY'S REPLY TO AN OFFER.

Unfeignedly surprised and grateful,  
And much your friend, and now your debtor,  
And thinking that suspense is hateful,  
I answer with all speed your letter;  
But, Sir, I never gave you reason  
To draw the inference you have done;  
I've flirted with you but a season,  
And corresponded scarcely one.

'Tis true, I took a lock of hair,  
(Which came, no doubt, from Delcroix's college,)

Also a ring—but not to wear—  
And gave you 'Mason on Self Knowledge';  
And now upon these grounds you claim  
My hand, and heart, and that for ever:  
You tell me "Friendship's but a name"  
For Love—grown middle-aged and clever.

You say, 'tis foolish work for those  
Who're past an age that's girl-and-boyish,  
Not to bring matters to a close;  
That flirting thus is really toish;—  
And then, Sir, with your three per cents.,  
You perfume and fold up your letter,  
With just a hint, that all my rents  
Your stewardship would get in better.

I will be frank with you: I've seen  
The time, Sir Abel Giles Hephæstion,

When my reply had different been,  
Although the same had been your question.  
If we had met when both were young,  
And both in Nature's wealth delighted,  
Ere one had to the heart been wrung,  
And one by Mammon's influence blighted:—

Then had we met, we might have made  
A most Arcadian pair of lovers;  
Have flattered in the greenwood shade,  
And found employment for the glovers:  
We might have sat beneath a tree,  
A very human pair of turtles;  
Have poetized with "thine" and "thee,"  
And had a bride-cake wreathed with myrtles:

We might have sat beneath a tree,  
No matter whether beech or holly,  
Deeming it wretched to be free,  
And thinking wisdom only folly:  
Then, had you looked into my eyes,  
And whispered to me, "angel—dearest"—  
I might have answered you with sighs,  
And thought you of your sex sincerest.

But thirty-nine and fifty-one  
Can never by romance be cheated;  
Imagination's wings are gone,  
And Prudence in the soul is seated;  
Yes, you have learned to cast accounts—  
You know the price of ladies' bonnets;  
And I, too, understand amounts  
Too well—to trust a lover's sonnets.

You dread the gout and want a nurse,  
And calculate on who'd be pleasant,  
I, on my liberty and purse,  
From which I won't divorce at present.  
So fare you well, we'll still be friends,—  
(I really thank you for your letter,)—  
But when the heart's believing ends,  
For woman—singleness is better.

I add a postscript, just to say,  
If 'tis unkind all hope to shatter—  
Call in when next you ride this way,  
And then we'll re-discuss the matter.

#### CANALS AND RAILWAYS.

WERE the wise man who said there is nothing new under the sun, living in these days, he would, we think, change his opinion. All is new, or, at least, little is old. We would ask him, did he ever ascend the third heaven in a balloon? did he ever sail against a stiff breeze and a strong current, in one of those maritime chimeras called steam-boats? and, above all, did he ever move over the vales of Judea, or on the plains of Assyria, in one of the royal chariots, with the rapidity of a London bagman on the Liverpool railway? We answer for him, "Never." And yet these miraculous matters to which we allude, seem but in their infancy. Gordon, an ingenious engineer, lately revealed to us, in his little clever book, some of the chief mysteries of motion: this put us on considering and inquiring; we set about comparing the past with the present, and the result was, that we held up our hands in wonder at the marvels which, even in our brief space of existence, have been wrought. Motion with us has been gradually increasing in velocity from the crawl of the snail to the flight of the hawk. Time was, when our most expeditious public travelling carriage was the stage-waggon—the same in which Random had the adventure with Captain Weasel—lumbering along with twelve horses, at the rate of three miles an hour; wearying of that, we tried our own proper feet, which, with some exertion, carried us over sixty measured miles in a summer's day; tiring—as who would not?—of such an uneasy mode of migration, we tried what water and wind could do for us, and though once borne from London to Edinburgh, when the skies smiled, in forty-eight hours, we were

twice detained some ten or eleven days in the performance of the same voyage; the mail coach moving over macadamized roads promised a more speedy mode of conveyance, and we were wafted through the air to the distance of 340 miles, in 36 hours some odd minutes. We sat down assured, in our own mind, that the force of nature and art could go no further, when lo! we were astounded by an announcement, that on the miraculous railway of Manchester, men travelled at the rate of twenty miles an hour. On this coming to pass, we sat down resolved to wonder at nothing; and it is well we did, for travelling on ground, under ground, in the air, and on the water, is fairly getting the better of this age's unbelief in the marvellous; nothing that imagination ever desired human credulity to swallow, comes up to what is now done or doing. The works of the inventive Watt, the ingenious Rennie, the poetical and practical Telford, laid the foundation for all these mechanical wonders.

We have been led into this train of thinking by two little sheet-sized papers (by Mr. Thomas Grahame, we believe) on Canal Navigation, and on Railways; we are admirers of science, if we are not skilful in its singular powers, and we take pleasure in giving all the publicity we can to ingenious speculations, or to new discoveries, or to valuable facts. Of the latter kind is the following passage, containing observations made at Glasgow, in July 1832; we give the statement without comment—the writer is speaking of the various velocities of boats in water:—

"My meaning will be best explained by a reference to facts verified by the Paisley Canal Passage Boats, when moving along that canal. When started at low velocity, these boats move apparently through the smooth surface of the canal, meeting with no resistance other than that of a very small part of the fluid which they intersect. If, in addition to this resistance, they are burdened with the obstruction of a small body of water carried on before, it is not perceptible. Let the speed be increased, and a body of water rises in front of the boat, preceding it at various distances, dependent on the velocity of the boat, and increasing by degrees, till it rises to eighteen inches, and two feet flowing over the banks of the canal, and occasioning such a resistance, that the horses dragging the boat, would, if it was allowed to continue, be unable to proceed for any length. If, however, the speed is farther increased, the boat advances to, and passes the wave, which subsides behind, and the water in the canal becomes again perfectly still. The horses become then fully able for their work, and the boat appears to meet little resistance other than that occasioned by cutting or passing through the water. Whether in this last case the vessel still continues to carry a body of water in front, is uncertain, but if such be the case, it is imperceptible; and the higher the velocity, it would appear, from the increasing quiescence of the water, the more is the resistance to the moving body reduced to the mere resistance offered to the cutting of the water. So sensible are the masters of the Paisley Canal Passage Boats of the destructive effect of this wave before the boat, and in obstructing its motion and overcoming the power of the horses, that when, by the carelessness of the drivers, a wave is allowed to rise, the boats are stopped and again started, as it is found to be much easier to bring the boat up to the high from the low speed, without raising the wave, than to force the boat over the wave when once it has been raised. In like manner, when the boat is moving at the rate of nine or ten miles an hour through the canal, if the horses are suddenly stopped, the wave appears as the speed decreases, and washes over the banks until the onward motion of the boat falls to the low velocities first mentioned.

"Now, two very opposite conclusions might

be drawn by persons observing these facts. One person beginning with the high velocity, and observing the increase of labour to the horses on decreasing that velocity, might be apt to imagine, that not only the resistance increased with the diminished speed, but that at the diminished speed, a wave, destructive to the canal banks, was raised. Another party again observing the increased resistance and wave consequent on increasing the speed of the boat beyond the low velocity, might at once lay down opposite rules and conclusions.

"Until some mode of measuring the effect of this wave in increasing the resistance is ascertained, it would appear to be difficult to say what is the real increase of resistance in passing along the surface of a piece of water. The fact is undoubtedly, that two horses on the Paisley Canal boats, drag with ease a passage-boat, with her complement of seventy-five or ninety passengers, at the rate of ten miles an hour, along the canal, while it would kill them, or even double the number of horses, if they attempted to drag that boat along the canal at the rate of six miles an hour. It would be much easier to draw the boat along the canal at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, than at the lower velocity of six miles. The facts now stated, though more decidedly exhibited in the Paisley Canal, from its narrowness, have been proved and exhibited on various other canals, and must, though in different degrees, affect motion along all bodies of water."

The other paper discusses the subject of land conveyance, and the hopes held out by the projectors of the London and Birmingham railway, that all the coaching and carrying and boating trade, would come into their hands, and prove a source of great profit to themselves, and convenience to the public.

"How far this last calculation may prove correct, seems to be extremely doubtful, for the canal conveyance to London is already far cheaper than that on railways, and the Liverpool and Manchester Railway Company, in their competition with the water carriage, have obtained but a very trifling proportion of traffic from the canals. The profits (if any have actually been made by the carriage of goods on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway,) are extremely small; yet the water distance between Manchester and Liverpool, is nearly double the railway distance; and instead of possessing the regularity of canal conveyance, is, for eighteen miles of this additional length, subject to the winds and tides of the Mersey. Nevertheless, of an amount of nearly fourteen hundred thousand tons annually, for the carriage of which the Directors of the Liverpool Railway were desirous to provide, before their railway was opened, little more than an eighteenth part, including the entire road traffic, has been as yet obtained for the railway; and the expenses of carrying this fraction of the trade, have been so enormous, as to make it doubtful whether the Railway Company do not suffer a regular loss on their carrying trade, which is defrayed from their profits as coachmasters."

"The question is one of great importance to the parties interested in the canals between London and Birmingham, as on the truth or falsity of the calculations of the promoters of the railway, must depend the continuance of a considerable portion of the revenue of the Canal Proprietors, and the very existence of the trade or occupation of the Canal Fly-boat carriers. Unless the London and Birmingham Railway Company obtain possession, not only of the whole revenue or tolls paid to the trustees on turnpike roads with a portion of the canal tolls, and the entire income and profit of the carriers and coachmasters on these roads and canals, no return whatever could be obtained from their outlaid capital."

"The Railway Company take it for granted

that the canals are unable to enter into competition with them for the turnpike road traffic; the coaching, posting, van and waggon trade on which, they expect to take from the road without dispute. They consider that the Canal Companies must stand merely on the defensive, until the Railway Company, having taken the road trade, begin the attack, and that then the Canal carriers and Company can only protect and preserve a part of their light goods trade, by a reduction of dues and charges, to compensate for the great rates of speed of the railway conveyance."

The writer proceeds to argue, that by constructing a canal of the same length as the proposed railway, the coaching trade of the latter could not stand for a single month in competition with the canal boats, in which passengers can travel with perfect safety at the rate of ten miles an hour, with a degree of ease and comfort which no other conveyance can give, and at a tenth of the cost. Here are his calculations, founded, he says, on experiments made on the Manchester railway and the Ardrossan canal.

"The ordinary speed for the conveyance of passengers on the Ardrossan canal, has for nearly two years been from nine to ten miles an hour, and although there are fourteen journeys along the canal per day, at this rapid speed, the banks of the canal have sustained no injury; indeed injury is impossible, as there is no surge. The boats are formed seventy feet in length, about five feet six inches broad, and, but for the extreme narrowness of the canal might be made broader, they carry easily from seventy to eighty passengers, and, when required, can, and have carried, upwards of 110 passengers. The entire cost of a boat and fittings up is about 125*l*. The hulls are formed of light iron plates and ribs, and the covering is of wood and light oiled cloth. They are more airy, light, and comfortable than any coach; they permit the passengers to move about from the outer to the inner cabin; and the fares per mile are one penny in the first, and three farthings in the second cabin. The passengers are all carried under cover, having the privilege also of an uncovered space. These boats are drawn by two horses, (the prices of which may be from 50*l*. to 60*l*. per pair,) in stages of four miles in length which are done in from twenty-two to twenty-five minutes, including stoppages to let out and take in passengers, each set of horses doing three or four stages alternately each day. In fact, the boats are drawn through this narrow and shallow canal, at a velocity which many celebrated engineers had demonstrated, and which the public believed to be impossible."

"The entire amount of the whole expenses of attendants and horses, and of running one of these boats four trips of twelve miles each, (the length of the canal,) or forty-eight miles daily, including interest on the capital, and twenty per cent. laid aside annually for replacement of the boats, or loss on the capital therein invested, and a considerable sum laid aside for accidents and replacement of the horses, is 700*l*. some odd shillings; or taking the number of working days to be 312 annually, something under 2*l*. 4*s*. 3*d*. per day, or about 11*d*. per mile. The actual cost of carrying from eighty to one hundred persons a distance of thirty miles, (the length of the Liverpool railway,) at a velocity of nearly ten miles an hour, on the Paisley canal, one of the most curved, narrow, and shallow canals in Britain, is therefore just 1*l*. 7*s*. 6*d*. sterling. Such are the facts, and incredible as they may appear, they are facts which no one who inquires can possibly doubt."

"The result of this experiment on the Liverpool railway has been somewhat different from that on the Ardrossan canal. On the railway, indeed, the expected velocities have been fully attained, and the calculations of the engineer,

in this respect, satisfactorily demonstrated as possible and correct; but unfortunately one very important matter had not been admitted into the calculation, or rather had not been supposed to exist, viz., the probability, or rather certainty, of a great increase of expense, consequent on increased speed. The geometrical ratio of increased resistance on increasing the speed on canals, has been transferred to the increase of expense on increasing the speed on railways, with this addition, that the increase of expense affects not merely the moving power, or locomotive engine, but the coaches, waggons, and roadway. The ordinary speed of conveyance on the Liverpool railway, is from ten to twenty miles an hour, and depends much on the weather and the weight dragged. The railway engine, with its tender for carrying coke and water, costs about 1000*l*. and drags after it a train of eight coaches, the cost of each of which, if the same as in the estimate for the London and Birmingham railway, should be 200*l*., or a train of first-class coaches with accompanying engine and tender, costs 2600*l*. The coaches accommodate one hundred and twenty passengers. There are other coaches, and also uncovered waggons which travel at an inferior speed, and which will cost less. The fares are various: seven shillings, or nearly threepence per mile for each passenger, in the best coaches: and five shillings, or twopence per mile, for each passenger in the common coaches, of what is called the 'first train,'—being just double and triple the Paisley boat fares; and four shillings in the coaches, and three shillings and sixpence in the uncovered waggons of what is called the 'second train,' which move at a lower velocity. The lowest railway fare to the traveller, is therefore three halfpence per mile, in an open, uncovered wagon, moving at an inferior speed, exposed to wind and rain, and the steam and smoke of the engine—or double the fare on the Paisley canal, for being carried in a comfortable cabin under cover."

Having laid before our readers these observations of a man of science and experience, we shall encumber them with no remarks of our own. England has many splendid canals, and we confess we should be sorry to see a fine line—nay, a stream—of pure water exchanged for a road, with its carriages moving along, obscured in mud or in whirlwinds of dust.

#### MR. COULTHURST, THE AFRICAN TRAVELLER.

It is with feelings of deep regret that we have to announce the death of this young and enterprising traveller—another victim added to the long and melancholy catalogue of men of spirit and talent who have fallen a sacrifice to their enthusiasm on the subject of African discovery. Mr. Coulthurst had, it appears, made a fortnight's journey from the old Calabar river into the interior, when, for reasons unknown at present, he returned to that place, and embarked on board the *Agnes*, a Liverpool vessel bound for Fernando Po. It was during this voyage that this intelligent and amiable man breathed his last, on the 15th April. These are the principal facts which have yet reached this country, and they have been transmitted by Col. Nichols, Governor of Fernando Po, to the Admiralty. Letters had been received from Mr. Coulthurst of so late a date as the 22d March, full of hope, and with a cheering account of his health.

Mr. Coulthurst was, we believe, the son of—Coulthurst, Esq. of Sandyway, near Northwich, in Cheshire. He was educated at Eton and Oxford, where he took a very honourable degree, and was subsequently called to the bar. Some interesting particulars of the route of the intended expedition were published, on the best authority, in the *Athenæum* of the 11th February last, No. 224.

ELEGIAC LINES,  
IN THE MANNER OF WALLER.  
BY THOMAS ROSCOE.

Oh! why with tears  
Bedew the memory of the young,  
Whose gentle years  
Have known nor sorrow, care, nor wrong,  
But ere they weep on earth, to heaven belong?  
Life's fairest flowers  
Are aye "no sooner blown than blasted":  
A few brief hours  
Their fragrance breathes, and then is wasted:  
We may not ask why they no longer lasted.  
But the young bloom,  
Not of the earth, but spirit, glows  
Seasons to come,  
'Mid climes where tempest never blows,  
Nor blight can reach—an Eden of repose.  
Too early blest,  
Thither thou'rt gone. Why shed the tear?  
No more carest;  
Ah! still we miss thy dear voice here—  
Those gentle words and looks that did so sweet  
appear.

ON MODERN FEMALE CULTIVATION.—No. IV.  
[Concluding Paper.\*]

WOMEN and the working classes are, as regards cultivation, similarly circumstanced. Few now dispute their right to knowledge; but the best mode of presenting them with it, and the best mode of rendering the gift beneficial, remains yet an unsolved problem. The recognition of the principle, that it is the privilege of *all* to ask for knowledge, and the duty of *all* to "give to every one that asketh"; and that the only limit to the gaining and the diffusion of knowledge, is not that assigned by man—*circumstance*; but that marked out by Providence—*capacity*;—the recognition of this principle, and this duty, forms an era in moral history, analogous to those discoveries in science, which have subjected the elements to his sway. As yet, however, neither has advanced much beyond a state of infancy; and to mature either into perfection, is probably reserved for the men and years of another generation. The subject of this paper is *Female Cultivation*; and to that therefore we restrict ourselves. The great misfortune, then, that lies in the path of highly-cultivated women, is the absence of active occupation for their mental energy, which, when combined with ambition, as it too generally is, lays waste and consumes them. Men have professions and offices; to them belong, of right and courtesy, all the activities and authorities of life. Authorship is the only accredited vent for a woman's intellect; and this, by obviating one evil, induces many others. The fever of unoccupied energy is quenched; but, by and bye, the worse fever of sensitive ambition, or ungratified longing after sympathy, arises, and her position in society becomes yet more false. Where must the cure be sought? In an inconceivably higher education of what may be called the sense of responsibility. Wherever genius indisputably exists in a girl, there let parents and instructors frankly acknowledge its existence; and on that admission ground a simple but serious inculcation of these doctrines:—that to possess intellect is, in the first instance, an accident, not a merit; that it is by no means a novelty; that, like rank and wealth, it involves the most serious cares and duties; and that even

superior knowledge is worthless without active virtue. Parents and instructors must learn to regard as nothing short of *sin* all efforts to stimulate a girl's mind, for the gratification either of their vanity or hers. It is treating genius as the Jews did their false Messiahs, going out after it, with an adulating cry of "Lo here, and lo there!" It is making mind subservient to notoriety, instead of use and happiness; it is dissevering attainments from the moral application of them, which so often makes genius, mind, and attainments to woman, a snare, an anxiety, and a reproach. Another remedy might be found, in equally high views of the influence of woman being early addressed to the heart and understanding of gifted girls, still based on the doctrine of responsibility. Show her that it is not in the quantity of talent, or influence, but in the faithful appropriation of each, that merit consists; and that the moment she is satisfied to use either for mere personal advantage, she has taken a step towards becoming weak and contemptible. The constant cry of all young imaginative minds, is,

What shall I do to be for ever known!

But her next is, if a female, "there is nothing for women to do." She feels in the position of Esau: man has taken the birth-right; and she fancies that for her no blessing is left. Those who would comfort the grieving enthusiast by pointing out literary fame, would act neither wisely nor kindly: few of the many who feel the yearning are equal to the attainment of that fame; and, could nothing else be objected to the remedy, it involves no general principle. The fair answer is, to unfold to the complainant the records of biography; to show her the grand fact, that in most of the triumphs achieved by men, whether in arts, literature, morals, or religion, she has shared, and in the purest form, by having been their instructor, instigator, or friend. Separate and individual triumphs are the lot of few women, and those few are rarely happier for them; but collateral triumphs she may have without number. How few have been the distinguished men who have not acknowledged that their deepest obligations have, at some time or other, been to a wife, a sister, or, above all, a mother! Let the mind of every girl, especially of every girl of talent, be sedulously directed to this cheering view of female influence—to the beautiful and refreshing under-current which it may furnish in the troubled course of daily life. Women are accused of being inimical to enlarged views and principles: how should it be otherwise, unless early led to look beyond petty and individual interests?—unless early led to discover the glory of a life set apart to, and consecrated by  *duty*?—unless she be early convinced, that a passion for self-aggrandizement deteriorates mind, and alloys amiability? Perhaps, after all, the problem most difficult of solution, is, how to make heart and mind co-operate tranquilly,—imagination and will harmonize; how to manage female intellect in connexion with female sensibility. It is, perhaps, impossible that this result should ever be attained without much preparatory suffering; but surely the period of such suffering might be abridged. The highest, and yet the simplest mode of education, consists in teaching mind to manage itself—to understand and make efficient use of its peculiar endowments—to profit by

its own mistakes—and to bring into practical exercise what, in theory, it admires and loves. The melancholy, the romance, the ardour, if not untractableness, that more or less mark every gifted girl, arises mainly from unoccupied energy;—provide that energy with suitable employment, treat its possessor with tenderness, and, by degrees, what seemed strange and troublesome will pass away. Mrs. Colonel Hutchinson has left a curious picture of her childhood, which may be quoted in proof. "Play among other children" (we give her own words,) "I despised; and when I was forced to entertain such as came to visit me, I tired them with more grave instruction than their mothers, and plucked all their babies to pieces, and kept the children in such awe, that they were glad when I entertained myself with elder company, to whom I was very acceptable; and being in the house with many that had a great deal of wit, and very profitable serious discourse being frequent at my father's table, and in my mother's drawing-room, I was very attentive to all, and gathered up many things that I would repeat again, to the great admiration of many who took my memory and invention for wit." Now, the above is by no means an attractive picture; yet we know that this identical child afterwards matured into a matron and a heroine of the purest and stateliest kind—

A perfect woman, nobly planned  
To warn, to comfort, and command.

Her parents wisely discerned the folly of seeking to feed such a mind on accomplishments and imaginations; it asked for "strong meat," which was not withheld. With her brothers she was initiated in all grave, sound, masculine knowledge; and what was even better still, in the uses of it. She did not make the less affectionate wife or mother for the costly garniture bestowed upon her intellect: and those who remember how, by the exercise of that intellect, she stood between her husband and death, will frankly own that she made the better friend. The old political axiom of maintaining a balance of power amongst various states, might with advantage be adopted in female cultivation. Woman, as woman, is generally sure to abound in feeling: gifted woman is nearly sure to abound in its excess: hence, *she* stands less in need of stimulants than sedatives—of the spur less than the rein; yet, if sedative and spur are harshly inflicted, instead of a regulated mind, we may have a broken spirit. The natural remedy is, to cultivate the imagination by means of the understanding; the feelings in connexion with the faculties; the heart through the medium of the head. As a general hint, there was much wisdom in the advice given by an old mother to a young one: "stimulate the sensibility of your boys, and blunt that of your girls." There is nothing harsh in this last clause but the sound: the process may be effected in all grace and gentleness, by endeavouring to brace the nerves even when the heart is moved; by encouraging reason to sit as judge over sympathies and impulses; by showing that imagination and her conceptions, fancy and her fairy work, must, if good for anything, approve themselves at the bar of the understanding. Poetry and fiction devoured for amusement enervate the mind: poetry and fiction considered as subjects for study, and taken in

\* The previous Papers appeared in Nos. 222, 224, and 226.

connexion with high reading of other kinds, will have a sobering effect even upon the most imaginative and romantic. It is not thinking that unrealizes the mind, but musing and dreaming. Probably those who *live* least under the influence of imagination, are practised poets and novelists, and this, from the habit of submitting their inventions to the test of judgment and experience. Before closing these remarks, we must advert for a moment to a class of females who, as nearly as possible, seem to have all the good of cultivation and none of the evil. They may be called the enjoyers of literature, in opposition to the producers; the world never hears their names, and yet they may be clever and influential within their private sphere. Wanting genius, and free from ambition, they are interested in the minds both above and beneath them; their happiness is their chief concern: literature is the garnish of their lives, not its food; they value knowledge, but they never dream of celebrity. Every one acquainted with Madame Roland's 'Impartial Appeal,' knows her touching remark, of which the mention of these women has reminded us. We give it entire.

"The study of the Fine Arts considered as part of the education of a young woman, ought, in my opinion, to be less directed to the acquisition of distinguished talents than to the inspiring them with a love of employment; to the making them contract a habit of application, to the multiplying their means of amusement; for it is thus that we escape from that ennui which is the most cruel disease of man in society. Oh, what an injury did those do me who took it upon them to withdraw the veil under which I loved to remain concealed. If those who knew me had judged properly in respect to facts, they would have prevented me suffering a sort of celebrity which I never envied; instead of now spending my time in refuting falsehood, I should read a chapter in Montaigne, paint a flower, or play an ariette, and thus beguile the solitude of my prison without sitting down to write my confession."

#### MEMOIR OF SHELLEY.

[Continued from p. 504.]

In the autumn of 1820 I accepted Shelley's invitation to winter with him at Pisa. He had been passing part of the summer among the chequer forests of that delicious retreat—the baths of Lucca; and I found him at those of St. Julian, at the foot of the mountain, which Dante calls the Screen of Lucca. A few days after my arrival, we were driven from his house by the overflowing of the Serchio, and migrated to the south side of the Arno, at Pisa, next door to the Marble Palace, with the mystical inscription "Alla Giornata." Shelley complained of his health: his nerves seemed dreadfully shattered; but his appearance was youthful,—nay, almost boyish, although his hair (which had a natural wave) was mixed with grey. A few weeks only had elapsed since a singular, and almost incredible and dastardly outrage had been committed on him. He was at the post-office asking for his letters, when a stranger, on hearing his name, said, "What! are you that — atheist Shelley?" and without more preamble, being a tall powerful man, struck him a blow which felled to the ground and stunned him.

On coming to himself, Shelley found that the villain had disappeared. Raging with the insult, he immediately sought his friend Mr. Tighe, who lost no time in taking measures to obtain satisfaction. Mr. Tighe was some time in discovering the hotel at which the cowardly aggressor had put up, but at length traced him to the Donzelli. It seems that he was an Englishman, and an officer in the Portuguese service: his name I have now forgotten.

He had, however, started for Genoa, whither Mr. Tighe and Shelley followed, but without being able to overtake him, or learn his route from that city. This anecdote will show the feeling of animosity which the malice of Shelley's enemies had excited against him in the breasts of his compatriots;—but the time is happily past when Quarterly Reviews can deal out damnation, or that they can drive out of the pale of society, or point out as a mad dog to be knocked on the head, any one who does not happen to profess the same creed as themselves. How little did the *reverend* writer of that article know of Shelley, when he says that "from childhood he (Shelley) has carried about with him a soured and discontented spirit—untractable as a boy, and unamiable in youth—querulous and unmanly in all three." But as if this foul nomenclature was inexhaustible, the critic ends by taxing him with "low fraud, cold selfishness, and unmanly cruelty." Are such libellers to pass with impunity? Is this proper and decorous language from a clergyman?

Shelley's whole time was dedicated to study. He was then reading Calderon, and mad about the Autos; but he did not the more lay aside his favourite authors, the Greek dramatists: a volume of Sophocles he used to take with him in his rambles; generally had a book even at dinner, if his abstemious meal could be called one; and told me he always took a book to bed with him. In the evenings he sometimes read aloud a canto of Dante or Tasso, or a canzone of Petrarch. Though his voice was somewhat broken in the sound, his recitation of poetry was wonderfully effective, and the tones of his voice of varied modulation. He entered into the soul of his author, and penetrated those of his listeners.

Prince Mavrocordato was his daily, almost his only visitor. It was with peculiar delight that I listened to Shelley's spirited and poetical version of the Prometheus and Agamemnon of Æschylus;—in the last of which he used to rave about the opening chorus. He was become, as well he might be, disgusted with publishing, with seeing poets enjoying reputation who did not possess a tithe of his genius, and some even of those decking themselves out, like daws, in his borrowed plumes. He used to say, that as he

+ The reason for Byron's abstemiousness was a very different one from Shelley's. Like his late Majesty, Byron was horrified at the idea of getting fat; and to counteract this tendency of his to corpulence, mortified his Epicurean propensities. Hence he dined four days in the week on fish and vegetables; and had even stunted himself, when I last saw him, to a pint of claret.

Naturam expellas furca, tamen usque recurret. Thus his sensuality broke out now and then; and I have seen him eat of as great a variety of dishes, as a German at a *table d'hôte*. He succeeded, it is true, in overmastering nature, and clipping his rotundity of its fair proportions; but with it shrank his cheek and his calf. This the Guicciotti observed, and seemed by no means to admire Milord's eremitical diet.

had failed in original compositions, he would translate the 'Prometheus'; and it is to be lamented that he did not carry his design into effect. His 'Cyclops' of Euripides and 'Hymn to Mercury' of Homer, are specimens of what his powers as a translator were, and how critically he was versed in Greek, and caught the true spirit of his authors. Plato he read with all the facility of a modern work, and had made a translation of the 'Symposium,'—an attempt so difficult, that the Germans pretend their language is alone capable of mastering it. This splendid effort I had hoped Mrs. Shelley would have given the public, having promised, in 1824, some of his posthumous prose works.

During this winter he wrote little—without encouragement, who can? One of his poems I must not, however, forget to mention, (and perhaps not the least exquisite, though it fell dead from the press,) the 'Eipsychidion.' This Psyche was the Contessina Emilia V. She was an interesting, beautiful, and accomplished girl, and immured in the odious Convent of St. Anne, by a jealous stepmother.

Shelley was a martyr to a most painful complaint, which constantly menaced to terminate fatally, and was subject to violent paroxysms, which, to his irritable nerves, were each a separate death. I had seen magnetism practised in India and at Paris, and at his earnest request consented to try its efficacy. Mesmer himself could not have hoped for more complete success. The imposition of my hand on his forehead instantaneously put a stop to the spasm, and threw him into a magnetic sleep, which, for a want of a better word, is called somnambulism. Mrs. Shelley and another lady were present. The experiment was repeated more than once.

During his trances I put some questions to him. He always pitched his voice in the same tone as mine. I inquired about his complaint, and its cure—the usual magnetic inquiries. His reply was—"What would cure me, would kill me," (alluding probably to lithotomy. I am sorry I did not note down some of his other answers. Animal magnetism is, in Germany, confined by law to the medical professors; and with reason—it is not to be trifled with. Shelley afterwards used to walk in his sleep; and Mrs. Shelley once found him getting up at night, and going to a window. It is remarkable, that in the case of the boy Matthew Schwir, recorded by Dr. Tritchler, the patient spoke in French, as Shelley in Italian. He improvised also verses in Italian, in which language he was never known to write poetry. I am aware that in England the phenomena of animal magnetism are attributed to the imagination. I only state these facts that may perhaps shake the incredulity of the most sceptical.

Shelley was afterwards magnetized by a lady, to whom he addressed some lines, entitled,

*The Magnetic Lady to her Patient,*  
of which I remember some of the stanzas:—

Sleep on! sleep on! forget thy pain:  
My hand is on thy brow,  
My spirit on thy brain;  
My pity on thy heart, poor friend;  
And from my fingers flow  
The powers of life, and like a sign,  
Seal thee from thine hour of woe;  
And brood on thee, but may not blind  
With thine.

Sleep on! sleep on! I love thee not  
But when I think that he



Who made and makes my lot  
As full of flowers as thine of weeds;  
Might have been lost like thee;  
And that a hand which was not mine,  
Might then have chased his agony  
As I apothecary—my heart bleeds  
For thine.

Sleep, sleep, and with the slumber of  
The dead and the unborn:  
Forget thy life and we;  
Forget that thou must wake forever;  
Forget the world's dull scorn;  
Forget lost health, and the divine  
Feelings that die in youth's brief morn;  
And forget me, for I can never  
Be thine.

Like a cloud big with a May shower,  
My soul weeps healing rain.  
On thee, thou withered flower,  
It breathes mute music on thy rest;  
Its odour calms thy brain!  
Its light within thy gloomy breast,  
Speaks like a second youth again.  
By mine thy being is to its deep  
Possess.

The spell is done. How feel you now?  
Better—Quite well, replied  
The sleeper. What would do  
You good when suffering and awake?  
What cure your head and side?  
'T would kill me what would cure my pain;  
And as I must on earth abide  
Awhile, yet tempt me not to break  
My chain.

There has been an imaginary voyage of Lord Byron's to Corsica and Sardinia, with the Countess Guiccioli and Shelley, published by Galvani, and which has passed through several editions. This voyage is said to have taken place during the winter I passed at Pisa, and which Shelley never quitted. The writer of this vision conjures up a storm, and makes Shelley so terrified, that he is put on shore God knows where. Now, it so happens, that Shelley was never so much in his element as at sea. Storms were his delight; and when at the lake of Geneva, he used to be taken for Byron braving *Bises* in his boat, which none of the *Battelliers* could face.

Shelley was in danger of being lost more than once at sea, and had a very narrow escape in coming from the Isle of Man in the year 1813 or 1814. He had taken his passage in a small trading craft, which had only three hands on board. It was in the month of November, and the weather boisterous when they left Douglas, which soon increased to a dreadful gale. The Captain attributed to Shelley's exertions so much the safety of his vessel, that he refused, on landing, to accept his fare. It is a strange fancy some people have to libel the dead, in order to gratify the malignity of the living.

It was during my stay with Shelley that the Neapolitan insurrection broke out. His ardent mind, with a truly poetical, but, unhappily, not a prophetic spirit, hailed this as the dawn of Italian freedom; and as the Spanish short-lived revolution had inspired him with his magnificent 'Pæan to Liberty,' so he then wrote his 'Ode to Naples,' compared with which, those of Collins have always seemed to me tame and lifeless. It has the merit of being, what few of our English modern odes (ill called so) are, really an ode, constructed on the model of those left us by Pindar, and worthy of the best days of Greece. The Italians are enthusiastic in their praise of this ode;—perhaps neither Felicaja or Petrarck have produced any more sublime. Shelley could never endure Moore's lines against the Neapolitans, beginning, "Yes, down to the dust with them," &c. He used to say that such taunts came ill

from an Irishman; and, whether merited or no, were cruel and ungenerous. Shelley considered Coleridge's 'Ode to Switzerland' as the best in modern times. He knew it by heart, and used to declaim it and the 'Ancient Mariner' in his peculiar and emphatic manner. Byron knew as little what an ode meant, as he did a sonnet—the most difficult of all compositions.

Shelley's lines beginning,

There's blood on the ground,  
were not composed on the occasion of the Spanish revolution, as they are entitled, but on the Manchester massacre.

We had many conversations on the subject of Keats, who, with a mind and frame alike worn out by disappointment and persecution, was come to lay his bones in Italy. Shelley was enthusiastic in his admiration of 'Hyperion' and the Ode to Pan in the 'Endymion'; but was little partial to Keats's other works. Their correspondence at this period would prove highly interesting. Poor Keats died three days before I arrived at Rome, in March or April 1821; and much of the remainder of that year, which Shelley passed at the Baths of St. Julian, was occupied on 'Adonais,' which breathes all the tenderness of Moschus and Bion, and loses nothing in comparison with those divine productions on which it was modelled. Not the least valuable part of that Idyll is the picture he has drawn of himself, in the two well-known stanzas beginning "Mid others of less note." How well do those expressions, "a pard-like spirit, beautiful and swift!"—"a love in desolation marked"—"a power girt round with weakness"—designate him.

There is a passage in that elegy which has always struck me as among the sublimest in any language, though it is rather understood than to be explained, like Milton's "Soothing the raven down," &c.

Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,  
Stains the white radiance of eternity,  
Until death tramples it to fragments.

His great amusement during this summer was with his friend Williams, to navigate the clear and rapid little river, the Serchio, and the canals that branch from it. This chosen companion and partaker of his fate, lived in the place of Pisan Villaggiatura, some miles higher up the stream, against which Shelley used often to tow his light skiff, in order to enjoy the rapidity of the descent. A boat was to Shelley what a plaything is to a child—his peculiar hobby. He was eighteen when he used to float paper ones on the Serpentine; and I have no doubt, at twenty-eight, would have done the same with any boy. It was the revival of this dormant passion for boat-building which led to the fatal project of building a schooner at Genoa, of a most dangerous construction: all her ballast, I forget how many pounds of lead, being in her keel.

It may be imagined that Shelley was of a melancholy cast of mind—on the contrary, he was naturally full of playfulness, and remarkable for the *fineness* of his ideas; and I have never met with any one in whom the brilliance of wit and humour was more conspicuous. In this respect he fell little short of Byron; and perhaps it was one of the great reasons why Byron found such a peculiar charm in his conversation. I doubt whether Byron could have surpassed him in

his Parody on Wordsworth's 'Peter Bell,' and some other fugitive pieces of the same kind, remarkable for a keen sense of the ridiculous.

At the latter end of this year he paid a visit to Lord Byron at Ravenna. He was then writing 'Cain,' and owes to Shelley the Platonic idea of his Hades and the phantasmal worlds—perhaps suggested to Shelley himself by Lucian's 'Icaro-Menippus.'\*

It was this visit which decided Byron on wintering at Pisa—a wish to be near Shelley was one of his inducements; independent of which, Tuscany was almost the only State in Italy where a foreigner, *situated as Byron* then was, could find refuge or safety. The part he took in the affair of Romagna, though denied by that veridical article in the *Westminster Review*, is now known;—nor shall I enter into the question how far he was wrong in intermeddling with the politics of other countries. I bear too great a love for Italy, and abhorrence of Austrian despotism, to blame him. Had not Cardinal Gonsalvi been then the Pope's prime minister, perhaps the stiletto (if he had not been openly arrested) would have ended his days. Byron's name is still a terror to the despots of Italy.† His writings have done much to fan the flame of liberty. Shelley used to say that poets were the unacknowledged legislators of the world.

I shall end this part of my sketch with some curious observations of his:—

"In one sense, religion may be called poetry, though distorted from the beautiful simplicity of its truth. The persons in whom this power abides may often, as far as regards many portions of their nature, be *Atheists*; but although they may *deny* and *abjure*, they are *compelled to serve*—which is seated in the *throne of their own soul*; and whatever systems they may *professedly* support, they *actually* advance the interests of liberty. It is impossible to read the productions of our most celebrated writers, whatever may be their systems relative to thought or expression, without being startled by the electric life which there is in their words.

\* Northcote used to take leave of his pupils going on their continental tours, with "Now, young man, remember you cross the Alps expressly to become a thief." Byron was as little scrupulous as the great artist in appropriating to himself the works of others; but he had the ingenuity to select those that were in bad repute, and therefore not generally read. Shelley's 'Queen Mab' and Casti's 'Novelle' were two of his favourite *cribbing* books. I taxed him roundly more than once with this habit of his; and especially of his having plagiarized his lines in 'Cain' from

Earth's distant orb appeared  
The smallest light that twinkles in the heavens;  
Whilst round the chariot's way  
Innumerable systems rolled,  
And countless spheres diffused  
An ever varying glory, &c.

and of taking 'Don Juan' from Casti, *passim*. "I mean," said I to him, "one of these days to translate the 'Novelle.'" Byron seemed rather alarmed at the idea. "Casti! why you could not have a notion of such a thing! There are not ten Englishmen who have ever read the 'Novelle.' They are a sealed book to women. It is in the Pope's Index. The Italians think nothing of it."—"What do you think of it, Byron?"—"I shan't tell you," replied he, laughing, and changed the subject. Speaking of the 'Index Expurgatorius,' Shelley used to tell an amusing anecdote of the Roman Doganieri. On passing the frontier, his books were searched with much strictness, and among them was a Spinoza and an English Bible. Which do you suppose was seized and confiscated? The Bible!

† Some months since, being at Genoa, the police, hearing that I had been with Byron at Pisa, sent me an order to leave the city in twenty-four hours, on the suspicion of my being a Carbonaro. It is true, that on my arrival at Turin, our ambassador offered me his protection; but British officers and subjects are now insulted in every petty state.

They measure the circumference and sound the depths of human nature, with a comprehensive, all-embracing, all-penetrating spirit, at which they are themselves most sincerely astonished: it is less their own spirit, than the spirit of the age. They are the priests of an unapprehended inspiration—the mirror of the gigantic shadow that invests them—the echoes of words, of which they conceive not the power which they express—the trumpet which sounds to battle, and feels not what it inspires—the influence that is moved not, but moves. Poets and philosophers [he repeats] are the unacknowledged legislators of the world."

[To be continued next week.]

#### MONEY.

WE have great pleasure in having it in our power to present our readers with an abstract of the very interesting *historical* notice on this subject, which formed a part of the Lectures lately read by the elder Mr. Landseer at the Mechanics' Institution.

Strange as it will appear to those who are more accustomed to active life than to silent speculation, Assyria, (says Mr. Landseer,) with her immense hosts, and her spacious and magnificent cities, had no money—Egypt, opulent, populous, mysterious, and abundant Egypt, had no money—Ancient Persia, before the age of the first Darius, had no money—the early Hebrews, even during the most prosperous period of the age of Solomon, and down to the time of Judas Maccabæus, were without money—Etruria, from first to last, was without money—Rome was without money to the time of Servius Tullius—and the Greeks of the heroic ages were equally destitute of money.

Among all those nations, gold and silver, when used in barter, was weighed out by the scales; as when Abraham purchased the cave of Machpelah, he "weighed to Ephron the silver which he had named in the audience of the sons of Heth;" moreover, there was anciently no money in Arabia, or the riches of the Patriarch Job would not have been estimated by his camels, oxen, and she asses: and there was none in Greece down to the time of Homer, who nowhere mentions or alludes to it, but, on the contrary, by informing us, that the armour of Diomedes cost only nine oxen, while that which Glaucus generously gave in exchange for it, cost one hundred, shows that cattle, in their larger purchases, were made the current measure of value. It is from this circumstance too, of oxen and asses being at the time the ordinary and known signs of property, and current measure of value, that we find them specifically mentioned in the tenth commandment; and the virtuous prohibition of covetousness derives local intelligibility from the notoriety of the fact.

The invention of coining was not only a very curious adaptation of engraving to the purposes of Society, but an important event in the History of the World. It is not, however, known when or in what country money first became the substitute for cattle and unstamped bullion, as the general representative of property and the measure of value. Mr. Landseer is of opinion that the Darics, issued by the first Darius, are the oldest Persian coins that were ever minted in that empire.

There is, however, reason to believe, that Darics were not the very first coins which the world had beheld. Montesquieu is of opinion, that the Lydians first found out the art of coining money. By others, the invention is attributed to Phidon of Argos. But the arts of dyeing, engraving, and of the mintage of money, were, no doubt, like most other arts, progressive. That ingots of bullion were in commercial use, that

stamps were applied to them in order to save time, and the constant reference to the scales, and that barter was thus facilitated in Western Asia for ages prior to that of Lycurgus, are not only facts very supposable and credible in themselves, but may be authenticated from the circumstance of "stamped ingots" being alluded to in the Hebrew and Arabic versions of the book of Job. Thus it may be seen how possible it is for very numerous and extensive communities to arrive at national and commercial prosperity, and to attain popular happiness or comfort without money, without even the knowledge of that which to modern habitudes and to some modern philosophers appears to be so indispensable to every purpose of life, and almost even to existence itself. India, Persia, Assyria, Judæa, Egypt, Greece, Etruria, Rome, the nations of Asia Minor, including Tyre and its dependencies, all arrived at civilization and comfort without the current use of cash, and carried on their extensive mercantile and manufacturing transactions, merely by bartering commodities in kind—bullion being reckoned amongst those commodities. These nations were populous, almost beyond credibility, and transported their produce, manufactures, and other merchandizes in ships of Tyre and Tarshish from Ophir, and the utmost Indian Isle (which is believed to have been Ceylon), to Gaul and our own Cassiterides.

We regret that it is not in our power to accompany the lecturer further in his important and interesting inquiry, but must conclude with a brief historical notice of money in England.

Coined golden money appears to have existed here as early as the reign of Cunobelin, the father of Caractacus, but there is reason to believe its use reached not far beyond the payment of British tributes to Rome, where larger and more ponderous articles of property could not easily have been transmitted; since Adam Smith informs us, that the Saxon Kings of England, for several ages after Cunobelin, record their revenues not in money, but in kind, that is to say, in cattle, corn, and the more enduring species of provisions. William the Conqueror introduced the custom of paying the royal revenues in cash: the money, however, was for a long time received at the Exchequer by weight, and not by tale.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

THE Reform Bill promises to be fertile in matters of art. An eminent sculptor, we hear, has been chosen to perpetuate in marble the labours of the chief men of the ministry; the hint is to be taken from the signing of Magna Charta, and the portraits of Lord Althorp, Lord Brougham, Lord John Russell, Sir Francis Burdett, Earl Grey, Mr. Coke, of Norfolk, and other Reformers, are to put on the sentiment of patriotism in Parian stone. Nor is this all, a column of granite 180 feet high, is proposed to be erected, with the King on the summit, and the base ornamented with bas-reliefs, describing in bronze the different stages of the Reform Bill with its final triumph. Other columns of the same character are talked of. We will venture to predict that none of them will be carried into execution. When the nation was clapping its hands and shouting for the victories of Nelson—an eminent sculptor, Flaxman, proposed to carve a Britannia some two hundred feet high on Greenwich Hill, in honour of our naval triumphs; the nation applauded the notion, as they do the Reform Column, and then turned to something else and thought no more about it.

Of literature we have heard little this week; when the public grows weary of replications,

it will desire something original; but little that can be called original seems at present promised.

Mr. Mason, we hear, is anxious to obtain permission to give German operas in the months of November and December. This might not prove an unprofitable speculation. Although the fashionable patrons of music are then absent from town, there is a large class of residents to whom the Germans chiefly owe their success, who would certainly give him their willing support. We are, indeed, inclined to think that it would be a very beneficial regulation to give nothing but German operas, up to Easter, when the principal Italian singers having fulfilled their engagements in Italy and at Paris, Mr. Mason might secure a most efficient and complete corps.

Laporte is said to be in treaty with Malibran for Covent Garden; we doubt much if he will succeed, as she is already engaged for Naples and Milan. Mad. Grisi and her sister, with Tamburini, are also engaged for the forthcoming season at Paris. Should Mr. Mason retain the theatre, Grisi will return to complete her engagement.

Moscheles and Schlesinger are now at Hamburg. Mr. Neate shortly leaves for the Continent, and John Pomeroy is gone to the Modern Athens, where he has before played with unbounded success. Thus these celebrated pianists migrate from country to country with their passport at their fingers' ends. Oury, the violinist, and his wife, the celebrated pianiste Madlle. Belleville, are on their way to the Russian capital.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

##### HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

Aug. 7.—Papers were read 'On the drying of plants for the Hortus Siccus,' and 'On the advantages of irrigating garden grounds by means of tanks or ponds.' The first communication was by Dr. Knight, of Marischal College, Aberdeen, and the second by Mr. Knight, the President of the Society.

The flowers and fruits exhibited were very beautiful, especially the carnations, picotees salvias, verbenas, noblesse peaches, and striped Hoosainee melons; an ingenious contrivance was also exhibited, by which a flower-stand of three or four stages could be instantly metamorphosed into an armed bench. A new part of the Transactions was announced as being ready for delivery. Notice was also given, that, in consequence of the meeting room being about to undergo repair, the meetings would be suspended until the 2nd of October.

Lieut.-Colonel O'Reilly, and Thomas Warden, Esq., were elected Fellows of the Society.

#### FINE ARTS

Colonel Murray's *National Work*, in which the *Literature and History of the Country are connected with its finest scenes*. Part IV.

WE have hitherto spoken favourably of this work; there is considerable merit in the landscapes, and no little skill in the views of the ruins; nor has the pen failed to do its devoir in the undertaking; in truth, many of the descriptions were very graphic, and some of the anecdotes new and national. The author, however, has called in the aid of the muse to embellish what is plain, and inspire what is dull, and has thus robbed the work of the charm of truth and reality: nor is this all; it is the pleasure of the muse, to treat us to flights of very ordinary minstrelsy. The slumberous influence

of the verse, is not quite enough to make us forget 'The Pass of Killiecrankie,' 'Schiekallien,' 'Portree,' and 'The Storr.' The latter is a singular scene, with its pillared and pinnacled rocks, which seem to pierce the sky, and are only fit for the seat of the eagle.

## MUSIC

## KING'S THEATRE.

THIS eventful season terminated on Saturday last, when with increased success, Paer's 'Agnes,' and Albert's 'L'Anneau Magique,' were given to a crowded house. The German company, shorn of its honours, by the absence of Mad. Devrient, Mdle. Schneider, Haitzinger, and Pellegrini, closed their season the night previous, with an indifferent representation of 'Fidelio;' however, in justice to Mad. Fischer, we must say that she sang the part satisfactorily, and in other respects was not so much inferior to Devrient as we had expected.—A loud and very protracted call for the manager, was at last obeyed. 15,000*l.* for the compliment is, as Franklin would have said, paying too dear for a whistle.

## THEATRICALS

## COVENT GARDEN—FRENCH PLAYS.

THE play of 'Henry III.' by M. Alexandre Dumas, was given here on Saturday last. It has been previously made known to the English public through the medium of a clever but somewhat heavy translation by Lord Leveson Gower, acted at this house, under the title of 'Catherine of Cleves.' The French play is extremely well written, and the principal part is acted by Mdle. Mars, in a style which throws criticism on its back, and makes panegyric cry out for a new dictionary. The elegance, the chasteness, the truth, and general beauty of the performance, cannot be equalled by any living performer; and its occasional power in those parts which touch on the province of tragedy, has not been evinced by any other actress since the best days of Mrs. Siddons. The acting of Mdle. Mars, when she first appears on the couch in *Rugieri's* apartment, and where she is, for some time, between sleeping and waking;—her avowal to *St. Megrin* of the passion for him which has long been devouring her in secret;—and the thrilling tones of mortal despair in which she utters the words "Rien—rien," after a vain look round the chamber to discover something by which the object of her adoration may descend from the window, and escape impending assassination, will never—*can* never—be forgotten by those who were present. To know the effect which consummate art can produce in the utterance of the two simple words we have quoted, it must be witnessed, for it is beyond the reach of imagination. Those words, "Rien—rien," as delivered by this gifted being, will ring in our ears as long as our senses permit us to have a care or a recollection about the stage. If it is permitted to joke upon a subject on which we feel so seriously, we should say that never before was so much made of nothing. But one or two more opportunities remain to an English audience of beholding the passions, as painted by this unrivalled artiste, of watching the awful storms and sunny calms with which she alternately agitates and soothes her hearers. Those who have the best taste will be most eager to seize them. Nothing official has been said about this being her last professional visit to London, and we look with confidence to M. Laporte to take care that it is not so.

Mdile. Taglioni made her last appearance at Covent Garden on Monday, on which occasion the last new ballet, 'La Sylphide,' was repeated. The sun of her dancing set in a storm of applause. Here again we feel the want of language to express our admiration; nor is it sur-

prising that we should—her dancing is so little of the earth that mortal terms seem scarcely applicable to it. After the ballet, the newspapers inform us that Mdile. Taglioni proceeded to the Tower, and embarked in a steamer for France. It might be all very well for her to send her trunks that way, because they would, perhaps, be inconvenient to carry through the air—but why she herself should have sought the troubles of a sea voyage, when three bounds would have taken her to Dover, and one more have landed her on Calais pier, we cannot guess. Report says that she is already married—if so, her husband has acted wisely in concealing the fact—it is his only chance to escape falling a victim to public indignation. Report also mentions something much more agreeable—which is, that this dancing comet will again be visible at Covent Garden in November and December next. We recommend good glasses to be kept in readiness.

## HAYMARKET THEATRE.

ON Wednesday night, after O'Keefe's comedy of 'The Young Quaker,' in which, by the way, Miss Turpin sang some snatches of ballads very much as they should be sung,—we saw here an "original two-act comedy," (we quote from the bill,) which was first produced on Saturday last. It is scarcely necessary at this eleventh hour to detail the plot; but it may be well to state that it turns mainly on the rash determinations, and as ready abandonments of those determinations, by one *Mr. Sudden*, in whom, by his mere appellation, the reader will easily detect *Mr. Farren*. This part is very well planned, and certainly well executed, by *Mr. Buckstone*, the author of the piece; yet, if we did not already owe much to that author, on the score of amusement, and at the same time like much to speak well of all we see, we should be inclined to carp somewhat at one or two little commonplace matters needlessly introduced in it;—such, for instance, as the old and worn-out gag (for it is nothing better,) of giving a direction to a servant, then letting him get as far as the door—then calling him back again for a few more words—then suffering him to make a second half exit, and again having him back again with "And, d'y'e hear, John?" and so on continually, until the whole is wound up with the usual "Oh nothing." We object to these messages by instalments; but *Mr. Buckstone* is an old and a clever stager, and "*verbum sap.*" We have said above, that the interest of this piece turns mainly upon the conduct of a character played by *Mr. Farren*; but one good turn deserves another, and that other is furnished by a part enacted by *Mrs. Glover*. This excellent actress played to the life a mother anxious to see her daughters settled in life; and who accordingly smiles, and frowns, and coaxes, and storms, as occasion calls for, until they are all settled with a vengeance; for in the last scene we find these cared-for young ladies severally united to Poverty, Vulgarity, and Imposture. The moral of this piece, in both its main intentions, is good—the writing pleasant—and the acting excellent. For further particulars inquire at the theatre, any time after seven in the evening. We need say no more—but stop—(as *Mr. Sudden* says)—"second thoughts"—we need say more—and that is this—*Mrs. Humby* played a little but important character in *Mrs. Humby's* very best manner; and more than that we can't say, whether we need or not.

## STRAND THEATRE.

NOVELTIES are produced so fast at this theatre, that they push one another off their stools before they are well seated. This system is unfair both to authors and actors, and we much doubt its being beneficial to managers. The rapid succession of new parts prevents the possibility of the performers being perfect, even in their

words, on a first night; and before a piece has been repeated often enough to give them a chance of becoming so, a new visitor is announced, and the last comer takes leave. These remarks were particularly applicable on Monday night to a new interlude, called 'Six to Four on the Colonel,' in which it was quite evident, if not to the audience generally, at least to those who had any stage experience, that all concerned were much more abroad than at home. However, the audience seemed disposed to overlook what the actors had not looked over, and all went smoothly. Some smart sayings and sentences here and there were so much laughed at and applauded, that we feel justified in asking for the remainder,—a favour which, we hope, it will not be thought too much to grant. *Mr. Abbott* bustled pleasantly enough through the principal part, and suited his actions, we presume, to the words. When the words come, we shall be better able to judge. *Mr. Forrester* is a lively and agreeable actor, and, we are happy to add, an improving one. *Mr. Williams* was, as usual, careful, painstaking, sensible, and attentive to his part. *Mrs. Honey* is a sweet little woman, and has only to stick to what she touches to make that sweet also. As its name imports, the odds were 'Six to Four on the Colonel' at starting. The lead was taken and kept, and the owner, or author, is clearly entitled to the stakes.

As if determined to justify the remarks we have made above, the management has showered two more new pieces on the town, both of which were represented for the first time on Thursday night. The first, called in the bills "an original petite comedy," and entitled 'Ladies at Court,' is stated upon the same indisputable authority, to be by "a celebrated author." We have not the honour of knowing whose head this cap is intended to fit, but have much pleasure in congratulating the little unknown upon his previously acquired celebrity, seeing how slender a chance there is of any accruing to him from his present exertions. In one respect, it is one of the grandest pieces we ever saw, for there is a Grand Duke—and a Grand Chamberlain—and a singer at the Grand Opera. The grand chamberlain has a nephew, (or grand nephew, perhaps,) and he is in love with a milliner—and he is also in love with the opera singer—and he has had some adventure of some sort at some time with some countess—and the countess appears to be the mistress of her master, the Grand Duke, and nobly refuses to become his wife—and the opera singer goes to the milliner's, where she meets the nephew—and the countess comes there too, and meets him also, and they are jealous of one another, and the milliner is jealous of both; and then the milliner is sent for to court, and appears there in fine clothes—and obtains from the Grand Duke a pardon for her lover, the aforesaid nephew, for something that he has done; and she snubs the old chamberlain, who wants to make love to her; and the Grand Duke is told that the council waits, and he lets it wait; and some guns are fired, and an insurrection is announced; and the Grand Duke says, the chamberlain's nephew is at the head of it, and the nephew comes, and says he isn't, and talks about saving his country and marrying the milliner; and all this leads to the conclusion of the piece, which is the only satisfactory conclusion we came to. There were a few sentences of smartish writing here and there; and this is all the praise we can, in justice, award to the piece—except, that if it is free from attraction, it is at least free from offence. If it should have a run, we think we can guess which way it will be. If we have not been clear in our description of the plot, we beg to say, that it is the plot's own fault. The effect of it on us was like looking at a quadrille party without hearing the music—one sees people in vigorous commotion without being able to imagine what moves them.

The other new production, 'The Loves of the Angels,' is one of far more pretension, and is entitled on that score to a more extended notice than, at this late period of the week, we can afford either time or space for. It is evidently constructed and written at the pieces called 'Olympic Revels' and 'Olympic Devils,' which have for the last two seasons been playing at Madame Vestris's theatre. The imitation is by no means an unsuccessful one, and the author (Mr. W. L. Rede, an actor at the Strand Theatre,) is entitled to credit for his exertions. The piece promised better at the beginning than its subsequent stages justified. The dialogue was sprightly, and the versification easy, with occasional hits, which were well given and taken, and which elicited repeated shouts of laughter from the audience. The author, however, seemed to us to have written himself out almost before the first scene was over—certainly before the end of the first act. We think his mistake to have been, that he has fancied his task an easier one than it was. As the piece proceeded, the humour receded, and the rhymes became too forced even for comic licence. The acting was good and spirited throughout.—Mrs. Waylett, Mrs. Chapman, Mrs. Honey, and the author himself, Mr. Rede, deserving, in particular, honourable mention. The music is extremely pretty throughout, and is arranged with that good taste which distinguishes Mr. A. Lee. Its only defect is, clearly, that it is of too sombre a character, and, indeed, there is too much attempt at the pathetic in the dialogue itself, for an entertainment of this description. The whole thing will doubtless be improved by repetition; but its reception by the audience, though good, was not such as to justify us in predicting for it either a very long or a very profitable run.—When a prize is given for bad scenery, the painter of this will be the fortunate youth.

#### MISCELLANEA

*The Egyptian Sphinxes.*—In a brief notice in the *Athenæum*, of the 14th of last month, it was mentioned, that these Sphinxes, just arrived at Cronstadt, had been presented by the Pasha of Egypt to the Russian Autocrat. We have now good authority for correcting this statement. The Sphinxes were, it appears, purchased by Mr. Rosetti, of Alexandria, agent for the Emperor of Russia, for a sum equivalent to nearly fifty-five thousand francs, from a Mr. Jarri, a Greek, to whom the Pasha has liberally conceded permission to explore for remains of antiquity.

*Naples, July 16.*—"A pier, which projects already deep into the bay, and abuts on the Molo-sillo (or Little Mole), close to the arsenal under the windows of the King's palace, will, when it is completed, form a new harbour, on one side of which, ships of war, and, on the other, merchant vessels, will ride at anchor far more snugly than in the old port.—A young naturalist of the name of Pilla, has associated himself with a few friends for the purpose of publishing a *Giornale del Vesuvio*, in which the public will be kept constantly informed of every successive occurrence, any ways connected with our turbulent neighbour. Pilla has already essayed his pen on a description of his ascent of Vesuvius in January last. It appeared a short time since in the *Prograsso delle Scienze*, a new scientific journal."

*Polish Heroism.*—At the storming of Warsaw, the principal battery was defended by only two battalions, but with such bravery as history can hardly parallel. When it was evident that it could no longer hold out, several privates of the artillery seated themselves on powder barrels and blew themselves up. But the conduct of General Sowinski was truly heroic. Having lost one foot, he was, at his earnest request, seated on a chair, and placed on the altar of the desperately-defended church, where he continued

to give orders until the last of his comrades was cut down, when, drawing forth two pistols, he, with one, shot a Russian who was rushing upon him, and, with the exclamation—"So dies a Polish general!" fired the other through his own heart.

We observe, by the American papers, that among the forthcoming volumes of the New York Family Library is Mr. Taylor's 'Civil Wars of Ireland.'

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

| Days of Week. | Thermom. W. & Mon. | Thermom. Max. Min. | Barometer. Noon. | Winds.      | Weather.   |
|---------------|--------------------|--------------------|------------------|-------------|------------|
| Th.           | 2                  | 83 60              | 29.78            | N. E. to N. | Rain P. M. |
| Fr.           | 3                  | 72 53              | 29.80            | N. E. to N. | Cloudy.    |
| Sat.          | 4                  | 71 53              | Stat.            | S. W. to W. | Ditto.     |
| Sun.          | 5                  | 68 52              | Stat.            | S. W. to W. | Rain A. M. |
| Mon.          | 6                  | 79 52              | Stat.            | W.          | Clear.     |
| Tues.         | 7                  | 80 52              | Stat.            | W.          | Ditto.     |
| Wed.          | 8                  | 92 64              | Stat.            | W.          | Ditto.     |

*Prevailing Clouds.*—Cirrocumulus, Cumulus, Culostratus.

Nights and Mornings for the greater part fair. Much thunder and lightning P. M. on Thursday.

Mean temperature of the week, 72°.

Day decreased on Wednesday, 1h. 36 min.

#### NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

Mr. G. W. Collen, of the Herald's College, is compiling a Map of Great Britain, showing its divisions during the Saxon Octarchy, with a Synoptical Table. This Map is to be lithographed and coloured.

The Translator of Prince Puckler Maslan's Tour is now occupied in translating Falk's work, called 'Goths, drawn from near Personal Intercourse.'

Illustrations of Morbid Anatomy, adapted to Andral's Elements, the London Cyclopaedia of Practical Medicine, &c. by J. Hope, M.D., F.R.S., Physician to the Marylebone Infirmary. To be published in monthly numbers, with coloured lithographic plates, from original drawings by the Author.

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#### TO CORRESPONDENTS

Thanks to C. F. J.—J. P.—C. W.

We cannot answer a country subscriber, but believe it now depends on the judgment of the publisher.

H. should have given us his name. It would have saved us some trouble. An anonymous report cannot be relied on. He has, however, and deserves our very best thanks.

It would occupy at least half a day to read over the letters we have received relating to steam-carriages. All answers to such correspondence must therefore be deferred for another week at least.

The writer of 'The Reformer' protests against our judgment of his work. And Mr. Braithwaite feels himself aggrieved at a statement in the notice of Ross's unfortunate expedition, where it is said, that "his ship was fitted with boilers of a new construction, which have been since proved not to answer the high expectations then formed of them." Both parties require us to print their letters. These requests have the appearance of being so reasonable, that we always regret it is not in our power to comply with them—but like letters received within the last month, would alone occupy a whole *Athenæum*. Mr. Braithwaite, however, speaks to a fact, and we shall leave his report to be judged by our readers: "I shall be ready," he observes, "to supply the writer with a list of not a few manufacturing establishments in and about the metropolis, where boilers have been made on the same plan, and continue to the present hour in constant and successful operation." And now a word to the writer of 'The Reformer.' When we read his first letter, we felt unmitigated regret that it was impossible to condemn a bad book without hazard of hurting the feelings of a good man; but now that he has ventured to innuendate mean motives, as influencing our conduct, and dared to threaten us, we have subsided into indifference. He has our full permission to follow Sir Preful's example, and shame the rogues, by "diffusing his own statement as widely, nay, more widely, than the circulation of the *Athenæum*." We only hope, for his sake, we may not be provoked into a reply.

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# THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 251.

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PRICE  
FOURPENCE.

This Journal is published every Saturday Morning, and is despatched by the early Coaches to Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Dublin, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and other large Towns, and reaches Liverpool for distribution on Sunday Morning, twelve hours before papers sent by the post. For the convenience of persons residing in remote places, the weekly numbers are issued in Monthly Parts, stitched in a wrapper, and forwarded with the Magazines to all parts of the World.

## REVIEWS

*Le Livre des Cent-et-Un.* Vol. VI. Paris: Ladvocat.

Nothing would be easier than to fill a whole *Athenæum* with praise and extract—but as we are under no obligation to do so, we intend to pursue our own course, and shall begin and end with original papers, unless the publishers favour us with works more deserving or more entertaining than the last month has produced. The dull season, however, is universal—France looks like a fallow field—Germany sent us Falk only to disappoint us—and one little volume of indifferent poems is all we could glean from a whole arm-full of American literature. We were therefore about to despatch a quire of manuscripts to the printer, when the sixth volume of this entertaining work arrived; and, though not quite equal to its predecessors, it was most welcome.

The contributors are—the Baron Charles Dupin, whose writings are well known in this country, Nestor de Lamarque, Kératry, Eugène Sue, an anonymous writer who signs himself *an Idler*, Regnier Destourbet, Gustave Planche, Madlle. Elise Voiart, Viennet, Ernest Desprez, Alphonse François, De Salvandy, Louis Desnoyers, Guilbert de Pixérécourt, Lesguillon, and Alphonse de Lamartine.

We shall begin our translations with a strange tale by Eugène Sue: it is a sort of biography of a Parisian hopeful—one of those dare-devil scoundrels, out of whom heroes, highwaymen, and pirates, are manufactured—and is entitled,

*The Parisian at Sea.*

### CHAPTER I.

“Matthew Guichard was the son of Jean Guichard, locksmith, in the Rue Saint-Benoît. He was about seventeen, of the middle height; slim, nervous, and pale. He had small, twinkling grey eyes; and thin, silky brown hair. His countenance indicated a singular mixture of cunning and simplicity; and his livid and wan complexion had that unhealthy and shrivelled appearance so common among the children of the poor and working classes in Paris.

“In his moral constitution,—if, indeed, he had a moral constitution,—Matthew was insolent, lascivious, lazy, and gluttonous: he was, moreover, a scoffer and a bully. He was neither infidel, nor believer, nor sceptic; but of a stoical indifference in matters of religion;—never invoking the name of God but in a manner so detestable, that he had much better not have invoked it at all. But, in truth, we must not bear too hard upon him on this account; for the very first words which his father, formerly an artillery-man, taught him to utter, were the most frightful oaths. These lessons formed the recreation of the old soldier, when, after a hard day's work, he was seated near his extinguished forge. He would then place young Matthew upon his knee, and listen with delight to the

renegade oaths lisped forth by the child. Sometimes his wife would talk of prayers, and of the Holy Virgin, and the infant Saviour; but Jean Guichard would reply, ‘Peace, woman! I don’t choose that my boy should be either a macaroni parson or a Jesuit.’

“Now, in this respect, Matthew did not disappoint the expectations of his father: he was no macaroni parson, and certainly not a Jesuit.

“When he was ten years old, he would kick his mother—insult old men—steal old nails from the shop to raise the wind—do no work—receive sound thrashings from his father—and spend whole days from home. At twelve, he had already commenced his career of gallantry—had broken lamps—beaten the watch—and was an admitted member of the society of *mauvais sujets*.

“As he advanced in years, so his offences increased; and the torrent of his misdeeds became so strong, that it threatened to sweep away the reputation, the honour, and the savings of Jean Guichard, his father, who had in vain opposed to it, in the form of a dyke, sundry elm and oak cudgels broken upon the back of his son Matthew, but without improving the habits of the youth. Fortunately, Jean Guichard remembered an old proverb, common with the Parisians, which represents a ship as a sort of moral cess-pool, into which all the filth and rubbish of society is thrown. Thus, when a youth of condition commits one of those egregious follies, which never occur but at the dawn of manhood, there is a meeting of the family, and a grave resolution passed, that the young Don Juan must be shipped off to the West Indies, to encounter the hard rubs of life, until he be polished down into discretion.

“So also, when a young villain, the terror of the neighbourhood, puts no longer any restraint upon his enormities, after being threatened, in succession, with the commissary, a prison, and the galleys, the climax is wound up by saying, ‘He must be sent to sea.’

“Now it happened that, one morning, Jean Guichard entered his son's bed-room, who, I know not by what chance, had slept at home. On opening his eyes, Matthew shuddered, for he perceived that his father had no cudgel.

“‘He is certainly going to strangle me,’ thought the lad.

“‘Listen to me, Matthew,’ said old Guichard, coolly: ‘thou art now fifteen years old, and the most consummate scoundrel I know; blows have no effect upon you, and you will die upon the gallows. I have been a soldier, but am an honest man; and things cannot therefore go on as they do. You must come with me to Havre.’

“‘When?’

“‘Immediately: dress yourself.’

“Matthew said not another word; but so soon as his clothes were on, cast a sly glance at the door; then, making a sudden bolt, was in a moment upon the stairs. But his father had watched his motions, and Matthew, already exulting in the anticipation of his escape, felt the muscular grip of his father's huge hands.

“‘Softly, lad—not so fast,’ said Jean, and preceding Matthew into the shop, ordered his wife to call a cab, into which the father and son mounted,—a big tear starting in the eyes of the

latter, when he saw his mother, in an agony of grief, throw herself upon her knees near the forge.

“From the cab, Matthew passed into the diligence, accompanied by his father, who left him not an instant. The next morning they arrived at Havre.

“In every commercial seaport town in France, there are certain tavern-keepers who supply unemployed seamen with board and lodgings upon credit. As soon as the latter are hired, they pay their tavern bill out of their advance of wages; and on their return from sea spend at the same tavern the money they have earned during the voyage. Then credit again succeeds to ready money; and this goes on until a wave off Cape Horn, or a tropical squall, puts an end to these alternate days of dearth and abundance. It is in these taverns that the masters of vessels recruit their crews; and to the landlord of one of them was Jean Guichard recommended by the conducteur of the diligence in which he had travelled to Havre.

“As a measure of precaution, Matthew was provisionally locked up in a room, with grated windows and door of massive oak, which was not opened till the next morning at nine o'clock.

“‘There is the lad,’ said Jean Guichard, as he entered, to a short, squat, muscular, red-nosed man, who accompanied him.

“‘Is that he?’ said the stranger; ‘why he is not fit to light the pipe of my cabin boy.’

“‘But you promised me, Captain—’

“‘Yes, and I will keep my promise. The wind is fair; we sail at eleven, and it is now nine. Come, my lad, get under weigh, and follow in my wake. Thou hast a rare character from thy father, and thy back shall soon become acquainted with a good rope's end.’

“Matthew readily understood what was in reserve for him. He calculated with marvellous rapidity the chances of escaping, or of successfully opposing his father's will; but, finding the odds against him, he quietly resigned himself to his fate.

“‘Come, Matthew,’ said Jean Guichard, ‘embrace thy old father. Behave thyself well, correct thy errors, and we shall meet again, boy.’

“‘Never!’ replied Matthew, drawing back from the paternal embrace, and whistling a tune with the utmost nonchalance, as he followed the captain.

“‘But if he were never to return!’ thought Jean Guichard. ‘Bah! a stray pigeon always returns to the dove-cot.’

“Nevertheless, Jean Guichard was very sad for a long time after his son's departure.”

### CHAPTER II.

“Meantime, five days had elapsed since the *Charming Louisa*, a brig of 180 tons burthen, bound to Pernambuco, had left Havre, bearing off the only son and heir of the Guichard family.

“This individual, the type and prototype of the Parisian populace, so astonished at every thing, was astonished at nothing, because he found analogies everywhere. When a sailor, pointing to the main top, said to him, ‘Parisian, could you get up there?’—Matthew replied, with a look of contempt, ‘That's nothing new! I have climbed a thousand times a *mat de*

*cocagne*, rubbed with soap, which is more difficult than to climb with the aid of those ropes.' So saying, he mounted to the main top with the agility of a squirrel, and without passing through lubber's hole: he then descended by the mainstay, as proud as a merry-andrew.

"What lies his father has been telling me," said the captain, seeing Matthew's address; 'why the lad is not so bad, after all.'

"The breeze was stiff, and the swell rather strong. The sailors expected to see Matthew's stomach turned inside out. No such thing. The Parisian was not at all sick; he nibbled his biscuit, tore his salt junk with his teeth, drank two rations of wine, because he stole one from a sailor belonging to his mess, then went upon the forecabin to smoke his pipe.

"Has the motion of the vessel no effect upon you?" said an old sailor, who expected not only to laugh at the contortions of the Parisian during his sickness, but to drink his wine for him when he should be too ill to notice it.

"That's nothing new!" boldly replied Matthew. 'I have played too often at balancing in the Champs-Élysées, and rode too often upon the Russian swing, for that to have any effect upon me.'

"This answer was accompanied with clouds of smoke, which, for an instant, concealed everything around from the Parisian. When the smoke disappeared, the smiling face of the captain met his eye. The latter had heard what had passed.

"Positively," said he, 'the father is an old fool'; then addressing Matthew, 'From this day, lad, thou art no longer a cabin-boy, but a foremast man.'

"As you please," replied Matthew, with indifference.

"The next day the captain, who had an eye to everything, perceived that the sailors of the watch went together below; and listening at the hatchway, he heard a violent dispute.

"The rascal," exclaimed several voices, 'has been put before the mast. It is unjust to favour him in this way. He shall be keel-hauled.'

"I shall, if you are bent upon it," replied the Parisian with the most determined coolness, 'but I will be revenged. I am alone, it is true: but no matter—woe to him that presumes to touch me.'

"But, you rascal," said the orator of the crew, 'why did you presume not to be seasick, and to go aloft as fast as we could? You know it was only to flatter the officers.'

"Yes, roared the others, in chorus, 'he did it on purpose.'

"Listen to me," said the Parisian: 'if any of you will fight me alone, let us each take one of those pointed irons (looking at two marline spikes), and we will see which is the best man.'

"Done," replied the orator.

"The father decidedly deserves to be keel-hauled," thought the captain: 'the son is an excellent fellow.'

"The captain having interposed his authority, the dispute ended, but the fight took place in the evening, and the Parisian was the conqueror.

"From that day, nobody on board presumed to molest our hero, who enjoyed the esteem of his officers and the friendship of his comrades.

#### CHAPTER III.

"Had the captain been endowed with the faculty of analysis, he certainly would have called it into action with regard to the character of Matthew Guichard. But the worthy man never analysed; he contented himself with beating the Parisian or overwhelming him with favours, according to his opinion of Matthew's deserts. Without amusing himself by tracing effects to causes, he appreciated only results; he made up his accounts, as he called it, and

then paid the balance—kicks or halfpence, a buffet or a glass of grog, as might be.

"Meantime two years had expired, during which it is difficult to say whether the sum total was in favour of buffets or glasses of grog; for, in point of fact, our hero was neither better nor worse than at first—a young soul used to the parching atmosphere of Paris, becomes hardened, and preserves for ever the first impression.

"Thus Matthew had brought with him, and maintained that careless idleness, and that nervous and instantaneous activity which characterize his race. If there was anything laborious to do in fine weather, the Parisian was sluggish, lazy, and taciturn; but when the wind whistled and the thunder roared, it seemed as if the storm produced a reaction upon his irritable temperament, and centupled his strength and energy. In such times he was seen at the yard-arm in the post of danger, as cool and steady as an old sailor: but when the fine weather returned, he sunk into his former apathy, and became what he was before—what a Parisian always is and always will be—lazy, insolent, fond of bantering, because he possessed the vivacious and picturesque spirit of the Parisian populace, and cunning because he was not strong, although by his *gab* (let us be pardoned this vulgarity, for it alone can convey the meaning) he had gained a wonderful ascendancy over the crew, and even the captain himself.

"No matter whether the Parisian was put in irons, sent up the shrouds, or started with a rope's end, he lost not a single joke, nor a single mouthful, nor was his sleep a wink less sound. He would take off everybody; the captain first, with his hoarse voice, his half-closed eye, and his favourite oath. The grey great coat and the oilskin hat were alone wanting to make the portrait perfect. Then the head cook had his turn; his twisted leg and stupid stuttering were hit off with exquisite facility.

"Then came the bacchanalian songs, and the romances, and fragments of comedies, melodramas, and comic operas, which Matthew gave out in broad and characteristic declamation, imitating the gestures and voices of the favourite Parisian actors.

"Nobody could resist Matthew's fun. Everything was forgotten in listening to him;—the helmsman steered wrong, nobody slept on board, the hammocks were deserted, and the open and simple countenances of the sailors might be seen, crouched in a circle around him, listening with imperturbable gravity to his readily-coined and most monstrous lies.

"As for Matthew, he continued to be astonished at nothing. The sailors had anticipated much from the effect which the sight of negroes, and palm trees, and sugar canes, and many things beside, would produce upon him. All this, however, had no effect. The eternal 'that's nothing new,' disconcerted all their hopes. Matthew had seen negroes at Robinson, palm trees at the Jardin des Plantes, had bought sugar cane on the Pont Neuf, and had actually made a cup from a cocoa-nut shell for his mistress. What was to be done with so encyclopaedic an organization? Be silent and admire; and that is what the crew did.

#### CHAPTER IV.

"It was on a Sunday. The *Charming Louisa*, generally employed in voyages to the West Indies, had, on this occasion, been freighted for Cadiz, whither she carried Bourdeaux wine, and was to bring back Sherry in return.

"The Parisian, surfeited with the West Indies, negro wenches and women of colour, was not sorry for the change; and no sooner was the brig safely moored along-side the quay than Matthew, at a single bound, found himself on shore, with thirty francs in his pocket, a small-crowned and wide-brimmed straw hat upon his

head, decked out in a pair of white trowsers and a blue jacket with anchor buttons. His shirt collar was fastened by a clasp of American berries, a love present from a lady of Martinique.

"The Parisian was endowed with a prodigious philological faculty. His process was simple, and it enabled him to solve every difficulty, without exception of language or idiom.

"His method was, simply—whenever he asked an Englishman to direct him on his way, he would imitate, as nearly as he could, the ridiculous *patois* given to the English in the French plays. In addressing a German, his language underwent a slight modification, as it also did when he spoke to an Italian or an American. It is true that this method was not always successful; indeed, sometimes foreigners who would very probably have understood him had he addressed them in proper French, could not comprehend his jargon. This he attributed to obstinacy, ill-breeding, or national jealousy; and it must be confessed, that Matthew Guichard never experienced that embarrassment and timidity generally felt by a foreigner in a country whose language he does not understand.

"Thus the Parisian walked on with as firm a step, and as little concern as if he had studied for seven years the grammar of Rodriguez y Bernal at Badajoz or Toledo.

"As Matthew advanced, the *coup d'œil* pleased him. That animated multitude, those picturesque costumes, the men with small hats and long brown cloaks, the women with satin or silk shoes, those small feet, short petticoats, dresses fitting closely to the shape, and natural flowers scattered with so much taste among their dark and luxuriant hair—their gait, in short their walk, their *salero*,—all this excited the ardent attention of our hero, who mentally compared these beauties to the women of colour in the West Indies.

"As he passed by a flight of steps leading to the ramparts, he lifted up his eyes and perceived a female near the top, ascending the remaining steps with great rapidity. This rapid ascent enabled him to perceive a beautifully moulded leg, and Andalusian foot, which induced him to run up the steps himself, and overtake the fair lady who displayed such charms. As he possessed much more assurance than timidity, he, with great familiarity, approached the young girl—for she was a young girl, and a very pretty one too—and looking in her face, said, in a kind of French *patois*, which he made to resemble Spanish in sound as much as possible, 'Spanish girl, you are very beautiful!' The young girl blushed, smiled, and doubled her pace.

"Where the devil did I learn Spanish?" ejaculated the Parisian, certain of having been understood, and following with eager steps his new conquest.

"Just opposite to the Custom-house the lady descended, turned her head, looked at the Parisian, crossed the little square de la Torre, and entered an adjoining street.

"The Parisian, animated, exalted to enthusiasm, and delighted with his conquest, eagerly followed. He was just about to cross the street, when he heard a religious chant, and saw a long file of penitents issue from a neighbouring street. At the head of the procession were borne lanterns, next banners, relics, shrines, and flowers, followed by the Host. Next came the governor. In short, this was a solemn procession to ask Heaven for a little rain; for the drought was frightful in the year of grace 1829.

"The Parisian, instead of joining the multitude, uttered a dreadful oath, for the procession stopped the way, and he trembled lest he should lose sight of the black-eyed Andalusian girl. The populace bared their heads at the first sound of the rattle carried by a white monk,

who led the way. But our friend Matthew kept his hat upon his head, raised himself on tip-toe, stretched out his neck, shaded his eyes with his hand, and saw nothing—neither the black mantle, nor the blue and white violets at the side of a head adorned with shining ebon hair. A grey monk approached, bearing a lantern, on the glass of which were painted figures of men in the midst of flames. He pointed to these figures with one hand, and with the other presented a money-box for the *souls in purgatory*.

"Everybody knelt; some gave money, others, in whispers, pointed out the Parisian, who was leaning upon the back of the lanterned monk, and endeavouring thereby to raise himself, so that he might try to discover his fair Andalusian.

"At this moment a splendid shrine of gold, set with jewels, which contained the arm of St. Sereno, excited the general attention and respect of the multitude. Our hero alone, who had remained standing, interrupted the general silence by one of those cries peculiar to the populace of Paris, which are sometimes heard at the theatres of the Boulevards. The fact is, he thought he distinguished the black mantle and the blue and white violets, and he uttered a cry of recognition after his own fashion.

"This savage, guttural, and sacrilegious cry, made every one look up; and when it was seen that the Parisian had remained standing, with his hat on, before the arm of St. Sereno, there arose a murmur of indignation,—it was at first a low murmur, but it increased by degrees, like a storm getting to its climax, and when an air of impudent and stern defiance was assumed by the Parisian, it burst forth with frightful energy. In the meantime the Host was advancing, with its fringes of gold reflecting the ardent beams of the sun, its waving plumes, and the voices of the monks of La Merced vigorously accentuating the beautiful poetry of the Bible. Time pressed;—the rash Parisian was determined in his resistance. He held his hat upon his head with both hands, and swore, with hideous blasphemies, that no one had a right to make him kneel against his will.

"The Host was close by; and a struggle having commenced between an athletic Andalusian and our friend Matthew, the latter sprang back to avoid a blow, and fell at the feet of the Archbishop, who was behind him, and accidentally received a rude shock. On seeing this, the multitude cried out, Sacrilege! Impiety! Down with the Frenchman! The tumult became dreadful, and, in spite of the intervention of the prelate, knives were drawn, and—but we draw a veil over the horrible end of the Parisian.

"The French Consul took up the matter, but as it was proved that the Parisian was the aggressor, the captain could obtain no redress.

"In bad weather the Parisian was not much regretted. But when the sea was calm, and the *Charming Louisa* performing quietly her six knots with a steady breeze, something was found wanting to the comforts of the crew; and the sailors used to point with regret to a hencoop upon which the Parisian always seated himself to tell his wonderful stories.

"Ever since his death this hencoop has been held sacred; and an artist among the crew has carved upon it two anchors, surmounted by a tobacco-pouch, and bearing the following motto, '*Parisian, how thou didst make us laugh!*'

"When Jean Guichard heard of his son's death, he wept a great deal, but at length consoled himself with the idea that Matthew had died neither a macaroni priest nor a Jesuit."

We shall next week accompany Nestor de Lamarque to the Catacombs.

#### LARDNER'S CABINET CYCLOPÆDIA.

*History of the Western World: United States.* 2 vols. London: Longman & Co.

THESE are neat volumes, clearly printed, and handsomely embellished: nor is all their excellence confined to externals: the history of the wild and the civilized Americans is carefully written; good authorities have been consulted; and those who only know the land and the people from gazetteers and other abridgments, may extend their knowledge largely for a few shillings. The early history of our own country is hid in conjecture, but that of America is as clear as sunshine. The mother's lineage and spinster times, like the descent of the gods, is strange and wild; the story of the daughter is on record, since she lay swaddled in the cradle: all her caprices and whims have been diligently chronicled; her flirtations and backslidings recorded; and since she grew to womanhood, and could act for herself, artists of all kinds have made it their business to take likenesses of her—some wrought out of nature, some out of love, and all gave her hues dark or bright according to the mood of the limner. We have watched with paternal anxiety the growth and behaviour of this our first-born and favourite child; we admonished her, indeed, somewhat sternly, in some matters, which induced her one evening, as she took her tea, to resist our authority, and throw up her allegiance; but as that arose from our own willfulness, and, if we must say it we must, injustice, more than from her obstinacy and undutiful feelings, we, with true national candour, not only forgave her when the first brush of the business was over, but applauded her for it; nay, we not only applauded, but really wished her all success in realizing those magnificent dreams of republican equality and freedom which visit our own couches after we have paid thirty pounds of taxes for a fifty pound a year house, and seen the last made lord of the new batch of peers go sweeping past, half drunk with his increase of splendour.

Let us drop metaphor and speak plain. We say that we approved of the conduct of our brethren of America in resisting oppression, and rejoiced in their success, though it cost us a hundred millions of money, and the lives of forty thousand men. It was with pleasure we saw them establish their freedom, and secure it by wise and practical regulations; nor did we refrain from admiring their Franklins and their Washingtons—a letter in the hand-writing of the latter we esteem as one of our first of reliques. These men, in the hour of sore trial, were found constant to their country and true unto their own honour—they were heroic alike in adversity and in triumph. But we were far from being as well satisfied of the justice, or even generosity, of their conduct, when they fastened a quarrel on us at the moment that almost all the rest of the world was banded against us. The Americans—we say it considerably—rushed into a war with us for trivial matters, which required no sword to settle, at the moment when we were fighting the fight of freedom against the greatest conqueror the world was ever scourged with. It pained us to the soul to see our own children—true children of freedom, if there be freedom on earth—unite with a wholesale dealer in conquered kingdoms, for the pur-

pose of obliterating our empire from the face of the sea. It was otherwise and better ordered; the strife was bloody on both sides; we could fight but with a finger, whilst America used her whole body, and yet she could not be said to triumph. The secret of her ill-success is honourable to her; three-fourths of her people disliked the war; they kept heart and spirit out of it, and both sides gladly sat down at last, much as they began, with the exception of cruel wounds and sorrowful hearts.

Having made our confession of political—nay, brotherly faith—let us proceed to the examination of these volumes. We praised them for their accuracy; we may add, that we like them for their candour in many things: the writer, however, seems to forget that the Puritans, though zealous, were not ignorant; in fact, they were quite the reverse; with them originated freedom, both civil and religious; and in their speeches—read the words of Peter Wentworth—may be traced the germs of our boasted constitution. To these men America owes the sure foundation of her empire, and we are pleased to see the lineaments of those ancient worthies in the looks of their descendants. We could find fault with some parts of the author's account of the last sad war in which we were engaged with America; but we shall make room for his opening remarks, and avoid all comments.

"The question of the rights of neutral powers, and the opposite claims of belligerents to control them in their communications with the enemy, is the most knotty and difficult in the whole circuit of international law. Argument and negotiation on the subject are interminable; and they proved so in the present instance. Great Britain, or its ministry, conscious of being lord of the ocean, employed, certainly, that arrogant kind of logic, in which the superior generally indulges towards an inferior. In combating Bonaparte, Britain caught, or, perhaps, was obliged to adopt, no small portion of his lawless, imperious, and somewhat ungenerous nature. 'The mammoth of the land, and the leviathan of the sea,' as Jefferson characterised France and England in their long struggle for life and death, cared little what blows a third party might chance to receive, especially when that third party was but a second-rate power. Party feelings and narrow policy came in aid of this. Political sentiments at the time were raised to all the rancour of personal ones; and the English Tory welcomed the enmity of the American republican, as individuals brave injury to gratify spite. The American party in power were equally rancorous and precipitate; and Mr. Madison, though certainly unactuated by that broad, uncompromising principle, which turned Jefferson against England, went even beyond that statesman in the expression of resentment. In Madison, the hostility seemed personal rather than patriotic: he wanted the grandeur and forbearance of his predecessor.

"One proof of this is, his bringing the case of Henry before congress, in order to excite the animosity of the country against England, at a time when even the republicans were shrinking from the necessary sacrifices and burdens consequent upon war. Certain states, that of Massachusetts especially, have been represented as most averse to hostilities with England, and to those measures by which the existing government of the union tended to that end. The federals in this region not only protested, but meditated the preservation of a state of neutrality, if that were possible without dissolving the union. In fact, as a sovereign and inde-

pendent state, Massachusetts did not like to be dragged into war against its consent. To take advantage of this strong dissent and disunion, the governor of Canada had, it seems, sent an agent to New England. It was, indeed, an unwarrantable step; and so criminal was the design, that some even of the federals denounced it. Jefferson owns that he first learned it through the younger Adams, as early as the time of the embargo. Instead of making any preliminary complaint or communication to the British government, Mr. Madison brought it forward in congress; and it tended considerably to inflame the American mind against England, and to screw it up to that pitch requisite to set aside the consideration of the risk and great expenses of the war.

"This step was undertaken also for the purpose, no doubt, of intimidating the anti-war party of the eastern states. This party was still considerable: it counted a minority on the decisive vote of 49 to 79; and even since it continued to protest and petition. At Boston, the capital of Massachusetts,—that town which, one may say, had commenced the war of independence,—the flags of the shipping were hoisted half-mast high, in token of mourning for the war of 1812. The southern states were as violent in support of the contrary opinion; and Baltimore was more especially signalized for its anti-English zeal. A federal paper here dared to brave the prevalent opinion. A mob was excited to attack the establishment, which was defended against them; and force arriving, the defenders, not the offenders, were taken to prison. But this did not secure them. The prison doors were broken open next day, and many of the federals massacred; among whom were two veteran generals, friends of Washington."

But let us quit further allusion to this unholy strife; we cordially concur in many of the remarks with which the author concludes the history.

"The federation, too, is declared to be fraught with principles of disunion. There is no doubt of it; nor can this be a reproach to a republic; since, what regime is there which could hold a continent like that of Europe, or North America, together in any degree of civilisation, much less in the present? So vast and so mixed a body cannot be expected to adhere together for any considerable length of time, except for the great purposes of common defence. Their greatest bond of union at present consists in the looseness of that bond, and in the liberty enjoyed locally by each state. It is this, and the common feeling of rivalry towards England, that alone keeps them united; and when time or contention severs the great federal link, they will do no more than has been all along contemplated by the great founders of the union, and which can be regretted only by those pugnacious spirits, who estimate nations by their relative weight, skill, and obstinacy in battle.

"The objections against America and its government, which are most harped and insisted on, are, however, not those addressed directly to her government or institutions: it is with her social state that cavillers mostly find fault—this social state arising out of a republican government. The cities are found to be commercial: their inhabitants rather gainers than spenders of money. There is a want of refinement and fashion. Etiquette is disregarded; and the lower orders are imbued with, and actuated more by a spirit of pride than one of courtesy. How idle and illiberal are such complaints; how unfair this comparison between the metropolis of an ancient country like England, and a town of the back woods of America! Would the society of the latter have much improved by its yet remaining the colony, the dependent, the overgrown child of England? And

would not a fashionable voyager have found quite as much subject for criticism in the rude and uncouth manners, the money-getting ways, and the unpolished address of colonial America, as has been found in the independent republic? But more, what new fund would there not have been for satire in the misconduct, the corruption, the foibles, and all the absurdities attending on the administration and vice-courts of successive governors, sent far over the Atlantic to rule a land which they had never before seen?

"Such cavils are worthy neither of consideration nor reply. A republic hath disadvantages, and a monarchy is not without them. It is more than probable, that for the refined, and the wealthy, and perhaps for the intellectual, the social organisation of a limited monarchy may present enjoyments and a mode of life more congenial than can a republic. It is, indeed, in such comparisons of social life that monarchy has most advantage. Would that it could equally as well endure comparison in more important matters; in general, freedom, tolerance, economy, in lightness of the public burdens, and honesty of public administration! When in these things monarchy can stand the test,—as it is to be hoped that Great Britain will do ere long,—then we may cease to fear the example of a neighbouring republic, and cease in consequence to see the necessity of blindly vituperating it. Then will America be to us, what to the generous it has never ceased to be—an object of interest and study rather than of satire, and of emulation rather than of envy."

We ought to have commenced our remarks by saying that a very clear and clever description of the United States is mingled with the history—the story, too, of the native tribes is related in an interesting way, without romantic colouring or exaggeration.

#### *Music of Nature.* By Wm. Gardner.

[Second Notice.]

Mr. Gardner's pleasant volume first came to hand in the palmy days of publishing, and we were more liberal of extract than our space justified, and obliged, at the last hour, to omit the following ghost story:—

"In one of the baronial castles of the north which had been uninhabited for years, there were heard at times such extraordinary noises, as to confirm the opinion among the country people that the place was haunted. In the western tower an old couple were permitted to live, who had been in the service of the former lord, but so imbued were they with the superstitions of the country, that they never went to bed without expecting to hear the cries of the disturbed spirits of the mansion. An old story was current, that an heir apparent had been murdered by an uncle, that he might possess the estate, who, however, after enjoying it for a time, was so annoyed by the sounds in the castle, that he retired with an uneasy conscience from the domain, and died in France.

"Not many years ago, the property descended to a branch of the female line, (one of the heroes of Waterloo,) who, nothing daunted, was determined to make this castle his place of residence. As the noises were a subject of real terror to his tenantry, he formed the resolution of sleeping in the castle on the night he took possession, in order to do away these superstitious fears. Not a habitable room could be found, except the one occupied by the old gardener and his wife in the western turret, and he ordered his camp-bed to be set up in that apartment. It was in the autumn, at nightfall, that he repaired to the gloomy abode, leaving his servant, to his small comfort, at the village inn; and after having found everything comfortably provided, turned the large old rusty key upon the anti-

quated pair, who took leave of him, to lodge at a farm hard by. It was one of those nights which are checkered with occasional gleams of moonshine and darkness, when the clouds are riding in a high wind. He slept well for the two first hours; he was then awakened by a low mournful sound that ran through the apartments. This warned him to be up and accoutred. He descended the turret stairs with a brilliant light, which, on coming to the ground floor, cast a gigantic shadow of himself upon the high embattled walls. Here he stood and listened; when presently a hollow moan ran through the long corridor, and died away. This was followed by one of a higher key, a sort of scream, which directed his footsteps with more certainty to the spot. Pursuing the sounds, he found himself in the great hall of his ancestors, and vaulting upon the large oaken table, set down his lamp, and folding his cloak about him, determined to wait for the appearance of all that was terrible. The night which had been stormy, became suddenly still: the dark flitting clouds had sunk below the horizon, and the moon insinuated her silvery light through the chinks of the mouldering pile. As our hero had spent the morning in the chase, Morpheus came unbidden, and he fell asleep on the table. His dream was short, for close upon him issued forth the horrid groan: amazed he started up and sprang at the unseen voice, fixing with a powerful blow his Toledo steel in the arras. The blade was fast, and held him to the spot. At this moment the moon shot a ray that illumined the hall, and showed that behind the waving folds, there lay the cause concealed. His sword he left, and to the turret retraced his steps. When morning came, a welcome crowd greeting, asked if he had met the ghost? 'O, yes,' replied the knight, 'dead as a door-nail behind the screen he lies, where my sword has pinned him fast: bring the wrenching bar, and we'll haul the disturber out.' With such a leader, and broad day to boot, the valiant throng tore down the screen where the sword was fixed; when lo! in a recess, lay the fragments of a chapel organ, and the square wooden trunks made for hallowed sounds were used as props, to stay the work when the hall was coated round with oak. The wondering clowns now laughed aloud at the mysterious voice. It was the northern blast that found its way through the crannies of the wall to the groaning pipes that alarmed the country round for a century past."

#### *History of the War of the Succession in Spain.* By Lord Mahon. London: Murray.

The present utter dearth of new works, leaves us leisure to cast a retrospective eye over the publications of the last few months, and to consider such as may, in the hurried rush of novelty, have escaped our attention. Among the more important is this by Lord Mahon.

The History of the War of the Succession, though not so interesting in a military point of view as many of the other wars, of which Spain has been the theatre, is certainly highly important, politically considered, and was one in which the character of the Spanish people displayed itself in its true colours. The same spirit which a century later contributed so much to check the wild ambition of Napoleon, was then conspicuous; and had that extraordinary man studied the moral of this history, it is more than probable he would never have been fooled by the mad project of changing the Spanish dynasty. Unlike the war of independence, that of the succession was



not marked by great military events, and it would have been a spiritless affair but for the determined courage of the Catalonians, and the enthusiastic devotion of the Castilians. Although Aragon and Castile had been united under the same government for more than two centuries, the spirit of jealousy and rivalry of the several inhabitants remained as strong as ever, and they set themselves in opposition, taking the part of different foreign kings, for no better reason than to show their mutual hatred. The great importance of the guerrilla warfare was then also, for the first time, fully acknowledged, and the exertions of the Castilians to retrieve the fortunes of their favourite, and the obstinacy of the Catalonians after having been shamefully abandoned by their allies, suggest at least what good government might have done with such a people.

The '*Comentarios de la guerra de España*,' by the Marquis of San Felipe, is the best history of this war; and the minuteness with which the events are there described, make the work a very valuable one, although, the author being a violent partizan of King Philip, the facts are often related, and oftener explained, in a way not quite consistent with the impartiality of an historian. Therefore it was that a History of the War of the Succession was still wanting: and certainly Lord Mahon, as the descendant of James, the first Lord Stanhope, who held so prominent a place in political and military history at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and as having access to all the papers of his ancestor, had many advantages in undertaking such a work—and had his Lordship confined himself to a judicious selection from the papers and correspondence in the possession of his family, and restricted his observations to historical notes upon them, his work would have possessed great value. The historical literature of the day is wanting in documentary authorities: but of the crude speculations of half-informed minds, there is an abundance.

If the noble Lord intended to write a *military history* of the war, his book is woefully deficient in *technicality* and detail. If it were his ambitious purpose to give us a political history of the war, he has likewise failed, for his account of the negotiations and treaties which preceded and succeeded the events of which he treats, is very superficial, and he is far from being master of the subject.

There is, however, one fact of which Lord Mahon has given a more correct account than his predecessors; it is the attempt of the Duke of Orleans to obtain the throne of Spain either wholly or in part.

But even here the noble Lord has forgotten to mention, that in the Spanish ministry, when the question was discussed and decided, some members were for calling the Duke of Anjou, the Dauphin's second son, to the succession, whilst others were better disposed in favour of the Duke of Chartres, eldest son of the Duke of Orleans, and afterwards Regent of France. The great argument of the latter party was, that the Duke of Chartres might very probably be agreeable to the maritime powers, and therefore the more easily prevent disputes. But when the immense power of Louis XIV. was taken into consideration, and the improbability of that monarch supporting the pretensions of

his nephew to the prejudice of his grandchildren, the project was abandoned, and the Spanish ministry and members of the state council decided in favour of the Duke of Anjou.

On the whole, this History of the War of the Succession is much less valuable than it ought to have been, considering the peculiar advantages his Lordship possessed. It is an imperfect sketch, distorted by crude speculation—it is too evidently the work of a young man, who, in his ambition to become an historian, did not stop to measure his qualifications.

*Memoirs of the Duchess d'Abrantès.* Vol. III. London: Colburn & Bentley.

THE inimitable stories of 'Robert on the Dome of St. Peter's,' 'Robert in the Catacombs,' the 'Visit to Clairon' (see *Athenæum* of the 2nd of June), the 'Candidate for the Polytechnic,' the 'King and Queen of Etruria,' with the graphic sketches of the English at Paris, and numberless other translations which appeared some time since in this paper, from the volume now translated and published, will recommend it more serviceably than we can do to our readers. It is, indeed, a delightful work, and this is one of the choicest volumes.

*Lectures on the Steam Engine, in which its Construction and Operation are familiarly explained.* By the Rev. Dionysius Lardner, LL.D. Illustrated by Engravings and Woodcuts. 4th edit. London: Taylor.

THE natural interest which all informed persons must take in the history of an invention which has had such immense influence on the happiness of Society throughout the whole world, made this a welcome volume, as a fourth edition bears witness; but when a work has arrived at a fourth edition, it is passed beyond the ordeal of criticism, and we only notice the present, because so many valuable additions have been made to it, that it might fairly be considered and treated as a new work—indeed, the tenth and eleventh chapters, including a very interesting account of the Liverpool Railway, are altogether new. As the calculations on the comparative power of steam and horses will tend to illustrate a question which has been more than once referred to in this paper, we shall take leave to extract them:—

"The comparison of steam-transport with the transport by horses, even when working on a railway, exhibits the advantage of this new power in a most striking point of view. To comprehend these advantages fully, it will be necessary to consider the manner in which animal power is expended as a means of transport. The portion of the strength of a horse available for the purpose of a load depends on the speed of the horse's motion. To this speed there is a certain limit, at which the whole power of the horse will be necessary to remove his own body, and at which, therefore, he is incapable of carrying any load; and, on the other hand, there is a certain load which the horse is barely able to support, but incapable of moving with any useful speed. Between these two limits there is a certain rate of motion at which the useful effect of the animal is greatest. In horses of the heavier class, this rate of motion may be taken on the average as that of 2 miles an hour; and in the lighter description of horses,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles an hour. Beyond this speed, the load which they

are capable of transporting diminishes in a very rapid ratio as the speed increases: thus, if 114 express the load which a horse is able to transport a given distance in a day, working at the rate of 4 miles an hour, the same horse will not be able to transport more than the load expressed by 53, *the same distance*, at 7 miles an hour; and, at 10 miles an hour, the load which he can transport will be reduced to 32. The most advantageous speed at which a horse can work being 2 miles an hour, it is found that, at this rate, working for 10 hours daily, he can transport 12 tons, on a level railway, a distance of 20 miles; so that the whole effect of a day's work may be expressed by 240 tons carried 1 mile.

"But this rate of transport is inapplicable to the purposes of travelling; and therefore it becomes necessary, when horses are the moving power, to have carriages for passengers distinct from those intended for the conveyance of goods; so that the goods may be conveyed at that rate of speed at which the whole effect of the horse will be the greatest possible; while the passengers are conveyed at that speed which, whatever the cost, is indispensably necessary. The weight of an ordinary mail coach is about 2 tons; and, on a tolerably level turnpike road, it travels at the rate of 10 miles an hour. At this rate, the number of horses necessary to keep it constantly at work, including the spare horses indispensably necessary to be kept at the several stages, is computed at the rate of a horse per mile. Assuming the distance between London and Birmingham at 100 miles, a mail-coach running between these two places would require 100 horses; making the journey to and from Birmingham daily. The performance, therefore, of a horse working at this rate may be estimated at 2 tons carried 2 miles per day, or 4 tons carried one mile in a day. The force of traction on a good turnpike road is at least 12 times its amount on a level rail-road. It therefore follows, that the performance of a horse on a rail-road will be 12 times the amount of its performance on a common road under similar circumstances. We may, therefore, take the performance of a horse working at 10 miles an hour, on a level rail-road, at 48 tons conveyed 1 mile daily.

"The best locomotive engines used on the Liverpool railway are capable of transporting 150 tons on a level rail-road at the same rate; and, allowing the same time for stoppage, its work per day would be 150 tons conveyed 200 miles, or 30,000 tons conveyed 1 mile: from which it follows, that the performance of one locomotive engine of this kind is equivalent to that of 7,500 horses working on a good turnpike road, or to 625 horses working on a railway. The consumption of fuel requisite for this performance, with the most improved engines used at present on the Manchester and Liverpool line, would be at the rate of four ounces of coke per ton per mile, including the waste of fuel incurred by the stoppages. Thus the daily consumption of fuel, under such circumstances, would amount to 7500 lbs. of coke; and 1 lb. of coke daily would perform the work of one horse on a good turnpike road; and 12 lbs. of coke daily would perform the work of one horse on a railway."

CONSTABLE'S MISCELLANY, VOL. LXXV.

*The Book of Butterflies.* Vol. I. London: Whittaker.

THIS little compact and beautiful volume, with its hundred illustrative and coloured engravings, will be quite a treasure in the country. It is long since we were accustomed to hunt butterflies with breathless anxiety, and bear them home in triumph, yet we are

not even now insensible to their beauties. A strange story is mentioned in the preface, which, as it is short, may be worth quoting:

"We are told, by Harris, in his description of the Plain-tain, or Glanville, Fritillary, (Plate 22. of this work,) that 'This Fly took its name from the ingenious Lady Glanville, whose memory had nearly suffered for her curiosity. Some relations that were disappointed by her will, attempted to set it aside by acts of lunacy; for they suggested, that none but those who were deprived of their senses would go in pursuit of Butterflies. Her relations and legatees cited Sir Hans Sloane and Mr. Rae to support her character. The latter gentleman went to Exeter, and on the trial satisfied the judge and jury of the lady's laudable inquiry into the wonderful works of Creation, and established her will."

*An Outline of the First Principles of Horticulture.*  
By John Lindley, F.R.S. London: Longman & Co.

Mr. Lindley's elementary works are all valuable. His 'Outline of the First Principles of Botany' has been translated into French and German, and republished in America; and we think he will add to his reputation by this plain, sensible, and serviceable little treatise.

*Boucher's Glossary of Archaic and Provincial Words.* Edited jointly by the Rev. J. Hunter and J. Stephenson, Esq. Part I. London: Black & Young.

This work will, when completed, form a useful and almost necessary supplement to the dictionaries of Johnson and Webster; it illustrates many curious local customs, and explains many obscurities in our old dramas.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'*The Oliad, a Poem.*'—Those iron-headed Russians are insensible to the entreaties or the reproaches of the muse; they regard no more the note of the minstrel than they heed the song of the lark—their music is the roar of artillery, and the braying of the trumpet is the only language, save their mother tongue, which they understand. It must have been this natural insensibility, or ignorance, which has rendered all our songs vain; true it is, that he of all the Russias went on conquering with as little compunction of conscience, as if he had been unaware of the poetic combination formed against him. We think, however, that the time is at hand when he must lend an ear; here is a poem trumpet-tongued, which will make itself audible at Moscow: 'The Oliad' will burst upon him like a "cloud with heaven's artillery fraught." It is impossible that Nicholas can withstand the following storm of hard names hurled by the muse against him:—

Or if no other cause, internal boils  
Call loud the intervention of some Czar;  
Some blood-tongued hound when Freedom's pot o'er-boils,  
Some polar bear smothering for Polish war,  
Some right-uproter, some embodied bar  
To liberty, some wild and whisker'd boar,  
Some hell-incarnate who describes afar  
His continent-o'ercreeping scorpions pour  
Venom all-wide and wild, fanging for human gore!  
Such is the Russ, your Pole-partitioner!  
But Heaven's ways are inscrutable!—'tis well.  
The time doth near the shore, unless I err,  
When Right shall bear the balance and the bell:  
Hark! as I pen my prophecy, a knell  
Of death dull-beats, and thousands cease to slay,  
And the black flag startles the sentinel,  
Who strains his beamless eye o'er wolfish day,  
Torn from the womb of Night to terror and dismay!

The author trusts not entirely to song for the achievements indicated in the latter verse; he takes an auxiliary into his service, with the hope that he will smite the oppressor only; alas, cholera is not patriotic nor discriminating; and,

indeed, the bard insinuates as much in the following picture of destruction:—

There, where the city rear'd her cluster'd piles,  
War, waste, and hell, and death, and darkness  
throng!  
Where babbling babes put forth their pouting wiles,  
And boys and maids danced to the festive song,  
And Wassail wont her midnight roar prolong;  
Glazed sickness gazes, yawns the gulf-like grave!  
And carcase-cars full-loaded, and the long  
Dull knell do tell of hosts that none might save,  
The old, the young, the lov'd, the beautiful, and the  
brave.

A to-and-fro-devouring desperate Hell  
Doth make his way in darkness, prying day  
Tracks not his steps, with furious force and fell,  
Yet all unseen, his pestilential sway  
Creeps like a cloud, cities cast forth their clay  
Of human hosts to be made cold and foul,  
For most must die!—Soon shall be none to say,  
Where halts the ravage—man's departed soul  
Already rarely cites distraction's lessening howl!

Yet we must not utterly despair: when all aid on earth fails, the poet's song, the cholera's pangs, and the patriot's sword, there is nothing left but to call on the powers above:—

Help, Heaven! for earth doth need thy shivering flash!  
Oppression's cliffs ne'er frown so gloomily  
As when far-beaten Freedom doth re-dash  
His flowing waves whirl'd with the furious sky;  
Yet the storm comes and lasts, and Liberty  
Sucks to her lowest gulfs the stony power  
That bow'd her to his bidding, low and high,  
Tempest and tide throng round her tottering tower,  
Where the last watch is set, for 'tis the dawning hour.

The chain is blacklier link'd, the lash is lifted,  
But the bound victim makes a desperate stir:  
Frowns the stern tyrant-rock!—it shall be rifted!  
The swollen surge that wont but to demur  
In yeasty roar, a fearful minister,  
Curls up his mane; the Lion is alive,  
Hope's sail is set, though shiver'd, I infer  
Sinking despair, deep must the despot dive,  
And Force to keep his hold must strenuously strive.

The same simple energy of style which the reader may have observed heretofore, distinguishes his attack on the Emperor Nicholas; if he outlive this, he is immortal:—

Ferocious Hypocrite! 'twas thine to crush—  
But not make lifeless, torture,—not destroy:  
Then when the indignant victim flung the fush  
On his proud cheek, or pain's more pale alloy,  
How sat'st thou gloating with satanic joy!  
"Enough," thou criest: "slave, leave him to his  
cell—

He might sink under more, and thus my toy  
Of torment would be broken, 'tis done well—  
Leave him: hence, wretch! and charge strictly the  
sentinel."

"I doubt the dungeon is too warm and dry:  
Doth any daylight issue from above?  
Take care ye give him breath, or he may die!  
And now 'tis time, methinks, we should have shrove:  
The temple-bell summons to Christian love!  
Hark! the 'Te Deum'—away! mind if thou can  
Acquaint me with the hour ye mean to prove  
To-morrow's scourge-ordeal: the blood that ran  
To-day should be out-washed—now to thanksgivings,  
man."

Ferocious Hypocrite! O Hell out-shining,  
Most unconceived, unheard of monster!—so,  
'Tis the top-peak of villainy, confining  
The rudest rock in the most melting snow:  
Be sure thy orisons profusely flow,  
Duke-devotee, thou hast so much to borrow;  
Yet if thou yield a thank for every throe,  
The time will lapse when the throng plies to-morrow,  
And so warm duty turn to tears, and shame, and  
sorrow!

We have, we hope, quoted sufficiently from 'The Oliad,' to show the genius of the author for clear and touching descriptions; and for that quiet simplicity of language, which, indeed, is a mark of all true poets. We are, however, a little alarmed for his personal safety; he cannot but be as a thorn in the Emperor's side; and such things have been as secret treaties, by which patriotic men have been delivered up to imprisonment or death. We advise him to take care of himself.

'*Zoleikha, a Dramatic Tale from Holy Writ.*'  
—The author of this drama has shown how a perilous theme may be safely handled; Zoleikha is no other than Potiphar's wife. We were half inclined to quote the scene between Joseph and the Temptress, that our readers might see the aim of the author in this work; the passionless

discussion takes the sting out of the temptation, as the tongue is taken out of an adder; and all who are afraid of being moved more than is meet by the perusal of scripture, may have recourse to this drama—we will answer for their safety.

'*On Farinaceous Seeds and Pulse, &c., by Henry Hiort.*'—A little tract which may be read with advantage by all agriculturists.

'*Thoughts on Improving the Agriculture and Bettering the Condition of the Poor in the County of Hertford.*'—This is a sensible little pamphlet, which touches chiefly on agricultural schools, education for the working classes, systems of banking, and plans of emigration. There is much good sense in it, and a laudable desire for the welfare of mankind.

'*Advice to Emigrants, by Thomas Dyke, Jun.*'  
—We have discussed the subject of which this sensible little tract treats in a former number: the author seems well acquainted with the colonies and the condition of our people at home, and those who desire to quit England may be benefited by consulting his pages.

'*The Voice of Humanity, Vol. II.*'—This work comes from the Association for Promoting Rational Humanity towards the animal creation. To see that a horse when it moves a ton weight is not overloaded; that an ass, which carries double panniers with three children on one side and stolen poultry on the other, is not too heavily burthened; that an ox destined for the dinner of the Rational Humanity Committee is knocked gently on the head, and the eels which form the tail dish, are skinned alive with becoming courtesy, are all objects interesting to the humane and the considerate. We cannot do otherwise than wish such an association to prosper: we fear, however, that fattened calves will still be killed; that lambs will be reared for the slaughter-house; eels continue to be skinned; cod to be crimped; oysters to be opened by the uncivil edge of a knife, and fowls nicked on the crown and hung up to flutter to death by the heels, in spite of all remonstrance or interposition. And we must think that horses goaded by whip and spur at Newmarket or elsewhere; children compelled to toil in a dusty factory from morn to night; and men constrained to do the work of eight days in the week, that they may live seven; are matters equally worthy of the notice of the kind and philanthropic.

'*Thackrah on Arts, Trades, and Professions, &c.*'  
—We were sure a work so full of curious and important information as Mr. Thackrah's would reach a second edition: a second edition has appeared, containing much new matter. We could show a few errors in the work, and mention some omissions, but we have only leisure or room for two: a stone sawyer was never heard to whistle at his work, and a critic, though of a long-lived craft, was never heard to sing; when a third edition makes its appearance, we trust to see these two observations embodied and commented on.

'*Letters for the Press, by Francis Roscommon.*'  
—These letters are many in number, and touch on the feelings, passions, manners, and pursuits of man. They more especially refer to the literary world, and, though the author died before he proved the pains which criticism gives, he was wise, we think, to take himself away, for the following passage shows he was but too sensitive for such a world as this:—

"There is one circumstance in modern literature which I often think of with pain: it is, that a number of delicate and sensitive minds, full of ardent aspirations after excellence, romantic notions and anticipations of fame and honours, are necessarily overwhelmed with disappointment in their literary career. I say necessarily, on several accounts. In the first place, there are many men of undoubted genius, who, from the

peculiar structure of their minds, cannot put their conceptions into a popular form; there are others again, whose estimate of their own talents, formed perhaps from their capability of enjoying, with great zest, the masterly productions of others, is much too high: there are others who meet with adverse circumstances, ill-natured criticisms, or other checks and discouragements, trifling in appearance, but causes of powerful operation on the feelings of those against whom they are directed. Besides, there must be much disappointment where there are many competitors: excellence is comparative,—the higher the level of mediocrity is raised, the more difficult it is to rise above it.

"Whatever are the causes, it is obvious, that where the cultivation of letters prevails so extensively as it does in our own country, the effect will take place; and I cannot, for my own part help feeling for the blighted hopes of many a pure, sensitive, and enthusiastic mind. The modern critic thinks little of these things: he takes up the volume of a young author to review, and marks the ambition and the weakness of his victim with a triumphant self-complacency in his own superior knowledge of life, and power of estimating the chances of success. If he is one of the ill-natured tribe, he takes occasion to show the dexterity with which he can disentangle faults from the beauties which concealed them from a duller discrimination. If he is a benevolent critic, he thinks he is conferring a kindness, by recommending the writer to desist from the unprofitable pursuit of poetry, whatever else he may have attempted, for which nature has not adapted him, and to turn his attention to some branch of the common business of life; as if the transition from high hopes of literary excellence to some other object could be as easily accomplished as recommended. He reflects not that there is one mind to which every word that he is penning is a dagger; that, simple as it may seem to him, this lowering of high hopes, this abandonment of cherished schemes, is the destruction of a system of happiness, and involves a total alteration in the moral and intellectual character; and that the failure, which must be inevitable if there is little real merit, is an evil requiring no aggravation from insensibility, dull-sighted kindness, or intentional malignity. The plea, that it is necessary to protect the public from crude works, to save our literature from debasement, and to repress dullness and unfounded pretension, cannot avail much with any man of sense, who is aware that nothing but sterling excellence can permanently support any work in the public opinion; and that, as guardians of our literature from the contamination of what is worthless and in bad taste, the critics are of very dubious utility."

1. *'Companion to the Book of Common Prayer.'*  
2. *'Psalms and Hymns.'*—These are very small, very neat, and well-arranged volumes: the best sources have been resorted to, and good taste exerted in the selection: the names of Mant, Heber, Doddridge, Watts, Collyer, Keble, and Montgomery, would give influence to any work. The print is large and clear.

*'The Well-spent Hour.'*—This is an English reprint, with emendations, of an American book, written for the benefit of children; it is sufficient praise to say that the work is worthy of the title-page.

*'The Black Hussar, a Tale founded on Fact, by a Lady.'*—This is a sad story of blighted love and suicide; with as much nature amid its wildness as will please many readers. A lady prefers a tall dark-whiskered hussar, with a death's head on the front of his cap, to a sensible schoolmaster who could quote Virgil; and we dare say she was right; but it displeased her father, and the old man's anger brought about the death of the lovers, by means of ratsbane, or nitric acid, or some such speedy medicine for madness.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS

## AN INVOCATION TO MUSIC.

SEE where, upon the blue and waveless deep,  
Comes forth the silent Moon!  
Now, Music! wake from out thy charmed sleep,  
And bid thy sweet soul weep  
Her life away in some immortal tune!  
Or let thy soaring spirit run  
Aloft upon some wild enchanted air,  
Before whose breath Despair  
Dies like a mist before the uprisen sun!

Come forth, lost spirits of the world of sound!  
Leave, leave awhile your aye-sweet tasks  
above,

And rear your starry heads with music crowned,  
And once more weave an earthly song of love!  
Weave 't around the gentle heart,—  
Handel, Haydn, great Beethoven,  
And thou, sweet sweet-souled Mozart!  
Ah! sure to sing and love must be the angel's  
part:

Therefore, pour your skyey treasures,  
Grand, unknown, immortal measures,  
Such as ne'er the blooming Earth  
Heard since first she burst to birth,  
And in endless ether hung,  
While the stars of morning sung!

B. C.

## MEMOIR OF SHELLEY.

[Continued from p. 524.]

It was a strange coincidence, that I should have been exposed to the same squall which proved fatal to two of my oldest and best friends, Shelley and Williams. I embarked on the 2nd of July, with a party with whom I was acquainted, on board of a vessel they had hired, for Genoa. During the first three days of our voyage, we were constantly becalmed, lying one whole night off the Pontine Marshes, where some of our passengers were attacked with malaria. On the fourth day set in a sirocco, which brought us into the gulph of Genoa. That gulph is subject to violent gusts of wind at all seasons of the year, but more especially in the hot months; and our captain, as the breeze died away, foresaw that we should not get into port at least that night. Over the Apennines, which encircle Genoa as with an amphitheatre, hung columns up-piled of dark threatening clouds, which soon confirmed his opinion. I forget the precise hour at which the squall came on, but neither between the Tropics nor on the Line, did I ever witness a severer one, and, being accompanied by a heavy rain, it was the more felt. We were, however, all snug, and in smooth water, in consequence of the Mistral\* blowing right off the shore. We must have been 20 or 25 miles from Spezia, when the storm burst upon us.

I should think few pleasure-boats could have lived in such weather, especially in the bay of Spezia, where it was impossible to run before the wind, the reefs stretching a long way out, and the surf rising very high all along the coast. After beating all night and the best part of the next day, we at length got into harbour. At the Hôtel de l'Europe there was a rumour that two Englishmen had been lost near Lerici; but though I knew my friends were living in the vicinity of that place, it never entered my mind that they were the individuals, and proceeded on my journey to Switzerland. Some days after my arrival at Ge-

\* The old way of spelling Mistral was Maestral, or prevailing wind—Vento Maestro.

neva, however, I heard from Byron and Mrs. Shelley the melancholy news, and immediately recrossed the Alps. At Sarzana, the people of the place told me that the bodies of my friends had been washed on shore. On the evening of the same day I arrived at Pisa. I have already, as taken from the mouth of Mr. Trelawney, given a description of the funeral ceremony, and my finding Byron in a high fever, on his return from the sad obsequies, and have nothing to add to that account.

I believe that Byron felt severely the loss of Shelley—though, it must be confessed, his remarks at the pyre, and swimming off to his yacht, little prove it. Don Juan like, he was a strange compound of meanness and generosity, of the pathetic and ludicrous, the grave and the gay, the sublime and the ridiculous.† An instance of this was not wanting during the first days of my visit. In the burning of Shelley, there was a portion of his body that would not consume. It was supposed to be his heart. Mr. Leigh Hunt carefully preserved and took with him the relic to the Lanfranchi. This Mrs. Shelley of course claimed. But her right was contested for some time on the part of Mr. Hunt, who contended that his friendship surpassed her love.

Byron compared this amiable dispute to that between Ajax and Ulysses, for the arms of Achilles, and said, "What does Hunt want with it? He'll only put it in a glass case and make sonnets on it." Byron had heard also that Mrs. Williams meant to preserve her husband's ashes in an urn. His remark was, "Why, she'll make tea in it one of these days."

These grim jokes were certainly ill-timed, but are in character with the writer of the shipwreck in Don Juan.

During several evenings we passed together, it was a melancholy satisfaction to talk over all the particulars of the wreck. It would seem that Shelley had been insensible of the danger, as well as Williams, for the boat was seen to have gone down with every stitch of sail set, as proved afterwards, when it was found. Williams was a good swimmer, and had no doubt made strong efforts for his life, having been washed on the beach partly undressed; but Shelley had his hand locked in his waistcoat, where he had in his haste thrust a volume of Keats's poems, showing that he had been reading to the last moment, and had not made the slightest struggle to save himself. We both agreed that he wished to die young, though if years are to be measured by events, he had lived, as he used to say, to an hundred. Shelley's writings are prophetic of his destiny. He singularly remarks: "The life of a man of talent, who should die in his *thirtieth* year, is, with regard to his own feelings, longer than that of a miserable, priest-ridden slave, who dreams out a century of dullness. The one has perpetually cultivated his mental faculties—has rendered himself master of his thoughts—

† There is an anecdote of Byron, which justice requires should not be passed over. At one of the dinners he gave at Pisa, (before dinner, I should say,) he proposed to Shelley a bet of 1000*l.* on the longevity of Sir Timothy Shelley and Lady Noel. This bet Shelley accepted; and many weeks had not transpired before Lady Byron's mother died; but Byron never mentioned, or offered to pay the debt. *Quere*, if the Countess had survived the Baronet, whether Byron would not have claimed, and Shelley paid the 1000*l.* Both may be answered in the affirmative.

can abstract and generalize amid the lethargy of every-day business;—the other can slumber over the brightest moments of his being, and is unable to remember the happiest hour of his life. Perhaps the perishing ephemeron enjoys a longer life than the tortoise." Byron did ample justice to his talents and virtues, and we passed in review the strange occurrences of his life, and among the rest canvassed fully his Naples Romance. Byron thought, as Maddocks had done in the Welch affair, that the whole was the effect of an overwrought imagination. I am of a very different opinion—for, however visionary Shelley might be in his poetical theories, in the concerns of life he always showed a particular sagacity and rationality; for it was a curious anomaly in his character, that, although he was extremely negligent as to his own, there was no one to whom a friend could better intrust his affairs, no one who displayed more judgment, prudence, and caution in their arrangement. This, Byron, who was not a man of business, knew, and latterly, seldom acted without having recourse to Shelley—whose advice he generally adopted. We had much discussion about the 'Liberal' then preparing. The influence Shelley had over Byron, was proved in nothing more than his being persuaded to join in that review, the first idea of which was suggested by Shelley for the benefit of Mr. Hunt. Byron, by Shelley's death, found himself in a cleft stick—was in honour bound, though "*à contre cœur*," to lend his name to a periodical whose fate he foresaw. Had Shelley lived, it probably might have been different; though the tide of cant was then running so strong, that the addition of even his talent would hardly have availed to stem it. Byron's friends were all hostile to the undertaking: he himself never entered heartily into it, and was not sorry to see it fail. He only wrote, I believe, one prose article, that on 'My Grandmother's Review, the British,' and I am surprised that Messrs. Moore and Murray, who have scraped together every scrap, raked up the rags and tatters and cinders of Byron, should have forgotten to give a place in their castrated quartos,† to one of the most humorous of their noble correspondent's *jeux d'esprit*.

† I am at no loss to account for the inveteracy with which I was assailed by the press, through the influence of the all-mighty of biblioplists, and the persevering attempts that were for a time but too successfully exerted, to cast doubts on the authenticity of Byron's Conversations. Much credit is due to the publisher for this very ingenious, and to him useful policy. The fact is, that Messrs. Moore, Murray, and Hobhouse looked upon Lord Byron as an heir-loom, as their private property; and were highly indignant that any one should presume to know anything about their noble friend. Considering how fond Lord Byron was of mystifying, it is most singular that almost every anecdote contained in my Sketch of his Life, should have been subsequently confirmed by his letters or autobiography; but I must consider it a remarkable piece of effrontery that Mr. Moore should treat me as so far dead in the world of letters, as, without any acknowledgment, apology, or citation of the 'Conversations,' to strengthen his diluted volumes with the most spiritual part of mine. The communication from Goethe to me, he has taken upon himself to extract, only changing a few words of my translation, and omitting that of the Sonnet addressed by that much-lamented poet to Lord Byron. The beautiful lines to the Countess Guiccioli, and the Irish Avatars, and many of the Epigrams, he has assumed to himself the same privilege of adding to this edition; and to the seventh volume, containing the Juvenile Poems, has appended, with the signature B., (as his own notes,) several pages of my book, prefacing them with "Lord Byron said—so and so." If such a gross violation of literary property should be passed over, adieu to copyright.

Had I considered Mr. Moore's a real Life of Lord

Byron, the most superstitious of beings, related also the following story of Shelley, which I afterwards heard confirmed. Shortly before his fatal voyage to Leghorn, the inhabitants of the country house at San Lorenzo were alarmed, at midnight, by piercing shrieks. They rushed out of their bed-rooms. Mrs. Shelley, who had miscarried a few days before, got as far as the door and fainted. The rest of the party found Shelley in the saloon with his eyes wide open, and gazing on vacancy, as though he beheld some spectre. On waking him, he related that he had had a vision. He thought that a figure wrapped in a mantle came to his bed side, and beckoned to him. He got up and followed it, and when in the hall, the phantom lifted up the hood of his cloak, and showed the phantasm of himself—and saying, "*Siete soddisfatto*"—vanished.

Shelley had been reading a strange drama, which is supposed to have been written by Calderon, entitled, *El embozado, ó el encapotado*. It is so scarce, that Washington Irving told me he had sought for it without success in several of the public libraries of Spain. The story is—that a kind of Cipriano or Faust is through life thwarted in all his plans for the acquisition of wealth, or honour, or happiness, by a masked stranger, who stands in his way like some Alastor or evil spirit. He is at length in love—the day is fixed for his marriage,—when the unknown contrives to sow dissension between him and his betrothed, and to break off the match. Infuriate with his wrongs, he breathes nothing but revenge, but all his attempts to discover his mysterious foe prove abortive: at length his persecutor appears of his own accord. When about to fight, the Embocado unmasks, and discovers the phantasm of himself, saying, "Are you satisfied?" The hero of the play dies with horror.

This play had worked strongly on Shelley's imagination, and accounts for the awful scene at San Lorenzo.

On the 22nd August, I took my last leave of Byron, to return to Geneva. I performed this journey in a caratella, with relays of horses, a mode of conveyance which Matthews, the Invalid, had reason for recommending, for it enabled me to make much more progress than I could have done post. I shall not enter into my feelings during this mournful pilgrimage to the sites of my friends' funeral pyres, easily discoverable by their ashes. I had another duty to perform, to visit the country house, where they had past their Villeggiatura.

From Sarzana to Lerici, there is only a cross (and that a narrow) carriage road. After a somewhat difficult ascent of three miles, the caleche set me down at a bye foot-path, which conducts to San Lorenzo. The sky was perfectly cloudless, and not a breath of air relieved the intense heat of an Italian August sun. The day had been unusually oppressive, and there was a mistiness in the

Byron—had his materials been such as to enable him to say

Unde fit ut pateat veluti descripta tabella  
Vita—

I should have felt the less indignant at this liberty; or even had he acknowledged the source from which he had derived his information, should have been the less inclined to object to this piracy; but, as nothing can be more imperfect, more garbled, more timid and time-serving and one-sided, than the Memoirs so splendidly illustrated and vauntingly put forth to the public, I am not willing to be silent on this topic.

atmosphere, or rather a glow which softened down the distances into those mellow tints in which Claude delighted to bathe his landscapes. I was little in a mood to enjoy the beauties which increased every moment during this walk. I followed mechanically a pathway overhung with trellised vines, and bordered with olive trees, contrasted here and there with the massy broad dark foliage of the fig tree. For a mile or two I continued to ascend, till on a sudden a picture burst on my view, that no pen could describe. Before me was the broad expanse of the Mediterranean, studded with islands and a few fishing-boats, with their Lattine sails, the sun's broad disk just dipping in the waves; thick groves of fruit trees, interspersed with cottages and villas sloped down to the shores of the gulph of Spezia; and safely land-locked, a little to the left, Lerici, with its white flat-roofed houses almost in the sea, stood in the centre, and followed the curve of this bay; the two promontories projecting from which were surmounted with castles for the protection of the coast, and the enforcing of the quarantine laws. The descent now became rapid and broken, and deeply worn into the rock, only offered occasional glimpses of the sea, the two islets in front, and the varied coast of Porto Venero to the right. I now came in sight of San Lorenzo, a village, or rather a miserable collection of windowless black huts, piled one above the other, inclosed within barren rocks that overhang and encircle it. The place is inhabited solely by fishermen and their families, on the female part of whom devolves (as is common in Italy) the principal labour. However ungraceful in itself, the peasantry of this part of Italy have some peculiarity of costume; but the women of San Lorenzo are in a savage state of nature—perfect Ichthyophagi; their long coal-black hair trails in greasy strings, unwashed and uncombed, over their faces, and some of these fiendish-looking creatures had not even fastened it in a knot behind the head, but suffered it to hang half way down their backs. They had neither shoes nor stockings, and the rags which scarcely hid their deformity, were strongly impregnated with the effluvia of the fish they carried on their bare heads to the neighbouring markets. Their children were just such meagre yellow imps as, from such mothers, and filth, and poverty of food, might be supposed. The men I did not see.

Between this village and Lerici, but nearer to the former, was pointed out to me the solitary villa or palazzo, as it was called, which was about to waken in me so many bitter recollections. It is built immediately upon the shore, and consisted of one story—the ground floor, when the Libeccio sets strongly in, must have been washed by the waves.

A deaf unfeeling old wretch, a woman who had the care of the house, and had witnessed all the desolation of which it had been the scene, with a savage unconcern and much garrulity, gave a dry narrative of the story as she led me through the apartment.

Below was a large unpaved sort of entrance hall, without doors or windows, where lay the small flat-bottomed boat or skiff, much shattered, of which I have already spoken. It was the same my poor friends had on the Serchio. Against the wall, and scattered about the floor, were oars, and fragments of spars and masts, some of which had been

cast on shore from the wreck: they told too well the tale of woe.

A dark and somewhat perpendicular staircase now led us to the only floor that remained. It reminded me somewhat in its arrangement of an Indian Bungalow: the walls white-washed—the rooms, now without furniture, consisted of a saloon with eight doors, and four chambers at the four corners: this, with the exception of a terrace in front, was the whole house. This verandah, which ran the whole length of the villa, was of considerable width, and the view from it of a magical and supernatural beauty.

There was a calm desolation in the unrippled marble of the sea now, that reminded me, in its contrast, of the days and nights of tempest and horror which Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Shelley experienced, balanced between hope and fear for the fate of their devoted husbands—fancying now that every sail would bring them to their homes, and now, that, in the roaring of every wave, they could discover their drowning cries. I could picture to myself the ghastly smile with which Trelawney related the finding of their corpses—the torpor and unconsciousness of Mrs. Williams, the sublime firmness of Mrs. Shelley, contrasted with her frame, worn out with sickness—their children, too young to be sensible of their loss, clasped in their despairing and widowed mothers' arms. All this rushed upon my imagination, and, insensible to the heat or fatigue of the ascent, I found myself, scarcely knowing how, where my caleche was waiting for me; and it was midnight, and after a twenty-two hours' journey, more harassing in mind and body than I had ever experienced, that I reached the inn at Spezia.

[To be continued next week.]

#### LIFE IN BANGOR.

BY A SENTIMENTAL TRAVELLER.

[The residence of the Duchess of Kent and her daughter at Beaumaris, with the approaching Eisteddfod, will give additional interest to our correspondent's communication.]

Rise at eight,      Walks the strand  
To breakfast straight:      Of Mona's land:  
Lobster, prawn,      When 'tis hot,  
The meal adorn;      Sails in yacht.  
With toast and rolls,      Beaumaris folks,  
And steaming bowls,      In best cloaks  
And eggs, and ham,      And nether dresses,  
And fowl, to cram.      Bring addresses:  
When done with vittle,      Fair Kent replies:  
We lounge a little:      Ten thousand cries  
Feed the deer,      Rend the air;  
Watch the weir,      Urchins stare;  
Walk a while,      While men quaff ale,  
And time beguile:      Would float a whale,  
See the wherry      To drink to her  
Cross the ferry;      Who makes this stir.  
Boatman's chatter      At five, we dine,  
All Welsh patter:      And sip our wine:  
Pluck a flower:      Soup and fish,  
This sudden shower      With some made-  
Is quite a bore:      dish;  
At th' inn door,      Beans and peas,  
The lot of chaises      Tart and cheese:  
Much amazes:      Cast a look  
Lords inside      On some book—  
With ladies ride;      Another peep,  
Maids in jocks      Then fast asleep.  
On dickey box,      At seven, we  
White footmen tumble      Call for our tea;  
In the rumble.      With which we stuff in  
Our future queen,      A butter'd muffin.  
Through spy-glass      Down town we trot,  
seen,      To get a lot

Of novels, plays,  
Of other days;  
Stale reviews  
We don't refuse;  
For here we find  
The march of mind  
Rather behind:  
Folks deal with Hol-  
born

More than Colburn.  
At ten, the mail,  
Without fail,  
The horn we hear  
Approaching near  
Upon its route;  
We sally out,  
At its blowing,  
To learn what's  
going.

Guests arrive,  
For lodging strive,  
Hurry scurry;  
Hostess sorry,  
Rooms o'erflowing;  
Waiters, bowing,

Drinking, eating—eating, drinking,  
And trouble not our heads with thinking.

Show guests down  
To th' house in town.  
Then, perhaps,  
Among the chaps,  
Outside or in,  
Who crowd the inn,  
We catch a Paddy;  
Very glad he  
Asks after friends,  
Best wishes sends,  
Till, horses to,  
Guard swears a few;  
In jump all four,  
Bang goes the door:  
We bid good night—  
Guard cries, "All  
right!"

His horn he blows,  
And off she goes.  
The mail departed,  
The street deserted,  
We seek our bed,  
And all is said.  
Thus without strife  
We pass our life,

#### DREAMS, DREAMING, AND DREAMERS.

"Les songes ne sont que des mensonges."

THE pun in this motto was probably accidental; but the saying originated with Henri Quatre, when informed by his queen that she had dreamt of his assassination. It is strange, but, whatever theory of dreams be adopted—that of the fancy waking while the judgment sleeps—or the memory playing architect with the events and interests of the preceding day—indigestion, partial collapse of the brain, irregular motion of the nervous fluid, the agency of good spirits, or the influence of bad ones—whatever dreams may be made of, and wherever they may proceed from, most persons have had some one or two, that it would puzzle philosophy to account for. A volume might be made up of distinguished dreams—sleeping reveries, that have descended to us in record, because the dreamers were distinguished. When a great man's sneeze was esteemed propitious, it was a fair inference that his dreams were ominous; and when he was a politician, that they should be political. Thus, Alexander dreamed of a high priest, who promised him the empire of the world; Scylla, hesitating to march to Rome, was encouraged in his sleep by Bellona, who also favoured him with a list of the citizens he ought to proscribe; Cambyses pleaded a dream when he ordered his brother to be put to death; Julian, the Apostate, dreamt that Jupiter, Minerva, and Apollo, commanded him to restore their ancient worship; and the King of the Vandals, in the time of Justinian, was dreamed out of his kingdom—the army of Belisarius being put in spirits for the enterprise, by the seasonable vision of a Roman priest. When Jenghis Khan wished to invade India, he too had his dream; and it is singular that this conqueror, who neither feared God nor regarded man, affected to have been encouraged in his dream by a Christian monk; and a superstitious faith in dreams is found among the isolated savages of the great Pacific, as may be seen on reference to Mr. Bennett's Notes, which appeared in this Paper.† A regard to dreams has formed an influential part of every false religion: that in earlier

ages the Deity made them the medium of prophetic communication, is shown by the Scriptures; but that the prophets occasionally so honoured had evidently no power to see or interpret visions when they chose, is proved by the reply of Daniel to Nebuchadnezzar, and by his own confession in another place—"I was astonished at the vision, but none understood it"; and again, "As for me, Daniel, my cogitations much troubled me." To separate the revelations made to the prophets and holy men, from all common visions of common sleep, divination by dreams was condemned as magic in the Jewish law; one class of seducers to idolatry, against whom the people were especially warned, were "dreamers of dreams"; and even when events coincided with the visions, the magistrates were still commanded to put the dreamer to death. The superstition inherently bedded in the human heart, and the near neighbourhood of idolaters, perpetually interfered with the execution of these laws; and the land continually abounded with false seers, who pretended to revelations in sleep. In the classic world, the poets divided with the priests the empire of visions; their dreams, the offspring of the Muses, peopled heaven with gods, and earth with heroes: in early ages they were believed to be subject to divine presentiments; and if we wonder that their countrymen believed, on their evidence, the existence of celestial agents, we should remember that for the existence of a thousand human beings, the occurrence of a thousand historical events, we believe on the self-same proof. The philosophers, in theory at least, sided with the poets: Plato considered dreams emanations from the Divinity, so did Aristotle and Pythagoras; Zeno held that the study of our dreams was essential to self-knowledge; Heraclitus, that sleep was a separate existence, wherein each human being occupied a particular world; Socrates conceived bad or foolish dreams to arise from an overcharged body, yet affixed high importance to good ones. These various opinions are affecting. The wisest felt themselves encompassed by clouds and darkness; they sought after the Divinity "on the right hand, but he was not there; on the left hand, but they could not perceive him";—and sometimes they ventured to hope that, in the hour of midnight, amid "stars, and stillness, and immensity," dreams, the offspring of that hour, might be the angels of his presence. The imagination, sooner satisfied than the reason, gave Elysium to the poet's credence; and though Elysium was only the creation of his own mind, he could believe in its existence; and the shows and pomps too of the Pagan ritual could satisfy him. He was the high priest's master; having invented the fables, he could revel in their practical observance: garlands, music, flowing robes, splendid offerings, graceful dances, radiant temples, and statues that seemed just stepped from the sun—these things intoxicated the poet with rich and brilliant fancies, hid from him, a child of feeling, all that pressed with dark and heavy power on the man who demanded a reason for the faith he was commanded to adopt.

The demonology of dreams,—the question how far evil agency was permitted really to achieve extraordinary coincidences between the predictions of sleep and their fulfilment in broad day,—is better waived than debated.



The poetical reader will remember the grand delineation in Milton's 'Hymn on the Nativity,' of the cutting short of the power of Pagan priests and gods—the "drying up" of their Euphrates, consequent on the revelation of the true mystery, and the shining of the true light:

The oracles are dumb;  
No voice or hideous hum  
Runs through the archèd roof in words deceiving:  
Apollo from his shrine  
Can no more divine,  
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.  
No nightly trance or breathed spell  
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

The lonely mountains o'er,  
And the resounding shore,  
A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;  
From haunted spring and dale,  
Edged with poplar pale,  
The parting genius is with sighing sent;  
With flower-inwoven tresses torn,  
The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

Poor and Baalim  
Forsake their temples dim,  
With that twice-battered god of Palestine;  
And mourned Ashtaroth,  
Heaven's queen and mother both,  
Now sits not girt with taper's holy shine.  
The Libyan Ammon shrinks his horn;  
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz mourn.

To come back to ourselves. Sleep has been called the novice of death; but this implies that deep unbroken slumber, which a friend of ours insists on defining to be happiness. Grievous dreams, such as are described in Coleridge's wonderful poem, 'The Pains of Sleep,' embodying crime, perplexity, vicissitude, imprisonment of the faculties, torture, affliction, groans, and tears—such sleep is only a reprint of a wretched life. A dream of remorse must be a real Tartarus. The Opium-eater has written fearfully eloquent descriptions of the visions incident to extreme physical derangement; and there doubtless exist many who, without his powers of delineation, possess all his power of suffering. The writer of these remarks has undergone the agonies of dreams, and knows too well all that makes the tranquil, star-lit, beautiful, balmy midnight, the theatre of phantom tragedies. Once, when slowly recovering from an illness, and in a state equally divided between nervous excitement and debility, everything heard or witnessed during the day of a terrible nature, was in the night faithfully translated into dreams. Painful scenes in works of fiction were equally revived, and the unfortunate dreamer went through all the agitations proper to the actors. The parting between Fergus and Waverley in the prison, and the degrading of Adam Blair from the ministry, are two instances that just occur; but these were comparatively pleasant visions—terror was lost in the "milder grief of pity"; being hanged, is the horror of horrors, climaxed only by having to hang your best friend. O! the touch of the cap, fancied to be drawn over your face—the multitude of staring eyes, felt, not seen, through it—the condensed recollection of life—the prayer for the future, like none ever pronounced when awake, so intense, so passionate, so *real*, that it always broke the bonds of slumber! Truly, if one were asleep to be as wretched invariably, as one can be occasionally, dreams would rank among the heaviest trials of life. But we shall bring our speculations to a conclusion in another paper.

#### THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

##### LATEST ACCOUNTS.

[From the diary of an officer employed on the Voyage of Discovery, now prosecuting by order of the Prussian Government.]

On the 24th of June (1831), we cast anchor in the roadstead of Honolulu, which forms the port of O-a-hu, and is the seat of government for the entire group of the Sandwich Islands. Whilst the *Princess Louisa* was steering towards the port, the Governor of Honolulu was observed making his way down to the shore. His herculean dimensions perfectly astonished us. As it was out of his power to mount the vessel's sides, we had to draw him up. He proved to be Kua-Kini, formerly Governor of Owyhee, who is so well known to the world at large by the name of *John Adams*. As soon as we had informed him that we were the bearers of a considerable number of presents from his Prussian Majesty to the Sovereign of the Sandwich Islands, he returned ashore with an air of solemn importance, and half an hour afterwards we saw the flag of the islands floating from the Fort of Honolulu. The *Princess Louisa* saluted it with seventeen guns, and the fort returned the salute with an equal number. We landed in the afternoon for the purpose of paying our respects to the insular monarch, and presenting him with the letter, of which we were the bearers from our own Sovereign. At our landing, the whole shore, in every direction, was covered with Indians, who received us with much glee; and cries of "Arocha! Arocha!" (Good day! good day!) echoed on all sides. Everything was new to me; I was forcibly struck with the varied features of the scene before me; nor can I find words adequate to describe the impression which the appearance of this countless swarm of Indians made upon me. My foot was treading the soil which had occupied my imagination with all sorts of conceits ever since I had first read Cook's voyages. The whole of the spectators, young and old, men and women, jumbled together, escorted us to the house, at which we alighted; and the Governor came immediately to pay us a visit. Whilst proceeding from the shore to our new quarters, fresh additions were making every instant to the immense mass of human beings that surrounded us; knots of noisy children ran up to us, merry greybeards held out their hands to us, and inquisitive lasses bespoke a good word from us with a smile and a laugh. We afterwards learned, that the "gathering" of the islanders did not arise from mere curiosity, or, in all cases, from a spontaneous impulse; it was set on foot by command of the Governor, who had given instant notoriety to our arrival with presents for the King. *Keanke-Aouli*, the young monarch, was absent when we arrived; a messenger was, however, immediately sent off to him with the tidings, and he returned to his residence at Honolulu the same evening. Very soon after he had reached home, (and it was then some time after ten in the evening), he expressed a wish to receive the letter from his Prussian Majesty, and converse with us; we lost no time therefore in making our appearance before him, accompanied by a North American merchant, as our interpreter. It was a beautiful tropical night; the moon shone clear, and the azure firmament was splendidly spangled with stars. Our first audience was held on a large open space in front of the royal residence, on either side of which stood a small and tastefully built Indian cabin, belonging to the Queen-dowager, Kaahumana, the last surviving consort of Tameahamea I. The front of both was crowded with several hundreds of Indians, in the service of the Royal Family, whom we found reclining at their ease. Before the door of one of these cabins stood the young King himself, and in front of him was the Queen-mother, in company with the four surviving widows of King Riho-Riho, who died in

London; they are sisters-in-law of the present ruler. *Keanke-Aouli* is seventeen years of age, and not particularly tall. His face is furrowed with small pox, and so bloated and coppered over from being early addicted to the drinking of ardent spirits, that an uglier creature cannot easily be conceived. In no respect, indeed, was there anything whatever of regal bearing either in his mien, his language, or his subsequent behaviour. His dress consisted of a white shirt, long white trowsers, a coloured waistcoat, and a straw-hat. On receiving us, he took off his hat, and laid the letter, which we were charged with the honour of delivering to him, in it. He did not move once from the spot on which he was standing, during the whole audience.

[The correspondent at Berlin, who has favoured us with the preceding article, promises further extracts.]

#### THE YOUNG MAN OF NINETY.

##### A SKETCH FROM THE LIFE.

"He is a citizen," thought I, "who, now, in the seventh day and sabbath of his old age,—wisely forsaking the mart, the 'change, and the populous paths surrounding the temple of all-worshipped Mammon—nestles here in this quiet village,

*The town forgetting, by the town forgot."*

It was an old gentleman, who had, a few moments before, entered the cozy and cleanly parlour of "mine inn," and was now engaged in sipping his sherry and glancing through the paper, who had given birth to these reflections. He was, as I afterwards ascertained, *ninety* years old, though looking less than sixty—hearty and active—short, well set, and with legs that might make an Irish paviour misgive his own: these were handsomely clad in black silk stockings; and legs which would stand by a man in the handsome way which his had done, were worthy of the honour. A pair of buckles conferred additional brilliancy on the "brilliant Warren" of his shoes; and a smaller pair gave compactness to their knees. His coat, was of the old-school cut, lengthy and capacious, ample in pocket and flap—in short, a reminiscence of the coat of "other days," ere tailors turned out that

*Starveling in a scanty vest,*

called an Exquisite. His hat was partly hat and partly umbrella, for it was wide enough in the brim to shelter his shoulders in a shower. His face was of a healthy hue: though there were as many lines in it as in Denner's master-piece. His features had somewhat of the Scotch character, and were what some physiognomists would call hard; but their severity was softened off by a frequent smile, full of good-nature, which gave a general expression of mildness and benevolence to his countenance, such as a face with more pretensions to comeliness would perhaps have wanted.

There may be many human sights more glorious to behold, but I do not know one more interesting—I would almost say, more holy—than an old man, who has passed his active days amidst the stir and strife of the great Babel, and in the evening of his life sinks quietly and placidly back into the arms of nature,—a man in experience of the world—a child in the mildness and meekness of that knowledge.

I have sketched the old man;—I must now describe his companion, for he had one—a dog of the large spaniel breed, who

seemed to have seen as much of the busy world as his master. We were very soon intimate, for Prince (that was the worthy four-legged fellow's name) appeared to be of that amiable class of dogs, who, by a handsome person and winning manners, recommend themselves immediately to one's good opinion. His master apologized for his familiarities, and in mild terms expostulated with him on the impropriety of his conduct. "You are too dirty, Prince—do you hear, Sir? you are too dirty." The conscientious beast seemed to be immediately made sensible that he was, and, taking the reproof in good part, very quietly laid himself down at the feet of his ancient friend. Prince, I suspected, had a great partiality to duck-ponds, for the weeds of those aquatic paradises still hung about him, and decorated him almost to the beatitude of a Sadler's Wells Neptune. To encourage him in decent behaviour, the old gentleman began rummaging his pockets; and the result was, the production of two nicely-packed papers of biscuits, which, first having swept clean a spot on the sanded floor, he deposited there for honest Master Prince's refectory; and then the old gentleman resumed the newspaper. The luncheon was soon over; and the *gâté de cœur* of Prince returned, but he as speedily resumed the proper degree of respect for self and company, and straightway wore as much gravity in his looks, as if he had, in his better days, held the onerous office of deputy of the dogs of Dowgate. I noticed that Prince had a trick of tucking up one leg, and running about on the other three, and this brought up a story from the old gentleman, which I shall relate, as it was short, and had some point.

"My dog, Sir," said he, "often reminds me of my old acquaintance Jack Simpson. It was said of Jack Simpson,—but stay, I had better first relate how what was said of him came to be said: it is not a bad joke, Sir. Jack, when I first knew him—let me see, that was in seventeen-sixty, not a yesterday recollection, Sir!"

I stared at the antiquity of the reminiscence.

"Yes, it was in seventeen-sixty. Jack Simpson was then a blood of the first pretensions, as far as broad skirts and breeding went—the 'Ladies' Man' at the Hackney Assembly, a fashionable thing, Sir, in that day; first butterfly at Tunbridge Wells, and second only at Bath; an undisputed man of pleasure and of the world; gay, full of unfeigned good humour, having wit enough for men, address and a handsome person for women, and spirit sufficient for all occasions. His fortune was but small, and this gay life of his, you may be sure, made it less. In no long time he began to find out that a spendthrift's purse does not always keep pace with the demands on it; and so he took dinners instead of giving them, and became of Sheridan's opinion, 'that the best wine is certainly our friend's.' Now what, in Heaven's name, Sir, had a man of Jack's fortune and folly to do with avarice? It was one of those contradictions in his character, which I could never understand, and which must have been a riddle to himself. Sir, it must have been born in him—an innate quality—a genius for avarice; and all his brilliant exterior, which pleased the popular eye, like the wretched finery and foppery of a May-day sweep, only disguised but did not conceal

the dirt and degradation underneath. He confessed to me that he felt the first gripings of that heart-hardening vice coming upon him at that time, while still whirling round in the vortex of fashion. His fingers began to clutch closer, and his whole hand held faster what it held. As if fortune had become disgusted with his growing meanness, she sent him a thumping legacy of thirty thousand pounds, the hard scrapings of a miserly relation—it ran in the blood of the Simpsons, Sir. One would have thought that this sudden accession would have confirmed him in his sordidness—it had an effect directly the reverse! Off he went again on the old road to ruin, with a renewed speed, gained from loitering so leisurely along it as he had lately done. Open house—card tables and faro banks—wine, women, and assemblies—routs, Ranelagh, Pump-room, sedans here, and coaches there—flirtations with Lady A., an alderman's young widow, and the lovely Miss B.—and follies of all sorts, which were nothing if not expensive, made his thirty thousand pounds fly thirty thousand ways; and in three years Jack stood with his hands in two empty pockets—his good constitution gone with his gold, forsaken of his frivolous friends, his flirtation with Lady A. off, as the phrase is, and his calculations of the money and matrimonial inclinations of Miss B. wrong in the items, and the whole bill disputed. But a well-selected vice never leaves its victim—it is sometimes more faithful than a virtue, and sticks, where it had once fastened, tenaciously to the last. Though run out of ready money, Jack was above want. His estate was even now a clear thousand a year,—quite enough to begin with when you intend to be pennyless all the rest of your life. He was seen no more in his old haunts; and Fashion lost one of her favourite fools. He disappeared, and no one knew when or where. He was known to be alive, for his rents were punctually demanded—but not by him, and his agent kept his secret. Seven years passed away, and he was almost forgotten, when suddenly he re-appeared,—grey, pinched, miserable, stooping, and unnaturally old—the very phantom of avarice. The generous few pitied him, the unfeeling many laughed at him, the perplexed thought he was deranged, and the positive said he was. It might perhaps amuse you to relate some instances of his sordid passion; but there is more melancholy than mirth in looking at human nature at a discount, and I would rather forget them. In brief, Sir, he ended by starving himself to death through fear of want; a good estate and forty thousand pounds in funded money fell into the coffers of the Crown, in lack of an heir-at-law; and the only pleasant fact connected with the memory of Jack Simpson is this waggish remark on his begrudging habits, by one who knew him well,—that if he had been born with four legs, he would have run about on three to save one!"

The old gentleman smiled good-humouredly over this portion of his reminiscence; Prince,—who must have heard the story before, for he walked to the door as soon as "legs" were mentioned,—stood ready and willing to start; his master bowed, said I was a good listener, a great accomplishment, and bade me good morning.

POSTUMUS.

#### STEAM CARRIAGES.

WE have received numberless letters on this subject, but the following only is sufficiently interesting to justify the publication—indeed, we have found it necessary materially to abridge even this one:—

To the Editor of the Athenæum.

Milbrook, Aug. 2, 1832.

SIR—It has been justly observed, that several years have elapsed, and no "thoroughly serviceable carriage has yet been permanently established on any road." There is much truth in the remark, and it may be worth while to examine into the cause of the delay.

A steam vehicle, to be efficient, must combine power, always at command, to excess, to overcome all the varying resistances to be met with on a common road. That power must be constantly and easily obtained, with perfect safety, lightness, compactness, and the boiler formed of material which will be durable, and in structure so firm, as to bear the highest pressure under the most unfavourable circumstances on rough and stony roads, causing continuous vibration. For the information of the general reader, I will add, that every stroke of the engine must cause a pump (of finer construction than any hitherto known) to throw exactly as much water into the boiler as the engines consume; that the water will not pass through the force-pump to a certainty, if either it or the pump are sufficiently warm to produce steam in ever so small a quantity instead of a vacuum—that the water should not enter the boiler cold, lest an undue degree of contraction and expansion should ensue and cause leakage, which might terminate in the water being so low in the boiler as to endanger its becoming red hot. As the fire must be forced, the furnace must be so constructed, that the easings do not burn away. The waste steam, that is, the steam which has passed through the engines, must be rendered aëriiform. All the joints, at the highest pressure of steam, must be tight. The fire must be forced the most when the vehicle is going the slowest, as, when ascending a lofty, soft, sticky hill, covered with loose gravel or stones. The wheels must be made to throw themselves in and out of gear, or work, when required, for, as in steam vehicles, the wheels are fixed to the ends of the axle, in turning, the outer wheel must go over a greater space than the inner wheel; if the outer wheel were fixed to the axle, and the turn were sharp, the probability is, that the axle would be twisted in two. All the machinery must be on springs; while the cranked axle, to which the revolving levers, the wheels, are attached, is not on springs. The steering apparatus must be strong and efficient. The control over the vehicle in descending steep hills must be complete, and the frame work and all the machinery stronger in proportion than any in existence, combined with the utmost lightness.

The above are some of the difficulties attendant on the construction of steam vehicles.

The whole of those difficulties have been overcome by us. Our boiler, or generator, is only three feet long, three feet six inches high, and two feet eight inches broad, and contains two hundred and sixty-eight feet of heating surface, and weighs little more than eight hundred pounds.

We have, with such a boiler, propelled a vehicle weighing, with its load, at least four tons, over hill and down dale at thirty miles an hour. Our last experiment was to prove the efficiency of a simple plan, by which the wheels throw themselves in and out of gearing when circumstances demand it. The success was complete. Our boiler, now in an experimental vehicle, was perfectly tight at two hundred and forty pounds on the square inch, and, if we had not dared (to save time) a little too much in the method of taking

off the steam, and, by so doing, caused some inequality of contraction and expansion, the injury arising from which must have time to get rectified by oxidation, we should have been running on the public roads a month ago.

In the course of a very few days the vehicle, of which I now send you the outline, will be ready. The machinery is completed, and being united and connected; the boiler is finished, the carriage part quite prepared, and put in its place; and all the minor and subordinate parts finished. The same principle has been strictly adhered to. Some parts have been simplified, and such alterations in minor details have been made, as experience has pointed out as being either necessary or convenient. We have no doubt of success, and intend to proceed through Oxford, Birmingham, and Liverpool, to Edinburgh.

I am, Sir,  
Your obedient servant,  
NATHANIEL OGLE.

Mr. Ogle is very naturally sanguine, and we wish him all the success he anticipates. As a pleasant conclusion to his letter, we shall quote the following from the *Hampshire Advertiser* of this week:—

"On Friday evening, Messrs. Ogle and Summers proceeded in their new and splendid steam-coach to Romsey. The steep hills at Upton were ascended with great velocity, and the whole journey to Romsey and back to Millbrook was performed at an average velocity of twelve and a half miles per hour, and could have been easily increased to twenty. Such is the confidence of the ladies, that nine were in the coupee and inside."

Another letter relating to this subject is from a Mr. Capel, a person in the service of Mr. Hancock, of Stratford. The writer is of opinion, that our report does not do justice to Mr. Hancock's carriage; but, without meaning any incivility, we must observe, that he advances no argument in proof of this. However, we like Mr. Capel for his zealous and devoted good feeling to his employer, and congratulate Mr. Hancock on having so able and excellent a helpmate in his anxious labours. The following report, drawn up for the *Observer*, as he informs us by a gentleman eminent for his scientific attainments, we insert, at his request, with much pleasure:—

"On Friday, Mr. Walter Hancock, of Stratford, made the first public experiment with his new steam-carriage. Several scientific gentlemen attended from London, and sixteen of them took their seats in the two bodies. The carriage, guided by Mr. Hancock in front, was put in motion by his turning a lever connected with the steam-cock of the boiler, and proceeded through Stratford, up the hill, to the Green Man, on the Forest, at a steady pace of eight miles an hour. He then turned short, and returned to the factory within forty minutes, after running about seven miles in the pleasantest manner, and with a perfect sense of security to every one in the carriage. In fact, the experiment was most successful. The quantity of fuel consumed during this trip was about 2½ bushels of coke, the fire being fed behind. The stock of water converted into steam was about three barrels, or one hundred gallons. The height of the vehicle is nine feet, and it stands three feet eight inches from the ground. The boiler is of the description called *tabular*; and in this engine it consists of twelve chambers, each distinct, and formed of the best charcoal iron, so that no explosion is probable, and if any took place, it could only be of one of the chambers, and inconsequential. This carriage is built for the Greenwich road, and it will perform that journey in half an hour. The facility of stopping is perfect, and its traverses on a crowded road are effected

with a far greater surety than in any carriages drawn even by the best-trained horses. It turns in the shortest compass, and, in fact, possesses all the best qualities of a modern-built carriage. Other carriages, with omnibus bodies, to carry fourteen passengers, are now building, of somewhat lighter construction, which are intended to travel about twelve miles an hour. As the engine is placed in the rear of the carriage, and the boiler and fire at the extremity, no inconvenience is experienced by the passengers from noise, heat, or smoke, and the sensation is precisely that of riding in any other carriage."

#### ANY GIVEN NUMBER.

OYSTERS, quoth Patrick, are a dear delight,  
As he and Sawney finish'd their tenth score;  
For they don't satisfy the appetite—  
The more I eat, I still desire the more.

Troth, replied Sawney, they are a dainty food,  
They do not clog the stomach or incumber;  
For my own part, I really think I could  
At any time eat any given number.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

THE ungentle craft of criticism has grown gentle; the fire mingled with hail of the *Edinburgh Review*, which fell without remorse on so many heads, is passed and gone, and the surly irony and searching sarcasm of the *Quarterly* is exchanged for kindlier qualities, and, on the whole, the most churlish of all critics have shown that they have something to unite them with human nature. As our own critics, torturers, and dissectors, had their hot pincers and their boiling oil, we might have expected that American critics would have been scalpers and gougers: on the contrary, they are gentle and humane, save when one of those reptiles called travellers crawls across their path, and then Jonathan becomes possessed as with a demon. We have fallen into this strain of thought from perusing the last number of the *North American Review*, just received—indeed, we might have done so long ago, for, amid all its keenness and cleverness, there is little or no asperity even in political matters, and it shows nothing but good-will to all the children of genius. In speaking of the English literature of the present day, it speaks as with our own heart and tongue. "The *Edinburgh Review*, in spite of levity of manner and laxity of principle, has furnished many examples of a liberal philosophy in its disquisitions on government, and has discussed many questions of taste and general literature, with singular ingenuity, eloquence, and richness of illustration. The *Quarterly*, with all its bigotry and dogmatism, has large claims on our consideration for the soundness of its erudition and the activity of its geographical researches, while the tone of literary criticism, although less dashing and presumptuous than its rivals, has been, on the whole, more conscientious, and of a more uniformly healthy character." But the time seems at hand when critics, like the Abbess of Wilton, may go spin: there has been a regular descent from folios to quartos, from quartos to octavos, from octavos to duodecimos, and so on, till Hume's England was crushed into compass fit for an ordinary pocket: even that would not do: the little pamphlet and the loose sheet were resorted to; and the printing-presses now waft abroad every morning such a cloud of insect things

in literature, that, like the snow flakes in Homer, they

Fly o'er the land, and whiten all the kinds.

In Art, we hear of little stirring: these are not times for pictures and statues: every man's hand is held on the money in his pocket, lest some new speculation should sweep his little away: nations may say with Burns—

Our balmey noddles working prime;

for certainly yeast has found its way among the kingdoms, and they are swelling and heaving at a sad rate. This will settle soon, we hope, and Literature and Art resume their sway.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

HELVETIC SOCIETY OF NATURALISTS.

Geneva, 28th July.

It has this year fallen to the lot of Geneva to do the honours of the great annual meeting of this association; and a considerable number of its members, coming from every quarter of Switzerland, arrived here on Wednesday last. They were welcomed by the managing committee in the lodge of the Botanical Garden, and thence conducted to their several quarters, for which they stand wholly indebted to the hospitality of private individuals. The first public sitting was opened in the hall of the "Conseil Représentatif," on Thursday morning. M. de Candolle, having taken his seat as president, commenced the proceedings by an address, in which he forcibly dwelt upon the great benefits which are diffused by nomadic meetings of scientific men, and reminded his auditory that Switzerland had set the first example, which had since been followed in Germany, England, and France. His address was eloquent, both in composition and delivery, and closed amidst hearty cheers. Some trifling details as to the affairs of the Society having been discussed, the reading of some of the memoirs prepared for the occasion was proceeded with. The meeting broke up at three o'clock. Yesterday we mustered again in the Salle du Conseil, and the reading of scientific papers was resumed. At the conclusion six and twenty new members were elected, and we then adjourned to the Observatory, where, however, the gloominess of the weather effectually precluded any observations.

#### PUBLIC SITTING OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY.

THE annual and only public meeting of the Academy is rendered particularly interesting, by the distribution of the Monthyon rewards for virtuous actions in humble life. The particulars of the award made last year were given in the *Athenæum*, p. 555. On the present occasion, the first prize of 5000 francs was adjudged to a negro named Eustache Belin, formerly a slave of M. Belin de Villeneuve, of St. Domingo, but manumitted, and residing in Paris. From an eloquent and affecting sketch of his life, given by M. Briaud, it appeared that his exertions and sacrifices to save the lives and property of his master and other whites, at the time of the insurrection in St. Domingo, were of the most exalted and romantic description; and that, since his residence in Paris, his whole life has been one series of the most disinterestedly benevolent actions, to perform which he had submitted to the greatest sacrifices. A prize of 3000 francs was awarded to Pierre Paillette, of La Villette, near St. Denis, for having at different times saved upwards of sixty persons from drowning; and another of the same amount to Julie Bagot, for her exertions in founding and supporting an orphan school at St. Brieux. A medal of 2000 francs was adjudged to Madame Vignon; and twelve others, of 600 francs each, to different individuals (ten of whom were females) for various acts of benevolence.

The annual Monthyon prize of 3000 francs

for the work most useful to public morals, was adjudged to M. Ernest de Blossville, for his 'Histoire des Colonies Pénales de l'Angleterre dans l'Australie.'

In the early part of the meeting, M. Jouy made an elaborate report of the works offered for the Monthyon prize of 10,000 francs, for the best essay, 'De l'influence des lois sur les mœurs, et de l'influence des mœurs sur les lois.' This subject had been originally proposed in 1827, to be adjudged in 1830; but as it was then found that none of the twelve essays presented were worthy of the prize, it was adjourned until the present year. It was now awarded to M. Matter, Correspondent of the Institute at Strasburg, whose essay was described by M. Jouy as uniting the profoundest knowledge of ancient and modern history with the clearest and most correct views of the principles and objects of legislation. M. Matter being present at the sitting, received the honorary medal from the hands of the President, amid the applauses of the audience.

## FINE ARTS

*Lady Peel.* Painted by Sir T. Lawrence. Engraved by S. Cousins. Moon, Boys & Co.

THIS is a fine print from that fine picture painted in emulation of the 'Wife of Rubens,' and which it is enough to say that it more than rivalled. A creature more lovely is nowhere on canvas: the eyes justify the eulogium of Fuseli—"Divine! they are more—they are equal to Titian." The engraver has entered into a contest with the painting: we never saw mezzotinto so soft, so graceful, and with so much of the light and shade of colours, before—save, perhaps, in some of Reynolds' (of Bayswater) copies of Sir Joshua.

*Engravings from the Works of Henry Liverseege.* Moon, Boys & Co.

THE first number of this work is now before us. It contains three engravings of three original characters: 1, 'Captain Macheath.' 2, 'The Enquiry.' 3, 'The Weekly Register.' Of the first it is sufficient to say, that the Captain is drinking champagne with his chains on, and seems conscious that he is to elude all acquaintance with the hangman. The second represents a country boy, with a brace of pheasants, inquiring the right address from a nobleman's porter, a man in years, and full of consequence. The third exhibits an earnest cobbler spelling over Cobbett's Register, and evidently puzzled about economy and northern *feelosophy*. All three are good, but the porter and the cobbler especially. These prints will raise the reputation of Liverseege, and do no harm to the names of Giller, Quilley, and Ward, who engraved them.

## THEATRICALS

## SURREY THEATRE.

Observing, by the bills of Wednesday last, that this establishment was about to close its doors against us for a time, we determined to go over and say "Vale" to Mr. Osbaldiston. We accordingly made the exertion, for exertion it unquestionably is, whatever may be the recompense when once arrived there. "It is a long lane," they say, "that has no turning;" and true enough the saying is, whether it be applied figuratively, or as plain matter of fact. But the remark should not be confined to a "lane." It is equally applicable to every kind of foot or horse-way, by whatever appellation distinguished. We have not the slightest wish to detract from the well-earned fame of Mr. M'Adam. He is a man justly received with honours, for, "wherever he goes, the flags fly," as a witty friend of ours once observed. But, certainly of all his offspring, the Blackfriars, or, as it should more properly be

called, the Black-fry-us Road is, assuredly, the most lengthy. But we must quit this subject, or we shall grow lengthy ourselves. Let not good Mr. Osbaldiston, nor any of his stars or satellites, construe our remarks into an undervaluing of their brightness or attraction. "The attempt, and not the deed, confounds us;" and it does not lessen their merits, that we were once or twice induced to return the compliment, and confound the attempt.—And now to the performances, which consisted on this occasion of 'Virginus,' 'Intrigue,' and 'Pizarro.' Mercy on us! It was like eating one's dinner—drinking a glass of champagne—and then being forced to begin dinner all over again. Mr. Sheridan Knowles's clever play of 'Virginus' is too well known to need comment. To be sure his poetry was now and then somewhat marred by our Romans of the other side of the water; but it must be remembered, that when a bloody tragedy is to be acted, it may not be so easy to restrain the once-excited impetuosity of the Surrey Roman. Mr. Macready himself, the great theatrical god of Mr. Knowles's idolatry, never stabbed his unpolluted daughter with more Italian gusto than did the lessee himself perform that truly parental operation on his pretty employee—Miss Vincent; nor did the resplendent Miss Foote herself ever fall more incurably dead than fell her fair-haired successor. Lastly—never was this *vrai "coup de théâtre"* recognized and rewarded by a more thundering peal of applause than was on this occasion bestowed upon it by the enlightened dilettanti of St. George's Fields. Truly, the English do like a little bit of quiet murder on their stage. To detail the death of any of the dram. pers., as some of our Gallic neighbours do, is not enough for the enthusiastic Mr. Bull. A tragedy, argueth he, is not a tragedy until somebody is slaughtered. I paid my money to see a tragedy—ergo, I must and will see somebody slaughtered. Now, in 'Virginus,' Mr. Knowles has amply ministered to this "mind diseased," for, besides the above gentle ceremony of phlebotomy, performed by the hero of the piece, we have, in the fifth act, the strangulation of the tyrant by the same operator; and this also called down the most unequivocal marks of approbation from the auditory. These classical horrors were agreeably driven from our mind by the lively little piece of 'Intrigue' (we regret to say, that the fondness for a little piece of intrigue is too prevalent), in which the principal actor showed, by the elasticity of his movements, that he cannot be going down hill, for he has not yet descended into the 'Vale of years.' After this came the solid food again, the entertainments of the evening being wound up by the Death of Rolla. Blood again! and shed too on the stage. In this we might observe, that the melo was better than the merely dramatic part of the piece, and that the fighting was better than the talking—but these are *minor points*. We take our leave of the manager, by saying, that he deserves well, if not of his country, at least of his county, for his exertions in the cause of the drama, and that he has our full permission, as soon as prudence will allow, once more to "saddle white Surry for the field."

## ORANGE THEATRE.

*Queen Street, Pimlico, near the Chelsea Bun-house.*

WE are this week enabled to fulfil a promise, made to our readers some months since, by reporting on one of the minor Minors, which we undertook to hunt out and dig up. A few evenings ago we took a squeeze at the Orange Theatre, which is situated in the part of the country above mentioned. The house is large and commodious. The elegant terms, *veranda* and *side veranda*, which we spoke of in a former paper, as having so much charmed us,—the admission to the one being one shilling, and to the other only sixpence,—have been, for some unaccountable

reason, laid aside, and the old-fashioned terms resumed. The building is now divided into boxes and pit, or rather we should say, into box and pit, for we observed no sub-divisions to justify the plural termination. That, however, which most concerns the public,—viz., the terms of admission, remains upon the old moderate scale. Looking at the erection in an architectural point of view, we should be inclined to doubt its having been originally intended for a theatre. It is so large, that the boxes or box only occupy or occupies one end, and the benches of the pit have their terminations in a line with the terminations of the drop curtain. This arrangement, however, is not without its conveniences, for there remains ample room on each side for the young gentlemen of the vicinity to play about with their dogs between the acts. If we have a fault to find with the decorations, we should perhaps suggest that the last coat of pitch on the walls might have been dispensed with. We only mention this, because we could scarcely breathe for it. The performances consisted of 'Raymond and Agnes,' an interlude called 'No,' and 'The Children in the Wood.' We are anxious to do justice to the merits of the various performers in the first piece; and if there should be any confusion in our account, it must be attributed solely to the want of a bill, which we could neither procure for love nor penny. Mr. F. Smithers (here we know we are right, because a lady who sat next us, very prettily observed, "Here comes Smithers!" as soon as he appeared,) was so excellent in *Don Raymond*, that we recommend him never to doff it. A Mr. Dennis (perhaps we ought to say the Mr. Dennis,) was all that his master ordered him to be in *Theodore* his servant; and little Master Saunders was great in *Conrad*—at least he evidently thought so, and we have not the heart to contradict him. We are not prepared to speak positively as to the names of any more of the male performers, but their merits we bear willing testimony to. It would be an act of the basest injustice, however, were we to omit saying that Mr. Somebody or other, who played the Robber's Son, was pre-eminently melo-dramatic. We never saw him before, but never remember him finer. If we were to select particular points for praise, from a performance which was clearly considered by the audience faultless, we should say that this admirable robber shone most in the dark passages. Good as the gentlemen were, the ladies, as usual, had rather the best of it—Miss Wilkins especially—who acted the *Bleeding Nun* so well, as to remind us painfully of Mrs. Siddons in *Lady Macbeth*. By the time the interlude commenced, the company on the stage had become better known to us, through their evident intimacy with the company in the box—and it will be seen, that in this piece we are more at home in their names. Mr. F. Smithers made a doubtful *Sir George*, we mean a *Sir George Doubtful*, but he had so identified himself with his previous character, that it was ever present to our imagination. Mr. Saunders was everything he could wish in *Commodore Hurricane*—and proved that a British sailor could be anything in the service of his country, for we perceived that, by a praiseworthy piece of economy, he had only to turn his naval coat inside out to become a General Officer. Mr. Carles, whom we remember—at least, as Foote said, whom we *shall* remember when we see him again—transcended himself in *Frederick*. The other men played their parts much as other men would. They acted as occasion required in different styles—but—in-different—well. Miss Gordon, in *Lady Doubtful*, was dressed without sufficient attention to the time of day—but this must be laid to the charge of the stage-manager. He ought to know, because he is either paid or owed for knowing, that ladies of fashion do not usually come down to breakfast

in short sleeves—white satin slips and tiaras of diamonds;—at all events, if they do, that the breakfast table is dressed to match, and that it ought to have a white table cloth over its green baize petticoat, and wear a tea-pot as well as cups and saucers. The lady's acting was above praise, but we have to quarrel with either her or the author for one expression—which savoured of brother Jonathan. She said to her friend, "If you are not in love with him, why were you so *emotional* at his presence?" Marie acted Miss Wilkins, and Deborah, Mrs. Saunders, —we are all wrong again—we mean, Miss Wilkins acted *Marie*, and Mrs. Saunders, *Deborah*, to the several lives of their several characters.

"Here break we off." It may seem inhuman, but we came away and left 'The Children in the Wood.' Now that we have had our joke, it is but fair to say, that there was no offence in any part of the entertainments, that the audience seemed highly pleased, and that their shillings and sixpences are, to our thinking, much more rationally spent here than in the public house.

### MISCELLANEA

*The Edinburgh Review* on 'Spain in 1830.'—A paragraph copied from the last number of the *Edinburgh* is going the round of the papers, propagating the grossest falsehoods. We shall next week expose the ignorance of the reviewer, by printing a *true* statistical account of Spain, in juxtaposition with his erroneous statement: in the meantime, we may remark, that had those monstrous exaggerations been true, there would, according to him, be only two and a fraction of monks or nuns, to each monastery or convent!

*Migration of Nations.*—In consequence of the irruption which the Russians made in their late war with Turkey into Armenia, about 97,000 Armenian Christians are said to have left their native country and settled in Russia, chiefly in Erivan, recently conquered by the Russians in their war with Persia. On the other hand, many Musulman families of Erivan have fled into Armenia, in order to avoid living under a Christian sovereign. Whether they find themselves happier under the Turk is not known; but it is affirmed, that many of the Armenians already regret the change, and wish they had remained under the dominion of the Porte, which seldom troubled them about their religion, while Nicholas has banished their patriarch to Bessarabia, because he refused to submit to the Russian hierarchy.

*Paradise Lost.*—The *Giornale delle due Sicilie* contains a communication from M. Zicari, in which he mentions, that he had discovered, that Milton had borrowed the idea of his sublime composition from a tragedy written by Pater Serafino della Salandra, intitled, 'Adamo,' and published at Cosenza in the year 1647. This hypothesis is strengthened, in Zicari's opinion, by the fact of Milton having visited Naples. The circumstance is incidentally alluded to by Hayley, who had, however, not been able to obtain a sight of Salandra's tragedy. Notwithstanding the admitted extent of our great poet's obligations to his Italian contemporaries and their predecessors, we must be better informed of the grounds upon which M. Zicari supports his opinion, before we allow him the merit of the 'discovery.' At all events, if Milton saw the 'Adamo' at Naples, it must have been in manuscript, inasmuch as he only visited that city once, and that in the year 1639.

*Monument to Gutenberg.*—It is proposed to raise a monument in Mentz, by public subscription, and the support of all nations, to the inventor of the art of printing.—*Foreign Quarterly Review.*

*Library Arrangement.*—In the Library of Trinity College, Dublin, Wordsworth's *Excursion* is placed among the books of travels.

*Chinese Literature.*—The collections of Dr. Morrison, Mantucci of Rome, and those in the Royal Library at Paris, have hitherto been considered the richest in Europe; but they are all said to be surpassed by that which Professor Neumann has recently brought to Munich, on his return from a visit to China, Singapore, and Java. It contains above 7,000 volumes, amongst which, probably, there is no work of equal value with the edition, published in 1818, of the entire transactions of the reigning family. We understand that the Professor's is the only copy which has reached Europe. The work is divided into sections, and opens with a comprehensive description of everything connected with public life and the public interest, whether bearing upon the Chinese continental possessions, or their dependencies and islands; this is followed by the edicts emanating from the present dynasty, arranged according to the points in civil economy, to which they relate, and the work concludes with a collection of musical, religious, and military illustrations, as well as geographical charts. Very full details accompany the biblical illustrations. The whole work extends to no less than 1132 books, and the learned Professor has it in contemplation to translate such portions of it as refer to financial matters and foreign affairs. It gives the latest official details of the population, revenue, and expenditure of the Chinese empire.

*England and France.*—Bères, a French writer, who has just published a work on the necessity of amending the French laws for public roads, observes, that "Great Britain possesses forty thousand leagues of well-kept roads, twelve to fifteen hundred leagues of canals, and above one hundred leagues of iron railways: whereas France, on an extent of surface twice and a half as large, has not more than fifteen hundred leagues of roads, which are mostly in bad condition; five hundred leagues of canals, not more than half of which are yet finished, and but a few leagues of railways."

*Rossini v. Paisiello—Il Barbiere di Siviglia.*—The origin and fortunes of this splendid composition, as related by one of Rossini's intimate friends, are somewhat remarkable. Paisiello had previously written for the Roman stage an opera under the same name, and with the same subject for its plot, which had been eminently successful. It happened that, about the close of the year 1815, the manager of the Teatro Argentino, in that capital, was at his wits' end, in consequence of the rejection of every libretto which he had submitted to their "autocracies" the censors of the Apostolical Chamber, when Paisiello's 'Barbiere' caught his eye, and suggested to him a means of getting out of his difficulties. He proposed to Rossini, that he should take the same subject as his groundwork, and write the music *de novo*. Our composer, no ways diffident of his ability, felt however certain misgivings as to the opposition which his temerity might bring down upon him. Not a moment however was to be lost; he therefore wrote off hand to the venerable composer, who was then at Naples, and explained to him the embarrassing situation in which he was placed. Paisiello was not the man to form a low estimate of his talents, and was not content with simply answering Rossini, that the choice which he had made had his hearty concurrence, but ran all over Naples predicting the approaching discomfiture of our youthful "maestro." Rossini, on the other hand, after prefixing a modest word or two to his libretto, and showing Paisiello's letter to the whole knot of Roman dilettanti, took his pen in hand, and, extraordinary as it may appear, the music of 'Il Barbiere' was struck off in *thirteen days*; and the piece was brought out in the beginning of January 1816. But the audience, who had a grateful recollection of the delight which the rival composer had once afforded them, were so

indignant, that they insisted upon the curtain being dropped before the new piece had reached the middle of the second act. The next day, however, they felt ashamed of their injustice, they gave the piece a fair hearing, and applauded it to the skies! It is remarkable, that another first night's condemnation should have been passed, and the same subsequent triumph enacted, by the dilettanti of the French metropolis, three years afterwards. They, like their brethren in Rome, momentarily sacrificed justice at the shrine of gratitude.

*Indigo.*—The *Tallahassee*, a Florida paper, states that the indigo plant is found in abundance on the pine lands in that territory. It grows very luxuriantly, frequently attaining the height of six or eight feet. The editor is of opinion that the culture of the plant might become as profitable as that of sugar or cotton.

*Circulation of the Works of Paine.*—We understand that, some time since, a large number of the works of Thomas Paine, not far short of one hundred, was sent for sale to Calcutta from America; and that one of the native booksellers, despairing of a sale, fixed the price of each copy at a rupee; a few were sold at this price, which falling into the hands of some young men educated in English, the anxiety to purchase the work became great. The vender immediately raised the price to five rupees a copy, but, even at that price, we hear that his whole stock was sold among the natives in a few days. Some one, soon after, took the trouble to translate some part of Paine's 'Age of Reason' into Bengalee, and to publish it in the *Prabhaker*.—*Samachar Durpun.*

*Climax.*—A lecturer on the history of chemistry thus described the celebrated Mr. Boyle—"He was a great man, a very great man, he was the father of modern chemistry, and the brother of the Earl of Cork."

### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

| Days of Week. | Thermom. |      | Barometer. | Winds.       | Weather. |
|---------------|----------|------|------------|--------------|----------|
|               | Max.     | Min. | Noon.      |              |          |
| Th. 9         | 89       | 58   | 29.80      | N.W. to W.   | Clear.   |
| Fr. 10        | 89       | 58   | 30.02      | SW. to N.W.  | Ditto.   |
| Sat. 11       | 85       | 62   | 30.10      | N.W.         | Ditto.   |
| Sun. 12       | 82       | 52   | Stat.      | N.W.         | Ditto.   |
| Mon. 13       | 75       | 52   | 29.86      | Var.         | Cloudy.  |
| Tues. 14      | 80       | 52   | Stat.      | Var.         | Clear.   |
| Wed. 15       | 76       | 55   | 29.82      | S.E. to S.W. | Ditto.   |

*Prevailing Clouds.*—Cirrostratus, Cymoid, Cirrostratus, Cirrocumulus.

Nights and Mornings fair throughout the week.

Mean temperature of the week, 78.5°.

Day decreased on Wednesday, 2h. 2 min.

### NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

Dictionary of the Anglo-Saxon Language, by the Rev. J. Bosworth.

Pedro of Penador, by the Author of Spain in 1830.

Practical Treatise on the Growth of Cucumbers, by John Weeden.

History of the Revolution in England, in 1688, by the Right Hon. Sir J. Mackintosh.

The second volume of the Friends' Library, will consist of the Life and Travels of T. Chalkley.

Steel's Shipmaster's Assistant, and Owner's Manual, 20th edit. corrected to 1833 (including the Regulations of the New Customs Act), by J. Stikeman.

*Just published.*—Christian Warfare, illustrated by the Rev. R. Vaughan, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—The Fossil Flora of Great Britain, by Lindley, Part I. Vol. 1, 1s. 2s.—Reply to the Aspersions on the late Lieut.-Gen. Long, by C. E. Long, Esq., 5s.—The British Preacher, Vol. 3, 7s. 6d.—Bree's St. Herbert's Isle, and other Poems, 8vo. 10s.—Mundell's Industrial Situation of Great Britain, 8vo. 5s. 6d.—Rev. S. R. Maitland's Facts and Documents respecting the Aborigines, 8vo. 16s.—A Month in London, by Taylor, 12mo. 5s.—Anecdotes of Animals, 16mo. 2s. 6d.—The System, by Charlotte Elizabeth, 18mo. 8s.—Whately on Secondary Punishment, 8vo. 7s.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS

Thanks to J.—B. W.—W.—H.—P. R.—M. R. T.

Thanks also to H. I. M. Short pieces, however, are never returned: it is much less trouble for the writer to keep a copy.

Other correspondents next week.



## ADVERTISEMENTS

An EXTRA PORTRAIT of the QUEEN of the BELGIANS, and a very fine Engraving of the EMPRESS of RUSSIA, and CHILD, from a Painting by George Dawe, Esq. R.A., with the usual number of other Engravings, will embellish No. 111. for SEPTEMBER of

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## REVIEWS

*The Fossil Flora of Great Britain; or, Figures and Descriptions of the Vegetable Remains found in a Fossil State in this Country.* By John Lindley, F.R.S. L.S. and G.S., Professor of Botany in the University of London, and William Hutton, F.G.S. &c. Part I. London: Ridgway.

As we sat with this curious and interesting volume in our hand, a friend came in, with whom we got into conversation on the subject. "Will you, too," he exclaimed, "rave about fossil bones and petrified mushrooms? Geology, for these ten years, has enjoyed more than its proper share of importance and patronage; much research and little talent are quite sufficient to enable a man to bore a hole in the earth and utter some barbarous words over the strata. A man lately got a pension or place, or some such thing, of twelve hundred a year, for collecting a cart-load of dry bones, and writing a volume of conjectures about the animals they belonged to; it was really delightful to read that the creatures had teeth in their jaws, wore tails, roamed in woods or lay in dens, and then died, as beasts do now. Some other profound person will, to-morrow, perhaps, split a stone on the way-side—tell, in a volume, the story of its formation, how long it lay neglected in the bosom of the earth, how earthquakes were invented on purpose to cast it up into light and notice, how the ways of God are justified to man by the history of this said pebble, and that Scripture is now comprehended, and the aim of creation understood—my life for it he will get a place where there is much to receive and little to do. You may depend upon it that Geology is only fit for the barren or the rich—for men who can acquire a name no other way—it costs them no outlay of fancy or invention. Pray, what is it to me that certain huge animals drank water before I was born, at the Big-bone-licks in America? that in the days of Brute the Trojan there were turtles on our shores large enough to feast seven thousand citizens? that once on a time hyenas were here—so were wolves, and what of that?—and that the herbs which our cows eat, and the flowers which our ladies gather, are, in some instances, not the same which they happened to be in the days of Gaul the son of Morni? I grant at once that the world has undergone a change; we have that on authority that must not be disputed, so there is no use for geologists to prove it by the bones of a mouse or a mammoth. If you desire to know what is really pleasant to be known on the subject, you will find that our poets and historians were quite aware of all that had come to pass, and related whatever they reckoned elegant or useful—leaving the bones and offal to the piddling sons of these

latter days. Have we not story after story of giants, mighty men, whose bodies lay floating many a rood in the waters round the ark? yet you will marvel at the bones of the mammoth. Have we not the best authenticated stories that may be about ladies being metamorphosed into trees and streams? and yet you will hold up your hands at the sight of a petrified snail! Have not the grandmothers of most of us transformed men into horses, and mounted and ridden them up hills three miles perpendicular? and have we not seen, in our own day, gold turned into paper and paper into gold? debt into wealth—and—"Enough, enough," we said, "and more than enough;"—he smiled and was silent.

We claim little or no share in the sentiments of our friend, which were, we believe, uttered between seriousness and banter; we consider all researches of the nature alluded to as beneficial and instructive; and no one has been more interested than ourselves in the discoveries which have been made and are making in this science. We may gather, too, from the work before us, that patronage has not, by any means, been too profuse in the matter; we are told, pretty plainly, that Murchison, the president of the Geological Society, contributed more substantial matters than suggestions to the work, and, indeed, the presence of a list of subscribers is a sufficient warrant to exculpate the rich and the noble from all suspicion of undue patronage. Should this Part succeed, the publication will be continued; we have no doubt that it will be welcomed by all enlightened and inquiring men; the aim and tendency of the whole is laid down in the preface:—

"The identity of certain strata in which few animal remains are now to be discovered—the probable condition of the atmosphere at the most remote periods—what gradual changes that climate may have undergone since living things first began to exist—whether there has been, from the commencement, a progressive development of their organization—all these are questions which it is either the peculiar province of the Botanist to determine, or which his enquiries must, at least, tend very much to elucidate.

"We propose, in the first place, to combine, in a single point, figures of all the Fossil plants that have been discovered in the rocks of this country. The utility of such a work for recent plants, is attested by the English Botany of Mr. Sowerby; and, no doubt, a similar publication upon our Fossil Flora will become, in time, a great mass of facts, to which Geologists will find it much more convenient to refer, than if the same information were scattered through many distinct publications. A similar object is, indeed, pursuing in France by M. Adolphe Brongniart, of whose 'Histoire des Végétaux Fossiles' it is difficult to speak too highly; but we confess that this, far from discouraging us in our own attempt, acts rather as a stimulus to greater

exertion. Besides, we are not ashamed to confess that we have national feeling enough to make us anxious that the elucidation of every thing that relates to England, should come from the hands of Englishmen; and that we should not be subject to the disgrace of being obliged to send our native Fossils to another country for examination, from want of the skill to determine them ourselves. The richness of Great Britain, in the Fossil remains of Vegetables, is well known to every Geologist; and the facilities of studying them are so great in the extensive excavations of our Coal Mines, that it is in this country more especially that information should be looked for upon the subject."

The following passage throws a little more light upon the subject, and shows, at the same time, the difficulties to be encountered by all adventurers in the mystical regions of geology:—

"Unfortunately, Fossil Botany is beset with difficulties of a peculiar character. The materials that the enquirer has to work upon, are not only disguised by those accidents to which all fossil remains are exposed in common, but they are also those which would, in recent vegetation, be considered of the smallest degree of importance. There is, in most cases, an almost total want of that evidence by which the Botanist is guided in the examination of recent plants; and not only the total destruction of the parts of fructification, and of the internal organization of the stem, but what contributes still more to the perplexity of the subject, a frequent separation of one part from another, of leaves from branches, of branches from trunks, and if fructification be present, of even it from the parts of the plant on which it grew, so that no man can tell how to collect the fragments that remain into a perfect whole. For it must be remembered, that it is not in Botany, as in Zoology, where a skilful anatomist has no difficulty in combining the scattered bones of a broken skeleton. In Botany, on the contrary, the component parts of both foliage and fructification are often so much alike in outline, which is all that the Fossil Botanist can judge from, as to indicate almost nothing when separated from each other, and from the axis to which they appertain. It is only by the various combinations of these parts that the genera and species of plants are to be recognized, and it is precisely these combinations that in fossils are destroyed."

To some of our readers the changes which have taken place in our own island, may be new; to all, they cannot fail to be interesting:—

"That the face of the globe has successively undergone total changes, at different remote epochs, is now a fact beyond all dispute; as, also, that long anterior to the creation of man, this world was inhabited by races of animals, to which no parallels are now to be found; and that those animals themselves only made their appearance after the lapse of ages, during which no warm-blooded creatures had an existence. It has been further remarked by Zoologists, that the animals which first appeared in these lati-

tudes, were analogous to such as now inhabit tropical regions exclusively; and that it was only at a period immediately antecedent to the creation of the human race, that species, similar to those of the existing era, began to appear in northern latitudes.

"Similar peculiarities have been also found to mark the vegetation of corresponding periods. It would hardly be credited, by persons unacquainted with the evidence upon which such facts repose, that, in the most dreary and desolate northern regions of the present day, there once flourished groves of Tropical plants, of Coniferae like the Norfolk Island and Araucarian Pines, of Bananas, Tree-ferns, huge Cacti, and Palms; that the marshes were filled with rush-like plants, fifteen or twenty feet high, the coverts with ferns like the undergrowth of a West Indian Island, and that this vegetation, thus inconceivably rich and luxuriant, grew amidst an atmosphere that would have been fatal to the animal world. Yet, nothing can well be more certain than that such a description is far from being overcharged. In the *Coal formation*, which may be considered the earliest in which the remains of land plants have been discovered, the Flora of England consisted of ferns, in amazing abundance, of large Coniferous trees, of species resembling *Lycopodiaceæ*, but of most gigantic dimensions, of vast quantities of a tribe, apparently analogous to *Cactææ*, or *Euphorbiaceæ*, but, perhaps, not identical with them, of Palms, and other *Monocotyledones*; and, finally, of numerous plants, the exact nature of which is as yet extremely doubtful. Between two and three hundred species have been detected in this formation, of which two-thirds are ferns."

The most unobserving must have seen, on the very surface of our island, indications of a former world of plants and trees; the stones of our quarries are impressed with broader leaves and larger stems than belong to trees of these degenerate days; fish of extinct tribes, some with formidable teeth and a couple of feet, are found in our clay formations; turtles of the dimensions of twelve feet long by four feet broad, are discovered in our veins of loam; many kinds of flowers, fruits, and bones, all giving evidence of a more gigantic tribe of animal and vegetable things, are daily coming to light. The old system, however, which is passed and gone, seems not to have been blessed with the presence of man—no remains of that forked, featherless, helpless creature, have yet been found. All this, and more than this, the 'Fossil Flora' will lay open to the world; the descriptions of the discovered trees, plants, herbs, and flowers will be accompanied, as they are in this part, with engravings executed with such fidelity as will convey a very clear notion of the subject. In truth, the present work may be considered as a Geological Annual; in the first part alone are thirty-nine embellishments, all exhibiting what has been hidden for at least these four thousand years.

*Poems.* By Miss H. F. Gould. Boston: Hilliard & Co.

We have been hunting over whole acres of American print, and regret to say, that we have had but poor sport. It was observed lately, in a letter from New York, "the *Athenæum* is the only English paper which takes notice of American literature, and that but seldom." In truth, and in apology, we must reply, that we seldom get hold of a good American book. Our friend, on the other side the great waters, seem

to favour us with their trade remainders. We have dipped into five and twenty volumes within these ten days; and this collection of poems by Miss Gould is the only one deserving notice; and even this, small as it is, contains a great deal that is valueless. However, we thought a few extracts might gratify our readers—and here they are:—

#### *The Song of the Bees.*

We watch for the light of the morn to break  
And colour the eastern sky  
With its blended hues of saffron and lake,  
Then say to each other, "Awake! awake!  
For our winter's honey is all to make,  
And our bread for a long supply!"  
Then off we hie to the hill and the dell,  
To the field, the meadow, and bower.  
In the columbine's horn we love to dwell,  
To dip in the lily with snow-white bell,  
To search the balm in its odorous cell,  
The mint and the rosemary flower.  
We seek the bloom of the eglantine,  
Of the painted thistle and briar;  
And follow the steps of the wandering vine,  
Whether it trail on the earth supine,  
Or round the aspiring tree-top twine,  
And reach for a state still higher.  
As each on the good of her sisters bent,  
Is busy and cares for all;  
We hope for an evening with hearts content,  
For the winter of life without lament  
That summer is gone with its hours mispent,  
And the harvest is past recall!

#### *The Winds.*

We come! we come! we feel our might,  
As we're hastening on in our boundless flight,  
And over the mountains, and over the deep,  
Our broad, invisible pinions sweep  
Like the spirit of liberty, wild and free!  
And ye look on our works, and own 'tis we;  
Ye call us the Winds; but can ye tell  
Whither we go, or where we dwell?  
Ye mark, as we vary our forms of power,  
And fell the forest, or fan the flower,  
When the hare-bell moves, and the rush is bent,  
When the tower's o'erthrown, and the oak is rent,  
As we waft the bark o'er the slumbering wave,  
Or hurry its crew to a watery grave;  
And ye say it is we! but can ye trace  
The wandering Winds to their secret place?  
And whether our breath be loud and high,  
Or come in a soft and balmy sigh,  
Our threatenings fill the soul with fear,  
Or our gentle whisperings woo the ear  
With music aerial, still 'tis we.  
And ye list, and ye look; but what do ye see?  
Can ye hush one sound of our voice to peace,  
Or waken one note, when our numbers cease?  
Our dwelling is in the Almighty's hand;  
We come and we go at his command.  
Though joy or sorrow may mark our track,  
His will is our guide and we look not back:  
And if, in our wrath, ye would turn us away;  
Or win us in gentlest airs to play,  
Then lift up your hearts to him who binds,  
Or frees, as he will, the obedient Winds!

The following, too, is pretty, and would be more so, but for the conceit in the last line:—

#### *The Dying Storm.*

I am feeble, pale, and weary,  
And my wings are nearly furled!  
I have caused a scene so dreary,  
I am glad to quit the world!  
With bitterness I'm thinking  
On the evil I have done,  
And to my caverns sinking  
From the coming of the sun.  
The heart of man will sicken  
In that pure and holy light,  
When he feels the hopes I've stricken  
With an everlasting blight!  
For widely, in my madness,  
Have I poured abroad my wrath;  
And changing joy to sadness,  
Scattered ruin on my path.  
Earth shuddered at my motion,  
And my power in silence owns;  
But the deep and troubled ocean  
O'er my deeds of horror moans!  
I have sunk the brightest treasure;  
I've destroyed the fairest form;  
I have sadly filled my measure,  
And am now a dying storm!

In the next poem the last verse again is objectionable, though for another reason;

but the idea is fanciful, and the subject is treated gracefully:—

#### *The Empaled Butterfly.*

"Ho!" said a butterfly, "here am I,  
Up in the air, who used to lie  
Flat on the ground, for the passers by  
To treat with utter neglect!  
None will suspect that I am the same  
With a bright new coat, and a different name;  
The piece of nothingness whence I came,  
In me they'll never detect.  
"That horrible night of the chrysalis,  
That brought me at length to a day like this,  
In the form of beauty—a state of bliss,  
Was little enough to give  
For freedom to range from bower to bower,  
To flirt with the buds and flatter the flower,  
And shine in the sunbeams hour by hour,  
The envy of all that live.  
"This is a world of curious things,  
Where those who crawl and those that have wings  
Are ranked in the classes of beggars and kings:  
No matter how much the world  
May be on the side of those who creep,  
Where the vain, the light, and the bold will sweep  
Others from notice, and proudly keep  
Uppermost on the earth!  
"Many a one that has loathed the sight  
Of the piteous worm, will take delight  
In welcoming me, as I look so bright  
In my new and beautiful dress.  
But some I shall pass with a scornful glance,  
Some with elegant *nonchalance*,  
And others will woo me, till I advance  
To give them a slight caress."  
"Ha!" said the pin, "you are just the one  
Through which I'm commissioned at once to run  
From back to breast, till, your fluttering done,  
Your form may be fairly shown.  
And when my point shall have reached your heart,  
'T will be like a balm to the wounded part,  
To think how you will be copied by art,  
And your beauty will all be known!"

We could make several other extracts, but they would want variety.

*Illustrations of Aristotle from Shakspeare.*  
By J. E. Riddle, M.A. Oxford: Parker;  
London: Rivingtons.

THE Ethics and Rhetoric of Aristotle are marked by the peculiar attributes of his intellectual character, more strongly than any of his other treatises: his love of classification and symmetrical arrangement, his care in forming accurate definitions, his cautious observation of nature, and his great power of forming detached facts into an orderly system. We have on former occasions defended the memory of the greatest of the Greek philosophers, from the sweeping condemnation pronounced by Locke, who knew little of his works, and the Scotch metaphysicians, who knew less; we shall not now resume the subject, but only request those who have taken their opinions of Aristotle from the works of his modern maligners, to read the few extracts in this little volume, and then try if they can discover equal delineations of human passions, and a similar analysis of the motives of human action in the jejune sentences of Reid, the pompous verbiage of Stewart, or even the splendid declamation of Doctor Browne.

The compiler of this little volume says, that "it will show how far Aristotle was a poet, and Shakspeare a philosopher,"—begging his pardon, it can show no such thing; but the coincidence between the philosopher's definitions and the poet's descriptions, demonstrates that both were derived from Nature. Of this truth, the passages showing the distinction between Anger and Hatred, furnish many illustrations. "Anger," says the Greek, "desires that its revenge should be open, Hate regards neither light nor darkness." The Englishman's Hamlet medi-

tating the murder of his uncle, does not contemplate the victim's knowing the hand by which he fell. "Anger," says the philosopher, "may be moved with pity, Hate, never." The Timon of the poet bids Alcibiades,

Swear against objects;  
Put armour on thine ears and on thine eyes;  
Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,  
Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,  
Shall pierce a jot.

The passion of indignation again differs from both in its effects; it is a feeling more deeply seated, and leading to a longer course of action. Compare its developments in the faithful Kent, the emulous Cassius, and the cold calculating Iago, with the attributes assigned by Aristotle as its distinctive characteristics; and every trait that the poet's observation of human life had enabled him to collect, will be found previously enumerated in the definitions of the philosopher.

We have been greatly pleased with this volume, because it brings two of our oldest friends together, and unites them in harmonious accordance. We were more pleased to find a person in these degenerate days readily doing justice to Aristotle, and claiming for him the merits of an analytic philosopher; when he is universally condemned as the great enemy of analysis. At the same time we regret that the work has not appeared in a more popular form; the editor ought to have translated his Greek quotations, and pointed out the coincidences where they are not immediately obvious. This is a lazy generation, too ready to condemn as worthless, whatever does not bear its value legibly stamped upon its surface, but requires labour and time for the discovery of its merits.

#### *Le Livre des Cent-et-Un.* Vol. VI.

[Second Notice.]

We shall continue our translations with a historical sketch of the Catacombs at Paris, from the pen of Nestor de La Harpe:—

#### *The Catacombs at Paris.*

"These excavations, which were nothing more than quarries situated under the faubourgs St. Germain and St. Jacques, have in our own times been put to religious uses. Numberless heaps of bones dug up from the churchyards in the interior of this immense metropolis, have been collected there; and walls built with these time-bleached remains of human organization, form a subterranean city. A black line drawn along the middle of the vaulted roof, serves to guide the living through its dreary and mysterious avenues. If you observed it not, you would be lost among the numberless and intricate roads which extend far beyond the living city.

"Three staircases lead to the catacombs. That at the *Barrière de l'Enfer*,\* offers in its name a remarkable coincidence with the place itself. To the right and left of the first gallery of the catacombs, are several other galleries which run under the Plain of Montrouge. Natural rocks are found at various distances from each other. The attention is sometimes arrested by picturesque and frightful ruins. Stalactites, or incrustations of alabaster, are produced by the infiltration of water. By following the gallery of the boulevard St. Jacques, you see the immense works of the Aqueduct of Arcueil, constructed in the reign of Louis XIII., and the buildings intended for the prevention of smuggling. To the south-west, the road through the double quarries corresponds with the old road to Orleans, termed the Hollow Road, and passes under the aqueduct of the Emperor

\* Gate of Hell.

Julian. The traces of a great people are everywhere to be seen.

"A fountain for the use of the workmen has been dug in the catacombs. The water which exudates from their dark recesses, and flows noiselessly into this fountain, disappears drop by drop in the surrounding gloom, like succeeding generations from the face of the earth.

"A fire in a vase of antique form burns ever, to purify the air. It is the watch-lamp of the dead, but it imparts no warmth to their ashes. A mineralogical collection offers to the curious, specimens of the strata of earth and stone which form the soil of these subterranean vaults. Before you come to the ossuaries, you have an opportunity of examining a *pathological museum*. Vain and idle study! it teaches only the vanity of human science!

"The vestibule of the Catacombs is octagonal. The gate is formed by two pillars surmounted with a poetical inscription. Further on, as you advance into this mute city in which thick walls of human bones represent streets and squares, and in which altars and obelisks alone speak the language of man, you find other inscriptions in different languages.

"Read those affecting and beautiful lines of a great satirist, whence this sarcophagus derived its name of *Tombeau de Gilbert*.

Au banquet de la vie, infortuné convive,  
J'apparus un jour, et je meurs!

"Next is the pillar of the *Memento*, which, in two words, presents the whole destiny of man—  
PULVIS ES!

"Further on, is that called the *Clementine Night*, on account of the inscriptions taken from the poem on the death of Pope Clement XIV., which Voltaire took as the model of his *Mahomet*.

Parlate, orridi avanzi! o che rimane  
Dei vantati d'onor gradi, e contratti?  
Non son follie disuguaglianze umane?

"Here again are expository monuments:—

Hoc, dum crudelis Discordia sceptrum tenebat,  
Hortatrix scelorum, contempeque jura jacebant,  
Sæva cæde cohors furis incensa peremit.

"Let the seeds of discord be for ever buried in the earth! Peace be to the dead, and to the living, union and oblivion!"

"In this place, at least, pride does not hover over annihilation, as in the cemetery of Père La Chaise. The oblivion of names distinguishes the Catacombs from every other receptacle for the dead. There is a universal equality.

"In 1777, buttresses and pillars were built to support the vaults, which had been long neglected, and houses had sunk into them, involving human life in their destruction. At the present day, each subterranean street corresponds with a street above, and both are marked with the same series of numbers; so that the point of danger may always be known below as well as above.

"The care of the catacombs was entrusted to special officers, and a company of engineers appointed to carry on the works necessary for security. Walls and counter-walls now give safety to the streets, which the increase of the metropolis made it necessary to build over these excavations, and which display all the gorgeousness of human grandeur suspended over an abyss.

"On the other hand, the immense deposits of the dead in the heart of the city, became the source of disease and corruption; and the alarmed inhabitants called loudly for a remedy. In the cemetery of the Innocents, which during several centuries had been the only one in Paris, and had caused uneasiness even in 1554, the soil was raised to a height of more than eight feet above the neighbouring streets and houses. At length, in 1785, a decree of the Council of State ordered the suppression of this cemetery, and the conversion of its area into a public square. On the 7th of April 1786, the cata-

combs were consecrated with all the pomps and ceremonies of the Catholic religion. Thus, the same quarries which had supplied the city of Paris with its foundation stone, opened a last asylum to the population of many centuries.

"The removal of the bodies from the cemetery of the Innocents, was succeeded by a similar removal from the churchyards of Saint Eustache and Saint Etienne-des-Grès. Every human fragment was piled up in this vast charnel-house, and received for a second time the honours of sepulture. But the revolution was soon destined to accumulate its victims there;—there were deposited the remains of those who fell in the different battles which took place in the heart of Paris, in 1788 and 1789, and at the Tuileries on the 10th of August 1792—and the bodies of those who were butchered in the prisons on the 2nd and 3rd of September following. In the same year, the Convention decreed the suppression of all cemeteries in the interior of Paris. An ample repository for the dead then became more necessary than ever.

"From 1792 to 1808, the catacombs received the exhumations of twelve cemeteries;—from 1808 to 1811, all the bones discovered by fresh diggings in the old cemetery of the Innocents; at a later period, those of the cemetery of the Isle of Saint-Louis;—and lastly, in 1813, those of the *Hôpital de la Trinité*. At first, funeral monuments were likewise carried to the catacombs, where they were ranged in order, round the principal entrance called the tomb of Isoire or Isouard, from the name of a famous robber who is said to have been killed and buried there. But they were destroyed in 1792 as objects of religious worship. Roire's tomb, which belonged to the city of Paris, was sold as national property; and after changing owners ten times in the space of twenty years, was at last transformed into a *guinguette*, in the same manner as the cemetery of St. Sulpice was turned into a place of dancing, with the words *BAL DE ZEPHIRE*, in large letters placed just above the following pious inscription:—

Has ultra metas requiescant, beatam spem expectantes."

To the above, we add the following historical fragment from a paper entitled, '*L'Eglise des Petits Pères à Paris*,' by Madlle. Elise Voiart:—

#### *"The Duke and Duchess of Medecis.*

"When the Emperor Charles V. was only an Archduke, he, in a journey of pleasure to Italy, fell in love with a beautiful lady of that country, whose name, like that of most of his other mistresses, has not transpired. All that is known concerning her is, that she was of noble descent, and that had she given birth to a son, the Prince would have acknowledged him. She died, however, leaving only a daughter, whom Charles loved most tenderly, and had carefully educated.

"At fifteen, this daughter appeared at the court of Charles Sforza, whom Charles, then Emperor, had re-established in the Duchy of Milan. Here, her beauty and accomplishments attracted a host of admirers, and among them a young man of the house of Medecis, handsome and amiable, but without fortune. His family having been driven by factions from Florence, he had entered into the service of the Emperor. Although his humbled fortune allowed him not to aspire to the hand of so distinguished a lady as the Emperor's daughter, he could not refrain from paying her attentive homage, for which the numerous *fêtes* afforded abundant opportunities. The lady, on her side, felt a reciprocal passion; but though she knew the secret of his birth, she dared not encourage the love she had inspired. She therefore, by a mixture of reserve and affability, endeavoured to reconcile her secret feelings with what was due to her rank.

"At this period, Italy was devastated by war.



Rome had just been sacked by the troops of the Emperor, who was irritated at the league which the Pope had formed against him, in conjunction with France, England, and the Princes of Italy, to expel him from the latter country. The youthful Medecis, forced to follow the fortunes of his relative Clement VII., took leave of her who was so dear to him, left Milan in a state bordering on despair, and joined the Pope, then a prisoner in the Castle of St. Angelo. To the disgrace of the Christian world, the captivity of the head of the church lasted upwards of six months. At length, to obtain freedom and peace, Clement consented to the conditions imposed by Charles, and deputed his relative to bear his submission to the Emperor. Two years after, the young Medecis was appointed plenipotentiary to treat with the Emperor on the subject of the alliance which Clement was about to form with him, and to obtain better conditions for the Roman States in the general peace.

"The young Ambassador proceeded to Barcelona, whither the Emperor had brought his daughter. Here the lovers met for the first time after their long separation, during which they had remained faithful to each other. The lady now found means so to dispose the heart of her illustrious parent, that, either from extreme love for his daughter, or some political motives that have never transpired, Charles consented to their union. He immediately conferred upon the husband the title of Duke, and restored him to the inheritance of his ancestors, by placing him at the head of the government of Florence.

"So great and unexpected a happiness was too much for this amiable pair. They tasted its sweets without seeming to believe in their reality. Their bliss was beyond their powers of enjoyment—and an unaccountable heaviness of heart seemed to prognosticate that it could not last.

"The cares of government kept the Duke several hours every day from the presence of his bride, and the latter, during her husband's absence, was overwhelmed with the most distressing forebodings. She was as much afflicted at this daily separation as if it were a real misfortune. Ever anxious, and in a state of excitement, the least noise threw her into an agony of fear. As the hostile party in the state had evinced great repugnance to receive the Pope's nephew as their master, the young Duchess constantly imagined that the poignard of one of the factious was about to be plunged into the Duke's bosom; and so powerfully was her mind acted upon by this idea, that she was often observed to start, scream, or groan, according as her imagination conjured up some dreadful picture of assassination.

"One day a great noise was heard in the streets, and the unhappy Duchess fancied she distinguished the cries of *Carne! carne! Sangue! sangue!* which commonly accompanied popular insurrections in Italy. Wild with horror and alarm, and struck with the idea that her husband had fallen under the murderer's knife, she endeavoured to rush towards the door, but fell senseless into the arms of her attendants.

"The circumstance was immediately made known to the Duke, who was just leaving the council. Profoundly affected by such a proof of her love, but deploring its fatal effects, he hastened home. On entering her room, he found the women in tears, the physicians of the palace in mute consternation, and his lovely wife upon the bed, pale, motionless, and to all appearance dead. In reply to the inquiring glance which he cast around him, there was only a more violent paroxysm of tears on the part of the female attendants. He approached the bed, touched the white hands and kissed the cold cheek of her he adored, called her by the tenderest and

most touching names, but she remained insensible to his caresses. Her lips were cold, her bosom motionless, and her heart had ceased to palpitate. The Duke uttered a fearful cry of despair, and fell fainting upon the body of his wife. For a long time, every attempt to restore them to life was of no avail. On a sudden, one of the Duchess's women thought of an expedient, which was to call with a loud voice close to the ear of her mistress—'Madam, madam, come to the assistance of His Excellence the Duke! He is dying, Madam! The Duke is dying!'

"These terrible words were successful. The Duchess awoke from the lethargic convulsion which had held her faculties suspended; she opened her eyes, the blood again coloured her cheeks, and her senses returned. She rose from the bed, and with unsteady footsteps approached the Duke, who was just then beginning to recover from his swoon. Joy spread through the palace; but that which the lovers themselves experienced was too pure to be manifested by noisy demonstrations. Both arose, and circling each other in their arms, descended to the chapel to thank Providence for their miraculous restoration to life. This event, however, by rendering them still dearer to each other, only increased the melancholy disposition of their minds. Both had a presentiment that they should not live long, and one morning the Duchess spoke thus to her husband.

"Do you not think, dearest husband, that we had better settle our affairs, and prepare, in a Christian-like manner, to meet that death which is certainly not far off? My happiness is so complete and so intense that I shall always fear to lose it, until we have carried it to the sanctuary of another world. Let us dispose of our property in favour of the poor, place the government of your dominions in the hands of the elders of the republic, and then, free from anxiety, live solely for each other, until it shall please God to call us to him. And if in his goodness that be soon, so much the better, my own love, for we are too happy to remain upon earth! Bliss like ours belongs only to Heaven. But that our short lives may not pass without teaching a useful moral to the world, let us leave a great example of the vanity of that which is commonly called happiness. Let us show to what extent the desires of man, when gratified in this world, render him miserable, since we who are young, handsome, rich, powerful, loving and beloved, find not these blessings sufficient to prevent us from desiring death! Let us send for some skilful painter, who shall represent us in this our day of beauty, surrounded with all the splendour of our rank. Let a hundred thousand crowns be the price of these portraits, on condition that the same painter shall make two other portraits of us six weeks after our death, and faithfully depict us, such as we shall then be. Do you consent to this, dearest love?"

"The Duke, acted upon by a like melancholy imagination, raised no objection to her singular proposal, which was in accordance with the exaggerated feelings of that age. They sought a painter of sufficient courage and ability to execute the intentions of the Duchess, and the choice fell upon Robusti, surnamed Tintoretto. This celebrated artist accepted the strange commission, and swore upon the Holy Evangelists to fulfil both the first and last part of it.

"The lovely Duchess who, since she had formed her determination, had renounced the splendour of rich attire, once again resumed her bridal robes. She adorned her person with gold and jewels and flowers; and insisted that her husband should also wear all the insignia of his rank and honour. Tintoretto painted them both.

"Scarcely were the portraits finished, and

the preliminary measures taken for the new life the Duke and Duchess intended to lead, that the health of the latter, already feeble, suddenly declined, and her husband feared that her sad anticipations would soon be realized. And in truth, whether it was the result of an organic disease, or the consequences of an excited and overwrought mind, the Duchess died almost suddenly. Some moments before her death, unable to speak, she fixed a long and tender look upon her husband, extended her trembling hand towards him, and her fingers, already chilled by the approach of death, seemed to make him a mysterious sign.

"The Duke survived his wife only long enough to pay the last duties to her remains, and take measures for the execution of her dying wishes. He sent for the painter, and made him renew his promise, which Tintoretto religiously fulfilled."

#### Zoological Illustrations. Second series.

Drawn and described by William Swainson, Esq., F.R.S., &c. Nos. I. to XXIV: Baldwin & Cradock.

In our notice of the ornithological volume of 'Northern Zoology,' we recorded our admiration of the beauty and value of the illustrations it contained, all of which were supplied by the pencil of the author of the present work.

These 'Zoological Illustrations,' however, embrace a much larger field; birds, insects, shells, and occasionally fishes, are here drawn with accuracy, and coloured with good taste and brilliancy. Mr. Swainson's acquirements as a naturalist and an artist, are of the highest order, and he possesses the rare quality of depicting examples throughout the wide range of his study, with equal truth and facility. The descriptions are scientific, clear, and forcible, with interesting details of the habits of the animals; and the various subjects selected for delineation are of great rarity and beauty.

#### *Voyage au Congo et dans l'Interieur de l'Afrique Equinoxiale, fait dans les années 1828, 1829, et 1830. Par J. B. Douville, Secrétaire de la Société de Géographie de Paris pour l'année 1832, &c. Paris.*

We are not of that class of precise moralists who quarrel with friends, because, in relating an anecdote, they do not stick to the dual literal reality. Truth is a very good thing in its way—in a sermon or an affidavit—but, so that the story has its foundation in truth, we are content to allow the narrator a moderate exercise of imagination, as well as memory. With a slight dash of exaggeration, the most commonplace adventure may become interesting. If an old hornless cow, feeding in its fat pastures, happens to approach nearer than desirable to one of these pleasant fellows, what a thrill of anxiety will pervade the heart of the first attentive auditor as he narrates his fearful escape from the horns of an enraged bull! How they pant with expectation, as, in a voice horror-struck and impressive, he informs them of his feelings when he heard the quick breathings of his pursuer close at his heels! And how their eyes sparkle with pleasure and surprise at his presence of mind in jumping suddenly aside and leaving the enraged animal to dash itself with full force against a gate or a tree. To any little gratification of this kind we consider our friends fairly entitled, and never presume

to interrupt the narrator with impertinent and perplexing questions. Let the rational and the respectable listen with esteem and attention to one who is exercising the noblest powers of the mind for their amusement. An after-dinner fabulist is indeed a great acquisition to a party. When he excels in this accomplishment, when out of the scantiest materials he keeps the table in a roar, or holds it breathless in expectation, we look upon him as a sort of unpublished Walter Scott. His fancy teems with all agreeable and all grotesque combinations of adventure. He unites in his own person—for he is generally the principal performer in the anecdotes he relates—the double glories of the novelist and the hero, and we feel as if we were in the presence of a mysterious dual, an intellectual edition of the Siamese twins—one perhaps a snuffy, stilly-looking old gentleman in a brown scratch wig, the other, a being “such as limners love to paint and ladies to look upon.” There are few who in the course of their lives have not met with men who thus rendered themselves remarkable by their little fanciful historiettes, and we acknowledge that such men are not only very good fellows over a glass of wine, but often amiable in other respects. Yet some limit must be set to the exercise of imagination: and what are we to say to those who, not content with the fame of *virtù voce* beautifiers and creators, set down their inventions in goodly pages, and publish them as sober truths? What, for instance, are we to say to M. Douville and his journeyings in Central Africa, under the Equator, and in the shadow of the Moon Mountains, on that mysterious spot of which even the boldest of map-makers has never ventured to pronounce the name, and which imagination has always held to be the sacred land of elephants and anthropophagi, of tigers, hydras, and chimeras dire? Has this illustrious stranger penetrated its mysteries? Has the cackle of this Frenchman been audible in its plains and on its mountains, hitherto vocal to our fancies, only with the heaven-shaking screams of rocs, the mutterings of mangrains and magicians on their way to swear allegiance to the Prince of Evil in the halls of Dom Daniel? Has M. Douville lifted the veil from the dark *terra incognita*? No! Unvisited, as of yore, or dally visited in dreams, its cities, plains, mountains, valleys, lakes, rivers, being described by an ignorant and conceited scribbler, to whom its cities, plains, mountains, valleys, lakes, and rivers, if there be any, are equally unknown!

Our readers are partly indebted to M. Douville's work, but still more to the *Foreign Quarterly Review* for these speculations. Three weeks since we gave an extract from the former, and were about to prepare a general review of it, when the new number of the *Foreign Quarterly* arrived and settled for ever the pretensions of the traveller and the merit of his work; nothing is left for us to do but to hold up our hands in admiration, and return our best thanks for the untiring perseverance with which the critic has exposed the pretensions and the falsehoods of this most impudent Frenchman.

Mendez Pinto, farewell!—Thy name and memory are from this hour forgotten—thou hast no longer a pretence to be considered as “a liar of the first magnitude.”

## WAVERLEY NOVELS, VOL. XL.

## Woodstock.

THIS volume is just received. The illustration is by Inskipp, and the vignette by W. Collins. The notes are few, but have interest, especially a short one upon Sir Henry Lee's faithful dog Bevis:—

“It may interest some readers to know, that Bevis, the gallant hound, one of the handsomest and active of the ancient Highland deer-hounds, had his prototype in a dog called Maida, the gift of the late Chief of Glengarry to the author. A beautiful sketch of him was made by Edwin Landseer, and afterwards engraved. I cannot suppress the avowal of some personal vanity when I mention, that a friend, going through Munich, picked up a common snuff-box, such as are sold for one franc, on which was displayed the form of this veteran favourite, simply marked as *Der lieblichste hund von Walter Scott*. Mr. Landseer's painting is at Blair-Adam, the property of my venerable friend, the Right Honourable Lord Chief Commissioner Adam.”

*Legends of the Rhine, &c.* By the Author of ‘Highways and Byways.’ 3 vols. London: Colburn & Bentley.

*Swallow Barn, or, a Sojourn in America.* 4 vols. London: Newman & Co.

BERNE at the sea-side when Mr. Grattan's work was published, we sent for it to the Library, with a confiding faith that it would be welcome. It did not, however, quite satisfy us; but, as we were in no humour to be critical, we read on, and we recommend others, in like situations, to follow our example. We have dipped into it since our return, but cannot say more in its favour.

‘Swallow Barn’ is an American work, and certainly not worth reprinting. It is prodigiously wordy and wearisome.

*The Dublin Journal of Medical and Chemical Science.* Vol. I. Dublin: Hodges.

THE first volume of this highly-interesting journal is now complete, and it does great honour to the medical professors in the sister island. The original papers are excellent, and the reviews impartial and instructive; indeed, we can find no fault, but of omission. The cholera has been ravaging Ireland for months, and the Dublin Medical Journal takes not the least notice of it. The editor will, we hope, feel that we have a right to expect information from him on this subject: all that can be collected is wanting.

## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

‘*Oral Traditions of the Cinque Ports*,’ by Capt. Martin.—This is an interesting work; it is filled with antiquarian knowledge, not picked up over a bottle of wine, and during a conversation in painted rooms, but obtained amid the wear and tear of service both by land and sea. The aim of the author is to compare oral traditions with actual existences: he examines the coast with a curious and searching eye; he pays the same attention to the sea; he looks into our cleverest historians; he consults the best local authorities; nay, he digs deep into the earth, and, we believe, dives into the ocean; and the result is, in his opinion, that the great changes wrought along the Kentish coast have not been produced, as has been asserted, by the encroachment of the sea, but must have been occasioned by some sudden convulsion or change; for on the land upon which the sea is fast encroaching, marine matters of all kinds may be dug up in abundance. The following passages are curious:—

“I find also, in the History of the Isle of

Thanet, a lame attempt made to discredit oral tradition, and to prove that the extraordinary changes which have taken place in its neighbourhood were brought about by the gradual recession of the sea; yet, had the reverend author been as good a geologist, and mathematician, as he was an amiable pastor, he would have perceived that he has negated his argument in his own pages; where he describes the burial place of Ethelbert as a fortress now covered with the deep, yet at some times in very low tides visible—its demarcation perfect, the strata around it abounding in Roman pottery, coins, and armorial fragments, &c. &c. The latter is a well-authenticated fact. The Reculver Rock is unquestionably the ruins of an ancient fortress, at a comparatively short distance from the churches, which (but for the artificial means used to preserve their remains) would soon share the same fate. If the recession of the sea from the estuaries on our coast had been gradual and progressive, how could we possibly account for the extraordinary discoveries continually made in our tracts of marsh land? The Richborough Channel and Wantsume was an extensive oyster ground.—See ‘Tacitus, Antoninus, and others of the Roman writers.’

“If we dig a well in many parts of the marsh, the first soil gives place to a confused mass of marine substances, flints, and fossils, hurled indiscriminately together as if by a sudden bursting in of the sea in its fury; and to these succeed a line of shelly strata, regularly deposited, as is the method with all the beds or reservoirs of oysters. In tracing this strata to that part of the coast near the Reculvers, where the entrance of the channel existed, we have a convincing proof that it was no gradual recession, but a more violent operation of nature, which destroyed this and the several other armlets of the sea upon our coast. Here, upon a stratum of disrupted chalk, united by a muddy cement, is a deposition of sea-sand, shell, chalk, flints, and other marine substances, in an undistinguished mass; not in regular lines, but to use the language of Fussell, ‘resembling the figures upon what is called marble paper.’ Above this variegated stratum is a layer of light sand and pebbly flints, about two feet in thickness, being the last deposit of the waters. What but a terrible inundation, or stormy convulsions of nature, would have produced these effects and appearances, and thus have choked the mouths of the channel? Are there any proofs, then, of the gradual recession of the waters? What has become of the land around the Reculvers—of Whitstable street, and great part of the Island of Sheppy? They are all existing proofs of the impossibility of the sea having gradually retired from a navigable channel—converted the anchorage of navies into smiling pastures—and, at the same time, have covered for ever the stone-built fortress, in the immediate vicinity, or buried the greater part of a town, a few miles distant, in the bosom of the deep.”

The retreat of the sea from one part of the shore, and its encroachment upon another, attracted the early notice of historians and philosophers: listen to our author:—

“The sea, it would appear, had thus done its worst upon this point of coast, having destroyed the old towns of Hastings and Winchelsea, and lifting from its secret bed an overwhelming mass of shingle, hurled it into the mouths of the Lympne (or Rother); and, choking it up, at low water it would exhibit an immense flat of loose swampy marsh land, having a complete peninsula of sea beach at Dungeness, extending for several miles into the British Channel. The natives would then progressively form embankments to stop its further progress and ruinous effects, and in the course of time the advantages they gained induced them to unite and make a simultaneous effort for the security of their pos-

sessions. Accordingly we find that upwards of fifty thousand acres of the finest land in Europe was regained from the sea by the formation of Dymchurch Wall. Henry de Bathe and his colleagues obtained from Henry the Third a royal grant, called 'The Statute of Sewers,' in which statute they were styled, 'The Lords of the Level.' What a pleasing retrospect it brings to the mind, as the eye of the antiquarian surveys from this proud embankment the beautiful expanse of pasturage, covered with milk-white flocks grazing peacefully, where the surge once rolled in maddening fury to the desolated shore. Studdall, whose base stood upon the strand, now in the centre of a fertile district;—and imagination may then pourtray the Portus Lemanus, when, in the reign of Alfred, the Danish fleet sailed up to Appledore, and destroyed it with fire and sword. The little rural village of Appledore, now ten miles from the sea, then a maritime and principal town of the Anglo-Saxons. The river, then navigable for a large fleet which had crossed the Northern Ocean, now a narrow, muddy stream, emptying itself, through the little harbour of Rye, into the bay which is formed by the projecting bank of sea shingle at Dungeness.

"We now come to Hythe; and various have been the opinions respecting its early history. Saltwood Castle appears to have been a strong defence, intended for the protection of the town and port. Fussell and others doubt this; but they have again lost sight of natural causes, of the great change which evidently and on a sudden took place;—the raising from the deep that extraordinary mass of shingle called Dungeness. And if we admit that it once did not exist, except in a farther offing, then Hythe becomes another of the harbours on the borders of the Portus Lemanus, which had for its boundaries the rising lands of Hythe and Folkstone. Here, also, the ocean has invaded the cliffs. Leland describes its effects thus: 'Hard upon the shore be greate ruines of a soleme old nunnurie, yn the walles wherofe apere greate and longe Briton bricke; and on the right hond of the quier a grave trunche of squared stone. The castel yard hath been a place of greate buriale, yn so much as where the sea hath worne on the banke, bones appear half sticking out. Lord Clinton's grandfather had there of a poore man a boate almost full of antiquities of pure gold and silver.'"

We must follow Capt. Martin no farther; his little pamphlet will be acceptable to all the people of the Cinque Ports.

'The Carding and Spinning Master's Assistant.'—This work, we dare say, will be found useful in manufacturing towns; but we are not masters enough of the mystery of taking cotton raw from the bag, carding it, and spinning it, and making it ready for the loom, to enable us to discuss the theories of the author, or to sanction his practice.

'The Christian Warfare Illustrated, by the Rev. Robert Vaughan.'—The design of the reverend author has been, to make a manual regarding the effects of christianity on the minds of men, according to diversity of character and circumstances. He discourses on human depravity, on justification, on spiritual influences, and on christian warfare, as connected with all that is essential to salvation, and has brought both learning and devotion to the task; he has acquitted himself as one who would not do the good work negligently.

1. 'A Grammar of Ancient Geography.' 2. 'A Praxis of the Grammar of Ancient Geography, compiled for the use of King's College,' by Aaron Arrowsmith, Hydrographer to the King, &c.—These are remarkably accurate, and, what buyers look much to, very neat productions, and creditable alike to the College and the compiler. The maps, as might be expected, are clear and com-

pact, and distances may be measured, and sites of cities ascertained, as well in them, as in maps of thrice their extent.

'My Own Fireside,' by the author of 'The Solace of an Invalid.'—The writer of this little volume seems a lady of a tender disposition and a kind heart—she is pious too, unaffectedly so, and has interested us by some of her household delineations.

'Eura and Zephyra, a Classical Tale; with Poetical Pieces,' by David Booth; second edition with additions.—The story of 'Eura and Zephyra' must have been whispered to us in a moment when we were deep in some dry discussion, for it is impossible we could have forgotten it. The birth of Eura alone would have left an indelible impression:—

"What infernal demon assumed the garb and form of Cupid? Some hell-born fiend, with arrows hissing hot from the flames of Tartarus, must have melted the ice-bound hearts of Eurus and the Naiad. He certainly was not the god of love. Earth quaked under the horrid embrace, and the Gods themselves were astonished at the birth of Eura. Grim were the demons that saw her spring into existence. No gentile being smoothed the couch of the mother. The furies watched to receive the child; but Juno, in pity, snatched it from their grasp and adopted Eura as her daughter."

The poetry is of the old school—sometimes pretty, and generally smooth and melodious.

#### ORIGINAL PAPERS

WRITTEN IN THE AUTOGRAPH SCRAP-BOOK OF A TALENTED FRENCH AVOCAT.

I would not merely scrawl my name,  
Of you to prove my estimation—  
I wished to weigh your genius' claim—  
To measure out your meed of fame—  
But could not!—and who is to blame?  
Be answered in a plain narration.

I asked your fair friend Poesy  
Some prettiness of you to tell us—  
She said her sister Harmony  
So longed to trill your eulogy,  
That, of her praise, exclusively,  
The lady might be jealous.

I turned to Harmony, who bowed,  
Warbling kind things in dulcet measure—  
And—"singly, she would praise aloud,  
But Eloquence, your friend avowed,  
With Wit, were of your name so proud,  
She had rather wait their pleasure."

I called on Eloquence and Wit—  
They made me just the same excuses!  
And what can I say, then, to hit  
Your worth? a changing point like it,  
Which causes such a jealous fit  
Among the very Muses?

#### THE FRENCH 'BALADES' OF SIR JOHN GOWER.

ALTHOUGH, as a general proposition, it is true, that no poet deserving the laurel ever wholly missed his reward, yet, in a qualified sense, there have been many to whom Fame has never awarded their just meed of praise. This is peculiarly the case with those early writers, who, ere the language was fully settled, and ere their contemporaries were fully qualified to appreciate their merits, came forth, like the early singing birds of a premature spring, to carol a welcome to the unexpected sunshine, and then die and be forgotten. There is another class of early writers to whom fate has been less severe, but who, while they have received even *undue* praise, for their larger though inferior productions,

have failed to obtain it for their smaller but more poetical effusions. How sedulously did our grandfathers read and admire Sylvester's mere translation of the prosing Du Bartas, while his own graceful madrigals were unnoticed; how did our grandmothers toil through the wiredrawn speeches, and page long descriptions of Sydney's Arcadia, while his beautiful sonnets were unread.

The venerable poet to whom we are about to call the reader's attention, although not wholly forgotten, may be said rather to survive in his name, than in his works; since we greatly question whether the number of readers of his *Confessio Amantis*, would be found greatly to exceed those of Robert of Gloucester, or Piers Ploughman. Alas! for the hopes of high and enduring fame, when he, who built up for himself a "three piled monument,"—he, who trusted not his name to the guardianship of one single nation, but called upon the courtly language of France, and the immortal tongue of ancient Rome—no less than the vigorous dialect of his native land, to keep watch over, and preserve his fame, is only remembered in his name. Alas! his *Speculum Meditantis* written in choice French verse, is believed utterly to have perished. His *Vox Clamantis* slumbers undisturbed among the stores of the Cottonian MSS.† For his latest work, and one on which probably less than the others, he thought to establish his fame—his *Confessio Amantis*, a more favourable fortune has been obtained. It was printed in 1483 by Caxton—and again, with better care and from a more correct MS., by Berthelet in 1532. About this time, it seems to have been very popular, since both in 1544 and in 1554, new editions were printed. From that time, however, it has been almost forgotten, nor was it again printed until 1810, when it was inserted in that voluminous collection of the works of the early English poets, published by the London booksellers.

Such has been the fate of the three long poems, in three different languages, written by Sir Johan Gower. On these, his fame sought to rest; nor was the existence of any other poem ever even suspected. When the late Mr. Thomas Warton was engaged on that very admirable and useful work, his History of English Poetry, the late Lord Traneham communicated to him a MS. containing several small poems in French, by this now almost forgotten writer, and four of these Warton has inserted in his work. Several years after, Mr. Todd discovered that a more perfect copy existed in the library of the Marquis of Stafford, who permitted him to extract five, for insertion in his 'Illustrations of Gower and Chaucer.' The elegance and beauty of these, render it a subject of regret that the whole contents of the MS., with its 'Cinkante Balades,' have not been given to the public; and to direct the attention of the readers of the *Athenæum* to these long-forgotten remains of an almost forgotten poet, the following translations of three of them are given. Independently of their intrinsic merit, they are interesting, as being among the earliest specimens of that style which was termed "the new poetry," and which came into use about the middle of the fourteenth century, the period at which these songs were written. After the troubadours

† The reader may, however, find several extracts from it in Gough's very interesting History of Poesy.

had gone as far as they could, and farther than we are willing to follow them, in their affectations, both of style and versification, the song-writers of France and England endeavoured to unite with the polished style and strict versification of the *langue d'oc*, that "naïveté charmante," which, as M. Roquefort truly says, "fit le caractère distinctif de la langue Française dans les douzième et treizième siècles, mais qu'elle paroit avoir perdu, sans retour."

This new style of French poetry appears to have quickly become fashionable among the higher classes in England. Chaucer made it the model of his shorter pieces; and traces of its prevalence may be found in all the song-writers even of the sixteenth century. The French, in which these "balades" are written, is that of the fourteenth century; but there are frequent insertions of English words,—even these two decidedly English terms, "ease" and "comfort," are introduced: an interesting proof how much better suited to the poet was the copious language of his native land, than the more restricted, though more polished, language of the *trouvères* of Normandy.

The first to which we shall call the reader's attention, bears a striking resemblance to the poems of that metaphysical school, of which Donne has furnished both the best and the worst specimens:—the *refrain* has been retained in its original French, from the difficulty of giving the precise words within the limits of a single line.

A wondrous wight is Love, I ween—  
A thousand thousand forms he weareth;  
A tricking sprite, full often seen  
And known, though ev'ry name he beareth:  
He's rich, he's poor—he's noble, and he's mean—  
The thornless briar—the nettle's rose is he,  
*En toutz erreurs Amour se justifie.*

His gall is honey-sweet—his honey sour—  
His toil is ease, and yet his calm is painful—  
His griefs are pleasant, but his changeling power  
Makes surety dangerous, yet losses gainful—  
And high things low, and low things high to tower—  
Weeping to laughter, sense to scorn turns he,  
*En toutz erreurs Amour se justifie.*

Aye, Love doth cheat his votaries wofully:  
The night is far, what seemeth far is near;  
A hateful face he wears—then suddenly  
He smilith on his humble worshipper;  
His meekness pride is—pride humility;  
A wrathful lamb—a gentle lion he,  
*En toutz erreurs Amour se justifie.*

Now doth he salvage seem—a meek dove now;  
O! who can tell all his strange witcherie!  
For slave is he, yet lord of all below,  
*En toutz erreurs Amour se justifie.*

In the next specimen, not only the cadence of the verse and the metre has, as in the preceding, been preserved, but the alternate rhyming throughout is given as in the original. A version of the greater part of this "balade" appeared, about two years since, in the *Edinburgh Review*: it was, however, singularly rugged in versification, and in some parts incorrect. It may be remarked, that the verse in the original is always remarkably sweet and flowing; and it may be doubted whether Alain Chartre, or Pierre Ronsard himself, ever sang a more graceful madrigal:—

To what shall I compare thee, merry May!  
Methinks I'll call thee Paradise, for ne'er  
Chanted the merle and thrush a sweeter lay:  
Nor greener were the fields, nor flowers more fair:  
Nature hath trickt herself beyond compare;  
And Venus bids all lovers suit to pay;  
And none, when Love doth call, should ever answer nay.  
When all around I see how Nature, gay,  
And fresh, and jocund, riseth to repair  
The wrongs of winter, I sigh, Well away!  
For I am overwhelmed with grief and care,  
All joys are, while I alone must fare

Withouten aught that might my grief allay,—  
Though none, when Love doth call, should ever answer nay.

Aye, I must nettles pluck, not roses gay—  
Chaplet, alas! unmeet for me to wear:  
Since she who on my heart could pour bright day,  
Poureth but black despair:  
And still she frowns, nor grants my long-urged prayer,  
Nor soothes the griefs that on my heart's core prey,—  
Though none, when Love doth call, should ever answer nay.

Yet go, my song, seek out my lady fair,  
With humble boldness sue, and entrance pray:  
Full well I've taught thee, well canst thou declare,  
How, when Love calleth, none can answer nay.

The third will remind the reader of one of Lord Surrey's; and with it we shall conclude:—

Even as a frail barque 'neath the raging wind,  
Upon the wide seas, rocketh to and fro,  
Lady, thus quaked my heart, thus tost in mind,  
Heard I that bitter speech which caused my woe:  
That cruel blast hath laid my barque full low;  
Nor dare I put forth sail; yet, sure, 'tis said,  
The shipwrecked one is lost, unless he challenge aid.  
I've read how wise Ulysses cautiously  
Steered onward, fearing much the treacherous main,  
Not for its rocks and quicksands, but lest *she*,  
The fatal Circe, and the Siren train,  
Should wreck his barque—thus bath one light breath  
alain

My budding hopes: I stand distrust, dismayed;  
Yet he that's wrecked is lost, unless he challenge aid.

A desolate mariner of love am I:  
No word of comfort soundeth in mine ear:  
Like salvage lion dost thou scorn reply  
To him who danger threaten'd, wild with fear,  
Still toward the wished-for haven on wouldst steer,  
Though faint, and lost to hope—O! is 't not said,  
The shipwrecked one is lost, unless he challenge aid.

To thee, sweet lady! still I turn. To send  
This simple lay, lest thou it scorn, afraid:  
O frown not!—thou alone canst succour lend,  
For I the wrecked one am, and, lady, *thou* must aid.

#### "BUTCHER!" "BAKER!"

In a sixth-rate lodging-house, in the back-room, in the fourth floor, vegetated Mr. Sadi Babel, a great, though yet unacknowledged orientalist. At the time we write, he was engaged on a grammar and dictionary of the Arabic—a translation into Hindostanee of the Economy of Human Life (on the interlinear system,) for the use of the Company's cadets, —an essay on the antiquity and use of Suttees, and Exercises in the Syriac, for the scholars of Mrs. Bluestocking's academy, Peckham Rise. These labours were surely enough for one set of brains, even though working in the inspiring quietude of academic groves: but in Mrs. —'s lodging-house, the work was tremendous. There were about seven different families, enjoying the sacredness of seven different fire-sides, under the same hospitable roof, to which Mr. Sadi Babel was the nearest inhabitant. Unhappily, no two of the families agreed in the respective merits of the neighbouring tradesmen; hence each circle displayed the ostentation of a separate butcher and baker. Mr. Sadi Babel, with an indecision distinguishable of his class, had not, though he had lived in the house for two years, elected either butcher or baker;—hence, the knocker never sounded for "the gentleman at the top of the house." Unfortunately, however, for the peace of our orientalist, the knocker gave a loud and frequent summons to every other lodger; but none of them wrote eastern grammars, or cared for the "Economy of Human Life." The noise of the knocker was not the only annoyance; and yet that alone destroyed in our scholar more thought in its infancy than did King Herod;—for never did a fine idea fly exulting, like a game bantam on a paling, to the top of Sadi Babel's *pia mater*, than "rap" went the knocker, and down came the thought

again. We know not if the iron sound alone would have been so potent, if unattended by the dissyllables—shrieked, roared, grunted, and growled in every variety of note, "Butcher!" "Baker!" But we think we shall best insure the sympathy of our readers towards Mr. Sadi Babel, by arranging in Exchequer fashion, the average number of his grievances, which may stand as follows:—

|                                  |   |                   |
|----------------------------------|---|-------------------|
| Seven Butchers .....             | 7 | Knocks and Cries. |
| Seven Bakers .....               | 7 | Knocks and Cries. |
| Average baking and hot roll days |   |                   |
| for seven families .....         | 7 | Knocks and Cries. |

Total number of knocks and cries  
of "Butcher!" "Baker!" per  
diem .....

Now, let us suppose that a man has one-and-twenty ideas a day—(we know that many, very many, contrive to do with an infinitely less number)—is it not a lamentable matter that so many stars should be whirled from out the moral system by impinging on a half-quartern loaf and a neck of mutton? The loss and confusion to Mr. Sadi Babel were incalculable. He would be hard at work—all the lore of the burning east would be fusing in his brain, and trickling, in golden drops, from the stump of his pen—when the knock and the two syllables would dart though his system like electric sparks. Brahma, with all his mystic glories, would vanish from the page, and in his place, would rise a spectre in a blue apron. The fine Arabic character—and no one traced it better than Sadi Babel—would lengthen into loins and curl into fillets. Scarcely had the ghosts vanished, and the mere ink again appeared, than another knock—another dissyllable—would shoot through the poor scholar's veins,—and he would sit cringing and starting, a victim at every fresh assault. Imagination—that busy fiend in a hungry stomach—would give a meaning to the voices not intended by their owners. One man—at least to the mind of poor Sadi Babel—would call forth his trade as though in mockery of the student's pocket; another, he thought, would have a touch of compassion, a semi-tone of sympathy; in a third there sounded an encouragement—a good-nature worthy of a trial.

Thus would our orientalist sit, ostensibly at work, on his grammar or dictionary of the Arabic—his Hindostanee edition of the Economy of Human Life—or the Exercises in Syriac for Young Ladies; but, really, with his mind conversing with the tradesman at the door-step, and his eyes rivetted on visionary legs of mutton.

At length, amidst the thunderclaps from iron knockers—amidst continual pelting showers of tantalizing dissyllables, Mr. Sadi Babel sent his last proof of his dictionary of the Arabic to press, and was now wholly bent on his Exercises in the Syriac. The dictionary came out, was reviewed, and found wanting. Though a work of considerable erudition, it was condemned as a hasty and crude production.

In an evil hour Mr. Sadi Babel looked in upon his publisher. He had just cast down the damnable review, was inflated with wrath against the luckless orientalist, and he abused him from a very copious, though not well assorted, vocabulary.

And what said Mr. Sadi Babel?

Why, he owned that his work contained some errors—"but," said he, pacifically to the bookseller, and the tears sprang to the scho-

lar's eyes as he spoke, "how can you expect that a man can write with constant ability and composure, whose ears are continually tingling with the cries of 'butcher,' 'baker'?"

J.

#### EDINBURGH REVIEW—STATISTICS OF SPAIN.

THE monstrous absurdities put forth by the author of an article on Spain, in the last number of the *Edinburgh Review*, have induced us, with some labour, to prepare a short statistical account of that kingdom. Our authorities are the *Diccionario geográfico-estadístico de Miñano*, the *Diccionario de hacienda de Canga*, the excellent *Geografía de España de Antillon*, and some articles in the *Correo*. Nonsense enough on this subject has heretofore appeared in our public journals, but it assumes a questionable shape when sent forth on the authority of the *Edinburgh Review*.

The superficial extent of Spain, is by the best writers computed at 15,762 square leagues (20 to a degree); its length from E. to W., from the extreme point of Catalonia to that of Galicia, is 660 miles; and the greatest breadth from N. to S., 580. According to the Spanish geographers, the Spanish coast on the Mediterranean, from the Straits of Gibraltar to Rosas, in Catalonia, is 252 leagues, having 20 principal ports; the coast on the Atlantic extends 234 leagues, having 63 principal ports.

It is extremely difficult to determine the real amount of the population of Spain. It has long been the custom there, to tax the towns according to their population. It is therefore the interest of the inhabitants, to reduce the number as low as possible. The best information may perhaps be collected from the yearly returns made by the rectors to their bishops; and after a careful examination of many of these returns and other important documents, Miñano is of opinion that the population of Spain at present exceeds 14 millions. We doubt if he be correct in some of the inferences deduced from his authorities, but believe that the population at the present moment may be fairly estimated at 13 millions.

The civil and ecclesiastical divisions of Spain are about as unequal as our own. The province

of Zamora, for instance, contains only 71,000 inhabitants, while that of Catalonia has more than 800,000; Avila has 118,000, while Galicia exceeds 1,200,000. Each province is governed by an Intendente. In the ecclesiastical division, while the archbishopric of Toledo contains 811 parishes, and the bishopric of Calahorra 965, Tarragona has only 129, and Iviza only 20. There are eight archbishops, and fifty-four titular bishops, together only sixty-two, although there are sixty-five cathedrals; but Calahorra and Calzada are united under one bishop; and Alcalá la Real, though considered as a cathedral, has not a titular bishop, and Roda has no bishop at all. There are also seven bishops in *partibus*, of whom one is the Abbot of Alcalá, another the Abbot of St. Ildefonso, and the rest act as auxiliary to certain archbishops. The Archbishop of Toledo, for instance, has two, one for Toledo, and one for Madrid; and to make our account of numbers correct, we may add to these the Patriarch of the Indies, who is also a bishop.

There are, in addition, 122 collegiate churches, governed by dignitaries, and 187 chapters in all. There are 2,363 canons, 1,869 minor canons; there are only 16,481 rectors of parishes, although there are 19,186 parishes, but they have, in addition, 4,929 curates, and 26,499 clergy, without cure of souls. Of convents and monasteries there are 2,050, with 61,300 monks or friars; of nunneries 1,070, with 31,300 nuns.

If the above numbers be compared with the account in the *Edinburgh Review*, it is impossible not to wonder at the absurd and monstrous exaggerations of the latter. Here are bishops, archbishops, auxiliary bishops, dignitaries, canons, rectors, priests, monks and friars, "black, white and grey, with all their trumpery," enough in all conscience; and we refer for our authorities to the works already mentioned, and the 'Guía del estado eclesiástico secular y regular de España,' or the 'Ecclesiastical Directory of Spain,' where the names of the parties are to be found; but the writer in the *Edinburgh* is perfectly insane in his exaggerations, and in proof we will submit some few of his assertions to the test of truth, in a brief table:—

|  | Church Establishment of Spain,<br>according to<br>the best authorities. | Church Establishment of Spain,<br>according to<br>the <i>Edinburgh Review</i> . | Error.     |
|--|---|---|------------|
| Archbishops.....   | 8 .....   | 58 .....  | 50!!!      |
| Bishops, taking into account the<br>Patriarch of the Indies, and the<br>Bishops in <i>partibus</i> } | 62 .....  | 684 .....   | 622!!!     |
| Chapters .....   | 187 .....   | 936 .....   | 749        |
| Parishes .....   | 19,186 .....  | 127,000 .....   | 107,814    |
| Convents and Monasteries.....  | 3,120 .....   | { 46,000 Monasteries<br>135,000 Convents<br>181,000 }                           | 177,880!!! |
| Monks, Friars and Nuns .....   | 92,600 .....  | 400,000 .....   | 307,400    |
| Rectors, Curates and Clergymen, .....  | 47,909 .....  | 512,000 .....   | 464,091!!! |

Now, if the statement in the *Edinburgh* were written in pure simplicity, we think Professor Napier had better be on his guard against such a contributor in future. We admit that the Statistics of Spain are not to be collected from every common Geographical Dictionary—still a tolerable guess might have been made by any rational being; and an error of 672 bishops, and above a million in the numbers of the clergy, is mere mid-

summer madness. The writer further states, that there are 7000 hospitals in Spain. It is difficult to know what establishments he includes under the general term hospital: however, in every sense he is in error, for according to the latest reports, there are 2,200 general hospitals, 67 foundling hospitals, and 138 charitable foundations. There are besides, 383 public establishments for education, and 166 colleges.

Here, dismissing the *Edinburgh Review*, we shall conclude our brief notice. According to the last census, the number of married men was one-third less than that of the single men, and the number of women exceeded, very considerably, both together. There were 1,323 grandees, or persons with the title of marquis, count, viscount, or baron; 402,059 persons having the rank of noblemen; 27,243 placemen; 5,883 magistrates and advocates; 9,633 notaries; 13,274 other persons connected with the administration of justice; 4,346 physicians; 9,772 surgeons; 3,872 apothecaries; 5,706 veterinary surgeons; 29,900 students; 364,514 landed proprietors, cultivating their own lands; 527,423 tenants; 805,235 labourers; 23,530 proprietors of sheep; 113,828 shepherds; 6,824 merchants; 18,851 retail dealers; 5,899 persons connected with the fine arts, and 489,493 manufacturers, handicraftsmen, and mechanics.

We may not have described some of these professions very clearly, but it is difficult to find a title that shall explain in English an office which does not exist in England; and our notice is necessarily hurried.—The value of this notice will, we trust, be acknowledged, when such statements as we have adduced are put forward in such a work as the *Edinburgh Review*.

#### SONNET.

WHERE are ye gone, O young and feathered  
Hours!

Who hovered o'er the green world in its prime?  
In what dull Hades will ye sleep, till time  
Bring round the golden year? And you, fair  
flowers,

Strange lilies with no parent, root, nor seed,  
None save the sudden spring, when first ye fell  
Down like a dream of Paradise, indeed,  
Embroidering every slope and showered dell,—  
Will ye—(in what returning orb or age?)  
Resume the looks ye wore in our young world;  
Ere yet the serpent round your white leaves  
curled?

Tell us;—or shall we seek that pagan sage,  
Who once foretold such things must come to  
pass?

—Speak thou, immortal old Pythagoras!

B.

#### DREAMS, DREAMING, AND DREAMERS.

[Concluded from page 551.]

IN general, dreams are common-place affairs, made out of our recollections or our wishes: that which we think much of, we dream much of; and we are not, perhaps, cheated oftener in slumber by belief, than when awake by hope or fear. Many of the dreams that have been put on record, may be referred to one or other of these sources of illusion—how the mind is acted upon by them, is another affair. Thus, the nine beautiful women that Hesiod saw in a dream, were only the nine Muses whom he invoked when awake; Clytemnestra's vision of her husband wearing a dragon's head, and ready to devour her, was but her conscience taking a bodily form; and Gracchus, when meditating the overthrow of the Roman senate, receiving in a dream a prediction of approaching death, merely dreamed of the fate his enterprise must have taught him, when awake, to anticipate. In modern times, we find, under different forms, the same kind of dreams that gained attention in pagan days.



We have histories of the discovery of treasure and title deeds—of murders revealed—deaths predicted—good or bad fortune pointed out. Grosser forms of superstition may be on the wing, but this has yet a strong hold on the minds of our peasantry, and more especially on the peasantry of Wales; I have, myself, shaken the faith of several dreamers in this rank of life, by obstinately remaining alive after they had severally, in their slumbers, prepared my grave. An old and faithful servant of the family has received strict orders to dream about somebody else, or dream in a more agreeable manner; owing to which injunction, it is twelvemonths since I was last put in my shroud. Goldsmith has made a fine use of this species of credulity in his 'Vicar of Wakefield,' "telling fortunes by the tea-cup" being included in his daughters' accomplishments; the old lady's dreams, always apropos to her wishes, and the Vicar's own bias towards belief, whilst he shelters himself in a grave look and a wise saying, are among the touches that make us feel how real was the simplicity of the whole group, and how far we are removed from the popular modes and habits of a hundred years ago. Were a premium offered by the Horticultural Society for the discovery of one of *this* species of *Primrose*, the most enterprising tourist would fail in the attempt to gain it. He might as well look for another Sir Roger de Coverley rebuking John Matthews in church-time, or for a John Matthews bearing the rebuke with reverence. Alluding to the 'Spectator,' it would seem, from a pleasant paper in the seventh volume, that dreams, dreaming, and dreamers, were then much in vogue, and even amongst people who ought to have known better. Addison ridicules those whose waking thoughts are employed about their sleeping ones, in a letter purporting to be addressed to him by an oneirocritic, or interpreter of dreams, who thus sets forth his claims to skill and credit—"I hope I am pretty well qualified for this office, having studied by candlelight all the rules of art which have been laid down on the subject. My great uncle by my wife's side, was a Scotch highlander, and second-sighted. I have four fingers and two thumbs on one hand, and was born on the longest night in the year. My christian and surname begin and end with the same letters. I am lodged in Moorfields, in a house that for these fifty years has been always tenanted by a conjuror." The professor then proceeds to state what he undertakes to perform. "I shall, in the first place, tell those persons what they dreamt of, who fancy they never dream at all. In the next place, I shall make out any dream on hearing a single circumstance of it; and in the last place, shall expound to them the good or bad fortune which such dreams portend. If they do not pre-*sa*ge good luck, I shall desire nothing for my pains; not questioning but those who consult me will be so reasonable as to afford me a moderate share out of any considerable estate, profit, or emolument I may discover to them. I interpret to the poor for nothing, on condition that their names may be inserted in public advertisements, to attest the truth of such my interpretations. I set aside one day in the week for lovers; and interpret by the year for any gentleman turned of sixty, after the rate of half-a-crown per week, with the usual allowances

for good luck. I have several rooms and apartments fitted up at reasonable rates, for such as have not conveniences for dreaming at their own houses."

Had Dr. Franklin's paper on 'the art of procuring pleasant dreams,' then existed, the professor and his pupils would have found their labour shortened, for the utilitarian doctor makes agreeable dreaming a very unspiritual affair, depending on exercise, temperance, light bed-clothes, and, above all, fresh air; in furtherance of which theory, he tells, or invents, the following story: "It is recorded of Methusalem, who, being the longest liver, may be supposed to have best preserved his health, that he slept always in the open air; for when he had lived five hundred years, an angel said to him, 'Arise, Methusalem, and build thee an house, for thou shalt yet live five hundred years longer.' But Methusalem answered, 'If I am to live but five hundred years longer, it is not worth while to build me an house, I will sleep in the air, as I have been used to do.'" Charles Lamb, whose fine spirit hovers over so many ages without belonging entirely to any one, his knowledge being of the present time, his tastes and prejudices all coloured with the past—Elia, with his innocent hankering after old forms of vagabondism that commend themselves to the free state of the imagination, but not to the police office of the judgment—has a leaning towards dreams, and boldly proposes to judge of poets by their's. This would be too severe an ordeal—it was only for Pindar to dream that bees settled on his lips and left their honey there;—this instance, however, places us between the horns of two theories: Dr. Franklin would attribute the dream to Pindar's sleeping in the open air—Charles Lamb would aver that it arose from supreme possession of the gift of poetry. What were Shakspeare's dreams? they would be worth knowing. What were the sleeping visions of Milton?—even better worth knowing—since his day-dreams carried him so immediately amongst celestial scenes and natures—

The helmeted cherubim,  
And sworded seraphim.

One would expect his night visions to be grand Hebraic trances. *He* appears to have thought with Charles Lamb, for, in *L'Allegro*, not satisfied with "dewy-feathered sleep," he solicits "some strange mysterious dream." Shakspeare, who was entirely a man made up of sympathy with his fellow men, represents Queen Mab dispensing dreams according to the dreamer's profession: and this may do very well for the poet—the divine—the lover—the soldier—or the traveller—but what is to become of worthy people whose professions and callings are less connected with mind and imagination? Must the druggist have his nights as well as days impregnated with unsavory drugs? must his sleep be brayed in a mortar? must his dreams be decoctions of senna? Again, must the ears of the poor schoolmaster be vexed, even in slumber, with undelelectable *Delectus*?—and his scholars, imps as they are in the day-time, may not darkness be suffered to change them into the admirable urchins we meet with in books, and never in real life? exquisite little reasoners—wranglers for truths, not apples—and delighting in general knowledge far more than in gingerbread? The London Magistrate, may he

not in visions dwell amongst honest men?—Must even Morpheus be leagued with Mr. Peel's policemen, and bring before him an array of pickpockets? Shakspeare's rule will not bear general application—it is the rule of contrary, not the rule of practice.

Margaret of Navarre, a queen and woman of letters, considered striking dreams as an appendage of high rank; like Washington Irving's retired citizen, she conceived that the Deity was, of necessity, on the side of the government, even if she did not go so far as the French marchioness, who thought that He must like human prayers according to the elegance of their language. "The Almighty," says this regal interpreter of visions, "particularly protects the great, and gives them secret forewarnings of future events, be they good or bad." Then follows an anecdote of Catherine de Medicis, who dreamed of the victory of Jarnac the night before the battle was fought, she lying ill of a fever at Metz. "For myself," adds her daughter, "I declare, that every signal accident of my life, happy or otherwise, has always been presaged to me by a dream or some other method." Voltaire, the antipodes of the devout and credulous princess, was not able to shake himself entirely free from an impression, that there might be more in dreams than comported with his philosophy; and many an *esprit fort* went incognito to the celebrated *devineresse* who lived in Paris towards the close of the last century, consulting her on their fate, intrigues, and probable length of life. This is readily accounted for—so long as the human mind retains apprehensions of death, it must also retain a painful curiosity concerning the future; on this apprehension, and this curiosity, soothsayers have in all ages founded their fortune and reputation. Astrologers were always better paid than astronomers,—those who flattered human pride, by representing the stars as interested in human affairs, than those who represented them as simply fulfilling a passive and appointed course. Nor is such ambition limited to great estates or great minds; if a king or a general have been interested, in supposing, from the flight of an eagle, that celestial intelligences were aroused for his support, many an old washerwoman has derived dignity from a strange dream, fancying with Sir Roger de Coverley, that "there is something in it." She has been her own soothsayer, and, by deceiving herself, saved herself the expense of being deceived.

#### JESTS FROM THE ANTIQUE.

EPIGRAMS FROM THE ANTHOLOGIST.

##### Love and Wine.

When Cupid at first my young heart tried to seize on,  
I baffled the urchin with wisdom and reason:  
He united with Bacchus, and then, by my oath,  
I speedily yielded a captive to both.

##### To a Bald-headed Slanderer.

I will not scold for all your airs,  
To heed me you're too dull;  
But from my soul I praise the hairs  
That fled your wicked skull.

##### On a Miser.

In money rich, in spirit poor,  
Thou sordid slave of pelf;  
The riches to thine heirs are sure,  
The misery to thyself.

*On a Man with a large Beard.*

That beard so thick, so strong, so coarse,  
Amazes every gazer;  
Your barber must procure perforce  
A scythe, and not a razor.

*On a large Nose.*

For every implement of trade  
I swear that Castor's nose is made:  
A spade for digging, scythe for mowing;  
When he's asleep, a trumpet blowing;  
An anchor sure to hold its ground,  
A plough to which no match is found,  
A hook with ready bait for fish,  
A fork and spoon to sweep the dish;  
Builders may use it as a prop,  
Farmers as harrow for the crop;  
'Twill serve as battle-axe in war,  
Or when at home the gates will bar;  
Ever prepared, himself he shows,  
For every implement's his nose.

*Another.*

To name small from great is the plan  
That all our grammarians propose;  
So we must not say *nose of this man*,  
But, in justice, say *man of this nose*.

*On a bad Physician.*

You seek for revenge on your insolent foe—  
Invoke not the powers of evil—  
As a patient to Simo persuade him to go—  
Your revenge is complete, for he'll very soon  
know  
That the doctor is worse than the devil.

## MEMOIR OF SHELLEY.

*[Concluded from p. 587.]*

SHELLEY, though an outcast from his family, the continual object of the persecution of the press, and a mark for the calumny and detraction of the world, imbibed none of the gloom and misanthropy common to little minds: on the contrary, we can trace in his works no anger or dissatisfaction with the world—none of the fret or fever of disappointed ambition: every line he wrote breathes a spirit of benevolence, a love for the whole creation, animate and inanimate. Almost any but a Promethean spirit would have sunk under the weight of his misfortunes and injuries, and that past events should occasionally cast their shadows over him, was natural; but nothing could long ruffle the azure and calm depths of his soul.

Shelley had at command the same weapons which Byron used: but he disdained the arm of satire, and treated his critics with a noble scorn; he says to one of them—

The grass may grow in wintry weather  
As soon as hate in me.

Byron had more of the cynicism of Ape-mantus than the real sense of injury that drove Timon into misanthropy. This is perceptible in all his writings—that Shelley could wield a lash of bronze for others, he proved in Adonais, and not excepting even the strongest lines of our English Juvenal, Churchill, perhaps the stanzas on Keats's Reviewer cut nearer to the bone than any in our language. Among the few satirical poems he wrote, was one on the Court of Chancery, on being robbed of his children; but, great as his wrongs were, even this he never published, though it should have found a place among his posthumous works. This satire was an abstraction, but of awful power. Another I will give on two politicians, of whom Lord Castlereagh, whom he used to call *Πυρροαί*, was one:—

*Similes.*

As from an ancestral oak  
Two empty ravens sound their claron,  
Yell by yell, and croak by croak,  
When they scent the noonday smoke  
Of fresh human carrion:—

As two gibbering night birds flit  
From their bowers of deadly yew,  
Through the night to frighten it,  
When the morn is in a fit,  
And the stars are none or few:—

As a shark and dog-fish wait  
Under an Atlantic isle,  
For the negro-ship, whose freight  
Is the theme of their debate,  
Wrinkling their red gills the while—

Are ye, two vultures sick for battle,  
Two scorpions under one wet stone,  
Two bloodless wolves whose dry throats rattle,  
Two crows perched on the murrained cattle,  
Two vipers tangled into one.

His longest satirical work was a comic drama in imitation of Aristophanes, entitled, '*Ædipus Tyrannus*, or, *Swellfoot the Tyrant*.' It was printed somewhere in the City, and suppressed on the day of publication by the desire of the then Lord Mayor, who was acquainted with a friend of Shelley's, who had superintended the press. Many passages in this drama are parodied from Sophocles, and the choruses are truly Aristophanic. The Queen is there designated by Pusiaphæ, and, like Io, persecuted by a swarm of gad-flies, meaning her spies and informers. The chorus, which traces her wanderings over the world, is very humorous, and, in parts, full of poetry, and begins thus:—

With a Ha, and a Hum,  
We come! we come!  
From the ends of the earth—

In some of the scenes, the swinish multitude are introduced before the monarch. But I have altogether forgotten the plot.

Yet, though Shelley despised the sort of criticism with which he was all his life assailed, he was not insensible to the injustice of the world. But what could he expect from the reviewers, after telling them almost in the outset of his career that the system of reviewing was incompatible with poetry, and sprung up in that torpid interval when poetry was not;—that Longinus and Homer could never have existed together, &c.—was it not natural that he should be attacked? Yet, writing with the hell of reviews before his eyes, nothing could ever induce him to throw a bone to the Cerberuses—to change one title or iota in order to deprecate their animosity. Nor was it vanity or longing after fame, the common incentives of authors, which made him continue to publish. However visionary might be Shelley's theories of reform, they sprung from a mind in which selfishness never entered—a mind ardently devoted to what he considered the vital interests of humanity. I look upon most of his poems to be a comment on the Phædo and Republic of Plato, and that they have a tendency to promote liberty, and with it that greatest and best of truths, the immortality of the soul. The sincerity of his opinions, however erroneous, was proved by the willingness with which he submitted to obloquy and reproach, in order to inculcate them. Shelley attributed the vice and misery of mankind—the degradation of the many for the benefit of the few—to an unnatural state of society—to a general misgovernment in its rulers—to the superstition and bigotry of a mercenary and insincere priesthood. With a poet's eye he foresaw a millennium—the perfectability of the human race, when man would be happy, free, high, and majestic.

Pure and moral himself, loving virtue for her own sake, and not from fear, he thought no other ties were necessary than the restraints imposed by a consciousness of right and wrong implanted in our natures, and could not see that in the present state of the world, and in the default of education, such a system was fallacious.

His tenets, therefore, should have been looked at as those of Owen of Lanark are with us, or those of St. Simon in France, as the aspirations of the philanthropist; and the critic might have said with Maddalo—

You talk Utopias,

instead of calumniating the man and attributing to his speculations the desire of corrupting youth, which could be as little said of him as it was untrue of Socrates. Besides, it should have been considered that works so abstruse, so subtle, so profound and metaphysical, are far beyond the capacities of the many, and can only be thoroughly comprehended by those who have made the Platonic philosophy the study of their lives. Even the Quarterly reviewers, in 1810, confessed that there was no danger in his writings.

Shelley lived in a world of his own, and, believing with Berkley only in the existence of mind, it was with an effort to himself that he descended to matter and the realities of life;—hence, he used to say, that '*The Cenci*' was a heavy task, and produced with infinite labour. Yet he proved in that tragedy no less an acquaintance with the workings of the human mind than he had done in displaying the secret springs of nature. He laboured at his '*Charles I.*' for months, and yet made little progress, whilst '*The Revolt of Islam*' only occupied six months, and the '*Prometheus Unbound*' fewer weeks.

It was said of Heraclitus, by Socrates, that where he understood his works he found them magnificent, and where he did not, he supposed them to be equally so. Thus, the subtlety of Shelley's poetry escapes from common intellects—the brilliancy of his ideas, the prodigality of his imagination is lost on common minds. His talents were developed by an unwearied and unceasing cultivation. Poetry was not the amusement, it was the serious occupation of his life—the object of his waking and dreaming thoughts. He exercised the severest self-criticism on every thing he wrote, and his MSS., like that of Tasso at Ferrara, are scarcely decipherable. It has been supposed also, that Byron improvised his poems. This is a great mistake, and I am told, that in the Proofs sent him, he made what the painters call innumerable "*Pentimentos*."

Shelley, as a poet, stands alone. He is to be tried by the test of no other writer. Like Byron, he belongs to no school. The world now begins to do him justice, and assign him the place he deserves—a niche by the side of his friend. Byron could set bounds to his imagination, control it at will. Shelley was carried away by his. Byron shuddered at the name of Swift, and was always, but without cause, terrified at the idea of ending life in madness or idiotism. Insanity hung as by a hair suspended over the head of Shelley.

The Greeks were right about Trophæus's Cave. No man was ever a great poet who had not, as Shakspeare says, a fine frenzy. Almost all Shelley's and Byron's finest things were written under the effects of a temporary

derangement. Perhaps few will agree with me in thinking Shelley the second master spirit of the age. His creations remind me of the ideal beauty of some of Raphael's Madonnas. Byron's, of Titian's Venuses. Shelley's figures possess all the classical truth that distinguished Nicholas Poussin's, whilst his landscapes combine Martin's wild imaginations with Turner's gorgeous sunsets filled with deepening gold. Byron could be a Salvator or a Claude. Both, like Guido, could give to every subject they touched a portion of their own elastic minds—convert everything into beauty. Neither Byron nor Shelley would have been the poets they were, but for a certain poetical education. They both drank their inspiration from true and pure sources—from all the wild and the wonderful and the beautiful of nature. The memory of Switzerland was ineffaceable in both. In his books Shelley used to scrawl pines and alpine summit raised upon alpine summit, only to be sealed by the Oceanides, with some spectral being stalking from peak to peak.

It was the imagination directed the pen, and he was himself unconscious of what he was tracing. It was said of De Lamartine and Delavigne, that if one could have swallowed the other, they would have made the greatest (I do not mean in size) of French Poets. So with Shelley and Byron: each wanted what the other possessed, to have made a paragon.

It is to be lamented that Shelley did not live to complete his 'Triumph of Life,' composed in the fatal gulph of Spezia, or in the caverns that indent that romantic coast. It is unhappily a fragment, and, in its present arrangement, very obscure. He has proved that, in his hands at least, 'Terza Rima' is well adapted to our language. I made a singular discovery some time ago in reading a favourite author of mine, Cardan—that this vision of Shelley's, by a strange coincidence (for I am convinced he never saw the work), should have been nearly the same as Cardan's, as will be seen by the following extracts:—

Methinks I sat beside a public way,  
And a great stream  
Of people there were hurrying to and fro,  
All hastening onward, but none seemed to know  
Whither:  
Old age and youth, manhood and infancy,  
With steps towards the tomb,

Cardan, in his chaste Latinity, says—

"Illuscente Aurora, visus sum toto humano genere, maximaque turba mulierum, non solum ac virorum sed puerorum atque infantum, juxta radicem montis qui mihi à dextera erat, currere. Cum, admiratione captus, unum à turbâ interrogarem, quonam omnes tam præcipiti cursu tenderemus; Ad mortem, respondit."

It is to be lamented that no bust or portrait exists of Shelley, though the infinite versatility and play of his features would have baffled either sculpture or painting. His frame was a mere tenement for spirit, and in every gesture and lineament showed that intellectual beauty which animated him. There was in him a spirit which seemed to defy time, and suffering, and misfortune. He was twenty-nine when he died, but he might have been taken for nineteen. His features were small; the upper part not strictly regular. The lower had a Grecian contour. He did not look so tall as he was, his shoulders being a little bent by study and ill health. Like Socrates, he united the gentleness of the lamb

with the wisdom of the serpent—the playfulness of the boy with the profoundness of the philosopher. In argument he was irresistible, always calm and unruffled; and in eloquence surpassed all men I have ever conversed with. Byron was so sensible of his inability to cope with him, that he always avoided coming to any trial of their strength; for Shelley was what Byron could not be, a close, logical and subtle reasoner, much of which he owed to Plato, whose writings he used to call the model of a prose style. He was not likely to have lived long. His health had been impaired by what he had undergone, and by the immoderate use he once made of laudanum. He was, besides, narrow chested, and subject to a complaint which, from day to day, might have cut him off. Its tortures were excruciating, but, during his worst spasms, I never saw him peevish or out of humour—indeed, as an Italian said to me, he was *veramente un Angelo*.

But thou art fled,  
Like some fair exhalation,—  
The brave, the gentle, and the beautiful,  
The child of grace and genius:  
Thou canst no longer know or love the shapes  
Of this phantasmal scene, who have to thee  
Been purest ministers; who are, alas!  
Now thou art not.

These affecting lines would have furnished his most appropriate epitaph. I have never been able to read them without applying them to Shelley, or his tribute to the memory of Keats, without, under the name of Adonais, impersonating the companion of my youth. There was, unhappily, too much similarity in the destinies of Keats and Shelley: both were victims to persecution—both were marked out for the envenomed shafts of invidious critics—and both now sleep together in a foreign land. Peace to their names!

#### THE CHARRUA INDIANS.

At a late meeting of the Academy of the Arts and Sciences in Paris, the Minister of the Marine announced the arrival of one of the natives of this savage race at Brest, and, at the same time, presented a memoir respecting them, which had been drawn up by Captain Barral, who brought the stranger to Europe.

It appears, from this memoir, that the Charruas inhabit the banks of the Uruguay, on the northern frontier of the Monte-Videan republic; and that, formerly, their hostility was so formidable, as to occasion the Spaniards, as the Chevalier d'Azara himself admits, a greater loss of men than fell in the conquest of Mexico and Peru together. They have neither been civilized, nor entirely subdued, to the present hour. They are excellent horsemen, ride without cloth or saddle, despise European arms, and use a spear from ten to twelve feet long, a lacet or noose, a bow, or a common sling, for all offensive or defensive purposes. Their bodies are covered with vermin, and not a woman amongst them ever thinks of washing either herself or her clothes; indeed, it is not possible to conceive a more disgusting object than one of these savages. Yet nature has endowed them with a handsome person, regular features, and fine black eyes; but their aspect is ferocious. They marry very young, and have a plurality of wives; but a divorce is readily effected. Their food is limited to beef and horse-flesh, raw or half-roasted, ostrich eggs, and partridges; and their favourite beverage is *Chicha*, a species of brandy, which they mix with fermented honey and water. Branches of trees, covered with ox and horse hides, form their habitations, which are dens of disgusting filth. At the decease of their parents

or adult brethren, the females of the family cut off a piece of one of their fingers at the uppermost joint, beginning with the little finger; and besides this visible token of affliction, they plunge their departed relative's spear or knife into various parts of their arms, bosoms, and sides; keeping their cabins closely for days together, whilst the mourning lasts, and using rigid abstinence. The husband does not bewail the loss of his wife; but when a son loses his father, he has a reed driven through his flesh, from the elbow to the shoulder, in which state he observes the customary period of mourning—passing the first night in a hole, buried as deep as his breast. The next day he draws the reed out of his arm, and then remains for two days longer without either eating or drinking; he lives another fortnight on light food; and at the end of that time has completed his course of lamentation. These Indians, as Azara affirms, are unacquainted with either singing or dancing, and are destitute of any religion whatever, or of any laws or leaders. They bear relentless hatred to the Christians, whom they consider as their worst enemy. Their whole government consists in occasional meetings of the heads of families; and they act in concert when any warlike enterprise is in hand. The men roam in a state of nature, or wear a poncho; and the female is clad in a calico garment, which is generally pilfered from their fathers or husbands. The Charruas have destroyed the ancient Yarou and Bohannés Indians, and incorporated the Minnanes with their own race. Every attempt to domesticate or civilize them has failed. The native, Mutapjo, whom Capt. Barral has brought over with him, would never work whilst on board; and, whenever pressed to do so, began crying, and roaring out, "I'm a poor fellow—a poor fellow!" He was eager after raw meat—took a special liking to the master of the vessel, and thought that he was paying him a compliment, by promising to ease him of his wife when he reached France. His great anxiety was to know whether such a thing as a horse was to be found in that quarter of the globe.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

THE clamour of electioneering has drowned the song of the bard, and lessened the dread of the cholera; old Lydgate says, that *discord* is the bane of literature and art, and we have it in full action: the contest rages far and wide in country and in town; and a strong fear has come upon electors, that the reform bill will disfranchise them for seven long years. There seems little hope of the country's coming to itself before the spring. In the midst of these heart-burnings, it is pleasing to hear of deeds of kindness in matters of literature: Lord Milton has, we understand, bestowed on John Clare, the Northamptonshire poet, a handsome house, with a garden and large orchard, amounting in all to six or seven acres, and when this is considered, in addition to a small annuity—some thirty pounds per year or so—we are bound, not only to praise Lord Milton, but put his name down among the public benefactors to the muse. The Ettrick Shepherd has a farm, value an hundred a year or thereabouts, at the rate of an annual sixpence, from the Duke of Buccleuch—when we hear of other instances of generosity we will mention them.

A statue, in memory of Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles, formerly Governor of Java, has just been erected in Westminster Abbey, beside the monument of the last of the Lords de Courcy. It is as large as life, and from the chisel of Chantrey: the posture is easy and

graceful; the face is turned slightly upwards, and the whole has a fine air of repose and meditation. The pedestal is at once compact and beautiful; the artist is as much of a master in these things as he is in the higher department of his profession. Commissions for works of art are, in these days, far from numerous: some artists of talent can barely live.

Mr. Mason, nothing daunted by his reverses, is said to have made engagements for the ensuing season. It is also reported in the morning papers, that he has been refused permission to give German operas in November and December: and we know that some of the nobility have expressed their unwillingness to subscribe if other than Italian operas are given in the regular season; so that the refusal of the Lord Chamberlain on the one part, and the objections of the subscribers to the Italian Opera on the other, amount to a prohibition, and Mr. Mason is thus cruelly prevented from the best chance he had of recovering his lost fortune, and the English public shut out from the most intellectual of musical enjoyments. Surely there is a remedy for this. Let Mons. Chellard and his confreres collect a good company, and engage one of the summer theatres, and they may rely on a liberal subscription and public support. Zauberköte, Faust, Jessonda, Der Templer, Joseph, Deux Journées, with a repetition of Freyschutz and Fidelio, given successively, would be equally attractive to musician and amateur.

#### FINE ARTS

*The Byron Gallery*, No. II. Smith, Elder & Co. THIS is a work of considerable elegance; some of the designs are beautiful; they are, one and all, well engraved; and we have no apprehension of its being otherwise than welcome to all the admirers of Byron. The lady whose charms gave young Mazeppa his rough ride into the Ukraine is lovely and alluring; the same may almost be said of the fair one in Parisina, though she certainly was no judge of handsome limbs if she admired those of her lover. The dame who "walks in beauty," would walk more securely were she fairly on the ground; she is in a motion something between walking and flying, and her armful of uncombed locks must be oppressive: nevertheless she is beautiful—more so than the angels who are looking at her. The Hunchback ought never to have been painted, besides, the original is not natural; a mother loves the deformed of her children better than she loves the straight. The young ladies, rising with the angelic lovers into the air, in the presence of the astonished Japhet, are not wholly to our taste—they are pretty, but deficient in sentiment. We have said all the good and all the harm we can conscientiously say of this work—we need not add that we wish it well.

*Frank Howard's Spirit of the Plays of Shakespeare*, No. XXIII. Cadell.

To show the spirit of Shakespeare in material shape and form, is a flight beyond the power of all painters; there is, however, now and then, an air of originality about these speculations of Mr. F. Howard, which redeems the extravagant proportions of some of the figures; he is however nothing like so defined and so simple as Flaxman, and he is less wild than the German illustrations of Goethe. We are glad to see such a work, nevertheless: it keeps up the great battle which the poetic genius of art is maintaining against the demon of portraiture—likenesses of all kinds—

including those of cows and horses and setter-dogs, which are in high request with the good people of this island.

*Views of Benares*. Second Series. Eleven plates. By James Princeps, Esq. F.R.S. Smith, Elder & Co.

THIS we consider to be a valuable work; the views are chiefly architectural, and are executed with no little taste and skill. There is a gothic air about eastern architecture—a sort of picturesque splendour, which is exceedingly beautiful in the eyes of all who are content to admire what is fair of itself, without inquiring if it be in conformity with the canons of academic taste. Whosoever thinks that there is nothing lovely under the sun unless it reminds one of Greece, had better not meddle with these bits of eastern magnificence; but those who are less critical in their tastes will enjoy, as we have done, these eleven views vastly, and long to see more.

*Earl Grey*, from Life, on stone. By F. W. Wilkin.

THE drawing is beautiful, and the resemblance to the original great; the flesh is undulating and natural, and, altogether, we have seldom seen, save from the hand of the same artist, any lithographed likeness which has pleased us more.

*Progressive Drawing Book*. By Childs. Nos. I. II. III. and IV. Dobbs & Co.

THESE little cheap things are filled with all manner of designs, suitable for young beginners, and, we doubt not, may be employed profitably; but in these days we have too many facilities; we see through the spectacles of other men, and enter into no strict bonds of friendship with Nature. No one will ever learn anything rightly in art who will not see for himself.

*Her Imperial Majesty Alexandra Empress of Russia*. Painted by George Dawe, Esq. R.A. and engraved for the *Court Magazine*.

THERE are critics and men of taste in this land who say that Dawe is the greatest of all our historical painters; we shall not pause to discuss the point; the portrait before us is well enough, and such as one would pass without remark in an exhibition, unless we happened to be told that the lady was an Empress, and the happy painter a member of the Royal Academy.

#### MUSIC

*Beauties of Byron*. The poetry selected (by permission of Mr. Murray) from the works of the Right Hon. Lord Byron; the music by Alexander Lee.

Mr. Lee seldom soars successfully beyond the simple and sentimental ballad. In this collection of eight songs, in a variety of styles, written within the power and compass of amateurs with ordinary voices, we are most pleased with the natural and touching simplicity of No. 2, 'There's not an eye will weep for me.' In some of the others, a greater diversity of harmony would have given additional force.

*Still through the hour*.

*Oh! bravest; ever dearest!* By Meyerbeer.

THESE two cavatinas from 'Robert le Diable,' are in fact the first and last movements of the grand scena of Isabella, in the second act, published separately without the *chœur de dames*. Few amateurs, we imagine, can execute the arpeggio passages, which, when sung by Cinti, we were much delighted with. The first is an elegant andantino; the second an allegretto à l'Espagnole.

*Reform; a Patriotic Song*. Words by C. James, Esq.; music by M. A. Ivimey.

*The Gallant Grey; a Song of the Time*.

In these *chansons de circonstance*, as our French neighbours call such songs, the music is but a secondary consideration, and is seldom worth criticising.

*Louise; a canzonet*. Music by Charles Smith.

Mr. Smith is the author of 'Oh softly sleep, my baby boy,' one of the most popular of English ballads. If 'Louise' be less original, it is not less worthy for the truth of musical expression.

*The eyes of my Love are as blue as the sky*. Music by H. R. Bishop.

THE melody is graceful and easy; the accompaniments and harmony are suitable to the character of the composition.

*The Prayer before Battle*. A celebrated quartet translated from a poem by Körner; music by C. M. Von Weber.

THIS 'prayer' is classically arranged for four voices, and would, when well executed, have a solemn and religious effect. It is said, that the adaptation of the poem, 'The Lyre and Sword,' from which this prayer is extracted, first brought Weber into general notice.

*A Theoretical and Practical Introduction to the Art of Tuning the Pianoforte*. By J. Hamilton.

THE pianoforte student will here find the necessary information for tuning his instrument, intelligibly compressed into a cheap pamphlet. To persons residing in remote parts of the country, where the visit of professional tuners are few and far between, this small treatise will be found serviceable.

#### THEATRICALS

##### HAYMARKET THEATRE.

Mr. Sheridan Knowles's play of 'The Hunchback,' was transferred to these boards on Monday last. It has long since been amply reviewed, both as play and poem, in this paper; the changes in the personations of some of the principal characters are therefore all that we have, upon the present occasion, to notice. To give precedence to the lady—the part of *Julia*, heretofore sustained with so much credit by Miss Fanny Kemble, is now in the hands of Miss Phillips, of Drury Lane Theatre, who has been engaged expressly for the purpose. It is impossible to avoid comparison, but justice compels us to say that Miss Phillips suffers nothing by it. She has doubtless seen Miss Kemble's performance of the character, but she has evidently had the good sense not to look at it with a view either to avoidance or imitation. She has studied the character from itself, and plays it from herself. The sum has been done two different ways by two different arithmeticians, and the correctness of both has been proved, by the result being the same. It is a formidable undertaking to play a part of this consequence when another has previously established herself so firmly in it with the town—and Miss Phillips evinced her sense of this by her want of self-possession in the early scenes. The applause and encouragement bestowed on her, however, very soon restored her to that proper confidence which real talent ought always to feel in itself, and the audience went heart and hand with her to the end. If Miss Phillips's performance was here and there less powerful and less impassioned than Miss Kemble's, it was, upon the whole, more feminine, and consequently, perhaps, more true to nature; and there was a depth and an intensity of feeling about it which amply compensated for any little deficiency in other respects. During the third,

fourth and fifth acts, the workings of the mind were admirably depicted on the countenance, and, altogether, our impression is, that Miss Phillips, from her performance of this part, is entitled to, and will obtain, an honorary step in her profession. The mistaken rapidity of utterance which destroyed the effect of the great speech in the fifth act, has, no doubt, ere this, been corrected—but it is our duty to mention it—as well as the objectionable low-comedy flouncing about the stage which succeeded it. We observed no other faults. The part of *Master Walter* is generally known to have been written for Mr. Farren—at least Mr. Farren was to have played it, if the Drury Lane management had not had the wisdom to let the finest drama of modern times slip through its fingers. It detracts nothing from the gigantic talent of Mr. Farren, to say that he has not produced any very great impression in it. His not having done so, simply proves that it was a mistake to suppose the part an effective one. It is evidently not so—we admit that we fell, with others, into the mistake, and acknowledge that Mr. Macready exercised a sound judgment when he declined *Master Walter*, and offered to act *Sir Thomas Clifford*. Mr. Farren was admirably dressed, and did his, which is the, utmost with his part; but any actor of good sense and distinct delivery might do very nearly as much. Mr. Vining replaced Mr. Abbott in *Modus*—the part suits him, and he played with spirit and effect. Miss Taylor has got into great favour in this play—and deservedly so—but her habit of stooping has increased upon her to such an extent that, not being in the orchestra, we seldom saw her face. She doubled herself up so neatly, that we were afraid every now and then that she was going to put herself by, a proceeding which her professional merits would have caused us to regret. If she won't take a friendly hint, straighten herself a little, and give up playing her own double, we really must send her an anonymous drill-serjeant. Mr. Cooper was drawn to serve as Mr. Charles Kemble's substitute in *Sir Thomas Clifford*. He followed his predecessor's steps, and at about his usual distance. We could not but miss Mr. Kemble's cultivated delivery of the beautiful poetry in the second scene—yet Mr. Cooper was, as usual, upright, downright, sensible, and straightforward, in his management of the part, and he was much applauded. Both he and Mr. Kemble are, to our thinking, far too real in the humility of their bearing, as the secretary, towards the culprit *Julia*. The two servants were well played by Mr. Harley and Mr. J. Cooper, but not better than by Messrs. Meadows and Barnes. Talking of Barnes always reminds us of the Haymarket scenery. The best part of it is so badly painted, that it is not wonderful that anybody should feel justified in touching it up. The *flats* here evidently paint one another, and the best thing they could do would be to take their wings and fly away. There was so little room left at the first wing, that every exit which had to be made that way was spoiled. A little attention would obviate this, and it is a pity that it should not be thought worth while to give it. Again, there was a much more general move to town here, between the first and second acts, than there was at Covent Garden, or than the author contemplated—for the very wings which assisted to form the garden of *Master Walter's* country house, were packed up and forwarded to adorn his town one. A little paint would obviate this absurdity, though it might be so badly laid on as to create another. The 'Hunchback' was extremely well received, and though bad in point of painting, it will, we hope and expect, prove good in drawing.

We are obliged to see so many pieces once, that we abstain, generally, upon principle, from seeing any twice. It was in pursuance of this

rule that we had not intended to see 'Second Thoughts' a second time—but on "second thoughts" we changed our mind. It is open to cavil here and there—that is, it might have been better—but it is easy to be a prophet of the past. It is, as it stands, a capital bit of fun. All concerned act well in it, and Mr. Farren is so rich, so racy, so exquisite, that all who do not go to see him are in one respect to be pitied—in another to be envied. Fitted that they should miss witnessing so admirable a performance, and envied because they cannot be in want of a hearty laugh.

#### ENGLISH OPERA—OLYMPIC THEATRE.

'The Conscript's Sister' is not a good name for a very clever drama, which was acted here, for the first time, on Tuesday last. It should have been called 'The Coward,' at least that name was suggested, as the most appropriate for it by a little gentleman, who sat next us, and we fully agreed with him. The author is Mr. Banim, and this is very good *prima facie* evidence of its containing powerful situations and vigorous writing. It does contain both these, and, in our opinion, much more. The piece is stated in the bills to be founded on fact. We should think so. It bears the impress of truth upon it. *François* (Mr. Perkins) and *Hortense*, his sister (Miss Kelly), the surviving members of a family, of which the males have been, for generations past, distinguished for their gallantry, are living in reduced circumstances on the frontiers of France. The invading Russians are at hand, and a new conscription is ordered. *François* is labouring under a total derangement of his nervous system in consequence of a sudden fright caused by his sister's having many years before, in a girlish freak, fired a pistol close to his ear. He is a coward. His sister is aware of his infirmity, but, always remembering what caused it, blames herself alone. Naturally anxious to protect her brother's character, and keep the family name from disgrace, she tries every playful artifice to rally his spirits, which are fast sinking under the apprehension he feels of being drawn to serve—but in vain. His name is called in turn—he has not strength to answer to it—she answers for him—calls out that he is ill, but will come in a minute, and, finally, by intense efforts, excites sufficient energy in him to make him answer the call, and rush frantically up the steps of the building in which his fate is to be decided. In a moment after, he is borne in apparently lifeless—he has drawn a fatal number and swooned at its announcement. This ends the first act—the curtain falling, upon his sister's endeavours to recall him to life, and to conceal the real cause of his malady from the bystanders. The second act finds the unfortunate victim to an act of juvenile thoughtlessness, in a state of terror bordering on madness—and a powerful situation ensues. The coward who quails under the terrifying idea of possible injury in an action, is yet so overcome with a sense of shame at his degrading situation, that he can bring himself to turn the remote chance of a wound into the certainty of present death by suicide, and he rushes into a room for this purpose. His sister has suspected and watched him—she follows to the door of the room—sees the pistol raised to his head for self-destruction, and stops him in the act, by calling gently and affectionately on his name. In the scene which ensues, she gets the pistol from him—and then for the first time tells him that she knows his horrid secret. She proposes a plan by which he may be saved—she can procure a substitute, but must leave the house to do so. He catches eagerly at the chance, and consents to her departure. *Pierre Cadet* (Mr. Reeve), a dependent of the family, arrives. *Pierre* had much rather not fight than fight, and is by no means so particular as his master as to who knows it. After a while, he hints some-

what broadly to *François*, that he is not ignorant of his infirmity—*François*, stung with shame, threatens him with personal violence—*Pierre*, thinking himself safe, dares him to put his threat into execution. This is too much. *François* darts upon him—overpowers him and throws him to the ground. His reformation, or rather restoration, dates from this moment. The main act into which he has been surprised, arouses the dormant spirit within him: he learns that his sister has disguised herself in male attire, and gone to action as his substitute, and he arms himself and rushes after her. An engagement with the enemy takes place, in which he behaves nobly, saves his sister's life, and covers the family name with additional glory instead of disgrace. With reference to the audience, we must say that the reputation of the family name was never for a moment in danger, for it is not disclosed. However, we sympathized, and deeply too, with the unfortunate *François* and his courageous and affectionate sister; and our feelings had gone so completely with this interesting drama from the beginning, that we were greatly relieved by its gratifying termination. Miss Kelly's acting was admirable, and nothing short of it. She drew the best sympathies of the audience to her at the outset, and held them there until the curtain fell between them. She has perhaps displayed as much talent in many other of those dramas of highly-wrought situations, which are peculiar to her, and to the English Opera House; but, for ourselves, though we admire the talent she displays, and the intensity of her acting, when she is placed in those situations, we but little care to see them, unless we have gone with the previous incidents which led to them. To us, 'The Conscript's Sister' is full of nature and full of truth; and we prefer it to the usual run of these pieces, as much as we prefer history to fiction. The character of *François* is a very arduous one; but it is not so arduous as Mr. Perkins thought it. He laboured too much to produce effect, and failed, comparatively, from this very circumstance. That it is a fault on the right side, there can be no question; because over zealousness may be curbed more easily than tameness can be excited. As it was, he made his malady far too public in the first scene. He came on even as if he had the whole weight of the piece on his back, and it had squeezed all the colour out of his face. Mr. Perkins is a sensible man, and a good actor: he will amend this—perhaps by this time he has done so; and he will find his account in it. As it was, he was much and deservedly applauded. Mr. John Reeve was richly droll in the comic parts of his character: and in one or two little bits of a higher order, his acting mounted with the subject. Miss H. Cawse played a little part very nicely, and did more for her music than her music did for her. It wanted simplicity. 'The Conscript's Sister' was extremely well received, and has not had justice done it by several of the newspapers—at least, we say, we think so.

#### MISCELLANEA

*Mr. Moore and Capt. Medwin.*—In the early part of the week, we received the first of the following letters, which we thought it an act of justice to Capt. Medwin to lay before him; and we now subjoin his reply:—

SIR,—On looking over the account of Shelley in the last number of the *Athenæum*, I find, in a note to the 'Memoir of Shelley,' a violent attack on Lord Byron's biographer; in which Mr. Moore is charged with the crime of having "strengthened his dilated work with the spiritual parts" of Mr. Medwin's 'Conversations'—and especially with having stolen therefrom, without acknowledgment of the larceny, a certain poem, entitled, 'The Irish Avenger,' and sundry epigrams. Now, Sir, in turning to the volumes of Byron in the course of publication, I find that, instead of the said articles having been purloined from Mr. Medwin, they were actually sent by Lord Byron to Mr. Moore; and, on comparing the two, I further find, that Mr. Medwin



has given the said poem and epigrams to the world in a garbled and imperfect state.

But, Sir, not satisfied with this sting at the living biographer, Mr. Medwin thinks proper to have a kick at the dead lion; and tells a story of a bet of a thousand pounds, laid by Lord Byron with poor Shelley; which bet, he conjectures, Lord Byron would not have paid, had he lost it. Now, Sir, against Mr. Medwin's charitable conjecture, I oppose a simple fact. Some time previous to his marriage, Lord Byron did lay a bet with his friend Capt. Hay, on the subject of his marriage—and what did he do? Within three weeks after that event took place, he wrote a letter to the Captain; of which (as it has never been published) I give you the first paragraph:—

"Seaham, Durham, Jan. 26th, 1815.

"DEAR HAY,—Enclosed is my draft for your hundred guineas, on Messrs. Hoares, Fleet Street, (not Lombard street, where there is another synonymous cash-shop, but not mine). Let me have an answer certifying safe receipt per post."

I trust, Sir, to your well-known impartiality, for the insertion of this short letter, and am,

Your CONSTANT READER.

SIR,—I complained, and justly, that Mr. Moore had transferred to his pages, *Goethe's communication to me, and certain extracts from my work, without acknowledgment*; I also objected to his taking the 'Irish Avatar,' and the 'Lines to the Countess Guicciotti,' &c. How far priority of publication constitutes right of property, is a question I am not competent to decide.

Had the 'Constant Reader' read with due attention, he would have seen that it was not a mere conjecture on my part, what Lord Byron would have done had he lost the bet, but a positive affirmation of what he did do, having lost it. Williams was so disgusted with Lord Byron's meanness in not offering to pay this debt, that he never afterwards set his foot in the Casa Lanfranchi. Byron used to say he was hurt and surprised that a man whom he so much esteemed should avoid him.

The fragment to Capt. Hay, has been already mentioned in the 'Conversations,' and only goes to show, what Lord Byron did in one case, and to suggest, what he should have done in a precisely similar one.

T. MEDWIN.

In a recent number of the Saxon Gazette, Professor Ihling, of Meiningen, has given a full detail of what may be called a phenomenon in the annals of industry. Within one and the same day, Mr. Wagner, a woollen manufacturer of that town, wove and dyed a piece of cloth, the wool for which was sheared from the sheep's back at four o'clock in the morning, and was metamorphosed into a coat by six in the afternoon of the same day!—We, however, remember a similar phenomenon in England some years ago; the coat was worn at a ball the same evening, either by Sir John Sinclair or the late Duke of Bedford, we forget which of them.

*Joining a Settler.*—Extract of a letter from New South Wales.—"We duly reached Newcastle by the packet; and then hired a boat to take us and our baggage up the river, and we arrived at G——'s Settlement a little before 12, A.M. He was out, as one of his men informed us, 'chipping in murphies';—and, my sister being not a little wearied, I desired the man to inform him of our arrival, while we rested on two blocks of wood which served for chairs. In a few minutes G—— came hurrying in, with nothing on (saving your presence) but his shirt and a large kangaroo skin cap, forgetting how he was attired in his anxiety to welcome us. The first salutations over, G—— seated himself on another log, still entirely forgetting his trowsers, until I contrived, by a look, to remind him of them, when he politely slipped on a pair in our presence, and composedly resumed his seat. After some mutual inquiries, he apologized for having everything in such a rough way, and desired his man to let us have dinner. I looked round, but could not spy a table, but in a moment the only door of the dwelling was unshipped from its hinges, and laid on two blocks of wood. Dennis, the cook, now put three clasp knives on the door, and exclaimed, in a tone of some bitterness, 'Sorrow take the black fellers, they've brought us neither fish nor wild ducks to-day, and we've nothing at all but a bullock's head and some damper.' 'Can't help it, Den-

† A wheaten cake baked in the ashes.

nis, fetch it in,' said G——. In a few minutes Dennis returned, and to our inexpressible astonishment placed on the table, all reeking from the cauldron, an immense bullock's head, with the horns, hair, and ears on."

*Present State of Athens.*—The following is from a letter written by Professor Thiersch, who has been recently in Greece.—"The west side of the Parthenon has greatly suffered; yet, although large pieces were blown out by the Turkish artillery, the pillars proved so strong, that not one was thrown down. The beautiful reliefs behind the western hall remain untouched; but a great portion of the wall of the Cella has been destroyed by the covetousness of the Turks, in their search for iron and lead, with which the stones are held together. The Erechtheum is half in ruins, but the mischief was done by Greeks. Gura, the assassin of Odysseus, during the siege, kept his family in it, and loading the roof with rubbish, it broke down and buried fourteen women and children under its weight. Unfortunately, travellers, and above all the English, are now completing the work of destruction, by knocking off pieces from the overthrown friezes and capitals, for the purpose of carrying them home as trophies." The Propylæe he found unchanged.

*An Even Temper.*—A popular candidate for the new parliament, is described as the most even-tempered man in existence, for he was born in a passion and has continued in it all his life.

*Necessity.*—An Irish barrister, deceased some time since, was called by his brethren, Counselor Necessity, because "necessity has no law."

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

| Days of  | Thermom.  | Baromet. | Winds.     | Weather.   |
|----------|-----------|----------|------------|------------|
| W.Moon.  | Max. Min. | Noon.    |            |            |
| Th. 16   | 77 51     | 29.78    | S.W. to S. | Clear.     |
| Fr. 17   | 73 50     | 29.86    | W.         | Iditto.    |
| Sat. 18  | 73 54     | Stat.    | S. to S.W. | Cloudy.    |
| Sun. 19  | 73 50     | 29.63    | S.W.       | Clear.     |
| Mon. 20  | 78 59     | Stat.    | S.W.       | Iditto.    |
| Tues. 21 | 79 56     | 29.00    | S.W.       | Rain, A.M. |
| Wed. 22  | 72 53     | 29.54    | S.W.       | Clear.     |

*Prevailing Clouds.*—Cirrostratus, Comoid-cirrostratus, Cirrocumulus.

Mean temperature of the week, 63.5°.

Mornings fair; Nights fair excepting Saturday.

Day decreased on Wednesday, 2h. 26 min.

#### NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

The demand for cheap literature has led to an important undertaking—a monthly issue of *Original Novels and Romances*, to be edited by Mr. Leitch Ritchie and Mr. Thomas Roscoe, entitled, *THE LIBRARY OF ROMANCE*; the first number is announced to appear in January next.

Mr. Valpy is preparing a new edition of Shakespeare containing the whole of the 165 illustrations originally published in Boydell's edition. The work will be published in fifteen monthly volumes.

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#### TO CORRESPONDENTS

To enable new Subscribers to complete their sets for the year, we have this week reprinted No. 223, for February 4, being the sixth number reprinted since January. Complete sets may therefore still be had.

#### PRESERVATION OF CROSBY HALL.

**A**T a Meeting held at the City of London Tavern, to take into consideration the best means to be adopted for Preserving and Restoring Crosby Hall, in the City of London, W. T. COPPLAND, Esq. M.P. and Alderman of the Ward, in the Chair.

It was resolved unanimously, First, That it is highly expedient to preserve from destruction that rare and beautiful specimen of the domestic architecture of the fifteenth century, known as Crosby Hall, in the City of London.

Second, That subscriptions be opened for the purpose of defraying the expense of the necessary repairs.

Third, That a Committee be formed, with full authority to carry into effect the necessary arrangements: to apply the Funds to the restoration of the fabric; and to appropriate the Building to such public object as the Committee may deem expedient.

Fourth, That the Members of the Committee, and the Treasurer, be requested to receive subscriptions.

Fifth, That Octavius Wigram, Esq. be requested to act as Treasurer.

Sixth, That Samuel James Capper, Esq. be requested to act as Honorary Secretary.

The following Subscriptions were immediately announced:

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power in the hands of such men,—when we saw a Guizot, who had been in office as *Censor of the Press* under the Bourbons, become the minister of a citizen King,—whose throne was to be surrounded by republican institutions,—and carry on a system of jobbing patronage, which would have put to the blush even the most profligate of his predecessors.

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"The British ambassador having expressed doubts of the legality of a Chamber of Deputies

convoked by Bonaparte, 'I am surprised,' Lafayette answered, 'that a statesman of your nation should not see that the powers of a national assembly are derived, rather from those who elect its members, than from him by whom it is convoked. And as we are upon that topic, my lord, I must beg of you to recollect, that during the revolution of your own country, which I, as well as you and your countrymen, must term glorious, the situation of the army of James II. was somewhat different from the French army, in its relation to Louis XVIII. James had, himself, formed it, had fought at its head, and it owed him gratitude; but this did not prevent the troops composing it, together with the king's favourite, your great Marlborough, from deserting him in the night, not to place themselves under the national flag, but to join a foreign army, a foreign prince, and fight under a foreign banner.'

"The same ambassador having applied to Lafayette, informing him that there would be no peace, unless Bonaparte were delivered up to the allies; he said, 'I am surprised, my lord, that to make so base a proposal to the French people, you should have applied by choice to a prisoner of Olmütz.'"

The following rapid sketch of the persons comprising the Polignac administration, is a spirited outline.

"Nevertheless, at this dangerous period, the nation assumed an imposing attitude, and faced with courage and indignation the impious faction, into whose hands its destinies were thrown. On all sides was heard the cry of anathema against the reviving generation of court minions, mistresses and flatterers, which absorbed the royal confidence.

"Public opinion then examined the individual claims of the new ministers, and found each of them foul with that political leprosy which, during three centuries, had afflicted France. And who, in effect, were these ministers? The first was a Roman prince [Polignac], filled with ultramontane maxims, and whose unhappy destiny it seemed to be, to live and die in the practice of plots and conspiracies. The second was he of the categories of blood [Labourdonnaye]; the third that debonaire prefect [Chabrol], who, perceiving the guillotine in its progress of political murder along the fertile banks of the Rhone, declared, that the errors of governments should always be buried in the bowels of the earth. The fourth was the spoiled child of the congregation of Jesuits [Montbel], and his want of talent had become proverbial; the fifth [Courvoisier], the promoter of the prevoestal courts; the sixth [Bourmont], a traitor, a turncoat, whose sword had branded with disgrace the French name; and the seventh—a Mangin.

"Such was the composition of this ministry. Here was hypocrisy and fanaticism; there, violence; elsewhere treachery and servility; and everywhere, bad faith, and a hatred of our institutions. Acts soon stamped the men—every aristocratic passion was in ferment: there was no dormant resentment, which was not fanned anew into a blaze—no foolish expectation, which such a signal did not revive.

"What was to be hoped or feared from such a state of things? It could only hold out to the

country, a prospect of blood; for it was evident that despotism must be resorted to, by men without talent, and unable to use the resources of a representative government. In such a crisis, inaction would have been death; and a generous feeling of emulation sprung up, spontaneously, in the bosom of every citizen. Preparations were made on all sides to combat to the death this contempt for civilization, and the horror of freedom and national advancement, which formed the life springs of the cabinet of the 8th of August. Alarmed by the cries of indignation which assailed them on all sides, in vain did they hesitate to have recourse to arbitrary measures; in vain did they affect confidence amid the fears and terrors which devoured them; in vain did they protest that the nation had nothing to fear: the people knew that the public feeling against these ministers was but too well founded, and prepared on all sides to defend their threatened liberties. From the nucleus of the association formed to refuse the payment of taxes, diverging rays rapidly darted forth in every direction. The press, fully sensible of its high mission, waged a constant war against the measures of government; it excited the fear of *coup-d'état*, and filled each individual with the anticipation of a danger near at hand. In short, every citizen in France, who had a heart to feel for his country, made preparations for a determined resistance."

The following account of the beginning of the revolution of 1830, shows the conduct and feelings of Casimir Perier upon this momentous occasion. It needs no comment.

"The struggle between the people and the king's troops commenced on the evening of Tuesday the 27th of July, and assumed the character of a regular insurrection. But what occurred on this day, was only a prelude to something more serious on the following days. It consisted only in two or three charges made by the gendarmerie, and the dispersion of some groups of young men and artisans, assembled in the Rue St. Honoré, the Place Vendôme, and the neighbourhood of the Palais Royal. . . .

"The first member of the Chamber of Deputies, who at the commencement of the struggle came forward and placed his head in jeopardy, was the Count Alexandre de Laborde. At that period the insurrection presented nothing but the probability of defeat and the prospect of a scaffold. Even on Monday the 26th, this courageous deputy took the chair at a meeting of the journalists, where the question of the protest and that of opposing resistance to the ordinances were publicly discussed and determined upon. There is not one of my former colleagues who does not recall with admiration to his mind the reply which M. de Laborde made to a deputation from the law school, charged to insist upon the necessity of resorting to arms. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'you are perfectly right. Our country does not now call for vain declamation; a unanimous, strong, and powerful action can alone save our liberties. Tell your comrades, that you found us animated with the same sentiments as yourselves, ready to fulfil the same duties and run the same risks. Go, gentlemen, and assemble in greater numbers this evening at ten o'clock; we will then make known to you what we have determined upon.'

"At the termination of this meeting of the journalists, in which each individual pledged his honour to use all the means in his power to provoke resistance, and render the insurrection general, M. de Laborde called at his own house a meeting of the deputies then at Paris, and fixed the hour at seven. At eight only a few members had answered the call; and among the number were Messrs. Bavoux, Daunou, Vassal, Marschal, De Schonen, Lefevre, Bernard, and Villemain. Hurried on by events, and perhaps tired of waiting any longer for his absent col-

leagues, M. de Laborde opened the debate. Having stated the general feeling, and related what had occurred at the meeting of the journalists, he showed the necessity of an energetic declaration in reply to the ordinances, and strongly urged that it should be drawn up, in the name of the Chamber of Deputies, by the members there present. M. Bavoux was of opinion that the deputies then in town should constitute themselves a national assembly. The venerable M. Daunou spoke with noble warmth of the duties which the attempts of oppressive power had rendered incumbent upon the representatives of the nation. He said that the danger with which the performance of such duties might be attended, rendered them only more sacred and more imperative; that, as the liberty of the tribune was violated, *an appeal to the people* was the only means of safety left, and they must not hesitate to use it, or they would be dishonoured, and betray their public trust. M. de Schonen spoke in the same strain; he observed that the moment was decisive, that the liberties of the country were at stake, that the duty of the deputies was very clearly marked out, that on such an occasion all selfish feeling must cease, and, if necessary a call be made to arms. Such were the unanimous opinions at this meeting, and M. Villemain had, I believe, just been requested to embody them in the form of a protest, when M. Perier was announced. He had heard the last words of M. de Schonen, mentioning a *call to arms*, and his countenance expressed the most intense anxiety. 'Gentlemen,' he exclaimed, 'what frenzy has seized you, and what are you going to do? Have you reflected upon it? You are constituting yourselves a national assembly. A call to arms indeed!'

"I have motives of resentment against M. Perier, too well founded not to render it a point of duty in me, as a historian, to divest my mind of the feelings to which such recollections naturally lead. I shall, therefore, not record the words he used in opposition to the noble decision of his colleagues, but merely give a summary of his opinion. According to him, the chamber had been legally dissolved; the ordinances were nothing more than the exercise of a power granted by the charter, and, since the publication of the *Moniteur* containing them, there really existed no deputies. But supposing the right of Charles X. were open to dispute—which he by no means admitted—he asked who was to judge between the government and the people. At all events, the chamber ought not take the lead in passing events; and to excite insurrection would be an act of madness. That it was impossible the king would refuse to recall the ordinances, and it was in this sense that the declaration should be drawn up,—if indeed, a declaration were persisted in, to which however, he did not assent. As for the confidence gentlemen seemed to have in public opinion, he by no means took the same view of the case. Accustomed to express itself in a legal form, that opinion would not be inclined to arm itself with brute force; but if even it dared to do so, it would be overcome and annihilated;—witness what occurred in 1820, 1821, and 1827—witness likewise all the conspiracies hatched during the last fifteen years, and strangled in their birth. In fine, M. Perier thought that it would be but wise and patriotic in the deputies to wait for events, and regulate their conduct by circumstances.

"During this debate, Messrs. de Laborde, Villemain, and De Schonen, had joined the journalists, who had received an accession to their assembly in a great number of the electors of Paris. These three deputies had found all parties animated with the most ardent patriotism, and more than ever determined to oppose a strenuous resistance to the acts of the government. M. de Laborde, still under the excite-

ment of the impression he had just received, told his colleagues in the most energetic terms that a longer hesitation on their parts would prove fatal to freedom—that the victory of the people depended upon the co-operation of the deputies with those citizens who had first come forward, and that the former then present ought forthwith to join the journalists. This opinion was combated by M. Perier, who adduced his former arguments against any measure, other than such as tended to bring Charles X. into a better course. Despairing, however, of persuading the deputies to adopt his opinion, he had recourse to other means, in which he was successful. He observed that it would be precipitate and improper to come to a decision of that nature without consulting all the deputies then at Paris, and he undertook to assemble them at his own house at an early hour the next day. In fact, summonses were sent by M. Perier to several members of the chamber. But, from the irritation displayed by the multitude, which went on increasing, and the hostile measures adopted by the citizens in the course of the night and the following morning, M. Perier deemed it prudent to countermand his invitations."

It happened, however, that the deputies agreed among themselves to meet at Perier's the next day, at two o'clock. M. Sarrans thus describes the meeting, which had been preceded by a scene of carnage and bloodshed in the Rue Neuve du Luxembourg, where a number of young men, who had assembled in consequence of hearing that the deputies intended to meet, were surrounded by two detachments of cavalry, and cut to pieces.

"What was passing meanwhile at M. Perier's hotel? The deputies had assembled there in greater numbers than on the preceding day, and M. Labey de Pompières was in the chair. From the very commencement of the debate they had been divided into two parties, one of which defended the dissolution of the chamber, proposed to maintain the royal authority of Charles X., urged the necessity of not going beyond the limits of the law, and proposed confining themselves to the obtaining of a repeal of the ordinances by means of respectful remonstrances supported by the manifestation of public opinion. The other party maintained, that the quality of deputy was not destroyed by the ordinance of dissolution; that, moreover, Charles X., by violating the charter in each of his ordinances, had forfeited his right to dissolve the chamber, and that from this very circumstance the deputies remained invested with the full powers given to them by their constituents; that it was absurd to invoke the law in favour of a power which had just set it at defiance; and that when the liberty or slavery of the nation—the existence of a representative government, or the tyranny of a single man—formed the point at issue, the safety of the commonwealth resided solely in the success of an open resistance.

"The former of these opinions had M. Dupin for its champion; the second was advocated by M. Manguin, who was supported by Messrs. De Laborde, De Puyraveau, Bérard, Labey de Pompières, Persil, Milleret, Bertin de Vaux, and Villemain; the two latter, however, maintaining that Charles X. must not be confounded with his ministers, or included with them in one common sentence of reprobation. Messrs. Sebastiani and Casimir Perier ranged themselves under the banner of M. Dupin."

When the ordinances appeared, Lafayette was absent from Paris, but the instant the news reached him, he set out for the metropolis. On the 29th he incurred consider-



able danger, which M. Sarrans thus describes:—

"The battle had recommenced at break of day, and as Lafayette was returning to his hotel, he was exposed to the fire of the royalist detachment, who had taken possession of the Madeleine, and fired indiscriminately at everybody attempting to pass. The General, however, escaped this danger, and, taking advantage of a retrograde movement, got to M. Lafitte's, accompanied by his grandson, Jules de Lasterie, M. Audry de Puyraveau, Colonel Carbonel, and Captain, now Colonel, Poque. Cannon and musketry roared through the streets contiguous to the one through which Lafayette was walking. It was an affecting sight to behold the people recognize, with transport, the noble old veteran; but they uttered only, in an under voice, 'Vive Lafayette!' lest they should betray him to the king's soldiers, and hastily opened their shops in order that the barricades might form no impediment to his passage. It was thus that, amid a thousand dangers and a thousand proofs of popular solicitude, the General arrived at M. Lafitte's, whither several of his colleagues were likewise hastening, and where he found several deputations of brave citizens, waiting to escort him to the Hôtel de Ville, which had just been carried, and was then occupied by the patriots."

The following is extremely interesting:—

"Whilst the military chiefs were taking measures to consolidate the victory obtained by the people without their aid, and the municipal committee and the commissioners in charge of the different departments of public service, were preparing to put the machinery of government again into motion, and whilst a fraction of the chamber of deputies assembled at M. Lafitte's was discussing the new order of things, a deputation, composed of Messrs. D'Argout, Sémonville, and Vitrolles, arrived at the Hôtel de Ville, to treat in the name of Charles X., and announce to the committee the repeal of the ordinances, together with the appointment of a new ministry, of which Messrs. Périer and Gérard were to be members. These envoys were brought before the municipal committee, and Lafayette was immediately sent for. The answer to their proposals was not delayed; the people had fought to the cry of 'Down with the Bourbons!' and it was now too late—the Bourbons had ceased to reign. This was formally declared to the king's envoys by Messrs. Lafayette, Audry de Puyraveau, and Mauguin, in the presence of M. Périer, who remained silent. The envoys were about to withdraw, when M. de Sémonville having addressed himself to Lafayette, the latter asked him whether the Bourbons had assumed the tricolor cockade; and upon his replying, that this was a serious affair, Lafayette said, that if they disliked it, there was no need of their doing it, for it was too late, and all was at an end that related to them.

"Next day M. de Sussy, bearer of a letter containing a repeal of the ordinances, from M. de Montemart, the new minister of Charles X., found Lafayette surrounded by his officers and a crowd of citizens. 'We need not put ourselves to any inconvenience,' said the General; 'I am here among my friends, for whom I have no secrets;' and, opening the packet, he read aloud the contents. 'Well,' said he to the people, 'what answer shall we give?'—'No more treaties,' was the cry all round. 'You have your answer,' said Lafayette, 'it is too late.'

"Some time after, a patriot who went with a flag of truce to the regiments protecting the court, returned to say that the commander of the royalist forces at the bridge of St. Cloud complained that there had been no explanation since the repeal of the ordinances, and demanded a categorical answer; upon which Lafayette immediately sent the following note:—

"'Being called upon for an explicit answer respecting the royal family, since their last aggression against public liberty and the victory of the Parisian populace, I will give it with candour. All conciliation is impossible, and the royal family have ceased to reign.'

'LAFAYETTE.'

"Finding their proposals rejected by the people at the Hôtel de Ville, the envoys of Charles X. hoped to obtain a more favourable reception at M. Lafitte's. On the 9th,† at ten o'clock at night, M. d'Argout applied to the deputies there assembled, and declared that he came in the name of the king, his master, to announce the repeal of the ordinances, and the formation of a ministry composed of men agreeable to the country; that things were then in the same state as prior to the violation of the charter, and Charles X. had no doubt that the national representatives would interpose their mediation to bring the nation again under his authority. But M. Lafitte's answer was as peremptory as that of M. Lafayette at the Hôtel de Ville. 'War has decided the question,' said he to M. d'Argout; 'Charles X. is no longer King of France.' M. d'Argout withdrew, after having in vain urged the inviolability with which, according to his view, the constitution still surrounded the king's person. A few minutes after, M. Forbin-Janson came, and stated that his brother-in-law, the Duke of Montemart claimed a safe-conduct, in order that he might come to the meeting of the deputies. This was allowed, and M. Lafitte alone charged to discuss the overtures to be made by this new prime minister of Charles X.; but M. de Montemart did not make his appearance."

We shall continue our translations from these volumes next week.

#### FAMILY LIBRARY, No. XXXIV.

*Lives of Scottish Worthies.* Vol. II. By P. F. Tytler, Esq. London: Murray.

In our review of the first volume of this work we spoke of the learning and talent of the writer; all the praise, and it was not little, that we then bestowed, is more than justified by the volume before us. Mr. Tytler has not only great talent for biographical composition, but he has wonderful industry and desire of truth; he has leisure, too, which enables him to take nothing on trust; he consults and compares, and may claim the merit of accuracy; all who read may see that he is unembarrassed in his arrangements, and clear in his details. He has also, what we cannot dislike when modestly indicated—a gentle seasoning of nationality: an earnest love of country—and Mr. Tytler's is no more—has distinguished all our men of genius, and it may be read in all their works, and heard in all their sayings; as we love a man for the marks which he bears of the spirit of his own land upon him, we shall not quarrel with a Scotsman for loving his own rugged hills, and delighting in the offspring of the soil. In this volume the author resumes and finishes his life of the great Robert Bruce; gives us a memoir of Barbour, the eldest-born of the race of Scottish poets; introduces us to Wynton, the rhyming chronicler, and Fordun, the historian, and concludes with the life of James the First, an accomplished prince and a poet of great talent. The portion of the work dedicated to the lives of the literary men of the north is, to us, the most valuable. Of Wallace and

of Bruce so much has been said and sung, that we would willingly be spared retracing our steps through their wondrous but well known fortunes; but it has long been a reproach to the north that the history of her literature remains unwritten. Of the genius of Barbour, James the First, Dunbar, Gawain Douglas, and Sir David Lindsay, the English, nay, many of the Scotch, know as little as they do of the north pole; their works have been inaccessible, from their price or their rarity; and of their lives no one has written an account such as they merit, or of sufficient interest to lure the general reader to their neglected pages. When a full history of British poetry is written, the author, whoever he may be, must fill up the dread space between Chaucer and Spenser with the poets we have named, for, save Wyatt and Sackville, England has no poets during that period worthy of being named with these great fathers of northern song.

Of the life of Barbour, the cotemporary of Chaucer, less is known than we could wish; his book of 'The Bruce' is as elegant and vigorous as a poem, as it is accurate as a history; for truth and gentleness, and a tenderness of heart unlike the day in which he lived, he may stand comparison with the great Englishman, though he falls far below him in poetic fervour and the art of communicating life to all he touches. It is thus Mr. Tytler introduces him:—

"The early literature of a nation in which the nobility could neither read nor write, and where there existed no public seminaries for the education of the people, was necessarily confined to the clergy; and this truth is not less verified by the literary history of Scotland, than of the other kingdoms of Europe. It is from the monastic institutions, from the schools attached to the convents and the various religious houses which were scattered over the face of the country, that the first feeble gleams of knowledge are seen emanating; and if, to guide the literary pilgrim through the dismal night of the middle ages, a single ray of science or of useful learning is seen to shoot athwart the gloom, it will be found to proceed from the quiet cell of some holy monk, who combined the offices of devotion with the pursuit of letters. It was unfortunate, however, that these clerical students generally preferred the Latin language, which they knew imperfectly, to their own native tongue, which was abandoned to the minstrels, story-tellers, and itinerant buffoons, who attended the courts of the nobility, mingled in the pastimes of the people, and embodied in their songs, ballads, and romantic legends, the manners and the superstitions of the age.

"It is to the honour of John Barbour, Archdeacon of Aberdeen, that he was the first Scottish author who renounced this fatal practice, and boldly constructed his lofty rhyme in the imperishable materials of his own language. Of his life, the united research of historians and antiquaries have failed to ascertain even the most common particulars. We know not who was his father; it is uncertain whether he was born in 1316, or some years later; and the place of his nativity and of his education is equally obscure, although there is a presumption that he was educated at Arbroath. All that can now be pronounced with certainty regarding an author of undoubted genius, who, to use the words of Warton, has 'adorned the English language by a strain of versification, expression, and poetical imagery far superior to his age,' is, that, after having studied in middle life at Oxford, and subsequently in France, he began the composition of his great work upon the Life of

† *Quere the 20th.*

Bruce in 1375, under the reign of Robert II., from whom he received a pension, which expressly bears, that it was bestowed as a reward for the compiling the book of the deeds of Robert I. From this period till the year 1396, when he died at an advanced age, his life is a perfect blank; and we search in vain, either in his own works or in the pages of original records, for any facts to supply the place of that conjectural biography in which some of his critics have so amply indulged themselves."

To enable his readers to appreciate the verse of Barbour, the biographer has taken the description of Spring; and with scarcely any alteration of the words or construction, but some small change of spelling, produced the following beautiful verses:—

"'Twas in the spring, when winter's tide,  
With blasts that bitter are to bide,  
Was past and gone; when songsters small,  
The turtle and the nightingale,  
Began from every bush and bower  
Sweet notes of various sound to pour,  
Melodious songs of pleasant cheer,  
'Steal piping winds with decant drear:  
When trees their summer weeds assume,  
With opening buds of freshest bloom,  
And tresses green by woods are worn,  
That wicked winter's blasts had torn,  
And fields their emerald mantles wear,  
Then forth the noble King did fare;  
His galleys launch'd, aboard there were  
Scarce full three hundred men—the while  
He steer'd his course from Arran's isle.

"Even if we take Chaucer's verses on the same sweet season, it has been justly observed by a modern critic, that Barbour suffers little in the comparison.

The birds that han left their song  
While thei have suffred colde ful stronge,  
In wether's grille, and derke to sight,  
Ben in May for the sonne bright,  
So glad that they shewe in singing  
That in ther hert is such liking  
That thei mote singin and ben light:  
Then doth the nightingale her might  
To maken noise and singen blithe;  
Than is blisful many a sith.  
The chylondre and the popingay  
That yonge folk entenden aye,  
For to ben gais and amorous  
The time is then so savorous.

"Perhaps," says Tytler, "the most striking feature in the poetry of Barbour, is that tone of independence and enthusiastic love of liberty, which runs like a golden thread through the whole texture of his work." We cannot subscribe to this: he charms most by his tenderness of nature and the deep sympathy which he has for all that moves and breathes.

We shall pass over the lives of Wynton and Fordun, though both interesting, and take up James the First, the author of 'The King's Quhair,' 'Pebelis at the Play,' and 'Christ's Kirk on the Green.' Much, however, that Mr. Tytler has written under his name, has little connexion with his life: he recapitulates the varied fortunes of Scotland, from the death of Robert Bruce till the birth of the Poet King; an almost superfluous labour, for it was familiar to all, and not necessary to illustrate the life of one whose most remarkable deeds were performed with the pen. It was the chance of this prince to be taken captive by the English during a period of peace; and Henry the Fourth, as a matter of policy, which no one can applaud, imprisoned him for many years in Windsor Tower. But if the English watched him well, they also educated him well; and it was during his period of imprisonment that he became acquainted with Chaucer, and with his own genius in poetry. Of this period Tytler thus writes:—

"Cut off for a long and tedious period from his crown and his people, James could afford to

spend many hours in each tedious day of his captivity in the cultivation of accomplishments to which, under other circumstances, it would have been criminal to have given up so much of his time. And this will easily account for that high musical excellence to which he undoubtedly attained, and will explain the great variety of instruments upon which he performed. Besides, to use the words of a learned and amusing writer, it is well known that 'music constituted a part of the quadrivium, a branch of their system of education, and it was more or less cultivated by persons of all conditions;—churchmen studied it by profession; and the students at the Inns of Court learned singing and all kinds of music. Richard II. understood something of the practical part of it; for, on the day of his departure for Ireland, he assisted at divine service, with the canons of St. George, and chanted a collect.' An old annalist, enumerating the qualifications of Henry IV., describes him as of shining talents in music [*in musica micans*]; whilst Stow says of Henry V., 'he delighted in songs, meeters, and musical instruments.'—These examples appear amply sufficient to defend King James from any imputation of over-refinement or effeminacy in the cultivation of an art which was the favourite amusement of such monarchs as Henry IV. and his illustrious son.

"But during the leisure which was afforded by his tedious captivity, it is certain that James applied himself to severer studies than either his military exercises or his cultivation of music. He was acquainted with the Latin language, as far, at least, as was permitted by the rude and barbarous condition in which it existed previous to the revival of letters. In theology, oratory, and grammar, in the civil and the canon laws, he was instructed by the best masters; and an acquaintance with Norman French was necessarily acquired at a court, and amongst a people, where it was still currently spoken, and highly cultivated. Devoted, however, as he was to these pursuits, James appears to have given his mind with a still stronger bias to the study of English poetry, choosing Chaucer and Gower for his masters in the art, and entering with the utmost ardour into the great object of the first of these illustrious men,—the improvement of the English language, the production of easy and natural rhymes, and the refinement of poetical numbers, from the rude compositions which had preceded him. In the concluding stanza of the King's Quair, a work composed by the Scottish King shortly before his return to his kingdom, he apostrophises Gower and Chaucer as his dear masters, who sat upon the highest steps of rhetoric, and whose genius as poets, orators, and moralists, entitled them to receive the most exalted honour.

Unto the hymnis of my maisteris dere,  
Gowere and Chaucere, that on steppis sitt  
Of rhetoric, quhill that war lyvand here,  
Superlative as poets laureate,  
In moralitee and eloquence ornate,  
I recommend my bulik in lynis seven,  
And eke their saulis unto the blisse of hevin."

The captivity of James was sweetened by other charms than those of verse: he has in lasting song described the beauty which enchained him: the plain prose of the biographer will be better understood:—

"An event, however, occurred about this time, which rendered his detention in England more tolerable, and sweetened the irksomeness of captivity. Jane Beaufort, the daughter of the Earl of Somerset, a lady of exquisite beauty and high accomplishments, was accidentally seen by the royal prisoner, who became enamoured of her. We learn from his own elegant and unaffected testimony, that the first moment he beheld this 'fresh and fairest flower in the arbour of the garden at Windsor,' his heart willingly and in an instant became the seat of the most ardent and delicate love. Nor

is it at all extraordinary that the passion should have been mutual. A youthful and a captive monarch, universally reputed the most accomplished prince of his time, was not the sort of lover whom ladies permit to die of despair; and the romantic tinge of misfortune and separation which must have mingled with their passion, as it increased the difficulties which stood in the way of their union, enhanced the ardour of their affection. From her birth and her connections the lady was of distinguished lineage, and even royal rank. Her father, the Earl of Somerset, now dead, was the son of John of Gaunt, and uncle to Henry V. Her mother, Margaret, daughter of Holland Earl of Kent, had taken to her second husband, Thomas Duke of Clarence, the brother of the King, and at this moment Regent of France. Her brother, John Duke of Somerset, had gained high renown in the French wars; and her uncle was the able, potent, and opulent Cardinal of Winchester. To possess himself of this mistress of his affections, and to recover and share with her that crown of which he had been so long and so unjustly deprived, became now an all engrossing object to the King; but an occurrence which soon after took place, whilst it prolonged, by its influence upon the politics of Henry, his detention in England, gave for a short season a new direction to his destiny."

The whole of the life of King James is not contained in this volume; and his claims to distinction as a poet are but slightly alluded to: when the third volume appears, which is promised soon, we shall have something more to say of a prince who stands at the head of the serious and humorous poetry of Scotland.

*The Destinies of Man.* By Robert Millhouse.  
London: Simpkin & Marshall.

THE compositions of Robert Millhouse, the operative poet of Nottingham, have now appeared in four successive volumes; but they were thin tomes,—small editions,—sent forth by publishers who had little interest in them, and unseconded by those arts by which a very indifferent work is often so readily made widely known. While, therefore, the poet was quietly plodding on in his distant province, busied in maintaining a growing family by the daily labour of his hands, his books, never really published at all, in the true sense, slid serenely away down the flood of oblivion. It is but fair, however, to say, that several of the reviewers gave him praise; but it was that sort of praise which wants vigour to bring its object into effective notice. Southey having done himself honour by his generous labours of love on the remains of Chatterton and Kirke White, and having to his latter years retained his good nature, with something less than his youthful sagacity and discretion, took John Jones, the serving-man, under his patronage, and espoused the cause of Mary Collin, in the *Quarterly*. Of Millhouse, too, he found occasion to speak of late in that review in a passing remark, but it was to make the strange assertion that he (Millhouse) could scarcely be classed with uneducated poets, because his language was the language of educated men. As if, instead of detracting from, it were not an additional merit so far to have polished his style as to have made it fit to be placed in juxtaposition with that of men blessed with all the advantages of wealth, ease, and ample education. If, by uneducated poets, Mr. Southey means those who have picked up

that scanty portion of learning which falls to the lot of the children of the working class—an indifferent knowledge of reading, writing, and arithmetic, than Millhouse, as may be seen by the memoir prefixed to his first publication, is such a man. But the better term for poets of his class, is that of Operative Poets; and we challenge Mr. Southey, or rather, any impartial person, to select any passage from John Jones, or Mary Collin, on whom he has bestowed so much praise and good-will, and to take any passage at random from Millhouse's latter tomes, which should not beat those of his protégés ten times over. In a word, we think that Millhouse has by no means received his proper degree of reputation, and, as some proof of it, we quote a few stanzas from the opening of his present work:—

Since cast, by Deity's Almighty will,  
On this eventful stage of fleeting things;  
A being, deeply pondering good and ill,  
With daring hope to plume the spirit's wings;  
Cheered and refreshed by Faith's eternal springs—  
And as Heaven points to each a different plan,  
And on our minds its various bounty flings;  
Let me, while waning out this mortal span,  
Tell what I long have thought of Providence, and man.

The project has its origin to-day—  
The accomplishment remains with doubtful time—  
Nor shall the structure fall to swift decay,  
If screened from angry tempests in its prime;  
Obscure the architect, yet every clime  
That sees the mariner's adventurous sail,  
With Fame's long roll of virtue and of crime,  
Will bring forth new materials for the tale,  
Fresh as the flowers of spring, when May resumes the gale.

Youth's ardour has abated, and that flame  
Which throws its witchcraft o'er the minstrel's breast;  
When young ambition, panting after fame,  
Illumes the sweetest slumbers of our rest  
With dreams of fairy-land—those visions blest—  
Those meteors dim in Heaven—which lead the mind  
Through realms by fancy's loveliest rainbows drest—  
Then vanish into darkness—while the wind  
Beats to the wretch forlorn the coldness of mankind.

Mind has its changes—yet there still remain  
Virtue, the beam of truth, the patriot's flame,  
Tears due to misery, though they fall in vain,  
And the calm throbbings for that beat of fame,  
Which human apathy may never tame:—  
These are beyond the reach of man's control—  
These find their mead above, from whence they  
came;

And are the pure oblations of the soul;  
Rising to Him, whose word sustains this wondrous  
whole!

Yet it were noble, doubtless, to engage  
That glorious suffrage, which the wise bestow;  
That steady flame, pervading every age;  
Bright as the sunbeam gilding mountain snow,  
But gilding it for ever—chance may throw  
Sceptres, and crowns, to dazzle and betray;—  
Scenes may adore that pomp which brings them woe;  
And crime may varnish o'er the proud array;  
Yet will the truth survive when tyrannies decay.

Be it my task, however strange the theme,  
To trace the footsteps of recording Time,  
From the first dawn, when Heaven's creating beam  
Spread out, complete, this theatre sublime;  
And kindled yonder stars; and, o'er each clime,  
Sent forth the dancing sunbeams, to adorn  
Seas, vales, and mountains, laughing in their prime;  
When the wild mirth of flocks and herds new-born,  
And birds, with sweetest songs, proclaimed the joyous  
morn.

Whoever reads these stanzas, and is informed that the author of them is a man whose life has been spent at the daily labour of the loom; who has had to contend with the innumerable ills of a modern mechanic's existence; to supply the wants of a rising family from the produce of his daily drudgery; and has then sat down, not to lose the sense of his cares in the carouse of a pot-house, nor to embitter his mind with the wormwood of restless politics, nor to darken his intellect and lay waste his heart and hope with the poisonous doctrines of infidelity;—but has sought to cheer his soul with the noble strains of his country's noblest poets and historians,

or to diffuse, as far as in him lay, the counteracting influences of those high views and righteous sentiments with which his studies had inspired him: whoever, we say, has thus read, and thus been informed, must feel with us, that such a man is a blessing and an honour to society, and deserves the most substantial approbation of his countrymen of all classes.

It is not the least merit of Millhouse, that, amid continued labour, much neglect, and all the irritating trials of an operative's life in a great manufacturing town, he has adhered perseveringly to a course of order, correct conduct, and the cultivation and expression of sentiments which it would be well indeed for old England were they more generally alive in his class. His honest desire has been to seek a portion of that good fame, the reward of superior mind and well-doing, which we trust will yet be his.

The present poem is one on a high and comprehensive subject—the Destinies of Man in all ages. What is here published, is but a part—yet, as the author observes, not a fragment, for it comes down to the appearance of Christ, who developed and sealed those destinies. It must, however, be obvious how incalculably the effect and importance of the poem would have been heightened by proceeding to the latter ages of the world, and dealing with its mighty events; but the time and the resources of a working man are precious—are, in fact, not his own; and it will remain with the public to decide whether he shall complete this most worthy undertaking.

We cannot give any idea of the poem as a whole by quoting any part; we will therefore select only a few more isolated stanzas of great truth and beauty, and have done: recommending all our readers to get the poem, and satisfy themselves of the sustained strength, harmonious versification, and manly sentiments of this meritorious little volume.

O Liberty! thou plant of fickle birth!  
Cradled in storms, and nursed upon the wild!  
Oft, in their prime, thy blossoms fall to earth,  
Like early violets, sensitive and mild;  
Which, if they miss the gale, when snows are piled,  
On peevish April's shy uncertain hours;  
Their blooms, by drenching rains and floods defiled,  
Die, ere the green leaves thicken in the bower—  
Yielding their fair abodes to more enduring flowers.

Thy tender lineaments are seldom seen;  
And, like the meteor, beautiful and brief!  
Man just beholds thee in thy dawning sheen,  
And thou art gone—and he is left in grief!  
Say, does the monarch find thee? or the chief,  
To whom dismembered nations bow the knee?  
Thou fallest from their grasp as falls the leaf,  
When Autumn winds assail the bending tree—  
Scattering its fading robe in fragments o'er the sea.

Crowds have possessed thee for a little space—  
Brief hast thou been by multitudes adored!  
Soon has licentiousness usurped thy place;  
And thou hast sunk beneath the uplifted sword.  
Man must be virtuous, ere thy smiles afford  
Nerve to his arm, or counsel to his mind;  
Then shall the tyrant sicken at the board,  
Like proud Belshazzar, when Heaven's hand  
designed

The scroll upon the wall—the mystery undefined!

*The New Gil Blas: or, Pedro of Penafior.*  
By Henry D. Inglis. London: Longman  
& Co.

THE 'Gil Blas' of Le Sage is inimitable. We are sorry to pronounce such a judgment *ex cathedra*, when introducing Mr. Inglis's work, but it is an old opinion of ours, which 'The New Gil Blas' has only confirmed. The 'Gil Blas' of Le Sage is not only delightful, as all the world have agreed, but is, per-

haps, the most accurate description of the habits and manners of a people, that was ever written;—and in any work affecting to describe human nature, such as it appears in certain situations, and under peculiar circumstances, in a particular age or nation, it is essential that the events be consistent with truth, or, better perhaps, with probability; that the local descriptions be accurate, and that the whole be true to the minutest particular in all that relates to the manners and customs of the age and nation when and where the scene is laid. These are hard conditions, but the reward for success is proportionate. The work of Le Sage fulfils them: the narrative is consistent with what we know of the times in which the hero is supposed to have lived; the places mentioned are so correctly described, that even now they can be recognized without difficulty; and there is not one thought, word, or action, from which it might be pronounced with certainty that the circumstances narrated could not have happened. So great, indeed, is the local accuracy—equally of situation, characters, and manners—that many Spanish writers have undertaken to prove that the work could not have been written by Le Sage, assuming that such accuracy was beyond the power of any foreigner. The writings of Isla and Llorente on this subject, are well known; and if they do not establish what the authors intended, they must be taken as conclusive as to the fidelity of a work which could give rise to such a dispute.

We regret to say, that no such dispute is likely to arise about 'The New Gil Blas'—it is impossible to read ten pages without a conviction that it is written by a foreigner, and one not very intimately acquainted either with the habits and manners of the Spaniards, the history and laws of Spain, or even with the language.

It is with deep regret that we say this: Mr. Inglis is a clever man, and his 'Spain in 1830' was a clever book; but his 'New Gil Blas' is a collection of the most improbable stories that were ever strung together. It is hardly necessary to say, that the circumstances narrated could not have occurred in Spain, for they could not have occurred in any country in any known age of the world: but as the scene is laid in Spain, we will just take the two first tales in evidence of the imperfect knowledge of the writer of even the positive laws of that country. In the first, the main incident rests on the supposition that the Señores de vasallos—the lords of vassals, as they are called—possess the power of life and death within their own territories. Now, we had believed that it was known to everybody, even to the writer on Spanish Statistics in the *Edinburgh Review*, that they have not possessed this power since the fourteenth century. The stone pillars and the wooden pole, which Mr. Inglis adduces to justify his opinion, being preserved as memorials of lost rights, and not as symbols of those possessed at present. How, too, are we to reconcile the second story, where a confessor lays aside all conscience and honesty to prevail on a dying man to bequeath his property to the church, with the fact, that no person in Spain can by will bequeath anything, either to his confessor or the religious community to which he belongs—such legacies being, by law, null and void?

Mr. Inglis has indeed taken so little pains to

be accurate in his descriptions, that it would be endless to point out his errors: here are a few specimens taken at random. It was new to us, and will be to most people, to hear, that the Guadalquivir is navigable for boats with passengers from Cordoba to Seville—there is not, and never was, a Bishop of Ronda—Valenzuela belongs to the crown, and not to a nobleman—the Carthusian friars are never confessors to *Intendentes*, for this simple reason, that they never perform their ecclesiastical functions out of their convents—and, lastly, not to be tedious, should any Spaniard ever read this New Gil Blas, he will laugh outright, when told, that “young persons who are betrothed, are not permitted to see each other alone but once, and that in most of the Spanish cathedrals it is forbidden for any man to speak to a woman.”

The custom of introducing foreign words and expressions, where our own English will answer equally well, has always appeared to us exceedingly absurd: why, for instance, quote the proverb, that says, “*necesidad carece de ley*,” and favour us, in a note, with a translation, “necessity has no law”? but the usage is something worse than foolish, when it serves only to prove how little the person making this display of knowledge really understands the language. But for this folly, we should not have known how imperfectly Mr. Inglis is acquainted with the genders of nouns—an Andalusian woman, for instance, is not a fair *Andaluz*, but a fair *Andaluza*; a mule is not *coronel*, but *coronela*; *Torre vieja* should be *Torre vieja*. Even the title of his book is badly spelled; *Peñafor* should be *Peñafor*. We at first supposed that the printer had no such letter as *ñ*, but in the third volume we had sad proof to the contrary, for there *sardinas* is printed for *sardinas*, and *Fontaña* for *Fontana*. Again, *Habemos morir* is not Spanish; the Spaniards now say *tenemos que morir*, or *hemos de morir*, and, formerly, *habemos de morir*. Seville is not *Seviglia*, but *Sevilla*; and wonder is not *maraviglia*, but *maravilla*; and there is no such word in the language as *carba*.

It would be an idle waste of time to proceed further after this fashion—indeed, it has been most painful to us to say thus much; but, after the monstrous blunderings of the *Edinburgh Review*, we hold it absolutely necessary to justify one English journal from the charges preferred against all by Mr. Obaso's *apuntes*, who observes, “The English, French and American Journalists have shown such utter ignorance of the laws, customs and habits of Spain, that a collection of their reviews and original papers on the subject, would exhibit the most extraordinary collection of blundering nonsense that was ever seen. The more absurd the trash put forth, by the authors of *Travels*, *Rambles*, and *Histories*, the more sure are they of being praised; and one is perplexed which most to wonder at, the bold daring of authors in writing about things of which they are utterly ignorant, or the impudence of the reviewers in praising and puffing what they do not understand.”

We have now done our duty—let us with the same justice say what we can in favour of the work; and it must not be forgotten, that many of the objections we have pointed out, will not offend the mere English reader. The stories, though generally improbable, are many of them interesting—some are excel-

lently well told, and throughout the three volumes the interest is kept up. The work, indeed, is never dull or wearisome—a most serviceable thing to say of any work; and those who want a few hours' pleasant reading, are not likely to meet with a book more to their taste. It is impossible for us to abridge any of the tales, so as to keep up the interest and do justice to Mr. Inglis; we must, therefore content ourselves with a clever scene, which we may without impropriety call

#### The Miracle.

“The friar explained to me, how that the finances of the convent were miserably low,—that a new organ for the chapel, and many ornaments for the major altar were wanted; and that on the occasion of the approaching festival, when it was always the custom for the devout to lay some little offering upon the altar of the saint, it was intended to warm devotion by some striking display of the saint's gratitude; and, finally, I was made to understand, that if I would consent to personate the saint, by wearing his garments and crown—to hold a silver salver in my hand, to receive the offerings; and to bow my head, whenever the donation exceeded a *duro*, I should be rewarded with a thousand reals—but upon condition that I should immediately afterwards quit Valencia, and reside in some other town.

“Nothing could be more agreeable to me than this proposal; my devotion did not stand in the way of its acceptance,—for firmly believing in the augury that ensured to me timely preparation, and the assistance of a holy man, in quitting the world, I resolved that all my peccadillos should be rubbed out at the same time; and as for the condition imposed upon me, of living elsewhere than in Valencia, I had already resolved upon quitting that city, and only lacked the means of carrying my design into effect; for knowing that the prediction could not be accomplished in France, where the office of my friend Querubim is performed in another fashion, I had determined upon leaving Spain for that country.

“Upon the day appointed for the celebration of the festival, I was received by the Superior, whom I found to be the same individual who had formerly spoken with me, and who, with two or three others, was alone in the secret of the pious fraud in which I was to be an actor. ‘By this,’ said he, ‘we confirm the wavering, and strengthen the faith of the true Catholic, and thus, the end justifies the means.’ The habiliments of the saint were ample, and the image having been removed, I easily slipped into its place, divesting myself only of my cloak, and found room enough within the foldings of the cloth of gold that covered my tarnished dress; the crown was placed upon my head, a well-contrived mask upon my face, and a massive salver in my hand, which, somehow or other, seemed to grow to my fingers. Thus prepared, the chapel railing was thrown open, and the matin bell began to chime.

“And now the devout Valencians poured in; and crowded into the chapel, where I stood beneath a silver-gilded canopy. The wants of the convent had been industriously circulated by the friars: nor had less pains been taken to encourage a belief, that some visible manifestation of the saint's good-will and gratitude might be expected. The first that entered, were some beggars, with little more than their tattered brown cloaks to cover them; and a few *quartos* dropped upon the salver,—larger offerings succeeded,—*pesetas*, half and whole *duros*, but no sign of gratitude or good-will yet escaped from the saint. At length, a gold piece rung upon the salver, and forthwith the saint bent his head. The miracle was seen by all; a thousand thumbs had in an instant performed the sign of the

cross; a thousand knees were bent; aloud and earnest hum of prayer rose from a thousand kneelers; at the same instant, the organ pealed forth its loud anthem, and ‘Glory to God, glory in the highest,’ was the universal song of praise. But the miracle operated in a more substantial form; the prediction of an infidel saint was well worth the sacrifice of a few *duros*—gold poured into the salver; and to such an extent, that not only was the saint's neck weary of acknowledgment, and his arm, of the weight with which devotion burdened it; but a new miracle became necessary; the salver was too small to contain its offerings, and the gold was beginning to slide off the heap: the saint, therefore, withdrawing the salver, deposited the contents somewhere within the folds of his under garments, and again extended the vessel to the awe-struck devotees.

“The throng that had poured into the chapel, at length began to lessen; and mass having begun at the major altar, all hastened to place themselves before it, so that the chapel of the miraculous image was left for a time without a worshipper. Now, thought I, is the moment,—slipping my arms out of the wide sleeves of the saint, I disentangled myself from the cumbrous garments, which were stiff enough to stand erect without the help either of an image or its representative; the mask, I left propped in its place, and the salver also I would have left in the hand of the saint, had this been possible; but I was compelled to dispose of it otherwise; it followed its contents within my girdle; and having stealthily descended from the canopy, I threw my old cloak, which I had laid behind it, over my shoulders, and drawing my hat over my brows, I walked leisurely out of the chapel, and through the church, and soon found myself in the Calle de Alboraya, and crossing the bridge of the Holy Trinity.”

#### Byron's Life and Works. Vol. IX. London: Murray.

THIS is the ninth volume of the ‘Life and Works of Lord Byron,’ and the third of his poetry. The praise which we bestowed on its brethren might be reprinted for this: there is equal elegance of exterior and beauty of embellishment: the notes, too, are numerous and instructive, and some of the variorum readings of great value. To be more particular, there is a view of Petrarch's Tomb, and a sketch of Seville, both, but the latter especially, of great picturesque beauty; there are notes which restore the bitter point and personal severity of some of his sarcastic verses, or throw light upon whatever is dark and mystical; and there is moreover a stanza of Childe Harold—a fac-simile of the poet's handwriting, which the world will consider as a curiosity. It was, we find, dashed off in June 1816, during one of Byron's night excursions on the lake of Geneva: the lines are as rough as the storm the stanza describes, and the words seem put on in splashes, as if daubed amid the terrors of a thunder-burst.

The sky is changed!—and such a change! Oh night,  
And storm and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,  
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light  
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along  
From peak to peak the rattling crags among  
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,  
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,  
And Jura answers through her misty shroud,  
Back to the joyous Alps who call to her aloud.

These are the words penned on that wild night, but the reader must see the fac-simile to judge of the sort of feverish inspiration the bard was under when he wrote.

The ‘Hints from Horace’—‘The Curse of Minerva’—‘The Waltz’—‘The Gipsy’—

'The Bride of Abydos'—and 'The Corsair,' are the chief poems in the volume. The 'Hints from Horace' is a curious performance: nor is it at all that inferior sort of work which some of his friends represent it. In truth, it is as sarcastic, and witty, and personal, as the 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.' There are, however, many attacks on ordinary authors, who could never have, we think, offended him, and some abuse of bright ones, whom his good taste should have whispered him to spare: while we dislike much of it for a want of feeling, we admire more of it for the vigour and the wit. Had Byron lived, he would have seen the folly and the danger too, perhaps, of thus running a-muck at all mankind: one man can no more help being dull, than another can avoid being bright; and, had the poet's sympathy with human nature been equal to his other powers, he would not have spoken and written with such general contempt for mankind. The poet was altogether a singular man—one of the greatest curiosities of his day. If you spoke to him as a poet, he retreated back upon his title, and confounded all men of yesterday by talking of his descent from some one in the days of William the Conqueror: and if you addressed him as a nobleman, he took his position on Parnassus, and put on the haughtiness of an heir "o' the forked hill." He was desirous of being thought everything, and even held out hopes of becoming one, "whom blood might not turn aside," worthy of being blazoned in history.

With the worst anarcho of the age.

He was, by turns, rake, scholar, hermit, boxer, sailor, soldier, politician, traveller, critic, poet, and patriot. When in the patriotic vein he got three brazen helmets made, properly blazoned with *Crede Byron* in front; we despaired of his generalship ever after.

*Tables of Arithmetic, for the Use of the Junior Pupils of King's College School.* By F. Ribbans. London: Fellowes.

A judicious compilation, with notes containing incidental information likely to attract the attention of youthful students.

*The Art of Preventing the Loss of Teeth, &c.* By Joseph Scott, Dentist. London.

A brief and intelligible work, containing very useful information.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Our shelves are literally encumbered with volumes of varied shapes, sizes, and colours, designed for the instruction of the rising generation; and three-fourths of them, at least, relate to the French language. We have resolved to make a clearance of them, and beg therefore to be excused if we are, on this occasion, a trifle more instructive than entertaining. It seems to be now the established rule of the gentlemen who have crossed the straits of Dover for the purpose of instructing British youth, to advertise their existence by the publication of a book, and, strange to say, the tragedy of *Theodore*—('Theodore: tragédie en cinq actes, par Jeannet des Jardines, S.M. P.F.')—is avowedly printed for that special purpose. The author declares his intention in publishing the drama to be, "to prove to the English that he can do what very few of his countrymen engaged in the profession of

languages can do,"—"he gives it out as a mere specimen of ability."—"If something similar were required from all teachers, there would not be so many dunces spoiling the trade." We hope that M. des Jardines possesses more ability as a teacher than he has shown as a dramatist, for his "trial-shot" is one of which the report must be very indifferent.

*Introduction aux Annales de la Société des Professeurs de la Langue Française en Angleterre, &c.*—The formation of a society by the professors of the French language resident in England, for the purpose of ascertaining the capacity and respectability of the teachers of their language, and raising a fund for the support of distressed members, promises to have a better effect in "keeping dunces from spoiling the trade," than the plan which M. des Jardines so simply recommends. We cannot, however, advise the publication of an Annual, for though the pieces collected in this publication possess no ordinary merits, we doubt that the qualifications which make the best contributor to a periodical, are also those that best fit a man for discharging the duties of an efficient instructor. We heartily wish the society all the success that it so amply merits; but we hope, for the sake of the important objects it was formed to achieve, that its Annual will be discontinued.

*Thurgar's Systematic Arrangement of French Nouns.*—This little work contains at once the most philosophical and practical rules for overcoming the great difficulty of the French language, determining the gender of the nouns, that we have ever seen.

*Merlet's French Accidence.*—We cannot discover in this work any peculiar merit to distinguish it from the "thousand and one" treatises on the same subject.

*Grandineau's Conversations Familiales.*—A little work, drawn up with more care than is usually bestowed on the construction of similar dialogues. The author has adapted both the ideas and language to the capacity of the young, without sinking either into tameness or vulgarity.

*The Art of Reading and Translating French at sight,* by M. de Rudelle.—This is an extension of the Hamiltonian system, but we more than doubt the utility of the additions. It is a great mistake to suppose that removing all necessity for exertion would benefit students.

*De Porquet's English and French, and French and English Dictionary.*—This dictionary is portable, accurate, useful and cheap; no more need be said in its praise.

*Peithman's French Grammar.*—Of French grammars we have already more than enough; Mr. Peithman's has, however, the rare merit of directing the pupil's attention from the outset, to the different anomalies that result from what, for want of a better name, is called the *genius* of each language. His arrangement is lucid, his rules clear, and his explanations full and satisfactory.

*Gillespie's Formative French Grammar.*—The author of this, the second French grammar on our list, justly lays claim to originality for his systematizing the anomalies of the French verbs. Though brief, this grammar has much merit, and seems especially well adapted for the use of adult students.

*A course of French Literature,* by A. J. Doisy.—The author of this work is the professor of the French language in that excellent seminary, the Belfast Institution; and it embodies the substance of his lectures on the French authors of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. There is no work, within our knowledge, of the same size, that contains so full and accurate an account of the history of French literature; and there are few works of any size

that display so much independence of judgment, depth of thought, and soundness of criticism. We dissent from many of Mr. Doisy's opinions; he seems to us to have over-rated Corneille, and to have misapprehended Voltaire, but our respect for his talents is by no means diminished by our difference of opinion. Mr. Doisy has selected his extracts with great taste, and on the whole we cheerfully recommend his book to the patronage of the public.

*Newton's Astronomy.*—Not Sir Isaac's—but a very useful introduction to the study of the globes, affording the youthful student as much scientific information as will make "the use of the globes" something more than a twirling of the spheres, and a mechanical performance of problems. It is amply illustrated by wood-cuts, and is, on the whole, a valuable addition to our works on education.

*Cobbin's Classical English Vocabulary.*—The author of this work has supplied us with a pretty accurate vocabulary of the words in our language derived from the Greek and Latin; he has bestowed, manifestly, great pains upon the work, but we cannot discover its practical utility.

*The Conversational Method of Teaching Languages.*—The enthusiasm with which the author speaks of his new method, shows that he at least appreciates its importance; and the arguments he urges in its favour are sufficient to show that it ought not to be rejected, as an impracticable scheme, without some consideration.

*The Leeds Magazine of Education.*—A useful little work, containing much valuable information, and honourably conspicuous for a total absence of ambitious pretension.

*Hiley's English Grammar.*—Though we cheerfully acknowledge the great merits of this grammar, and confess its superiority to Murray's, we must not altogether withhold censure from an author who has meddled with matters beyond his reach. Mr. Hiley is a good grammarian—but of rhetoric, eloquence and poetry, he is not the best of judges; and as they are but remotely connected with his principal subject, we recommend him to omit these topics altogether in his next edition.

*A Treatise on Languages,* by the Rev. Alfred Jenour.—When an author opens his work by an honest confession of ignorance respecting one half of the subjects he intends to discuss, he at least recommends himself by candour. Had the writer gone a little farther, and acknowledged that his acquaintance with the other half was superficial and limited, we should have hailed him as a paragon of ingenuousness. The plan of the book is excellent, but the execution was beyond the writer's power; which we regret the rather as the author is manifestly a man of considerable talents. In the work he designed, the extent of his information was of more importance than the soundness of his judgment; but, by his own confession, he wants the qualifications most necessary to the completion of his task.

*Prize List of the Edinburgh Academy.*—This pamphlet contains specimens of the prize essays composed by the students of the Edinburgh Academy, and they are very creditable to the institution.

*The Arithmetical Text-Book,* by Robert Cunningham.—The great blunder of all the treatises on arithmetic commonly used in our schools is, that they do not explain the nature of numbers, but merely teach the use of figures; the student is instructed to conjure with the signs, but left to acquire knowledge of the things signified as best he may. Nature is the best lecturer on the subject of education; and it would be well if the body corporate of teachers would attend to her lessons. We learn numbers by counting sensible objects, and the longer we



use their aid, the more accurate and definite are our conceptions. It would equally benefit pupil and tutor, if the first operations of arithmetic were performed palpably, so that the student should have the evidence of his senses for every step that led to the final result. In our present mode of teaching, we demand from children a conception of several abstractions before they are acquainted with the primary ideas from which the abstractions are formed. The pupil who once perfectly understands the process of numeration, has mastered the chief difficulty in arithmetic, but this is precisely the topic on which he receives little if any information; in the books designed for his use, the subject is dispatched in a couple of pages of scientific aphorisms, about as intelligible to the child as the propositions of the *Principia*. A handful of pebbles or counters was the introduction to arithmetic used by the ancients, and the moderns have not substituted anything half so good. Mr. Cunningham's work is lucidly written, and superior in arrangement to most of the treatises in common use.

*'The Pilgrim of Erin.'*

"Oh! Erin my country, the hour  
Of thy fame and thy splendour hath past—

If such as this be the bards that sing thy transient glories and permanent sufferings." Such was the exclamation of an Irish friend to whom we showed this abortive attempt to advocate the repeal of the union—in—what shall we say? poetry? no;—verse? scarcely;—well then—in prose with bad rhymes tacked to every ten syllables. The author says, that he is prepared for unpopularity—it is well that his mind has been fortified for what it must necessarily meet—but he says, that this unpopularity will be the consequence of his having reproached the English with the wrongs of Ireland—let him not lay that "flattering unction to his soul;" the English people are by no means insensible of the compensation for misgovernment that they owe to the sister-kingdom. The just claims of the Irish people have been long and ably advocated by the most popular and influential portion of the British press—we ourselves have not been silent, but have gone in the cause as far as we could without treading on the forbidden ground of politics. But when we receive in our critical capacity a composition equally conspicuous for bad temper and bad taste, we are not to be deterred from pronouncing condemnation by the insinuated threat, that mortified vanity will ascribe our sentence to national antipathy. The note on Trinity College is very like the effusion of some disappointed candidate for collegiate honours: with all the faults of that institution, and it has many—with all the follies of some of its political professors, and truly they would fill a long chapter in the history of absurdity—the Dublin University affords the means of efficient education to all who labour to avail themselves of the opportunity, in an equal degree to any university in Europe. We suppose that the pilgrim is young: we hope so: after a few years he will himself assent to our criticism, and agree that anger and disappointment are the worst sources of poetic inspiration.

*'Four Gospels, Greek, Griesbach's text.'*—In this edition, the variations between Griesbach and Mill are carefully marked, references to parallel passages are added in the margin, and a decided improvement made in the mode of reference, by making a distinction between the parallelisms in phrase and those in subject. Though primarily designed for the use of schools, the work will be found a very useful acquisition to students in divinity.

ORIGINAL PAPERS

SONNET.

ON THE MOSES OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

From the Italian of Zappi.

Quoted by Lord Byron in the 'Prophecy of Dante.'

WHO—what is this? no statue—yet of stone,  
That sits a giant—wonder-work of art!  
It breathes: there's life upon its lips—they part  
With a most vital utterance. Well is known  
That form—'tis Moses; for divinely beaming  
The honours of his profuse beard—the rays  
Of twofold glory from his brow up-streaming,  
As from the Mount he comes—his look displays  
More than a reflex of the Deity.  
He comes, as when the sea was made a bier  
Unto his foes, suspending the career  
Of its wild waves. An image such as he  
Might well have awe-struck an idolatrous crowd;  
Less sin had they to him adoring bowed.

THE COLISEUM.

A Fragment.

BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.†

AT the hour of noon, on the feast of the  
Passover, an old man, accompanied by a  
girl, apparently his daughter, entered the  
Coliseum at Rome. They immediately passed  
through the arena, and, seeking a solitary  
chasm among the arches of the southern part  
of the ruin, selected a fallen column for their  
seat, and, clasping each other's hands, sate  
in silent contemplation of the scene. But  
the eyes of the girl were fixed upon her  
father's lips: his countenance, sublime and  
sweet, but motionless as some Praxitelian  
image of the greatest of poets, filled the air  
with smiles reflected from external forms.

It was the great feast of the Resurrection,  
and the whole native population, together  
with the foreigners, who flock from all parts  
of the earth to contemplate its celebration,  
were assembled round the Vatican. The  
most awful religion in the world went forth  
surrounded with the emblazonry of mortal  
greatness, and mankind had assembled to  
wonder at and worship the creation of its own  
power. No stranger was to be met with in  
the avenues that led to the Coliseum. Accident  
had conducted the father and daughter to  
the spot immediately on their arrival.

A figure, only visible at Rome in night or  
solitude, and then only to be seen amid the  
desolated temples of the Forum, or gliding  
among the galleries of the Coliseum, or the  
ruined arches of the Baths of Caracalla,  
crossed their path.

His form, that, though emaciated, displayed  
the elementary outline of exquisite grace,  
was enveloped in an ancient chlamys, which  
half concealed his face. It was a face, once  
seen, never to be forgotten. The lips and  
the moulding of the chin resembled the  
eager and impassioned tenderness of the  
shapes of Antinous; but, instead of the effeminate  
sullenness of the eye, and the narrow  
smoothness of the forehead, shone an expression  
of profound and piercing thought. His  
brow was clear and open, and his eyes deep,  
and like two wells of crystalline water which  
reflect the all-beholding heavens. Over all  
was spread a timid expression of diffidence  
and retirement, which intermingled strangely  
with the abstract and fearless character  
which predominated in his form and ges-

tures.† He avoided, in an extraordinary  
degree, what is called society, but was occa-  
sionally seen to converse with some accom-  
plished foreigner, whose appearance might  
attract him in his solemn haunts. He spoke  
Italian with fluency, though with a peculiar  
but sweet accent. There was no circum-  
stance connected with him that gave the  
least intimation of his country, his origin,  
or his occupations. He was for ever alone.

Such was the figure which interrupted the  
contemplation (if they were so engaged) of  
the strangers, in the clear and exact, but  
unidiomatic phrase of their native language.

"Strangers, you are two—behold the third  
in this great city, to whom alone the spectacle  
of these ruins is more delightful than the  
pageantry of religion."

"I see nothing," said the old man.

"What do you hear, then?"

"I listen to the sweet singing of the birds,  
the humming of the bees, which, and the  
sound of my daughter's breathing, compose  
me like the soft murmur of waters; and this  
sun-warm wind is pleasant to me."

"Wretched old man! know you not that  
these are the ruins of the Coliseum?"

"Alas, stranger!" said the girl, in a voice  
like mournful music: "speak not so, my  
father is blind."

The stranger's eyes now suddenly filled  
with tears, and the lines of his countenance  
became relaxed.

"Blind!" he exclaimed, in a tone of suf-  
fering which was more than an apology, and  
seated himself apart in a flight of shallow  
and mossy steps, which wound up among  
the labyrinths of the ruin.

"My sweet Helen," said the old man,  
"you did not tell me that this was the Coli-  
seum."

"How should I tell you, dearest father,  
what I knew not? I was on the point of  
inquiring the way to that building when we  
entered the circle of the ruins; and until the  
stranger accosted us, I remained silent, sub-  
dued by the greatness of what I saw."

"'Tis your custom, sweetest girl, to describe  
to me the objects that give you delight; you  
array them in the soft radiance of your words;  
and whilst you speak, I only feel the infir-  
mity which holds me in such dear diffidence  
as a blessing. Why have you been so long  
silent?"

"I know not. First, the wonder and the  
pleasure of the sight; then, the words of the  
stranger, and then thinking on what he said,  
and how he looked; and now, beloved father,  
on your own words."

"Well, dearest, what do you see?"

"I see a vast circle of arches built upon  
arches, and stones like shattered crags, so  
vast are they, and walls giddily hanging—  
tottering—on walls. In the crevices and  
in the vaulted roofs, grows a multitude of  
shrubs, the wild olive, the myrtle, and the  
jasmine, and intricate brambles, and entan-  
gled weeds, and strange feathery plants, like  
dishevelled hair, such as I never saw before.  
The stones are immensely massive, and they  
jut out from each other like mountain cliffs.  
There are terrible rifts in the walls and high  
windows, through which is seen the light of the  
blue heavens. There seem to me more than  
a thousand arches, some ruined, some entire,  
and they are all immensely high and wide.

† This is the fragment referred to by Capt. Medwin  
in the Memoir—see *Athenæum*, p. 503.

† There never was drawn a more perfect portrait of  
Shelley himself.

Some are broken, and stand forth in great heaps, and the underwood is tufted in their crumbling fragments. Around us lie enormous collections of shattered and shapeless capitals and cornices, loaded with delicate sculpture."

"It is open to the sky," said the old man.

"We see the liquid depth of heaven above, and through the rifts and the windows, the flowers and the weeds, and the grass and creeping moss, are nourished by the unforbidden rain. The blue sky is above—the wide bright blue sky; it flows through the great rifts on high, and through the bare boughs of the marble-rooted fig-tree, and through the leaves and flowers of the weeds, even to the dark arcades beneath. I feel, I see it—its clear and piercing beams fill the universe and impregnate the joy-inspiring wind with warmth and light and life, and interpenetrate all things, even me, father. And through the highest rift, the noonday waning moon is hanging, as it were, out of the solid sky: and this shows that the atmosphere has the clearness which it rejoices me that I feel."

"Dearest child, what else see you?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing?"

"Only the bright, green, mossy ground interspersed with tufts of dewy clover-grass that run into the interstices of the shattered arches, and round the isolated pinnacles of the ruins."

"Like those lawny dells of soft short grass which wind among the high forests and precipices of the Alps of Savoy."†

"Indeed, father, your eye has a vision more serene than mine."

"And the great wrecked arches, the shattered masses of precipitous ruin overgrown with the younglings of the forest, and more like chasms rent by earthquakes among the mountains, than the vestige of what was human workmanship."

"What are they?"

"Things awe-inspiring and wonderful—are they not caverns such as the untamed elephant and tigress might choose amid the Indian wildernesses where to hide her cubs—such as, were the sea to overflow the earth, the mighty monsters of the deep would change into their vast chambers?"

"Father, your words image forth what I would have expressed, but could not."

"I hear the rustling of leaves, and the sound of water—but it does not rain—like the faint drops of a fountain among woods."

"It falls from among the heaps of ruin over our heads. It is, I suppose, the water collected in the rifts by the showers."

"A nursling of man now abandoned by his care, and transformed by the enchantment of Nature into a likeness of her own creations, and destined to partake their immortality. Changed to a mountain cloven into woody dells, which overhang its labyrinthine glades, and shattered into toppling precipices, even the clouds, intercepted by its craggy summits, supply eternal fountains with their rain."

"By the column on which we sit, I should judge that it had once been crowned with a temple or theatre, and that in sacred days

the radiant multitude wound up its craggy path to the spectacle or the sacrifice."

"It was such, Helen—what sound of wings is that?"

"It is of the wild pigeons returning to their young. Do you not hear the murmur of those that are brooding in their nests?"

"It is the language of their happiness."

#### A DAY IN A STAGE COACH.

It is early, and a spring morning: the streets of the good town of —, together with most of their inhabitants, are yet in a state of repose. The Eagle and Child, however,—a place where stage-coach travellers congregate, is all life, noise, and bustle;—porters in their dog-skin caps—coachmen and guards receiving emphatic orders from passengers, or answering importunate questions—luggage of all denominations, trunks, bags, boxes, hampers, bundles, baskets,—like men's minds in the present era, in a state of transition—last words passing between the departing and their friends—a cur or two barking, and an official or two swearing—no one perfectly at ease, or self-possessed, save the book-keeper, to whom the din and bustle of such a scene is an avocation that has a *da capo* every hour. He, way-bill in hand, and with his fancy muslin cravat confined by a mock topaz brooch, enacts the superior genius—the guardian angel of seats and squabbles: the coach, the coach horses, and the very coachman, who, on the road, will be absolute as ten autocrats, cannot stir till *he* has given the word. The passengers, who, when landed at their journey's end, may be all and sundry "people of consequence," are, whilst he holds the way-bill under his thumb, at his command;—that pretty young lady *must* have the box, containing the identical ball-dress in which she is to captivate a cornet of dragoons, slung under the coach—and if the cord should break! At his frown, that choleric old gentleman, with a gouty toe, *must* suffer the fat woman beside him, with her bundle, her umbrella, her poke bonnet, and her peppermint drops;—it rests with him, now all are ready to start, whether the passenger in the distance, who approaches in the character of "panting time," or rather past time, shall win or lose his place: *he*, for the occasion, is omnipotent, and consequently not very civil: but he is calm, and therefore has an aspect of dignity. What to him are the hopes, aims, and feelings of the multitudinous inhabitants and onhabitants of his coaches? They pay their fare, and if they reach their journey's end they have had fair play: he feels a sublime contempt for their parious anxiety about coats, cloaks, and umbrellas; and nothing short of news of an overturn can withdraw the pen from his mouth. The whirl around his office is to him quiet as the mountains: the coming and going of the coach, which, to apply Shelley's line,

Brought pleasure there and left passion behind,

stirs not his sympathies: it is a piece of business—a mechanical arrangement—and he himself is a mechanical arrangement; like the clock in his office he thinks only of keeping time. Yet I like stage-coaches and stage-coach travelling,—presuming the first to be moderately respectable, and the latter only moderately continued. One hears of

life, and one sees character: the inside of a stage-coach is the high place of selfishness, or of real in-bred politeness; the stage-coach breakfast or dinner is a great revealer of secrets, touching temper and disposition;—and if you change your passengers often, and find out their subjects of interest, you may pick up the history of half a county, or at least become acquainted with its opinions. The most instructive and entertaining companions are not the most genteel: those so called *par excellence* are apt to be sulky; or having led as conventional a life as yourself, have as little free, fresh, racy character—you talk over the metropolitan world, but you learn nothing peculiar of the country you are passing through. I love the homely, respectable passengers; such as presume you to be acquainted with, and interested in their sayings and doings: farmers' wives who get in for ten miles, on their way to see "my daughter as is just married;" or "my two grandsons as has got the measles," and who will give you valuable information relative to the management of a dairy farm, with a slight philippic against the nearest and greatest land-owner;—or the "young lady" who has been visiting her friends, some other "young ladies," at the Coach Inn, where you take her up, and who rides six miles home: *she* will yield a very fair complement of topographical talk, for opposite her is a good-looking young farmer, returning from market, and their discourse initiates you into the gossip of *their* metropolis, the last market town: in half an hour you know

Who is born, and who is dead,  
And who is broke, and who is wed.

You discover how parties stand,—not on the Reform question, but as to whether Mrs. John Smith, an independent widow, will listen to the wooing of Mr. James Brown, a thriving maltster;—you have no word of Wellington or Wilkie, of Sir Walter Scott or Tagliani; but you learn what kind of sermons the curate preaches, and the true and particular reason why Mr. Hopkins did not get the grammar school. The place of the young lady, when vacated, is more than filled by a passenger from the outside, a flannel manufacturer, on his way to the great mart in North Wales: he is a *proye*—a perfect golden fleece: he grumbles into your ear, the evil days on which flannel manufacturers are fallen—the feud that exists between the old and new flannel halls—the rate of profit—the style of finishing—and the reasons why flannel, and not bread, ought to be called "the staff of life." You bid your temporary companion farewell, with an interest in the wool trade that your bosom was formerly a stranger to; but he is succeeded by another traveller, a Manchester tradesman; and his equal eloquence concerning cheap prints and gingham, rather weakens the impression left by the flannel merchant. Being from so important and busy a place, your present companion is more generally intelligent, and he discusses the state of public opinion like an incipient member of parliament. Wonderful century, in which a lady may buy an elegant-looking dress for five and ninepence, and nations have constitutions made as fast as buttons! Now, having derived all, and much more than all, the above interesting knowledge from a day in a stage-coach,

† Shelley on visiting Meillerie, says, "Groves of pine, chestnut, and walnut, overshadow it; magnificent and unbounded forests, to which England affords no parallel. In the midst of these woods are dells of lawny expanse inexpressibly variant, adorned with a thousand of the rarest flowers, and odorous with thyme."

would it not be ungrateful to remember that, owing to the absence of opposition, and the part of the kingdom being somewhat remote, one had to suffer from an influx of super-numerary children and market baskets within; and from being top-heavy without, liable to be overturned! Neither is a night at an inn other than a luxury—if it be like the one at —. With the greenest of tea, the tenderest of chickens,—illustrations of Shakspeare's 'Seven Ages' adorning the walls,—who may not take his ease at his inn?

## SONNET.

## ON ITALY.

*From the Italian of Felicia.*

*Paraphrased by Lord Byron, in the 5th Canto of 'Childe Harold.'*

ITALY! my own dear Italy! thou who hast  
That fatal boon, beauty, to all below  
A funeral dower; but most to thee whose brow  
Is diademed with misery—would thou wast  
Or not so fair, or mightier, so that they  
Might fear thee somewhat more, or love thee  
less,

Who, basking in thy beams of loveliness,  
Doom them to perish daily—ray by ray.  
Then, not as now, in torrents down would pour  
Armed multitudes from thine Alps; nor should  
we see

Quaffed by fierce Gallic hordes, nor run with  
gore

The Po; nor in the stranger's hand would be  
The sword, not thine, nor to defend thee, nor  
Conquer'd or conqueress, wouldst thou hug thy  
slavery.

## VISIT TO THE EDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE.

I had read Smeaton's account of the Edystone, and the difficulties and dangers he encountered while superintending its construction, and I felt an ardent desire to visit a spot where the genius and indefatigable zeal of a great man so happily combined at once to bestow a valuable blessing on posterity, and leave a lasting monument of his own fame. I arrived at Plymouth early in August, a season in which a tranquil sea may be expected: yet the weather had been for some time boisterous, and I was fearful of success in attempting an excursion to the Edystone.

The position of the rock, exposed as it is to the unbroken swell of the Atlantic, renders it extremely difficult to land at the house; and a traveller who is intent on visiting this solitary abode, may perform many unsuccessful voyages, even when the weather is most serene; for the swell at the lighthouse is frequently an undulation proceeding from causes not apparent on the spot, and often depends more on the winds that may chance to prevail at a distance in the channel, or even in the Atlantic, than on the state of the weather near shore. It may appear strange to a person who has never been at sea, that there should ever be rough water without wind; but the fact is, that in the ocean, or any open sea, the undulation produced by a distant gale extends far beyond the region of the wind that causes it; and it frequently happens that a gale is preceded by a heavy swell for twenty-four hours or more. Thus it is that the fineness of the weather in the neighbourhood of Plymouth is often no criterion by which the tranquillity of the sea at the Edystone can be ascertained.

It is necessary, in visiting the lighthouse, to be conducted by persons who are well ac-

quainted with the rocks and the precautions to be used on landing.

The boats employed about the harbours of Plymouth are badly calculated for anything beyond the limited service for which they are destined; and as it would not have been agreeable to have proceeded so far to sea in a small open boat, I took the opportunity of going out by the Edystone Tender, a sloop of thirty tons, kept for the service of the lighthouse, with orders to supply the inmates with *fresh* provisions, at least twice a week, whenever the weather is sufficiently fine to allow a boat to land. This service is, however, chiefly confined to the summer months; and such is, at times, the difficulty of access to the house, that, in the winter of 1828, thirteen weeks elapsed without a single opportunity of communicating with the light-keepers.

I left Catwater at seven o'clock, on a morning by no means promising for such an excursion; and though our little vessel appeared to sail tolerably well, it was afternoon before we had a distinct view of the lighthouse. The gentle breeze, though contrary to our course, would long before have brought us to the object of my curiosity, but for a long groundswell, that rolled towards shore, not like the ruffled surface of a narrow channel, but the lengthened undulation of an ocean. As we proceeded slowly onwards by short tacks, the sea opposing the bows, and the rolling of the vessel shaking the little wind there was out of her sails, I thought of Smeaton, and the many tedious voyages he performed, when carrying on a work for which his name will ever be illustrious in the annals of science, philanthropy, and courage; and if one day seemed tiresome to a traveller whose only interest was to gaze at the production of so great a genius, how much more tedious must have appeared the many weeks, and even months, lost by its founder in his protracted, and often fruitless excursions to the then houseless rock. It was past four when we arrived within half a mile of the rocks, and the swell had abated to a degree I could not have imagined possible in so short a time. It was nearly flood, and the long chain of rocks which forms the principal reef was all above water. On the highest rock, at some distance from this chain, stands the house, and beyond it a smaller reef, with a conical detached rock between them. Smeaton's description of the spot had indeed delighted me; but the Edystone must be seen before one can fully feel the merit of its founder. The distant land was obscured by heavy rain, and the sharp blue line of the horizon everywhere defined and void of objects, save where the lighthouse rose, in solemn majesty, from the very surface of the sea. On a rock scarcely larger than its base, and entirely covered at high-water, with eleven miles of sea between it and the nearest land, exposed to all the fury of Atlantic seas, yet firm as its rocky foundation, in proud defiance of its powerful assailant, stands the graceful building! Painting may represent the scene in part, but what art can portray the wide expanse that everywhere surrounds the spectator?

The tide had now turned favourable to our course, and we rapidly advanced towards the house. When within two hundred yards, the boat was brought alongside, and the casks of water and provisions being put into it, we rowed off.

The light-keepers had for some time per-

ceived our approach, and, before we arrived, the crane was in readiness to hoist the casks to the store-room on the second floor; the door below was opened, and the steps put down to the highest point of the rock. One of the men descended with a short ladder to enable us to ascend the vertical face of the rock beneath—a height of about eight feet from the water.

We proceeded to the channel at the back or land side of the rock. The short ladder was fixed to irons placed for the purpose, and we ascended to the flat surface by the side of the house. A narrow slippery path, not a foot broad, cut into steps, leads round the rock to the ladder of the door, with an ascent of about eight feet more. The ladder itself is thirteen feet long, and is jointed, so that, when pulled up, it lies in the narrow passage to which it leads. The reason for placing the door so high appears to have been to provide a mass of solid masonry at the bottom of the building, and perhaps to prevent the possibility of invasion by pirates, who might be anxious to recruit their stock of provisions. The arrangement of the house itself is so completely detailed in Smeaton's work, that any description would be superfluous; and I shall confine myself to such observations as conduce, either to confirm the just conceptions of its founder by the silent testimony of years, or relate to alterations which experience has suggested.

Three men constantly reside in this place of true retirement. The eldest, who is styled Captain, has been there seventeen years; and it appears that, though they have liberty to remain on shore each a month at a time at intervals in the year, they gradually lose all inclination to leave the house, and feel that their residence on shore constantly makes them ill—an effect probably arising from the irregularities of living, scarcely separable from a removal to the pleasures of society after extreme retirement. Each man has a salary amounting to nearly 80*l.* a year, besides provisions and a bottle of porter every day. The house is constantly furnished with three months' provisions of salt meat, biscuit, and water, and an additional supply of one hundred pounds of beef. There is likewise a stock of five hundred gallons of oil for the lights. When the house was first built, the light consisted of twenty-four tallow candles, placed without reflectors. It must have been a very inefficient light, and extremely troublesome to the men, who were required to snuff the candles every half hour; but as candles were found to yield less soot than common lamps, they proved the best method of lighting then known. The invention of the Argand lamp was a valuable discovery for lighthouses; and about thirty-eight years ago that lamp was introduced in the Edystone, the North and South Forelands, and many other lights. The lamps were placed in the focus of a parabolic reflector of twenty-one inches diameter, plated with silver, which projects a cylinder of light with surprising intensity. At first, a lens of the same diameter as the reflector was placed opposite each light in the window of the lantern; but subsequent experience proved, that though in certain points of the horizon the light was more intense, yet it was less generally diffused, so that it often happened that a distant vessel, unless in the axis of a lens, did not see the light at all: the lenses have been

therefore removed in all the lighthouses for some years. In the Edystone there were twenty-four Argand lamps, disposed in three circles over each other, but at present there are only sixteen; one row having been removed, I rather think, merely on the score of economy.

The external stone-work of the Edystone is, generally, as perfect as when it was finished; and the cement which unites the stones, so far from exhibiting any marks of decay, actually stands forward beyond the surface of the stone, with a calcareous incrustation; and it is a remarkable circumstance, that, in the very few instances in which the persons intrusted with the care of the structure have had occasion to perform some trifling repairs, the Roman cement has been resorted to for the purpose, and found inferior in its adhesive powers to the cement originally employed by Smeaton. The lower part of the building is so overgrown with green slimy weed, that the base appears as if it were a continuation of the rock itself.

Having spent nearly an hour in conversing with the men who thus voluntarily give up all the advantages we hold most dear to this brief period of our existence, and doom themselves to a seclusion, than which human invention could not picture a more dreary punishment for an unhappy criminal, I left the house not a little gratified that the weather had permitted me to inspect one of the most glorious achievements of ancient or modern architecture.

It is a singular coincidence but rarely found in art, that in the Edystone, the form which alone could ensure stability is at once the most beautiful that could have been imagined for such a structure. The curved outline, gracefully diminishing upwards, and surmounted by the curved cornice, produces an effect that it would have been in vain to attempt with the regularity of straight lines, and the usual routine of angular projections.

Many views have been given of this curious building; but too many of them have been little more than imitations of the frontispiece to Smeaton's work, which represents the morning after a storm, with the sea rising in a cone, and burying the lighthouse entirely within it. The print is so badly executed, that it almost stamps the mark of impossibility on a circumstance, in itself sufficiently extraordinary, if portrayed by the most careful observer of natural effects. It was, however, dictated by one who had seen more of the place than any person then or now living; and though the appearance of the sea may be as much like anything else as water, yet we are compelled to believe, from circumstances themselves, that the sea does occasionally mount as high as is there represented. The glass in the lantern, though strong plate, has been more than once broken by its assaults, and the inhabitants drenched by the water which entered in consequence.

The stability of this edifice naturally excites our admiration—but it is a feeling not unmixed with awful reflections. Well might Smeaton say, that "He only who first created the atoms, can ascertain what is the full extent of those powers that may possibly be combined towards the destruction of the mass." True, he could submit to no calculation the powers against which he contended; but he did what human genius could

perform, and his labour was not in vain. The building stands: long may it remain fast as the granite rock that bears it high above the flood!

#### SANDWICH ISLANDS.

[Further extracts from the Diary of an Officer employed on the Voyage of Discovery, now prosecuting by order of the Prussian Government.]

(Continued from page 538.)

THOUGH the King speaks a little English, he had everything we said formally interpreted to him, and his first inquiry was for the presents we had brought. He then asked, whether a sword formed part of them, and he seemed much pleased when we replied in the affirmative. He was next told, that there were many articles amongst them destined for his future consort; upon which he remarked to those standing immediately about him, that it was necessary for him to lose no time now in getting a wife, as even his friend, the King of Prussia, pressed it upon him. An earnest desire was expressed by him, that we should say but little about the presents, as it would excite the jealousy of the female branches of the royal family. During this parley, I was requested by one of the servants, who sat near the king's feet, to show him my large Peruvian hat, which was made of Vicusia wool; on my producing it, he clapped it immediately on his head, and set the whole court laughing and playing pranks with him. I observed several gigantic women in the cabin, in front of which his Majesty was standing; they were stretched at full length on soft mats, and watched all our proceedings with an inquisitive eye.

We were now introduced to Kaahumana, the queen-mother, whom we found kneeling by herself on a mat, wrapped closely round in a party-coloured Chinese mantle, which she opened from time to time, though scarcely sufficient to expose even her face. A white bandage was tied across her forehead. Her enormous size, and her motley-tinted envelope, illuminated, as they were, by the silvery splendour of the moon, surprised me beyond measure; for she was much less like a human being than a pagan idol. However, she held out her hand to us in the most friendly manner, and, pointing to herself with her finger, repeatedly exclaimed—"My Queen! my Queen!" in English, by which, I presume, she wished us to understand, that she was queen and actual sovereign of the Sandwich Islands, and not her son-in-law, who can, in truth, boast of little beyond the mere title of King. Here the audience closed, and it was arranged that the presents should be produced the next day.

At nine o'clock in the morning of the 5th of June, they were accordingly landed and conveyed on two-wheeled carriages to the palace, where the king had assembled his whole court, in order to give us a public welcome, and take formal possession of the presents. When we came within the precincts of the palace court, the soldiery, who wore the dress of English sailors (for they generally march about in a state almost of nature, having no covering but a piece of cotton suspended from their shoulders, excepting on gala days), presented arms. In the palace itself, we found all the great men of the kingdom collected together, and standing round the sides of the chamber, like so many statues. His Majesty, with the governor by his side, was sitting on a bench, and invited us to take our places on another, which was placed opposite to them. Most of the foreign dealers in O-a-hee had also assembled on the occasion, and as each entered, the king held out his hand to them, in doing which we frequently detected a salute of "Good morrow, King! good morrow, King!"—a species of greeting, which amused us exceedingly. His Majesty was dressed in long white trousers, a black jacket, bedizened with lace, and a coloured

waistcoat and neckcloth. The awful form of his excellency, the governor, was enshrined in a blue frock-coat, with anchor buttons, of so immoderate a length as almost to touch the ground. The palace is constructed, like the usual Indian cabin, of reeds, grass, and the flat stalk of the fern intertwined, and consists internally of a spacious apartment, covered with mats. Two tables, two benches, and three chairs, form the sum total of the furniture. At the end of this apartment are two confined spaces, partitioned off by screens of mats, for the purposes of dressing and sleeping. The walls are decorated with two pictures, three feet in height; the one a portrait of the present, and the other of the late king, who died in London; and besides there is a representation of the Congress at Washington.

Immediately after our arrival, we were honoured with the entry of the ladies of the royal family; these are, Kaahumana, with the King's sisters-in-law, and the surviving wives of Riho-riho, who died in England; the niece of the late prime minister, who made himself so notorious by the name of William Pitt, and Mistress Roki, the lady of the unfortunate governor of O-a-hee, who accompanied Riho-riho to London. These ladies, as they entered, held out their hands to us; and I must confess, that Kaahumana, at least, bore herself with no little dignity. They were all dressed in the capacious garment, called the missionary's robe, drawn close round the neck by a tie; they wore silk stockings, and shoes; and their hair was very tastefully set off with the beautiful flower of the "Edwardsia." As soon as the ladies had taken their places, some on the floor and the rest on stools, the King desired that the presents might be brought forward. The immense number of them astonished the by-standers; but Keauke-Aouli looked upon them with such imperturbable sang froid, as led us, more than to suspect that he had been regularly drilled, à l'Européenne, for the occasion. They were particularly captivated with the showy appearance of a military uniform, a cocked hat, and plume of feathers, a handsome sword and scabbard, and an ornamented saddle, the latter of which was instantly thrown across a grey horse. Among the presents to the queen that is to be, was a superb lady's hat and flowers, which excited the special smiles of Queen Kinau, who, with all her stupendous stature, possesses great personal charms. She fitted the hat to her head, and seemed no ways loth to be admired in it. But, when I came to deck her out with certain ornaments designed for the person, my ingenuity had well nigh been stranded, for the necklace and bracelets, though made of an extra size, proved anything but an easy fit: I was obliged to work hard with both hands, and draw them as tight as I could, before I could make the clasps meet; yet her Majesty was not particularly lusty, as compared with her countrywomen. The King was also persuaded to make trial of the uniform, and contrived to put it on with the assistance of Halliley, his secretary but the instant it was rumoured that "the missionaries were coming," he made all haste to get out of it.

By the time we had squared accounts with the ceremonial, which consumed little short of five hours, the heat was become overpowering, and our throats were parched to a cinder; some of the residents therefore hinted to his Majesty, that he ought to order some liquor to be handed to us; but to this he replied, that "the missionaries had prohibited any such indulgence."

Most navigators have made mention of the extraordinary size of the women in the Sandwich islands; but the remark is by no means of universal application, and it should be limited to the family of the *Eris*, including males and females. As it respects the latter, their volume of body does not arise, as may be generally con-

ceived, from mere fat, as is the case in Peru, and particularly in the province of Arequipa, or amongst our Europeans, but from the enormous size of their bones. With a portly stature, varying from six feet two to six feet five inches, they are gifted with a rotundity of flesh of corresponding proportions. In spite of their copper-coloured complexions and super-masculine make, they possess, in many instances, very considerable personal charms; alas! that their hands and feet should be as large again as the largest I have ever met with in Europe. It is not a little amusing to see them on horseback cantering over the ground; they sit astride like men, and wear neither stockings nor other covering, but scanty trowsers made of mulberry-strips interwoven. When afflicted with corpulency, they grow to such a stupendous size as to sink under the load; and in this state have no alternative but to drag out existence at "full length." This was particularly observable in the case of the governor's lady, who was, in this respect, a perfect monster.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

THE torpedo hand of these times seems to have touched our monthly periodicals: save in articles on politics, they are scarcely so bright as formerly. That old Leviathan *Blackwood*, has a political Noctes this month, in which Basil Hall figures: the conversation is well kept up, and many good round knocks are given; but the expulsion of the Shepherd from these potations has not been followed by beneficial results. There are some clever articles, notwithstanding; the picture of the delirious boxer, in the 'Diary of a Physician,' will be read with interest. *Tait's Magazine* maintains its character—the articles are nearly one and all on interesting topics—the 'Common Place Book' is a happy notion. There is still enough of politics. The review of Cooper's new novel is sound and true: he should abide by his western deserts, or be content to reign at sea; he is like a porpoise on a ploughed field, when he comes upon European ground. We thank the Editor for setting the *Brighton Gazette* right, regarding the *Athenæum*, and also for his good opinion of our honesty, which is something in these times. There are some sprightly things in *Fraser*; a hop-step-and-jump article on Mundy's 'Pen and Pencil Sketches in the East,' and another of a different stamp, on Lord Byron, we read with avidity. Concerning the notice of our friend Allan Cunningham, we have little to say; the likeness is not amiss, but Alfred Croquis might have known, that sculptors never carve with such mighty mallets of wood as he has put into the said Allan's hand. The *Metropolitan* keeps on the even tenour of its way; now a little dull, then a little chatty; but neither Campbell nor Moore has added a new feature or a fresher spirit to it. The first article, is a poem to Sir Francis Burdett, by the poet of Wyoming, on the base conduct of Britain, in not speaking more sternly to Russia concerning Poland, accompanied by a bitter note on the lack of national feeling in the sailors of the Talavera, who cheered the Emperor Nicholas, and took some money which he gave them to drink. Really, we see little humiliation in all this; nor do we think with the poet, that "it will require the Talavera to fight well with the first Russian ship that she may have to encounter, to make us forget that day!" We have always liked the

clever and gossiping autobiography of Claverling; we must be more cautious, we see, in future—the author should have known, that, when he visited Burns in 1795, the poet did not live in a cottage, but in a town, and could not have been found sitting on the wayside under a tree, a mile from his own house; he might also have known, that Wallace did not charge the English at Bannockburn, inasmuch as his head was blackened in the sun on London Bridge, and his mangled body scattered over the kingdom eight years before—if the author is ignorant of these things, we are sure the Editor is not. The *Court Magazine* is all bloom and beauty—we have the portrait of an Empress, with her child, and a likeness of the young Queen of the Belgians, besides many attractions in verse and prose. This seems a thriving work.

In art we hear of little which can be called interesting. A subscription is going round at a guinea per head for a statue of Earl Grey. When the wealthy and the titled put down a guinea, how much should a man in humble life subscribe? It is, however, a good plan to save the purses of the great. We see that artists are cavilling about the 50,000*l.* academy, offered to them by government: they say, we have expended 250,000*l.* of our own money on schools of art, &c.; we give up Somerset House worth 40,000*l.*, and other places worth 20,000*l.* more, and all that we get in return is a house, half a barrack for soldiers, and half a gallery for art—the government is niggardly.

#### FINE ARTS

*Portraits of the principal Female Characters in the Waverley Novels, with illustrative letter-press.* Chapman & Hall; Moon, Boys & Graves.

It is a bold undertaking, to give looks and lineaments to poetical creations. The characters in which the muse excels, are those on which art finds she has but few colours to bestow; it is a much easier matter to copy the face of one of the ladies of the last court day, than to give form and expression, such as men will recognize as a resemblance, to the fair dames who attend the levees of fancy. We have already praised 'Rose Bradwardine,' nor were we uncivil to 'Mysie Happer,' the 'Flora Mac Ivor,' of Chalon, but more particularly the 'Mary Avenel,' of Faulkner, are worthy of much praise. This is likely to be a fortunate undertaking.

*Finden's Landscape Illustrations to Murray's Edition of Byron.*

Two portraits and six landscapes for—we are ashamed to say how little—they are worth 1*l.* It is true that 'Lady Byron' has something of the shrew in her looks; and that the 'Maid of Zaragoza' is inclining to the heavy; but whoever looks on the 'Lachin-y-gair' of Robson, or on the 'Malta' of Turner, will forget ten thousand faults, and purchase the number at once.

*Views of the Old and New London Bridges.* By Ed. W. Cooke. Brown.

THIS is the first number of a very interesting and picturesque work; we had no idea that the subject could have been treated in this manner; we must, in future, look after the productions of Ed. W. Cooke more anxiously. The first view includes a part of Old London Bridge, the Church of St. Magnus, and the Fire Monument; the second represents the Old and New Bridges; the third exhibits the arch of the Old Bridge, called by the citizens Long-entry Lock, and the fourth exhibits the demolition of the Old Bridge. We wish we could print the pic-

turesque beauty and beauty and animation of these scenes; but here the pencil surpasses the types, and we can only refer all admirers of scenes past and gone, yet dear to many memories, to these prints by Cooke.

#### MUSIC

*Beneath a Lattice.* Romance, sung in Mr. Peake's musical drama, 'The Climbing boy.' words by A. W. Arnold, music by A. Beauplan.

AN agreeable bagatelle—the words and music agree in style and character.

*The Little Voice.* Words by Barry Cornwall; music by Chev. Neukomm.

THE chevalier is happiest when he indulges his powers of harmony on subjects of a less simple character than English ballads; but, compared to those songs which issue daily from the press, 'The Little Voice,' in poetry and music, is worth a thousand of them.

*I saw her at the Fancy Fair.* Poetry by R. Smith, Esq.; music by J. Barnett.

WE have a much more favourable opinion of Mr. Barnett's talent, than this song could possibly obtain for him amongst musicians. It has been de-puffed into an extensive sale, but will never be a popular melody.

*The Heather's purple Flower.* By G. F. Harris. A modest, pleasing ballad, and worth a dozen of the 'Fancy Fair.' It has a tone of Scotch character in its melody, and much that is gentle and flowing in its harmonies.

#### THEATRICALS

PRESENT little or no novelty this week. A new singer of the name of Collins has made his appearance at the Haymarket, and it is said that he sings well, though we could not hear him sing well, for we were prevented by illness from attending. Like nine out of ten of his predecessors, he has fancied that *Captain Mackintosh* could put him on the high-road to fame, and we hope he will not be deceived.—He is a native of the Emerald Isle. Many reports have been put into circulation, about the engagements at the two great houses for next season; but, as far as we can learn, most of them wait for confirmation. A great deal has been said about a compact between the two lessees, to allow not only less ease but less salaries to the actors. The old nonsense has been repeated, about putting an end to the starring system; and about an understanding that neither management was to engage any actor or actress at more than a certain salary. Some of the leading actors themselves have been slightly infected with alarm upon this score. When good actors are as plenty as mushrooms, or human nature ceases to be human nature, we will admit that there may be some ground for such alarm, but not before. Neither management knows the politics of the other, and manœuvring and out-manœuvring, biddings and out-biddings, have been, as usual, the order of the day. Mr. Power, for instance, while he was thought to be all but secured at Covent Garden, suddenly turns out to be engaged at Drury Lane. This is not very likely to have been because Drury Lane offered him less. Mrs. Orger has been announced in several papers as being engaged at Covent Garden. This is not the fact. She is engaged by Madame Vestris at the Olympic. The time is fast approaching for the opening of the winter campaign; and by next week we shall, most likely, be enabled to change many doubts into certainties.



## MISCELLANEA

**Mr. Moore and Capt. Medwin.**—It is only in compliance with the anxious wish of Captain Medwin, that we consent to print this second letter. Here, however, the dispute must end. We have taken no part in it: indeed, we differ entirely from Captain Medwin. Our opinion of Moore's 'Life' is on record; and we see no reason to alter it.

To the Editor of the *Athenæum*.

SIR,—On reading more attentively your 'Constant Reader's' defence of Mr. Moore, I find that I have omitted to notice the charge against me for *garbling*—*against*, of all people in the world, as if the charge laid at my door has not always hitherto been of saying too much, rather than too little.

This new accusation comes strangely enough from a friend of Mr. Moore, who, if he had ever opened a page of the 'Life of Byron,' must have perceived that scarce an epistolary or other scrap contained in it, is there given in an ungarbled and unamplified form.

Lord Byron says, in one of his letters, that he had rather "Moore edited him than any other person"; but does that gentleman really think, if Lord Byron had dreamed of the possibility that he would have been *dephibited*—have undergone the cruel operation he was in Mr. Moore's hands—that he would have continued to correspond with Mr. Moore; or that the Autobiography burnt, (though it was first carefully copied by the particular injunctions of Lord Byron,) would have been presented to him at all? Can Mr. Moore fancy that Lord Byron, who was not only reckless of his own reputation—of what the world thought of him—but equally regardless of what he said of others;—that he, whose favourite dogma was, that "Everybody hates everybody,"—who, through a spirit of mischief-making, wished to convert friends into foes, by his indiscreet revelations,—cared about the curtain being withdrawn, so as to give them and the public a peep behind the scenes? No: Byron delighted in the idea that, in his Memoirs, those letters, written expressly for publication after his death, would form a prominent feature, make the world stare, and set everybody by the ears.

When Mr. Moore accepted that precious present, (the Autobiography,) he virtually bound himself to its appearance; nor ought the influence of any person to have induced him to suppress (in this, suppression was equivalent to destruction,) that sacred deposit.

What figure would the 'Conversations' of Johnson cut at the present day, had a man, whose mind was as scrupulous as Mr. Moore's, been employed in perpetrating an act, which I can hardly mention to ears polite—how emasculated would Boswell, by such hacking and maiming, have rendered them!

Such appears to be the generality of readers, to the uninitiated, this 'Life of Byron' now;—but what will it be some years hence?

By way of enlightening future generations upon points where our biographer seems to be determined they should remain in unhappy ignorance, I have reason to believe that a real Life of the Poet is in preparation, in which all the blanks will be conscientiously filled up—according to the suggestion of Lord Brougham, who lately gave it out as law, that when the *lacune* are not supplied, no injunction can be obtained, because the work would then be *libellous*, and could not come under the protection of the court; and I can take upon myself to say, that the new and unknown editor will be happy to receive any extracts or letters, however highly seasoned, which Messrs. Moore and Murray were too nice to serve up to their own customers. (By the bye, Mr. Murray is not perhaps aware, that Lord Byron was in the habit of taking copies of all letters to him, especially after his positive refusal to continue the publication of Don Juan.) Certain it is, that were Lord Byron to rise again, he would be at a loss to recognise his style or sentiments in their *olla podrida*—would exclaim, in the words of Alfieri, "Io non son' io." Never surely could it have entered into his contemplation, that his friend Moore would have drawn a chaste pen through expressions "*un peu trop fortes*;" but should such a thought have crossed his brain, he would have burst into one of his sardonic grins, and have drawn out the quotation applied by Southey to Colman, in some number of the *Quarterly*—

Fall to your prayers, dear Tom,  
How ill, &c.

It is a vain attempt to whitewash or conceal Lord Byron's opinions of men and things in general; every coming day will let us more and more into the mysteries of Eleusis. Mr. Moore reminds me of the painter who, in a portrait of Cardinal Wolsey, drew him in profile, that his blind eye might not be seen.

But of what nature were the Confessions in this paw-paw Autobiography?

It could not have been so highly objectionable in matter and manner; for it was read by Washington Irving, D. Kinnaird, Shelley, Sir G. Webster, and at least half a dozen more individuals I could name; and hence the presumption is, that the Letters themselves were not so *very* bad, as Mr. Moore's innumerable *dots* lead the reader to suppose; whose imagination is now left to run riot to an indefinite extent, by knowing that the writer was Byron, and that they were penned to the author of 'Little's Poems.'

And yet I, poor I, am taxed with garbling *The Irish Avator*.

"This is the unkindest cut of all."

Now, Sir, on referring to Mr. Murray's last edition of Lord Byron's poems, I find one stanza in it, which in my text stands thus:

Spread, spread for Vitellius the royal repast,  
Till the gluttonous despot be stuffed to the gorge;  
And the roar of his drunkards proclaim him at last,  
The fourth of the fools and oppressors called George.

I take my leave of the 'Constant Reader,' by telling him that I have just discovered that his friend, the Biographer, by a strange *lapsus plume*, after the translated paper headed 'Goethe and Byron,' leaves it more than doubtful whether it was addressed to Lord Byron. That communication was made to me, in German, in 1825; and I possess the original in the autograph of Goethe himself. This, at least, must have found its way into Mr. Moore's pages, from his having consulted a certain Appendix, in order to strengthen a diluted volume with one of the most spiritual things in mine,—a species of petty larceny in literature one might imagine so exercised a writer would have been deterred from, under an apprehension of the *Lex talionis*.

T. MEDWIN.

**Commentary on Don Quixote.**—Don Diego Clemencin, formerly a distinguished member of the Cortes, and for many years perpetual Secretary to the Royal Spanish Academy of History, is about to publish by subscription, a Commentary on Don Quixote. The first volume is, we hear, nearly ready, and will shortly be published at Madrid. The known reputation of the author, and the light he has thrown by some former works upon many doubtful points in the interesting history of Ferdinand and Isabella, give us a reason to hope that these commentaries will not be unworthy of the immortal work of Cervantes. The continual allusion in Don Quixote to the habits, manners, customs, and occurrences of the times in which it was written, make such a commentary desirable even to well-informed Spaniards.

**The Rev. Dr. Adam Clarke.**—This excellent man, whose literary labours have often been the subject of commendation in this paper, died suddenly on Sunday last. He was engaged to preach at Bayswater on that day, and was stopping at the house of a friend in the neighbourhood, when he was seized with cholera and expired in a few hours.

**Sir Walter Scott.**—James Hogg, in a pleasant paper on the statistics of Selkirkshire, in the new number of the *Quarterly Journal of Agriculture*, having occasion to make mention of Sir Walter, as among the eminent persons born in that county, writes as follows:—"To speak of Sir Walter Scott as a literary man, would be the height of absurdity in a statistical writer. In that light he is known and duly appreciated over the whole world, wherever letters have found their way. But I shall say, that those who know him only by the few hundreds of volumes that he has published, know only the one half of the man, and that not the best half neither. As a friend, he is steady, candid, and sincere, expressing his sentiments freely, whether favourable or the reverse. He is no man's enemy, though he may be to his principles; and I believe that he never in his life tried to do an individual hurt. His impartiality as a judge is so well known, that no man, either rich or poor, ever attempts to move him from the right onward path. If he have a feeling of partiality in his whole disposition, it is for the poachers and fishers, at least I know that they all think he has a fellow-feeling with them,—that he has a little of the old outlaw blood in him, and, if he had been able, would have been a desperate poacher and black-fisher. Indeed, it has been reported that when he was young he sometimes 'leistered a kipper, and made a shift to shoot a moorfowl i' the drift.'

"He was uncommonly well made. I never saw a limb, loins, and shoulders so framed for immoderate strength. And, as Tom Purdie observed, 'Faith, an he hadna' been crippled he wad ha'e been an unlucky chap.'"

**Irish Festivities.**—Mr. Crampton, in an interesting paper in the *Dublin Medical Journal*, observes incidentally, "I have often heard Mr. Dease say, that at the commencement of his professional life (between fifty and sixty years since), it was the duty of the senior apprentice to go to the hospital at an early hour on every Monday morning, and have all the persons who had suffered fractures of the skull during the festivities of the preceding Sunday evening, scalped and ready for trephine at the visiting hour."

The Mandans believe their ancestors once lived in a large village under ground, near a subterranean lake: that by means of a vine tree, which extended its roots to their cheerless habitation, they got a glimpse of the light: that, informed by some adventurers, who had visited the upper world, of the numerous buffaloes pasturing in the plains, and of the trees loaded with delicious fruit, the whole nation with one consent, began to ascend the roots of the vine; but that, when about the half of them had reached the surface, a corpulent woman climbing up, broke the root by her weight: that the earth immediately closed, and concealed for ever from those below the cheering beams of the sun.—*History of the Western World—Lardner's Cyclopædia*.

**Difference between Americans and Frenchmen.**—An Englishman cannot travel a mile in a stage-coach in the United States, without being asked whether he has been on the Liverpool Railroad. In Europe, and in France particularly, it is, "Have you seen de Tunnell under de Thames?" It is the usefulness in forwarding the prosperity of a country that suggests the American query; whilst with the Frenchman the use is entirely out of the question; he thinks merely of the magnitude and the novelty of the undertaking, and never fails to remark that the engineer was a native of France.—*American Paper*.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

| Days of  | Thermom.  | Barometer. | Winds.       | Weather.   |
|----------|-----------|------------|--------------|------------|
| W.&Mou.  | Max. Min. | Noon.      |              |            |
| Th. 23   | 70 47     | 29.64      | S.W.         | Clear.     |
| Fr. 24   | 73 47     | 29.90      | S.E. to S.W. | Iditto.    |
| Sat. 25  | 73 47     | 29.65      | W. to N.W.   | Rain, A.M. |
| Sun. 26  | 73 43     | 29.50      | S.E. to S.W. | Shrs. F.M. |
| Mon. 27  | 64 43     | 29.45      | S.           | Rain.      |
| Tues. 28 | 68 43     | 29.36      | S.W. to N.W. | Cloudy.    |
| Wed. 29  | 57 43     | 29.10      | N.W.         | Rain.      |

**Prevailing Clouds.**—Cirrostratus, Cumulostratus, Nimbus, Cumulus.

Mean temperature of the week, 59°.

Mornings for the greater part fair; Nights for the greater part rainy.

Day decreased on Wednesday, 2h. 52 min.

## NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

Kidd's Picturesque Pocket Companion to Dover. The Engravings by G. W. Bonner.

**Just published.**—Rouse's Beauties and Antiquities of Sumner, 11.—Horn's Sermons, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—Wilson's Life of Houghton, 12mo. 3s.—Maitland's Noah's Day, 8vo. 8s.—Clarke's Scripture Promises, 32mo. 1s. 6d.—Life and Remains of M. White, 18mo. 6s.—Major's Cabinet National Gallery of Pictures, by A. Cunningham, 2r. 6d.—Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, vol. 34, 6s.—Swallow Barn, 4 vols. 12mo. 11s.—Edgeworth's Novels and Tales, Vol. 5, 5s.—Gallery of Society of Painters in Water Colours, No. 4, 10s. 6d.—Journal of a Residence at Bagdad, by A. Groves, 5s.—Bridge on Sinfulness of Sin, 32mo. 1s.—Examples of Family Scenes, 8vo. 5s.—Johnson's Shooter's Companion, 9s.—Johnson's Sportsman's Duty, 8vo. 11s. 6d.—Clement's Observations on Surgery, 8vo. 8s.—Ramsbotham's Midwifery, Part 2, 8vo. 12s.—M'Farlane's Surgical Reports, 8vo. 7s.—Procter on the Blood, 8vo. 10s.—Valpy's Classical Library, Vol. 33, 4s. 6d.—Waverley Portraits, 7s. 6d.—Plain Sermons, by a Country Clergyman, Vol. 2, 12mo. 5s.—Rev. C. Girdlestone's Twenty Parochial Sermons, 2nd series, 12mo. 5s.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS

Thanks to W. D., but the 'Orphan's Home' is much too long; it shall, however, be left for him at our office.

Thanks to P. R.—R. T. C.

Next week, Living Artists, No. XVI., William Allan, A.R.A.

The arrival of 'Lafayette' compels us to defer our notice of the Life and Pontificate of Pius V.—the Life of Andrew Marvel—and other works.

## ADVERTISEMENTS

## TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, No. VI. for SEPTEMBER.

Contents: 1. Parliamentary Candidates—2. Appeal to Germany—3. The Society for the Effusion of Useless Knowledge—4. Cooper's New Novel—5. The Bank Charter—6. O'Donoghue of the Glen—7. The English in China, by Mr. Martineau—8. Character of Lord Eldon—9. State and Prospects of Germany—10. The Howells, an Autobiography—11. Financial Reform—12. Cheap Periodicals—13. Ireland, Tithes, and Mr. Stanley—14. The Suicide—15. Life and Writings of Körner—16. Toroscopy—17. The English Hunting Grounds—18. Tait's Common-place Book—19. Monthly Register—20. The Reform Act and the Ministry.

## NOTICES OF No. V.

Tait gains strength every month. His political articles are still most energetic, searching, and excellent.—*Leeds Mercury*.

In its political department, Tait's Magazine is decidedly superior to any of its contemporaries.—*Bolton Chronicle*.

Tait's Magazine, ere it has reached its first half-year of circulation, pushes on to the summit of Periodical estimation.—*Dublin Comet*.

What has been long wanting in publications of this class, a spirit of truth, pervades the work.—*Manchester Times*.

Tait's Magazine is, as usual, full of admirable writing, based on political honesty and sterling good sense.—*Windsor Express*.

We can hardly open this excellent periodical without finding something interesting, and much that is very valuable.—*Kens's Bath Journal*.

Paddy Poshane's Pricessie is written with great humour and freshness.—*Morning Herald*.

This talented miscellany abounds in spirit and eloquence, particularly in those powerful strictures upon politics, for which it is so justly celebrated.—*Chertsmham Journal*.

It is patriotic to the core, and burnishes out, on all sides, with liberality. It is THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE, and is all for their cause.—*Scotsmen*.

Tait is now assuming that station among the periodicals of the day, which was occupied by the most flourishing of the Magazines four or five years ago.—*Dublin Morning Register*.

The opening paper, on Parliamentary Candidates, is evidently the production of a highly philosophical mind.—*Glasgow Bringham*.

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## REVIEWS

*The Refugee in America.* By Mrs. Frances Trollope. London: Whittaker & Co.

THE extraordinary avidity with which Mrs. Trollope's work on America was devoured by all parties, naturally enough makes the public eager for a sight of this forthcoming novel, the scene of which is laid in that country—we have, therefore, great pleasure in offering our readers, thus early, a glimpse into its pages. We shall, of course, reserve all comment until the work is published. Our opinion of the writer, as a writer, is on record. Although none more admired her clever, skilful, caricature sketches than ourselves, or laughed more heartily over the scenes so graphically described, we were conscious enough of our critical duty to look grave, and seriously to admonish her and warn the reader. With the judgment then given, our readers must be content, or wait till the present work is published. With the story of the novel we need not concern ourselves—it will be enough to say, in explanation of the scenes we mean to extract, that an English gentleman of large fortune, accompanied by his daughter, a young nobleman, and two servants, are travelling in America, on the road from New York to Rochester, when the stage breaks down—all was confusion, of course, with the English party.

"Why don't you take the horses off?" said Robert.

"Ay," said the coachman, "that is a downright Englishman's question, and I'll just answer him like a Yankee. We never calculates to take no more trouble than what's needful. If I take the horses off, I guess I shall have to put 'em on again; and that's what I don't reckon to do, unless I can't help it."

"It soon became apparent that the stage was not in a condition to proceed. In raising its ponderous body, the wheel whose sudden descent had caused the overturn, being firmly fixed in the hole it had entered, was shattered to pieces in the effort to extricate it."

"When this was done, the driver declared that there was not a shanty snug enough to shelter 'a possum,' within five miles, 'and how English folks,' he added, 'what wants their bread buttered on three sides, is to win through the night, is considerable beyond my comprehension to settle. What say you, Mr. Hicks?'"

"If they won't be after giving themselves no monarchical airs, I calculate as they may carry their truck, along with their live cargo, to Silas Burns' clearing. 'Tis not much over two miles, I expect, off this road; and if they is tolerable 'cute, they may find the way right straight, if they will turn in round that big hickory tree yonder, and just mind the notches what Silas made with his axe when he first went into the bush."

"And where do these notches begin, my friend?" said Mr. Gordon, "we have little light left for seeing them. Do you know the road?"

"Mayhap I may," replied Mr. Hicks.

"Can you not lead us to the settlement you mention?"

"I calculate, Mister, that would not take me far on my road; 'cause Silas Burns' clearing happens to lie south-east, and my business just north-west of this here spot."

"You must be aware, Mr. Hicks, that our situation is such as would render the services of a guide very valuable, and we will gladly pay for them."

"That's speaking reason, Mister, that's speaking reason; let me just not have waste of time upon my conscience, and I don't care if I do show you the way to Silas Burns' clearing myself."

"Name your price, sir, I shall make no difficulty."

"Well, then, I expect five dollars won't do more than pay me my time 'twixt here and there, and back again."

"They shall be yours, sir, and with many thanks. Caroline, what shall the men carry for us? I suppose, Driver, that you will undertake the charge of the heavy luggage till you get to the next post-house?"

"For that," said the coachman, "I guess you must take your chance. I don't expect that the wolves have any great liking for trunks; howsoever, I can't afford to say as they mayn't commence with yours;—but if they don't steal the things, I calculate I sha'n't."

"Where then am I likely to hear of you, my friend?"

"Most generally one knows where to look for one's friends, I expect," answered the man, giving a knowing wink to his companion; but whether he was quizzing the simple confidence of the Englishman, or only his language, it was not easy to decide. A night's shelter, however, appeared at this moment much more important than the fate of their luggage; and Mr. Gordon only added, while he assisted his daughter to arrange her dress, "I shall hope to find our trunks at Rochester."

"But Mr. Hicks having made his bargain, was not at all disposed to hurry himself."

"During these dilatory manoeuvres, Lord Darcy gave the first symptom he had shown of being mentally present to the scene. His eyes kindled, he bit his lip, and stepping forward, said in a voice of command, 'On, fellow.' But before the word was well pronounced, the feeling, or at least the expression of it, was past; and he stepped back quietly to his former position."

"Mr. Hicks followed him with his eye, and having looked at him steadily for about a minute, said, 'Was you thinking of speaking to I, young Mister?'"

"Lord Darcy shook his head in silence. 'Ay, that's all right. I comprehend as you calculate you had better not.'

"Having made this speech, he too stood like the rest of the party, as if waiting for a signal to move."

"Which way are we to go, sir?" said Mr. Gordon.

"Why, as to that, sir, I am not yet quite capable to say."

"Good God! did you not consent to be our guide?"

"I never says nothing as I don't calculate to keep to, Mister."

"Then why do you tell me that you do not know the way?"

"I expect, Mister, that you would find it considerable difficult to prove that I ever said any such a thing."

"Then what did you say? and what are we to do?"

"For that, sir, you will do just what pleases yourself. Everybody in this country enjoys that privilege."

"Do you mean to lead us to shelter, or not?" said Mr. Gordon, losing patience.

"Why, sir," said Mr. Hicks, "I comprehend that the case stands thus:—You and I have made a bargain; and as the proposal commenced with you, I reckon as you ought to perform your part of the paction first."

"Good heaven! are we waiting for that?" said Mr. Gordon, drawing out his pocket-book; "I believe, sir, this note is for five dollars; but there is hardly light to see."

"I never travel without the power of lighting my segar," said Mr. Hicks; and then with a deliberate composure, which made Caroline laugh, notwithstanding her deplorable condition, he obtained a light, which, communicated to a match, enabled him to read the important words, 'United States—five dollars.' Then extinguishing the light, he deposited the note in his pocket-book, adding, with more complacency than he had yet spoken, 'All right; and now, sir, I am ready to do my part.' He then turned from the road, and taking his way round the 'big hickory tree,' entered the forest, and strode forward at a pace which soon obliged those who followed to cry for mercy."

"Mr. Hicks here stopped, saying, 'Now we be come to Big Mud Creek; so you must just be wary like as to where you step. There's no great matter of water, I expect, but the depth of mud is considerable.'

"Lord Darcy, who had darted forward a few steps in advance, now returned, exclaiming eagerly, 'You must wait, Mr. Gordon, you must wait jill we can kindle a fire; here are pines that will blaze quickly, and give us a light.'

"It is well thought of, Edward," and placing Caroline under shelter of the trees, Mr. Gordon, assisted by Lord Darcy and the servants, soon collected boughs sufficient for the purpose."

"Mr. Hicks stood perfectly still while this was going forward; and when they had completed the pile, he addressed Mr. Gordon in his usual measured tone:—"It is no bad thought, that, of the youngster, as far as having a light goes. There is no denying as we shall see how to cross the Big Mud Creek all the better for a blaze; and the young woman would be in an ugly fix if she happened to fall on one side or the other. The bridge is pretty considerable narrow. But it is but right to tell you, before commencing, that stopping to pull down branches, and lighting fire, and the like, don't in no way make part and parcel of our bargain. I said, Mister, as I guess you can't have forgot, seeing it is not much over an hour, according to my calculation, since the words



was spoke, that five dollars would just pay my time 'twixt the road and Silas Burns' clearing and back again; but that did not no way include stopping to make a fire on the way.'

"Will five dollars more content you, sir? And will you lend us the use of the phosphorus? It may be difficult to find mine.'

"In regard to the contenting of me," said Mr. Hicks, "I don't expect that you'll find no one more reasonable to content in this country than me. We are a free people, Mister, and all sets a value on ourselves. In respect of the five dollars additional, I won't say but it might be suitable enough, if the pine boughs were sure to burn kindly; but you won't deny, I expect, that if they don't, it ought to make a difference. And a good deal will rest with the young woman, as to whether she is particular as to waiting for a great blaze, or whether she will content herself with a little one.'

"Charge what you will," said Mr. Gordon, inexpressibly provoked, 'only for Heaven's sake make haste with your match.'

"We don't much calculate in this country that haste in business is approvable: we counts that it seldom answers; and as we are all free, and speak what we conclude to be the truth, I must remark that I in no ways understood you to include the use of the matches when you commenced your new proposal.'

"I have told you that you might name your own price," repeated Mr. Gordon; 'ask what you will, only do not keep us here.'

"I have no particular desire to stay here myself," observed the impenetrable Mr. Hicks, 'for the evening is noways agreeable; but the first duty of man is business. Now the opening matches, when the trees is drip, drip, drip, as you hears, and, I calculate, feels too, sir, cannot be done without considerable risk to the whole batch. I would on no account take advantage of a gentleman's hurry to drive a hard bargain—our country, sir, is free and fair, fair and free—but in conscience, and in justice to my family, I expect I cannot take less than a dollar, thirty-seven and a half cents. for the matches, phosphorus, and trouble of fetching 'em out of my long coat pocket.'

"Agreed, agreed! now let us have them, and we shall see a blaze in a moment.'

"You knows my way of doing business, sir.'

"Again Mr. Gordon pulled out his pocket-book, and again the match was kindled for the examination of the note. Lord Darcy, unable longer to control his impatience, seized the lighted match, and the wood they had collected was already in a blaze, before Mr. Hicks had at all recovered his astonishment at the suddenness of the proceeding. Having finished the important business of securing the note in his pocket-book, he said, with much solemnity, to Mr. Gordon, 'If that young varment expects to make his fortune in the United States, you must learn him different ways of getting the better in a bargain, than what that is, or may be he'll get gouged before he finds his pockets full. He's got the better of me for the one dollar, thirty-seven and a half, that's a fact; but he may not fare never the better for it, in the end.'

"Mr. Gordon then produced a handful of silver, and begged he would pay himself, which he did, slowly examining every coin, and concluded the operation with the remark that the youngster thought to have come over him. . . .

"Would it not be possible to camp here for the night?" said Mr. Gordon, 'Are there any bears, or noxious snakes likely to annoy us?'

"For the matter of bears, they have been pretty considerably driven back by the improvements; them's a cretur what hates improvement; but for the serpents, 'specially the copper-heads, and the rattlers, they don't so much stand upon it; for one sees them as rife round a stump as round a tree.' . . .

Notwithstanding the imperturbable indifference of Mr. Hicks, and the frightful chasms at Big Mud Creek, the party contrive, at last, to reach Silas Burns' clearing.

"Mr. Hicks entered first, and announced the party.

"Squire, here be a parcel of English folks what wants a night's lodging, I expect.'

"The family party thus broken in upon, consisted of two men, one woman, and five boys and girls. The elder of the men stepped forward to receive them, with an air of quiet civility, saying, 'English be they? Well, no matter for that; sit down, sit down.'

"Mr. Gordon apologised politely for having disturbed the family so unceremoniously, stated briefly the accident which had befallen them, and added, that Mr. Hicks, who was their fellow-passenger by the coach, had led them to hope they might be accommodated with a night's lodging under their roof.

"That follows, sir: no one is ever turned out in the forest.' . . .

"Put on the kettle, Benjamin Franklin; fetch down the maple sugar from the shelf, Sally; bring over all the mugs, Monroe, my man. Pray make yourselves at home, gentlemen.'

"Sit here, sir," said the squire to Mr. Gordon; and 'sit there, sir,' said his brother to Mr. Hicks. . . .

"Set the spider here, Ophelia, and give me a spoonful of grease; Euphrosyne, hand me over that oven, my daughter. Don't be afeared, young woman, she won't hurt your head. Just run and fetch the venison, Monroe, 'tis hung in the elder bush. Here's capital coals on the hearth, and 'twill be done in no time. Stir the hominy, my daughter, and give the Johnny cakes a turn; mind the gurdle, Euphrosyne, and I'll set the table.'

"Though most of these orders were unintelligible to the English travellers, they seemed to give very agreeable promise of refreshment; and Caroline, whose spirits were completely restored, enjoyed exceedingly the novelty of the scene. . . .

"When the smoking venison cutlets, hominy, eggs and fried ham, were placed on the board, the whole party assembled round it. The two servants took their places behind Mr. Gordon and his daughter; and though the whole of the Burns' family looked on this arrangement with as much surprise as if it had been some mystical pagan rite, they did not interfere with it. The supper was excellent, and the entertainers soberly kind. The squire's lady could hardly be said to place herself at table, so constantly was she occupied in seeking and bringing whatever the party required. Whisky was in great abundance, being poured from a huge bottle cased in wicker work, which was brought from the comprehensive cupboard, when the master of the mansion called for the 'Demi John.' The forest family and Mr. Hicks all eat with such amazing rapidity that their substantial meal was finished before 'the English folks' had well begun. However, as the squire showed more inclination to converse than before he had refreshed himself, they continued to sit at table without scruple.

"How long may you be from the old country?" he began.

"But a short time, sir.' . . .

"Well, Mr. Gordon, you are right, sir, that's a fact. The English are counted great travellers, and for certain they could go nowhere, where there is more nor better things to see than in the Union.'

"You must doubtless have many things to interest strangers.'

"You may say that, Mr. Gordon. . . .

"You do then allow, Mr. Gordon, that we beat the old country!"

"We have really been so short a time in America, that it would be quite presumptuous to form a judgment.'

"Not at all, not at all; speak freely, sir; did you ever see anything so magnificent as this here state of New York? Say?"

"Indeed, sir, the country appears most beautiful.'

"And the factories, Mr. Gordon, sir? and the institutions? and the buildings? don't they altogether work upon your mind in the manner of a surprise.'

"Mr. Gordon bowed, and smiled.

"But Squire Burns was not to be so answered; he chuckled complacently, and, laying his hand on that of Mr. Gordon, said, Ah, Mister, I guess I read your mind. You can't in your conscience deny us our superiority, and you are too much of an Englishman to like to confess it. Hey, Mr. Gordon? I have hit the right nail on the head, I expect!"

"It may be so, and therefore you will kindly excuse my answering more fully.'

"Surely, sir, surely; we ask no more of no man, let him come from what country he will, than just to own that we are first and foremost; and after that, we grant him freedom to keep the rest of his thoughts to himself. And pray, sir, to what point may you be travelling?"

"To Rochester, sir."

"Aye? I am not sorry to hear that. I don't expect that between the poles there's another place that can ditto that. It is altogether unequalled in history, that's a fact.'

"Is it a large settlement, sir?"

"A settlement? I don't know what you may call a settlement in your country—perhaps you may call it a settlement there; but in our country, which I have been learnt in my geography is pretty considerable bigger than yours, we count Rochester a perfect glory under heaven."

During the latter part of the conversation the parties close round the fire, and we are favoured with a little bye chat between Caroline Gordon and the daughter of the family:—

"Have you lived here long, Miss Euphrosyne?" she began.

"We have been in the bush better than six years," answered Miss Euphrosyne.

"My!" interrupted Miss Ophelia, 'why, 'tis seven years this fall.'

"And how do you like the life?"

"I expect 'tis pleasant enough by times."

"Do you see many people?"

"My! I guess not indeed; 'tis sometimes a month out, 'twixt time and time that we sees a human."

"Do you go to church?"

"No, we ar'n't Christians."

"You are not Christians? How is that?"

"Why, how can we be Christians, living in the bush so?"

"When Ophelia is married," said the other sister, 'as she counts to be next month, then I and she will both be Christians; for she is to bide at Avon, and we shall be of the Baptist congregation.' . . .

"Sometimes, when father goes to market, we rides in the waggon with mother, to sell the spinning, and to buy coffee and the like."

"Are you not delighted to go?"

"Yes, I like it very much when I have got a good bonnet."

"Well, I think I should be delighted, if I had got no bonnet at all."

"I expect the English don't mind, but the American young ladies had rather bide at home from July to eternity, than show themselves when they arn't jam.' . . .

"And now Mrs. Burns, having finished her putting away, joined the female group, and

told Miss Gordon, that the best sleeping place she had to offer her, was just to lie between Ophelia and Euphrosyne.

" 'This 'ere bed,' she continued, 'is what I, and my husband, and Sally sleeps in; and the other room, which is altogether as big as this, have got two beds in it: one will be for my two girls and you, and 'other for Benjamin Franklin and little Monroe.' "

To this arrangement Caroline's English feelings objected; and her father, taking Mr. Burns aside, had little difficulty, with the aid of a "United States—five dollars," of having it somewhat altered:—

" 'Come, wife, stir about; see to have a good blaze in t'other room. The boys is to turn out, and you is to turn in with miss and the girls; and mind to have clean linen on one of the beds, and no boys ar'n't to go in; that's the bargain, I expect, Mister? "

" 'Exactly, sir,' said Mr. Gordon.

" Mrs. Burns cast a glance of no very pleasant expression towards Caroline. 'Why, 'tis as bad as a hurricane to lodge English folks. They may have some other fancy when I've done finished.' . . .

" Here the 'squire took his lady by the sleeve, and, drawing her out of the room, conversed with her for about two minutes; after which she re-entered, and the stipulated arrangements were speedily made, without any more grumbling.

" As soon as it was announced that the fire was 'well alight' in the other room, Caroline prepared to retire. . . .

" The pretty foresters willingly undertook the office of Abigails, and seemed well satisfied by being permitted to ransack the night-bag in return. The night-gown, the night-cap, the combs, the brushes, were all seized upon, and all tried. Even the little Sally would not be contented till she had seen how she looked in the 'strange woman's cap.' Caroline submitted to all these novelties with great resignation; nay, the fair, smiling young faces so conquered her aristocracy, that she said to Ophelia, 'Either you or Euphrosyne must sleep with me; the bed is quite large enough, and I shall not mind it at all.'

" 'But I shall though,' cried Mrs. Burns, suddenly breaking the silence she had maintained since the private conversation with her husband. 'I mind it, if you don't; folks what gives five dollars to get a girl a bed to herself, must know there is some reason for it. My girls shall all three sleep with me this night, please the Lord.'

" 'Well, then,' said Caroline, smiling, 'good night to you all; I am very sleepy;' and in a few minutes the fair wanderer was fast asleep."

We have used our utmost skill in abridging these scenes, yet they occupy so much room as to compel us to defer some others which we intended to extract.

### *The Life and Pontificate of Pope Pius V.*

By the Rev. J. Mendham. London: Duncan.

We had hoped that one beneficial result, at least, would follow from the settlement of the Catholic question in 1829—the cessation of controversy on a subject that had originated more worthless and more mischievous publications than any on record. It has pleased the reverend author of the volume before us, that we should be disappointed; disgusted, as he declares, by the tolerance of popish errors, exhibited by too many Protestants, he deems it his duty to warn England of its present dangers, by showing what combinations of power the papacy could command in

the reign of Elizabeth; with the intention of rousing us to guard against a Spanish Armada, against the religious zeal of the French, and the partisans of a popish competitor for the throne of these realms, all which dangers are equally imminent, and unfortunately, equally unperceived.

The Spanish fleet we cannot see, because  
It is not yet in sight;

the devotion of the French to the papal cause, is similarly invisible; and, for a very small premium, we will engage to ensure the throne of William IV. against any unknown Romish pretender that shall start a claim. Like the boy in the fable, Mr. Mendham has raised the cry of "wolf" when there was no danger, or rather, has sounded the alarm when all the wolves were dead and buried. But we must not be understood to condemn the view that the author takes of his hero, though we differ from him in the conclusions deduced from the history. He proves indisputably, that St. Pius V. merited canonization as little as St. George, whom we have made our national patron; and he demonstrates beyond the possibility of doubt, that an inquisitor is the worst character that can be selected to govern either church or state. We do not, however, agree in all his historical statements; the vindication of Elizabeth's treatment of her unfortunate cousin, the beautiful Queen of Scotland, is by no means creditable to the author's heart or head; the attribution of treasonable designs to all the English Roman Catholics, is as false in fact as it is uncharitable in feeling; and the imputation of the massacre of St. Bartholomew to the creed of the actors, is about as just as to make Protestantism answerable for the crimes of the Anabaptists in Germany, or the follies of Johanna Southcote in England. The sophism, that identity of name, or even profession, infers identity of principle, cannot impose upon any man who lives in the world with his eyes open; it imposes only on men of the cloister and closet, whose knowledge is solely derived from musty folios and black-letter quartos, with whom opinions are everything and actions nothing. That the writer of this volume is an amiable and worthy man, we readily believe, from the internal evidence of his work; but that he has contrived to carry his mind back at least two centuries—that he has not appreciated the effects produced by "the changes of realm and chances of time," since St. Pius thundered excommunications, and Philip of Spain threatened invasions, is amply proved from the same source. Indeed, we fear that polemic researches must have clouded the author's intellect, especially when he labours to prove that universal toleration is not only a crime but a blunder. "It would tolerate intolerance," says our author. If he means that the liberal-minded would tolerate opinions adverse to toleration, it is clear that they may do so without any inconsistency; but if he means that their principles bind them to allow persons to act on those opinions, he is either wilfully or wofully ignorant of the meaning of his own words. His error arises from confounding opinions and actions; the latter alone are the objects of legislation: the experience of eighteen hundred years has proved that all laws to regulate the former are nugatory.

The world, however, is now too wise to regard the effusions of polemical divines with any

other feeling than regret; and the attempts to revive sectarian rancour in this country are so utterly hopeless, that we do not feel it necessary to enter into a detailed examination of the misrepresentations and false inferences that occur in every page. An Englishman who really feared the old coalition of "the pope, the devil, and the pretender," and who seriously contemplated the possibility of rekindling the fires in Smithfield, would be as worthy of exhibition in Bartholomew Fair, as the Scotch giant or the Polish dwarf; and only by such a one, if he can be found, will this volume be valued.

### *Lafayette et la Revolution de 1830.* Par B. Sarrans, jeune. 2 vols.

[Second Notice.]

THE first of the following extracts gives an account of the measures taken to place the crown upon the head of Louis Philippe; and it will be subsequently seen, that, with the exception of Lafitte, who, when prime minister, never enjoyed his confidence, and who was, more than once, kept in ignorance of the most important state measures, the individuals in whose hands this King, calling himself a republican in July 1830, has invariably vested the power of his government were persons the most opposed to his accession to the throne. Surely when Casimir Périer, who, on the 29th of July, secretly went to St. Cloud to concert measures with Charles X., became prime minister of Louis-Philippe, and carried on his stock-jobbing policy to the disgrace of the French nation, it cannot be matter of surprise that the administration should have led to discontent and disaffection.

"Before we revert to Lafayette and the municipal commission, I must relate what passed at M. Lafitte's on the subject of Louis-Philippe. Early in the morning, on Friday the 29th, Messrs. Thiers, Lareguy, Mignet, and other intimate friends, went thither to concert measures on the existing emergency; and even before the deputies were consulted, they had drawn up a proclamation appointing the Duke of Orleans Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom. At the same time means were also taken to obtain the support of the most influential journals.

"About ten o'clock in the forenoon, all the deputies then at Paris met at M. Lafitte's. Some peers also joined them, and, among others, the Duke de Broglie, who made a long speech about the exasperation of the public feeling and the hazards of a republic. These dangers, likewise intentionally exaggerated by M. Dupin, created a general uneasiness, of which M. Lafitte ably took advantage to propose the election of the Duke of Orleans, as the only means of putting an end to the general anxiety, and of stemming the torrent represented as so dangerous. This proposal, formally expressed for the first time, elicited some surprise, and was not without opponents; but M. Dupin supported it with so much energy and eloquence, that it soon became evident that a question which seemed to be proposed merely for discussion, was already a settled plan between the prince and a party, headed by M. Lafitte. Nevertheless, many still remained wavering and in doubt; and the debate was becoming warm, when the dexterous champion of the house of Orleans observed, with solemnity, that the proper place for the deputies of the French people, reconstructing the government of a great empire, was the Palais Bourbon, and not the closet of a private individual. This hint had the desired effect; the meeting was adjourned to the Chamber of Deputies, and the Orleansists profitably employed the interval in obtaining partisans.

"Nevertheless, at the opening of the memorable debate in the Chamber of Deputies, opinions seemed more than ever divided. Every system, except that of a republic, found supporters—the claims of the Duke of Orleans, those of the Duke of Angoulême, and of the Duke of Bordeaux, were discussed by turns; but what is almost incredible is, that the supporters of Charles X. still constituted an evident majority. It was on this occasion that M. Sebastiani was heard to exclaim, in allusion to the tricolor flag upon the Hôtel de Ville, '*The white flag is still the only national flag!*' It was, likewise, during this debate, that M. de Sussy, unsuccessful at the Hôtel de Ville, proposed to the chamber the repeal of the ordinances and the formation of a new ministry; urging M. Lafitte, but unsuccessfully, as it may be imagined, to transmit the appointments to the individuals selected to compose it.

"The principal object of this meeting was to draw up the declaration which constituted the Duke of Orleans Lieutenant-General of the kingdom. A committee consisting of deputies, and some peers, among whom was the Duke de Broglie, had been appointed to report upon the measure. In this committee, a warm discussion arose, as to the principles upon which the throne was to be declared vacant; all the peers and some of the deputies insisted upon the absolute necessity of taking for the exclusive basis of this act, the abdications of Charles X. and the Duke d'Angoulême.

"Meantime, a most alarming agitation prevailed, both within the legislature and without. New machinations were talked of, to induce an adjournment of the debate; and it was affirmed, that a certain personage, appointed by Charles X. to the presidency of the Council of Ministers, had been met upon the road to St. Cloud. This report was afterwards confirmed, at the Hôtel de Ville, by several patriots, upon whose depositions a warrant of arrest was issued against M. Casimir Perier. Be that, however, as it may, the uneasiness was general, when M. Lafitte, then president of the Chamber, informed of what was going on in the Committee, and yielding to the impatience manifested by all the deputies present, sent a secretary to the Committee, requesting their presence in the Chamber; and stating, that if they did not come immediately, the question would be debated and put to the vote without them. This bold step immediately overcame the obstinacy of the legitimists and the wavering of the timid; and the proclamation, as it appeared the next day in the *Moniteur*, was resolved upon.

"M. de Montemart, who had been requested to attend at the Chamber, did not make his appearance. Nevertheless, the spirit of the legislative body had still such a bias in favour of Carlism, that the presence of this diplomatist would, perhaps, have led the majority to a decision, which might have proved fatal either to the Chamber or to the revolution. However, the address of the deputies, calling upon the Duke of Orleans to assume the office of Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom was signed, and that prince triumphed.

"A deputation, sent with a message to the Duke of Orleans, arrived at the Palais Royal at eight o'clock in the evening. The Prince was still at Neuilly. The deputation wrote to acquaint his Royal Highness with their mission, and transmit to him a copy of the resolutions of the Chamber of Deputies. The Duke immediately set out for Paris, where he arrived at eleven o'clock at night, accompanied by Colonel Berthois, now one of His Majesty's Aides-de-camp. The next morning, the deputation were informed of his arrival, and at nine o'clock, they were admitted to his presence. This deputation consisted of Messrs. Gallot, Bérard, Sebastiani,

Benjamin Delessert, Duchaffau, and Mathieu Dumas.

"I beg to call the attention of my readers most particularly to what passed at this interview, because its authenticity is unimpeachable, and it tends to throw a glare of light upon subsequent events.

"M. Bérard first spoke, and gave a lengthened development of the motives of general interest for the nation, and of personal interest for the Prince, which, according to his view, rendered it incumbent upon His Royal Highness to acquiesce in the decision of the Deputies, by assuming the reins of government under the provisional title of Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom.

"M. Sebastiani was of a different opinion, and, from reasons founded upon the respect due to legitimacy, the precarious state of things, and the possibility of the return of the royal family, maintained that the Duke of Orleans ought, without hesitation, to decline the offer made to him. M. Benjamin Delessert, adopting M. Bérard's view of the case, whose arguments he reproduced with more urgency and stronger solicitation, conjured the Prince to save the country from anarchy and civil war, and his own house from the ruin of which his refusal would be the signal. M. Delessert's eloquence carried conviction with it; he had never before spoken with such warmth and power.

"Vacillating, and evidently a prey to alternate hope and fear, the Duke of Orleans made a long flourish about his family connexion with Charles X.; and concluded by stating, that he could come to no determination until he had consulted an individual not present. His Royal Highness then retired to another room, where he found M. Dupin, and whither M. Sebastiani, whom he sent for, soon followed him. But who was this individual to whose superior wisdom was submitted a question upon the solution of which, hung the destiny of a whole nation? No other than M. de Talleyrand, ex-grand-chamberlain of Charles X., thus made the arbitrator of the revolution of July. M. Sebastiani was forthwith privately dispatched to Talleyrand whom he found in company with a gallant admiral, whose royalist principles were not doubtful, but whose heart bled for his unhappy country. Talleyrand's answer, on seeing the declaration of the deputies, was, '*It is well; he must accept,*'—and the Duke of Orleans accepted. These details are most rigidly exact.

"Now, let these facts be connected with the motives which, at a subsequent period, led to the resignation of M. Lafitte as prime minister, and an explanation will be found of many things still involved in fearful obscurity."

What follows, is so interesting, and places the noble and patriotic feelings of Lafayette in so amiable a light, that we cannot omit it.

"Meanwhile, at the Hôtel de Ville, the brave citizens who had effected the revolution, particularly the young men who were still armed, called loudly for a republic, with Lafayette as president. Numerous bodies of patriots pressed the latter to assume the supreme power, before intrigue, which was but too apparent, should succeed in obtaining possession of it: but Lafayette, with deep emotions of gratitude, nobly persisted in the principles which had been the guide of his long political career, and negatived with firmness, though with affection, the solicitations with which he was beset on all sides. I even remember, that amid the pressing instances of the multitudes by whom he was surrounded, some individuals of less republican feelings than the venerable general, besought him to put himself at the head of the government in the follow-

ing terms: 'Well! if we are to have a king, let it be you.'—'I will say to you on this point,' replied Lafayette, 'in the words of Marshal de Saxe, *that a crown would sit upon me as a gold ring upon a cat.*'

"Lafayette's desire, and he often expressed it, was to appoint a provisional government, until primary assemblies could be convoked in the manner laid down by the Constituent Assembly, and the nation express its will upon the form of government to be adopted, and the dynasty to be founded, in the event of that form being monarchical. But the deputies coincided not in this opinion. And here it must be observed, that the latter represented eighty thousand of the most influential citizens in the kingdom; and the immutable principles which guided Lafayette, made him bow to the decision of this national representation, however incomplete he might consider it. Neither must we lose sight of what took place at the elections which preceded, only by a few days, the revolution of July. The press, the patriotic societies, all the liberals in short, had united and directed their joint efforts for the attainment of one common object—the re-election of the 221 who had voted for the address. The fate of France seemed to depend upon the success of these efforts; and in furtherance of them, these 221 deputies, as forming together a principle of constitutional opposition to the arbitrary acts of power, had been elevated in the public estimation to a degree beyond the intrinsic worth as citizens of many among them. This was a necessity by circumstances; and it had obtained for the newly-elected deputies, an absolute confidence, which despotically governed the public feeling at the time when the ordinances appeared. France was then labouring under the fascination of enthusiasm raised by the recent elections. Now the 221 objects of this still palpitating enthusiasm chose to have neither a provisional government, nor primary assemblies as suggested by Lafayette. What was then to be done? Would it be prudent to dispute the authority, at least moral, of the deputies, and come to a rupture with the Chamber? Would not such an act, in the existing state of public feeling, be running the risk of a rupture with most of the departments, and of seeing the revolution confined to Paris? Besides, to repulse as unworthy the very men who, the day before, had been held up as the most noble champions of freedom, would have seemed an insult to the national intelligence; it might have separated the cause of the provinces from that of the metropolis, and provoked a civil war which would have strangled the revolution in its birth.

"Such vital considerations as these are often lost sight of by the patriots, who, judging by appearances, without going into the causes of events, blame Lafayette for having remained faithful to his political creed, and not having crushed the opposition of a Chamber, which, in the absence of any other national representation, he chose to consider as composed of deputies elected by the people. A minister of Charles X. had demanded a monarchical 5th of September; and to trample under foot the decision of the Chamber of Deputies, during the crisis into which the country was so unexpectedly thrown, would have been considered by the nation, a republican 25th of July. And who, under such circumstances, would have dared to encounter the possible consequences of a national reaction? Doubtless the people's victory would have become the prey of intrigue—but of intrigue dressed in senatorial robes; and it became not the sword of Lafayette to attack it in the sanctuary of the national representation.

"Besides, considering the lieutenant-generalship of the Duke of Orleans in the mere light of a provisional office, the choice of that prince was more agreeable to Lafayette than had it fallen

"It is well known, that the principal cause of M. Lafitte's resignation was the fact that diplomatic dispatches were concealed from the Council of Ministers, of which he was president."

on any other person. For the very next day, on being asked his opinion by the Duke's friends, Lafayette replied, that, without knowing much of His Royal Highness, he esteemed his character and simplicity of manners: that the Duke had never fought but under the tricolor flag, and that this alone was sufficient to prevent his opposing the Duke's appointment as lieutenant-general."

It was, however, not without further opposition that the Duke of Orleans obtained the consent of the people, for which, after all, he was indebted to Lafayette. Since that period, the King has but too often forgotten the pledges of the Duke of Orleans, whilst Lafayette has in no instance swerved from his stern integrity of principle. M. Sarrans thus describes what passed at the Hôtel de Ville:—

"The nomination, however, of the Duke of Orleans met with a strenuous opposition from the combatants of July. No specific offence was imputed to him; but his being a Bourbon caused an invincible repugnance to his appointment, among the majority of those who had spilt their blood during the three days. The name of Bourbon, against which the dead bodies that still encumbered the Place de Grève bore a bloody testimony, kept alive the most painful recollections, and a corresponding state of excitement; so that when the Duke of Orleans arrived at the Hôtel de Ville, the few cries in his favour were covered with those of 'Vive la Liberté! Vive Lafayette!' This opposition became more powerful when the Prince entered the Salle du Trône; and the young men, in answer to the cry of 'Vive le Duc d'Orléans!' raised by the deputies, made the building ring with that of 'Vive Lafayette!' Proclamations in praise of His Royal Highness were torn to pieces, and the agents who stuck them upon the walls, ill-treated by the people. The *places* of the Hôtel de Ville was crowded with an immense multitude, among whom were heard cries of 'No Bourbons!' The reception of the Duke, by Lafayette, was waited for with great impatience by the people; every eye was fixed upon these two individuals. A deputy (M. Viennet) read the declaration of the chamber, which was listened to with indifference; but when Lafayette took the Duke's hand, gave him a tricolor flag, and led him to one of the windows, the enthusiasm in his favour was revived, and the cries of 'Vive le Duc d'Orléans!' became more frequent, and were mingled with those of 'Vive Lafayette!' Nevertheless, the Duke's situation was critical. In the interior of the Hôtel de Ville, and even in his very presence, discontent displayed itself in a form by no means equivocal: One general officer opening a window and directing the Prince's attention to the people, went so far as to say, 'Monseigneur, we know our wants and our rights: if you forget them, we will take care to remind you of them!' In a word, there was every reason to apprehend that the people would resume their arms and again take possession of the field of battle.

"It was at this juncture that Lafayette interposed his all-powerful authority with the leaders of the insurrection, and made them promise that no further disturbance should take place, he engaging to obtain from the new head of the state the proper securities which the revolution had a right to impose, and which he comprehended in the words 'popular throne, surrounded by republican institutions;'—meaning the adoption of the principle which established the sovereignty of the people—the abolition of the hereditary peerage—the abolition of the electoral *cens*—the application of the broadest electoral principle to the municipal and communal organizations—the re-establishment of the national

"† General Dubourg, since cruelly persecuted by the public prosecutor under Louis-Philippe."

guard conformably to the principles of the constitution of 1791—and the suppression of monopolies injurious to the general interests of trade and industry.

"Lafayette having adopted these points as consequences of the principles he professed, proposed them at the Palais Royal, which he quitted with the assurance, that upon those points the Lieutenant-General thought as he did. 'You know,' said he to the Prince, 'that I am a republican, and consider the government of the United States the most perfect in existence.'—'I am of the same opinion,' replied the Duke of Orleans: 'it is not possible to have spent two years in America and think otherwise. But, in the present state of the country, and of public opinion, do you think that such a form of government ought to be adopted in France?'—'No,' returned Lafayette, 'the form of government necessary at present to the French people, is a popular throne surrounded by republican institutions.'—'It is in that light I mean it,' said the Duke."

We now come to the election of the Duke of Orleans to the throne, of which event the following are interesting particulars:—

"It had been determined that the crown should be offered to the Duke of Orleans, who was to take the name of Philip V. This name was the first step to a counter-revolution, as it formed the connecting link in the chain of time, which the barricades had so suddenly severed. Lafayette opposed the name; he said it was unworthy of a republican monarchy, which ought to have no connexion with the glitter and pretensions of the old kings of France. This time candour triumphed over doctrinarian servility; and the Duke of Orleans wrote to Lafayette these words in English, 'You have gained your point; be it as you desire.'

"The enthroning of a king created by the people, who entered the sanctuary of the law to the sound of the popular songs of 1792, coupled with the patriotic inspirations of 1832, and seated himself upon a stool until the representatives of the nation permitted him to assume the throne chair, was a noble sight. Who will ever forget it? The people were there present in the full dignity of their power, and never was the connexion between the creators and the created more religiously observed than on this occasion. Cries of 'Vive le Duc d'Orléans!' but none of 'Vive le Roi!' resounded from the benches and galleries. The President of the Chamber (M. Casimir Périer) read the new charter to the King elect, who declared his adhesion to it. M. Dupont de l'Eure presented it to him to sign, and received his oath of fidelity to it. It was new to see a monarch stand up to speak to his people, who remained seated, and, on being authorized by the latter, sit upon the throne, on which, for the first time, he received the title of a sovereign. This was the last homage paid to the sovereignty of the French people."

The reason of Lafitte's retirement from office is not generally known. The details are singular:—

"A short time after the discussion relative to the affairs of Italy, that is to say, on Tuesday the 5th of March, 1831, a cabinet messenger brought M. Sebastiani a dispatch from Marshal Maison, stating, that M. de Metternich had just made known to him that the Austrian cabinet had resolved not to acknowledge the principle of non-intervention, but to interfere, with an armed force, not only in the insurrections of Parma and Modena, but in every part of Italy where there might be a popular movement. 'Hitherto,' said M. de Metternich, 'we have allowed France to put forward the principle of non-intervention; but it is time for her to know that, so far as regards Italy, we shall send an armed force in every province where there shall

be an appearance of insurrection. If such interference leads to war, then let war come. We prefer running its chances to perishing in the midst of revolt.'

"'You know,' wrote our ambassador, 'that hitherto no one has proved a more strenuous and open advocate for peace than I; but I am now convinced that, to avert the dangers which threaten France, advantage must be taken of the Austrian levies not being yet organized, to begin the war, and throw an army into Piedmont.'

"This important dispatch arrived at the office for Foreign Affairs on Saturday the 5th of March. A copy, made by M. Sebastiani's son-in-law, was immediately sent to the King, and yet, on the Tuesday following, no notice of the arrival of such a dispatch had been given to the council of ministers. Lafitte was only informed of it through the indiscretion of a clerk in the Foreign Office. He immediately went to the Palais Royal, and asked the King whether he knew anything of a dispatch from Vienna, said to have arrived three days before. The King replied in the affirmative; and upon Lafitte expressing his surprise that the circumstance had not been made known to the cabinet, explained this reserve by the necessity of providing against the indiscretions sometimes committed in the council. Whilst this conversation was going on, the war minister arrived. Upon Lafitte asking Marshal Soult the same question as he had addressed to the King, the Marshal replied that he was wholly ignorant of the circumstance, and expressed great indignation against M. Sebastiani, whom he termed a traitor. At length came the latter, who was much confused at M. Lafitte's question, and stammered out, that it was true he had received a dispatch from Marshal Maison, but of no great importance, and that he had not had time to communicate it to his colleagues. However, at M. Lafitte's particular request, he was obliged to go and fetch the dispatch. The opinion of the members of the cabinet from whom this document was at first concealed, was, that it was the intention of the King and M. Sebastiani never to let it be known to them.

"From this time, although it was promised that such a mystification should never be repeated, M. Lafitte determined to retire from office. I can boldly affirm, that the principal cause of this determination was the King's opinion upon the external policy of France. The latter would have peace at any price, and openly declared, that, whatever might be the opinion of his ministers, his was irrevocable. Nevertheless, he combated, or feigned to do so, M. Lafitte's resolution, by which, he said, his friend Lafitte would do him a greater injury than he had done him good by helping to put a crown upon his head. However, at the close of a cabinet council, in which he had stated his system of policy, a system diametrically opposed to that in which the King announced his intention of persisting, M. Lafitte begged his Majesty to accept his resignation, and appoint M. Casimir Périer prime minister. The King, however, refused the resignation, and expressed the strongest repugnance to the proposed successor to the office of M. Lafitte. At that time Louis-Philippe declared that the overbearing temper, constant state of ill-health, and even the complexion of M. Casimir Périer, were to him objects of insurmountable disgust.

"M. Lafitte, however, who determined at all events to get out of the equivocal position in which he stood, called a cabinet council the next morning, in which, after stating that the system then pursued was fatal to the principles upon which the revolution was founded, and to the honour of France, he again developed his policy, and called upon his colleagues to choose between his system and his immediate retirement from office. No answer. He repeated his

demand, which was again followed by absolute silence. At length M. Montalivet said, that for his part, he preferred the policy of M. Périer to that of M. Lafitte. On this declaration, the council broke up. This was on the 11th of March, and the next day the president of the council tendered, for the third time, his resignation, which was accepted by the same monarch who, only a few days previous, had declared that '*St. James and St. Philip were united on earth as in Heaven!*'"

The following is a curious fact:—

"Nevertheless, I submit the following singular circumstance, without comment, to the conscience of the reader. Prior to the nomination of M. Lafitte to the presidency of the council, an individual desirous of bringing M. Périer into office, received this answer from the King: '*It is useless to urge it. The time is not yet come. Lafitte must pass first!*'"

*Major's Cabinet Gallery of Pictures; with Historical and Critical Descriptions and Dissertations, by Allan Cunningham. No. I.*

WE have noticed this work under the head of Fine Arts; but as we desired to steal a very pleasant extract from the very pleasant literary notices which accompany the engravings, we have been obliged to make it play double! and, indeed, the critical skill and light, lively descriptions of our friend Allan Cunningham, would justify a more extended notice, if we had room to spare. The following is a capital anecdote of Blake, and is mentioned incidentally when speaking of the angels in Guercino's picture:—

"Blake, who always saw in fancy every form he drew, believed that angels descended to painters of old, and sat for their portraits. When he himself sat to Phillips for that fine portrait so beautifully engraved by Schiavonetti, the painter, in order to obtain the most unaffected attitude, and the most poetic expression, engaged his sitter in a conversation concerning the sublime in art. 'We hear much,' said Phillips, 'of the grandeur of Michael Angelo; from the engravings, I should say he has been overrated: he could not paint an angel so well as Raphael.'—'He has not been overrated, Sir,' said Blake, 'and he could paint an angel better than Raphael.'—'Well, but,' said the other, 'you never saw any of the paintings of Michael Angelo; and perhaps speak from the opinions of others: your friends may have deceived you.'—'I never saw any of the paintings of Michael Angelo,' replied Blake; 'but I speak from the opinion of a friend who could not be mistaken.'—'A valuable friend, truly,' said Phillips; 'and who may he be, I pray?'—'The arch-angel Gabriel, Sir,' answered Blake.—'A good authority, surely; but you know evil spirits love to assume the looks of good ones; and this may have been done to mislead you.'—'Well now, Sir,' said Blake, 'this is really singular; such were my own suspicions; but they were soon removed—I will tell you how. I was one day reading Young's Night Thoughts, and when I came to that passage which asks, Who can paint an angel?—I closed the book and cried, "Aye! who can paint an angel?" A voice in the room answered, "Michael Angelo could." "And how do you know?" I said, looking round me, but I saw nothing, save a greater light than usual. "I know," said the voice, "for I sat to him: I am the arch-angel Gabriel." "Oho!" I answered, "you are, are you? I must have better assurance than that of a wandering voice—you may be an evil spirit—there are such in the land." "You shall have good assurance," said the voice; "can an evil spirit do this?" I looked whence the voice came, and was then aware of a shining shape, with bright wings,

who diffused much light. As I looked, the shape dilated more and more: he waved his hands; the roof of my study opened; he ascended into heaven; he stood in the sun, and beckoning to me, moved the universe. An angel of evil could not have done that—it was the arch-angel Gabriel.' The painter marvelled much at this wild story; but he caught from Blake's looks, as he related it, that rapt poetic expression which has rendered his portrait one of the finest of the English school."

*A Lecture delivered in King's College, London. By Gilbert T. Burnett, F.L.S., Professor of Botany.*

ALL mankind know more or less of botany, but there are few who know it well. Every day Nature spreads out before our face her riches of field and forest: we see that the trees put forth their leaves in spring, shoot boughs and suckers into the air in summer and in the autumn, and then strip themselves of their livery to let the sharp winds and sleets of winter whistle among their branches,—we see all this, and few inquire further. We feel obliged to any one, therefore, who undertakes the task of instructing us in this natural magic of the creation—we ask for plain practical illustrations; for the bloom of a hyacinth is not more hidden in its sheath than the knowledge of some instructors is concealed in mystical pomp of language. Professor Burnett is a man of another stamp—we have been much pleased with this lecture, and shall transfer some of its curious and interesting matter to our pages.

"Botanical Topography, which treats of the station as well as the habitation of vegetables, includes much knowledge of extreme importance; and even the more special topography of parasitic plants is not wholly destitute of interest or of value; e. g. many of our lichens, fungi, &c. will grow only on certain plants and trees, or often on only especial parts of them, just as many insects inhabit only one genus or species, or only particular parts of the selected habitat. \* \* \* The same thing is observable with regard to the parasitic proto-phytes; and a German botanist has pointed out a very useful application of this knowledge to aid in the discrimination of the true Cinchona from the spurious barks which in commerce are, either from accident or fraud, frequently commingled with it; for he has shown that one species of lichen is peculiar to and only found on the true officinal cinchona, while the false barks with which it is adulterated, although often covered with other lichens, never bear any of this diagnostic species. Again, I recollect reading that, some years since, in America, a mortal distemper raged with much severity among the people, and was found to be owing to their feeding upon the Zea mays or Indian corn, as those who did not eat this bread escaped: but why a grain, in general fit for food, should that season have proved so injurious, no one could tell, until a botanist, looking at the subject by the light of science, found that on each grain of corn, just where it had been torn from the ear, a small poisonous fungus grew, to which the fatal influence had all been owing; just as the deleterious effects of cheese are often attributable to a similar plant. But how was the fungus to be prevented from growing? how was the farmer or the miller to avoid the pest, although its source had been detected? They knew not; they were as impotent as before. But the head of him whose eye discovered the bane revealed the antidote; for, as it was found that this fungus only grew on the parts where

the grains had been attached to the stalks of the ears, nothing was more easy than to leave the corn unthreshed until it was wanted to be ground into flour. This accordingly was done, and so the plague was stayed; and, in consequence of such a simple application of science to the common purposes of life, large quantities of food were redeemed from destruction, and much human misery providentially averted."

Of the destructive power of insects some curious proofs are given—our hop plantations and turnip fields can, indeed, bear testimony to it:—

"The pine forests of Germany have at various times sustained enormous injury from the attacks of a small beetle, called *Bostrichus typographus*, 80,000 larvæ having been found in one tree; and, as they feed on the soft inner bark, and multiply thus abundantly, whole forests fall a sacrifice to their voracity, so that, in the Hartz alone, the trees destroyed were calculated at a million and a half; and the inhabitants of this extensive range of country were threatened with a want of fuel to continue their metallurgic operations, and consequently with ruin, entirely dependent as they were upon those branches of the useful arts. \* \* \*

"About twelve years ago, the elm trees in St. James's and Hyde parks suffered much from a similar attack, and whole rows were rapidly being thinned and disappearing, both in the Mall and the Birdcage walk. As the persons who had the charge of the plantations were entirely ignorant of the true cause of the mischief, and as it was clear that the trees died in consequence of being completely stripped of their bark, rewards were at first offered for the discovery of the delinquents who so mischievously barked them; but these were offered in vain. It was observed, however, (and the observation claims some credit for its ingenuity,) that no more of any tree was barked from the ground than what was easily within the reach of a soldier's bayonet; and this was sufficient to throw suspicion on some unfortunate recruits, of whom more than one was arrested, without producing any diminution of the evil. In vain, too, were persons employed to sit up during whole nights, watching for the enemy; the bark continued to be found every morning at the roots of the trees, and the park-keepers, after all their trouble, could only conclude 'that the bark fell off in consequence of something being placed on the trunks in the daytime.' About the same time, the elms in the grove at Camberwell, near London, were observed to be undergoing a similar process of destruction; and the proprietors, being equally ignorant of its cause as in the instances just mentioned, the injury was ascribed to the effects of gas escaped from the pipes for lighting the road, which had just been laid down, and legal proceedings were actually commenced for the removal of the nuisance against the gas company which had undertaken the supply. Entomologists, it is true, were aware that the operations of insects were the cause of all this mischief, but unfortunately they were not believed until the disease had reached that pitch which threatened to make remedy hopeless. But at last a naturalist was consulted, and he at once discovered that an insect, called the *Hylesinus destructor*, had located itself in the parks, and legions of these little fellows were quietly and constantly at work, secretly proceeding in their labours of destruction, in spite and in defiance of Lord Sydney's denunciations. But not only did Mac Leay discover the cause of this evil: he, in the true spirit of philosophy, likewise directed a remedy to be applied, and these subtle miners became at once obedient to the voice of science, although they had defied the ranger's threats to prosecute them with the utmost severity of the law."

The destructive power of insects will ex-



cite the less astonishment when we consider the rapidity with which they increase:—

"The *Cossus ligniperda*, or great goat moth, is a most powerful and destructive instrument in the hands of nature, and the rapidity with which this power is developed forms one of the not least interesting points of consideration. The larvæ of this insect have been proved by experiment to increase their weight 140 or 200 times in an hour, and, when full grown, to be 72,000 times heavier than when extruded from the egg. The willows near London, especially in the neighbourhood of Hackney, have suffered much lately from the depredations of this insect; but its ravages, and the rapidity of its increase, are nothing in comparison to those of the *Termes bellicosus*, which lays sixty eggs per minute, and will continue this operation for an almost incredible time, with scarcely any intermission, so that, at this rate, one female might lay 3,600 eggs per hour, or 86,400 in a day; and even a single female of the common flesh-fly, which is not the most prolific of its class, 'will give birth to 20,000 young; so that, as my accomplished colleague, the Professor of Geology, observes, there is some ground for the assertions of Linnæus and Wilcke, that three flies of *Musca vomitoria* could devour a dead horse as quickly as a lion; and that even the smallest insects can commit, when required, more ravages than an elephant, or any of our largest beasts.'"

Of the mighty swarms of insects which infest other countries, we fortunately know nothing by experience. Of locusts it is observed, that—

"One of these living clouds, which was three whole days and nights, without apparent intermission, passing over Smyrna, must have been, according to accurate observations made at the time, three hundred yards in depth, upwards of forty miles in width, and nearly five hundred miles in length. Captain Basil Hall calculates 'that the lowest number of locusts in this enormous swarm must have exceeded 168,608,563,200,000;' and, in order to assist the imagination, Captain Beaufort determined that this cloud of locusts, which he saw drifting by when he lay at Smyrna, if formed into a heap, would have exceeded in magnitude more than a thousand and thirty times the largest pyramid of Egypt; or, if they had been placed on the ground close together, they would have encircled the globe with a band a mile and a furlong wide! Indeed, history tells us that, when these conquering legions are subdued by tempests, their bodies occasionally overspread large tracts of country, even to four feet in depth, and, when driven into the sea, have formed a bank along the shore, three or four feet in height, and extending for fifty miles."

Of the insect races which occupy, for the task of destruction or defence, the ample domains of botany, read the Professor's brief account—it opens a wide field for investigation—we can make room only for a part:—

"Priority of possession gives many advantages to perennial and hardy over annual and more tender plants. Hence, when left without interference, as in unreclaimed countries, do we find vast tracts known as the regions of forests, the regions of thistles, and the regions of grass; all of which are more or less intolerant of each other, and maintain for ages their lines of demarcation with the strictest and most arbitrary power: for, notwithstanding the thistle down, as General Miller states in his 'Travels through Patagonia,' is blown over the bowling-green-like pampas in such abundance that large balls are formed by its association, still few, very few, of the seeds germinate, except in their own peculiar regions. Now, to modify such circumstances, and to restrain the monopolizing ten-

dency which all plants exhibit, various animals, and especially insects, are commissioned to curb their tyranny, by means the most simple, and yet the most effectual that can be possibly conceived. Thus, animals prefer for pasture those situations where their appropriate food is most abundant; and hence they quit those places where little is found, or when they have diminished its abundance. Insects, in like manner, colonise those spots alone, or chiefly, where the fit plants to feed their larvæ grow most freely; and hence it is that the preponderance is restrained; for the destruction or diminution of any overbearing species will, of course, favour the growth and increase of many that are weaker; and when their mission is performed, that is, when the preponderance is reduced, then the messengers depart, for, as their food is lessened, their numbers are necessarily reduced: and it is one remarkable feature in this extraordinary system of checks and counterchecks, that, unlike man, few of the lower animals are omnivorous: each has its appropriate food, and what will starve or poison some will afford healthy and sufficient sustenance to others. Thus, horses will not touch cruciferous plants, but they will feed on the reed grasses, amidst abundance of which goats have been known to starve; and these latter, again, will eat and grow fat on the water hemlock, which is a rank poison to other cattle; in the like manner, pigs will feed on henbane, while they are destroyed by common pepper; and the horse, which avoids the bland turnip, will grow fat on rhubarb, and take a drachm of arsenic daily with advantage."

We can allow no further space to this little work—but, as we have often marvelled when young, how a nettle, which had neither thorns nor prickles, could so annoy our flesh, the following account of this adder of a weed may be interesting to other young people:—

"The stings of the nettle are most curiously constructed: each stimulus being a hollow stilet, something like the fang of a rattlesnake, the channel through which communicates with a reservoir, into which a gland at its base pours an acrid fluid, which, when anything touches the leaf, is compressed, and the fluid, rising through the duct, escapes through an opening at the side of the style near its point, and thus is lodged in the puncture the instrument has made. The *Valisneria*, the *Cyclamen*, the *Utricularia*, and a variety of other plants, exhibit mechanical contrivances equally beautiful, and equally well adapted to fulfil the purposes for which they were evidently designed."

There is a tone of enthusiasm and love of the calling—science, we should say—throughout this lecture, which is pleasing in this age of cold inquiry and frozen discussion.

#### THE LADIES' FAMILY LIBRARY, VOL. I.

*The Biographies of Madame de Staël and Madame Roland.* By Mrs. Child. 1832. London, Kennett; Boston, U.S., Carter & Co.

THANKS to the active kindness of friends, known and unknown—and, we would willingly believe, to the extending fame of the *Athenæum*—we are, even at this dull season, rather perplexed with our abundance, both of home and foreign literature. Mrs. Trollope's novel there was certainly no deferring: the clever sketches of her former work, deep as they were eaten into the copper with aquafortis, had awakened hungry expectation equally in the admirers and scornors of brother Jonathan. Further translations from Sarrans' 'Lafayette' might reasonably be

expected in the *Athenæum*, seeing that, with the exception of the *Times*, we only have unsealed the pages of his interesting volumes to English readers; although we are happy to say that Mr. Bentley announces a translation as immediately forthcoming. Then, too, we had a few scattered fragments from the last volume of 'Le Livre,' waiting to make their appearance; and just when we had portioned out our paper, with all consideration for these several claimants, there arrived, hurried off in sheets to us, the first volume of the 'LADIES' FAMILY LIBRARY,' containing the Lives of De Staël and Madame Roland, by our old friend and favourite Mrs. Child, whose valuable little books we first introduced to the English public, to English reprints, and to more than one English edition. We would that it were possible to take off our editorial hat, and with a sort of Semaphorean arm telegraph our return thanks across the Atlantic; as it is not, we must content ourselves with the established fashion, and trust to lagging packets and the kindness of our agents, Messrs. Peabody & Co. of New York, to deliver them in due course.

The idea of a series of volumes which should in an especial manner address themselves to the feelings and the taste of women, was excellent; and we know not how it could have been better followed out and developed, than by female biographies. For such a work Mrs. Child, by the previous cultivation of her own heart and understanding, as made manifest to us in her useful and instructive works for young people, was better qualified than any American writer with whom we are acquainted; and she has executed her difficult task with assiduity and ability. We are not, however, prepared to admit, that Madame de Staël and Madame Roland ought to have been put so prominently forward as to occupy the first volume. With all our admiration of both these distinguished women, this pre-eminence looks too much like a worshipping of talent rather than of virtue. We had rather that some such compliment had been paid to the memory of Lady Russell, or to that of Mrs. Hutchinson, or to both; and we must remind Mrs. Child, that a Life of the latter is not even named among the forthcoming biographies, and hint to her, that whenever such Life is written, which it assuredly must be, we recommend that it be made as autobiographical as possible; for Mrs. Hutchinson's style is perfection.

However, let us be content with what we have, and let us recommend the 'Ladies' Family Library' to the patronage and protection of our own countrymen—it well deserves it.

Many of the volumes in preparation for this work are of great interest: among others are, *Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe*, *Madame Laroche-Jaquelin*, *Princess Lamballe*, &c., and one on 'The Employment and Condition of Women in various Ages and Nations, intended to show the Effects of Christianity on their Character and Situation': now may we without presumption advise Mrs. Child to cast an eye over the 'Brief Historical Notice of the Position of Women in Society,' which appeared in this paper in January last, and was a comprehensive outline, for such a work.

*Le Livre des Cent-et-Un.* Vol. VI.

(Third Notice.)

On concluding our translations from this volume, we shall merely glean some few fragments from the remaining contributions.

We begin with an extract from an anonymous contribution, entitled

*The Idler at Paris.*

"When the idler can escape from an invitation to dinner—for he is a delightful companion, full of wit and anecdote, and his company in great request—he, in the unlimited freedom of his choice, dines at a restaurateur's. But which? He knows not himself until the moment of his repast. The most unimportant circumstance—a falling leaf, a pretty little foot, or a fine figure, which he determines not to lose sight of until the last moment, often decides the question; and then, wherever he goes, he is among old acquaintances. His appearance at the Café de Paris, or at Véry's, or at the Frères-Provençaux, is an important event. The Dame du Comptoir smiles, as if it were the arrival of an expected friend, or rather that of a faithless being, whom she despaired of seeing again, which makes the smile only the more fascinating. The waiters outvie each other in attention: the idler's favourite place is prepared: the delicacies he prefers, and the wines of his choice, press before him unbidden. Scarcely is he seated than he is in friendly conversation with his neighbours. His dinner is prolonged, but without any violation of sobriety: the idler is too careful of his health for that—for without health, what would become of him? Only fancy him confined to his bed by sickness. He had much better be in the grave. At length he looks at his watch; and a finger gently consults his beard to ascertain whether it is in a state fit for the drawing-room. Fortunately, its somewhat rough reply tells him that he had better go to the play. We will follow him thither. Had he decided in favour of the drawing-room, we must have abandoned him; for, in those assemblies, where all individuality is effaced by the conventional and established forms of conversation and manners, he would have lost his original character—that type which alone renders him an object of attraction."

The following is from the pen of Regnier Destourbet. The picture of a Parisian boarding-school girl is disgusting enough, but is not perhaps the less instructive. It forms part of a paper entitled,

*Marriageable young Ladies.*

"A mother, in every other respect an honest woman, would renounce her God to get a husband for her daughter. A mother, who has three daughters, is capable of almost anything; but a mother with four would not even stick at assassination."

"At Paris, when a young lady is able to besmear a large sheet of drawing-paper with black chalk, and thump her piano to the satisfaction of Bach, or Zimmermann, her mother and her schoolmistress take her to the play—that school for scandal, where the ridiculous alone is criminal—where adultery is misfortune—where the indulgence of depraved passion elicits tears, scarcely less culpable than the cause which excites them. It is to such places that a girl is taken on her entrance into the world; and her young countenance displays the intoxication of delight at these hideous and immoral novelities. And ye, who deplore to see her fade before her time—wither ere she feels the meridian sun—look well at her! see her attention on the stretch, and how her eyes sparkle when, at the Gymnase, M. Scribe describes his fascinating scenes of vice, where corruption is inhaled at every breath and with every word, without one expression with which the most fastidious can find fault. This is the kind of drama which the

young lady admires, and not the frank and lively mirth of our old authors. When a word of double meaning disgusts the boxes and delights the pit of the Théâtre Français, you would suppose, from her unchanged countenance and look of unconcern, that she did not understand it; but you are mistaken. I know of nothing beyond the comprehension of these boarding-school angels; the coarse insults of the rabble, and their disgusting language, are all understood by these young ladies. If Henry Monnier drew in their presence one of those caricatures with which his genius has often startled even meetings of young men, they would exclaim as we do, 'Bravo, Monnier! That is it! You have hit it to the life!' Whence do they derive their knowledge? Are there lectures upon such subjects in the Parisian boarding-schools? Or is it by the simple operation of the principle of mutual instruction, with no other master than instinct, and the powerful attraction of evil?"

Next comes the sketch of a Parisian Grisette, from a paper called 'Les Grisettes à Paris,' contributed by Ernest Desprez. English manners and feelings would not, perhaps, be well pleased, if we were to translate farther than we have done; we regret this, for it is a very natural sketch of character.

*The Grisette.*

"Formerly, the loose gown of gray stuff, worn by women of the lower class, was called a grisette; afterwards, by a simple figure of rhetoric, the name of the garment was applied to the women themselves. The grisettes of the present day are little aware of this; nor is the term at all correct, for they are now never clad in gray. The dress of a grisette is pink in summer, and blue in winter; in summer it is made of chintz, in winter of merino."

"The grisette can no longer be considered as belonging to the lower class of females. There are grisettes of good family; at least, so they say. I know not the cause of such pretensions, unless it proceed from novel reading; but certain it is, that if a grisette arrives from a country place, she was on the eve of marriage with either the sub-prefect or the son of the mayor of her village, perhaps with the mayor himself; but the match was broken off. If bred at Paris, she is the daughter of a half-pay officer; her banns were published at the *Mairie* of the eleventh *arrondissement*; her intended was either a sub-lieutenant or a writer of melo-dramas, and the marriage did not take place in consequence of some misunderstanding. Every grisette has had her misfortunes; often family misfortunes, but oftener still, misfortunes in love."

"A grisette is always distinguished by her gait, the kind of work she does, her numerous attachments, her age, and her dress, particularly her little cap."

"The grisette walks upon her toes, balances herself upon her hips, draws in her stomach, casts her eyes upon the ground, and moves her head to and fro, in gentle oscillations."

"She either works at home, is in a shop, or goes out to day-work. She is either a burnisher, a stitcher of books, a folder of newspapers, a chamois dresser, a maker of gold and silver lace, a washerwoman, a glove-maker, a fringe-maker, a dyer, an upholsterer, a mercer, a toy-maker, a breeches-maker, a waistcoat-maker, a sempstress, or a florist, or she makes men's caps, sews linings into hats, colours wafers and labels, for the dealers in eau de cologne, embroiders in gold, silver, or silk, binds shoes, stitches braces, ties the fringe of shawls, reels skeins of thread, makes artificial flowers of wax or whale-bone, strings pearls, polishes silver, or glazes stuffs. Thus the poor grisette handles the needle, the scissors, the punch, the file, the graver, the pencil, the pumice stone; and, in the pursuit of a thousand other obscure trades,

the names of which even the rich know not, consumes her youth in earning a franc and a half per diem."

We shall conclude with an extract from 'Les Vices à la Mode,' a singular paper by Lesguillon.

*Politics.*

"Political contempt, or in other words, political ridicule, is a compensation which the powerful leave to the weak. It is like the wooden sword of harlequin—used with vigour and wielded with force; but the blows make a great noise and do little injury; he upon whom they fall, is scarcely aware that he is struck."

"Esteem is the small change of glory; it is the indemnity granted to fools."

"It has never been clearly proved, that men individually are slaves under despotism, or free under liberty. Political opinion is a slavery of words. It is a mistake to suppose, that every thing in politics has an ultimate object. The political arena resembles Astley's, where the horses make speed devour distance, without stirring from the same place. Nations also fancy they are making great progress, and yet they go but round and round the circus, like Astley's horses."

"People now-a-days are in love with liberty; in love, perhaps, like a man who has seen the portrait of a beautiful woman upon a snuff-box. How graceful! what beautiful eyes! what lovely features!—and the imagination sets off at full gallop. Those insensible features receive ideal life and animation, and the fair being is loved the more because she is unknown. Then sacrifices, journeys, pursuit of the object, until at length she is found. And, after all, what is she? A woman who was handsome, when the box belonged to the father of its actual possessor, but is now not even a shadow of her former self, and displays neither grace nor beauty of form. She is, at present, anything but a divinity; and in her whole person gives the lie to the portrait, of which some few outlines may be traced in the features of her grand-daughter."

"When liberty is absent, it is understood; but when it appears, it becomes incomprehensible. The reason is, that nothing ever can be perfect. Opposition will always be brilliant, because it is founded on what does not exist; but its chimeras, on becoming realities, undergo the fate of all things—they change from anticipated good to actual evil."

"And for such follies do men hate each other—do whole nations rise, fight like large armies, and die like a single individual!—it was for the selfsame reason, that, on the 28th of July, I had no opinion."

"There are men who fancy they have an opinion. Credulous people! who prepare at their own cost a banquet, of which they shall not themselves partake. What matters the principle?"

"Taxation is like a river, which none wish to dry up, but only to turn from its course, so that it may flow through and irrigate their private estates."

*A Charge to the Clergy of the Diocese of Gloucester, delivered in July 1832, at the Primary Visitation of the Right Rev. James-Henry, Lord Bishop of Gloucester.*  
London: Rivingtons.

It is contrary to our custom to notice works of this class. We must, however, make one or two short extracts from this sensible and reasonable address, and leave them, without comment, to the consideration of our readers. The Bishop speaks directly on more than one subject which has been of late much canvassed; and we think his temperate reply

ought to have every honest channel of publicity thrown open to it.

#### Non-residence.

"The non-residence of a considerable portion of our parochial clergy has been termed the opprobrium of the Church of England: in this Diocese, as well as in some others, it ought rather to be called its misfortune; for, in nearly every case where a parish does not enjoy the benefit of a resident Pastor, the cause is to be found in the want of a parsonage-house. I observe that there are no less than seventy-five parishes which have no glebe-house whatever; and that there are forty-five others in which the house belonging to the living is not inhabited either by the incumbent or by the curate. In some of the latter cases indeed the evil might be, and ought to be, removed by the enlargement and improvement of the mansion; but in the greater part, the building termed the glebe-house is a mere cottage, affording accommodation to the family of a day-labourer. After all deductions have been made, there remain above a hundred benefices in the Diocese entirely destitute of a residence, or anything which can be converted into a residence, for the Pastor."

#### Pluralities.

"The subject of plurality of livings held by the same incumbent, is one which occupies, at the present time, a large share of public attention; and is represented by those who are ill-informed respecting the real condition of the Church, as an abuse of enormous magnitude. Whatever abuse may have anywhere existed in this practice will, I hope, be remedied for the future by the measures of the legislature. But in this Diocese we should look in vain for instances of pluralists enjoying excessive revenues, or such as are described to be unfitting the condition of a churchman. There are certainly many cases of two benefices being held by the same person; but they are in most instances very small ones, and such as are singly inadequate to the decent maintenance of a clergyman. The poverty of so many preferments is the real evil which draws other bad consequences in its train: and it is to their improvement, up to a moderate amount, that we must look for the reformation of our Church in respect to pluralities. An Act of Parliament, which passed in the Session of 1831, has materially facilitated the improvement of livings in the patronage of ecclesiastical persons or corporations, by enabling them to charge upon their estates an augmentation of the benefices with which they are respectively connected; an enactment of which several ecclesiastical patrons have already availed themselves. The property of the See of Gloucester is for the most part leased in such a manner that I could hardly effect any improvement in small livings by those methods, except such an one as would commence at a very distant period, and probably not till the present generation had passed away. It is my intention not to satisfy myself with prospective improvement, but to devote, from the present time, a tenth part of the revenue of my See to the augmentation of small benefices; employing the sums so allotted in the manner most required by the circumstances of livings, and most likely to produce other improvements in their condition. The smallness of the endowment of my bishoprick occasions me regret only because the assistance which it is in my power to extend to this object, as well as to the building of churches, chapels, and school-rooms, and other matters essential to the cause of religion, cannot correspond with my own wishes, or with the real wants of the Diocese. But even my example may perhaps not be without effect: I entertain a strong hope that all ecclesiastical corporations will adopt such measures as are within their reach for improving the smaller livings in their

gift, either immediately or prospectively. I may here mention that the Dean and Chapter of Westminster have recently come to a resolution to augment, without any delay, all their livings which are below 200*l.* a year in value, so as to raise them at least to that amount."

*The History of the Contagious Cholera.* By James Kennedy. 3rd edit. London: Moxon. We heretofore expressed our opinion of this work, and are glad to find that its merits have been duly appreciated. In the present edition Mr. Kennedy gives the result of his observations on the character and treatment of the disease in England.

*A Treatise on the Physiology and Pathology of the Ear.* By John Harrison Curtis, Esq. Fifth Edition. London: Longman & Co.

THE diseases of the ear were considered, not very long since, as beyond the powers and resources of medicine; but the great attention which has latterly been paid to this branch of surgery, has so added to our knowledge, that it can no longer be doubted that they are in most cases susceptible of relief, and in many of cure. We find proofs of this in the present treatise, which has been, and with justice, considered as a most important work upon a very obscure subject. The additions and improvements in this fifth edition cannot but increase the well-earned reputation that Mr. Curtis has acquired.

*Angling Excursions in Ireland.* 4th edit. Dublin: Grant & Bolton.

WHEN a book has reached the fourth edition, it is rather late in the day for praise or censure. We may however say, that, without possessing any very extraordinary merits, this is a light and agreeable little volume, and contains some lively and graphic descriptions of scenery in the most picturesque parts of Ireland.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

*'Hours of Reverie,'* by Louisa H. R. Coutier. —We always put poesie in the van, though sometimes we must confess that the prose of the rear is the more ethereal of the two. This lady gives us a very pretty notion of her mode of study. "The following lines were written," she says, "in those hours that more or less occur in every person's career: when we sit down unconscious of all around, and the soul seems at once swollen with the eventful past, the gliding present, and immense, but mysterious futurity; when, in its lone chambers, the heart reviews its loves, its hopes, its fears; or else, forgetful of its petty interests, and the noise of this busy world, it soars into pride at the consciousness of its own immortality. At last, I sought to express those dreaming, wandering thoughts that haunt our sleepless pillow, when the restless waves of society are sunk into rest, and the mighty sea of humanity is still and quiet as a dormant lake—the winds of time and death alone gliding in silence from pole to pole." These are brave words as one would wish to hear on a summer's day: those who desire to know the nature of the verse that

Roars so loud and thunders in the index,  
shall be gratified.

Still, still I think; but now, thought is no more  
A feverish agony as in the past;  
Yet 'tis not calm, nor peace, that's in my breast:  
'Tis a quiet.—The storm of passion's o'er,  
And my slight skill would forward little  
If they sail, O life, were not ever swollen  
By time's keen breeze. Well, on I slowly go.

*'Poems,'* by Marcus Mackay. —These are the verses of a young and untutored mind: they are occasionally natural and flowing, but deficient in bone and muscle. There is a song of

the muses, which cannot boast of much inspiration; a chant about love, which has pretty words and little passion; and a poem on Poland deficient in martial energy and patriotic thought.

*'The Elements: a Poem in Four Cantos,'* by Thomas Joyce.

Fire, water, woman, are man's ruin,  
Quoth wise Professor Vander Brain.

So sung Prior; but such is not the song of Mr. Joyce: he sings of fire, water, earth, and air, and seeks, he says, "to combine a few of the leading principles of philosophical and religious reflection with those of nature, by tracing an outline of the Elements, and their agency, from the first cause at the period of creation to their final destination at the day of judgment." Our poet tries his hand on Fire first.

Grant me a pen from angel's wing,  
Or string inspir'd from seraph's lyre,  
To aid me, whilst I write or sing,  
Thy meed of praise;—celestial Fire!  
Thou first, best gift of Providence,  
'Midst the abundant store,  
Which his Creation bore,  
For use, for happiness, for competence.  
Oh, what a beauteous sight to view  
Each morn thy renovated birth,  
When thou return'st to light anew  
Thy sister element, the Earth!  
Hearst thou not that gladden'd voice,  
That universal sound,  
Ascending all around?  
'Tis Nature's children see thee, and rejoice.

As Mr. Joyce attributes all that is fair and beautiful in creation to Fire, he honours it sufficiently; yet he sings its drawbacks also, and complains of the fire of artillery, the springing of mines, burning of houses, and meteors' beards. To Water he attributes the growth of grain, and the beauty of the clouds, and much of the splendour of the sky; but then he is not insensible of the treachery of the ocean, the overflowing of rivers, and the descent of water spouts. The Earth receives high praise: she produced man's strength and woman's beauty, and gold, and diamonds, and precious stones, and moreover much victual. On Air he bestows commendation, and thinks of

Sabean odours from the spicy shore  
Of Araby the Blest.

Yet the honesty of his muse will not allow him to forget that death is breathed by certain breezes, hot or cold; and that trees are blown down, corn shaken, ships sunk, and sundry evils occasioned by high winds. We have no wish to laugh at the verses of an amiable and pious person; but really he ought not to have chosen a subject too heavy for his handling. There are some natural thoughts not unhappily expressed in his little book.

*Standard Novels, Nos. 18 and 19: 'The Pastor's Fire-side,'* by Miss Jane Porter. —These are neat volumes, and handsomely embellished. An introduction informs us concerning the composition of this novel, and why the authoress laid the scenes in which Ripperda and Wharton figured on the coast of Northumberland. There is something very amiable and touching in the following passage:—

"It was there, indeed, as my former writings have gratefully testified, that our young hearts first imbibed the well-springs of all that we have since felt of those best impulses of human nature. And after we had passed over Cheviot, whose often wistfully-scanned brow had so long parted our infant years from the land of our mother's parental home, the passion for the legend, and the land connected with it, which our Scottish nurse-tales of Falkirk and Culloden had first awakened, was then roused to fresh excitement, by a beloved aunt's narratives of 'all the country round.' Of consecrated Lindisfarne, and its monastery, enclosing the tombs of ancient kings as well as of martyred saints. Of Warkworth Castle, where Harry Hotspur took leave of his sweet wife! and we looked up from the keep-mount, with sorrow in our little

hearts, to the vacant window, where the wild stone-crop was blowing into the roofless apartment, where he had stood, and parted from her, for a field whence he never was to return. Then our aunt's true minstrel memory told of still superb Alnwick, whose turrets had every one a story of its own, from the times of the Picts, to those of many a generation of the 'brave and the beautiful' of the gallant house of Percy."

'*Tales and Novels*, by Maria Edgeworth, No. 5; *Popular Tales*, Vol. II.—There are five tales in this elegant volume, and two engravings illustrating them; the former we need not praise, and the latter we cannot, though they are picturesque enough, and neatly engraved.

'*Instructive Gleanings from the best Writers on Painting and Drawing*, by Capt. Mainwaring, R.N.—The compiler has gathered together the most instructive passages on art from Du Fresnoy, Richardson, Reynolds, Barry, Opie, Fuseli, Shee, Gilpin, Burnet, and Dagley, and formed a little volume well worth the perusal of all who love art, or desire to know what has been said about it by the princes of the calling. Here are instructions how to conceive, draw, and colour up a work; and dissertations on oil colours, water colours, pencils, leads, crayons, and all manner of materials for staining canvas, or wood, or paper. There are clever things from Barry, and some clear and instructive passages from Burnet. We have no room to particularize farther.

'*Natural History of Religion*, by the Rev. R. Taylor.—We know not that such a work was much wanted; yet we cannot do otherwise than welcome it, and recommend it to public attention.

'*Example; or, Family Scenes*.'—"The object," says the author of this little volume, "is to exhibit the powerful influence of example, for evil and for good, upon human character and conduct." He has fulfilled his intentions, and written a book useful to young and old; particularly to the self-willed, or those who never think, but follow as stronger and worse disposed minds lead.

'*The Youth's Book on Natural Theology*, by the Rev. T. H. Galladot.—This is a reprint of an American work; and though we dislike some of its discussions as too minute, and others as too childish for a theme so serious, we are sensible of the frequent presence of good sense and sound knowledge in its pages. We would not, however, advise any one to judge it by the beginning, where the making of a paper kite seems written as a burlesque on the creation of the world.

'*Maxims and Morals for every Day in the Year*, selected from some of the most approved Authors, by C. W.—These maxims and morals are put up in a little book, such as a man may carry in his waistcoat pocket; indeed, we have no doubt, that the work was got up in small, that it might be ready to pull out at every emergency when poor human nature knows not well what to do. For instance, now this is the 6th of September, and we find it morally impossible to determine whether this be a book which we ought to treasure as useful, or reject as unnecessary,—turn we in this sore perplexity to the said book, and there we find it written against this sixth of the running month, "That it is impossible that every truth should admit of proof." This is too oracular: the mental and moral help has thrown no light on the subject, and so we must leave it.

'*Harding's Stenography*.'—We believe this to be the most popular treatise on short-hand; and we believe it to be the best.

'*Kidd's Picturesque Guide to Dover*,' is another of his cheap little volumes, full of tasty woodcuts, that make us, who are "in populous cities pent," pine for fresh air and salt water.

'*Illustrations of Political Economy*, No. 8; *Cousin Marshall, a Tale*, by Harriet Martineau.'—Many a simple person might read Miss Martineau's tales without being particularly aware that they had reference to instruction and political economy: they are, indeed, always natural, lively, and dramatic.

#### ORIGINAL PAPERS

##### INVOCATION TO MISERY.

BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

COME, be happy!—sit by me,  
Shadow-vested Misery:  
Coy, unwilling, silent bride,  
Mourning in thy robe of pride,  
Desolation—deified!

Come, be happy!—sit near me:  
Sad as I may seem to thee,  
I am happier far than thou,  
Lady, whose imperial brow  
Is diadem'd with woe.

Misery! we have known each other,  
Like a sister and a brother  
Living in the same lone home  
Many years—we must live some  
Years and ages yet to come.

'Tis an evil lot, and yet  
Let us make the most of it;  
If love lives when pleasure dies,  
We will love, till in our eyes  
This heart's Hell seem Paradise.

Come, be happy!—lie thee down  
On the fresh grass newly mown,  
Where the grasshopper doth sing  
Merrily—one joyous thing  
In a world of sorrowing!

There our tent shall be the willow,  
And thine arm shall be my pillow;  
Sounds and odours sorrowful  
Because they once were sweet, shall lull  
Us to slumber, deep and dull.

Ha! thy frozen pulses flutter  
With a love thou dar'st not utter.

Thou art murmuring, thou art weeping,  
Whilst thy burning bosom's leaping.

Kiss me;—oh! thy lips are cold:  
Round my neck thine arms enfold—  
They are soft, but chill and dead;  
And thy tears upon my head  
Burn like points of frozen lead.

Hasten to the bridal bed—  
Underneath the grave 'tis spread:  
In darkness may our love be hid,  
Oblivion be our coverlid—  
We may rest, and none forbid.

Clasp me till our hearts be grown  
Like two lovers into one;  
Till this dreadful transport may  
Like a vapour fade away,  
In the sleep that lasts away.

We may dream, in that long sleep,  
That we are not those who weep;  
E'en as pleasure dreams of thee,  
Life-deserting Misery,  
Thou may'st dream of her with me.

Let us laugh, and make our mirth,  
At the shadows of the earth,  
As dogs bay the moonlight clouds,  
That, like spectres wrapt in shrouds,  
Pass o'er night in multitudes.

All the wide world beside us  
Are like multitudinous  
Shadows shifting from a scene—  
What but mockery may they mean?  
Where am I?—Where thou hast been.

#### LIVING ARTISTS.—No. XVI.

WILLIAM ALLAN, A.R.A.

THERE are but two Scotchmen connected with the Royal Academy, and Allan is one of them: he is, however, only an Associate, and has had the pain of seeing artists preferred, in the distribution of honours, whose works, in point of original conception and character, cannot be compared with his. How this has happened, no one out of the Academy can tell; it has not, however, been unobserved by others; and we mention it to show, that some who have not the honour of being artists sympathize with a worthy and an ingenious man, who has been treated with injustice.

Allan conceives his subject well; and in embodying it on canvas, he follows nature step by step, like one resolved to vindicate her works by his example. He has travelled in far lands, and taken sittings of beauty and character in other climates. His '*Sale of Circassian Slaves*' is not one of those scenes which are created by the force of a teeming fancy alone: the artist was in the market and viewed the commodity; and all the looks, and forms, and dresses of that very enchanting composition, are true to the land where the scene is laid. He travelled in Russia: hence his studio teems with the wild men of the desert; and it cannot be denied that he has caught the savage grandeur of the untameable Cossac. He was not long ago, in Constantinople, and in the isles of Greece: we saw his portfolio; it was filled with groups copied from nature; with heads, bits of rocks, scraps of ruins, and all those picturesque materials, which talent can readily work into its more studied compositions: nor has he been unheeding of the attractions of his native land: his sketches of the beauties of Caledonia were to us far more interesting than all else he had to show; and the groups which he drew of the Edinburgh lasses waiting round the well in the Lawn Market, till their turn came to obtain water, were full of natural elegance. Though he began with far lands, he has lately sought his subjects at home; and it must be owned that he is skilful in choosing. His '*Circassian Slaves*' is a splendid thing—glowing, but not gaudy, and realizing, in no small degree, those images of beauty with which the ladies of Circassia have bewitched the eastern world; but his '*John Knox admonishing Queen Mary*,' and his '*Balfour of Burley slaying Archbishop Sharpe on Magus Moor*,' though of a sterner stamp, are of a higher kind of composition; inasmuch as mental power and sentiment are more visible in them. One of the most beautiful of his works, is that of '*Sir Walter Scott reading in his Study at Abbotsford*': the poet's back is to the window—the sunshine comes full on the paper he is intent on—and his face is seen by the reflected light: something, but not much, of that sad illness which has robbed us of many fine works, is written on his face: the grave, considerate look—the hair thin, white, and long—his peculiar way of sitting,—nay, the dress in which he delighted—all are there: we never saw any thing more real or natural.

All Allan's works show skill in grouping and knowledge of character; but his sense of the importance of a historic subject often abates that ease and confidence of execution which

produces excellence: he has few lucky hits: all is elaborated slowly and circumspectly out. He goes to work, too, in historical painting, in a way which we cannot help thinking is wrong; instead of conceiving heads expressive of the characters with which he proposes to people his canvas, he seeks them among the living friends around him; and we sometimes think he sets an ordinary head to a task too high for its faculties. He is much too fastidious, too, we apprehend, in small and subordinate matters: a button or a tassel, a sword-knot or a shoe-tie, are with him things of great weight. With less labour he would produce a better effect. We point out these imperfections—they are not called imperfections by some—in no other spirit but that of brotherly kindness: in an ordinary painter we should have laughed and allowed them to pass; but Allan has almost all the fine elements of a true painter about him: he has pathos deep and touching—humour of a keen and original kind—a sense of character both rustic and heroic—a power of fancy equalled by few—and a skill which can delineate whatever his eye sees or his spirit conceives. We may add, that he is of pleasant address, agreeable manners, has a hearty enthusiasm for his profession, and is ever ready to aid young artists in the way most acceptable to genius—by judicious praise and kind encouragement.

In 1826 Allan succeeded Wilson as Master of the Edinburgh Academy of Arts; and we hear that the institution prospers in his hands. He himself studied in the place where he is now master, and was the companion of Wilkie during the days of Grahame. To be so honoured in his own land, must be some consolation for the slight put upon him in England: he will, it is said, be elected at the first vacancy; in truth, he cannot well be longer kept out, and so must come in. It is to the credit of Wilkie that he has ever contended and voted for the admission of Allan. The love of art, particularly of painting, is spreading in the north; and we could name several young men of genius who will be heard of at no distant day.

#### TRANSLATIONS FROM KÖRNER.—No. VII.

[THIS is one of the many poems in the 'Lyre and Sword,' which prove how closely fiery valour and high patriotism were blended, in Körner, with that touch of woman's soul which belongs, more or less, to all true poets. It was written in the year most devoted to study and poetry of all in his brief and brilliant life. All his songs, prior to the battle of Aspern, in 1813, breathe in varied tones deep sorrow and despondency for the fate of his beloved Germany; and here he has beautifully connected a mournful train of reverie with the national tree emblematic of his country. Under this tree, so often triumphantly, or pathetically, commemorated in his songs, he was, with true German feeling, buried.]

#### THE OAK TREES.

Written in 1811.

EVENING is near—the sun's last rays have darted  
O'er the red sky—day's busy sounds wax low;  
Beneath your shade I sat me, anxious-hearted,  
Full of high thoughts and manhood's youthful glow:

Ye true old witnesses of times departed!

Still are ye decked in young life's greenest shade:

The strong old days—the old world's forms of power—

Still in your pride of strength before us tower!

Much that was noble, Time hath been defiling!

Much that was fair an early death hath died!

Still through your leaf-crown glimmers, faintly smiling,

The last departing glow of eventide!

Careless ye view the Fates wide ruins piling—

In vain Time menaces your healthy pride!

Yet voices tell me, through your branches sighing,

"All that is great in death will soon be lying!"

And ye have stood! O'er all that droops decaying,  
Green, fresh, and strong, ye rear your lusty heads;

No weary pilgrim, through the forest straying,

But rests him in the shade your branch-work spreads:

Even when your leaves are dead, each light wind's playing

On the glad earth their precious tribute sheds:

Thus o'er your roots these fallen children sleeping,

Hold all your next spring's glories in their keeping!

Fair images of true old German feeling,

As it showed in my country's better days!

When, fearlessly with life's blood freedom sealing,

Her sons died glad her holy walls to raise!

Ah! what avails our common grief revealing!

On every heart a hand of death it lays:

My German Land! thou noblest under heaven!

Thine oak trees stand—thou down to earth art driven!

#### A NIGHT AT AN INN.

THE writer of 'A Day in a Stage Coach' has depicted the night's sojourn at an inn, in too rose-coloured a manner. Permit me, Mr. Editor, as an ancient and experienced travelling gentlewoman, to add my version of a similar night's lodging. Doubtless, the world is full of good inns, and many inns are full of good things;—you may occasionally be lodged therein in better style than may fall to your lot at home—but then you must not travel in a stage-coach; for, so travelling, you may seek the good things in vain. You are as much labelled "Passenger," as your luggage, and treated accordingly—with this difference, that the luggage is insensible to its ignominious treatment—you, the sentient being, perhaps the sensitive, feel it down to your finger ends. The play begins by ushering you from the common vehicle into the common room! Your foot recoils from the threshold, and you demand "a private room." Very well: "now in glimmer, now in gloom," you follow the waiter up stairs, down passages, across landings, and are shown at last into a parlour parallel with the kitchen, and owning consanguinity with the bar: the table is stained—the carpet is rusty—the chairs have seen better days—and in the grate

The brands are white and dying,  
Amid their own white ashes lying.

Presuming on your habits and tastes, you require a better apartment—"one to the front": you might as well ask to be crowned queen;—"a lady and gentleman have engaged this"—"a party are dining in the other," &c. There is nothing for it but to submit with good-humour—order in your servant—hope for a better fate, as regards bed and refreshment—and hope in vain. You are offered your choice of a single-bedded room with a skylight, or a double-bedded one looking over the pig-styes and stable-yard. You demand tea and a cold chicken: you are served with a multifarious assemblage of Staffordshire and queen's ware—

(alas for royalty!);—the tea-caddy is a custard-cup; and your fowl, if forthcoming, appears the saddest-looking biped that ever was disjoined. You descend to your parralelogram of a parlour, to "spend the evening" and wish for morning. The said room either looks into a back street, and you hear and see more of human nature than pleases you, even admitting you to be a professed student thereof;—or your room looks into a court filled with the departed spirits of sun-flowers and marigolds, intersected by a passage leading from no one knows whence, to no one knows where—a thoroughfare, so close to your one window, that you hear all said, and see all done: mothers scolding their children, and the pinafores gentry crying out against their mothers. You see the girls going by for water, the postboys for orders; and you drink your tea and eat your leathern lady (the chicken), or your anything-you-can-get, with what zest you may. The meal ended, you look about for amusement. Your own thoughts are miserable comforters—they have flown to the comforts that await you, or those you have left. Your mind is flooded with refined and musical remembrances—every sense has a separate memory: you see the lovely shades you have left—smell the sweet flowers of yesterday—hear the voices that have no echo but 'in your own heart—hold the hands that you have perhaps held for the last time. In despair, you take up a newspaper, and thence learn the fashions—that ladies' cuffs are now made very deep, and gentlemen's coat collars very long; or you may learn that on Monday a man was made very ill with eating mushrooms, which turned out *not to be* mushrooms; and that John Hawkins is transported for life; or you may listen to the clatter of the dinner trays, as the waiters carry them up stairs, and wonder what your neighbours above have chosen to dine from; or you may solace your dignity with the remembrance, that a good-looking old woman in black, who rode with you five miles, inquired with surprise whether you were accustomed to stage-coaches. My dear Mr. Editor, take my word for it, that no airs of state, and no affectation of courtesy, will suffice to get you "good entertainment" in any inn in his Majesty's dominions, if so be you entered it from a stage-coach. My advice is—put your feelings, your fancies, your sentiment, your memory, your dignity, all in your pocket (if you wear one)—bear the noises, see the sights, brook the slights, and go to bed. "To a nunnery, to a nunnery." To-morrow morning is on its way, and to-night is on its wane.

#### INDIA.

THERE are many Societies and Associations of the learned and opulent, for the encouragement of research, enterprise, and invention, and of these, one of the most active is the Royal Asiatic Society. One learned body busy themselves in arrangements about coffee and hot rolls, and write dissertations upon mole-hills and rabbit-burrows, another body, equally learned, and who aspire to be called scientific, meet weekly, sit and look at one another, smatter a little science, form dinner-parties, and bow to the president and depart. And yet there is much to do in the land for both—our libraries are filled with manuscripts, historical, literary, and statisti-



cal; yet no one thinks of arranging or of publishing them, though such seems the province of the Antiquarian Society; we have no work in which are described and illustrated, in a way to be useful, the discoveries and inventions in science for which we are distinguished among nations, though the Royal Society might be worse employed than in doing this good office: in short, these two great bodies seem motionless and dead; they want some able, enthusiastic, and stirring members, to put life and mettle into them; the very price of admission into their ranks is made extravagantly high, in order to secure a monopoly to the rich and the titled. Of a very different character is the Royal Asiatic Society: it is young, it is true, and may be considered as seeking the distinction which the others have obtained; and no doubt there are many opulent and easy members, who do little else but enjoy the honours which the more active and intelligent acquire for the Society. We have looked a little into the proceedings of the body, and while we commend them for their activity and intelligence, we are not insensible that they owe much to the well-directed enthusiasm of a few leading spirits; among the most distinguished is Sir Alexander Johnstone: he has been long known for his attachment to all that is Asiatic; and not only for his labours to diffuse happiness among the various castes and classes of the East, but likewise for his inquiries—many of them useful, and all curious—into the arts and literature of the peninsula of Hindostan and our Indian Isles.

We have been induced to make these remarks from perusing the Appendix, just printed, of the Society's Transactions; it contains a speech by Sir Alexander Johnstone, explanatory of the views and resolutions of the Committee of Correspondence; it will be seen that no contracted notions of research or inquiry are entertained. We wish the Antiquarian Society would do half as much for old England as the Asiatic has done and is doing for India. Four questions of great importance came under the consideration of the Committee; viz.

"The first, that of the revival, in consequence of the discovery of steam navigation, of the commercial intercourse which was formerly carried on between Europe and Asia through the Red Sea. The second, that of the policy of allowing European British subjects to settle in the interior of India, for the purpose of introducing amongst the natives of the country British capital, British industry, British arts and sciences, and British improvements. The third, that of the practicability of framing a particular code of laws for the use of the natives of India, which shall be adapted to the circumstances of the country and to the wants of the people; which shall be divested of all technicalities; which shall be short and precise; and which shall materially diminish, if not entirely prevent the delay, the expense, and the inconvenience to which the administration of justice is now subject in India. The fourth, that of the different measures which are necessary to restore the northern and eastern provinces of Ceylon to the state of the agricultural and commercial prosperity, which they enjoyed from the first to the fifteenth century, when they were the emporium of all the maritime trade which was carried on between the western and eastern portions of the globe."

On each of these topics the Committee

describe what they have done, or are about to do:—

"The Committee have, with a view to the first question, directed their researches to the history of Palmyra, Balbec, Petra, Suez, Adulis, Cairo, Thebes, Cocyra, Aisioengeber, and Acabana, during the period when those places were enriched by the trade which was carried on between Europe and India, through the Red Sea; they have examined all the ancient and modern maps of the river Nile and of the Red Sea; the present state of the steam navigation, in that river and in that sea, the degree of encouragement it is likely to receive from the Pasha of Egypt, and the probability of his discovering coals in his own or in the neighbouring countries. \* \* \*

"The Committee have, with a view to the second question, directed their researches to the history of the descendants of the Jews, who are established at Cochin; of the descendants of the Syrian Christians, who are established in the Travancore country; and of the descendants of the Portuguese and the French, who are established at Goa and Pondicherry: to the botany and geology of India, and the different languages which are spoken in Siam, Laos, Cambodia, the Burmese empire and Thibet. \* \* \*

"The Committee have, with a view to the third question, directed their researches to the laws and usages of all the different natives who live under the British authority in India. Aware of the great influence which the right of property and the laws of inheritance have had in all ages and in all nations, in leading human society to its highest improvements, they have particularly examined those laws and usages in India, which are directly or indirectly calculated to secure the right and to regulate the inheritance of property of every description. They have traced the origin and the different modifications of all the different laws of inheritance, as well those according to which property descends in certain proportions both to males and females, as those according to which it, in some provinces, and amongst some classes of people, descends only to females: the various rights of children by birth, and those of children by adoption. The difference between the rule of law, which applies to the property which a person inherits from his ancestors, and that which applies to the property which he acquires by his own industry and talents. They have considered the moral and the political effect of all these laws and usages upon the character of the people, and the prosperity of the country; they have derived much valuable information upon the subject from the memoir of the late General Walker, and they expect to derive still more from the appendixes which will in future be attached to each case which is brought in appeal from the Courts of Sudder Adawlut at Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay, before the King in Council in this country. \* \* \*

"The Committee, with a view to the fourth question, have directed their researches to the ancient history of the island, to the ancient site of its principal cities, to its ancient code of morals, to its ancient form of government, to its ancient trade, to its ancient system of agriculture and irrigation, and to its animal and vegetable productions. They are collecting all the geographical and local information necessary to explain and illustrate the English translation of the three ancient histories of Ceylon, the Maha Wansie, the Rajawallie, and the Rajarettanakarre, all the manuscripts which contain any account of the ancient cities and temples of Jaffna, Mantotte, Amarajapuro, Monisseram, Trincomalee, Trecoil, and Dewandera, of the early sanctity of Adam's Peak and Cadregam, and of the frequent pilgrimages performed in ancient times by innumerable devotees and invalids from the most distant parts of India to the ancient Hindoo temple at Trincomalee, and

to the different hot wells in that neighbourhood, which were believed by the Hindoos in those days to be one of the favourite resorts of the sage called Angustier, adored throughout the Peninsula of India for his medical knowledge and his universal wisdom. They are about to have an English translation made of the great Buddhist work in our library called *Panseypa-nas-jatakaya*, which contains a description of 550 of the transmigrations of Buddha, and the whole system of morals observed by the Buddhists in Ceylon. They are comparing the account drawn up by the late Sir John D'Oyley, with all the other accounts drawn up at different times by different persons in Portuguese, Dutch and English, of the form of government which prevailed in the Kandian country for upwards of two thousand years, and which affords a very correct picture of the form of government that prevailed amongst all the Hindoos throughout India in the most remote ages."

These are matters of some moment, and worthy of the attention of such a Society: our government seems supine in all things connected with history or science; not so the French—hear what Sir Alexander says:—

"The English and the French governments, equally anxious to promote scientific inquiries in India, have recently aided each other in the attainment of this great object: France, by the appointment of M. Jaquemont, an eminent naturalist, to proceed to India and to remain there for seven years upon a public salary, for the purpose of investigating the natural history of that country; England, by affording M. Jaquemont in every part of British India the most ready and the most efficient assistance. Both nations, by completely divesting themselves of the national jealousy which has so long prevailed between them, have set a bright example to all other nations of the cordial and unreserved manner in which all countries ought to co-operate according to the means which they respectively possess, in promoting those researches which are calculated to extend the limits of scientific and literary knowledge."

We have quoted enough to show that our praise is merited; we are sorry that we have not room for the whole supplement: it is replete with information, and abounds in wise and extensive views for the good of this country, and the general welfare of mankind.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

We have before us the prospectus of a bold and new undertaking, called the 'Library of Romance,' to be conducted by Leitch Ritchie and Thomas Roscoe; the object of which is to supply the public with a succession of cheap novels and romances of great original excellence, and written, of course, by the most eminent of living authors in England and America. These works will be published in handsome monthly volumes, at the price of six shillings each, and it is calculated that they will contain as much in quantity as the half of an ordinary novel. The Editors say, they hope to produce "a series of novels and romances greatly cheaper than the cheapest, and as good as the best that have preceded them." Alas! if this undertaking answers, what will become of us? for be it known to our readers, that on days when we were not dressing viands for their palates, we dipped our pen in the ink of romance, and "did a bit of somewhat that way," and with all humility be it said, we have seen our little nameless attempts figuring in French and German. It is true, that our

friends, the editors, have made a seat for us on the summit of their omnibus; for, by clause second, the works of unknown or little-known authors may be admitted; but this sort of juxta-position with all the illustrious obscure, seems *infra dig.*; and that it may not be insinuated that our offerings have been rejected because we are absent, we declare our intention to take "to pastures green, the quiet waters by," and leave the way clear for the contest.

Periodical fits of change and improvement come upon the good people of London; at a time when not only houses but nearly whole streets are to be let, an ingenious architect has conceived the idea of razing the brothels, and rooting out the nests of filth and iniquity in Westminster, and building a city of palaces in their place. We have these designs before us, and can have no hesitation in saying, that as they propose to purify the place, and improve the people, they have our concurrence; yet we cannot help looking upon the whole scheme as more beautiful than practicable. A sort of crescent-shaped street is to extend from Buckingham Palace to the Parliament House, the outer part of the circle cutting deeply through York Street, while in the hollow part lying next to St. James's Park, there are to be splendid squares and gardens. The purchase of the sites of the old houses would be enormous, and the price of the new would be so high as to swallow up a moderate income in rent and taxes. The only feasible plan we ever saw, was the celebrated one by Sir Christopher Wren after the great Fire had prepared the way; but that, practicable and useful as it seems, was rejected. We cannot have any more than a bit-by-bit reform in this great and overgrown city, we fear; yet the design of Mr. Bardwell is not without beauty and boldness: a crescent-shaped street twelve hundred yards in length, of handsome houses, would have a noble appearance.

We have chanced to see a very clever lithographed head of the Princess Louise, from the pencil of Lane: it is said that the hand of Her Majesty traced the original. These are prosperous days for lithograph prints: we have them of all kinds and characters. The proposed designs for Westminster are from stone; and here is a clever little thing—a church in Devonshire, by the hand of young Picken, the son of the author of that name: it is one of the embellishments to the *British Magazine*.

## FINE ARTS

### Major's Cabinet Gallery of Pictures.

THIS work is to consist of "selections from the splendid collections of art, public and private, which adorn Great Britain," with critical descriptions by Allan Cunningham. A number is to be published every month, and to contain three engravings, with letter-press, &c., for half-a-crown! In this first one, we have the 'Bacchus and Ariadne,' of TITIAN; the 'Christ in the Sepulchre,' of GUERCIÑO; and 'The Market Cart,' by GAINSBOROUGH—all works of the highest class, and selected from the National Gallery. The 'Bacchus and Ariadne,' is not, perhaps, so well drawn as it might have been—nor is the distance so well preserved in the Gainsborough as we could have desired; but when we consider the price, we forget all critical objections. For our notice of the literature of the number, see page 582.

### Gallery of the Society of Painters in Water-colours. Part IV.

THIS number is scarcely so good as some of its brethren. The 'Malvolio' of WRIGHT, though smiling and cross-gartered, is really a handsome fine-limbed fellow, and what is worse, the lady seems to think so too. His posture is easy and graceful, and his mistress looks calmly up in his face, as if she sanctioned his cross-gartering and his perpetual smiling. In all respects, save in character, the picture is a fine one. 'Evening,' by BARRETT, is picturesque and lovely; we wish that he had allowed his swans to sit with the head under the wing in some quiet nook; they are as busy under the moon as if it were morning: we suspect, too, that he looked out for his motto after he had painted the picture; Lord Byron speaks of the repose of heaven and earth, the splendour of the stars, and the silence of the lake; he says nought of temples and evening parties. 'Yarmouth Roads,' is very well. This work has, as it deserves, a high reputation. We wish the proprietors a proportionate sale—but these are hard times for costly works and copper-plate engravings.

### Scraps and Sketches. By George Cruikshank. Part IV.

SOME of these scraps and sketches are only absurd, and some of them are ridiculous; but about a third of them are of great talent, full of satire, and whim, and originality of character. Among the former, we may count eight scenes of the nine named Odd Fish; the ninth, 'The Scaley Fellow,' is really capital. One or two of the caricatures called 'Tails,' might have been spared, such as 'Pitiful Tails,' and 'Red Tails,' but all the other Tails, particularly 'Tails,' and the 'Tail of Terror,' are capital. But those who desire to see Cruikshank in his strength, must look at 'The Pleasure Boat,' 'The Cigar Divan,' and 'The Ale House.' There is much ludicrous woe and tipsy jollity in the first and last, and most exquisite dandyism in the cigar scene. Plate second, is what men of virtù call a gem, or rather gems, for there are four scenes in it, all different and all good. The first is called 'An Easy Place,' where a rhinoceros of a girl desires to have an easy place, because she is rather delicate: the second is 'Dress and Undress';—dress, is a young damsel half naked, quite ready for an evening party; and undress, is a lady warmly attired for her own fireside: the third is 'Practice,' that is, a dandy lout practising dancing! we never saw such painful capering, or such a look of anxious complacency: the fourth is best of all, the name is, 'The Last Fond Look,' the only figure on the scene is a dandy dressed at all points, with his hand on the handle of his dressing-room door, on the point of sallying out; he turns half round, and casts a glance of satisfaction on his shadow in the glass, and says, or seems to say, "A'n't I a handsome fellow?"

*Waiting for Death.* An unfinished engraving on wood, by the late Thomas Bewick, being his last work.

THIS is the last work, and a fine one it is, of one of the most original minds which England has for a long while produced. Those who only look at Bewick as a fine engraver on wood, do him much wrong; his designs are full of nature and truth—full of admonition and humour;—the tail pieces of his volumes display a fine vein of invention. We look upon him as a great artist, and hope to see the day when some one who knew the man, as well as the world knows his works, will give us his life and character. The present work is a mournful one: an old horse, worn and torn with age and toil, retires to a tree as old and decayed as itself, and hangs down its head in quiet expectation of dropping

down, and having done with earth. There is no grass on the ground, nor leaves on the trees, and all seems withered and wasted.

## MUSIC

*Six Original Melodies:* Words by various Authors; Music by S. Philpot, late of the Royal Academy of Music.

WE have heard many an elegant and expressive melody invented by persons even ignorant of notation; yet no uneducated musical mind ever produced a composition of a more elevated character than a ballad, romance, waltz, or minuet. Hence we regret that a pupil of a royal institution, one of those who ought to be "competitors for fame," should seek it with a mere collection of Songs; none of which assume a higher grade than the simple ballad, with the same undeviating melody for each stanza, and the harmony and accompaniments after the established fashion.

*A Manual of Parochial Psalmody, containing One Hundred and Forty-two Psalm and Hymn Tunes, by various Authors; selected, revised, and harmonized, by the Rev. Joseph Jowett, M.A.*

CONTRARY to the prevailing custom of selecting inappropriate dramatic music, which, by association, is likely to disturb the devout feelings of the congregation, Mr. Jowett has here provided the organist with a collection of such modern and ancient tunes, as have obtained permanent celebrity in the church; to which are added, a few of his own composition. In the latter, we do not like the ungrammatical use of the dissonance in the sixth bar of the tune 'Belton,' also in the seventh bar of 'St. Asaph's'; in both instances, c in the bass, as a semibreve, would remove the objection. The work is of a convenient size, the type clear, and the price moderate; and it will probably supersede the use of many inferior works.

*Gresham Prize Composition—the Jubilate, which gained the Prize Medal, Dec. 1831; and Te Deum; composed by C. Hart, Organist of St. Dunstan's, Stepney.*

BOTH these compositions are in the style of the great church writers of the last century—solid in counterpoint, and rich in modulations.

The subjects of imitation and fugue are not very striking for their originality; but they are effectively worked, and with great skill.

*Sweet as the modest Flower that blows; by W. H. Plumstead.*

NEITHER verse nor music is very original; yet the song is capable of being effective, if sung with proper feeling.

## THEATRICALS

WE have heard but little of the engagements at the Winter Theatres for the ensuing season since last week. The most important at Covent Garden, is that of Mr. Richard Jones. Many more are engaged by report—few, we believe, by Laporte. Madame Malibran, for instance, is said to have come to an arrangement with him. Our pen would confirm this with eagerness, if it felt itself justified. At Drury Lane, we believe, we may announce Mr. Braham—and so, some day or other, may our son, perhaps our grandson, if our critical avocations should continue in the family. Our theatrical recollections do not carry us beyond the time when Mr. Braham, then a man grown, and as tall as he is at this moment, was deservedly the principal attraction in opera. He has since constantly pursued the even "tenor" of his way, until now, when, after a lapse of—we de-

dine printing how many years—he is still the undisputed King of Song. He has witnessed the rise and fall of hundreds of opponents, and hundreds of imitators—and, in the year 1832, he still lives and sings—the only *Macheath*—the only *Lord William*—the only *Arbaces*—the only *Count Bellino*—the only *Sir Huon*—the only—(what's the man's name in 'Der Frieschutz')—in short, the only—anything he undertakes. After this, who shall say, that it is too much for us to expect that our grandson may have to report of him? Assuredly, he has gone on so long that, there is now, as our poor friend Connor used to say in 'The Irish Tutor,' "no reason why he should ever stop."—Mr. and Mrs. Wood are said to be engaged at Drury Lane, but this waits for confirmation.

The Strand Theatre has been doing better lately—its latter pieces have been very successful, though we have been prevented from reporting them.—Mrs. Fitzwilliam has made another hit with 'The Little Red Man,' at Sadler's Wells; and that (Buckstone again!) and every body's pet, 'The Pet of the Petticoats,' are bringing her capital houses—in short, they are drawing at "the Wells."

#### MISCELLANEA

*Millhouse, the Poet.*—A reader of the *Athenæum* has left at our office a sovereign for Mr. Millhouse; and it has been to us a hint, that, were this example followed, it might prove a real benefit to this talented and worthy man. We learn with great satisfaction, that Millhouse has long found a staunch and liberal friend in his neighbour Mr. Thomas Wakefield, a man always at work in numberless ways for the good of his townsmen, and without whose aid he would have in vain contended with his difficulties. Now, it is certainly much easier and more reasonable for many, than for one, to give adequate assistance to a suffering man of genius; and it has occurred to us to state that, as there may be numerous individuals desirous of giving a similar testimony of approbation to the above, we shall be happy to receive and transmit to Mr. Millhouse, any sums which may be left at our office for him:—

Subscriptions received.

|                           |    |    |    |
|---------------------------|----|----|----|
| H. W., Brixton . . .      | £. | s. | d. |
| Editor of <i>Athenæum</i> | 1  | 0  | 0  |

*The Copyright Act.*—It is not perhaps generally known, that, under this Act, a tax of eleven copies of every new work is levied on the publisher. One copy being claimed, of right, by the British Museum, Sion College, and the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, in England—in Scotland, by the Universities of Aberdeen, Glasgow, and Perth; the University and the Advocates Library, Edinburgh—in Ireland, by Trinity College and the King's Inns, Dublin. This is an unjust, because an unequal tax. It was well observed by the Bishop of London when the question was before Parliament, "Eleven copies are to be given, whether a work is worth one guinea or ten; so that a publisher who prints 1000 copies of a work, which sells for one guinea, has to pay only 11 guineas out of 1,000; whereas, another, who publishes only 100 copies of a work worth ten guineas, has to pay a tax of 110 guineas out of the same sum of 1,000 guineas." That the division of the spoil is unequal, is evident enough, and it might perplex philosophy to know why Scotland should have nearly as many copies as England and Ireland together. The Scotch seem to be of this opinion; and the University of Aberdeen have kindly offered to forego their right for an annual payment of 500*l.*, being, it is believed, about double the value of the copies. Does not this courtesy on their part prove that the only pretence on which the tax is levied is absurd, and ought it not to awaken inquiry? The sub-

ject has been well considered in the last number of the *Gentleman's Magazine*; and we agree with the writer, that three copies for England, Scotland, and Ireland, would not be objected to, and we may add a fourth for the proposed exchange of literary publication with France—here, however, the exactions ought to cease.

*Greek Literature.*—Professor Theodoropoulos, of Patras, who has already published several works in the ancient and modern dialects, is at this moment residing in Geneva, for the purpose of superintending the publication of a Greek and French, and French and Greek Lexicon.

*Mozart.*—Wolfgang Amadeus, the son of this eminent master of harmonious numbers, is living at this moment at Lemberg, in Austrian Galicia, where he is employed as a private teacher of music, and has founded a Vocalists' Club, of which he is the president. He was born at Vienna, in the year 1792, and had he not borne a name, which supplies inexhaustible food for "invidious comparisons," would probably have risen into far greater fame; for he is a composer, as well as performer, of considerable talent.

*The Brain.*—On the occasion of the post mortem examination of Cuvier's body, considerable attention was excited by the extraordinary volume of his brain, which was referred to as an indication of the superior qualities of his mind. Indeed, the celebrated Mascagni, as well as Dr. Automarchi, have come to the following conclusions:—that the strength of a man's understanding depends upon the greater or lesser development of his brain, and the greater or lesser degree of energy, which that development exhibits: that, in the male, the brain is of far greater volume than in the female; with the former, its weight being from three pounds to three pounds three quarters, and with the latter from two pounds and a quarter to two pounds three quarters, or thereabouts: that, with regard to the brain, no animal whatever admits a comparison with the human being; and, lastly, that the diminution of the brain gradually increases, as we descend from the European to the black. In cetaceous animals, weighing as much as five and six thousand pounds, the brain will not, in general, be found to exceed eighteen ounces in weight.

*Constantinopolitan Press.*—The only work which has issued from this establishment on the subject of late occurrences, is a narrative of the sanguinary proceedings adopted for destroying the Janissaries in the years 1825 and 1826. It dwells at great length on the demoralized character of these Pretorian bands, the political storms which they occasioned throughout the Turkish empire, and the urgent necessity which existed for bringing the career of these "enemies of God and man" to a close. The title of this work is 'Es-zefer,' or, the 'Myrtle of Victory'; perhaps, more correctly speaking, "the foundation of success." There is a singular allusion connected with this title. In the Arabic, as in the Hebrew and Greek alphabets, every letter is susceptible of a numerical value. Now, the five letters *e*, *s*, *z*, *f*, and *r*, are, in the Arabic, equivalent to the numerals 1241, which is the year of the Hegira, during which the extinction of the Janissaries was consummated. The title itself is thus rendered a key to the date of the transaction; and its inventor, Mohammed Assaad Efendi, has been rewarded for his ingenuity with the editorship of the Turkish Gazette.

At Liège there is to be seen an 'Abraham and Isaac,' from the easel of a cutler, who has armed the patriarch with a scymetar, and, by way of perpetuating the memory of his trading patronymic, has inscribed in legible characters on the blade, "Au C couronné, Colin, coutelier à Liège"—At the sign of the C and Crown, Colin, cutler in Liège.

*Feats in Verse.*—"You might as well attempt to put the College card into verse," said a student of T. C. D. to another, who proposed writing a rhythmical grammar.—"I have done so already," was the reply, "here it is—  
Logic, Locke, and Mathematics,  
Astronomy, Dynamics, Statics,  
Optics, Ethics, Greek, and Latin,  
Every student must be put in."

*Ill Success.*—During the insurrection of 1798, the following announcement appeared in a Dublin paper. "General Lake scoured the country yesterday, but had not the good fortune to meet with a single rebel."

*Dry Wine.*—Some queer fellow in Philadelphia, inquires of Mr. Chandler, of the *Gazette*, the meaning of *dry wine*. The editor's answer is very satisfactory, he says, "Dry wine means wine imported in empty bottles."—*Boston Sentinel*.

*Effects of Cold.*—"Sir, I shall fine you for not wearing a white cravat with your academic dress," said a strict disciplinarian to an unfortunate freshman, on a raw morning in January. "Fine me! I assure you, Sir, my cravat is white."—"How can you say so, Sir? Do I not see that it is blue?"—"Oh, Sir, it was white when I put it on this morning, but it looks blue from the cold."

*Relations.*—"What relations are least regarded?" said a Fellow of T. C. D. to a student deeper read in Hoyle than Locke; after a pause, the delinquent made a desperate guess, and answered, "Poor relations, Sir, without doubt."

*Barbarous Punishment.*—"A wretched negress, who was condemned to death during the writer's sojourn at Boni, by something like a jury of old men, was brought out for execution. She was rubbed with honey from head to foot, and then lashed to the trunk of a gum-tree. In this state, swarms of mosquitoes and venomous insects instantly lodged themselves in her ears, nostrils, and eyes, and, attacking her breast, inflicted the most horrible torture upon her. Two days afterwards, the body of this unfortunate woman was become a mere misshapen mass, covered with myriads of bleeding insects. The name given to this species of punishment by the natives themselves, is the *Musquito Tree*."—*Corbière's Narrative of a Visit to the Western Coast of Africa*.

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

| Days of W. & Mon. | Thermom. Max. Min. | Barometer. Noon. | Winds.     | Weather.   |
|-------------------|--------------------|------------------|------------|------------|
| Th. 30            | 62 55              | 29.40            | N.W.       | Rain.      |
| Fr. 31            | 68 42              | Stat.            | S.W. to W. | Cloudy.    |
| Sat. 1            | 68 57              | Stat.            | S.W.       | Shrs. r.m. |
| Sun. 2            | 65 45              | 29.85            | W. to S.W. | Cloudy.    |
| Mon. 3            | 72 45              | 29.86            | N.W.       | Clear.     |
| Tues. 4           | 69 43              | 30.06            | N.E.       | Ditto.     |
| Wed. 5            | 60 43              | 30.00            | N.E.       | Ditto.     |

*Prevailing Clouds.*—Cirrostratus, Cumulus, Cumulostratus, Cymoid Cirrostratus.

Mean temperature of the week, 57°.

Nights fair except on Thursday; Mornings fair except Saturday.

Day decreased on Wednesday, 3h. 20 min.

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## REVIEWS

*Our Village: Sketches of Rural Character and Scenery.* By Mary Russell Mitford. Fifth Series. London: Whittaker, Treacher & Co.

THERE are four and twenty sketches in this volume; some of them old acquaintances; others we are not so sensible of having seen before; while a few, we apprehend, are wholly new. They aspire not to the rank of regular stories; there is scarcely in any of them that beginning, middle, and end, which some critics call for; they are strictly and truly what the name implies, sketches of rustic, or rather, rural character, and may be described as portions of the life of each person they seek to delineate. Their fidelity is a great beauty—Miss Mitford has more of the right true country English feeling than almost any other living writer; she is always easy and natural—always full of good sense and original observation: she is acquainted with the pride of the humble, and the imprudencies of the prudent; she paints landscapes with much of the truth and clearness of Gainsborough, and, like him, she peoples her scenes, not with the creations of her own fancy, so much as with the children of the soil, a little ragged sometimes, and their toilettes neglected, but so full of life that we cannot help seeing them before us as we read. Her fame has flown far and wide, and she has taken her rank with the ablest writers of the age: honours ought to be paid to her in every cottage: her works are—many of the best of them, at least—pictures of the manners and feelings of our peasantry; and she has had the good sense to see that our rustics are not so wholly depraved and shameless, as Crabbe, with little charity, has drawn them. She sees with an unprejudiced eye, and feels with an honest heart; she has no affectations of either sentiment or manner; she deals in no ornate and ink-horn tailed words; she has none of the punning snip-snap of the city—none of the rudeness of the country; she writes in a true healthy style; her pages have much of the new-mown hay and the new blossomed bean-field about them. We cannot, however, conceal from ourselves, that some of her sketches are much too slight, and many of her incidents trivial; she can be tedious when she chooses; her characters, we suppose from the faithfulness of the copy, are occasionally too faintly marked, and even some of her liveliest delineations end in nothing. All the beauties which we have described, (but none of the blemishes we have hinted at,) were visible to a late lamented friend of ours, William Ritchie, of Edinburgh: he was a thorough Mitfordite, though a critic, and a sharp one, as the columns of his *Scotsman* can testify: honey took the place of gall on his lips whenever he spoke of the works of Mary Russell

Mitford,—for he gave her the advantage of all her name, and loved to repeat it. But the admiration of our friend was not a blind one; he had studied the genius which he worshipped; he saw in her works so much truth, so much nature, and so much feeling, that he could not but consider her as the most accomplished Englishwoman of the age. He had never seen her; and the last time we saw him was when he shook hands with us, and departed on a pilgrimage to the shrine of Mary Russell Mitford, at Three Mile Cross. Peace be with him!

It is the practice of Miss Mitford, in her sketches, first to draw the localities, and then to people them in the spirit of the scene; it is thus she commences her sketch called the 'Rat-catcher;' any one who can handle a brush might paint from such a description:—

"Beautifully situated on a steep knoll, overhanging a sharp angle in the turnpike road, which leads through our village of Aberleigh, stands a fantastic rustic building, with a large yew-tree on one side, a superb weeping ash hanging over it on the other, a clump of elms forming a noble back-ground behind, and all the prettinesses of porches garlanded with clematis, windows mantled with jessamine, and chimneys wreathed with luxuriant ivy, adding grace to the picture. To form a picture, most assuredly, it was originally built,—a point of view, as it is called; from Allonby Park, to which the by-road that winds round this inland cape, or headland, directly leads; and most probably it was also copied from some book of tasteful designs for lodges or ornamented cottages, since not only the building itself, but the winding path that leads up the acclivity, and the gate which gives entrance to the little garden, smack of the pencil and the graver.

"For a picture certainly, and probably from a picture, was that cottage erected, although its ostensible purpose was merely that of a receiving-house for letters and parcels for the park; to which the present inhabitant, a jolly, bustling, managing dame, of great activity and enterprise in her own peculiar line, has added the profitable occupation of a thriving and well-accustomed village-shop; contaminating the picturesque old-fashioned bay-window of the fancy letter-house, by the vulgarities of red-herrings, tobacco, onions, and salt-butter; a sight which must have made the projector of her elegant dwelling stare again,—and forcing her customers to climb up and down an ascent almost as steep as the roof of a house, whenever they wanted a penny-worth of needles, or a halfpenny-worth of snuff; a toil whereat some of our poor old dames groaned aloud. Sir Henry threatened to turn her out, and her customers threatened to turn her off; but neither of these events happened. Dinah Forde appeased her landlord and managed her customers: for Dinah Forde was a notable woman; and it is really surprising what great things, in a small way, your notable woman will compass."

This notable dame numbered among her customers, the individual whose profession

gives a name to the sketch; see with what truth and ease she handles his character.

"Sam Page was, as I have said, an old acquaintance of our's, although neither as a resident of Aberleigh, nor in his capacity of rat-catcher, both of which were recent assumptions. It was, indeed, a novelty to see Sam Page as a resident anywhere. His abode seemed to be the highway. One should as soon have expected to find a gipsy within stone walls, as soon have looked for a hare in her last year's form, or a bird in her old nest, as for Sam Page in the same place a month together: so completely did he belong to that order which the lawyers call vagrants, and the common people designate by the significant name of trampers; and so entirely of all rovers did he seem the most roving, of all wanderers the most unsettled. The winds, the clouds, even our English weather, were but a type of his mutability.

"Our acquaintance with him had commenced above twenty years ago, when, a lad of some fifteen or thereabout, he carried muffins and cakes about the country. The whole house was caught by his intelligence and animation, his light active figure, his keen grey eye, and the singular mixture of shrewdness and good-humour in his sharp but pleasant features. Nobody's muffins could go down but Sam Page's. We turned off our old stupid deaf cakeman, Simon Brown, and appointed Sam on the instant. (N.B. This happened at the period of a general election, and Sam wore the right colour, and Simon the wrong.) Three times a week he was to call. Faithless wretch!—he never called again! He took to selling election ballads, and carrying about hand-bills. We waited for him a fortnight, went muffinless for fourteen days, and then, our candidate being fairly elected, and blue and yellow returned to their original nonimportance, were fain to put up once more with poor old deaf Simon Brown.

"Sam's next appearance was in the character of a letter-boy, when he and a donkey set up a most spirited opposition to Thomas Hearne and the post cart. Everybody was dissatisfied with Thomas Hearne, who had committed more sins than I can remember, of forgetfulness, irregularity, and all manner of postman-like faults; and Sam, when applying for employers, made a most successful canvass, and for a week performed miracles of punctuality. At the end of that time he began to commit, with far greater vigour than his predecessor, Thomas Hearne, the several sins for which that worthy had been discarded. On Tuesday he forgot to call for the bag in the evening; on Wednesday he omitted to bring it in the morning; on Thursday he never made his appearance at all; on Friday his employers gave him warning; and on Saturday they turned him off. So ended this hopeful experiment.

"Still, however, he continued to travel the country in various capacities. First, he carried a tray of casts; then a basket of Staffordshire ware; then he cried cherries; then he joined a troop of ruddle-men, and came about redder than a red Indian; then he sported a barrel-organ, a piece of mechanism of no small pretensions, having two sets of puppets on the top, one of girls waltzing, the other of soldiers at

drill; then he drove a knife-grinder's wheel; then he led a bear and a very accomplished monkey; then he escorted a celebrated company of dancing dogs; and then, for a considerable time, during which he took a trip to India and back, we lost sight of him.

"He reappeared, however, at B. Fair, where one year he was showman to the Living Skeleton, and the next a performer in the tragedy of the Edinburgh Murders, as exhibited every half-hour at the price of a penny to each person. Sam showed so much talent for melodrama, that we fully expected to find him following his new profession, which offered all the advantage of the change of place and of character which his habits required; and on his being again, for several months, an absentee, had little doubt but he had been promoted from a booth to a barn, and even looked for his name amongst a party of five strollers, three men and two women, who issued play-bills at Aberleigh, and performed tragedy, comedy, opera, farce, and pantomime, with all the degrees and compounds thereof described by Polonius, in the great room at the Rose, divided for the occasion into a row of chairs called the Boxes, at a shilling per seat, and two of benches called the Pit, at sixpence. I even suspected that a Mr. Theodore Fitzhugh, the genius of the company, might be Sam Page fresh christened. But I was mistaken. Sam, when I saw him again, and mentioned my suspicion, pleaded guilty to a turn for the drama; he confessed that he liked acting of all things, especially tragedy, 'it was such fun.' But there was a small obstacle to his pursuit of the more regular branches of the histrionic art—the written drama: our poor friend could not read. To use his own words, 'he was no scholar;' and on recollecting certain small aberrations which had occurred during the three days that he carried the letter-bag, and professed to transact errands, such as the mis-delivery of notes, and the non-performance of written commissions, we were fain to conclude that, instead of having, as he expressed it, 'somehow or other got rid of his learning,' learning was a blessing which Sam had never possessed, and that a great luminary was lost to the stage simply from the accident of not knowing his alphabet."

The denouement is excellent; the men of Hinton had challenged those of Aberleigh to a cricket-match, and the Rat-catcher and the Lord of the Manor are represented discussing the matter on the previous evening.

"Well, Sam, we are to win this match."

"I hope so, please your honour. But I'm sorry to say I shan't be at the winning of it."

"Not here, Sam! What, after rattling the stumps about so gloriously last time, won't you stay to finish them now? Only think how those Hinton fellows will crow! You must stay over Wednesday."

"I can't, your honour. 'Tis not my fault. But, here I've had a lawyer's letter on the part of Mrs. Forde, about the trifle of rent, and a bill that I owe her; and if I'm not off to-night, Heaven knows what she'll do with me!"

"The rent—that can't be much. Let's see if we can't manage—"

"Aye, but there's a longish bill, sir," interrupted Sam. "Consider, we are seven in family."

"Seven!" interrupted, in his turn, the other interlocutor.

"Aye, sir, counting the dogs and the ferrets, poor beasts! for I suppose she has not charged for the jay's board, though 'twas that unlucky bird made the mischief."

"The jay! What could he have to do with the matter? Dinah used to be as fond of him as if he had been her own child! and I always thought Dinah Forde a good-natured woman."

"So she is, in the main, your honour," replied

Sam, twirling his hat, and looking half shy and half sly, at once knowing and ashamed. "So she is, in the main; but this, somehow, is a particular sort of an affair. You must know, sir," continued Sam, gathering courage as he went on, "that at first the widow and I were very good friends, and several of these articles which are charged in the bill, such as milk for the ferrets, and tea and lump-sugar, and young onions for myself, I verily thought were meant as presents; and so I do believe at the time she did mean them. But, howsoever, Jenny Dobbs, the nurserymaid at the park, (a pretty black-eyed lass—perhaps your honour may have noticed her walking with the children), she used to come out of an evening like to see us play cricket, and then she praised my bowling, and then I talked to her, and so at last we began to keep company; and the jay, owing, I suppose, to hearing me say so sometimes, began to cry out, 'Pretty Jenny Dobbs!'"

"Well, and this affronted the widow?"

"Past all count, your honour. You never saw a woman in such a tantrum. She declared I had taught the bird to insult her, and posted off to Lawyer Latitat. And here I have got this letter, threatening to turn me out, and put me in gaol, and what not, from the lawyer; and Jenny, a false-hearted jade, finding how badly matters are going with me, turns round and says, that she never meant to have me, and is going to marry the French Mounseer, (Sir Henry's Frenchvalet,) a foreigner and a papist, who may have a dozen wives before for any thing she can tell. These women are enough to drive a man out of his senses! And poor Sam gave his hat a mighty swing, and looked likely to cry from a mixture of grief, anger, and vexation. 'These women are enough to drive a man mad!' reiterated Sam, with increased energy."

"So they are, Sam," replied his host, administering a very efficient dose of consolation, in the shape of a large glass of Cognac brandy; which, in spite of its coming from his rival's country, Sam swallowed with hearty good-will. "So they are. But Jenny's not worth fretting about: she's a poor feckless thing after all, fitter for a Frenchman than an Englishman. If I were you, I would make up to the widow: she's a person of property, and a fine comely woman into the bargain. Make up to the widow, Sam; and drink another glass of brandy to your success!"

We cannot find room for the character or doings of young Master Ben, one of the imps of the village; nor, indeed, can we afford space for any more quotation. We have nearly given a sketch entire, and we have done so from a feeling that our readers will see more of the merits of the authoress at this sort of full-length delineation, than had we made up our paper with clever scraps picked out of the whole four and twenty sketches.

*Santarem; or, Sketches of Society and Manners in the Interior of Portugal.* London: Fisher.

We remember to have read in one of the letters of Father Almeida, a celebrated Portuguese writer, that it would be well to oblige authors to publish a table of contents in the title-pages of their works. Had the writer of 'Santarem' honestly observed this wholesome rule, it would have saved us the trouble of wading through his work, for such an abstract must have run much after this fashion: "An absurd account of the adventures of an unknown hospital mate in England, while endeavouring to find a passage to Portugal, and of the author's adventures during a short residence in that country; with the

particulars of what he saw there during a journey of fifty miles; and an abundance of silly gossip relating to his English friends, his patients, and his acquaintances, interspersed with desultory nonsense on the Portuguese."

The author of 'Santarem' is, it appears, a medical man, and a wonderfully clever fellow. He was but young when he went to Portugal, yet "he knew himself competent to perform his duty, from the humble operation of bleeding, up to the most serious one—or, of giving his advice either concerning the administration of a black dose, or the most powerful remedy in the last stage of a complicated disease." Indeed, a military man, whom the writer rather ungratefully holds up to ridicule, observed at Cox & Greenwood's, that he was the cleverest doctor in the army. As to languages, he understands them by instinct—a French gentleman assured him, that he spoke French as it ought to be written, and, of course, Portuguese is like his mother's tongue to him. We naturally enough perused a work written by such a man with a humbled mind, and have acquired a great deal of knowledge in consequence: we learnt, for instance, that John the Seventh was the father of Don Pedro and Don Miguel, although we had believed there were but six Johns among the Kings of Portugal—that the Friars are called Dons in Portugal, although we never heard one so called, and they are not, even in Spain, where this sort of cattle is plentiful as blackberries—that the author was fortunate enough to meet with a Portuguese and his son, Jews, but gentlemen of the highest respectability, the father a Commander of Malta, although a Commander of Malta cannot be a Jew, and must be a bachelor—and many other equally pleasant originalities, which we are assured in the preface "may be implicitly relied on." If, indeed, we were inclined to question the accuracy of some of these statements, there is that honest confidence about this writer, consequent on his extensive knowledge, which would silence us in a moment—indeed, we never felt so humbled as when reading his work. We found ourselves utterly ignorant of what is known to all others—thus, "Passion week," he observes, "begins, as all Christendom knows, or ought to know, on Wednesday before Easter." Now, we acknowledge, with all humility, that we had imagined that all Christendom knew it began on the Sunday before Easter; but it is possible that some joke is here intended, for we have a little marginal direction to look to the bottom of the page, and there we are advised to "See Note in the Appendix;" and it was only on reference that we found out the sly humour of this, for there is no Appendix to the work.

Not content with startling us by his acute observations on men and things, and the profundity of his historical knowledge, the writer puzzles us with his speculative philosophy: "Where," he exclaims, when meditating on the vanity of all mundane things—"Where is the gold that came from Peru even so lately as the time of Columbus?" and we answer, "Where?" It would be mere folly should any reader interrupt his soliloquy by the impertinent hint, that Peru was not discovered until long after the death of Columbus—the fact no way affects the philosophy.

However, we are tired, and therefore will select two or three short extracts as a speci-

men of the work, and in good sober seriousness they shall be the best; and, brief as they may be, they will probably be one-fourth or one-third of all that is worth reading in the work; the following is an account of the *only* Lusitanian dinner to which the author was ever invited; it is a clever caricature:—

"On the last day of the *Intrudo*, i. e. Shrove Tuesday, the day preceding that long fish-season, which certain holy persons are accustomed to designate as one of *fasting*, the *Sarjento Mór* made a grand dinner, to which I was invited; being the only occasion upon which I ever was invited to the table of a genuine Lusitanian. I am far from saying, or wishing to insinuate, that the people of Portugal do not dine; or that they are disinclined to hospitality; but convivial occasions are rare among, and even terrific to them. In the first place, they do not undertake such enterprises, without greatly deranging the ordinary course of their economy. The dinner (for instance,) of a good and respectable Portuguese family, is merely a muster for the purpose of satisfying hunger; and the *muster* is made more for the sake of convenience, than of social enjoyment. The animal wants being provided for by eating, the palate is cooled by a quart-draught of fair water; after which all heads go to sleep. This is their idea of enjoying a dinner: and, of course, it will at once appear, that the habit of somnolency after repelition—a habit which people easily fall into, the more easily when hereditary, and adopted from the earliest period of life—is utterly fatal to the hilarity, which an English dinner is designed and adapted to promote. To meals of this kind, therefore, strangers are seldom invited, and would feel but slight inducement to go. The table may be *plentifully* spread; but the cookery is coarse, and worse than coarse: while the garniture is anything but elegant.

"Upon the occasion more particularly alluded to, the *Serjeant* had mustered *strong* indeed. The company consisted of his *senhora*—a brother, who came in an ecclesiastical garb, and who was introduced to me, as a *beneficiado*,\* of some establishment ruined by the French, and the reader's very obedient servant—a *partie carrée*.

"Whether a larger muster might not have been made upon some other more exclusive family occasion, I know not; but upon the eve of *Ash Wednesday*, it was a sort of duty, (albeit toilsome and laborious,) for every family to eat up their own provender. It would have been utterly at variance with all practice and notions, to have fed animals on through forty days, to no purpose; and therefore this was a fatal hour for bipeds and quadrupeds, whether of the feather or the fur.

"We began the solemn business of the occasion, with an ocean of cabbage, beans, oil, *bacalhao*,† beef, bacon, pumpkins, tomatas, and water, boiled together, and presented in a tureen. This I understood was *soup*. What order the sequences came forth in, I do not recollect; but I have a confused remembrance of lumps of something swimming in oil, and strengthened with fluid salt butter. I think there was a leash of *côelhas*;‡ and there was a hopeful kid, (like the negro's pig, *tam little, must tam ole*,) baked entire. All this would not be worth relating but for the circumstances, which astonished me not a little, of every dish being cleared as it was produced. Three people, for I declare I could not perform my part of the play, devoured the *ola podrida*, the *lumps*, the *rabbies*, and the *kid*, with amazing despatch.

"In the meantime, there was no want of wine from the worthy *sarjenta's* quinta, or farm, in the

neighbourhood; which, having been brought in the skins of the pigs, whose, 'bones, and ribs, and flesh, and features,' had been required to enrich the *pot-au-feu*, tasted like a decoction of rhubarb. Well, we are not done yet—after all this came water-melons, as big as Chinese lanterns, and almost as void, excepting of the saccharine liquor for which they are remarkable, and oranges by the bushel, with insipid and thick grapes by the crop. Everything was entombed; and, to my definitive confusion, (who had by this time, by dint and force of example, began to feel symptoms of surfeit, though *good manners* forbade me to mention it,) there came a huge, coarse, brown dish of some luscious composition, resembling in its external aspect our peas-pudding, of which one spoonful was all I could discuss; and which was despatched with as much avidity as if the company had eaten nothing since that day twelvemonth.

"To close and crown all, the cooling draught of the element was not omitted, and, being presented in a tall clear glass, it was not difficult to ascertain that it contained no full-grown horse-leeches; the never-failing inhabitants of those classical stone fountains which decorate the borders of the high-ways.

"The only resource in such a serious case was (by natural propensities and established habits,) denied to me—viz. *sleep*. I suffered while they snored."

What follows, is the report of a conversation with one of his Portuguese friends; and absurd as it may appear to the English reader, we can believe that it is honestly reported.

"It chanced on some occasion, that our discourse fell upon national merit and distinctions. He observed with great force, and considerable appearance of truth, that the English were a well-meaning people, and great favourites with the Portuguese nation; as a proof of which, these gave them their strong wines to drink, and the courage thereby inspired, had certainly made them very useful in helping to drive the French out of the country. 'Help! help! Sir,' said I, taken *rather* by surprise. 'Yes, yes,' said he, they certainly *did* help; they behaved very well when the enemy passed through this town, for they followed our *caçadores*§ with great alacrity; and when they came up with the French, stood their ground with considerable bravery.' 'Why,' said I, 'I have been sadly misinformed, for I always understood that the Portuguese regiments accompanied the English, and did *tolerably* well under British officers.' 'Oh, no, quite the contrary; I assure you the English army is commanded by Portuguese officers.'

"Indeed! and pray who commands the Portuguese army? Is it not Marshal Beresford?"

"I believe so; but you know he is an Irishman, and consequently a *Christian*, (Is he? thinks I to myself,) and he never saw any service till he came into our country."

"It was absurd to take offence with a gentleman of this stamp; so I gave up the claims of the *army*, as not likely to be established by any arguments of mine; and turned his attention to the other strong arm of old England.

"Well, Senhor, I cannot possibly pretend to know so much about Portugal as you do, and I am not myself a combatant; but what do you think of the British *navy*? You will allow that they have done *their* work; for they have not left an enemy to fight with."

"Your navy! excellent! the best sailors in the world—the very bravest—and the finest ships. How lucky that they are commanded by Portuguese!"

*Passion Week.*

"It begins, as all Christendom knows, or

§ *Light Infantry.*

ought to know, on Wednesday before Easter; and during day and night, there is service kept up in the Catholic churches.

"The passer through the streets of Portugal sees little of the ladies. They look at him with scrutinizing eyes, from their balconies; but he may readily fall into the mistake of philandering after an old woman, instead of a young one. Their dress resembles dominoes, and their faces are not *discriminable*. But during passion-week the jewels of the land are submitted to view. Then are to be seen flocks of fascination going in procession to church; then, and then only, are the beauties of Portugal to be contemplated without danger or constraint—but to be contemplated only.

"The churches are always redolent of some sort of gum-resin or other, which profanes the name of incense; being, I believe, for the most part a mixture of the cheapest aromatic gum, and of dried herbs; and it used to be a relief from walking in the oppressively-filthy streets of Lisbon, or other large towns, to sink into a church (the doors being always open) to breathe, if not a purer, at least a less offensive atmosphere. But, during Ash-Wednesday, Holy-Thursaday, and Good-Friday, these hallowed fanes are strewn with yew-branches, and other pungent shrubs; the odour of which helps to fix the aspect of the occasion upon the memory, so that it *cannot* be forgotten. The galaxy of loveliness, the solemnity of the service, the imposing grandeur, the illumination of the altar, the occasional music of the choir, and the incessant *recitative* of the officiating priests, the harbiferous aroma, and other circumstances, which may partly have escaped my memory, or may depend upon occasional causes, form the *reality*, which dramatists endeavour to display, and imperfectly succeed in conveying, to the listless notice of an English audience.

"I need not say, that in the church of the *Seminario*, these ceremonies were as resplendent as they could be made. In fact, all sacred spectacles were uncommonly well got up there. \* \* \*

"Here then I seldom failed, during the season in question, to pass every hour which was not demanded by duty or repose. I believe the service was kept up by relays of clergy, and also of attendants, for three days and nights. At least, whenever I went in, the church was full; and not that church only, but all the others."

*Le Livre des Cent-et-Un.* Vol. VII. Paris, 1832. Ladvocat.

THE seventh volume of this entertaining work has just reached us, and we lose not a moment in offering it to the notice of our readers. It contains several excellent papers, some of which, we regret, will not bear such abridgment as would bring them within the limits of our columns. The names of the writers in this volume, are Thomas Lenormand, Léon Guérin, Décléuze, Brazier, D'Outrepoint, the late Benjamin Constant, Fouinet, Edmond Mennechet, Felix Bodin, Jal, the elder Dupin, Gaillardet, Fontaney, the ex-minister and captive De Peyronnet, and the poet Victor Hugo.

In selecting our translations for this week, we hesitated between Benjamin Constant's sketches of leading characters, and Peyronnet's clever paper on the Castle of Ham, in which he and his late colleagues are doomed to pine away their sad existence in endless captivity. But the former being better suited to the space to which other matter has confined us in the present number, we have deferred Peyronnet's article.

\* A clergyman, I believe, of the *secular* church; perhaps analogous to our *curate* in England; but I am not sure."

† *Stock-fish.*

‡ *Rabbies.*

SKETCHES BY BENJAMIN CONSTANT.

*M. de Talleyrand.*

"That which determined M. de Talleyrand's vocation, was the deformity of his feet. His parents, finding him lame, decided that he should embrace the ecclesiastical state, and that his brother should become the chief of the family. Hurt, though resigned, M. de Talleyrand assumed the priestly garb as he would a suit of armour, and boldly entered upon his spiritual career, determined to make the most of his profession.

"Until the breaking out of the revolution, he was known only as a man of wit and gallantry. On becoming a member of the Constituent Assembly, he immediately joined the minority of the nobles, and took his station between Sièyes and Mirabeau. He was then perhaps sincere, for every man is sincere at some period of his life. Besides, in those days, there was a perfect concordance between opinion and interest.

"To shine in the assembly, it was necessary to work hard. Now, M. de Talleyrand was most deplorably idle; but he possessed a certain lordly talent of making others work.

"When I saw him on his return from America, he was without fortune, was an object of suspicion to the government, and halted through the streets as he went to pay his court from one drawing-room to another. Yet, at this period, he had every morning upwards of forty persons waiting in his ante-chamber, and his levee resembled that of a prince.

"He joined in the revolution merely from interested motives, and was not a little surprised when he found that the consequences of the revolution led to his proscription, and forced him to fly from France. From the deck of the vessel which carried him to England, he looked at the coast he had just quitted, and exclaimed, 'I will never again be caught making a revolution for the benefit of others.' And he has kept his word.

"Unjustly driven from England, he took refuge in America, where he spent three years of *exilium*. His companion in exile and misfortune, was the Marquis de Blacous, also a member of the Constituent Assembly,—a man of talent, but a determined gambler, who committed suicide on his return to Paris, because he was sick of his life and of his creditors. M. de Talleyrand went through all the American towns leaning upon the arm of his friend, because he was unable to walk alone.

"When he afterwards became a minister of state, M. de Blacous, who had returned to France on his invitation, applied to him for a place worth six hundred francs a year. But he gave no answer to this application, and refused even to see Blacous, who then shot himself. One of their mutual friends, much moved at this catastrophe, bitterly reproached M. de Talleyrand, and said to him, 'You are the cause of Blacous' death.' M. de Talleyrand listened quietly to these reproaches, as he leant against a mantel-piece, and then replied with a yawn, 'Poor Blacous!'

"Whilst in America, having received the news of Madame de Staël's return to France, he begged his friends to urge her to pave the way for his recall from exile. To induce her to do so, was no difficult matter, for Madame de Staël is, of all women, the one who most delights in rendering kind services. She thinks that an act of kindness cannot be refused—as if there were anything in this world that could not be refused. She exerted herself in M. de Talleyrand's cause with the most admirable zeal, and, thanks to her, Chenier represented him to the Convention as one of the purest of republicans, and the sworn foe of monarchy at all times. The Convention, which, at this period, voted, in its fits of enthusiasm, equally the proscription

of its members and the recall of its enemies, decreed the recall of M. de Talleyrand.

"On his return, he aimed at getting into the ministry, and was again successful through the influence of Madame de Staël."

*Madame Recamier, La Harpe, Madame de Staël, and M. Necker.*

"Among the distinguished females of our own times, whom a beautiful person, the charms of superior intellect, and a noble disposition, have rendered celebrated, there is one whom I will describe. Her beauty first excited admiration, her mind afterwards became known, and appeared still more admirable than her beauty. Her intercourse with society afforded her intellect the means of development, and her wit was inferior neither to her mind nor to her beauty.

"She was scarcely turned thirteen when she married a man who, being exclusively devoted to immense banking operations, was unable to guide her extreme youth; and she was almost wholly abandoned to her own impulses, in a country then little better than chaos.

"All grades of society were mingled together—all ranks and conditions confounded. The old families were destroyed; the newly-acquired fortunes were precarious. The laws which had governed the past were annihilated—those which were to govern the present, had no connexion with previously acquired habits. Opinion, which supplies the place of laws, had nothing established to rest on; no individual believed in himself or in others; and persons of the higher ranks of society escaped persecution only by losing themselves in the crowd of upstarts, like a drop of water mingling with the ocean. The latter, who felt that all which had preceded was in opposition to them, mistook for so many enemies, religion, morals, recollections, and even the decencies of life. Morals no longer commanded esteem, and power was divorced from respect.

"Many females of this period have filled Europe with their divers claims to celebrity. Most have paid the tribute to the age in which they lived—some by the violation of female delicacy and decorum, others by a culpable condescension towards succeeding tyrannies.

"She whose portrait I am sketching, was able to escape from the contagion of an atmosphere which blighted those whom it failed to corrupt. Her extreme youth was her first safeguard; so beautifully had the creator of this perfect being turned to her profit even that which might be supposed most disadvantageous to her. Secluded from the world, and surrounded in her solitude by young friends of her own sex, she entered with them into the most infantine games. Her eyes, destined at a later period, to penetrate the very soul of all who encountered their glances, sparkled then with lively and childish gaiety. Her hair, which could not afterwards escape from the restraint imposed upon it, without filling the beholder with emotion, then hung, without danger to any one, in clustered ringlets upon her white shoulders. A lengthened burst of laughter then often interrupted her girlish conversation. But she already displayed those acute and rapid powers of observation which instantly seize upon the ridiculous; that amiable mischievousness which seeks for amusement without hurting the feelings of any one; and above all, that innate feeling of exquisite elegance, purity, and good taste, which constitutes true native nobleness, and stamps its imprint upon privileged beings.

"Fashionable society at that period was too little in harmony with her mind for her not to prefer solitude. Thus she was never seen at any of those houses open to all comers, because private or select society was suspected; whither all classes crowded, because people could speak there and say nothing, or meet each

other without committing themselves, and where vulgarity assumed the place of wit, licentiousness that of gaiety. She was never seen at that court of the Directory, where power was at the same time familiar and terrible, inspiring dread without escaping contempt.

"Nevertheless, she sometimes emerged from her retirement to go to the theatre or enjoy a walk on one of the public promenades; and it truly may be said, that her appearances at any of these places, to which every one had access, although they were not frequent and were always unexpected, passed for important events. The moment she came in sight, all other objects seemed forgotten, and each individual present crowded round her. The fortunate man who escorted her, had to surmount as an obstacle the very admiration she excited; and her progress was every moment impeded by the spectators. She enjoyed the effect thus produced by her charms with the gaiety of a child and the timidity of a bashful girl. But her mind wanted other food. An instinct for what is great and elevated made her love, by anticipation, and without knowing them, such men as had distinguished themselves by their genius and talents.

"M. de la Harpe was one of the first to appreciate a woman destined, at no distant period, to group around her all the celebrated characters of the age. He had known her in her infancy, renewed acquaintance after her marriage, and the conversation of this lovely child of only fourteen, had a thousand charms for a man whose excessive self-love and constant intercourse with the greatest minds in France, had rendered him very fastidious and difficult to please.

"When in company with Madame Recamier, M. de la Harpe threw off most of those defects which rendered all intercourse with him so extremely disagreeable. He took delight in becoming her guide, and was lost in admiration of the facility with which her powers of mind supplied the place of experience, and enabled her to comprehend all that he revealed to her on men and society. This occurred at the period of La Harpe's conversion, which so many have termed hypocritical. I am one of those who give him full credit for sincerity. A sense of religion is a faculty inherent in man; and it is absurd to pretend that such faculty is the offspring of fraud and deceit. Nothing can enter the human mind but what nature has placed there. Persecution, and an abuse of power in favour of certain dogmas, may lead to self-illusion, and make us detest that which we should most admire if left to our own unbiassed feelings: but, as soon as external causes are removed, we follow the primitive bent of our minds. When there is no longer any courage in resisting, we have no motive of self-applause in our opposition. Now, the revolution having stripped infidelity of its only merit, they whom vanity alone had driven to become infidels, might return to religion with sincerity.

"M. de la Harpe was of this number, and the hideous spectacle of misfortune by which he was surrounded, no doubt confirmed him in the propriety of his appeal to God, against the blind fury of his fellow men. But in his conversion, he carried with him that spirit of intolerance, that dogmatical temper, and bitterness of mind, which led him to imbibe new feelings of hatred without eradicating the old ones. All his religious asperities, however, disappeared in his intercourse with Madame Recamier. She knew little of the past, which alone was a subject of embarrassment to M. de la Harpe; and she therefore gave him no uneasiness by adverting to facts, which others brought to his recollection either by insinuations or by a significant silence. With her, therefore, he was at his ease, and he felt greater pleasure in the confidence with which he had inspired her, because he was un-

able to obtain the same confidence from every body. Certain of her believing all he said, he did not experience in her company that irritability which goaded him elsewhere, because he always fancied himself suspected of hypocrisy.

"It must not, however, be inferred, that what was ridiculous in M. de la Harpe's character, escaped the penetration of his lovely young friend; but she laughed at it in innocent gaiety, and not in mockery—she respected his age and his reputation. One of her distinctive qualities is to avoid, with a delicacy the more admirable, because it is scarcely to be perceived, all that can inflict pain. Her desire of avoiding to give uneasiness in her innocent jests is so well known, that nobody feels either humiliated or embarrassed at becoming the object of them. Each is pleased at seeing her in good spirits, and each is happy in being able to contribute to her amusement.

"Some time after her acquaintance with M. de la Harpe, Madame Recamier contracted a close and lasting friendship with a woman much more celebrated than he ever was. I mean Madame de Staël.

"M. Necker's name having been erased from the list of emigrants, that distinguished financier commissioned his daughter, Madame de Staël, to sell a house he possessed at Paris. M. Recamier became the purchaser, and this naturally gave his wife an opportunity of seeing Madame de Staël.

"The sight of this celebrated female at first raised an excessive degree of timidity in Madame Recamier. Madame de Staël's countenance has been the subject of much discussion; but her noble look, sweet smile, habitual expression of benevolence—the absence of all affectation and ceremonious reserve—flattering expressions, and words of direct praise, which seem to escape in the enthusiasm of the moment—and the inexhaustible variety of her conversational powers, surprise, attract, and win the suffrages of all who approach her. I know of no woman, nor even man, so fully convinced of her immense superiority over every one she meets, and who makes it sit so lightly.

"Nothing was more attractive than the conversation of Madame de Staël with her young friend. The rapidity with which the one expressed a thousand new ideas, and the facility with which the other seized and formed a judgment upon them—that masculine and powerful intellect which laid open everything, and that delicate and acute mind which comprehended all that was said, formed a union of power and intelligence impossible to be described, except by those who have enjoyed the happiness of witnessing it.

"Madame Recamier's friendship for Madame de Staël was fortified by a sentiment which both deeply felt, that of filial affection. Madame Recamier was tenderly attached to her mother, a woman of rare merit, whose health was then beginning to fail, and whose subsequent loss her daughter has never ceased to deplore. Madame de Staël, on the other hand, felt a devoted veneration for her father, which his death has only tended to increase. Always enthusiastic in her expressions, she became more so whenever she spoke of him. Her voice tremulous with emotion, her eyes filled with tears, and the sincerity of her enthusiasm, affected even those who did not share her opinion on her father's merits. Ridicule has often been thrown upon the praises she lavished upon him in her writings; but when she has been heard to speak upon this subject, it is impossible to make it a matter of jest, because nothing which is true in feeling can ever be ridiculous. Besides, M. Necker, although not a man of sufficient power to meet the difficulties of his situation, was, in many points, deserving of his daughter's praise. Few men have been actuated by intentions so pure

as his. Even his very pride preserved him from narrow or covetous personality. The self-respect by which he was governed, induced him to remain worthy of it in his own estimation. Himself, his wife, and his daughter, he considered beings of a privileged species, superior to the common herd of mankind; but it resulted from that feeling that he loved to act as agent in some of the dispensations of Providence, and that with a somewhat haughty demeanour he did a great deal of good. His intercourse with his daughter partook of the immense distance which he placed between the rest of the world, and all that emanated from himself. He enjoyed her wit, gracefulness and vivacity, and even her vehemence, as supernatural qualities. He felt towards her the protecting love of a parent combined with the respectful adoration of an humble and unknown lover. Madame de Staël's self-love, often satisfied, but sometimes wounded in society, because society is always severe with those who stand out from it too much in relief, was never in danger from her father, whose exclusive affection approved of everything she said or did, and whose partiality explained in her favour that of which people were surprised to see him unreservedly approve. Hence, that excessive affection for her father, whose indulgence appeared but justice, and whose suffrage was the best apology, and triumphantly answered all objections. When Madame de Staël spoke to Madame Recamier of her father, the latter admired in her the power and depth of the most respectable of feelings.

"There is something noble in admiration, which creates an attachment to him who can feel it, almost as great as to him who is the object of it; and Madame de Staël's attachment to her father was, besides, mingled with a feeling of regret, which made it more amiable. She was often absent from this father, whom she almost idolized. Her education at Paris, in the drawing-room of her mother, who considered it the highest enjoyment—nay, one of the first of duties—to shine in conversation, had rendered this kind of success an habitual want, which tormented her in the retirement of a country life. She therefore left M. Necker in his solitude during a part of the year, to seek applause at Paris, and, I must say the word, to court also persecution. But her delight at the admiration she excited, was mingled with a degree of remorse at not attending with sufficient assiduity to the comforts of her aged parent, who, despising all that surrounded him, could derive entertainment from her alone; and this feeling of remorse imparted to all she said an expression of sensitive melancholy, the effect of which was felt without its cause being known."

We shall continue our translations next week.

*The Sháh Náneh of the Persian Poet Firdausí; translated and abridged, in Prose and Verse, with Notes and Illustrations.* By James Atkinson, Esq. Printed for the Oriental Translation Fund of Great Britain and Ireland. London: Murray.

[This work obtained one of the Royal Gold Medals awarded by his Majesty for the best translation offered to the Oriental Translation Committee.]

WITH much of the spirit and manner of Ellis, in his abridgment of the old rhyming romances, Mr. Atkinson has gone to work with the great poem of the Persian Homer: he has translated the most touching and stirring passages into verse; connected them into one continued story, by the aid of descriptions in prose; and made a work of great interest even to the general reader. All those, and they must be many, who imagine the poetry of the east is all metaphors and

flowers, and that the voice of man is heard weak as that of a grasshopper amid a bed of roses and lilies, will be agreeably undeceived when they read the work of Firdausí. Instead of being all gums, odours, sweet-smelling herbs, and roses dipped in frankincense, his strains have much of the camp and the battle field—in short, he has both the trumpet and the lute in his verses; and though wanting somewhat of the rough nerve and muscular vigour of the minstrelsy of Europe, he was not without reason named the Eastern Homer. The story of the poet's life is soon told—nor is it uninteresting. He was born at Tús, in Khorassán, in the year 950. He was bred a husbandman, and named Abul Kasim, or, as some say, Hassan; but grew distinguished more for his genius in song than for his skill in cultivating the ground. The rancour of a neighbour drove him from his native place, and without any particular aim, it is said, he directed his steps to Ghuznín, the residence of the conquering Shah Mahmúd. As he approached the city, he saw three eminent poets sitting under a tree drinking wine; and it was their pleasure to challenge the traveller, as he passed, to a trial in song. Unsarí, the first poet, said, alluding to the loveliness of woman,

The light of the moon to thy splendour is weak.

To which Ujjudí, the second bard, rejoined,

The rose is eclipsed by the bloom of thy cheek.

Furrokí, the third poet, exclaimed in continuation,

Thy eye-lashes dart through the folds of the joshun.

On which the stranger surprised them by adding, without a moment's hesitation,

Like the javelin of Gíw in the battle with Poshun.

This allusion the three bards requested to have explained, on which Hassan related the battle as described in the Bastan Náneh, or chronicle of Persia. They were so enraptured that they made him their companion, and introduced him to Shah Mahmúd, who soon loved the man so much, and felt so deeply the beauty of his strains, that he called him Firdausí, because he diffused over his court the joys of Paradise. This adventure opened a new scene of glory to Firdausí. Shah Mahmúd had commanded the ablest poets of the land to compose in verse seven stories or romances from the chronicles of Persia; and on this undertaking they were busy when Firdausí arrived: he procured a copy of the Bastan Náneh, and versified the account of the battles of Zohák and Feridún with so much beauty and vigour, that all competition was in vain; and he was then desired to write the Sháh Náneh, a work by which his name has become known to posterity.

This great poem was the labour of thirty years: the poet all the while resided at court—submitted his pages, as he composed them, to Shah Mahmúd—and ate baked meats and drank good wine with ministers of state and the mighty men of the earth. Though the distinction which he enjoyed excited, it is said, no envy in the breasts of his brethren, it was otherwise with Aiyar, one of the court favourites: Firdausí had omitted to praise him when he commended others, and was rewarded by being denounced to Mahmúd as an unbeliever, who wrote poetry contrary to the true faith. Something little short of prostration saved him from this malevolent charge, and he continued his poem, rising



gradually in public estimation from year to year. The time of its completion was now at hand, and he expected a golden shower from the munificence of Mahmúd. Aiyar was made his paymaster, and the instructions were to take to the poet an elephant load of gold. The favourite, we know not by what process of reasoning, explained the order to mean an equal quantity of silver, and sent him 60,000 dirhems. Firdausí was in the bath when the bags arrived, and felt so exasperated at the insult, that he gave 20,000 pieces to the keeper of the bath, 20,000 to the seller of refreshments, and 20,000 to the slave who brought them. "The Sultan shall see," said the exasperated bard, "that I did not bestow the labour of thirty years on a work, to be rewarded with dirhems." This was worse than his sin against the true faith: his old enemy represented it as an insult offered to the sovereign; and an order was passed that the Persian Homer, who had brought Paradise to court, should be trampled to death under the feet of an elephant. The terrified poet hurried into the presence of Mahmúd, begged for mercy, and described so well the glories of a reign that would be sullied by his death, that the angry king relented, and revoked, though reluctantly, the order. Firdausí was now in years, and far from friends; for though his fame had flown far and wide, the realms of his tyrannic sovereign were wider still: but he forgot all this, and, stung with shame and anger, obtained from the librarian the royal copy of the Sháh Náme, and wrote in it a satire on Mahmúd, burning with the wit and sarcasm of insulted genius, and fled into Hyrcania, and afterwards took refuge at Bagdád with the Caliph al Káder Billah, in whose praise he added a thousand couplets to his poem, and was rewarded with 60,000 dinars and a splendid robe of honour.

Here, or elsewhere, Firdausí lived to a good old age, respected for his genius as much as Mahmúd was blamed for his severity. The accounts of his death are various and contradictory: it is said that the king sent persons to search for him in every town, with orders to put him to death wherever he was found: on this he fled to Tís, his native place; but, on the approach of his enemies, he took refuge in Rustemdar. The governor received him with kindness, and Firdausí was persuaded, by the promise of repose and the sum of 160 miskals of gold, to destroy his satire on Mahmúd. It is further said, that the king found out the treachery of his minister, and with the same breath that he banished him from his presence for ever, he recalled Firdausí, and sent him a robe of state and a present of gold. The poet did not live to receive such consolation: the present of gold was accepted by his family, and employed and used in the erection of public buildings. A more romantic account is given in Daulat Shah's 'Lives of the Poets of Persia.' Mahmúd, it is said, in one of his twelve expeditions into India, hearing one of his ministers repeat a passage from the Sháh Náme, happily descriptive of his own situation at the time, was reminded of Firdausí, and, relenting of his severity, sent him a kind message and a valuable present. The messenger met the poet's body on its way to the grave; and his sister, with something of his own spirit, refused the present, saying "What have I to do now with the wealth of kings?"

In the translation of the Sháh Náme, the

author has had recourse to many kinds of versification; and though he is no great master of the lyre, he gives us distinct images, and now and then vigour as well as harmony. We cannot, at this eleventh hour, go into any lengthened discussion on the merits of this first attempt to make us acquainted with the great poet of Persia: had it been the pleasure of the Committee or the author to have sent the work last week, we might have been induced to give some specimens of both the prose and verse: we can now spare room only for the description of the heroic Gurdaffrid:—

When tidings reached her of the fate Hujir  
Had thus provoked, she dressed herself in mail,  
And, hastily, beneath her helmet hid  
Her glossy ringlets: down she, from the fort,  
Came bravely like a lion, nobly mounted;  
And as she approached the hostile army, called  
With an undaunted voice. Sohráb beheld  
The gallant foe with smiles, believing her  
A boy of tender years, and, wondering, saw  
The vigour of the arm opposed to him—  
The force with which the pointed spear was thrown.  
Assailed so bravely, he drew forth his noose,  
And, casting it around the enemy, brought  
Her headlong to the ground. Off flew her helm,  
When her luxuriant tresses scattered loose,  
And cheeks of radiant bloom, her sex betrayed!

Of the translation, by M. Stanislas Julien, from the 'Hoei-San-Ki,' for the publication of which we are also indebted to the Oriental Translation Fund, we shall take an early opportunity of making a report.

*A Lecture delivered over the Remains of Jeremy Bentham, Esq.* By Southwood Smith, M.D. London: Wilson.

We have read this lecture with much pleasure. It is a comprehensive review of the labours and the principles of Bentham, concluding with a brief biographical sketch of great interest. For an explanation of the former, and more important part, we must refer to the work itself: it is cheap, and therefore within the reach of all; but we shall extract some passages from the latter, which, as they will give the reader an insight into the domestic privacy of the philosopher, cannot fail to be interesting:—

"That he might be in the less danger of falling under the influence of any wrong bias, he kept himself as much as possible from all personal contact with what is called the world. \* \* \* Nor was he less careful to keep his benevolent affections fervent, than his understanding free from wrong bias. He surrounded himself only with persons whose sympathies were like his own, and whose sympathies he might direct to their appropriate objects in the active pursuits of life. \* \* \*

"While he availed himself of every means in his power of forming and cherishing a friendship with whoever in any country indicated remarkable benevolence; while Howard was his intimate friend—a friend delighted alike to find and to acknowledge in him a superior beneficent genius; while Romilly was not only the advocate of his opinions in the Senate, but the affectionate and beloved disciple in private; while for the youth Lafayette, his junior contemporary, he conceived an affection which in the old age of both was beautiful for the freshness and ardour with which it continued to glow; while there was no name in any country known and dear to Liberty and Humanity which was not known and dear to him, and no person bearing such name that ever visited England who was not found at his social board, he would hold intercourse with none of any rank or fame whose distinction was unconnected with the promotion of human improvement, and much less whose distinction arose from the zeal and success with

which they laboured to keep back improvement. That the current of his own benevolence might experience no interruption or disturbance, he uniformly avoided engaging in any personal controversy; he contended against principles and measures, not men; and for the like reason he abstained from reading the attacks made upon himself, so that the ridicule and scoffing, the invective and malignity, with which he was sometimes assailed, proved as harmless to him as to his cause. By the society he shunned, as well as by that which he sought, he endeavoured to render his social intercourse subservient to the cultivation, to the perpetual growth and activity, of his benevolent sympathies.

"With such care over his intellectual faculties and his moral affections, and with the exalted direction which he gave to both, his own happiness could not but be sure. Few human beings have enjoyed a greater portion of felicity; and such was the cheerfulness which this internal happiness gave to the expression of his countenance and the turn of his conversation, that few persons ever spent an evening in his society, however themselves favoured by fortune, who did not depart with the feeling of satisfaction at having beheld such an object of emulation. Even in his writings, in the midst of profound and comprehensive views, there oftentimes break forth a sportiveness and humour no less indicative of gaiety of heart, than the most elaborate and original of his investigations are of a master-mind: but this gaiety was characteristic of his conversation, in which he seldom alluded, except in a playful manner, to the great subjects of his labours. A child-like simplicity of manner, combined with a continual playfulness of wit, made you forget that you were in the presence of the most acute and penetrating genius; made you conscious only that you were in the presence of the most innocent and gentle, the most consciously and singularly happy of human beings. And from this true source of politeness, a benevolent and happy mind, endeavouring to communicate the pleasure of which it is itself conscious, flowed those unobtrusive, but not the less real and observant, attentions of which every guest perceived the grace and felt the charm. For the pleasures of the social board he had a relish as sincere, and perhaps as acute, as those who are capable of enjoying no others; and he partook of them freely, as far as they are capable of affording their appropriate good, without any admixture of the evils which an excessive indulgence in them is sure to bring. After dinner, it was his custom to enter with his disciple or friend (for seldom more than one, and never more than two, dined with him on the same day,) on the discussion of the subject, whatever it might be, which had brought them together; and it was at this time also, that, in the form of dictation, in relation to those subjects which admit of this mode of composition, his disciple writing down his words as he uttered them, he treated of some of the subjects which have occupied his closest attention, and in the investigation of which he has displayed the greatest degree of originality and invention. In this manner was composed the greatest part of the Deontology, and nearly the whole of his Autobiography. At all times it was a fine exercise of the understanding, and sometimes an exquisite gratification of the noblest and best feelings of the heart, to be engaged in this service.

"He was capable of great severity and continuity of mental labour. For upwards of half a century he devoted seldom less than eight, often ten, and occasionally twelve hours of every day, to intense study. This was the more remarkable, as his physical constitution was by no means strong. His health, during the periods of childhood, youth, and adolescence, was infirm; it was not until the age of manhood that it ac-

quired some degree of vigour; but that vigour increased with advancing age, so that during the space of sixty years he never laboured under any serious malady, and rarely suffered even from slight indisposition; and at the age of eighty-four he looked no older, and constitutionally was not older, than most men are at sixty: thus adding another illustrious name to the splendid catalogue which establishes the fact, that severe and constant mental labour is not incompatible with health and longevity, but conducive to both, provided the mind be unanxious and the habits temperate.

"He was a great economist of time. He knew the value of minutes. The disposal of his hours, both of labour and of repose, was a matter of systematic arrangement; and the arrangement was determined on the principle, that it is a calamity to lose the smallest portion of time. He did not deem it sufficient to provide against the loss of a day or an hour: he took effectual means to prevent the occurrence of any such calamity to him; but he did more: he was careful to provide against the loss even of a single minute; and there is on record no example of a human being who lived more habitually under the practical consciousness that his days are numbered, and that the 'night cometh, in which no man can work.'

"The last days of the life even of an ordinary human being are seldom altogether destitute of interest; but when exalted wisdom and goodness have excited a high degree of admiration and love, the heart delights to treasure up every feeling then elicited, and every word in which that feeling was expressed. \* \* \* On the possible protraction of life, with the failure of the intellectual powers, he could not think without great pain; but it was only during his last illness, that is, a few weeks before his death, that any apprehension of either of these evils occurred to him. From the former he suffered nothing; and from the latter, as little as can well be, unless when death is instantaneous. The serenity and cheerfulness of his mind, when he became satisfied that his work was done, and that he was about to lie down to his final rest, was truly affecting. On that work he looked back with a feeling which would have been a feeling of triumph, had not the consciousness of how much still remained to be done, changed it to that of sorrow that he was allowed to do no more; but this feeling again gave place to a calm but deep emotion of exultation, as he recollected that he left behind him able, zealous, and faithful minds, that would enter into his labours and complete them.

"The last subject on which he conversed with me, and the last office in which he employed me, related to the permanent improvement of the circumstances of a family, the junior member of which had contributed in some degree to his personal comfort; and I was deeply impressed and affected by the contrast thus brought to my view, between the selfishness and apathy so often the companions of age, and the generous care for the welfare of others, of which his heart was full. \* \* \*

"Some time before his death, when he firmly believed he was near that last hour, he said to one of his disciples, who was watching over him: 'I now feel that I am dying: our care must be to minimise the pain. Do not let any of the servants come into the room, and keep away the youths: it will be distressing to them, and they can be of no service. Yet I must not be alone: you will remain with me, and you only; and then we shall have reduced the pain to the least possible amount.'

"Such were his last thoughts and feelings; so perfectly, so beautifully did he illustrate, in his own example, what it was the labour of his life to make others!"

A very clever lithograph is prefixed to the

work, representing the dead body of the philosopher as it appeared on the table of the lecturer.

*Illustrations of Sculpture: a Series of Engravings, with descriptive Prose and illustrative Poetry*, by T. K. Hervey, Esq. No. I. London: Relfe & Unwin.

This is a very beautiful work: it contains the group of the 'Happy Mother,' by Westmacott; the 'Dancing Girl reposing,' by Canova; and the 'Mercury and Pandora,' by Flaxman. Each engraving is accompanied by an account of the work, with some notice of the sculptor in prose; and when plain sober Truth has done her task, Fancy steps forward and treats us to a strain which is always harmonious, and often exquisitely graphic and beautiful. For a work of this nature we should make more allowance than even Mr. Hervey may claim; for sculpture is less easy to engrave with right effect than painting, in which the light and shade are defined; and we may safely say, that to describe it well is equally difficult: in the descriptions by Byron in 'Childe Harold' of the antique statues, he seems only desirous to show how many fine things he could say of them. In the prose, descriptive of the 'Happy Mother,' the author speaks highly of the work, and sees beauties in it which escaped us when we looked on the marble: we prefer, therefore, to return to his illustrative poetry.

#### *The Happy Mother.*

In those blue islands of the east,  
Where song was but the breath of thought,  
And truth, by fable's fingers drest,  
In robes that earthly hands had wrought,—  
Laid down her lightnings of the skies,  
And stood revealed to Grecian eyes;  
And gave her spirit to the breeze,  
And breathed upon the sighing rills,  
And hung her harps on ancient trees,  
And spoke from all their thousand hills;  
Till aires, whose deafened sons are slaves,  
Grew, in the music half divine,  
And—now for each of all her graves—  
Greece, then, could count a shrine,—  
Whose prophet voice and spirit call  
Were uttered through each sacred grove,—  
The oldest altar of them all  
Was founded by—a dove!

And, then, amid Dodona's shade,  
Where whispered prayer was never mute,  
And one low fountain-hymn was played,  
As on a spirit's lute:  
And every augur-wind that spoke  
Drew answers from some haunted oak,  
As if the soul of ancient things  
Were written on those stately sheaves,  
And sibyls, upon airy wings,  
Had come to turn their leaves:—  
There,—mid each sound that used to float  
Through those old aisles, distinct and dim,  
Or mingled with each other note,  
In one wild mystic hymn,  
Where the cool river stole along,  
And answered with its own sweet song,—  
One strain,—the sweetest of them all,—  
In syllables as soft as love's,  
Would mingle with the fountain-fall,  
Heard clear above its louder call,  
From high Dodona's doves:—  
One spirit strain, whose prophet swell  
Went blending with the whole,  
Yet uttered oracles that fell  
Like thought upon the soul!

The poetry illustrative of the 'Dancing Girl reposing,' is more to the point: we are covetous of sense as well as of sound:—

#### *The Dancing Girl Reposing.*

The spirit of the dance is past,  
And—like a bird, whose fainting wing  
Has travelled all too far and fast,  
And from its wandering stoops at last,  
To seek an earthly spring,—  
With folded frame and weary heart,  
The gentle girl reclines apart!

The spirit of the dance is past,—  
Burnt out, like flame, before the blast  
That withers by its keen career,  
And dies amid its own excess!  
The bounding soul of mirth is o'er,  
The impulse that so bright and high  
Shot up—like rocket-lights that soar,  
As if to reach the sky,  
But turn amid their starry flight,  
And fall—though, still, they fall in light!—  
So—beautiful, but chastened, now,  
Appears the baffled girl,  
Though something of a spirit glow  
Has faded from her languid brow,  
Amid the mazy whirl!—  
But things that are of mortal birth,  
Are dearest with a look of earth.  
And thus—oh! thus it still must be  
With human hopes and wings,  
That leave too far and soaringly  
Their own allotted springs;  
That, like the Cretan Boy's, lure on  
The trusting hearts that wear them,  
And melt before the very sun  
To which their feathers bear them!  
Oh thus with earthly feelings all:—  
The song that saddens while we sing,—  
The censors in the festive hall,  
That darken from the light they fling,  
That waste the more, the more they warm,  
And perish of their perfumed charm,—  
Are types of life's each frail delight,  
That cast their feathers in their flight,  
Or on their own sweet substance prey,  
And burn their precious selves away!

The 'Mercury and Pandora' is accompanied by such prose as shows the author's taste, and such poetry as shows that his muse has considerable strength of wing. It is true, that she sometimes soars out of our sight, and that we have nothing more occasionally than the sound of music, heard remote, to soothe us; nevertheless, we are pleased to be in her company: she deals in very beautiful words, and sings them most delightfully.

#### *Mercury and Pandora.*

A rush of wings, amid the silent stars!  
A shadow on the path-way of the sun!  
The planets are out-travelled, in their cars  
Of everlasting thought:—and perfumes run,  
Like heralds, with their fragrant scrolls unfurled,  
That to its bridal wake the Titan world!

The air is full of voices!—the huge pines  
Are singing to a breeze unfelt below;  
A murmur in the ivy! and the vines  
Wave to their own glad music to and fro!  
The earth looks young, as at a second birth,  
Baptized in fire the Titan drew from high,  
And rings with music and the voice of mirth,  
Waters that laugh, and woods that prophesy.—  
Through the long valley, like a living thing,  
Rushes the river, with its joyous song,  
Through shores—like rainbows of the earth—that fling  
Back its loud uttering, as it leaps along.  
Amid the shade of forests, old and dim,  
From futes of fauns, breathes many a loving tale;  
Or echo listens to some satyr's hymn,  
And flings a low, wild answer down the vale!  
The air is full of voices!—whoops and calls  
Uttered by spirits from the far blue hills,—  
Shouts 'mid the ringing sound of waterfalls,—  
And naiads singing by their silver rills,—  
And one wide answering pean, far on high,  
From birds that have gone half-way to the sky:  
For nature celebrates, on every lyre,  
The gift of beauty to the soul of fire!

We cannot spare room for any of the poet's prose, though he says something of Westmacott which we approve, and a good deal about Flaxman that we admire. The latter is without a rival in the true poetry of sculpture; and his best designs are not those which are called classic: the noblest of his sketches are from the Scriptures, and seem as inspired as the pages which they embody. We wish well, very well, to Mr. Hervey's undertaking. The work is one of high art, of great beauty and interest, and, considering the price at which it is published, a very extensive sale can alone remunerate the proprietors.

*Lafayette et la Revolution de 1830.* Par B. Sarrans, jeune. 2 vols.

(Third Notice.)

THE period of the trials of Polignac and his colleagues was one pregnant with great danger. The state of exasperation to which the acts of these culpable ministers of a besotted monarch had driven the French people, kept alive a fearful excitement through all ranks of society, and the rabble of Paris took advantage of this feeling to attempt an insurrection. At that moment the crown of Louis-Philippe depended solely upon the popularity and talents of Lafayette and the following anecdote shows with what skill and daring courage he averted the threatened danger.

"The garrison at the Luxembourg consisted of both national guards and troops of the line, between whom Lafayette had taken great pains to promote a good understanding. Numerous battalions of Parisian militia defended the approaches to the palace; others guarded the Louvre, the Palais Royal, and the Chamber of Deputies, and strong detachments were stationed at every place where the populace could assemble in great numbers. The legions from the suburbs, forming a reserve, occupied the boulevards, and communicated with the main body at the Luxembourg, by posts little distant from each other. Lastly, numerous patrols scoured the streets in every direction, and dispersed the different mobs collecting and increasing as they proceeded towards the Chamber of Peers.

"In spite, however, of these precautions, immense crowds collected in all parts of the metropolis; violent tumults ensued; and the Luxembourg and its neighbourhood were soon invaded by an insurgent populace, who had no connexion with the defenders of the barricades. The danger was imminent. The ranks of the troops stationed at the advanced posts were already broken through, and the mob had commenced an attack upon the principal door of the palace. Shouts of rage and execration resounded through the hall in which the trial was going on; the sanctuary of justice was on the point of being sullied with the blood of the accused, and perhaps with that of their judges; the revolution was in its last struggles against dishonour, and a fresh storm of anarchy and horror seemed ready to burst upon the country.

"Lafayette, who, at the beginning of the trial, had established his head quarters at the Luxembourg, acted with his usual decision and energy on this trying occasion. Followed only by his aides-de-camp, of whom I was one, he threw himself into the midst of the insurgents. In vain had it been represented to him that this step was the more rash because the multitude, at whose discretion he was about to place himself, contained none of the men of July. But he hesitated not; though, in truth, the insurgent mob was composed of the refuse of the population of Paris, and the lowest and most impure members of its political factions. These assailants of the Luxembourg, this frenzied multitude, thirsting for the blood of the ex-ministers, had nothing of that stern, but noble, character which distinguished the heroes of the barricades. They were not composed of honest workmen, with muscular limbs, beameared with dust and smoke, who were fighting for their country's freedom, but of the swarm of pickpockets, felons, vagabonds, and police spies, always open to the hire of those who give wages for crime. The ignoble features and ragged attire of these ruffians, formed a striking contrast with the aristocratic manners and elegant dress of the agents, amongst whom were several priests in disguise—friends of things gone by—who led them on

to action. Lafayette succeeded, however, in penetrating into the midst of the infuriated rabble, who, far from offering him the least insult, stopped short in their career of outrage at the voice of a man who had been held up to them as an object of their hatred—as one desirous of saving the enemies and oppressors of the injured people.

"This act of courage, bold even to rashness, saved the Luxembourg. It is true, that the moment the impression which Lafayette had made upon the rioters was effaced, they renewed the attack; but the national guard opposed to them such admirable and unshaken firmness and patience, that the Court of Peers was, from that moment, enabled to continue its proceedings in security. The furious cries of the populace no longer reached the hall of justice, and sentence was passed upon the ex-ministers without one drop of blood being spilled, or one single act of spoliation and robbery."

In the extract which follows, we see in the tribune of 1831, Charles Lameth, that veteran among revolutionists, who, in 1790, headed the Feuillans, a faction whose dereliction of all principle, and whose selfish baseness brought on the reaction which placed power in the hands of the Jacobins, and led to the destruction of the only men who could have averted the horrible excesses which disgraced the French revolution—Charles Lameth, who tottering on the brink of the grave, seems about to sink into it with a lie upon his lips. We turn with disgust and loathing from this hoary libeller, whose alliance with the doctrinaires in 1830 was alone wanting to make the end of his long political career worthy of its commencement. We should scarcely have introduced his name here, were it not connected with some very interesting particulars, not generally known to the English reader.

"M. Bambuteau called upon the minister for information respecting the disturbances in October and December, in order, as he said, to dissipate the uneasiness which agitated the provinces. The president of the council (Lafitte) who, a few days before, had declared to the chamber that plots were hatching in the dark, chose neither to confirm nor contradict this assertion; but, after having assumed for the government, of which he was a member, a very large portion of the merit due for the restoration of public tranquillity, and taken great credit for having *conquered anarchy with the weapons of liberty*, he contented himself with a vague attack upon the instigators who wished to take advantage of the *aberrance of certain minds*, and with announcing that written documents could be produced to prove that the partisans of that government which perished in July had taken a share in the troubles of December. 'We have,' continued M. Lafitte, 'the following words written by them: *We must have a republic, in order to drive away the Orleans family.*' This was the only information given by the premier, who added, doubtless by way of amendment to the growing alliance between Carlism and republicanism, that each had done his duty on that occasion—the citizens, the government, the national guard, and its illustrious chief.

"But a way was opened. The monstrous idea of a bond of alliance between Carlism and liberty was given forth, and was eagerly imbibed by the men of the restoration, as well as by those who had invested themselves with the spoils of the restoration, and wanted to benefit by its principles. Conventionalists, imperialists, Carlism, doctrinaires,—all the remnants, in short, of the last five or six régimes, with which the double vote and electoral fraud had tainted the

legislature; and which the revolution of July had imprudently left there, took up this accusation as a circumstance tending to bring back France to the horrors of 1793.

"As I have already stated, M. Lameth, with pain and difficulty ascending the tribune, denounced a conspiracy to overthrow the king and the two chambers of the legislature. The revolution, he said, was given up to a *Directory, which endeavoured to pervert public opinion in order to arrive at the republic.* Thence he proceeded to a violent tirade against that republic—its guillotines, its *marinism*, its *assignats*, and its wars. M. Lameth's anti-democratic rage did not, however, stop at the republic, but exerted itself against those *republican institutions* which some people had dared to mention at the Hôtel de Ville, but which were incompatible with a monarchy! A monarchy and a republic! what an opposition! And yet M. Audry de Puyraveau had audaciously confessed, on the 3rd of August, that he had conspired to obtain republican institutions. 'We must,' said M. Lameth, in conclusion, 'preserve our institutions in all their purity.' Thus the moral object of the debate was to preserve the restoration in all its purity—to graft Louis-Philippe upon Charles X., and the abjectness of the doctrinaires upon the violence of the men of Coblenz—to rebuild, in every point, the crumbled edifice of 1815, deprived only of the bold daring which in some sort embellished its counter-revolutionary attempts, and of the dynasty forced upon the nation, which, having received all from foreign states, had no longer any country to betray.

"M. Guizot had already proclaimed that the end of the revolution of 1830 was to *change the dynasty, but to confine this change to the narrowest limits; to meddle as little as possible with existing institutions; to accept the past, use forbearance towards it, respect the facts connected with it, make a general compromise of interests, &c.* This was what the people's victory was to be reduced to; this was the monster to which it was pretended the revolution of July had given birth.

"The lists being thus opened, the doctrinaires boldly entered them, and a hue and cry was raised against this poor revolution by all the reptiles which it had allowed to fasten upon its roots.

"M. Bignon, who has since retrieved his character by defending in the tribune the rights of the heroic Poles, but who, at that period, sought perhaps, to mark his place in the conversion then in progress, inveighed in his turn against the ghost of the republic, around which he also saw grouped the partisans of the child at Holyrood, and those of the Duke of Reichstadt. He likewise asked, if there did not exist a *fourth party, composed of men of exaggerated feelings, who, without pretending to overthrow the present throne, wished to take advantage of popular insurrections to give to the government a direction conformable to their own views.*

"This accusation was renewed the next day by M. Guizot, who again spoke of *certain men full of the sentiment of human dignity, but habitually governed by a few general ideas, by certain theories which, for his own part, he believed not inapplicable or exaggerated, but radically false,—as false to the reason of the philosopher as to the experience of the man of practice.* Now, these men with false ideas and warped understandings, were the 'good seed' among the partisans of the revolution; all the others were the 'tares,' the very offal of French society.

"But M. Guizot's speech was the mere insolence of a declaimer, himself the incarnate type of a faction known to France only by the obscurity of its political creed, its baseness, cowardice, and corruption. This insolence, however, opened the breach which has since divided the patriots from that bastard oligarchy

of stock-jobbers, that *camarilla* of a day, formed under the denomination of the *juste-milieu*, conveying, even in its very name, an idea of absurdity and ridicule.

"Lafayette left to public opinion the care of doing him justice, and disregarded imputations which, in truth, could not attach to him. But Dupont de l'Eure, Odillon Barrot, and Audry de Puyraveau, whom the doctrinaires had included in their denunciations, condescended to take up the gauntlet, though thrown down by such hands."

We conclude with another anecdote illustrative of the consistency of Lafayette's political opinions. It relates to the qualifications for the electoral franchise.

"Lafayette and his friends had made numerous attempts to have the magistracy renewed,—that which existed under Charles X. being almost wholly composed of notorious counter-revolutionists. But this magistracy was defended and preserved by the court influence, in conjunction with that of the party of the Restoration who had, prior to the revolution, obtained the appointment of the majority of the judges, and taken care to exclude from the courts of justice all such as were not well-known royalists. But when it was proposed to deprive these judges of the elective franchise, Lafayette offered the most strenuous opposition to such a measure,—which, I must however add, the opposition had proposed in a moment of irritation against the majority of the chamber, and which naturally led to other exclusions, and moreover vitiated the law of elections in one of its most essential principles. Lafayette's opinion was, that the perfection of political civilization in this particular, consisted in each citizen who paid taxes being called upon to elect his representatives, without being influenced in his choice. 'That which is still considered Utopian in Europe,' said he, 'has been practised in the United States for the last fifty years. There, every contributor to the wants of the state is an elector, and among such contributors is classed the militia man—the national guardman who, in the year, has paid the personal tribute of one day's service. In that country, there is no question of electoral cense, and everything passes without trouble or inconvenience. Such is the power of popular education, civic habits, and national institutions.'"

We now conclude our translations from this work, having given to the English readers all that is most interesting, and thus saved them from the necessity of expending their money on the English edition, which, even now, is only announced as forthcoming.

#### ORIGINAL PAPERS

[We rather think the following must have been intended for the *Morning Post*, or some other of the *Journals of Fashion*. It was, however, dropped into our Editor's Box, and we print it in the hope that the reporter will favour us again with like interesting information.]

#### THE FEAST OF FASHIONABLE AUTHORS.

ALL "the Row" is in a bustle,  
Faded silks begin to rustle;  
Demireps scour half the town  
To borrow drops to scour their gown:  
Joy lights up each author's eye,  
Poet's heart is beating high,  
Coats are brush'd as smooth as lawn,  
Shirts are taken out of pawn,  
Stockings mended, polished shoes  
Deck each follower of the muse:  
By soap's unaccustomed aid  
Hands are almost yellow made;

No speck deforms each visage fair,  
Save a pimple here and there:  
Miracles have not yet ceased—  
B—t—y furnishes a feast!

What strange mixture have we here?  
Rogue and dandy, sonneteer,  
Poet, critic, politician,  
Romancer, lawyer, and logician:  
Such a buz and such a hum—  
From every spot of earth they come.  
Soldiers who a sword ne'er saw;  
Lawyers who ne'er heard of law;  
Sailors who their readers treat  
To the language of the *Fleet*;  
Editors, and scribbling hacks;  
Milliners who paint Almack's;  
Courtiers—from St. Giles's court;  
Persians—who from Kew resort;  
Spanish patriots—from Cockaigne;  
Travellers—from Drury Lane:  
Mixt, in grouping strange and queer,  
With titled dame and prosy peer.

First the dishes, Muse, describe,  
Which regaled the hungry tribe:  
Soup, about a fortnight old,  
Wishy-washy, weak and cold,  
Was heated up, and, in the hurry,  
Set by chance before Miss B—y.  
F—, in accent broad and Scotch,  
Ask'd a plateful of hotch-potch—  
'Twas so mix'd—his natal dish—  
That whether soup, or fowl, or fish,  
Scotch or English, or what not,  
Puzzled that sagacious Scot.  
Fish we pass, and scorn to trace  
How C— panted after plaice;  
How Jerd—n after gudgeon ran;  
While M—r—r was a muscle-man:  
What most pleased each hero's taste  
The Muse recounts not, in her haste:  
She only hints she never met  
A set of flats so d—d sharp-set.  
Head of sheep was given each one—  
The eyes at L.E.L. were thrown.  
She in hungry haste devours  
Beef, but talks a deal of flowers.  
B—t—y sees, in huge dismay,  
His feast like magic melt away,  
And mutters with despairing heat,  
"Oh! could they write as well as eat,  
Or say 'good things' as fast as swallow,  
In riches I should quickly wallow!"  
Sweets and trifles next display  
"The brightness of their long array";  
Each at the sight with vigour stuffs—  
Each has half a hundred *puffs*,  
(J—rd—n's weekly oven sends  
A thousand forth to all his friends,)  
Rancid, crude, and, without question,  
Past all moderate digestion.  
Soon—for every joy is fleeting—  
They tire of such ethereal eating;  
And sorrow on each heart sits brooding  
Over the want of solid pudding!

At last the tedious feast is o'er,  
And D—lby's self can taste no more:  
And as the cheering glass goes round,  
Amusements for the guests are found:  
B—lw—r, the kindest he of men,  
Paints to the life a "boozing ken";  
And to delight the merry-makers,  
Who themselves are all "cly-fakers,"  
Ties his legs and frights poussetters,  
By wriggling through a dance in fetters,  
They said,—but here the critics differed,—  
Almost as neatly as Paul Clifford;  
He seems, while winning vast applause,  
So perfectly the rogue he draws,  
That B—t—y trembles lest his hand,  
Like Eugene Aram's—slit his weasand—  
Or, spite of Peachum and of Lockit,  
Like Paul's, should dip into his pocket.

Gl—g, too, great admiration bred,  
Half in sables, half in red;  
Quite at home he seems in both,  
With here a prayer and there an oath:  
Happy he, who thus possesses  
Such a change of tongues and dresses!  
A gallant brave in peaceful throng,  
Will roar of battles loud and long,—  
And presto, by a change of dress,  
A priest, whene'er he's in a mess.

Half the guests were 'neath the table,  
Talking was a perfect Babel;  
'Till, at last, when every bottle  
Yielded up its great "sum tottle,"  
Rhyming rogue and whining gipsy  
Staggered to their homes quite tipay:  
And the host, who very cross is,  
Counts the spoons and mourns his losses.  
First, a fork without a prong—  
Suspicion against H— is strong;  
A salt-cellar, without the salt—  
He'll have a warrant upon G—;  
Of artificial flow'rs a score,  
Appropriated by Mrs. G—:  
A plate of nutshells—to his sorrow,  
He blames Tr—ba T—l—af—ro,  
Who took them in his great discerning  
As trunks to hold his wit and learning,  
And one he lent (these Dons are clannish),  
To G— to contain his Spanish.  
The other things, in order due,  
The wily host secures from view,  
And mutters with no kindly feeling—  
"They saw they were not worth the stealing."

#### CONTINUATION OF THE SHELLEY PAPERS.

THE AGE OF PERICLES:  
*With Critical Notices of the Sculpture in the  
Florence Gallery.*

BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

THE period which intervened between the birth of Pericles and the death of Aristotle, is undoubtedly, whether considered in itself, or with reference to the effects which it produced upon the subsequent destinies of civilized man, the most memorable in the history of the world. What was the combination of moral and political circumstances which produced so unparalleled a progress during that period in literature and the arts?—why that progress, so rapid and so sustained, so soon received a check, and became retrograde, are problems left to the wonder and conjecture of posterity. The wrecks and fragments of those subtle and profound minds, like the ruins of a fine statue, obscurely suggest to us the grandeur and perfection of the whole. Their very language,—a type of the understanding, of which it was the creation and the image,—in variety, in simplicity, in flexibility, and in copiousness, excels every other language of the western world. Their sculptures are such as, in our perception, assume to be the models of ideal truth and beauty, and to which no artist of modern times can produce forms in any degree comparable. Their paintings, according to Pausanias, were full of delicacy and harmony; and some were powerfully pathetic, so as to awaken, like tender music or tragic poetry, the most overwhelming emotions. We are accustomed to consider the painters of the sixteenth century, as those who have brought this art to the highest perfection, probably because none of the ancient pictures have been preserved.

All the inventive arts maintain, as it were, a sympathetic connexion between each other, being no more than various expressions of

one internal power, modified by different circumstances, either of an individual, or of society.

The paintings of that period would probably bear the same relation as is confessedly borne by the sculptures to all successive ones. Of their music we know little; but the effects which it is said to have produced, whether they be attributed to the skill of the composer, or the sensibility of his audience, are far more powerful than any which we experience from the music of our times; and if, indeed, the melody of their compositions were more tender, and delicate, and inspiring, than the melodies of some modern European nations, their progress in this art must have been something wonderful, and wholly beyond conception. Their poetry seems to maintain a high, though not so disproportionate a rank, in comparison. Perhaps Shakspeare, from the variety and comprehension of his genius, is to be considered as the greatest individual mind, of which we have specimens remaining;—perhaps Dante created imaginations of greater loveliness and beauty than any that are to be found in the ancient literature of Greece;—perhaps nothing has been discovered in the fragments of the Greek lyric poets equivalent to the sublime and chivalrous sensibility of Pectarch:—but, as a poet, Homer must be acknowledged to excel Shakspeare in the truth and harmony, the sustained grandeur, and satisfying completeness of his images, their exact fitness to the illustration, and to that which they belong. Nor could Dante, deficient in conduct, plan, nature, variety, and temperance, have been brought into comparison, but for the fortunate isles, laden with golden fruit, which alone could tempt any one to embark in the misty ocean of his dark and extravagant fiction.

#### *On the Niobe.*

Of all that remains to us of Greek antiquity, this figure is perhaps the most consummate personification of loveliness, with regard to its countenance, as that of the Venus of the Tribune is with regard to its entire form of woman. It is colossal: the size adds to its value; because it allows to the spectator the choice of a greater number of points of view, and affords him a more analytical one, in which to catch a greater number of the infinite modes of expression, of which any form approaching ideal beauty is necessarily composed. It is the figure of a mother in the act of sheltering, from some divine and inevitable peril, the last, we may imagine, of her surviving children.

The little creature, terrified, as we may conceive, at the strange destruction of all its kindred, has fled to its mother, and is hiding its head in the folds of her robe, and casting back one arm, as in a passionate appeal for defence, where it never before could have been sought in vain. She is clothed in a thin tunic of delicate woof; and her hair is fastened on her head into a knot, probably by that mother whose care will never fasten it again. Niobe is enveloped in profuse drapery, a portion of which the left hand has gathered up, and is in the act of extending it over the child, in the instinct of shielding her from what reason knows to be inevitable. The right, as the restorer has properly imagined, is drawing up her daughter to her; and with that instinctive gesture, and by its gentle

pressure, is encouraging the child to believe that it can give security. The countenance of Niobe is the consummation of feminine majesty and loveliness, beyond which the imagination scarcely doubts that it can conceive anything. That masterpiece of the poetic harmony of marble expresses other feelings. There is embodied a sense of the inevitable and rapid destiny which is consummating around her, as if it were already over. It seems as if despair and beauty had combined and produced nothing but the sublimity of grief. As the motions of the form expressed the instinctive sense of the possibility of protecting the child, and the accustomed and affectionate assurance that she would find an asylum within her arms, so reason and imagination speak in the countenance the certainty that no mortal defence is of avail. There is no terror in the countenance, only grief—deep, remediless grief. There is no anger—of what avail is indignation against what is known to be omnipotent? There is no selfish shrinking from personal pain—there is no panic at supernatural agency—there is no adverting to herself as herself: the calamity is mightier than to leave scope for such emotions.

Everything is swallowed up in sorrow: she is all tears: her countenance, in assured expectation of the arrow piercing its last victim in her embrace, is fixed on her omnipotent enemy. The pathetic beauty of the expression of her tender, and inexhaustible, and unquenchable despair, is beyond the effect of sculpture. As soon as the arrow shall pierce her last tie upon earth, the fable that she was turned into stone, or dissolved into a fountain of tears, will be but a feeble emblem of the sadness of hopelessness, in which the few and evil years of her remaining life we feel must flow away.

It is difficult to speak of the beauty of the countenance, or to make intelligible in words, from what such astonishing loveliness results.

The head, resting somewhat backward upon the full and flowing contour of the neck, is as in the act of watching an event momentarily to arrive. The hair is delicately divided on the forehead, and a gentle beauty gleams from the broad and clear forehead, over which its strings are drawn. The face is of an oval fulness, and the features conceived with the daring of a sense of power. In this respect it resembles the careless majesty which nature stamps upon the rare masterpieces of her creation, harmonizing them as it were from the harmony of the spirit within. Yet all this not only consists with, but is the cause of the subtlest delicacy of clear and tender beauty—the expression at once of innocence and sublimity of soul—of purity and strength—of all that which touches the most removed and divine of the chords that made music in our thoughts—of that which shakes with astonishment even the most superficial.

[To be continued in the next Number.]

#### EPIGRAM FROM THE ANTHOLOGY.

##### *On Woman.*

Jove at man's insane desire  
Gave him woman, gave him fire;  
Burn'd by both, man sought relief,  
Quench'd the fire, and quell'd that grief;  
But he could not woman tame,  
She is an eternal flame.

TO THOMAS STOTHARD, ESQ.

On seeing the beautiful Engraving from his design of the 'Procession of the Plith of Bacon.'

BY MARY HOWITT.

DREAMER of pleasant dreams, that rise  
In quiet beauty to our eyes;  
That come like glimpses, rare and bright,  
Of some delicious old delight,  
When men were not a toiling race,  
And every female form had grace;  
When, in some Grecian dell profound,  
Blue skies above, green trees around,  
The ancient sculptor stood and wrought  
In Parian stone his deathless thought!

Poetic painter, who dost fling  
Beauty o'er each created thing;  
Dost make the trees hang leader still;  
Cast'st brighter sunlight on the hill;  
And bidd'st the noonday fountain fall  
Still cooler and more musical;  
And to each noble sylvan place  
Giv'st yet a statelier antique grace:  
Yet art thou nobler, mightier still,  
When human life demands thy skill:  
See here, O master of thine art!  
The poet's and the painter's part;  
For 'tis not in the mere delight  
Of this so quaint and rustic rite,—  
This train of dames and gallants bold;  
This happy group of young and old;  
The waving caps, the flow'rets strown;  
All heralded by trumpets blown;  
That thou wilt get thy chiefest praise:—  
But for the light from other days,  
Which thou hast given us thus to see  
A scene of ancient pageantry:—  
A simpler, healthier race than ours,  
When joys were like the wayside flowers,  
Ready for all who chose to pull;  
And every human heart was full  
Of kindness; and hearths were piled;  
And mirth laughed loudly as a child;  
And dames sate spinning to a song;  
And children played the whole day long;  
And weavers dwelt in every town;  
And men cut wood in forests brown;  
And parish-rates did not augment  
The burden of the yearly rent:—  
Such is the race that here we see  
Traced by thy hand's fidelity.  
And joy it is, now each man's face  
Of care and toil bears woful trace,  
And mirth belies a heavy heart,  
And rich and poor dwell far apart,—  
Great joy it is, O painter good!  
To turn us from the toiling brood,  
And trace this graceful work of thine—  
These people gamesome and benign—  
These English hearts—this English rite—  
Those sober looks—that broad delight,—  
And almost be the while we gaze,  
O painter, that surpasses praise!  
What they were in those good old days!

#### SOCIETY FOR THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

OUR booksellers are not a little alarmed about the spread of the Penny Cholera: Cobbett laughs at them, and says, the day is at hand, when Lord Brougham and himself will be the only booksellers in England; he declares that he can bring proof, that the Chancellor's books have been circulated through the Post Office by government franks. We know not, and for ourselves we care not, how this may be; we are grown strong and vigorous; our work circulates in spite of every obstacle, far and wide; and our sale surpasses, if it does not double, that of any literary paper. This success results from honesty and plain dealing: from the begin-



ning we have spoken out. We have always written freely and plainly; we have welcomed merit of all kinds, and set our hearts resolutely against all trick and stratagem. As all this cannot but be known to our friends, why do we state it now? Because there are, it seems, some incredibly weak persons in the world—booksellers as well as others—who are much in the dark regarding the sale and influence of the *Athenæum*. They know not—and yet they ought to know—that no foe can intimidate, nor friend cajole us; that our journal is perfectly independent in every respect, and that our work circulates throughout Europe, as well as the Colonies, where it may be found in every hand familiar with literature or art. To the proceedings of the Society for Diffusing Useful Knowledge, we are, therefore, personally indifferent—but we most readily admit, that the question is one of immense importance—it involves great interests, but greater principles.

When we first drew attention to this subject in May last, it was in the fulness of painful fears and awakened suspicions—and nothing has since occurred at all tending to allay the one or quiet the other. Anxious, however, not to misrepresent the proceedings of the Society, we have been waiting for the publication of their Annual Report, until our patience is exhausted—three weeks since, we were informed, that it was printed, and would be distributed in a few days; three days since, the answer was, that it was not yet printed. Under these circumstances, we must proceed with our inquiry, on the best evidence that can be obtained.

Since our first notice, several London and Provincial journals have spoken out on this subject. It seems generally agreed—indeed, it must be evident to all informed persons—that it is impossible for individuals carrying on business with their own capitals, at their own cost and risk, through the agency of travellers and local booksellers, to contend successfully against a Society upheld by subscription, with Committees and Local Committees, consisting of the learned, the titled, and the influential. The *Literary Gazette*, in a very temperate and judicious article, has shown the direct operation of even the early proceedings of the Society, and we shall extract from that paper, one illustrative example:

“Mr. Arrowsmith and Mr. Cary have expended vast sums and unremitting pains upon geographical improvements, and, through their exertions, the latest discoveries, and the most accurate observations, have made English maps, charts, and topographical works generally, articles of sale and consumption in every civilized country. The Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge have not contributed a single iota to this; but they step in, avail themselves of all that has been done by spirited individual exertion, and they issue from the press their low-priced maps, &c., at once robbing and maltreating those to whom they are indebted for their value. We have been told that Mr. Cary alone has a stock of 50,000*l.* in copperplates and copyrights, consigned to waste in consequence of this invasion.”

This one fact is alarming enough; and when it is seen by the announcements and proceedings of the Society, that it is pushing on vigorously towards establishing a universal business as bookmakers, booksellers, print-sellers, &c., it ought to induce the Lord Chancellor, and still more, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, to pause and consider whether

it is wise, politic, or beneficial, that such a monstrous monopoly should be established, to the certain ruin of so many long-established traders. We shall, however, leave this question, and with little regret, because able heads are prepared to discuss it with a trade experience, to which we can make no pretensions, and proceed to point out other consequences of greater importance, in our opinion, than even the ruin of publishers—we mean the ruin of literature itself.

The success of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge has already given rise to a rival Association. The Society for Diffusing *Christian* Knowledge is, it appears, of opinion that the books of the former are tainted with the peculiar notions of certain influential individuals, both political, religious and moral, and therefore they have set apart a portion of their income to circulate works in which other and opposite doctrines are to be taught—the necessary consequence of this will be, that we shall shortly have every variety of Sectarian Associations—we happen, indeed, to know, that one is already contemplated. Now, what must be the effect of this upon literature? Why, that every book, pamphlet, and loose sheet will be stained with party spirit, party views, and party prejudices. It is avowed by the Diffusion Society, that everything, down even to the *Penny Magazine*, is subjected to revision and correction. This sounds well; but what does it really mean, but that, so far as the books published by the Society are concerned, a censorship is established?—that in their works opinions are made to conform to opinions? What chance, under such circumstances, would any books have of being published, in which a new view was taken of society, or which was opposed in any way to the received opinions, political, moral, or philosophical, of my Lord Brougham—of my Lord Brougham? No; of the poor drudge who represents him, who labours through his stated hours for his stated wages—of a resolved staid dunce; for what other could be got to toil everlastingly through piles of hieroglyphical manuscript, moulding, fitting, dove-tailing truth and error into one consistent dull uniformity?

This is a question of immense importance, that has not yet been touched on—and the objection will hold, even though the Society should be conducted on the purest principles of sincerity and disinterestedness;—but it becomes our painful duty, and most painful it is, to state again our suspicions that the Society is *not* so conducted.

The *Literary Gazette* was, in our opinion, a trifle too cautious and considerate in dealing with this question—the writer seemed positively humbled in his deference to the marshalled names in the title-pages of the Society's publications. Now, we hold all such flourish of civilities to be merely supererogatory. No one of common sense can suppose that by anything said on this occasion it is intended to call in question the single-hearted sincerity of the noblemen and gentlemen giving the sanction of their names to the proceedings of the Society. The Society had its origin in the best feelings of the best men; and—we mention it only in proof of our early prejudice in its favour—it had our humble support. But the best institutions may be abused to the worst purposes; and we repeat, what we stated in May last, that so far as

anything can be deduced from the Annual Accounts published by the Society, “the whole expenses are defrayed by subscription, and the Society is maintained for the sole benefit of certain interested parties, who pocket the entire profits of the publications.” All England, and all the civilized world, have heard of the thousands and the tens of thousands sold of the Society's publications—*yet not one shilling of profit appears in any published statement up to this hour.* In 1827 the balance-sheet rendered to the Subscribers stood thus:—

For Secretary, Collector, Messengers, Advertisements, Postage, &c., specific charges amounting to three or four hundred pounds;—but the only item with which we are interested, is briefly—

|  |          |
|--|----------|
| Paid Authors for copyrights and literary assistance                    | £. s. d. |
| Received of Publishers for copyright of 18 treatises, as per agreement | 361 10 0 |
| Being something less than principal and interest.                      | 378 0    |

In 1828, like charges, of course; and again, as briefly as before—

|   |          |
|---|----------|
| Paid Authors for copyright and literary assistance                      | £. s. d. |
| Received of Publishers for copyright of treatises under first agreement | 766 6    |
| By ditto for four treatises under new agreement                         | 80       |
| Being a loss of 520 <i>l.</i>   | 240 0    |

From an address, issued by the Society in May 1829, we extract the following:—

“The Committee having thus described the outline of their proceedings, are under the necessity of adverting to the state of their *FUNDS*, and of appealing for continued and increased support on the part of the public; as the sale of their publications, though large, does not enable the different publishers to yield them an income adequate to the objects which the Committee are anxious to accomplish.

“Among the causes of this result are first to be enumerated the number and greatness of these objects, and the extreme cheapness of the publications. It is also necessary to observe, that, at the formation of the Society, its success was so much matter of doubt and speculation, that the arrangement for the first year and a half with the publishers, involved a loss of about 300*l.* By a new contract, the profits are more fairly apportioned, but still are unequal to the expenses which it is necessary for the Society to incur.”

In the accounts for 1829, circulated in 1830, the charges for salaries, &c. amount to 830*l.*; but still the only information relating to the *Publishing Accounts* of the Society stands thus:—

|   |          |           |
|---|----------|-----------|
| Authors, for copyrights and literary assistance                                     | £. s. d. | £. s. d.  |
| Engravers, for cancelled cuts, and those in reserve, to be repaid by the Publishers | 1030 6   | 1302 8 0  |
| Received from Publishers for use of copyrights                                      | 272 8    | 1159 18 4 |

Up, therefore, to the close of 1829, the last report we have to refer to, it is clear that the Society were playing a losing game. Accordingly, that year they *borrowed* 750*l.* If we ever possessed the accounts for 1830, they have been mislaid, and these are the latest we could procure from the office of the Society when we made application. Were

we not then justified in saying that the whole expenses were defrayed by subscription, and the Society maintained for the benefit of certain interested parties? No! is the answer of the Society.

We were not aware, until lately, that the Society replied to our former questions—not by a circular sent as usual to the Subscribers, but by an address printed on the cover of one of their sixpenny publications. From this address, dated 30th of June, we extract the following—

"It now remains only to advert to the finances of the Committee; and it may be well to repeat what was stated in a previous Address, as to the means of support which the Society has, and the nature of its engagements with its Publishers.

"The whole sum derived by the Committee from Life and Annual Subscriptions from the 1st of November, 1826, to the 1st of January last, (five years), has been 1,528*l.*; the average amount of yearly Subscriptions has been 125*l.*, after deducting the expenses of Collection, and the price of the Treatises delivered to Subscribers."

We confess that on reading this, our faith in the integrity of those in the management of the Society was most lamentably shaken. We entreat our readers to separate the honourable men, whose names are thrust so prominently forward by the agents of the Society, from the agents themselves; and then let us ask them, if any statement so jesuitical was ever before put forward by men desiring to be considered as disinterested. The whole sum here set forth as received by the Society from Life and Annual Subscription, is, the reader will have the goodness to observe, the *net* sum, "after deducting the expenses of collection, and the price of the treatises delivered to subscribers"—that is to say, after deducting TWELVE SHILLINGS, the selling price, from every subscription of twenty, for what cost the Society scarcely TWELVE-PENCE; and thus getting rid at one fell swoop of more than half the total receipts; the appropriation of which, notwithstanding this explanation, remains totally unexplained.

But the Committee, in their considerate kindness, proceed further, and we are informed of the nature of the agreement with the publishers—here it is:

"The Publisher usually pays the Society a sum for Copyright in the first instance, sufficient to cover the Disbursements to Authors by the Committee; and after a certain limit of Sale has been attained, the Society further receives from the Publisher, a rent calculated at a fixed rate per 1000 copies. In other cases, the Publisher himself incurs all the expense attendant upon the Authorship and Embellishments of the Work, and pays the Society a clear rent, determined by the sale beyond a given point."

Well then, it is clear from the accounts themselves, that in no one instance has any work ever sold beyond the "certain limit of sale," or the "given point."—Not so, answers the Society.

"A large amount of the Profits accruing to the Society from works already published, is invested in future undertakings. These sums are not shown in the Treasurer's Annual Report (!!!) because they are not brought into account, in many cases, till the publication of each particular work for which such advances to Authors and Artists are made;—but they nevertheless constitute a large amount of capital employed in the most efficient manner—namely, in making

such extensive preparations as will ensure to the Society the best power of realizing their objects."

This is surely the most extraordinary statement ever put forth by sane men. What! year after year furnish accounts to the Subscribers, and then unblushingly avow that nothing can be learned from them!—year after year there *appears* to be a loss incurred, and when the possibility of this is questioned, turn round and tell the subscribers, it is true there *appears* to be a loss—it is true we declared that a loss was incurred in the first year and a half, of 300*l.* by our publications; that in the third year we were obliged to borrow 750*l.* to help us on; but all this you have misunderstood, for there were large profits, ONLY THEY DO NOT APPEAR IN THE ACCOUNTS! To be literally correct, "they do not appear in many cases." Well, we have published the accounts themselves, and, to say nothing of the "many cases" in which it is acknowledged that these profits do not appear, we ask to have one single instance pointed out in which they do appear.

We fear we may give offence to many well-meaning men by the freedom of our commentary. It has, however, been wrung from us. We are anxious well-wishers to the general diffusion of education and of knowledge, without which, in our opinion, there can be no sound basis for public morals, and no hope of the permanent well-being and happiness of society. We lent our aid to effect it, so far as was within our limited means, long before we had any connexion with this paper, and when no hope of personal benefit could possibly influence us: we have since received from the Society its countenance and support, so far as its advertisements are indicative of the one, or could aid in the other; and its publishers are only known to us for kindness and courtesies, it was not therefore without deep regret that we felt bound as honest journalists, not only to question the wisdom, but the good faith, of the proceedings of the Society. We have now done, at least for the present.

#### THE PLEORAMA.

Just Opened at Berlin.

[The following letter was received after our paper was arranged, but the account of this novel exhibition is so strange and interesting, that we have put ourselves to some inconvenience to make room for it.]

Berlin, September 4.

Among our lions there is a new one—the Pleorama, exhibited by Mr. C. Gropius, one of our best decorative painters. This exhibition is quite novel in its kind, as it procures the spectator the pleasure of an aquatic excursion from Procida to Torre del Greco, passing by Naples, Puzzuoli, Castel-a-Mare, &c. The whole trip, which, upon the spot, requires about four or five hours, is performed in less than an hour, and that in a spacious barge in which thirty people are accommodated. The illusion is quite complete, and the rolling of the barge has, in several cases, caused some feeling of sea-sickness. The departure takes place in full daylight: soon after having reached Naples, the sun sets, and you arrive at Torre del Greco, while the rays of the moon are clothing the environs of this place in their silver hue. The machinery is, of course, very complicated, and requires more than a dozen of people to set it in operation. That the banks of the Thames, the Loire, the Arno, and other rivers, may afford a similar show, and perhaps a more amusing one, I need not tell you. The whole has been invented by an archi-

tect, Mr. Langhans, of Breslaw, and improved by Mr. Gropius. It is very much admired, and always crowded.

The public exhibition of pictures will, this year, prove very entertaining, and full of novelties. A great many young painters, pupils of the Dusseldorf School, which flourishes more than ever, under Mr. Schadow's direction, have sent in their pictures, so that we may expect a rich harvest of fine works of art. The pupils of the professors of the Berlin Academy will not remain behind; and I have seen more than one production of their pencils, which will prove worthy of the ancient fame of this illustrious institution. Professor Rauch is busily employed in finishing the beautiful sepulchral monument of Mrs. Cooper, an Irish lady; and the Cathedral of Dublin, where, as I understand, it is to be placed, will have to boast of one of the finest sculptures of the German Phidias. The casting of his statue of the late King of Bavaria, which took place under the superintendence of a Bavarian sculptor, to whom it had been confided by Mr. Rauch (who made the model) has entirely failed. More than 80 cwt. of metal forced its way through the mould, which was not dry enough, and spread terror and dismay amongst the numerous spectators, who had been invited to witness the operation. This accident happened at Munich in Mr. Rauch's absence.—There are few new publications of any merit come out within this season. Baron A. de Humboldt is busily engaged in preparing for the press the Introduction to his Travels in America, comprising a view of the different voyages of discovery, which have led to the knowledge of America. The work will be full of curious research, and will attract the attention of all the lovers of geography. Professor Ehrenberg is continually publishing his illustrations of Egyptian Zoology, and Dr. Mayer, who is just returned from China, will, in the course of next year, come forward with a description of his journey and the countries he visited. Professor Becker's edition of Aristotle's works, with a Latin translation, printed at the expense of the Royal Academy, is nearly completed; three huge quarto volumes have already appeared.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

THERE are but few reports of novelty in circulation. Art and literature are taking their Summer rest.

It is said, that William IV. has resolved to fulfil the intentions of his late brother, and form a gallery of busts of all the kings and distinguished men who adorned their reigns. Some of these must be supplied by conjecture; it is, however, quite practicable to get together the materials to form such a collection, but some sensible and clever spirit should be chosen to preside over the whole, and see them executed in a way worthy of the nation.

A statue of Canning, from the hands of Chantrey, is now on its way to Liverpool—the same which was in the late Exhibition in Somerset House. The figure is at once commanding and courteous, manly and graceful: the arms are folded across the bosom, and the head has that dignity of air which characterized the original. We hope it will have a good light in the Town Hall, for it could not well have found a worse light than it had in the Academy Exhibition.

We have had a sight of some of the engravings for the forthcoming Annuals: one of the most successful is by Fox, from Mulready's little picture of 'The Juvenile Navi-

gators: it has all the light and shade united with the sentiment of the painting: it is, if we remember right, for the Amulet.

## FINE ARTS

## STATUE OF JAMES WATT.

THE public statue of James Watt, erected in Westminster Abbey, has just been opened by the committee. The chairman, C. H. Turner, esq., and other gentlemen of science, complimented the sculptor, Mr. Chantrey, on the perfect truth and beauty of his work. The statue is placed in Paul's chapel; around it are monuments of distinguished men, such as Lord Cottington, the friend of Clarendon, and Lord Bouchier, who bore the English standard at Agincourt. The statue is on a pedestal of a design in harmony with the architecture of the place; the likeness, taken during Watt's lifetime, is considered perfect; and the look is intellectual and serene. In the left hand, is a paper on which is traced the parallel motion of the steam-engine; there is a visible connexion between the thought impressed on the brow, and the drawing; and we may, without any exercise of fancy, imagine that the subject in contemplation is the new-invented power. The drapery is simple and flowing, and on the whole the work may well take a place among the best portrait statues of ancient or modern times.

The funds for the execution of this noble work were supplied by the personal friends and the admirers of the genius of Watt, aided by the munificent donation of 500*l.* from His late Majesty George the Fourth. In the list of contributors may be found the chief names of the land distinguished for rank or science.

Much has been written, and not a little said, about the inventive genius of Watt: we have seen what Jeffrey has penned, and we listened to what Davy said, but we prefer the observations of the late Lord Liverpool, as most illustrative and characteristic. "It would be presumptuous," said his lordship, "in the presence of so many men of genius, to say much of the invention of the steam-engine. It has been compared to the trunk of the elephant; and the comparison is so far just, that there is nothing so small and nothing so great that it will not reach and apply to. It has improved the texture of the most refined manufactures, whilst, at the same time, the chief difficulties of navigation have vanished before it: we have now no delay in our communications with any quarter of the world: the power of the steam-engine overcomes all difficulties. I have known, in time of war, when the fate of a campaign, and possibly more, depended on getting our fleet out of port, contrary winds have prevailed for months, and frustrated the aims of government; such difficulties can now no longer exist: the genius of Watt has enabled us to triumph over them all." To this we may add, that his invention, besides multiplying the resources of his country, has increased the power of man, and extended his rule over the material world.

## Illustrations of Sculpture, &amp;c. Relfe &amp; Unwin.

THE three engravings before us, belong to the 'Illustrations of Sculpture,' with descriptive prose and illustrative poetry by Mr. Hervey, and we have already said, in our review of the letter-press, that we consider them beautiful. 'The Happy Mother,' is exquisitely drawn and engraved. The 'Dancing Girl reposing,' is very graceful; in proportion, harmony itself; it is, however, copied from the engraving which was done under the eye of Canova, and not from the marble which came from his hand. We cannot speak so highly of the 'Mercury and Pandora,' some of the ethereal buoyancy of the

original has escaped between the hand which drew and the hand which engraved it. We are quite certain—and we speak from experience—that sculpture should be represented by the engraver, as viewed by torch light. This would bestow something like the light and shade of painting: Canova was in the practice of exhibiting his marbles in that manner; and though he did not make an experiment of the effect in engraving, any one who looks at his prints may see that he tampered with the appearance of the marble, and aimed at the light and shade of painting.

## THEATRICALS

## HAYMARKET THEATRE.

ON Tuesday last a new comedy (as the bills called it,) was thrust into the Public's face at this house. It was announced as "original"—be it so—we hope there is no chance of our having a duplicate of it. The words "never acted" also preceded it. It is a pity they were ever displaced. Press of other matter luckily obliges us to be brief with our theatricals this week. We would always rather praise than censure, but duty must not be shrunk from. However painful then, the fact must be stated: it is by far the worst comedy we ever saw—its plot is a bad hash, of the worst parts, of the worst plots, of the worst plays, of the worst period of dramatic writing. The incidents are unnatural, and the characters ill drawn. It purports to be satirical upon the higher orders, and displays an intensity of ignorance concerning their conversation, deportment, and actions, which must be witnessed to be believed. At this season of the year, when so many of the nobility are out of town, it surely would not have been difficult to obtain the services of some unoccupied footman, from the neighbourhood of Grosvenor or Berkeley Square to look over it, and correct a few bushels of the absurdities it contains. It is beyond us to guess upon what principle it was accepted—no one can fairly blame an author for getting his piece acted if he can, but how is it the management slept so soundly? Above all, how is it that it ventures to repeat a piece which was clearly condemned, and even to puff it as successful, when those who were present well know that the comic parts were, generally speaking, passed over in silence, and the serious ones, for the most part, laughed at? We should not say so much about a play which cannot survive above another night or two, but that we conscientiously believe its production to be mischievous to the cause of the Drama. At a time when there is such a complaint of the want of patronage of the theatres, it is provoking to those who wish them well, to see a piece produced which is calculated to bring stage representations into contempt, and to drive any members of the higher circle of society, who may chance to be in the lower circle of the house, out of it in disgust. The knowledge of the writer of this play does not seem to reach so high as even the aristocracy of the city—for Mr. Harley, as *Theophilus Muttelbury, Esq.*, in talking to his wife elect, of the probability of his becoming Lord Mayor, asks her how she shall like to be called "Lady Muttelbury." The character of *Lord Normancœur* (Mr. Cooper), described as a poetical peer just returned from his travels, seems to be intended for either a compliment to, or a satire upon, Lord Byron—we have no notion which. All we know, is, that he walks about with black pantaloons, black silk stockings, and a military cocked hat, and talks continually about admiring "The Woods." At first we suspected he meant Mr. and Mrs. Wood—but we were mistaken. He will go to the woods and forests, and he does so once too often—for he gets fired at by a poacher who has been em-

ployed by the next heir to the title to murder him. The aforesaid poacher is by no means so good a shot as those of his craft generally are, for it appears in the sequel that he has missed the peer and shot himself. To the confusion of the murderer's base employer, *Lord Normancœur* arrives in the last scene, with a large cloak round his head, to contradict, from authority, the report of his own death. The "Jack in the Green" appearance of Mr. Cooper at this critical juncture, produced shouts of laughter. We could bear out the sweeping condemnation we have given, by twenty other instances of outrage against common sense—but it is needless, and we shall abstain. We repeat, that the piece must be speedily withdrawn. The author of it has frequently contributed to the amusement of the public, and we hope will again—we make no charge against him, but that of having mistaken his line—when he returns to it, he will do well enough.

## MISCELLANEA

*The Ornithorhynchus Paradoxus.*—The following interesting fact in Natural History was communicated by Dr. Weatherhead to the Committee of Science of the Zoological Society, at their meeting on Tuesday last.—For the last five and twenty years, naturalists in Europe have been striving to obtain the carcass of the impregnated female *Ornithorhynchus Paradoxus*, but without success, for it is by dissection alone that the hitherto doubtful and disputed point concerning the anomalous and paradoxical manner of bringing forth and rearing its young can be satisfactorily demonstrated. This long-sought-for desideratum is at length attained. Through the kindness of his friend, Lieutenant the Hon. Lauderdale Maule, of the 39th regiment, Dr. Weatherhead has had the bodies of several *Ornithorhynchi* transmitted to him from New Holland, in one of which the ova are preserved, establishing along with other curious circumstances ascertained, the extraordinary fact, that this animal, which combines the bird and quadruped together in its outward form, lays eggs and hatches them like the one, and rears and suckles them like the other.

*Pompeii.*—A letter from Naples, of recent date, says, "When the Duchess Max of Bavaria visited Pompeii in April last, in company with Professor Zahn, she had some excavations made in the *Casa di Goethe*, and the result was extremely gratifying; for, after digging seven feet, the excavators turned up two bronze tripods, two candelabras of the same metal, and a pair of terra-cotta lamps. The discovery of these tripods, in conjunction with ashes and skeletons of animals, would lead us to conclude, that the tenants of the spot were engaged in making their last sacrifice to the gods at the very moment when the town was engulfed in utter ruin. One of these tripods, in an excellent state of preservation and of exquisite beauty, was presented to the Duchess by his Neapolitan Majesty; it is the finest specimen of the antique which has been found at Pompeii, with the exception, perhaps, of a gem or two in the Museum. In the further excavations made under the eye of her consort, on the 1st of May, some marble decorations were brought to light; and on the night of the 18th the Duke gave on the spot a handsome banquet by torch-light, in honour of Goethe's memory; it was attended by several individuals, who were either acquaintances or admirers of the illustrious bard; and the solemnity of the occasion was enhanced by the recitation of several pieces of poetry, composed for the day, and interspersed with vocal and instrumental music.

Wrech, of Munich, who has just published 'A Tour to the Brazils, through England and Portugal,' observes, "After landing at Lisbon,

I was conducted to the police-office. 'Whence are you?' inquired the superintendent. 'From the kingdom of Bavaria.' This was a complete terra incognita to mine examiner: so recourse was had to an old map of Europe; and, whilst the man was indulging in a hearty roar at the diminutiveness of the royal inheritance, another Jack-in-office pulled out an immense map of Portugal, and turned to me, exclaiming with a sneer, 'Look ye, Sir, here is something like a kingdom for you!'

**Sonnambulism.**—An incredible story is told in a French paper of a child of twelve years of age, who was found standing up to his loins in the sea, near the Conquet, busy fishing for plaice with a *foëne*, a sort of harpoon used for striking flat fish. Some boatmen having approached him, they were astonished to find that the urchin was asleep, though he had succeeded in catching five or six plaice. On waking him, the child was as much astonished as the fishermen. He was conveyed home and put to bed, but had not been long in it before he was seized with a raging fever.

**A pretty considerable Memory.**—The following is related by Dupin of the celebrated Cuvier, whom he has just succeeded as one of the forty members of the French Academy. 'The labours, by which Cuvier immortalized himself, required immense powers of memory. His mind was stored not only with several thousand generic and specific names of animals of every species, but with the names and complicated genealogies of every leading family in Europe, both of times past and present. Nay, as if there were a craving after eastern luxury in this play of the memorative faculties, he could quote off hand the names and dynasties of every Asiatic prince and tribe, little as they seem deserving of the toil. He was probably the best informed scholar in Europe; and yet his memory humbled itself to the meanest subjects, and, as one who sought no other kind of scholarship, it heaped together all sorts of curious anecdotes, not forgetting the names of the parties concerned; and over and above all these recreations, faithfully husbanded the very text of any lampoon, epigram, or occasional poem, which was likely to acquire historical importance.'

When Madame de Staël and Madame Recamier were residing in the country, 'We imagined the idea,' says the former, 'of sitting round a green table after dinner, and writing letters to each other instead of conversing. These varied and multiplied *l'êtes-à-l'êtes* amused us so much, that we were impatient to get from table, where we were talking, in order to go and write to one another. When any strangers came in, we could not bear the interruption of our habits; and our penny-post always went its round. One day a gentleman, who had never thought of any thing but hunting, came to take my boys with him into the woods: he remained some time seated at our active, but silent table. Madame Recamier wrote a little note to this jolly sportsman, in order that he might not be too much a stranger to the circle in which he was placed. He excused himself from receiving it, assuring us that he never could read writing by daylight.'

**Patience.**—'Ben,' said an angry father, the other day, 'I am busy now, but when I can find time, I will give you a hearty flogging.'—'Don't hurry yourself, pa,' said the patient boy, 'I can wait.'

**Civility.**—A young gentleman was found asleep in George Street, at an unreasonable hour. When brought before the magistrate, he confessed that he had been tipsy. 'Young man, you should be very sorry.'—'I am sorry.'—'You must be fined.'—Handing over the money, 'I am fined.'—*American Paper.*

**Independence.**—A Presbyterian clergyman in the north of Ireland replied to a person who boasted of his independence, 'Sir, when I hear a man proclaim himself independent, I always find that he means he is not to be depended upon.'

**Back-woods of America—a conversation.**—'Whose map did you use?' 'Mogg's.'—'What is the land?' 'Bogs.'—'The atmosphere?' 'Fogs.'—'What did you live on?' 'Hogs.'—'Of what are the houses built?' 'Logs.'—'Any fish in the ponds?' 'Frogs.'

**Who is my Neighbour?**—We copy the following from a Woodstock (Vermont, U. S.) paper.—An incident occurred in this neighbourhood on the 4th inst. so praiseworthy in itself, and so creditable to the parties concerned, that we cannot avoid noticing it.—The blacksmith's shop of an old man named Philip Harman, living near the North Mountain, took fire on the 3rd, and was entirely consumed, together with all its contents of a destructible nature, including his account book. The next morning about 40 of his neighbours assembled on the spot, with six wagons and teams, and felled, hewed, and hauled timber enough for another shop, which they raised up before night, besides making the old man up a purse of 16 dollars, to furnish him with the necessary tools to enable him to work again.

**Gratitude.**—An obscure cobbler once returned thanks through the newspapers, to the fire department for saving his stock. This caused considerable laughter, when a person observed, he supposed the poor fellow's stock was his awl.—*American Paper.*

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

| Days of Week. | Thermom. Max. Min. | Barometer. Noon. | Winds.      | Weather. |
|---------------|--------------------|------------------|-------------|----------|
| Th. 6         | 73 47              | 29.85            | E.          | Clear.   |
| Fr. 7         | 60 51              | 29.70            | N. E. to N. | Cloudy.  |
| Sat. 8        | 72 50              | Stat.            | S. W. to W. | Ditto.   |
| Sun. 9        | 68 54              | 29.65            | Ditto.      | Ditto.   |
| Mon. 10       | 69 54              | 29.65            | S. W.       | Ditto.   |
| Tues. 11      | 63 43              | 29.90            | SW to NW.   | Clear.   |
| Wed. 12       | 63 43              | 30.05            | S. W.       | Cloudy.  |

**Prevailing Clouds.**—Cirrostratus, Cirrocumulus, Cumulostratus.

Mean temperature of the week, 58°.

Nights fair, except on Thursday; Mornings fair, excepting Friday. Thunder and Lightning r.m. on Thursday.

Day decreased on Wednesday, 3h. 46 min.

#### NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

**Legends of the Library at Lilies**, by Lord and Lady Nugent.

On October 1, a Magazine of Elemental Locomotion, and Monthly Reporter of Inventions, Discoveries, Patents, and Projects of National Utility, to be edited by Alexander Gordon, Esq., Civil Engineer.

Early in October, a volume of Poems, entitled, *Oriental Scenes, Sketches, and Tales*, by Emma Roberts, Author of *Memoirs of the Rival Houses of York and Lancaster*.

*Christmas Tales*, by Mr. Harrison.

*An Account of Suspension Bridges*. By C. S. Drewry.

**Just published.**—Condition of Anglo-Eastern Empire in 1832, 8vo. 9s.—Corbyn on Cholera, 8vo. 12s.—Life and Characters of Gerhard Terpsigen, 6s. 8vo. 5s.—Progressive Experience of the Heart, by Mrs. Stevens, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—Ram's Practical Treatise on Assets, 8vo. 12s.—Barker's Lempriere's Classical Dictionary, 8vo. new edit., 16s.—Hervey's Illustrations of Modern Sculpture, No. 1, royal 4to. 6s. 6d.—Abbott's Elements of Trigonometry, 7s.—Cunningham's Arithmetical Text Book, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—Homer's Examples for Latin Verse, 18mo. 2s.—Diary and Correspondence of Mrs. Simpson, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—Dr. Bellfrage's Select Essays, 12mo. 5s. 6d.—Memoirs of General Lafayette and the French Revolution of 1830, 2 vols. 8vo. 14s.—St. Mark's Gospel, Greek, Latin, and English Interlinear, 8vo. 5s.—St. Matthew's Gospel, Ditto, 9s.—St. Luke's Gospel, Ditto, 9s.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS

We think it well to inform our readers, that 'Zohrab the Hostage,' professedly reviewed in certain journals last week, is not yet published; we doubt, indeed, if it were then completely printed, but of this hereafter. Correspondents next week.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS

**KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.**—The Classes, both for the regular and occasional Students, will re-commence on TUESDAY, the 9th of October next.

**MEDICAL SCHOOL.**—The Courses of Lectures and Demonstrations will begin on MONDAY, the 1st of October next, with an Introductory Lecture by Professor Green, F.R.S., at Three o'Clock, P.M.

**JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.**—The Classes in the School will be re-opened on MONDAY next, the 17th instant, at Nine o'Clock precisely.

A General Statement of the Courses, Lectures, &c. may be had at the Secretary's Office; or of B. Fellows, 20, Ludgate-street; and the other Booksellers.

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Prospectuses may be obtained at the Office of the University; and at Mr. Taylor's, Bookseller, Upper Gower-street. Sept. 1, 1832. THOMAS COATES, Secretary.

**ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL.**—The following COURSES OF LECTURES will be given in the Theatre of the New Hospital during the ensuing Session, commencing October 1st:

**THEORY AND PRACTICE OF PHYSIC**, by Dr. Chambers and

**THEORY AND PRACTICE OF SURGERY**, by Mr. Cesar Hawkins

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**CLINICAL LECTURES ON MEDICINE** are also given gratuitously,

by Dr. Hewitt and Dr. Seymour, and Lectures on Pathology by

Dr. Wilson; and Clinical Lectures on Surgery by Mr. Brodie,

Mr. Hawkins, and Mr. Babington.

#### CATTLE, HUSBANDRY.

Under the Superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of

Useful Knowledge.

On October 1, will be published, by Baldwin and Cradock,

No. 1, price 6d. of

**A TREATISE ON CATTLE**

And on October 15, No. 1. of

**BRITISH HUSBANDRY.**

A number of each of these works will be published alternately, viz. on the 1st and 15th of every month.

In the announcement of the Division of the Library of Useful Knowledge, called the Farmer's Series, the Society promised a work on the History and Treatment of those Animals which add the power of Man; and another on the General Principles of Agriculture. Of these, a very comprehensive volume on THE HORSE has been some time completed, the unprecedented demand for which has sufficiently evinced the public opinion in its favour. To acquire from living sources all the information necessary to complete their design with regard to other parts of this Series, has occupied more time than was at first contemplated; but this being effected, the publication of the above Treatise will immediately commence.

In a volume similar to that of the HORSE, it is intended to present an account of the OX. Its early history; the rise of the prevailing breeds in the different districts; their distinguishing character, improvement, or deterioration, with the different systems of management in the various counties, will occupy the early part of the volume, and form a new and interesting feature in the work. This will be illustrated by figures of the principal breeds, drawn by Harvey from living specimens in the possession of the most eminent agriculturists; after which will follow considerations of the structure of Cattle as connected with their usefulness for the various purposes for which they are bred, their diseases, general treatment, and management. In fact, the plan to be pursued will be precisely that which was adopted with regard to the HORSE, and the writer will be the same.

The Treatise on British Husbandry, which will occupy two volumes, will comprise everything connected with the management of the soil; the improvement and increase of its productions; the leasehold tenure of land; farm buildings, and machinery; together with the various modes of working and fattening cattle, according to the most approved systems adopted in different counties; reserving only the breeding, diseases, and treatment of the animals employed and raised thereon, to the separate works already mentioned; and it is intended to present a comprehensive, yet condensed view of the actual agriculture of the United Kingdom, in a comprehensive form, directed at all merely speculative reasoning, and calculated altogether for the use of practical farmers.

The several parts will be submitted to competent judges of known experience, previous to publication; and can only be given whenever such illustrations can be of use.

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Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 256.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1832.

PRICE  
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This Journal is published every Saturday Morning, and is despatched by the early Coaches to Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Dublin, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and other large Towns; it is received in Liverpool for distribution on Sunday Morning, twelve hours before papers sent by the post. For the convenience of persons residing in remote places, the weekly numbers are issued in Monthly Parts, stitched in a wrapper, and forwarded with the Magazines to all parts of the World.

## REVIEWS

*Picture of Dumfries and its Environs*; consisting of Eight Views and Vignette, engraved by Gellatly, from Drawings by Masson; with copious Historical and Descriptive Notices, by John M'Diarmid. Edinburgh, J. Gellatly.

DUMFRIES, though the seventh town, we believe, in Scotland in point of population—the fifth in beauty, and the unquestioned capital of the south, has been till now without an historian.

*She lay like some unheard-of isle  
Besouth Magellan.*

We heard of her, indeed, now and then, through the medium of some scribbling tourist, whom black game and black-strap had united to mislead from the beaten path to the highlands, and who returned to write about the sands of Solway, the invention of steam-boats, Paul Jones, the Admirable Crichton, and show the six and thirtieth tooth purloined from the bones of Burns, and give relic hunters a pinch out of an oaken snuff-box made from the poet's fir coffin. It is now otherwise: Dumfries has got an historian of her own fully competent to record her beauty and antiquities, and give us a picture of her people and her manners. Mr. M'Diarmid, were he not widely known as the editor of a very clever paper, the *Dumfries and Galloway Courier*, might claim a higher distinction from sundry volumes, among which his 'Sketches from Nature' is the most original: he is, besides, a ready-witted, kind-hearted man, and an anxious and clever chronicler of all county matters. He is as much at home, too, among the wild glens and sequestered hills of the county, as he is on the "plain stones" of Dumfries, or at his own fire-side; and a ruined castle or a mouldering abbey are as dear to his heart as even the Reform Bill is, with all its new privileges and immunities. We cannot, however, conceal from our readers, that this same historian is sometimes a mighty gossipier; that almost all things he looks at are, in his sight, of equal importance: a humble basket-maker takes rank with merchants who created shipping and extended commerce; an indifferent rhymist stands side by side with Burns; and the herlings of the river are to him as Leviathans. Besides all this, the current of his history is as sinuous as the course of the Nith itself, which signifies "winding": he is, in short, a thorough will-o'-wisp of a narrator, who dances from place to place, showing here a stagnant pool, there an ivied castle—glimmering for a moment on the waters of the Solway coming six feet deep abreast, and for a minute on a stake net, or on a man fishing shrimps. We have said enough to interest our readers in the author and his work: we have read the letter-press

with great pleasure; nor have we failed to find touches of beauty, and grandeur even, in the barrenest places. The views, too, which accompany the historical part, are clever, and not so incorrect as some views are from higher names than those of Gellatly and Masson.

The vale of Dumfries is of almost unequalled beauty: it is bold and picturesque, yet soft and lovely, and combines all the finer materials of poetic landscape. Let those who wish to view it aright, stand on the summit of Dalswinton hill, and look around. They will see at their feet a valley some twelve or fifteen miles long by five or more broad; a thousand farm-houses and many gentlemen's seats looking out of the woods which skirt the clear and winding Nith; Dumfries, with its three steeples and thick-piled houses in the distance: on the left hand, the hills of Tinwald and Mousewold: on the right, those of Galloway, terminating in Criffel, the most beautiful of all the lowland mountains; with the Frith of Solway rolling between; and beyond its waters the mountains of Skiddaw and Saddleback, and the sinuous coast of Cumberland, studded with its flourishing towns. Such is the bounding line of the land: there is much more, however, to be seen, even in the first hurried glance: the old castles of Amisfield, Tortherald, and Comlongan. On the one side, the Tower of the Isle—the ruined College of Lincluden on the right—while Caerlaverock Castle stands in the centre, the finest of all the old baronial mansions in the island. There are, besides, many fair and interesting matters which must be examined more closely: the castle of The Comyn, whom Bruce slew, which, in our memory, was visible beside Dalswinton house, with burnt wood still adhering to its walls, is now no more; but we believe a curiosity still greater may yet be seen—the whole or part of the first of all steam-boats, a two-keeled one and with paddles—which we saw carrying pleasure parties round the Loch of Dalswinton, in 1789. Let those also possessed with the antiquarian demon, go to the Friar's Carse; the pleasure grounds contain more curious memorials of the olden time, than all the south of Scotland besides; it would be endless to enumerate all the remarkable things. One change, however, deserves mention: so powerful was the family of Nithsdale once in this land, that no less than seventy gentlemen's seats—all Maxwells—might be counted between Cosincon and Caerlaverock; one half the number cannot be reckoned now.

The following is a good description of the Solway; we have often endeavoured to awaken our friends Callcott and Turner to a sense of the scene, which of all others seems most akin to their fancy:—

"During spring tides, and particularly when impelled by a strong south-wester, the Solway

rises with prodigious rapidity. A loud booming noise indicates its approach, and is distinguishable at the distance of several miles. At Caerlaverock and Glencaple, where it enters the Nith, the scene is singularly grand and imposing; and it is beautiful to see a mighty volume of water advancing foam-crested, and with a degree of rapidity which, were the race a long one, would outmatch the speed of the swiftest horses. The tide-head, as it is called, is often from four to six feet high, chafed into spray, with a mighty trough of blue water behind—swelling in some places into little hills, and in others scooped into tiny valleys, which, when sun-lit, form a brilliant picture of themselves. From the tide-head proceed two huge jets of water, which run roaring along searching the banks on either side—the antennæ, as it were, which the ocean puts forth, and by which it feels its way when confined within narrow limits. A large fire-engine discharging a strong stream of water bears a close resemblance to this part of the phenomena of a strong spring tide: but the sea water is broken while the other is smooth, and runs hissing, or rather gallops, along in a manner or fashion to which no language of ours can do justice. Sir Walter Scott must have been familiar with this peculiarity of our river and Frith when he penned the well-known line—

*Love flows like the Solway, and ebbs like its tide.*

In the novel of *Redgauntlet* he returns to the subject, and pictures scenes, the reality of which not unfrequently exceed the fictitious description."

The introduction of gas light called forth these poetic observations from two old women on the many inventions of man: we think them excellent:—

"Na, the like o' that!" said Jenny Bryden.—"I wonder what the world 'll come to at last. Gas light they ca't, but elf light wad be a better name. My certy! but there's an unco difference atween a low that needs neither oil, tallow, nor wick, an' a bawbee cannell, an auld cruize, or a bit fir stick ta'en oot o' the moss. My mither, honest woman! was weel eneuch pleased wi' sic a taper; and am doubtin' whether she wad hae been unco fond o' reading her Bible at a witch-light. Puir spunkie! am maist wae for him. His bit dancin' light was cheerie as well as eerie whan twa war thegither an' no that far frae hame; but he may douce his glim an' gang his wa's hame when'er he likes, if it be true that the man at the gas-wark can mak' ten thousand spunkies at ae brewin'. A' things hae changed noo."—"Aye," said Betty Cameron, "if it's no enchantment, it's unco like it. In place o' being fashed with weeks and creesh, ye just turn a bit spigot thing, an' oot spoots a light like sour milk out o' a barrel. Changed times indeed! Atween Liverpool an' Manchester the coaches rin their lane; an' noo we hae a bonny clear light, ta'en like water in pipes under the grund, that'll spoot up at any pairt ye like, if ye only bore a hole no muckle bigger than a preen-head. Weel, weel, I wish them muckle luck o't: but it'll be a while afore the gudeman catches me darnin' his stockings wi' a witch-taper at the chumley lug. The brownies langsyne war very helpfu'; but we've nae wile

for brownies noo. The Yediter, as they ca' him, says the only salamander kent noo 's the spark bred in the blacksmith's throat, and the only brownie a steam-engine, sic as they hae in the infirmary at Liverpool, that pumps water, kirns the kirn, washes claes, minches turnips, champs potatoes, and wad even mak' the bed wi' its iron arms if they wad let it. Everything's dune wi' machinery that can be dune, an' a great deal mair than should be dune—that's what I say."

We read with pleasure what the author, who has the best means of knowing, has related of the fortunes of the family of Burns.

"At the time of her husband's death, Mrs. Burns was left in very narrow circumstances, with a family of four children, the youngest of whom was born the very day his father was buried, and was speedily interred in the same grave. Indeed Mrs. Burns, at this time, had no fixed pecuniary resources beyond an annuity of 10*l*. or 12*l*., arising from a fund to which her husband had subscribed—a sort of benefit society in connexion with the Excise. But at length even a feeling of shame that the poet had been so much neglected while living, led to a re-action in favour of his family. Their more immediate and pressing wants were speedily provided for by a generous public; and when the late amiable and talented Dr. Currie, of Liverpool, at the request of Mr. Syme, of Ryedale, and others, consented to become the poet's biographer, and published his writings in four octavo volumes, the work of literary philanthropy was consummated, and the independence of the family to some extent assured. Every one knows how well the Doctor executed his task, and the deep impression which his beautiful memoir made on the minds of the universal British people. The work had a very extensive sale, and we believe the available proceeds, under every deduction, amounted to within a trifle of 2000*l*. Part of this sum was spent in educating the children, and fitting two of them out for India; but to this day 1000*l*. remains intact, and is secured over an estate in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright—a rare instance of mortgage arising from posthumous fame and literary exertion, and of itself a circumstance pleasing to contemplate. From this sacred deposit Mrs. Burns for many years received interest at the rate of five per cent.; and payment, we rejoice to say, was continued at the same liberal rate, even after interest had fallen, until her sons were in a situation to place at her disposal resources alike ample and endearing. But even when her income was limited to 62*l*. per annum, the subject of this notice maintained by frugality a decent and respectable station in society, and has all her life been remarkable for prudence and propriety of conduct. And now that her means are sufficient for her wants, and something more, she gives freely from her abundance to her poorer neighbours, subscribing like others to the different public and occasional charities within the locality in which she resides, but acting much oftener as her own almoner. Certain authors, themselves misled by imperfect information, have induced the public to believe that the poet Burns, at the time of his death, was absolutely drowned in debt and difficulties; but than this there never was a greater misstatement. His wife's prudence, and his own lofty unbending spirit, uniformly preserved him from plunging into an abyss which has soured the temper and affected the character of too many literary men. His friendly intimacy with the late Mr. Syme, of Ryedale, is well known; and occasionally he may have made that gentleman his banker to the extent of a few pounds till quarter-day came round; but these loans,—at most few and far between,—were never of any lengthened duration; and the deceased has himself borne public testimony to the obstinacy with which the poet

refused a long letter of credit, and the feverish and almost troublesome anxiety with which he discharged every pecuniary obligation. His salary as an officer of excise never exceeded 70*l*. per annum: on this sum he maintained, clothed, and educated his family; and at the time of his death owed no man a shilling, with the exception of the draper who furnished the *matériel* of his regimentals as a private in the Dumfries volunteers."

We must make brief work, we fear, with other matters, such as the trade and business of Dumfries; on this, Mr. M'Diarmid is full and satisfactory. The town contains with its suburb, 13,000 souls; there are seven incorporated trades; 5000 tons of shipping carry the annual exports abroad, and 20,000 tons import timber, sugar, coals, &c., to her markets; four hundred dozens of stockings are manufactured weekly; 3500 hides are tanned annually; 300 shoe-makers are daily labouring to supply the demand of feet at home and abroad; 1000*l*. are annually realized by cloggs, that is, shoes with wooden soles; an English basket-maker has prospered in the construction of creels and cradles. Of cattle, 20,000 are fed in the county for the English market, worth at a guess, 200,000*l*.; during the season, 8000 stones of pork are sold weekly, averaging 50,000*l*. annually. For much that is curious, and more that is interesting—particularly to all the sons of Dumfriesshire and Galloway—we must refer to the work itself, which we heartily recommend to our readers.

*Wanderung durch Vaterhaus, Schule, Kriegslager, und Akademie zur Kirche, &c.—i. e. Wanderings through Home, School, the Camp, and the University, into the Church; or, Scenes from the chequered Life of a Protestant Clergyman.* Magdeburg.

THE writer of this work happened to live in a period of unusual excitement; and the current of war, which so often alters the course of men's fortunes, carried him forth into the field of carnage and into the loathsome chambers of the lazaretto, ere the dawn had yet grown upon his chin, or either body or mind was well fitted to undergo the trials connected with a military life.

At the first call of the sovereign of Prussia on his people to arm against France, (in the year 1813,) our hero, who had then scarcely completed his fifteenth year, was ready to venture life and limb in his country's cause; but the commands of his father, a clergyman on the confines of Hesse, prevailed on the boy to leave the battle to the strong, and pursue his studies. But when, in the year 1815, Napoleon had returned from Elba, and the torrent of French invasion again threatened to overrun the "German fatherland," the venerable sire blessed the renewed resolution of the son to fight in its defence; and before the king's proclamation had even reached them, he, with the noblest youths of his native city, was on his march to join the Prussian army.

We had heard thus much of the nature of this work, and the report induced us to send for it. We have been, however, disappointed on perusal. The Life of this clergyman does not materially differ from that of hundreds of other young Germans, who about the same time were being educated for the church; and the writer, though an honest

and intelligent man, has not the power to make the most of his materials. We shall therefore confine our translations to an account of the young soldier's first battle: it interested us, and may therefore interest our readers. It was after a fatiguing march, that, on the 16th June, the writer, with his regiment, arrived in sight of the since celebrated village of Ligny, two hours before the commencement of the battle which formed the terrible prelude to that of Waterloo.

"What I am about to notice," he observes, "is what forcibly obtrudes itself on every one engaged in a battle. The corn was waving beautifully before us; but no sooner had one troop passed through, than the glory of the field vanished, and the green stalks lay level on the earth."

"Every man now threw away his superfluous baggage: the finest and the coarsest linen was lying scattered around, intermixed with cards and dice, which the love of pleasure had collected, and which superstitious fear now discarded. Here, friends were imparting to each other their last injunctions; there, cowards drained the bottle for that courage which fails them, or hid their fears under the most disgusting bravadoes. . . ."

"On both sides of us regiments of cavalry were passing and charging the enemy: the roar of the artillery was terrible. Here, a powder-waggon blew up—there, a wounded man came galloping with five or six led horses, which were frightfully scattered by a pursuing shot. We already saw many wounded; but the most appalling sight was that of horses torn to pieces by cannon balls, and rolling themselves with agonized strength in their own gore. In the midst of this awful scene we were disgusted by the profane jokes of a private, who kept capering and throwing his arms about in mockery whenever a ball came flying our way. He had even gone so far as to fasten a false beard to his chin; and we were all wishing to see his indecencies put a stop to, when a ball struck him, and carried off both his beard and a portion of his face. Awful as the sight was, it excited a general laugh."

"It was four o'clock when an adjutant informed us that we should soon be engaged. We sang one of Körner's battle hymns, and had scarcely finished it, and formed our lines, when Blücher, with his suite, came up to us. The enthusiasm with which the hoary commander was greeted could not dispel the gloom which hovered on his brow, and which told us all that we had a hot day before us. Now the longed-for moment arrived, when we volunteers were ordered forward. With loud hurrahs we rushed against the village of Ligny, which was then crowded with enemies, but were soon startled at the sight of a ravine which separated us from the place. The major, who was riding behind us, and composedly smoking his pipe, merely said, 'Children, do honour to the regiment!' when we to a man jumped or slid down into the hollow, and climbing up on the opposite side, broke, wherever we could, through the hedges, out of which a discharge of musketry received us. Separated by the plantation with which each house was surrounded, every one had now to fight by his own guidance. The village was intersected by a deep brook, in which, however, there was at the time but little water; and the communication between the two sides was kept up by means of single planks laid across the stream. . . . It was a murderous fight. Shots fell from every aperture of the houses, between and behind which the French kept up a constant firing in columns, while cannon balls were pouring down on us from a neighbouring eminence, and several houses were on fire. This hailstorm of balls, which every moment sent

tered brick-bats, tiles, and branches of trees about us, startled even the oldest warriors. I fell in, at the gap of a hedge, with four soldiers, none of whom seemed willing to pass first. Their sneers at the 'young Yager' made me take the lead, and I stepped over the corpse of an enemy, whom our shots had just killed. I cast a melancholy look at the pale face of the dead soldier, who was immediately rifled of his watch by the man who followed me.

"We got near a house which was attacked on all sides, and, expelled by fire and smoke, six grenadiers rushed out of it, offering a close front, and presenting their bayonets to us. More than twenty shots were fired, and they sank one after the other to rise no more. I was taking aim, when a fellow-soldier, who was just loading his musket, called my attention to a Frenchman who was quietly kneeling in an open shed strapping his knapsack, as if he was preparing for a parade: 'Take off that one!' said the soldier. 'I will not,' I replied; but at the same moment some shots from another quarter stretched the defenceless man on the ground. \* \* \*. The battle continued. Without hope of coming out of it alive, I continued firing and sheltering myself behind trees for about three hours, which passed to me like so many minutes, without my being aware that on both sides of me our troops had been twice driven back by the furious onsets and the superior numbers of the enemy. It might be about seven in the evening, when a comrade called out to me, 'Yager, look to your left!' I quickly turned in that direction, and perceived a party of Frenchmen rushing down towards us; and at the same time I saw our major giving the signal of retreat, which was repeated by the bugle. The narrow bridge over which we had to pass was choked with people, and we stopped for some time exchanging shots with the enemy. At last we were compelled to think of our own safety: one of our officers boldly leaped into the ditch, and was wounded; I followed him, and got safely up the opposite bank, and behind some trees, where I was sheltered. Perhaps I might have got off unhurt; but at this moment a wounded friend called for my assistance, and while I was hastening towards him, three shots were fired at me; the first missed, the second separated both my bandoleers across my chest, and the third hit me under the knee and tore the muscle of the leg."

We cannot follow the writer through the melancholy details of his rescue and ultimate cure, nor enumerate the many instances of humanity, as well as of cruelty, he subsequently met with. The spirit in which the volume is written is excellent; but the work is not worth translating. To those, however, who are fond of light reading in German, we can recommend it.

*Le Livre des Cent-et-Un.* Vol. VII. Paris, Ladvocat. London, Dulau & Co.

[Second Notice.]

WE give this week a translation of the paper by the captive ex-minister Peyronnet, entitled 'Ham.' In this singular article, his thoughts dive into futurity, and he imagines his grandson, in the year 1900, giving an account to his own children and grandchildren of the castle of Ham, and the captivity of their ancestor.

Ham.

I, secundo  
Omnia; et nostri memorem sepulchro  
Scalpe querelam.—*Hor.* lii. ode xi.

"Three generations had passed away, since the standard of France floated over the turrets of the Kremlin, and over the Pyramids—that age of military royalty, parliamentary royalty, and

royal democracy, had run its course, and passed the fatal gates which open upon the abyss of eternity, and which time itself passes not twice.

"On the eastern bank of a muddy and rapid stream, at some distance from the sea, and near to a wealthy and populous city, stood a seigneurial, though modest mansion, of graceful and almost modern architecture, sheltered from the west winds by the luxuriant foliage of thickly studded avenues of ancient elm and poplar trees. Two long iron rods, placed according to the principles of Franklin's marvellous science, rose above the roof, and preserved it from lightning. At the extremity of each rod glittered and creaked at the same time a light weathercock of gilt copper. The pediment of the building was adorned with broad escutcheons filled with initials, instead of armorial bearings designating the family to whom this ancient inheritance belonged.

"It was a dwelling of a smiling, and at the same time stern aspect. Its proximity to the river, of whose animated navigation it commanded an uninterrupted view, the variety of the scenery which surrounded it, the fertility of the soil on which it stood, and the luxuriance of the vegetation around it, rendered it a unique spot. It was a perfect solitude, but neither isolated nor dull in monotonous uniformity.

"Numerous inhabitants occupied this mansion; but none were strangers to each other. They consisted of the old Count Richard, (he had no other name in the country,) his children, and his children's children.

"The Count had already reached an advanced age; but his simple and mild manners, the habitual calmness of his mind and temper, and the strength of a naturally healthy constitution, upon which excess had never proved its baneful influence, retarded in him that sad and inevitable debility which, in the midst of life, is the commencement of death.

"Each evening, when the last gleam of daylight had disappeared, the whole family assembled round the Count, in the drawing-room of the mansion. This apartment was large, lined with plain gray wainscot, and a bronze lamp was suspended from the ceiling. On one side of a chimney of white marble was an immense arm-chair of green morocco leather; it was old, mutilated, and worm-eaten; but the Count, who always punctually occupied it, held it in great veneration; for it was the chair of his grandfather.

"Opposite to this precious family relic was hung a large picture; the brilliant but incorrect work of a painter who had enjoyed some celebrity. The principal figure was habited in a flowing purple robe with pendant sleeves. Near him, and on a stool of black velvet, was a small chest of chased gold of exquisite workmanship. Nearer still, stood a rich and elegant table, upon which a roll of parchment half unfolded, disclosed the word AMNESTY, coupled with the date of 1825. Below was the sign manual of the then reigning monarch, Charles X., and under it the signature of his keeper of the seals.

"This picture was an object of great veneration to the inhabitants of the mansion. It perpetuated recollections dear to the family; and Count Richard, anxious that the tradition of the events which it recorded should not be lost, often made it the subject of conversation with his grandchildren.

"He was old enough to have witnessed the reverses of fortune which his grandfather had undergone. He was born during the first administration, of which the latter was a member, when all seemed to prosper and succeed with him. He afterwards saw him struggling against parties, then retreating before them, then returning to his high office; always a devoted and self-immolated victim, whenever the extreme of peril threatened the prince and the state.

"Richard's precocious intellect, cultivated with the most assiduous care, was already developed and matured, when a dreadful reverse of fortune justified the forebodings of the faithful minister, by overturning the frail edifice of his fortune, and throwing him, proscribed and a captive, among the fragments of a soiled and broken throne. Richard had penetrated into Vincennes, the Luxembourg, and Ham. He had seen the sufferings of his grandsire, and felt the profound emotion which they inspired. He had played upon the platform of the *donjon*, and had sat upon the knees of his captive ancestor. The conversation, exhortations, and animated countenance of the latter, were deeply impressed on his memory; seventy years, which had elapsed since that period, had not effaced the most minute circumstance.

"He spoke little of himself, would Count Richard say to his assembled children, 'but a great deal of France.' He never ceased exhorting us to resignation; he entreated us not to disgrace our misfortune with unworthy lamentations. All his regrets were centered in his benefactors. When their names issued from his lips, his voice would falter, his eyes fill with tears, and his language become more penetrating and more elevated. It was then alone that his heart was accessible to grief. 'Shame! shame, my son! (he would exclaim,) upon those who have forgotten all! Old rights, old titles, and old misfortunes! Deeds of renown, and benefactions of past and present times; all, all have been forgotten! But when Providence gives lessons to man, it always selects virtue to afflict with misfortune!' \* \* \*

"Yes certainly, my grandfather would say, 'the evil was deep, inveterate, perhaps incurable. If ever extreme attempts were legitimate, it was at that period. Only there was still room for delay. Who knows that if the enemy had not been attacked, he would have risked anything, or, risking everything, whether his rashness would not have facilitated his defeat and confusion? But these are now useless mysteries, which the period that could unravel them, is no longer able to disclose.

"Noble race of kings, give no way to despair! Future ages love to recall old things. Let the wind of adversity pass by!"

"It was of the Castle of Ham, that the Count had the most numerous and vivid recollections, because he had seen it at a much later period. He related old stories of this castle, which his young grandchildren often made him repeat.

"Sometimes he described the building. 'It was a fortress,' he would say, 'built by the Constable Saint-Pol, during the last half of the fifteenth century, upon the site of the old castle. It formed a parallelogram, flanked at the angles with round towers, connected by very narrow ramparts. A square tower at the north-west, defended the only entrance; another tower of the same form stood on the opposite or south-east side. Two half moons from west to east, were the only external works. Parallel to the south-east rampart, and at its foot, flowed the canal of the Duke of Angoulême. The river Somme, upon whose banks the town is built, was not far off. In the court-yard were two shabby brick buildings, used as barracks. The state prison was at the extremity of one of these buildings. It was there, my dear children, that, in a small and dismal room, I used to see your great-grandfather, calm, patient, asking for nothing, complaining of no one, and forgetting none of the misfortunes of his country, save those which appertained to himself only: he had graven above his mantel-piece, the simple and mysterious device of Philip the Bold—*Moult me tarde!*

"Under the old monarchy, this castle was long used as a state prison. Louis XVI., who abolished the state prisons, changed its des-

tion; but under the republic it was resumed, and again altered by Louis XVIII. When Charles X. descended from the throne, state prisons came once more into use, and the castle of Ham was applied to its former purpose.

"At the extremity of the court grew, in beautiful luxuriance, an immense lime tree. This was the only tree that could be seen by the prisoners, and that only at a distance."—"Look at that tree," said my grandfather to me one day; "it was planted by a celebrated man, called Bourdon, one of the founders of the French republic, and whom that same republic rewarded by incarceration in this prison. Captive as he was, he still obstinately adhered to his political creed, and planted on that spot a young tree, which, in conformity with the folly of the times, he consecrated to liberty. Nature in its turn, in cruel derision, chose that the tree of liberty, withered and dead everywhere else, should flourish in a prison. It still flourishes, my son; but when will liberty flourish?"

"You will no doubt ask me, (he continued,) what the tree of liberty was. It was a symbol, my son—a powerless and inefficient symbol—which awoke no recollection, excited no emotion, and had in itself nothing to inspire enthusiasm. But that tree could not kill the tree of the cross, which alone is the true symbol of liberty upon earth."

"At other times the old Count repeated to his grandchildren some of the maxims and sayings of their ancestors.

"If any one spoke to my grandfather (would the Count say,) of those who had done him so much injury, he would reply—'We must pity and not hate them. When they were masters, you could perceive my danger, and not theirs. Revolutions are ungrateful masters to those who serve them; they often expect more than can be performed. Think ye that it was in hatred of me that these men assigned to me my present lot? No such thing. They were more occupied with their own safety than with my ruin. They sacrificed me to the errors of others, the effects of which they thought to avert from themselves.

"We must not confound politics with the base passions of ordinary life. He who in the former, thinks he is doing you an injury may do you a service, whilst he who purposes to serve you, may do you an injury. Often when an individual is attacked, he is the last person aimed at. In his person, a number of ideal beings are pursued, themselves comprehending a host of others. In opposing him you contend against a principle, a theory, or a power, of which he is the expression and image. You would love him perhaps, if he was but himself; but in crushing him, you crush that into which he is transformed; his enemies are not his own, but the enemies of those whose friend he is.

"Let your thoughts and feelings soar then above personalities: I have no quarrel with my own; do you have no resentments or regrets. Let all your animosities merge in the love of your country. The future is deep and impenetrable, it will perhaps be as favourable to you as the present is fatal to me; and should you ever obtain power, remember my sufferings, only to avoid making others endure them. To avenge me would be a treachery to myself."

"Revenge is often an injustice, but oftener still a fault; for one enemy of whom you rid yourself, how many new ones do you raise up against you! If it be true that generosity does not disarm hatred, rigour irritates and revolts, and such irritation is contagious.

"It is only because we are weak that we revenge ourselves; it is only when our heart is arid and our intellect contracted, that we do not pardon. Nations have an admirable instinct in detecting those weaknesses; the voice that first pronounced that dead men tell no tales, propagated a cruel error. The most dangerous

enemies a man can have, are those whom he has deprived of life." \* \* \*

"One day, a plan of escape was proposed to him: 'I might accept your offer,' said he, 'if my sentence were just and legal; but as it is, I am well pleased with it, and would deprive it of none of its effects. Who cares about the iniquity of a sentence, when its execution is eluded? Were I to accede to your wishes, I should destroy its wickedness by my own fault; I should almost efface its injustice by putting an end to its operation. I must remain here, to bear daily testimony of its violence; it is right that my sufferings should be prolonged, that they may imprint upon my existence a deep and lasting memory. It is for them upon whom its responsibility weighs to get rid of me if they can. I shall certainly not save them the trouble.

"Besides, my children, reflect a moment. Plans of this description are not executed without exposing to some risk those who favour them. God forbid that I should ever expose any one to the least danger! The few years I have to live are not worth such a price.

"The greatest philosopher of antiquity refused to escape, even from death. So noble a determination would, at present, perhaps, elicit surprise. True, it is scarcely comprehensible; and who would even imagine that it could be imitated in these days? But, without aspiring to such an act of heroism, which I least of any have the pretension of doing, I may nevertheless take from this example, that which is suited to an humble life and an ordinary courage."

"Sometimes Count Richard would relate facts connected with the history of the castle, such as his grandfather was wont to entertain him with. \* \* \*

"Ham," said he at another time, "was one of the places on the banks of the Somme, engaged by the treaty of Arras, to Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, and which that prince, equitable as he is represented, had no wish to restore, although he was repaid the four hundred thousand crowns of gold which he had advanced. This became a great subject of dissension and ill-will between him and the artful Louis XI. What a king was this Louis XI. What a strange and indescribable compound of contradiction was this monarch! He was lauded, censured, dreaded, and despised, all at the same time. He threw off, after the manner of the times, the yoke which the nobles tried to fix upon his neck; he made use of the people without subjecting himself to them, and of religion, without its preventing the commission of a single crime. He was a politician, though superstitious; or rather he was superstitious because he was a politician. It was said of him that he wanted courage; but it was forgotten with what bravery he had fought before Liège, and at Monthéry. He bears the odium of the snares into which he drew Charles the Bold, without placing in the opposite scale the criminal league against him, or the poisoner Hardy sent by his vassal of Burgundy to destroy him. On the suspicious evidence of Brantôme, the death of his brother is rashly imputed to him, although the latter died seven months after the supposed period of his being poisoned; and made a will a few days before his death, appointing Louis XI., then absent, his heir. Louis was parsimonious, cruel, implacable; but he once repented not having pardoned. He was an unnatural son, and a bad father. He took vengeance, by the death of Agnes, of the influence won by her beauty, and punished by an atrocious death the doubtful crime of Nemours. He was a king according to the spirit of his people and of the age in which he lived; displaying still more ability in adverse fortune than in prosperity. If he laid many snares for others, many were also laid for him. He never made a mistake but at Peronne; he put an end to the invasions

of the English, acquired Provence, recovered Burgundy, obtained by inheritance Anjou and Maine, brought under his controul Guienne and Normandy, and prepared the union of Brittany with France, which was effected by his successors. In fine, he was great by the great things he effected—but despicable from the culpable means he employed."

"To these my grandfather added other details. 'Vade,' said he, 'was born at Ham. He was a free and easy writer of songs, at a period when songs were only gay and pretty. Beranger had not yet made them serious and beautiful.'

"But Ham has still a higher claim to celebrity, for it is the birth-place also of General Foy. I knew him well; I have often seen him, and had long conversations with him, far from the tumult of popular assemblies. I know not, if he were now in being, whether he would do me the same justice as he did then; but for my part, I shall ever render him the tribute due to his high character. He was a man of talent and sincerity, who followed only from afar those who influenced his opinions. He was perhaps the only one among the many orators of the same party, who was not below the reputation he had acquired." \* \* \*

"An Earl of Oxford, a brave and loyal servant of the house of Lancaster, was eleven years a prisoner in the castle of Ham. He escaped at last, accompanied by the governor, Sir Walter Blount, whom he had succeeded in seducing. This was the same Earl of Oxford who fought so valiantly for Henry and Margaret at the terrible battle of Barnet, and who would have won the day, had it not been lost by a fatal mistake of the Earl of Warwick. But the fortress in which he so cruelly expiated his fidelity, was not, as is supposed, the Castle of Ham situated on the banks of the Somme. The historian is wrong; it was another castle of the same name."

"There exists a tradition in the country, that an unfortunate capuchin friar, whose crime has always remained unknown, lived many years in a narrow dungeon in the tower, and died there with a great reputation for sanctity. The faithful long went to pray by the side of the stone which served for his pillow; and female votaries touched it with their garments. This was a simple and affecting devotion, paid to misfortune: and a marvellous virtue was attributed to it, and not without reason."

"Another tradition is prevalent, of more recent date and less uncertain in its details. A young man of the name of Lautrec, handsome, ardent, and formed for extremes—qualified for excess of virtue or excess of vice—had met with a young girl graceful and handsome as himself, but chaste, pious, full of candour and modesty. Lautrec loved her with the whole ardour of his soul—with furious and extravagant passion. The young girl was also surprised by love: but her love, though strong, was pure and innocent.

"Her condition was obscure, and she had no fortune to make up for it. He for a time imagined that her love for him would overcome her virtue. He was mistaken. The poor girl, surprised and humiliated at his offers, found an inexhaustible resource in her purity. She would have ceased to love him, had her will alone sufficed.

"Lautrec had no hope of overcoming the pride of his father, and therefore did not attempt it. The useless passion which consumed him, became a deep-seated and obstinate disease. The hue of health fled from his cheeks, his features became thin and sharp, and his eyes lost their brilliancy. He lived apart, gloomy, morose, and taciturn. He scarcely heard those who addressed him, and replied only with moans.

"Lautrec had an uncle, still young, who had arrived at the highest dignities in the church,



and had always evinced great affection for him. This uncle remarked the change in his person and character, and put many pressing questions to him. The young man eluded and dissembled; but the uncle, in nowise discouraged, continued his importunities. Lautrec, yielding at length, allowed his secret to escape.

"The morals of this period were not of the purest kind; and it was not usual to treat love so seriously. The uncle undertook to plead for his nephew. He saw the young girl, and exhausted every artifice, every means to shake her resolution. Sometimes he besought her, for Lautrec's sake, to renounce her love for him, in order that the object of her affection might be freed from an engagement which was fast destroying him. At others, he offered, if love were not sufficient, to add immense wealth, as an indemnity for the sacrifice he solicited for his nephew. Another time, seeing that her affection was so deeply rooted, that she had not the courage to sacrifice it, he offered her advice of another kind; giving her to understand, that any hope of a legal union being impossible, she had no remedy but to yield, if she could not conquer her passion.

"But the virtue of the young girl was not less strong than her affection. The inflexible simplicity of her youthful mind defeated every attempt to undermine her principles. The heart of the uncle was shaken in its turn, and a perverse, dreadful, and fatal idea took possession of his mind. He had attempted to seduce, but was himself seduced. So much beauty had overcome him—such extraordinary virtue had excited in him the most uncontrollable passion. The unhappy man felt the power of love, and dared to disclose it. A cry of horror and alarm was the only answer he received from the young girl;—and he fled in confusion.

"At the same instant Lautrec arrived. The object of his love shed abundant tears, and gave marks of the most violent despair. The young man, in affright and trepidation, asked the cause of such agitation. He would know it, and that immediately, without reserve or concealment. At the same time suppliant and imperious, he besought and insisted—wept and commanded. What, under such circumstances, could the poor girl do? Overcome by her own emotion and Lautrec's impetuosity—unable, in her astonishment and indignation, to calculate or foresee the consequences, she suffered some imprudent words to escape her lips, and Lautrec either learned or guessed the treachery of his uncle.

"Thunderstruck, his mind became troubled and his reason fled. He ran and seized his arms, followed his uncle, found him at the altar, covered with the emblems of his priestly dignity, struck him to the earth, and left him wallowing in his blood.

"A dungeon in the Castle of Ham was long the refuge allotted him for his crime and madness. He had been there forty years, when the revolution of 1789 broke out; he was then set at liberty: but forgotten, reputed dead, and disowned by his family, he no longer found food or shelter. The town of Ham took pity upon him, and paid a poor woman to take care of him, and procure him food. He survived his freedom but three months. Perhaps he might have lived longer, if liberty, so long a stranger to him, had not too suddenly broken in upon the habits of life acquired in his dungeon.

"But if the revolution deprived the Castle of Ham of some of its inmates, it soon supplied their places with other victims. The time came when the Convention, trying its harsh and monstrous justice upon its own members, got rid in one day of Barrère, Billaud-Varennes, and Collet-d'Herbois, by transportation; and of Bourdon, Hugues, Châles, Faussedoise, Duhem, and Chodieu, by consigning them to the Castle of Ham."

"Soon," continued Count Richard, "this castle received inmates of another character and another rank: certain emigrants driven back to the coast of France by a storm—a Vibrage, a Choiseul, and a Montmorency, victims before ourselves of civil discord—and who were about to suffer death for the crime of being shipwrecked, the commutation of which punishment only changed the species of iniquity committed by the government, which had dared to order its infliction.

"Almost at the same period came that other victim, the same Prince Polignac, whom fate has again brought hither; an unhappy prince, whom an inexorable fatality seems to pursue. He was then implicated in the catastrophe of Moreau, Pichegru, and George Cadoudal; he has since been implicated in still greater misfortunes. He began life with a long captivity, and has again become a captive in his declining years."

"The old Count's memory was inexhaustible. The recollections of Ham pleased him. There was one point, however, upon which no one presumed to ask him any questions. He had often begun the recital of the actions of his unfortunate grandfather, and each time he had undertaken it, his emotion had prevented him from proceeding. An agitation of this kind was now considered too dangerous for his advanced age. But one day, the youngest of his grandchildren having innocently exclaimed, 'But grandpapa, the history of our great-great-grandfather.'—'Ah! true, I will tell it to you. But what need is there of many words? This history is written, dear child. I composed and wrote it. It is engraved upon the stone which covers the remains of that man so madly cursed and persecuted. You must visit his old and modest tombstone. It is a pious pilgrimage, which children ought to undertake, and which brings them good fortune. Kneel and meditate when you are near it. Do as I have so often done: pull the moss from the stone; and if impious hands have not perpetrated upon it such mutilations as I have seen elsewhere, you will find what you seek—you will read this short epitaph, which contains the whole history of the chief of your family:

"PROSCRIBED  
BECAUSE HE WAS FAITHFUL,  
AND CONDEMNED  
AS IF HE HAD NOT BEEN SO."

*Pensamenti d'Illustri Autori, &c., esposti da Stefano Egidio Petroni. London: Treuttel & Co.*

Nothing is farther from our intention than the writing a formal review of this excellent little work; when we have said that the selections are made with great taste and judgment, and that the volume is precisely of that kind which we most gladly see placed in the hands of youth, we mean to dismiss it altogether, and turn our attention to a subject which the historical portion of the work has suggested—we mean, the value of history as a guide to conduct.

Treatises on the nature of history we have in abundance; general accounts of its great use and importance are "more plenty than blackberries"; but if we except an introductory chapter in the 'Encyclopædia Metropolitana,' we can scarcely find any attempt to fix the canons of historical argument, and determine under what limits recorded examples are to be received as valid authorities. We assuredly do not profess to supply this deficiency, and make this article a new chapter in logic: it will be sufficient for us to note a few prevailing errors, and point

out some of the absurdities into which statesmen and politicians of every party have fallen, through ignorance or neglect of the rules that regulate reasoning by example. There is, perhaps, no phrase more common, and more misunderstood, than that which we alternately hear pronounced with reverence and with mockery—"the wisdom of our ancestors." One party imagines that the use of the phrase includes the inference, that our ancestors were wiser than we are; and the other party, instead of showing that the five words include no such thing, gravely denounces the sentence as a mischievous sophism, and honours it with a logical refutation. The apparent ingenuity of the refutation deserves to be noticed. "The wisdom of our ancestors," saith a grave reviewer, "is a mischievous sophism: when you have said that age confers the wisdom of experience you have explained it: we are an older generation than those that have preceded us; and to speak of the wisdom of past generations, is to attribute to youth the experience of age, and confer the honour of grey hairs on the cradle." Now, this is doubtless very clever reasoning, but, unfortunately, it is completely misapplied: by the wisdom of our ancestors, is not meant, as the reviewer supposes, any attribution of authority to our ancestors, but a sanction to certain institutions derived from them. The phrase is, indeed, inaccurate, but still perfectly intelligible: wisdom is attributed to those who devised certain institutions, because the experience of all succeeding generations has shown those institutions to be beneficial; and thence an implied sanction is derived for such laws or customs, not because they were originally devised by a past generation, but because they have continued to exist through several generations.

A second objection made to this unfortunate phrase, leads us to the source of all the erroneous applications of historical authority, which we have witnessed in our brief experience,—namely, the neglect of the modifying circumstances which limited the utility of an institution to some particular time or place. "Laws against witchcraft, writs de heretico comburendo, &c., formed part of the wisdom of our ancestors," say certain critics. Well, so they were; and so they ought to have been. The opinions prevalent in society are an integral portion of that society's constitution, and must as such meet the attention of the legislator. If the belief in witchcraft were as general now as it was then, those laws ought to be revived, and put into active operation. They were wise laws so long as they remained in accordance with the habits, the feelings, and the belief of the age; but when these changed, the preservation of such laws would have been monstrous folly.

That an institution might be a blessing in one generation, and a curse in the next, is a matter that seems to escape the notice of many readers, and even many writers of history. The papal usurpation of Hildebrand, or Gregory VII. has been almost universally reprobated by historians; and yet it is perfectly demonstrable, that his extravagant assumption of authority was, for a time, productive of very great and important benefits. The sanctity of the gown was then the only protection from the tyranny of the sword. Religion was the only antagonizing force to

feudal despotism; and it was necessary to make the church a substantive independent power, in order that it should compete with the violence and cruelty of conquerors, who estimated victories proportionate to the numbers slain, rather than advantages won; and measured the value of conquests more by the diffusion of misery than the extension of territory. Hildebrand deserves, in some degree, the gratitude of posterity, since he first set the example of organizing resistance to despotism; and though he made no effort to establish liberty, he at least raised a power, under whose protection some free principles could germinate in safety. The changes of realm and the chances of time, led to a period when the power of the church became an engine of oppression: indeed, it was necessarily so, whenever it leagued with the state; but this change of circumstances is forgotten by orators and writers: they look to the evils that arose when ecclesiastical domination was united with regal despotism, but forget that it must have greatly tended to alleviate civil thralldom when it stood in a contrary position.

Perhaps the most ludicrous exemplification of this tendency to search for abstract principles in history, with a complete disregard of the modifying circumstances, is to be found in the disputes respecting the early constitution of England. As a practical guide to the politician, it is not worth a single straw to determine whether the Saxon monarchy was as despotic as that of Russia, or as republican as that of France—whether the Wittenagemot was an annual parliament or a privy council. The explanation of the difficulty would not confer an additional right on prince or people; for constitutions are not to be framed for non-existent customs, departed feelings, forgotten habits, and modes of faith and practice that have long since sunk into oblivion, but must be suited to the circumstances of the period in which they are adopted.

How often have we heard some such conversation as the following: "Avoid such a change, it leads to revolution."—"That is the very reason I will support it." But, in fact, the reasons assigned by both amount precisely to—nothing. A word of four syllables sounds very well, and rolls glibly off the tongue; but it must not be mistaken for an argument. A revolution may be a great or a small change—may be a blessing or a curse—may lead to happiness or misery—or may eventually leave matters pretty nearly as it found them. Of every species of these revolutions we have examples in history; and to quote one of them *per se* as a parallel, without proving that all circumstances are precisely similar, is an act either of folly or knavery. Magna Charta was a revolution—the Bill of Rights a revolution—Christianity itself a great revolution;—and to assert that there should be no more revolutions, is to declare that the only duty of a legislature is to register absurdities and consecrate abuses. Just as absurd is the contrary argument, that benefits must result from every revolution: we have witnessed one where the price paid for the benefit was a disproportionate mass of misery and suffering.

We have met, in speeches and pamphlets published during the last two centuries, such gross perversions of historical autho-

rities, that we hold it our duty to call public attention to the subject. History, studied closely and diligently, with a careful examination of all contingent circumstances, is truly a valuable practical guide; but read lightly and carelessly, examined only to furnish matter for turning a sentence or rounding a period, it is worse "than an old almanac," and is more likely to mislead than to instruct. To it the hackneyed quotation of Pope is most perfectly applicable—

There, shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,  
But drinking largely sobers it again.

*Qanoon-e-Islam, or the Customs of the Moosulmans of India; comprising a full and exact account of their various Rites and Ceremonies, from the moment of birth till the hour of death.* By Jaffur Shurreef. Translated by G. A. Herklots, M.D. London: Parbury, Allen & Co.

We have only had time to dip into this volume, but it seems one of the highest interest, though it may not be equally entertaining. It is a translation by Dr. Herklots, from a work written at his request by a Mohummudan native of India, descriptive of the manners and customs of his countrymen. The plan followed by the writer is to trace an individual from the period of his birth, (and even before it,) through all the forms and ceremonies which religion, superstition, and custom, impose upon him—but the writer's intention will be best collected from his preface, which is so truly original and characteristic, that we have determined to extract it entire, although we have not time to offer any opinion on the work itself.

#### "THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

Lord, Prosper { In the name of God, } and finish this  
Work with { the Merciful and } thy blessing!  
                  { Compassionate! }

"Glory be to that God who has, out of a drop of fluid, created such a variety of creatures, rational and irrational! Adored be that Creator, who has established such a variety of forms, statures, and vocal sounds among them, though their origin is the same pure, liquid, and genuine spirit!

"*In Praise of the Prophet (i. e. Mohummud).*

"A thousand and thousand salutations and benedictions are due to his sublime holiness Mohummud Moostufa† (the blessing and peace of God be with him!) through whose grace the sacred *Qoran* descended from the Most High! How inadequate is man justly to praise and eulogize him! Salutation and blessing, also, to his companions and posterity!

"My object in composing the present work is this: I, Jaffur Shurreef, alias Lala Meean, son of Allee Shurreef (who has received mercy!), of the Qoreish tribe, born at Nagore (may God illuminate his tomb, pardon his iniquities, and sanctify his soul!) a native of Ooppoo Elloor (Ellore), have for a considerable time been in attendance upon English gentlemen of high rank and noble mind (may their good fortune ever continue!), and under the shadow of their wings have nourished both soul and body; or, in other words, my office has been that of a teacher of language.

"Gentlemen of penetration used often to observe to me with the deepest interest, that if a concise work were written in a familiar style, and in the genuine Dukhunee language, containing a full account of all the necessary rites, customs, and usages observed by Moosulmans,

† Moostufa, i. e. 'the chosen.'

‡ 'The late,' or, as we should say, 'who is now in heaven.'

Europeans would not only read it with pleasure, but would derive much useful information from its perusal. However, hitherto, owing to want of leisure, this humble individual‡ has not been able to undertake anything of the kind. But, in the present instance, at the earnest request of (a possessor of favour and kindness, a man of great learning and magnanimity, a mine of humanity, a fountain of generosity, a just appreciator of the worth of both high and low, well versed in the mysteries of philosophy, a Plato of the age, in medicine a second Galen, nay, the Hippocrates of the day), Dr. Herklots (a man of virtue, an ocean of liberality, may his good fortune ever continue and his age increase!)§ I have endeavoured, to the extent of my poor abilities, to arrange this work under different heads—and entitled it 'QANOON-E-ISLAM, § i. e. *The Customs of the Moosulmans.*'

"Although various Hindoostanee authors have occasionally adverted to similar subjects, yet no work extant contains so full an account of them as has been given here.

"I have also included in it, local customs which have been superadded to the laws prescribed by the sacred *Qoran* and *Huddees* observed by Moosulmans, in order that the liberal minded Englishman should not continue ignorant of, or remain in the dark as to any rite or ceremony observed by Moosulmans.

"Although the author (who deems himself no wiser than a teacher of the A B C) be somewhat acquainted with the science of divinity (i. e. the knowledge of the interpretation of the *Qoran* and the *Huddees*, precepts of Mohummud), as well as with law and medicine, he has confined himself merely to a narration of the established and indispensable customs commonly observed by Moosulmans in the Dukhun, and to an idiom of language calculated to be understood by even the most illiterate.

"Of him who can judge of the state of the pulse of the pen (i. e. estimate the beauty of composition), and is likewise erudite, I have this request to make, that should he observe any errors in it, he would kindly consign them to oblivion, by erasing them with his quill.

"This work was completed Anno Hijræ 1248, corresponding with Anno Domini 1832."

#### *Life and Pontificate of Gregory the Seventh.*

By Sir Roger Greisle, Bart. London: Longman & Co.

THERE lived at Rome, in other days, a race of priests who asserted a right to make or unmake kings—take or give away countries—doom to perdition those they hated, and raise to heaven those they loved;—who gave indulgence for sin, and remission for transgression—placed a bar on the way to heaven, and exacted a heavy toll from all travellers—and who, while they claimed infallibility to themselves, made fallibility the portion of the rest of mankind. Of those audacious men the most remarkable was Hildebrand, who, from the obscure condition of monk, rose gradually to the Papal Throne, and for eleven years and more made himself

"† Literally 'this know-nothing': one of the many expressions of humility which Oriental writers are accustomed to use in speaking of themselves; such as 'this sinner,' 'this beggar,' 'this slave.'

"‡ At the very earnest solicitation of the author, the translator has been prevailed upon (very much against his own inclination) to allow the above hyperbolical eulogiums to remain, though conscious of his being little entitled to them. He has been induced to accede to the author's wish, more particularly to show the remarkable proneness of this class of people to flattery. In their epistolary correspondence, as well as their intercourse with each other, they are equally lavish of praise. A somewhat similar specimen will likewise be found at the conclusion of the work."

"§ More strictly 'rules (canons) of the Mohammedan religion.'

the terror of the nations of Europe. To the delineation of his character Sir Roger Greisley has dedicated this volume; from the scattered notices of friends and foes—letters of remonstrance or insult to princes—decrees regarding salvation and obedience—bulls, which settled alike all questions, religious, political, or domestic—excommunications of all natures and ordinances of all hues, the author has extracted a biography which throws some little light upon the darkness of the eleventh century. He has, however, brought more knowledge than moderation to the task: he delights more in showing the deformities than the merits of his subject, and seems much too willing to attribute all the proceedings of his victim to a love of power alone, and a natural desire to domineer. We have no doubt that many of those acts arose from a real belief in the right of the church, and from a wish to do good to the souls of men: be that as it may, our biographer has composed his work in something of a new spirit: he desires to expose rather than honour the character which he draws: he sets up an image, not for us to admire, but to join him in throwing stones at. We scarcely know what the writer can mean in thus making the object of his solicitude

A fixed figure, for the hand of scorn  
To point his slow unmoving finger at.

It is true that in former times the head of the Romish Church resembled a wild beast strong and ravenous, with sharp teeth and claws cruel and clutching, and a capacity of swallow vast and portentous: but now, in these our days, he is harmless enough: he is oppressed with age, his claws are cut never to grow again, his teeth are all plucked out, save a stump or two; the merest children may now approach him as they would do the stuffed skin of a tiger—nay, admire his fine colours, stroke his velvet paws, and pat his grisly nose in perfect security. It has been the pleasure of the author to write his book in his own manner, and we must take it as it is. On this point he may as well speak for himself:—

“Let me invite the Catholic and Protestant reader to peruse these pages, and see, in the eleventh century, the establishment of those doctrines of the Roman church by which it has ever since, up to this period, been distinguished; and which, till then, were, for many ages, in a wavering and unsettled state. A simple monk, emerging from his cloister, and assuming the direction of the public affairs of the Roman Catholic church, surmounted every obstacle, and opened a way to his successors by which they might place themselves in the sphere of angels and of gods. It was Gregory who taught the Leos, and Sixtuses, and Piuses how to govern people without the force of arms; a lesson hitherto neither forgotten nor abandoned. A sound but subtle policy, inflexible constancy, unshaken courage, placed the popes upon that throne, from which they have never, but for a feverish moment, been deposed. Since their restoration, the blind and idle credulity of the people, which served them as a footstool, has increased; and had the French nation yielded to that yoke which the Jesuits would have imposed on it, the days of excommunication and dethronements would have been revived.”

Hildebrand was born about the year 1020, in Soana: his father was a citizen of good character: his uncle was Abbot in the monastery of St. Mark; there is some foundation for the sounding language of his epitaph,

that he was “nobly educated.” He was early distinguished for his learning, his inflexibility of purpose, and tameless intrepidity of spirit: in those fluctuating times, when empires shifted to and fro like shadows on the water, the monk Hildebrand was ever the foremost to support the church against all conquerors, and, like the saint under whose banner he warred, he was as ready with the sword as the tongue. He seems to have been one of the first to perceive that the power of the Pope might be extended over the bodies as well as minds of men by a judicious use of the name of St. Peter, and a liberal interpretation of those mysterious words in Scripture about carrying the key. The first step towards this was the release which Rome gave the monkish institutions from the control of their bishops: the second was the claim set up, and allowed, for the Pope’s supremacy over all the princes and priests of Christendom: the third was the substitution of tradition for Scripture; and the fourth was auricular confession. The high deservings on the part of Hildebrand were at length rewarded by the papal chair.

As soon as he was, in the usual way, acknowledged by the kings of the earth, he began to display his ambition, and put forth his power. He claimed the kingdom of Spain because it was of old “the right of St. Peter,” and, though he did not desire to reign there, he demanded his “just tribute”: he desired to place himself at the head of the Christian army—march to Constantinople—reduce the Armenian dissenters by the sword—unite the churches of the east and west—and, having fixed the banner of the true religion on the walls of Jerusalem, return and reign in Rome. He spoke kindly and mildly to William the Conqueror of England, because that sagacious king paid all the dues of the church: he reproached, in fierce language, the King of France for adultery, rapine, perjury, and fraud, and more particularly for having robbed some Italian merchants on their way to a French fair: he interfered in the affairs of Muscovy—disputed the powers of the King of Arragon within his own kingdom—and, finally, he wrote to the King of Denmark to place the church in that country, and all that it contained, under the care of the see of Rome.

The ambition of Gregory alarmed the Emperor, Henry the Fourth—a prince, brave and pusillanimous by turns: he was affronted by the pontiff’s interference with the religious affairs of his kingdom: enraged, some say, at the dalliance between his Holiness and Matilda; and having a sharp sword, and not a very clear understanding, he rushed headlong into every scheme which presented itself to his fancy. His wrath boiled over in words at first:—

“Henry, not by usurpation, but by Divine dispensation, king, to Hildebrand, not an apostolic, but a false monk. Having, even in spite of my subjects, conducted myself as a most obedient son, whilst I expected to receive from you the treatment becoming a father, I have received only such as might have proceeded from the implacable enemy of my life and kingdom. You have taken from me that hereditary dignity of emperor which was due to me from the apostolic see; by the most villainous acts, you have attempted to alienate from me the kingdom of Italy; you have proudly, and in the face of every law, human and divine, heaped insults and injuries upon the most reverend bishops, who are united to me as members to the body: and although I have borne all these affronts with un-

speakable patience, attributing my conduct to tameness and indifference, you have raised yourself up against me, and given me to understand that it is necessary either that you should die, or that I should lose my life and kingdom. Wherefore, thinking it more fitting to reply by deeds rather than words to such an unheard-of act of contumacy, those matters have been published in a general assembly of the great lords of my kingdom, which, out of respect, have hitherto been suppressed; and it is plainly demonstrated that you can no longer maintain yourself by any means in the chair of St. Peter. It being, therefore, my bounden duty to adhere to this decision, I take from you all right to the papacy, and I command you to depart from that city, the patriarship of which has been granted to me both by God and by the Romans.”

Gregory far excelled Henry in such fulminations: he replied by the following sentence of excommunication:—

“St. Peter, Prince of the Apostles, lend us your ears, and listen to your servant whom you have cherished from his infancy, and delivered out of the hands of those who have a common enemy to him and you. And you, mother of God! St. Paul, and all the saints, bear witness, how the holy Roman church raised me by force, and against my will, to the government; although I should have preferred rather to pass my days in a continual pilgrimage than to ascend thy pulpit for any human motive. Inasmuch as I think that it will be grateful to you that the Christian people trusted to my care should obey me; supported by these hopes, and for the honour and the defence of the church, in the name of the omnipotent God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, by my authority and power, I prohibit King Henry, son of the Emperor Henry, who, with unheard-of pride, has raised himself up against your church, from governing the kingdoms of Germany and Italy. I absolve all Christians from the oath which they have taken to him; and I forbid all men to yield him that service which is due to a king. Finally, since he has not chosen to obey as becomes a Christian; has communicated with persons excluded from the communion of the faithful; has despised the warnings which I had given him for the good of his own soul; and has separated himself from the church, whilst he endeavoured to exterminate her authority; I, in thy name, bind him with the bonds of anathema, that all people may know that thou art Peter, and that upon thee the Son of God hath built his church, against which the gates of hell cannot prevail.”

The effect of these words would be laughter in our day: it was otherwise then;—Henry was left without a home or a subject: he humbled himself—came barefoot to Rome when snow was on the ground to make his submission: the pontiff, who was in his palace with Matilda, went to receive him:—

“Henry presented himself at the first gate of the fortress, and there, in the most abject submission, awaited to see what would be required of him. He was made to enter alone, having left all his suite outside the first of the three walls which girt the fortress; and at the second barrier he laid aside all the insignia of his dignity, and put on a simple woollen tunic. Here he stood barefooted, in the depth of winter, without food, from morning until night, for three whole days, imploring with loud lamentations the mercy of God and of the pope. On the fourth day, being admitted into the presence of the pontiff, after much controversy, he was absolved from the excommunication on the following terms:—that he should appear, at any given time and place which Gregory should appoint, before a general council of the German princes, to answer to their charges, in presence of the pope himself, if the latter should deem it

expedient; that he should abide by the sentence of the pope, who was to be the sole judge of the cause; that if it acquitted him he should retain his kingdom, or, if he were condemned, he should resign it cheerfully; that, whether he lost it or retained it, he should seek revenge on no one; that, until his cause was legally tried and decided, he should wear no royal ornament or insignia, nor make any decree in the administration of public affairs; that, beyond the necessary service of himself and his court, he should assume nothing royal or by public right; that all those who had taken the oath of allegiance to him were released in the sight of God and man; that Robert, Bishop of Bamberg, Uldaric of Constance, and others, his counsellors, should be removed from him for ever; and that, if ultimately being acquitted, he should again be powerful in his kingdom, he should be obedient and subject to the Roman pontiff, and co-operate with him manfully and promptly for the good of the church; and, finally, that if he violated any one of the conditions, the absolution should be invalid, he should be immediately deposed, and a new monarch elected in his stead."

A quarrel followed this degradation: Henry with a tumultuary army ravaged the Papal territories, and approached Rome: Gregory never wanted ready weapons: he sent for Robert Guiscard—a name distinguished in the Crusades: the Norman warrior chased away Henry—brought Rome to its senses, which had wavered between Pope and Emperor, and restored Gregory to his uncontrollable dominion over the souls and bodies of men. The Pope did not long survive this adventure: he fell sick, and died on the 25th of May, 1085. We may conclude with the following character of the pontiff by the author:—

"Gregory VII. was of small stature, but gigantic mind, lively imagination, intrepid courage, and of perseverance utterly incapable of yielding to any difficulties which he might encounter in his enterprises. Of an imperious disposition, quick, decisive, rash, resolute, and regardless of results, he set the first example of doing that which he desired others to do. He was especially learned in the divine sciences, in the rights, laws, and customs of the Roman Catholic church. In short, his impetuous and inflexible humour did not allow his zeal to be accompanied by the moderation which his predecessors had displayed. If he had possessed this moderation, much blood would have been spared; for the quarrel between the Holy See and the empire divided Europe into two factions, whose bitterness and animosity knew no bounds, and led to that temporal dominion of the popes, which has cost as much blood as the conquests of republican Rome."

FAMILY CLASSICAL LIBRARY, No. XXXIII.  
*Sophocles*. Translated by T. Franklin, D.D.  
London: Valpy.

We have had many opportunities recently afforded us of directing the attention of our readers to the Greek dramatists, and especially to Æschylus, the father of tragic poetry. We have now before us the works of his rival and successor, a dramatist, who commenced his career by a triumph over his master, and closed it by a victory over Euripides, the only competitor that ever dared to measure strength with him. Sophocles bears the impress of the age in which he lived, not stamped indeed so deeply and strongly as on Æschylus, because, in the course of a generation, the political character of Greece had assumed a milder form and a softer type. The exaggerations of the Persian

war,—its moving millions—its slaughtered myriads—streams drank dry by living armies—rivers bridged by the slain—seas gay in the morning with the streamers and sails of countless fleets, and darkened in the evening by their unsightly wrecks: these stupendous vicissitudes that surrounded Æschylus, as it were, with an atmosphere of moral sublimity, had, in the days of Sophocles, become a mere recollection—"a tale of the days gone by." Danger gave way to glory, excitement was changed for tranquillity, and deliberations in the public assemblies absorbed the interest lately accorded to struggles in the field. At such a period, the majesty of repose which peculiarly distinguishes the genius of Sophocles had more attractions, even for the excitable population of Athens, than the terrific grandeur that could scarcely be contemplated without pain. There are moods in the mind, both of nations and individuals, when the tranquil rivulet is more pleasing than the foaming cataract, and a serene landscape preferable to the sublimity of the storm. To this change in the national temperament, and not to his own superiority, must the victory of Sophocles over Æschylus be ascribed: in power, the disciple was inferior to his master; but he surpassed him in the art of pleasing, and the trial took place when pleasure was the sole object of the judges. Neither do we, sitting down in the quiet of our closet, feel disposed to reverse the sentence: if we admire Æschylus, we love Sophocles—the head may decide for the former, but the verdict of the heart is assured to the latter.

It is said, by most critics, that the great aim of Sophocles was to excite pity; and it is certain that this is the chord of the heart which he most effectually touches; but we doubt his having written a line with that prepossession. If any general design can be traced in his works, we hold it to be an anxiety to exalt human nature—to give us ennobling views of others and ourselves—to teach us that moral loveliness dwells in every heart, though circumstances may blight its growth, or wither its roots. Even Clytemnestra ceases to be the Lady Macbeth of antiquity in his hands; a mother's sorrow mingles in the joy she feels, when told that her son, the sworn avenger of her guilt, has died prematurely; a parent's tenderness softens the threats with which she replies to the stinging reproaches of Electra. The fearful tragedy that consummated the guilt and misery of the Pelopid family, has been dramatized by the three illustrious Athenians: we are not inclined to institute a comparison between them, after it has been so ably done by Schlegel; but we recommend those who desire to learn the differences of genius, to institute an analysis for themselves—to contrast the gloomy horrors of retributive justice in Æschylus, and the degrading influence of vice in Euripides, with the display of the heart's best affections in Sophocles, where deepest hate springs from deepest love, and retains to the last the softening characteristics of its origin.

The *Œdipus Tyrannus* stands alone in the history of the drama: it is the only tragedy in ancient or modern literature that reveals the catastrophe in the very opening of the play, and yet not only preserves the interest to the end, but heightens in its intensity as we advance. The effect is produced by the slow, but certain gradations by which

*Œdipus* learns his involuntary crime; the sufferings of the Thebans by plague, pestilence, and famine, raise in the mind the suspicions of great and unexpiated guilt; the response of the oracle declares that divine vengeance demands atonement for the murder of Laius; *Œdipus* pours imprecations on the head of the homicide, and learns from Tiresias that he has invoked curses on himself. The honest indignation of *Œdipus*—his suspicion that Creon has suborned the prophet—the awful denunciations of Tiresias—at once compel us to dwell on this the first stage of the awful revelation, while, at the same time, we gain a distinct view of the dire consummation. The anger of *Œdipus* leads to the interference of Jocasta, anxious to shield her brother from her husband's wrath; incidentally she states a circumstance that leads *Œdipus* to suspect that he had murdered his predecessor, and inquiry confirms his belief. The arrival of a shepherd from Corinth awakens a hope that the still greater guilt of parricide might be avoided; but while he is showing that Polybus was not the father of *Œdipus*, his story, too well understood, informs the queen that her son stood before her in the person of her husband. Her entreaties that he should forbear inquiry, but stimulate him to fresh investigations—the horrid secret gradually unfolds itself—he drinks the cup of overwhelming misery drop by drop—

And the spell now works around him,  
And the clankless chains have bound him;  
O'er his heart and brain together,  
Hath the word been pass'd—to wither.

The only parallel we know to this instance of an author trusting so much in his own power, as to reveal the catastrophe in the very outset, is Scott's '*Bride of Lammermuir*': the verses of Tristrem—

When the last lord of Ravenswood to Ravenswood  
shall ride, &c.

are as definite as the prophecy of Tiresias—every sentence points directly to their accomplishment; but though the conclusion never disappears from our view for a moment, the interest of the intervening incidents never flags.

We should gladly enter into a more detailed examination of the continuation of the Theban monarch's history—the *Œdipus at Colonus*—the rich descriptions of the romantic scenery about Athens—the glowing pictures of the charms of external nature—relieve the wretchedness occasioned by the contemplation of an exiled monarch, poor, helpless, and blind. But the charm of the piece is *Antigone*,—the most beautiful personification of filial and feminine affection that ever emanated from a poet's soul. Her faithful attendance on her hapless father, to alleviate whose wretchedness she has devoted the morning of her life—her affectionate pleading for her erring brother—and her anxious desire to save Thebes from the evils threatened by fraternal war—invest her with a moral loveliness which identifies her with every feeling that is noble in our nature. In the concluding tragedy of the Theban trilogy,—a tragedy which, by some incomprehensible mistake, is placed apart from those with which it forms a tragic trilogy,—*Antigone* appears as a sister, risking life to pay the rites of sepulture to the body of the unfortunate Polynices. A strength and force of determination now is revealed, that could scarcely be expected in a creature of such

tenderness, did we not know that a wound to the tender affections momentarily inspires an energy that rises above all dangers, and defies all consequences: it is the manifestation of strength in weakness, courage in timidity, and heroic daring in the very softness of effeminacy.

But we must quit a theme, on which we have perhaps expatiated too freely, and turn to the translation before us. It is executed with great spirit and fidelity—the language, like that of the original, is simple and elegant, not disfigured by meretricious ornament or ambitious affectation. It is, indeed, a version worthy of a place in the Family Classical Library, and higher praise it could scarcely receive; for that series has been hitherto conducted with so much spirit, taste, and judgment, that we are afraid of wearying our readers by so often repeating our commendations and our hearty wishes for its continued success.

*The Golden Calf: a comedy, in three acts.* By Douglas Jerrold. London: Richardson.

We are glad to see that this clever little piece, with which critics and the public were equally well pleased on its representation, is now published.

#### ORIGINAL PAPERS

##### ON GENOA.

*From Alfieri.*

O thou, who sit'st in stateliest majesty,  
Glassing thyself beside Liguria's sea,  
And, towering from thy curved shores to the sky,  
Scorn'st at thy back the mountains mantling thee,

Proud in those moles and palaces, Italy  
Though great and fair, boasts not to rival; why  
Are not thy citizens such as thine should be,  
In mind, soul, spirit, somewhat worthier thee?  
They with their fasts and griping penances—  
Their hoarded gold, heaped up, and heaping,

Better at once be buried—'twould cost thee less;  
That wealth which rots, their bane and their delight,

Shrouds with a veil of grossest ignorance these,  
Makes bigots blind of those.—All here is night!

#### CONTINUATION OF THE SHELLEY PAPERS.

##### *Critical Notices of the*

##### SCULPTRE IN THE FLORENCE GALLERY.

BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

[Continued from page 609.]

##### *The Minerva.*

THE head is of the highest beauty. It has a close helmet, from which the hair, delicately parted on the forehead, half escapes. The attitude gives entire effect to the perfect form of the neck, and to that full and beautiful moulding of the lower part of the face and mouth, which is in living beings the seat of the expression of a simplicity and integrity of nature. Her face, upraised to heaven, is animated with a profound, sweet, and impassioned melancholy, with an earnest, and fervid, and disinterested pleading against some vast and inevitable wrong. It is the joy and poetry of sorrow making grief beautiful, and giving it that nameless feeling which, from the imperfection of language, we call pain, but which is not all pain, though a feeling which makes not only its possessor,

but the spectator of it, prefer it to what is called pleasure, in which all is not pleasure. It is difficult to think that this head, though of the highest ideal beauty, is the head of Minerva, although the attributes and attitude of the lower part of the statue certainly suggest that idea. The Greeks rarely, in their representations of the characters of their gods, (unless we call the poetic enthusiasm of Apollo a mortal passion,) expressed the disturbance of human feeling; and here is deep and impassioned grief animating a divine countenance. It is, indeed, divine. Wisdom (which Minerva may be supposed to emblem,) is pleading earnestly with Power, —and invested with the expression of that grief, because it must ever plead so vainly. The drapery of the statue, the gentle beauty of the feet, and the grace of the attitude, are what may be seen in many other statues belonging to that astonishing era which produced it: such a countenance is seen in few.

This statue happens to be placed on a pedestal, the subject of whose reliefs are in a spirit wholly the reverse. It was probably an altar to Bacchus—possibly a funeral urn. Under the festoons of fruits and flowers that grace the pedestal, the corners of which are ornamented with the skulls of goats, are sculptured some figures of Mænads under the inspiration of the god.† Nothing can be conceived more wild and terrible than their gestures, touching, as they do, the verge of distortion, into which their fine limbs and lovely forms are thrown. There is nothing, however, that exceeds the possibility of nature, though it borders on its utmost line.

The tremendous spirit of superstition, aided by drunkenness, producing something beyond insanity, seems to have caught them in its whirlwinds, and to bear them over the earth, as the rapid volutions of a tempest heave the ever-changing trunk of a water-spout, or as the torrent of a mountain river whirls the autumnal leaves resistlessly along in its full eddies. The hair, loose and floating, seems caught in the tempest of their own tumultuous motion; their heads are thrown back, leaning with a strange delirium upon their necks, and looking up to heaven, whilst they totter and stumble even in the energy of their tempestuous dance.

One represents Agave with the head of Pentheus in one hand, and in the other a great knife; a second has a spear with its pine cone, which was the Thyrsus; another dances with mad voluptuousness; the fourth is beating a kind of tambourine.

This was indeed a monstrous superstition, even in Greece, where it was alone capable of combining ideal beauty and poetical and abstract enthusiasm with the wild errors from which it sprang. In Rome it had a more familiar, wicked, and dry appearance; it was not suited to the severe and exact apprehensions of the Romans, and their strict morals were violated by it, and sustained a deep injury, little analogous to its effects upon the Greeks, who turned all things—superstition, prejudice, murder, madness—to beauty.

##### *On the Venus called Anadyomene.*

She has just issued from the bath, and yet is animated with the enjoyment of it.

† There is an urn in the British Museum, whose reliefs are of the same era, and where the same subject is treated in a way by no means inferior to that described so enthusiastically by Shelley. It is in the room of the admirable Fann.

She seems all soft and mild enjoyment, and the curved lines of her fine limbs flow into each other with a never-ending sinuosity of sweetness. Her face expresses a breathless, yet passive and innocent voluptuousness, free from affectation. Her lips, without the sublimity of lofty and impetuous passion, the grandeur of enthusiastic imagination of the Apollo of the Capitol, or the union of both, like the Apollo Belvidere, have the tenderness of arch, yet pure and affectionate desire, and the mode in which the ends of the mouth are drawn in, yet lifted or half-opened, with the smile that for ever circles round them, and the tremulous curve into which they are wrought by inextinguishable desire, and the tongue lying against the lower lip, as in the listlessness of passive joy, express love, still love.

Her eyes seem heavy and swimming with pleasure, and her small forehead fades on both sides into that sweet swelling and thin declension of the bone over the eye, in the mode which expresses simple and tender feelings.

The neck is full, and panting as with the aspiration of delight, and flows with gentle curves into her perfect form.

Her form is indeed perfect. She is half-sitting and half-rising from a shell, and the fullness of her limbs, and their complete roundness and perfection, do not diminish the vital energy with which they seem to be animated. The position of the arms, which are lovely beyond imagination, is natural, unaffected, and easy. This, perhaps, is the finest personification of Venus, the deity of superficial desire, in all antique statuary. Her pointed and pear-like person, ever virgin, and her attitude modesty itself.

##### *A Bas-Relief. Probably the sides of a Sarcophagus.*

The lady is lying on a couch, supported by a young woman, and looking extremely exhausted; her dishevelled hair is floating about her shoulder, and she is half-covered with drapery that falls on the couch.

Her tunic is exactly like a chemise, only the sleeves are longer, coming half way down the upper part of the arm. An old wrinkled woman, with a cloak over her head, and an enormously sagacious look, has a most professional appearance, and is taking hold of her arm gently with one hand, and with the other is supporting it. I think she is feeling her pulse. At the side of the couch sits a woman as in grief, holding her head in her hands. At the bottom of the bed is another matron tearing her hair, and in the act of screaming out most violently, which she seems, however, by the rest of her gestures, to do with the utmost deliberation, as having come to the resolution, that it was a correct thing to do so. Behind her is a gossip of the most ludicrous ugliness, crying, I suppose, or praying, for her arms are crossed upon her neck. There is also a fifth setting up a wail. To the left of the couch a nurse is sitting on the ground dandling the child in her arms, and wholly occupied in so doing. The infant is swaddled. Behind her is a female who appears to be in the act of rushing in with dishevelled hair and violent gesture, and in one hand brandishing a whip or a thunder-bolt. This is probably some emblematic person, the messenger of death, or a fury, whose personification would be a key to the whole



What they are all wailing at, I know not; whether the lady is dying, or the father has directed the child to be exposed: but if the mother be not dead, such a tumult would kill a woman in the straw in these days.

The other compartment, in the second scene of the drama, tells the story of the presentation of the child to its father. An old man has it in his arms, and with professional and mysterious officiousness is holding it out to the father. The father, a middle-aged and very respectable-looking man, perhaps not long married, is looking with the admiration of a bachelor on his first child, and perhaps thinking, that he was once such a strange little creature himself. His hands are clasped, and he is gathering up between his arms the folds of his cloak, an emblem of his gathering up all his faculties to understand the tale the gossip is bringing.

An old man is standing beside him, probably his father, with some curiosity, and much tenderness in his looks. Around are collected a host of his relations, of whom the youngest, a handsome girl, seems the least concerned. It is altogether an admirable piece, quite in the spirit of the comedies of Terence.†

#### *Michael Angelo's Bacchus.*

The countenance of this figure is a most revolting mistake of the spirit and meaning of Bacchus. It looks drunken, brutal, narrow-minded, and has an expression of desolateness the most revolting. The lower part of the figure is stiff, and the manner in which the shoulders are united to the breast, and the neck to the head, abundantly inharmonious. It is altogether without unity, as was the idea of the deity of Bacchus in the conception of a Catholic. On the other hand, considered only as a piece of workmanship, it has many merits. The arms are executed in a style of the most perfect and manly beauty. The body is conceived with great energy, and the manner in which the lines mingle into each other, of the highest boldness and truth. It wants unity as a work of art—as a representation of Bacchus it wants everything.

#### *A Juno.*

A statue of great merit. The countenance expresses a stern and unquestioned severity of dominion, with a certain sadness. The lips are beautiful—susceptible of expressing scorn—but not without sweetness. With fine lips a person is never wholly bad, and they never belong to the expression of emotions wholly selfish—lips being the seat of imagination. The drapery is finely conceived, and the manner in which the act of throwing back one leg is expressed, in the diverging folds of the drapery of the left breast fading in bold yet graduated lines into a skirt, as it descends from the left shoulder, is admirably imagined.

#### *An Apollo,*

with serpents twining round a wreath of laurel on which the quiver is suspended. It probably was, when complete, magnificently beautiful. The restorer of the head and arms, following the indication of the muscles of the right side, has lifted the arm, as in triumph, at the success of an arrow, imagining to imitate the Lycian Apollo in that, so finely described by Apollonius Rhod-

dus, when the dazzling radiance of his beautiful limbs shone over the dark Euxine. The action, energy, and godlike animation of these limbs speak a spirit which seems as if it could not be consumed.

#### THE INFLUENCE OF LITERATURE AND ART IN INDIA.

THE ancient Egyptians wrote a language of signs and symbols, which Europeans have not yet mastered; the early Christian Missionaries taught savage nations the mysteries of the atonement by the same means; and something like this primitive mode of instruction still prevails in the Indian Peninsula, and in the tributary isles. There the native tribes, by means of painting and sculpture, and dramatic representations, not only maintain a correspondence between cities and nations, but keep up an uniformity of character, and preserve an air of politeness in their intercourse, which their knowledge of these arts inspire. They are, in truth, an indolent people, and are content to go the shortest way to acquire the little learning they desire. They would dislike to study painting and sculpture in academies, but they would lie and gaze by the hour on a noble statue or an historic painting, and imbibe a far loftier notion of the power of the people who produced them, than they could do any other way: they would smile were they desired to puzzle out the meaning of Shakspeare through the medium of their broken English, but they would go in crowds to see Macbeth represented. They dislike all mental labour, and much of the bodily too, and as arts spring from nature, and speak all languages with the same clearness and fluency, they are content to take her for their schoolmistress.

We have been led into these remarks, by reading the evidence lately given by Sir Alexander Johnston, before a Committee of the House of Commons, for inquiring into the affairs of the India Company, and the condition of the people of the East. Sir Alexander has considered the subject ripely; to his own observations he has added the testimony of many intelligent officers, who have served or are serving in that country; and we look upon his remarks as of great importance to those who desire to extend in India, European knowledge and taste, and maintain among the numerous nations an idea of our mental as well as bodily superiority. Nor will it be useful to the East alone; it will confer a benefit upon art in this land, and show our Academy that the East opens her gates to receive their works, though the country is reluctant to purchase them at home. To all those who join in these sentiments, and they are founded on knowledge, the more complete introduction of painting and sculpture, and the drama, into the East, appears a matter of vast importance—they are looked upon as ready instruments for improving the understanding, raising the moral character, and securing to Britain the admiration and attachment of the natives of India.

With this in his mind, it is proposed by Sir Alexander, that our Indian Government be empowered to lay out a certain sum annually, to encourage historical painters, sculptors, and dramatic writers, in the production of such works as may suit the cha-

racter and feelings of the people of the East, and at the same time place before them distinct and attractive images of our power, our prowess, of our sciences, our commerce, and our freedom. The subjects on which artists and authors would employ their talents, might be chosen for them by persons conversant with the character and condition of the people, and an annual report made by our Indian authorities, upon the moral or political effects which such works produce on the natives. Such is, in brief, the proposal of Sir Alexander: it is, in truth, but an extension of the principle upon which he has himself privately acted; he has sent out sculpture, and dramatic poetry—written on purpose by Joanna Bailie; and as the results have been favourable, he feels that the nation might with propriety do something in the same way for the benefit of both countries. Our government might be worse employed than in looking to this.

#### AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES.

WHILE our antiquarians have been turning up every barrow and molehill in search of novel facts (and what could England be expected to yield, whose history can be traced in a continued stream from Julius Cæsar to the present time?), similar excavations have been carried on in North America, that cannot fail to be interesting from the lights they are likely to throw on subjects of considerable obscurity. In the barrows there opened have been found, together with human skeletons, earthen vessels, and utensils composed of alloyed metal, indicating the past existence of an art at present unknown to the nations of that continent. This fact, connected with others produced by Robertson, and confirmed by Bullock in his 'Museum of Mexican Antiquities,' is sufficient to prove that America, though called the New World, is quite as old as our portion of it; nor is it at all improbable that we are the youngsters of the race of Adam; for, with the exception of the Pyramids of Egypt, and the Vases lately discovered in Italy twenty feet below the present surface of the soil, we have nothing in Europe to show, as proofs of antiquity, equal to the fact recorded by Mr. Ferrall; † who states, that at the Bull Shoals, east branch of White River, in Missouri, several feet below the surface of the river, reliquæ were found, which indicated that the spot had formerly been the seat of metallurgical operations, where the alloy appeared to be lead united with silver; arrow heads also cut out of flint, and fragments of earthenware that had undergone the operation of fire were found there; and though we have no data to tell us at what time these operations were carried on, the period must have been very remote, as the present banks have been since entirely formed by alluvial deposits.

A still more curious circumstance, mentioned by Mr. Ferrall also, is, that a few years since a number of pigmy graves were discovered near Merrimac River, in St. Louis County. The coffins were of stone, and the length of the bodies could not have exceeded three feet and a half to four feet; and, as the graves were many, and the skeletons in some nearly entire, it was easy to perceive they could not have been those of children.

† This bas-relief is not antique. It is of the Cinquième Canto.—Ed.

† See 'Rambles through the United States of America.' Athenæum, No. 250.

Of this discovery notice has been taken by Mr. Flint, who observes, "that the more the subject of the past races of men and animals in America is investigated, the more perplexed the inquiry becomes. The huge bones of the animals indicate them to have been vastly larger than any now existing, while all that I have seen and heard of the men seems to show, that they were smaller than the men of our times."

But, as we know from testimonies quoted by Lawrence (Lectures, p. 377), that almost all the North American tribes are of small stature, is it not fair to infer that, as plants and animals increase or decrease by cultivation, or the want of it, so human beings may vary in their size from the effect of accidental circumstances? and thus the tradition of the giants we read of in Homer, may, after all, be true; since, even in our days, we know that the people in the neighbourhood of Potsdam are remarkable for their height, as being the descendants of the giant bodyguards of the great Frederick of Prussia; nor can it be doubted, that the athletic men of Lancashire will dwindle down to the common standard, as soon as the baneful effect of confining children to the close and impure air of cotton factories shall begin more fully to develop itself.

It is not, however, so much by the size of men, as by their proficiency in the arts, that we can form the best idea of the antiquity of any given race. Now, as we partly prove the antiquity of Egypt by the different facts connected with the mummies, so is it fair to infer, that where mummies are found in America, there we have convincing proofs of the existence of a race long since extinct; and when once the mind is thus thrown back on the past, there is no limit to the view it either sees, or fancies it sees.

But it will be said, that if the world be so very old, how can we account for the daily discovery of new people in different portions of it? The fact is, the people so met with may have existed time out of mind; as in the case of Clapperton's recent discovery of a numerous nation in the very heart of Africa, who must have existed there for many hundred years: and even the discovery of the New World only proves, that though the means of getting to America had existed for many years, yet the motive for making the voyage never existed; or if it existed in single individuals, still they might want the means of putting their wishes into execution.

True it is, that there is less chance now than ever there was, of people and places, once well known, being completely forgotten, in consequence of the invention of printing; yet even a language that has been committed to print may be lost, as in the case of the Polish language, which, in all likelihood, will now be swallowed up in the Russian, and in after times be studied only as the hieroglyphics of Egypt, or the less intelligible arrow-headed letters on the bricks of Babylon; nay, even Greek itself—the noblest medium ever invented by man to convey his thoughts,—stands every chance of being, ere long, really a dead language, when we find so little attention paid to it in a country that, in other respects, is boasting of its high state of civilization.

It requires then no spirit of prophecy to predict, that almost the whole of Italy will

become as little known to the inhabitants of Australia, as New Holland now is to the people of Italy; for unless the Australians be led to the Mediterranean for the purposes of commerce, what earthly motive will there be to induce them to pass the straits of Gibraltar?—nay more, what motive will ever lead them to England, when the only native produce that this country can yield (its tin), will be either exhausted, or the market be better supplied by some of the islands in the Indian Archipelago?—and when that time shall arrive, thousands of years may pass before England, once lost, shall ever be recovered.

This will doubtless appear a startling paradox to those who have been accustomed to speak of England as the mistress of the ocean, and to see her flag waving over the four quarters of the globe.

The time however has been, nor far distant, when the same was said of Tyre, Carthage, and Venice; and yet they have all sunk, or are sinking fast, into oblivion. The Phœnician dialect is quite lost; and even of the language of the second, we know nothing, save from a scene or two in Plautus; and where she stood is a matter of dispute. What was it but a spirit of commercial enterprise that first led her to Britain (the foreign tin-land), in search of a metal to be found nowhere else so good or so plentiful as in the Scilly Islands, and which were, by the Greeks, called *Κασσιτερίδες*; from *κασσιτερος*, tin; while the Latin word *stannum* proves its connexion with the Cornish *stan*, still preserved in the word *stannary*, i. e. the tin dues paid to the Duchy of Cornwall.

To return, however, to the more interesting subject of the American Mummies, we will extract the description given by Mr. Flint, from which it will appear that, though the American Embalmers were not equal to the Egyptians in all the accessories of the art, still they knew enough of it to enable them to preserve the bodies of the dead to a time when every other trace of the existence of the embalmers was lost:—

"The two bodies that were found in the vast limestone cavern in Tennessee, one of which I saw at Lexington, were neither of them more than four feet in height. It seems to me that this must have been nearly the height of the living person. The teeth and nails did not seem to indicate the shrinking of the flesh from them in the desiccating process by which they were preserved. The teeth were separated by considerable intervals; and were small, long, white, and sharp, reviving the horrible images of nursery tales of ogres' teeth. The hair seemed to have been sandy, or inclining to yellow. It is well known that nothing is so uniform in the present Indian as his lank black hair. From the pains taken to preserve the bodies, and the great labour of making the funeral robes in which they were folded, they must have been of the 'blood-royal,' or personages of great consideration in their day. The person that I saw, had evidently died by a blow on the skull. The blood had coagulated there into a mass, of a texture and colour sufficiently marked to show that it had been blood. The envelope of the body was double. Two splendid blankets, completely woven with the most beautiful feathers of the wild turkey, arranged in regular stripes and compartments, encircled it. The cloth on which these feathers were woven, was a kind of linen of neat texture, of the same kind with that which is now woven from the fibres of the nettle. The body was evidently that of a female of middle

age, and I should suppose that her majesty weighed, when I saw her, six or eight pounds."

Many mummies have been found also in other parts of America, especially in an extensive cavern, says Mr. Flint, near the Teletenah or *dripping fork*, and not far from the point where the river empties itself into the La Plata.

These and other coincidences might tempt one to believe, that a connexion has existed at some period between the two hemispheres.

But surely it were more reasonable to suppose, that as the phenomena of man's mental and corporeal existence are everywhere similar, so the thoughts and actions, the result of such similarity in mind and body will be similar; and thus we can readily account for the similarity of the tradition among the Europeans, respecting a Saturnian age, when all was peace and plenty, with one amongst the Quapaws, that the barrows mentioned above, were raised many hundred years ago, by a people no longer existing, but living then in a happy age, when game was so plentiful as to be obtained without exertion, and when there were no wars.

In further proof of the great antiquity of the country as the abode of man, may be mentioned, the loss of so many languages, all of which must have taken some time to establish, although their destruction might have been effected in comparatively few years.

Of the languages spoken by the aborigines of North America, three, it appears, are so distinct, as to have no perceivable affinity with each other, and still less, says Mons. Duponceau, with the European tongues, from which they differ in the marked peculiarity of dividing things into animate and inanimate, and not into genders, male and female; a distinction carried by all Europeans, except the English, to a most absurd length; although it must be confessed, that, in the formation of the language, where genders are applied to inanimate objects, good reasons may have presented themselves to the inventors of the words, for such an apparently arbitrary difference—reasons, however, that it is difficult now to guess at, as we have lost the clue to lead us through the labyrinth.

But though the American languages thus differ from the European, yet we are told, that in their polysynthetic or "many compounding" character, they approach to the richness of the Greek. For example, we find in the Arancuan language, the word *idnancloclavin*, i. e. "I do not wish to eat with him," and a similar verb in the Delaware tongue, *n'schingiwipona*, i. e. "I do not like to eat with him"; to which Mons. D. adds another example from the latter language, *machtitschwanne*, i. e. "a cluster of islands with channels every way, so that it is in no place impassable for craft."

Now, though these words seem at first to have no possible connexion with any European tongue, yet when we come to analyze them, we think we can discover in two of them points of resemblance, which only wait for more specimens to enable us to speak positively on the subject. Thus, for example, in the word *idnancloclavin*, one can detect the words *id* "I," *nan* "not," *clocla* "eat," *vin* "with"; where *id* is like the German *ich*, and *nan* like the German *nain*; while *clocla*

+ This reminds one of the language of the Greek poet, Rhianus, who, meaning to describe twenty years, speaks of twenty grasses.

is evidently, like the Latin *gula*, derived from the sound made by a person *eating*, and similar to the English *gobble*; nor is *vin* very different from *vi him*, that is *with him*.

Thus, too, in the Delaware word, *machtitschuanne*, one may detect *mach* like the English *muck*, and *wanne*, the old English *wain*, corrupted from the German *wagen*, the origin of *wagon*, while *titsch*, like the Latin *Tethys*, is probably *sea-water*; and thus *machtitschuanne* is in reality *much sea-water way*.

DISCOVERY NEAR TIVOLI—PANEGRIC ON  
DODWELL—THE ABBATE ZANNONI—  
VESUVIUS.

Rome 22nd August.

SOME attention has been excited among the antiquaries of this place by the discovery of thirty bodies, covered over with large tiles, on the banks of the Aviene, near the grotto of Neptune at Tivoli. Several medals and fragments of inscriptions were found scattered on the spot, but, in general, they have not proved of much value. On one of them may be traced the letters MILITI...C. AUG.; and on another the word LEZBIA. The whole of these remains have been carefully removed to the Townhall of the district.

The last meeting of the Academy of Archæology took place on the 2nd instant; and the most attractive part of the proceedings was a detailed illustration, drawn up and read by Visconti, the secretary, of an antique Grecian marble found in the island of Syros, and presented to the Academy by the Austrian traveller, Colonel Prokesch, who is at present on a mission to the court of Rome. It is the more valuable from containing two words which have hitherto escaped detection; these are, *Archotne* (Archontess), and *Demothoënoe* (a festive banquet given to the populace). The learned Secretary then pronounced an eloquent eulogium on our lamented countryman, Dodwell, who was a corresponding member of the Academy. After dwelling on the indefatigable industry which distinguished his whole life, Visconti held up his single-hearted devotion to the advancement of antiquarian science and investigations, as entitled both to the gratitude and admiration of every scholar. He next traced Dodwell's pilgrimages through Italy and Greece, and referred to the noble collections he had formed, the excavations he had set on foot, and the works he had published;—amongst the latter, none, Visconti observed, promised to be of more extensive utility, than his projected publication on the ancient structures of Greece and Italy, for which he had not only prepared a considerable portion of the text, but left behind him as many as one hundred and fifty-three designs and plates. The orator then instanced the extent of his labours and attainments in the science of Lithology; as an evidence of which he stated, that Dodwell had collected two hundred specimens of lavas, thrown up by the spent volcanoes in the vicinity of Rome, and far surpassing those either of Ætna or Vesuvius in beauty; besides having, at a very considerable expense both of toil and money, brought together two thousand five hundred specimens of English, French, Swiss, and Italian marbles; many of which he had himself discovered. This address was rapturously applauded at its conclusion by one of the most numerous and respectable audiences which have ever attended the sittings of the Academy.

The loss of Zannoni, who died at Florence on the 12th instant, where he has long and ably filled the appointments of Secretary of the Della Cruscan Academy and Director of the department of Antiquities to the Grand-Duke of Tuscany, is greatly deplored. Independently of his erudite works in Greek, Etruscan, and Latin literature,

his illustrations of the 'Royal Gallery of Florence' would alone have sufficed to endear his memory to every cultivated mind.

Our friends in Naples, ever since Vesuvius has grown less wrathful, have been flocking to the spot in such multitudes, that it is become more like a Mecca or Loretto than a hideous volcano; and our host, *Il Guida del real Vesuvio*, as he styles himself, not to be behindhand with his own well-doing, has, to the contentment of his followers, undertaken to appease their hunger with savouries on the very edge of the crater.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE  
AND ART.

THE publishing world is silent, and confounded by the success of the Society for the Diffusion of Knowledge, which has swallowed up the gains of booksellers, and the hopes of authors: this steam-engine style of manufacturing books cannot, however, last long; genius must sooner or later resume the ascendancy, and destroy, like Aaron's rod, all such false enchantments. Some of our booksellers aided largely in calling into existence this mushroom literature: books were by these persons considered as newspapers, for the service only of the day of their birth, and were puffed into circulation by critical breezes and trade winds; next day brought a new book and a hundred new puffs, and the romance or novel of the day before, was sent to oblivion. The bookseller who published the book, was reckoned everything, and the author nothing, and, by his patronage,

Every desperate blockade dared to write.

We had hoped that such publishers were beginning to be sensible of the ruin thus brought on literature, and of its reaction on themselves; but there is a dulness, on which even experience throws away its wisdom. We have had a sad specimen lately of this catch-penny trickery, in the publication of 'Zohrab the Hostage.' This work was professedly reviewed in the Bookseller's Gazette of the eighth of this month, at a time when we have reason to believe, the printing was not finished—it was made the leading article, and ten columns were given, to satisfy the world of the importance of the work. In this professed review, there was, of course, a fine flourish about the "admirable author," the "delightful author," and his "entertaining narrative;" and this serviceable paragraph has ever since been circulating all over the country—it has been impossible to take up a newspaper, without stumbling on it; we are of opinion, that not less than one hundred pounds has been expended in giving it currency. Now the orders from the country, for this "interesting narrative of this delightful author," must arrive in London by the 25th or 26th, to ensure the receipt of the work by the booksellers' monthly parcels. Will not this then be admitted as a system most ruinous to our literature, when we add, that 'Zohrab the Hostage' has not yet been seen, except by this trade critic, and that it is not even now published!

We hear that Professor Wilson has been much pleased with his cruise in the *Vernon*, and that he proposes to write a song on the wonders of the deep: we hope he will take London in his way home, and let us hear a stave of it.—Wordsworth, too, has been sitting for his portrait to Pickersgill: the likeness is said to be great, and though not

"beautiful exceedingly," it will be welcome to all lovers of art and genius. The painter has declared it to be the finest of all his works, not even excepting Owen of Lanark and the Countess Guiccioli.

This is all we have heard in the way of home novelties; but in the leisure which our publishing quiet has left us, we have been running hastily over the continental periodicals, to inform ourselves of what might be expected from the foreign press—Germany is, of course, the most prolific. We observe that a German translation of the Chansons of Béranger has recently been published at Stuttgart. The grave and serious character of the German people has hitherto taught them to consider poetry as allied to the deepest passions and affections—thence may arise their comparative disrelish for the lighter and more sparkling effusions of the muse. Their language, also, is little adapted to exhibit the grace, the delicate pleasantry and gaiety of the French bard.—A new work is also announced as in the press, by Messrs. Tschöpple and Stenzel, containing a collection of original documents, illustrative of the origin of the Slavonic cities, and the introduction and spread of the German colonies—a question often considered, and of great importance in history.

Two important works on Theology have just made their appearance in Holland—a new edition, in 2 vols. 4to., of Wetsten's New Testament, with considerable additions by Lotze; and an Encyclopædia of Theology, written for *future divines*, as the author, Dr. Clarisse, quaintly expresses it. We cannot but think that a translation of this work into English would be highly useful, as opening sources of knowledge to English theological students, which are at present wholly unknown by the great majority of scholars in this country. But it will perhaps more interest the general reader to be informed, that A. M. Passaraut, historical painter at Frankfort, who recently visited England for the purpose of exploring the collections of the great masters, and of ascertaining the progress of native art, now announces a work on these subjects, in which will be found, he says, much interesting matter relative to the personal history of many living artists, with whose friendship he was honoured during his stay: the whole interspersed with remarks on the public and private life of the English.

Approaching towards Italy, we read, that in Piedmont an association has been formed among the printers, for the purpose of republishing voluminous and expensive works. 'The Sermons of Segneri,' in 12 volumes, is the first announced to appear. As to Italy itself, it is well observed by a foreign writer, that its literary traffic with the rest of Europe seems to be impeded by the Alps and Apennines. It is certain that the new productions of the Italian press are longer in becoming known to the literati of foreign countries, than the works published in any other of the European communities: even in Italy itself the knowledge travels slowly; and the new works of Florence are among the latest novelties at Bologna, a year and a day after publication. The most important works which have lately appeared, we believe to be 'The Ritratte ed Elogi di Liguri illustri,' (Genoa); a continuation of the work begun by Gervasoni; and Pezzana's 'Contribuzione delle Memorie degli Scrittori e Let-

terati Parmegiani,' (Parma); which is described as a masterpiece of laborious care, and even as surpassing in minute accuracy, the work of the learned Father Ireneo Affo, of which it is a continuation. A new and beautiful edition of Winkelmann's works, is also, it appears, now publishing at Prato, with plates; and editions of Cicognara's and D'Agincourt's works on the Fine Arts, have lately appeared at the same place. But among the latest novelties, is an edition of 'The Life of Cellini,' published at Florence. It is said to be illustrated by some important notes, and that the last volume contains "his Journal and his Poems;" these, we presume, are additions, and if so, we shall certainly look into the work itself, and report upon it. Everything relating to this strange, mad genius, is interesting.

Returning northward, we learn that some hitherto inedited poems of the middle ages, in Turkish, on the history of Alexander the Great, &c., have been discovered by M. Frederic Wolf, in the library of St. Mark, at Venice. The whole constitute a Poetical Pantheon, embracing not merely the history of Alexander, but also that of the entire East, before and since Alexander;—before, to the period of the first Kings of Persia; and since, to the time of the writer; and painting the philosophy and theology of the true believers in a bold and brief style, that is not devoid of poetical colouring.

Now journeying to the farthest north, we hear that the researches made in Turkey, in the years 1829 and 1830, by command of the Emperor Nicholas, have been productive of some discoveries of great interest to science and art. M. Sayger, librarian to the Emperor, and M. Desarnod, painter to the Grand Duke Michael, have travelled over this classic ground, and have made discoveries of many remains of antiquity of a remote age, of which they have taken views that will now for the first time be presented to the public. The work is to consist of fifty plates, to be published in eight livraisons.

The Society for the promotion of Danish Literature has received as a prize essay, a work in five volumes quarto, accompanied by maps! The Society, in its proposals, issued in 1829, required "A systematic view of the opinions of the ancient inhabitants of the north, on that portion of the world known to them previous to the 13th century." The essay alluded to has not only received the prize, but is to be printed at the expense of the Society. The author is Mr. N. M. Peterson, who some years since obtained a similar prize for an excellent work on the history of Scandinavian Literature.

## FINE ARTS

*The Landscape Album : or Great Britain Illustrated in a Series of Sixty Views.* By W. Westall, Esq. A.R.A., with descriptions of the Scenery, by Thomas Moule, Esq. London: C. Tilt.

THIS is the first of the Annuals, and, according to report, the forerunner of a splendid race.—That it will be inferior in its embellishments to many, there can be no doubt; but in the number of them, it bids fair to distance all competitors—it contains no less than sixty! It is, however, our duty to intimate to our readers, what Mr. Tilt has forgotten to do, either in the title-page or in the preface—that the whole of these en-

gravings appeared originally in the 'Great Britain Illustrated.'—To such persons, therefore, as have that work it offers no novelty; but for others, we must acknowledge, that we know not where they are likely to meet with any work so cheap and beautiful; it will recall a thousand pleasant recollections of summer scenes to delight their winter fire-sides.

*The Queen of the Belgians in her Wedding Dress.* Engraved by W. Hopwood, from an original drawing by E. T. Parris.

EXCELLENT! Let the publisher proceed in this spirit, and we shall treasure up the fashions in the Court Magazine among works of art—and why should we not, when such a man as the painter of the 'Bridemaid' consents to furnish drawings?—And why, when Raphael gave designs for pottery and tapestry, should not a young English artist hold up to English beauty the glass of fashion? So be it, Mr. Parris, and we honour you for it—so be it, Mr. Bull, and may your liberality reap the harvest it deserves.

## MUSIC

*Sacred Music, selected and arranged from the Works of the most eminent composers, with several original compositions, adapted for Congregational and Private Use, with a separate accompaniment for the Organ or Piano-forte.* By William Shore. Manchester.

THIS is a most valuable volume of sacred music. We, however, dislike the forming of standard compositions and the adapting of dramatic music to suit other purposes; and, notwithstanding the discretion of the author, we think they might have well been excluded. The variety and excellence of the contributions from no less than thirty composers, from Handel to Spohr, warrant our warm commendation.

*Septetto Concertante, for Trumpet, Horn, Flute, Oboe, Clarinet, Bassoon, and Double-Bass, arranged as a Duet for two performers on the Piano-forte, by the author—Chev. Neukomm.*

WE heard this composition at the Philharmonic Concerts, for which it was expressly composed; and our opinion remains unaltered. We still consider the merit of the music to consist chiefly in affording the most favourable display of the powers of each of the seven instruments in the hands of Willman, Nicholson, Harper, &c. The arrangement is undoubtedly the best that could be made of the original, but wanting in defined and well-sustained melodies. This duet, we fear, will not equal the expectation of many who were delighted with its performance as a septet.

*May Day; a characteristic Fantasia for the Piano-forte.* By M. Marielli.

THIS species of composition, when united to the descriptive, as in Beethoven's Pastorale, affords great scope for the display of genius and science—of the latter, there is sufficient in the 'May Day' to claim for M. Marielli the repute of being a good harmonist, and the composition altogether will be useful as a lesson; but to exclude entirely the pastorale or pedal-bass, with its acknowledged power of association, is dispensing at once with the most valuable resource the art could supply for M. Marielli's purpose.

"I love my love, because he loves me." Poetry by Barry Cornwall. Music by the Chevalier Neukomm.

THERE is seldom a want of clever counter-point and rich harmonies in this author's music; and here we have much variety.

## THEATRICALS

MUST not occupy much room this week, and, therefore, we shall give the theatres a few words each, begging them to ascribe it to haste, if we divide unfairly. Theatres will open shortly, like oysters, by the dozen. We shall, however, begin with the one which is about to close.

### ENGLISH OPERA—OLYMPIC THEATRE.

THIS company finishes for the season this evening. The early part was not so prosperous as it deserved to be, but "Cupid" has found his way to the hearts of hundreds—the disorder is known to be catching, and was spreading rapidly, but unfortunately Mr. Arnold is obliged to close just as he is getting excellent houses.

### DRURY LANE

Opens on this day week. We regret to observe, that the schoolmaster has done nothing during the recess for the bills of the house. His Majesty's English seems to be doomed to another season of suffering. Would anybody, who had not seen it, believe, that the bills have day after day announced, that the management engaged "the late Miss Mordaunt"? And yet such is the fact—we presume they expect she will make a dead hit. Why do they begin with 'The Soldier's Daughter'?—the most stupid, senseless, mawkish, wishy-washy, clap-trappy, trumpery play in our language! Well, we shall see—though we shan't see that, because we can neither sit nor stand 'The Soldier's Daughter.' Mr. Power, however, will, no doubt, give the audience a laugh after their yawn, and 'Midas' is always safe.

### COVENT GARDEN

Will open on Monday week. We understand that, upon this occasion, a young gentleman will make his appearance as *Shylock*. He is a young gentleman, being yet under eighteen years of age. His appearance approaches that of Mr. Kean, and there is also a natural similarity about the two voices;—the debutant, however, having greatly the advantage of his renowned predecessor, in point of power. It is, in truth, a most arduous undertaking for so young a man; but we have too anxious a desire to see the hideous gaps, which have been left in tragedy, filled up, not to be willing to afford him every encouragement; such will, no doubt, be the feeling of the Press generally; if it should appear that there really is good promise about him, it will be too hard to undervalue his talent, because nature has put it out of his power to help occasionally looking or speaking like the favourite to whom we have alluded.

Mr. Perkins, Mr. Forrester, and Mr. Mitchell, are engaged at this house. We shall take it as a favour if our readers will remember our prediction in favour of this last-mentioned actor the first time we saw him. He is now transferred to a stage on which he will at once proceed to fulfil it.

### THE ADELPHI THEATRE

Will open on Monday week; their attractions are their own, and the management know too well what will suit the audiences, not to hit them somehow. A new piece will be produced on the first night.

### OLYMPIC THEATRE.

Madame Vestris also enters the field on the same evening; and Mr. Liston will re-appear at these his well-known quarters in a new two-act piece—in which Mrs. Orger will make her first appearance at this theatre. Madame has done well and wisely to make so valuable an addition to her company. She has made others which we have not time to enumerate.

## MISCELLANEA

*Subscription for Millhouse.*—We are truly happy to announce, that Sir R. C. Ferguson has sent Five Pounds to Mr. Millhouse, with an order for a dozen copies of his Poem, as well as a strong expression of the interest he takes in the welfare of the poet, and of his intention to make him known as far as possible among his friends. We have also to acknowledge as received, Ten Shillings from T. S.

*Mr. Ensom, the Engraver.*—It was only by accident that we heard of the death of this amiable and promising artist, who will probably be remembered by our readers for his very beautiful engravings in the different Annuals, especially his 'Master Lambton' and 'Lady Walscot.' He was a pupil of the late Mr. C. Warren's, and greatly esteemed by him. In 1821, he went to Paris to pursue his studies, and draw from the antique statues in the Louvre, and there he became acquainted with Bonington, who introduced him into the atelier of Le Baron Gros, under whose direction they studied together from the living model. It is believed, that his anxious and devoted application there first undermined his constitution. He returned to London in 1824, but, his health still declining, he found it necessary, for the benefit of country air, to retire to Wandsworth, where, however, he pursued his profession. As an artist, the public can form their own judgment of Mr. Ensom: but if any faith can be put in the report of friends, it would be difficult to overrate his virtues as a man. He possessed four or five drawings by his friend Bonington, and one of them has been described to us, by a competent judge, as among the most finished drawings of that gifted artist.

*Goethe.*—Among the MSS. of Goethe, there are nearly 500 inedited letters, which passed between him and Schiller; they have been put into the hands of the government, as, according to the will of the deceased, they are not to be published before the year 1840 or 1850.

A School of Military Surgery has been newly formed at Constantinople, and the direction committed to a Frenchman, Dr. Sat Deygalieres. The site is on the Bosphorus, and accommodation is provided for 200 pupils.

*Dr. Morrison's Chinese Dictionary.*—Those of our readers who watch the progress of oriental literature, will recollect the severe attacks made by Mr. Klaproth on the 'Chinese Dictionary' of Dr. Morrison. Honourable testimony, however, has recently been borne to the value and accuracy of the Doctor's labours, by many most competent scholars, and by none more so than by a Mr. Gutzlaff, whose 'Travels in Siam' recently appeared, and who spent five years in various parts of China, continually using the Doctor's Dictionary, and in constant correspondence with the natives, who could scarcely credit that a barbarian was the author of so accurate a work as Dr. Morrison's Dictionary was found to be.

*Goethe.*—The finest portrait of Goethe is pronounced, by the German critics, to be that just completed by Scherzgeburch, engraver to the Grand-Duke of Weimar. It is said to be a most accurate and animated likeness, as well as a fine specimen of the capabilities of the German burin. The last volume of (Goethe's) 'Posthumous Works,' will, we hear, be the first in the order of publication, and will consist of *Notes on Art and Antiquity*, many of which are reported as being more than commonly valuable.

*Change in the Almanack.*—A Columbian toast-maker intimates that this is the last fourth of July that the Nullifiers intend to have. They expect to have one of their own hereafter. It is supposed they will conclude to have it sometime in February.—*American Paper.*

*Daniel Boon.*—Kentucky is now one of the most flourishing states of the Union, though it was only in 1770 that the first noise of its discovery was bruited about even in America. It cannot fail to be interesting to our readers to read the particulars of the first exploring by Daniel Boon, as we find them recorded in a letter to the Editor of the Illinois Magazine.

"I will inform you what he told me relative to his first discovery of Kentucky. He said, that himself, his brother Squire, and a servant boy, came from North Carolina, to take a fall hunt in Powell's Valley, having hunted there the year before. He was hunting along the side of the Cumberland Mountain, and discovered a gap or low place in the mountain, which he ascended to the top; from whence he thought he could see to the Ohio river. He thought, in his own mind, that it was the most beautiful country in the world. He returned to the camp, and informed his brother what he had seen; telling him that they must up and go across the mountain. They did so, and travelled on to Scagg's creek, where the deer were so plenty, that they soon loaded their seven horses with skins, and he started his brother and the servant boy back with them to North Carolina. He told his brother to bring back to him as many horses as he could get, and he would have their loads ready against he came. He stayed and hunted there, and never saw the face of man for eight months to a day. He declared that he never enjoyed himself better in his life; he had three dogs that kept his camp while he was hunting; and at night he would often lay by his fire and sing every song he could think of, while the dogs would sit round him, and give as much attention as if they understood every word he was saying.

"At the end of eight months his brother and servant boy came to him, with fourteen horses. His brother informed him, that when he got into North Carolina with his peltry, the Indians had fallen upon the frontiers, and that he had to go, with others, against them. Boon had the packs nearly all ready, and in a day or two, they loaded the horses, and started for home. They travelled on that day, and until about ten o'clock the next day, when he saw four Indians, with four horses, loaded with beaver fur. They were crossing each other; and seeing, plainly, that they must meet, he cautioned his brother and the servant boy not to let the Indians have their guns out of their hands; for they would be sure to make the attempt to get them, under the pretence of wanting to examine them. The Indians endeavoured to get their guns, but they would not let them get possession of them. The Indians then went round Boon's horses, and drove them off with their own. Boon said he looked after them awhile, and then put off for home. They went on that day, and the next, until nine or ten o'clock; he then observed to his brother and the boy, that if they would stick to him, he would follow them to their towns but he would have his skins and horses back. They agreed to it, and pursued hard after them, and came in sight of them the fourth day. 'Now,' said Boon, 'we must trail them on, until they stop to eat.'

"The Indians at length halted, hopped their horses, cooked and eat; Boon and his companions watching them all the while. He well knew, that, having eaten, they would all lie down to sleep, except one. They did so; and the one who was on guard, sat on a log, at the head of the others, and Boon and his boys had to creep on all fours a hundred yards, to get near enough to shoot. The colonel then told his brother, that he would take for his own mark, the one on the log—that he, the brother, must aim at the one on the right, and the boy at the one on the left; and that when he gave the signal, they must fire, and keep loading and shooting, making

as much noise and using as many different tones as they could. They fired, and he tilted his man over the log, but the others bore him off. They followed the Indians three quarters of a mile shouting and yelling; then came back, gathered their own horses, and those of the Indians, put on their packs, and the packs of beaver fur, and drove them safe to his own house, in North Carolina.—The above is just as he told it to me himself."

*Alexandrine Column, St. Petersburg.*—We have adverted to this gigantic monument on two former occasions; and we now learn, that Montferrand, the architect, is preparing a description of the column with illustrative plates. The summit will be surmounted with a bronze statue of Religion, holding a wreath in her hand; and the only inscription on the pediment, will be "To the Emperor Alexander—Russia the grateful."

*New Reading.*—A labourer reading our journal to his wife, instead of "the President was received with three huzzas," pronounced the last word "hussies." "More shame for him," said the scandalized lady.—*American Paper.*

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

| Days of Week. | Thermom. Mon. Min. | Barometer Noon. | Winds.     | Weather.  |
|---------------|--------------------|-----------------|------------|-----------|
| Th. 13        | 67 43              | 29.95           | S.W.       | Shr. A.M. |
| Fr. 14        | 63 45              | 29.75           | SW to NW   | Shr. P.M. |
| Sat. 15       | 63 48              | 29.65           | N.W.       | Clear.    |
| Sun. 16       | 64 45              | 30.00           | S.W. to W. | Cloudy.   |
| Mon. 17       | 75 55              | 30.10           | S.W.       | Ditto.    |
| Tues. 18      | 64 38              | 29.95           | S.W.       | Ditto.    |
| Wed. 19       | 63 30              | 30.10           | S.W. to N. | Clear.    |

*Prevailing Clouds.*—Cirrostratus, Comoid-cirrostratus, and Cymoid-cirrostratus.

Nights fair throughout the week; Mornings fair, except Saturday.

Mean temperature of the week, diminished 15° in three days.

Day decreased on Wednesday, 4h. 14 min.

## NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

*Heath's Picturesque Annual for 1833.* The engravings executed under the exclusive direction of Mr. Charles Heath, from drawings by Clarkson Stanfield, Esq.; with Travelling Sketches on the Rhine, in Belgium, and in Holland, by Leitch Ritchie, Esq.

The Keepeake for 1833.

The Literary Souvenir for 1833, edited by Alaric A. Watts.

The New Year's Gift and Juvenile Souvenir for 1833, edited by Mrs. Alaric A. Watts.

Drawing-room Scrap-book for 1833, with poetical illustrations, by L. E. L.

The Emigrant's Tale, with other Poems, by J. Bird.

Shortly, the Life of the late Dr. A. Clarke, written by himself, with a continuation to the time of his decease, by a member of his own family.

*Just published.*—Kidd's Guide to Dover, 12mo. 1s. 6d.—Beamish's History of the King's German Legion, Vol. I. 8vo. 20s.—Col. Napier's History of the Peninsular War, Vol. II. 8vo. 20s.—Newton on the Prophecies, 8vo. 13s.—Rev. J. Sted's Explanation of the Psalms, 12mo. 5s.—Rev. John Hall's Expository Discourses on the Gospels, 2 vols. 8vo. 21s.—A Christian Portrait, in the Memoirs of Eliza, 12mo. 5s.—Condridge's Narrative of a Voyage to the South Seas, and Residence in Van Diemen's Land, 12mo. 5s. 6d.—De Porquet's French Dictionary, 8s.—Mossical and Universal Geologies, by Higgins, 7s.—Zohrab the Hostage, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.—Herklots' Qanoon-e-Islam, 8vo. 16s.—The Diadem, selection of poetry, roy. 32mo. 3s. 6d.—Anatomical Demonstrations of the Human Body, Part II. 8s. 6d.—Christian Amusement, by a Country Curate, 18mo. 2s.—Dove's Life of Andrew Marvell, 12mo. 2s. 6d.—Ocean Gem, by W. M. Davies, 12mo. 4s. 6d.—On Circulating Credit, and the Banking System of Britain, by a Scottish Banker, 8vo. 3s. 6d.—Lachlan's Narrative of the Conversion of Cook the murderer, 18mo. 3s. 6d.—Edinburgh Atlas, folio, completed, 6s. 6d.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS

Thanks to G. S.—A. Y.

The Sonnets of J. G. are astronomical speculations in verse. There is power, and poetry too, but they want human interest.

We thank E. B., and desire to know where to address him.—We are also obliged to "A Pastor," but the subject is not well suited to our pages.

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The inquiry of J. W. is hopeless. We decline.



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# THE ATHENÆUM

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This Journal is published every Saturday Morning, and is despatched by the early Coaches to Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Dublin, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and other large Towns; it is received in Liverpool for distribution on Sunday Morning, twelve hours before papers sent by the post. For the convenience of persons residing in remote places, the weekly numbers are issued in Monthly Parts, stitched in a wrapper, and forwarded with the Magazines to all parts of the World.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

DEATH has this season been busy in the high places; the destroyer can go no higher now: Sir Walter Scott is dead, and laid in his grave, in Dryburgh kirkyard, and the spirit

Who rivalled all but Shakspeare here below,

is gone to mix with the Homers and the Tassos and the Miltons. But a little while ago he was living and delighting his friends with his conversation, and the world with his works—and now he is silenced for ever, and passed from among us. The manner of his going is the saddest story that has ever been told of a son of genius. He made himself responsible for immense debts which he did not, strictly speaking, contract; he refused to become a bankrupt, considering, like the elder Osbaldistone of his own immortal pages, commercial honour as dear as any other honour, and set himself the colossal task of paying every penny of one hundred and twenty thousand pounds. In six short years—are we writing truth or fiction?—he paid sixty thousand pounds of that money by his genius alone; but he crushed his spirit in the gigantic struggle; or, in plain words, sacrificed himself in the attempt to restore his broken fortunes. By the terms of the arrangement which Sir Walter made with his creditors, Abbotsford will be sold to pay the residue of the debt. This must not be; the profane hammer of an auctioneer must not be heard in our temple of the muses. Shall we bring upon ourselves infamy that cannot die, and be made a mockery and a wonder among nations for the sake of sixty thousand pounds? Let the country which he has enriched as much as he has adorned, fulfil the engagement of its illustrious son. Britain owes him millions; we call upon her to pay a small portion of the debt, and win back Abbotsford—houses and lands—to the children of the poet for ever and ever. This can give no offence to any one, and it cannot but gratify millions. This question lies between the country—the heirs of Scott's fame, the sharers in his glory—and his immediate creditors. We call, therefore, upon the country at large to bestir itself; we call upon the titled of the land to head the subscription as they ought—and to do it immediately, lest humbler men commence it, and deprive them of the post of honour. For ourselves we lay down ten guineas, and hope to have to pay them before these sheets are dry—for we assuredly never laid out money more worthily. The *Times* newspaper, with its usual energy, and proper warmth, is of our opinion, we observe; and we trust, that, before our Memoir makes its appearance next week, the subscription will be full and complete. We need not add, that the family of the poet know nothing of this: their feeling of independence is as

strong as their illustrious father's; but, as we said before, the question lies between the country and Sir Walter's creditors, and we have no doubt that it will be satisfactorily settled.

## REVIEWS

*Zohrab the Hostage.* By the Author of 'Hajji Baba.' 3 vols. London: Bentley.

THE Persians have what they call a false dawn, or twilight. They suppose that this phenomenon arises from the circumstance of the sun passing through a certain aperture in the mountains some time before it ascends above the horizon. 'Zohrab' may be compared to this optical illusion. We must confess, that when we read the very flattering review of this novel, so many weeks before the appearance of the work itself, a suspicion crossed our minds, that this unnatural dandling into notice betrayed a ricketiness in the offspring. To be serious: this holding out of false lights—this system of puffing—has gone on increasing to an extent that is disgraceful to the publisher, and an insult to the understandings of the public; and we hold, that if this contraband trading be not thoroughly exposed, it must in the end be ruinous to all sound literature and criticism.

There is no country about which so much has been written, and, till the publication of 'Hajji Baba,' so little was really known, as Persia. We used once to depict it in all the glowing colours of oriental fable, as a land of diamonds and emeralds—as breathing with the most aromatic gums and spices—as possessing looms, whose fabrics were as unrivalled as those of Tyre and Sidon of old. We had accustomed ourselves, from that delight of our boyhood, the 'Arabian Nights,' to revel in the splendour of its processions and courts—its enchanted palaces, inlaid with the finest marbles—its luxurious gardens—its baths and fountains—and to feast our imaginations on the loves of the Rose and the Nightingale, as told in the mystic and metaphorical language of Hafiz. We are unwilling to have our early illusions questioned or destroyed. It was for Mr. Morier to complete this invidious task.

It is true, that many intelligent travellers, from Chardin to Fraser, had traversed the widely-extended provinces of that empire, from the borders of Armenia to Asterabad, and taken us to Tehran, and Bokara, and Samarcand, and Shiraz, and the ruins of the ancient Persepolis; but their journeys (witness the fate of Mr. Brown) were always accompanied with danger from Eels, and Turcomans, and other predatory hordes; and the stay of these visitors was too short to make us intimate with the customs and manners of that primitive and semi-barbarous

people. Persia is no land of romance, but a sad reality. It much resembles, in its features, the Morea. It presents a succession of arid mountains and grey rocks, with patches here and there of short-lived verdure, that render the scene, if we except the borders of Armenia, the banks of the Caspian, and a few isolated tracts, only the more bleak and desolate; and their towns and cities consist of low mud houses, fenced about by jealous mud walls, and are seldom distinguished by mosques or minarets of magnificence, such as we meet with in other parts of the East.

Even in the environs of the cities, the formal poplar and still more formal cypress are almost the only trees; whilst man, from an uninterrupted continuance of misgovernment, has degenerated into two classes—the tyrant and the slave.

What materials does such an unhappy country afford for awakening any interest that comes home to the better feelings of humanity?—But we anticipate.

However it may be the duty of the historian to hold up to the execration of his species, the Ishmaels, and Moh Mulochs, and Christierns of past times, such characters come not within the scope or province of the novel-writer. Voltaire has been justly blamed for his treatment of Mahomet, and might perhaps have been even more so, for selecting that subject for a tragedy; and if our author considered he had no delicacy to observe, as regarded one who so lately filled the throne of Persia, we are not exactly reconciled to his blending history and fiction in such a way, that we know not where one begins and the other ends. Though we have no respect for tyrants, justice requires their crimes should not be exaggerated, much less crimes invented, to serve the purposes of a novelist; but even admitting the late Shah to have been the monster of iniquity depicted in the pages before us, many may be of opinion that little utility can arise, certainly no gratification or entertainment (the principal end and aim of novels,)—from that anatomical dissection in which Mr. Morier's scalping-knife delights—from laying bare to his readers the sickening wickedness of Aga Mahomed.

Such subjects have been very properly exiled from the stage; and our nerves are scarcely strong enough to bear the dreadful and appalling spectacles displayed in almost every page of these volumes. It may be, that our author has resided in that country till the relation of such horrors has ceased to shock his ears, till they have become familiar to his eyes, and conscious that his forte lies, like Chateaubriand's in the Natchez, in this sort of writing, is not aware of the impression it produces on us.

The name of this historico-novel should

have been Aga Mohamed—his *exploits* occupying the far greater portion of it. To give a notion of his character, we shall extract a scene wherein, after having long hesitated, like a coiled and venomous snake, whether to dart upon his unconscious prey, in the shape of an amiable boy, the present Shah, for having in a hunting party shown greater dexterity than himself, we find them thus engaged in an interview:—

“Do you see this?” said the King, as he deliberately unfolded the abominable rag, his face at the same time taking an expression which would have appalled even a demon. Fattah Ali, with fixed muscles and blanched cheeks, stared wildly at the horrid exposure.

“Boy,” said the King, with increased earnestness, “does not this blood speak?” Fattah Ali could only answer with looks of astonishment. “Speak, boy,” said the tyrant, “do you know this?”

“God forgive me,” he answered, the words almost choking his utterance, “I know nothing of blood.”

“Ill-fated that thou art!” exclaimed the Shah, “this blood is the blood of thy father.”

“At this a deadly hue overspread the cheeks of the sensitive youth, and a tremor convulsed his frame. ‘My father!’ he exclaimed.”

Horrible as this revelation is, it is scarcely surpassed by his wanton spilling of the blood of his chief huntsman, for inadvertently appearing in the presence without taking off his boots, and the manner in which that act is related:—

“The heavy corpse fell with a crash on one side, whilst the head bounded towards the despot, the eyes glaring horribly, the tongue protruded to a frightful length, and streams of gore flowing and spouting in all directions.”

But the acme of our loathing was the *Katl-i-aum*, or *maund* of eyes exacted by the Shah from the captured city of Asterabad—the siege of which, however, never took place during his reign, as confessed by Mr. Morier, and might as well have been left uninvented, answering, as it does, no other purpose than that of swelling out almost an entire volume.

“A wretch of an executioner, a savage of most ferocious aspect, his arms bared to the shoulders, his hands crimson with blood, and his beard clotted with foam, had just brought in a tray covered with eyes, and placed them before the Shah. There he stood, in an attitude of exultation, expecting the usual donation. The Shah, contemplating the horrid objects for some time, at length drew his small riding whip from his girdle, and with the handle thereof began to count them, telling them off by pairs, and in doing this, he broke out into the following soliloquy. ‘O Allah! it is in truth right and just to continue thus to send thy wrath upon an offending and rebellious people!’”

One’s flesh creeps at the bare thought, much more at the detailed mention, of these enormities. That a monster such as Aga Mohamed should ever have existed—a being whose life seems to have been one tissue of abominations—seems scarcely conceivable (for the worst of men have some virtues); but his *worthy* favourite, a hideous hunchback barber, exceeds even all we can conceive of villany, by his betraying, without any ostensible motive, his master for a few tomanas. Nor are the other personages belonging to the court, created, as Mr. Morier says, for the purpose of the tale, a whit more amiable than the *Goosoo*, with the exception of the prime minister. The only hero among the Persians is strangely enough painted as an arrant fop

and ridiculous coxcomb; and, in one part of the history, subjected to the *bastinado*, which is considered, we are told, as an honour in Persia. The humour of this Beg Ali Khan is lost upon us; and the Persian modes of expression, and the continual repetition of the same hyperbolic and vulgar orientalisms, have much to disgust, little to make us laugh. As a specimen of female wit,—and it must be remembered that this dialogue takes place before the Shah’s niece in the harem,—we quote the following paragraphs:

“Our Princess knows,” said the female tent-pitcher in chief, “that if he be the father of *shaitans* [devils] she is the mother:—wonderful things are said of her. She herself superintends a *bastinado*—*ajed zering ast*:—she is activity itself!”

“It is said of her,” added another, “that she has the intelligence of a Vizir; that she directs the whole of her father’s house, and even superintends the stables.”

“She knows the age of a camel,” said the Lady moonshee, “better than a camel-driver; and will tell the *mirakhor* when and where he ought to bleed a sick horse better than the farrier.”

To analyze this novel would take very few sentences; for were not *three* volumes thought profitable, its matter might very easily have been compressed into *one*. It is meant to be the story of the loves of Zohrab and Amima. The parts, however, that the hero and heroine occupy, are subordinate ones, particularly the latter, who, before the end of the second volume, is rather awkwardly left in the desert with a blind man, who turns out to be her supposed murdered father, and brother of the Shah; and she does not appear again but as a bride, at the winding up of the whole. The description of the Great Salt Desert, (over which she is hurried,) though it has been already better done in ‘The Crusaders,’ by Sir Walter Scott, is very graphic.

One of the most characteristic personages seemed to us the counterfeit dervise (the father of Zohrab), Hezzarpicheh, for whose apophthegms and verses Mr. Morier is probably much indebted to Ferdouzi, Sadi, or Jami, as well as for Zulma’s fable of the writing in the Coran; and, though we can scarcely pardon Zohrab for not returning to Tehran after the discovery of his having left in the chamber the sacred gift and present fatal to Amima, (the armlet,) his escape with the dervise from that city is not ill painted, as will appear by the following extract.

“Having ascertained beforehand what road to take, they scaled the first wall, hastily glided over an adjacent terrace of the chief executioner’s house, which was situated close under the city walls, and throwing themselves into a deep shade, they took a survey of the nearest watch towers, in order to discover what sentries might be on the alert. The moon by this time had entirely disappeared behind the lofty Al-bors; dead stillness reigned throughout the city. ‘We will wait for the next challenge from the sentries, and then descend,’ said Zaul Khan. They perceived that within ten yards of the place where they stood, was planted one of the three pieces of artillery which served to guard the citadel, and Zaul, perceiving that the parapet threw a deep shadow inwardly, immediately crept close to it, followed by his son, until they came to where the gun threw a still darker shade. All at once they heard from the adjacent tower the cry of ‘*hazir*,’ which was echoed and

repeated from one tower to the other quite round the battlements. Zaul then said in the lowest whisper, ‘be now ready—all depends upon this moment.’ He then unloosed one end of the long rope that was wound round his body, and lashed it firmly to the gun carriage, then having waited a certain time to allow the cries of the sentries to subside: ‘Now, wretches! sleep on!’ exclaimed he; ‘ye think ye have done your duty, with your drowsy *hazir* thrown from your throat; but Zohrab is ours—Allah, Allah, protect us.’

“Upon that they both crept through the mouth of the embrasure, and lowering the rope down the side of the fortification, they found that nothing could be more just to its measure than its length to the height of the wall. Zaul made his son proceed the first, who, with cautious step, hand under hand, gradually descended into the very depths of the dry ditch, and landed in safety; he followed, and finding themselves at the bottom, in safety and at liberty, by mutual impulse they threw themselves into each other’s arms, and again and again thanked Heaven for their safe deliverance.

“It was at this moment that Zohrab, putting his hand to his arm to feel whether the armlet, that sacred gift of his beloved Amima, was safe, found it not there. A deadly apprehension overcame him as he felt over his person, but—he found it not: his agitation was immediately remarked by his father, who said, ‘What has happened—speak?’ ‘Oh,’ said the grief-struck youth, ‘it is lost: let me return—she dies if it be found!’—he was so overpowered by this thought that he trembled from head to foot, and so entirely unmanned was he, that it was with difficulty he could support himself. ‘Whatever it is,’ said the inexorable father, ‘lost it must be—to return is impossible: let us on!’

“‘My father!’ exclaimed the youth, ‘did you but know all, you would pity and help me.’

“‘I do know all,’ said the Khan. ‘I would help you, but it is too late—we cannot return: be yourself, my son!’

“‘I would give up anything; but, oh! what will become of her.’

“‘Zohrab,’ said his father, ‘again I say come on; this is not worthy of you.’ Then with difficulty at length he persuaded the reluctant youth to advance, who, finding that it was now impossible to return, allowed himself to be carried onwards by his father’s impetuosity.

“To escape from the depths of the ditch, which was broken and rugged, and easy of access in many parts, was the business of a few minutes, and when once fairly landed on the plain, the father proceeded with a quick step through the cultivated fields, until they reached a certain tree, where, to Zohrab’s surprise, they found a man awaiting them with three horses. Without a moment’s delay they mounted, and were soon in rapid motion on the high road to Mazanderan. Zohrab, in other circumstances, would have been frantic with joy at finding himself once again on a saddle, but the loss of his armlet, which compromised the safety of his Amima, in case it should be found in his apartment, depressed his spirits, and bore down his mind with the most dismal forebodings. His father said but little, and hurried anxiously onwards, keeping the road during the darkness of night, but striking into the untrodden country as the morning dawned. They travelled without drawing bridle until the close of the succeeding day, when, having passed Firouzabad, and the well-known passes of the *Teng Shemshir-bâr*, they struck into one of the deep dells which lead into the forests of Mazanderan.”

Mr. Morier’s talent is essentially undramatic. He is frequently tedious, and gives a *resumé*, or narrative, of what he has already told us in dialogue. The assassination of the tyrant is weakly penned; where

details and finished drawing were required, we find only a slight and feeble sketch; whilst in those scenes where we expected the excitement of a tender interest, as between Fatteh Ali and his sister, and Zohrab and Amima, he has completely failed.

The prison scene between Zulma and Zohrab, reminds us of the Corsair; but it only reminds us of it.

In the delineations of female beauty and delicacy, as in his landscapes, we are generally disappointed. The latter do not form intelligible pictures either in outline or accessories.

We must make some remarks on the inconsistencies, nay, absurdities, of the story. That, at the sign of Zohrab, his dog should leave his master, and return to Asterabad, surpasses the instinct of that animal, however intelligent. Of the same preposterous kind is the non-recognition by the suspicious Shah of his niece and her attendant, when Zohrab broke the *corrook*; nor less so his entrance into the harem, his escape therefrom, and Amima's seeing him "*descend in safety on his terrace*." That Zohrab, too, should have ventured to beard the tiger in his own den, and have ventured to call him "*base dog*," and yet have outlived the utterance of such an expression, is inconceivable—not from our knowledge of Aga Mohamed, but our conception of any Shah of Persia.

That there are some good chapters in these volumes cannot be denied; but the story is ill connected and ill sustained, and excites little interest; and as it is full of Persian words, to explain which there is no glossary, must be mysterious indeed to the generality of readers. Mr. Morier exhausted all his better materials in his former work, and now seems only to have written from memory. This was not the case with '*Haji Baba*': it might have been mistaken by a Persian for a native production, which can never be said of '*Zohrab*.'

*L'Hermite au Palais—Mœurs Judiciaires du dix-neuvième Siècle.* Par l'Auteur des '*Mémoires d'un Page*.' 2 vols. Paris: Verney, and Guyot.

This little work gives, in a series of short and pleasing papers, an interesting account of everything connected with the administration of justice in France. Bench of judges, advocates, *avoués* or attorneys, huissiers, executioners, jailers, clients, prisoners, court-houses, prisons, pillory, and guillotine,—all find a place in these two small volumes, which, had their contents been submitted to the book-making process of some of the manufactories on this side of the water, would, perhaps, have swelled into three of much larger size. We purpose to translate, for the entertainment of our readers, some of the best papers of '*L'Hermite au Palais*,' and shall begin with the one entitled

#### *The Vagabond.*

"'Come, old one!' said Piquart, one of the turnkeys of the prison at Versailles, thrusting a huge key into the lock of a small but massive door, which opened into a dark cell: 'Come, get up—the time is come, and the gentlemen are waiting for you.'

"'What, already!' replied a man lying at the further end of the cell upon a heap of straw; and stretching his muscular limbs, he added, 'What a pity! I was so sound asleep!'

"He rose, shook the bits of straw from his

hair and beard, and putting on the remains of an old hat, which had once been white, calmly said, 'Well, I am ready: the sooner it is over the better.'

"The executioner, who was waiting with one of his assistants in the outer vestibule of the prison, threw an oblique glance upon the prisoner, then, looking at his watch, exclaimed, 'Come, Master Piquart, make haste! we are already after our time—the market is nearly over.'

"'Oh! but you have not far to go,' replied the turnkey.

"Then addressing the prisoner—'Old one,' said he, 'it will soon be over, and the weather is fine. Here, take this—it will keep up your spirits.' And he handed him a glass of brandy, which the prisoner tossed off with evident delight.

"Thanks, father Piquart,' he replied, returning the glass to the good-natured turnkey; 'I shall never forget your kindness.'

"Well, well,' said the latter, 'that's settled. Never mind what I do for you, man—it is little enough, God knows—only behave well;—dost hear?'

"The executioner's man drew from his pocket a long and strong cord with a slip knot at the end, and tightly tied the hands of the convict, who calmly looked at him, and said not a word. The executioner himself carried a board, on which was a sort of notice, partly printed and partly written; and all three proceeded slowly towards the market-place, where the prisoner was to be placed in the pillory for one hour, and exposed to the gibes and taunts of an almost ferocious populace.

"From the scaffold, to which he was fastened, the old mendicant cast a look of pity upon the crowd, and said—

"Well, and what are you looking at? Am I an object of such intense curiosity? But you are right. Look at me well, for you shall never more behold me. I shall not return from the place to which they are going to take me,—not that I fear a dungeon, for I have been long accustomed to have no other bed than the cold ground. No, I shall return hither no more; and I should have done well had I not returned this time. But I could not help it. I was born here, though I never told anybody so; and I love the spot where I first drew breath. 'Tis natural enough: yet why should I love it? I never knew either home or parents;—the latter left me, when an infant, upon the steps of the church of St. Louis.'

"Here the sun-burnt countenance of the old mendicant assumed an expression of bitterness.

"Who knows,' he continued, 'but I may have among you some uncles or cousins—perhaps even nearer relatives.'

"The crowd gathered round the scaffold, listening to the words of the mendicant.

"And my excellent father,' said the latter, 'what a pity he is not here to own me! Perhaps he would be delighted at the elevation to which I have attained. For my own part, I never had a son; but if I had, I would not have deserted him. He should never have been able to reproach me with being the author of his misery. The other day I was hungry—I asked for a bit of bread—everybody refused to give me the smallest morsel; and that is the reason why I am here.'

"As the old man uttered the last sentence, his head fell upon his chest, and he wept.

"At length the executioner returned, accompanied by his assistant, who carried upon his shoulders a furnace, in which was an iron instrument with a long wooden handle. Both ascended the scaffold, and placed themselves behind the mendicant. The crowd drew nearer. The executioner's man laid the mendicant's shoulder bare, whilst the executioner himself

stooped and took up the instrument. The poor convict shuddered, uttered a plaintive cry, a light smoke arose, and the ignominious letter was imprinted for ever.

"The poor man, scarcely able to stand, was helped from the scaffold, and conveyed back to his prison through the crowd, who pressed upon his passage to glut upon his sufferings.

"Old Baptist,—that was the mendicant's name,—was well known in the department of Seine et Oise; but nobody could tell who he was, whence he came, nor who his parents were. About fifteen years previous, just after the restoration, he had appeared in the country for the first time. He then asked questions, and seemed in pursuit of information on secret matters, of which nobody could penetrate the motive. After some time, he appeared to suffer much, as if from disappointment, and then disappeared. About two years before the period of our narrative, he again made his appearance at Versailles, very much altered, and looking much older. Fortune had not smiled upon him during his absence, for he went away a poor man and returned a mendicant.

"No one knew where he had been, or how he had lived during this interval. It was supposed that, previously to his first appearance at Versailles, he had travelled a great deal, and even borne arms; for of late years, whenever he obtained the favour of a night's lodging in a barn, he would repay this hospitality by descriptions of foreign countries and accounts of bloody conflicts.

"On the day after his exposure in the pillory, as above related, the following particulars concerning him were made known:—

"One evening, faint with hunger and fatigue, after having begged through the environs of Versailles, without once obtaining alms, and his wallet having been empty for the two preceding days, he had stopped at the door of one of those elegant habitations which overlook the heights of Rocquencourt.

"Having begged a shelter for the night, and a morsel of bread, both were refused him, and he was rudely driven from the door. Leaning upon his stick, he slowly quitted the inhospitable mansion, and with difficulty gained a part of the demeane laid out in the English style of landscape gardening. Taking shelter under a thick clump of trees, he laid himself upon the grass to die with the least possible pain.

"The autumn had already begun. The grass was wet—the wind whistled through the trees, already in part stripped of their leaves—all around was pitchy dark, and everything seemed to announce an inclement night. Cramped with cold, he felt the most unconquerable gnawings of hunger. Could he but sleep, he thought, perhaps the next day might prove less unfavourable than the two preceding ones. But sleep refused the call, and the poor mendicant suffered the most cruel pangs. Unable to bear them any longer, he rose, took his stick, and returned to the mansion.

"He had observed an angle of the wall which could be easily escalated, and a window badly closed. It was late, the night was dark, and he might perhaps find a bit of bread. At least, he determined to try.

"The house was inhabited by an old man of more than eighty—a rich miser, who lived alone, like many of those who go to spend their last days at Versailles. He had perceived the mendicant, and had seen him take refuge under the clump of trees. He ordered his servants to watch him, and scarcely had poor Baptist opened the window, when he was seized, handcuffed, and taken to Versailles, where he was thrown into prison. There, at least, he found shelter, and a bit of bread to eat, which Piquart, the turnkey, gave him from humanity.

"At the expiration of six months, the men-



dicant was convicted at the assizes of the department of Seine et Oise. His sentence was the gallies for fifteen years, and to be previously exposed and branded. He had entered a house at night for the purpose of theft, and with deadly weapons—the possession of the knife, which he usually carried in his pocket, and was found there, being thus interpreted.

"A month had already elapsed since he had been publicly branded, and poor Baptist seemed patiently waiting for the time when he was to be sent to his destination at Toulon. He always said that he would not go, and Piquart did not contradict him.

"One evening, a small iron lamp upon a shelf, suspended from the wall by a cord on each side, threw a weak and vacillating light upon the gloom of a cell in the prison of Versailles.

"Upon a straw mattress, half covered with an old patched blanket, lay a man apparently overcome with weakness and despair. His face was turned towards the wall. An earthen jug without a spout was near him, and close to it a wooden bowl filled with soup.

"Poor Baptist will never get over it," said Piquart, in the corridor, speaking to some one to whom he was showing the way. "But it is his own fault; he would not remain in the infirmary. The fact is, Monsieur le Curé, ever since he exhibited upon the *little stage*, about a month ago—curse this lock, it would sprain the wrist of the devil himself—"

"Peace, my friend," replied a mild voice, "do not swear—it is an offence against God."

"The door of the prison was at length opened, and the turnkey ushered in a venerable priest, the chaplain of the prison.

"Hollo, old one!" cried Piquart, "take heart, man. Here is a visitor—here is Monsieur le Curé come to see you."

"The mendicant made no reply.

"My friend," said the minister of the gospel, "I am one of your brethren in Christ, and I bring you words of peace and consolation. Hear me, in the name of our Lord Jesus, who died on the cross to atone for our sins.... He suffered more than you; and it depends upon yourself to be one day happy, and to dwell with him in eternal life."

"Still the prisoner spoke not.

"He sleeps," said the kind-hearted turnkey. "If your reverence will but wait a moment, I will awake him." And he shook the mendicant, but in vain—the latter stirred not. "Oh! oh!" said Piquart, leaning over him; "but it is all over with him: he has slipped his wind—the poor fellow's as dead as a door-post."

"And, in fact, the unfortunate Baptist had ceased to live a few moments after he had been removed that very morning, at his own request, from the infirmary to his old cell.

"Is the poor man really dead?" inquired the priest.

"Dead as a pickled herring, your reverence."

"And without confession!—unhappy man!"

"And the good priest knelt upon the cold flag stones, and prayed with fervour for the soul of the deceased mendicant.

"Next day, the wealthy owner of the mansion was reclining in an easy chair, his tortured limbs writhing with agony on the cushions of down by which they were supported. His physician in attendance was seated near him.

"I find myself worse to-day, doctor: I am weaker than I have yet been, and I feel something which I cannot define."

"At your age, my dear sir, and in your state of health," the physician replied, "you must seek amusement for your mind. I have always told you that solitude is baneful to you. You should send for some members of your own family, or get some devoted friend to come and live with you."

"Family! devoted friend! why, you well

know, doctor, that collaterals are mere heirs. You are in their way whilst you live: they only wait to prey upon your spoil after your death."

"But had you never any children?" the doctor asked.

"Never," replied his patient, after some hesitation. "And I have no relations."

"Here the unhappy old man sighed, his brow became clouded, and he seemed to writhe in mental agony. Suddenly, by an apparent effort, changing the conversation, and assuming a tone of unconcern—

"Well, doctor," he said, "and so this scoundrel of a mendicant, who, you may be assured, wanted to murder, and afterwards rob me, died yesterday in the prison hospital."

"No, not in the hospital," replied the physician. "I did all I could to induce him to remain in the infirmary; but he refused, and even solicited, as a favour, to be taken back to the cell he occupied before his trial."

"You see then, doctor, what a villain he was. I suppose he felt remorse for the crime he intended to commit in this house. Did he make any avowal? Is anything known of his family?"

"Nothing, except that he was an illegitimate child, and was found, shortly after his birth, under the peristyle of St. Louis's church."

"St. Louis's church?"

"Yes; and he was taken to the Foundling Hospital in the Rue du Plessis."

"The Rue du Plessis?"

"Yes; he told me the whole story the day before yesterday, at my evening visit to the prison infirmary. He had carefully preserved an old card, upon which were traced some strange characters, and an engraved stone belonging to a seal. He requested me to take charge of them. I believe they are still in my pocket-book. Yes, here they are. This stone must have belonged to a valuable trinket—he probably sold the setting. Here is the card."

"The old invalid, whose increasing agitation had not been observed by the doctor, threw a rapid glance upon these objects,—then, with a shriek of horror, sunk back upon his chair.

"Great God!" he exclaimed, "the mendicant was my son!"

"A few minutes after, this unnatural parent had ceased to breathe."

*Lives of Illustrious and Distinguished Scotsmen.* In 4 vols. Vol. I. By Robert Chambers. Glasgow: Blackie & Son.

ROBERT CHAMBERS is a clever and popular writer; he has a right spirit of research about him; an eye for all that is interesting, an ear for all that is characteristic and curious; and, in whatever concerns Scotland, he is anxious—nay, enthusiastic. A Biographical Dictionary containing the most eminent names of his native land, seems just the sort of undertaking for him; and it is a work, too, very much wanted, and capable of being rendered interesting and instructive. The author has not, however, pleased us so well as we expected by the first portion of his work: we cannot, indeed, accuse him of any omissions of distinguished men; he seems to have everywhere learning and information, sufficient for the task—nay, his estimates of character and of talent are generally fair, and to our liking. The fault he has committed is this—he has shown so much deference for what others have done, that he has adopted their narratives, and squared his opinions by theirs, and given us compilations only, where we looked for original writing. We would ask him, too, what right such a poltroon prince as John Baliol has to

take a place among the illustrious men of Scotland?—and why he admitted Mr. Coutts, the banker, a worthy man surely, and an accurate keeper of accounts, but no more—among the Bruces and the Burns's?

Let us look, for instance, what he has done for Burns, the poet—of whom the best notices yet written are by Mrs. Riddel and by Mr. Lockhart. "Having been much struck," says Mr. Chambers, "with the felicity of a narrative written by the unfortunate Robert Heron—which nearly answers my purpose as to length, and contains many fresh and striking views of the various situations in which the poet was placed in life, together with what appears to me a comprehensive and most eloquent estimate of his genius, I have been induced to prefer it to anything of my own." To carry off a work wholesale, as the angels did the church of Loretto, and make it one's own, because it corresponds in breadth and length with what is wanted, was not looked for at the hand of Robert Chambers. There are other objections: Robert Heron was a tipping writer, of more talent than veracity, and wrote too with the haste of one toiling against time, and for bread; his account of the poet, and estimate of his powers, are not very accurate. Burns was not the regular tippler that Heron represents him, though he drank freely in company; neither was he the common comrade of the dissolute and the idle; he had a difficult part to play, and he did not perform it very wisely. A ploughman himself—a farmer, if you like it better—he loved to converse with the husbandmen of the district, some of whom, for intelligence and talent, were scarcely inferior to the poet himself. This was called a love of low company, by the magnates of the land. We have neither leisure nor space to enter fully into this matter, on which we have excellent information—not so incorrect as that which makes Heron call Johnson's Musical Museum a Collection by Burns, nor altogether like that of Mr. Chambers himself, when he speaks with such contempt of Dr. Muirhead, of Orr, (a man of singular readiness of wit and a very good poet,) and misunderstands and misquotes Burns's lampoon upon him. The poet imagines himself a rustic auctioneer, who has got all the characters of the country gentlemen under his hammer. This is his description of Muirhead:

Here's armorial bearings  
From the Manse of Orr,  
Crest—an old crab-apple  
Rotten at the core.

Mr. Chambers will see the point of the verse used: the poet hits another of the electors—for this is an election lampoon—

Here's that little Wadset,  
Battles scrap of truth,  
Pawned in a gin-shop,  
Quenching holy drouth.

We could quote some other verses, but, though very sarcastic, they are very personal. But though Heron is far from accurate about personals, no biographer has felt the genius of Burns better, or distinguished with more eloquence and propriety the moral splendour and manly vigour of his poetry. The following passage will show that Chambers has not quoted him without cause:—

"The most remarkable quality he displayed, both in his writings and his conversation, was, certainly, an enlarged, vigorous, keenly discerning, conscious comprehension of mind. Whatever be the subject of his verse, he still seems to

grasp it with giant force; to wield and turn it with easy dexterity; to view it on all sides, with an eye which no turn of outline and no hue of colouring can elude; to mark all its relations to the group of surrounding objects, and then to select what he chooses to represent to our imagination, with a skilful and happy propriety, which shows him to have been, at the same time, master of all the rest. It will not be very easy for any other mind, however richly stored with various knowledge; for any other imagination, however elastic and inventive, to find any new and suitable topic that has been omitted by Burns, in celebrating the subjects of all his greater and more elaborate poems. It is impossible to consider without astonishment, that amazing fertility of invention which is displayed, under the regulation of a sound judgment, and a correct taste, in the *Twa Dogs*; the *Address to the Deil*; *Scotch Drink*; the *Holy Friar*; *Hallowe'en*; the *Cotter's Saturday Night*; *To a Haggis*; *To a Louse*; *To a Mountain Daisy*; *Tam o' Shanter*; on *Captain Grose's Peregrinations*; the humble *Petition of Bruar Water*; the *Bard's Epitaph*. Shoemakers, footmen, threshers, milk-maids, peers, stay-makers, have all written verses, such as deservedly attracted the notice of the world; but, in the poetry of these people, while there was commonly some genuine effusion of the sentiments of agitated nature, some exhibition of such imagery as at once impressed itself upon the heart; there was also much to be ever excused in consideration of their ignorance, their extravagance of fancy, their want or abuse of the advantages of a liberal education. Burns has no pardon to demand for defects of this sort. He might scorn every concession which we are ready to grant to his peculiar circumstances, without being on this account reduced to relinquish any part of his claims to the praise of poetical excellence. He touches his lyre, at all times, with the hand of a master. He demands to be ranked, not with the Woodhouses, the Ducks, the Ramsays, but with the Miltons, the Popes, the Grays. He cannot be denied to have been largely endowed with that strong common sense which is necessarily the very source and principle of all fine writing.

"The next remarkable quality in this man's character, seems to have consisted in native strength, ardour, and delicacy of feeling, passions, and affections. *Si vis me flere, dolendum primum est ipsi tibi*. All that is valuable in poetry, and, at the same time, peculiar to it, consists in the effusion of particular, not general, sentiments, and in the picturing out of particular imagery. But education, reading, a wide converse with men in society, the most extensive observation of external nature, however useful to improve, cannot, even all combined, confer the power of apprehending either imagery or sentiment with such force and vivacity of conception as may enable one to impress whatever he may choose upon the souls of others, with full, irresistible, electric energy; this is a power which nought can bestow, save native fondness, delicacy, quickness, ardour, force of those parts of our bodily organization, of those energies in the structure of our minds, on which depend all our sensations, emotions, appetites, passions, and affections. Who ever knew a man of high original genius, whose senses were imperfect, his feelings dull and callous, his passions all languid and stagnant, his affections without ardour, and without constancy? others may be artisans, speculatists, imitators in the fine arts; none but the man who is thus richly endowed by nature, can be a poet, an artist, an illustrious inventor in philosophy. Let any person first possess this original soundness, vigour, and delicacy of the primary energies of mind; and then let him receive some impression upon his imagination, which shall excite a passion for this

or that particular pursuit: he will scarcely fail to distinguish himself by manifestations of exalted and original genius. Without having, first, those simple ideas which belong, respectively, to the different senses, no man can ever form for himself the complex notions, into the composition of which such simple ideas necessarily enter. Never could Burns, without this delicacy, this strength, this vivacity of the powers of bodily sensation, and of mental feeling, which I would here claim as the indispensable native endowments of true genius—without these, never could he have poured forth those sentiments, or portrayed those images which have so powerfully impressed every imagination, and penetrated every heart. Almost all the sentiments and images diffused throughout the poems of Burns, are fresh from the mint of nature. He sings what he had himself beheld with interested attention—what he had himself felt with keen emotions of pain or pleasure. You actually see what he describes: you more than sympathise with his joys; your bosom is inflamed with all his fire; your heart dies away within you, infected by the contagion of his despondency. He exalts for a time, the genius of his reader to the elevation of his own; and, for the moment, confers upon him all the powers of a poet. Quotations were endless; but any person of discernment, taste, and feeling, who shall carefully read over Burns' book, will not fail to discover, in its every page, abundance of those sentiments and images to which this observation relates;—it is originality of genius, it is keenness of perception, it is delicacy of passion, it is general vigour and impetuosity of the whole mind, by which such effects are produced. Others have sung, in the same Scottish dialect, and in familiar rhymes, many of the same topics which are celebrated by Burns; but what, with Burns, pleases or fascinates, in the hands of others, only disgusts by its deformity, or excites contempt by its meanness and uninteresting simplicity."

In the life of Aytoun, he has not quoted his best song, 'I do confess thou art so fair;' and, in the life of John Baliol, he has misstated the only thing for which the family was remarkable—namely, the founding of Baliol College in Oxford: it was not erected by Baliol, but by his mother, a Scottish Princess, and daughter of Allan Lord of Gallo-way.

We have done with censure—which cannot be regarded as of serious amount in such a large, compact, and closely printed volume as this: we have said that Mr. Chambers is an inquisitive man; we may also add, that he discovers much that is valuable, and relates his discoveries in an easy and graphic manner. We wish we could trace out something more than what Colonel Munro or Lord Hailes has told us, respecting the Ramsays, Leslies, Hamiltons, and Cunninghams, who fought so long and so bravely in the wars waged by Christina of Denmark, and Gustavus of Sweden, for the salvation of the Protestants of Germany. Both the Black Ramsay and the Fair Ramsay were warriors of no mean rank: so were the Munros, and the Leslies; and of a Hamilton it is related, that when his regiment, after having stormed a breach, from which all other warriors had been repulsed, was ordered by Gustavus to give place to two regiments of Swedes, he confronted the Lion of the North, with pride equal to his own, and taking his commission from his pocket, presented it to the King, saying, "I shall serve a man no longer who knows not what is due to brave soldiers; we have all but taken the place and

are to be robbed of the honour of marching in." We could mention other matters worthy of our biographer's consideration: at present, we have done—we shall say no more than wish success to a work, which Mr. Chambers cannot fail to render acceptable to all true Scotsmen, and all lovers of Scotland.

*The Refugee in America.* By Mrs. Frances Trollope. London: Whittaker & Co.

We had the pleasure, some time since, of introducing Mrs. Trollope to our readers as a novelist, and this week we shall give some extracts from the second volume of '*The Refugee*.' Still, we must decline offering a critical opinion. We are well pleased, of course, at being enabled thus to gratify our readers with an insight into a work which naturally awakens public expectation; but the obligation only makes us the more cautious, lest our judgment should be influenced—and we are sure that this reserve will best please both the writer and her independent publishers.

The English party whom our previous extracts left travelling in America, take up their residence at Rochester, and the following will exhibit them as being *lionized* at

#### *An American Evening Party.*

"When Miss Gordon and her father entered, the walls of the parlour were lined with females, and the centre of the room was occupied by a host of gentlemen.

"Mr. Warner and Mr. Wilson immediately stepped from among them, to shake hands with Mr. Gordon, while Emily came forward to take possession of his daughter. Lord Darcy's earnest request to be permitted to pass the evening in writing to his mother had been complied with, and he remained at home.

"This arrangement was unfavourable to the popularity of Miss Gordon, for when Lord Darcy was not with her, she was apt to forget the peculiarity of their situation; and on this occasion she indulged in the display of a little hauteur, in return for all the undisguised curiosity with which she was regarded. Even the ladies who had previously called on her, seemed more inclined to stare than converse, and for half an hour after Emily had placed her in the seat she had carefully reserved on the sofa, it required all Miss Gordon's *savoir vivre*, not to appear embarrassed at the silent and earnest observation of which she was the object.

"Immediately upon her being seated, Mrs. Williams came to her, and making a solemn curtesy, said, 'How do you do, ma'am? I hope I see you well.'

"This being spoken, and replied to, the lady retired. Emily contrived to hover near her for a little while, but was called away by her mother's saying, 'I expect Anastasia wants you, Emily Williams.'

"Thus left to herself, Caroline looked round the room; not an eye but was fixed upon her, and the little conversation which was going on among the ladies, consisted in a cautious whisper between neighbours, of which it was but too easy to perceive that she was the subject.

"It was impossible to bear this long. Mr. Warner had approached to pay his compliments to her, and when he was again about to retreat to the group of standing gentlemen, she stopped him by saying, 'Will you give me your arm across the room, Mr. Warner?' and before he well understood her purpose, she rose, and passed her arm within his. This action seemed to dissolve the spell which had fallen upon the female tongues; but among the few phrases that reached her, still fewer were intelligible, which, con-

sidering the spirit that appeared to pervade them, was not much to be regretted.

"Lock and lock, I declare! thank the praise, I was born in America; now shou'dn't you be right down consternated if you saw Benjamin do that?"

"I cannot realize how any girl can get upon such a lay, and yet keep her standing."

"If I live from July to eternity, I shall never obliivate that go."

"How she swiggles her way through the gentlemen! Did you ever?"

"My! It's musical enough to be sure, just to watch her ways."

"While these sharp darts flew lightly past her, on their foreign idiom, Miss Gordon continued her adventurous progress to the place which Madame de Clairville occupied at the farther end of the long apartment."

"Madame de Clairville was not a great person at Rochester. The ladies had discovered that she had but two visiting gowns in the world. She was invited to the parties because she was 'one of the ladies at Mrs. Bevan's,' but as no one ever saw even a new ribbon about her, since the day of her arrival, now nearly six months ago; as she spoke English with difficulty, and generally smiled in the wrong place; when she was spoken to; as she belonged to no congregation, and never gave tea, she was considered as a little nobody."

"Miss Gordon's marked attention to her created great surprise, till some one cleverly observed that 'twas natural enough for Europeans to be glad to see one another."

"Madame de Clairville was delighted. She rose to meet the fair stranger with an air of graceful *empressment*, well calculated to make her gown forgotten, at least by Caroline. There was no space to admit Miss Gordon next her, and perceiving this, the young lady took the arm of madame, and again crossed the room to the fire-place, where, to the unspeakable astonishment of the party, they stood together chatting in French, with an air of easy gaiety, that drew down many a disapproving, 'My!' from the fair spectators."

"Mr. Wilson now approached them, leading forward his son, who entered into conversation in French and in English, with both ladies, without restraint, and really deserved some gratitude for his knight errantry; for he was the only young man who ventured to approach them. His gallantry, however, did not endure long, for he soon quitted them, and left the room."

"Tea, coffee, and cakes, were now handed round, by two smartly dressed young women. Emily followed them into the room; her cheeks wore an unusual glow, and she was evidently agitated. 'C'est une petite ange que cette Emilie—quel dommage qu'elle va rester ici toute sa vie!' said Madame de Clairville. Emily was quite shocked at seeing them standing, and immediately brought two chairs from different parts of the room, for their accommodation, which she placed in the small vacant spaces on each side the chimney-piece. 'Cannot we manage better than that, Emily?' said Miss Gordon, removing her chair to the opposite side; 'I must hear the end of what madame was saying,' and without ceremony she placed herself *vis-à-vis* to the little French woman, with her back to the majority of the company."

"It required all brother Wilson's influence to preserve Miss Gordon's good name after this."

"Did you ever! such airs!"

"What confidence!"

"'Tis just to show off, that she can talk French."

"Nothing but that, you may allot upon it, or she would never pick out that little shabby body."

"Mr. Gordon, from his station among the

gentlemen, saw all that was passing, and though not sorry to see Caroline amused, wished, if possible, to check the vivacity which he perceived attracted too much attention. He drew near, with the intention of giving a hint to his lively daughter; but Madame de Clairville was giving a little *historiette* with so much grace, and gaiety, that it was impossible to interrupt her, and before she had finished it, he was strongly tempted rather to join the party, than to break it up."

"He told them both, however, that they were clearly offending against Rochester etiquette, which evidently required that they should both sit with their backs to the wall, smile seldom, and laugh not at all."

"And what will befall us, if we disobey?" demanded Madame de Clairville."

"Must I tell you, madame?"

"Positively, monsieur."

"Well then, you will find no lovers among the gentlemen,—and no friends among the ladies."

"My!" exclaimed Madame de Clairville, mimicking the national tone; 'is not that dreadful?"

"Not for me, if you will only except my little Emily—*que voilà*."

"Emily came, on hospitable thoughts intent, followed by the 'helps,' bearing trays filled with very good things, but most heterogeneously assembled. Ices and oysters, pound-cake, and salt beef, were offered together, and not unfrequently received upon the same plate. After this ceremony had passed round, Mrs. Williams approached Miss Gordon, in a solemn and stately manner, and inquired if she would favour the company by playing on the piano."

"Caroline looked saucy; but a glance from her father changed the expression of her eyes, and she modestly said she had rather not play before so large a party."

"Mrs. Williams left her, but in a few moments Emily came, and said blushing, and as if vexed at her errand, that she was sent to ask if she could sing?"

"Who sent you, my dear?"

"Mrs. Pringle desired mamma would ask, before her daughter began."

"Then please to tell Mrs. Pringle, my dear—"

"Her father looked at her beseechingly, evidently fearing some little vivacity."

"Miss Gordon and Madame de Clairville seated themselves at a little distance, and would from thence have enjoyed at their ease the pleasure of listening, had not their attention been withdrawn from the singing, by the whispered, but earnest conversation of two ladies who were seated next them: one of these was Miss Duncomb, and the other a stout, jovial looking woman, whose drawing, canting tone of voice, offered an amusing contrast to the comfortable look of good-humour, and self-indulgence, which her face and person exhibited."

"I shall ever maintain, Mrs. Barnet, that, when it is in the way of our vocation that we are exposed to the snare of the fowler, we are sure to be sustained in the path."

"But it is a fearful peril that we run, Miss Duncomb," drawled the fat lady, 'listening this fashion to the breath of manhood, uttering the words of love!"

"Ah—h!" answered Miss Duncomb, with a shudder, 'it is a sin and abomination, but it is our duty, Mrs. Barnet, to follow where the righteous lead. Is he not the son of our brother?"

"That's a fact, Miss Duncomb, and the more strange is it, that he should sit caterwauling there, just like the son of any other man. 'Tis awful, Miss Duncomb!"

"Mrs. Barnet, I guess, ma'am, that you do not know the young man as well as I do; he is

as prayerfully disposed as any young man I know; and were we advanced enough to missionize from this, I cannot realize that there is any one more fit to promote christianization among the heathen, and to happify his converts, than young Mr. Robert."

"I don't wish to blame your associational feelings, Miss Duncomb; but to eventuate what I was going to say, I must confess that for a young man of such capacity, he ought by this to have showed more anxiety for the welfare of the church. Dear me, Miss Duncomb, only look at Miss Martin's muslin!—isn't it as coarse as hominy?"

"I wish 'twas a little higher about the neck, Mrs. Barnet, and I would not fault the muslin. That young miss would conduct better, if she thought less of her beauty."

"That's a fact. I wish it would convene to Anastasia to bring the oysters this way; I feel altogether faintish."

Lord Darcy (the *Refugee*) has left England in consequence of an affray with a young man of low birth, in which the latter, being severely wounded, was afterwards reported to have been murdered, but in reality secreted by his confederates for base purposes. A plot is conceived by an unprincipled relative, against the life of the young nobleman, and agents are set to work in America to accomplish the design. The following extract will introduce the reader to one:—

"Mr. Hannibal Burns was one of the editors of a New York 'semi-weekly' paper; and, moreover, an officer of the police. The latter occupation he had been 'raised to,' that of newspaper editor, or, as it is familiarly termed, 'Slang Wanger,' was a dignity but lately fallen upon him."

This individual had met the English travellers at his brother's "settlement," and learnt their probable destination. He is employed to trace them out, but cautioned to do so with as little professional interest as possible."

"It so happened, however, that the person and calling of Mr. Hannibal Burns were well known by many at Rochester, and, among others, by a certain devout grocer of the name of Mitchel, who, upon some occasion or other, had had a little business with him."

"As Mr. Mitchel was a bachelor, and moreover a very sober man, Mr. Burns thought he could nowhere address himself to obtain the information he wanted, with less danger of having the conversation repeated."

"Unfortunately he did not know that Mr. Mitchel was a thorough-bred New England Yankee, or he might have been aware that in colloquy, with even a New York police officer, he would probably contrive to obtain more information than he gave. Ignorant of this important fact, he proceeded to the store of his acquaintance, whom he found standing behind his counter with his hat on, and a newspaper in his hand."

"So, Mr. Mitchel, how are you, sir? kedge, and hearty, I hope?"

"No great matter to complain of, touching my bodily health, Mr. Burns; but these are awful times, sir. Why, what a dissolute, prayerless place New York must be grown into! Here's a paper that has been loaned me, and half of it is filled with a history of stage plays, and masquerading balls."

"We follow up Paris and London considerable near, Mr. Mitchel, that's a fact; but yet we have many associational parties that solemnize the place, which I am partly sure you would approbate, sir. And how does Rochester progress, Mr. Mitchel? Have you got many strangers come recent?"

"The little Yankee immediately 'realized,' that Mr. Burns was on the look out.

"Our houses here are improved as fast as they are built, I guess; I never hear of any as lay long vacant."

"Possible? and the streets spreading so fast! But I mean in the line of transient people, and foreigners. I know the English contrive it, as far as Niagara, even: they are curious great travellers."

"I expect so."

"Have you heard lately of any arrivals in that way?"

"I never fellowship greatly with travellers."

"You hav'n't heard of any as conducts rather particular, have you, sir?"

"Are you looking after some, Mr. Burns?"

"If I was, you may allot that I would not deputize another to find them out; but you know in my line of slang-wanging, we love to toll about a little news. Somebody told me, as there was some curious rich English folks as had come this road!"

"So much the better for the taverns, Mr. Burns, 'specially if there is women with 'em, for their women make no requirement to know the price of a thing,—when they want it, they'll have it."

"I expect these folks have a young woman with 'em, so probable you have remarked her, as they say she's mighty sightly."

"We count it derogatory in a fiducial Christian, to be looking too close after the female kind. For my share, if I make a bestowment of my attention upon strangers, it is more on the man kind, than the female."

"'Twould be great nonsense in you, surely, to watch a trumpery girl hither and yon. But have you marked any European strangers biding here of late?"

"Are they young or old, those as you have heard about?"

"I guess as they said there was a young man with them."

"Fair complexion had he? and light blue eyes?"

"If my retrospect of what I heard is correct, he is quite the reverse—unless, indeed, he has got a wig."

"Like enough, flaxen hair is a great disfigurement to a swarthy face."

"No, no, the face isn't swarthy either; clear and pale—without any colour, but no way swarthy."

"Surely? well I expect if they have travelled through long since.... How long ago was it?"

"Why, if I don't obliivate what I heard, it might be about six weeks ago."

"I am partly certain, Mr. Burns, that no two like that, has been seen here by themselves."

"Not altogether so, sir; I expect there was a tall man, as the girl called her father."

"And that makes three. No, nothing of the kind, I am pretty sure."

"I reckon they had two men with them, by way of domestics, I expect."

"Well, Mr. Burns, I can make a publication to my friends, if it will be any obligation to you, that you are upon the look out for a rich gentleman and his daughter, with two male domestics, and a young man of clear, pale complexion, with black eyes and hair. I can realize your description considerable; but for my own share, I cannot report as I know anything particular about them."

"The discomfited Mr. Burns turned sulkily from the store; while the triumphant Yankee rubbed his hands, and thanked the Lord that he was not like other men, to let out his secrets in that fashion."

We here close our extracts for the present.

*Byron's Life and Works.* Vol. X. London: Murray.

ANY one with five shillings in his possession, who happens accidentally to open this volume at the *Corinth*, by Turner, and the *Athens and Island of Egina*, by Stanfield, will, we are sure, lay down the money at once, and put the work in his pocket. These landscapes, more particularly the first, are most beautiful things: nor are all the attractions confined to the illustrations; here are many of Byron's brightest things: the *Ode to Napoleon—Lara—the Hebrew Melodies—the Siege of Corinth—Parisina—the Prisoner of Chillon*, with various others, and among them, those domestic poems in which he has poured out tears mingled with his blood, as we heard a friend describe them. There are notes throwing light on dark meanings in the text, and others explanatory of the noble poet's feelings during the period of composition; but what we are sure the world will be most disposed to look at just now, is the tribute paid to Byron by Scott, which finds a place in the prefatory advertisement.

"We are sometimes," he says, "tempted to blame the timidity of those poets, who, possessing powers to arrest the admiration of the public, are yet too much afraid of censure to come frequently forward, and thus defraud themselves of their fame, and the public of the delight which they might afford us. Where success has been unexpectedly, and perhaps undeservedly, obtained by the capricious vote of fashion, it may be well for the adventurer to draw his stake and leave the game, as every succeeding hazard will diminish the chance of his rising a winner. But, they cater ill for the public, and give indifferent advice to the poet,—supposing him possessed of the highest qualities of his art,—who do not advise him to labour, while the laurel around his brows yet retains its freshness. Sketches from Lord Byron are more valuable than finished pictures from others; nor are we at all sure, that any labour which he might bestow in revision, would not rather efface than refine those outlines of striking and powerful originality which they exhibit, when flung rough from the hand of the master. No one would have wished to condemn Michael Angelo to work upon a single block of marble, until he had satisfied, in every point, the petty criticism of that Pope, who, neglecting the sublime and magnificent character and attitude of his Moses, descended to blame a wrinkle in the fold of the garment."

"Should it be urged that, in thus stimulating genius to unsparring exertion, we encourage carelessness and hurry in the youthful candidates for literary distinction, we answer, it is not the learner to whom our remarks apply; they refer to him only, who, gifted by nature with the higher power of poetry,—an art as difficult as it is enchanting,—has made himself master, by application and study, of the mechanical process, and in whom, we believe, frequent exertions upon new works awaken and stimulate that genius which might be cramped and rendered tame, by long and minute attention to finish to the highest possible degree any one of the number. If we look at our poetical library we shall find, generally speaking, the most distinguished poets have been the most voluminous, and that those who, like Gray, limited their productions to a few poems, anxiously and sedulously corrected and revised, have given them a stiff and artificial character, which, far from disarming criticism, has rather embittered its violence, while the Aristarch, like Achilles assailing Hector, meditates dealing the mortal wound through some unguarded crevice of the

supposed impenetrable armour, with which the cautious bard has vainly invested himself.

"Our opinion must be necessarily qualified by the caution, that as no human invention can be infinitely fertile, as even the richest genius may be, in agricultural phrase, *cropped out*, and rendered sterile, and as each author must necessarily have a particular style in which he is supposed to excel, and must therefore be more or less a mannerist; no one can with prudence persevere in forcing himself before the public when, from failure in invention, or from having rendered the peculiarities of his style over trite and familiar, the veteran 'lags superfluous on the stage,' a slighted mute in those dramas where he was once the principal personage. To this humiliation vanity frequently exposes genius; and it is no doubt true that a copious power of diction, joined to habitual carelessness in composition, has frequently conduced to it.

"We would therefore be understood to recommend to authors, while a consciousness of the possession of vigorous powers, carefully cultivated, unites with the favour of the public, to descend into the arena, and continue their efforts vigorously while their hopes are high, their spirits active, and the public propitious, in order that, on the slightest failure of nerves or breath, they may be able to withdraw themselves honourably from the contest, gracefully giving way to other candidates for fame, and cultivating studies more suitable to a flagging imagination than the fervid art of poetry. This, however, is the affair of the authors themselves: should they neglect this prudential course, the public will, no doubt, have more indifferent books on their table than would otherwise have loaded it; and as the world always seizes the first opportunity of recalling the applause it has bestowed, the former wreaths of the writers will for a time be blighted by their immediate failure. But these evils, so far as the public is concerned, are greatly overbalanced by such as arise from the timid caution which bids genius suppress its efforts till they shall be refined into unattainable perfection: and we cannot but repeat our conviction, that poetry, being, in its higher classes, an art which has for its elements sublimity and unaffected beauty, is more liable than any other to suffer from the labour of polishing, or from the elaborate and composite style of ornament, and alternate affectation of simplicity and artifice, which characterise the works, even of the first poets, when they have been over-anxious to secure public applause, by long and reiterated correction. It must be remembered that we speak of the higher tones of composition; there are others of a subordinate character, where extreme art and labour are not bestowed in vain. But we cannot consider over-anxious correction as likely to be employed with advantage upon poems like those of Lord Byron, which have for their object to rouse the imagination, and awaken the passions."

The editor judiciously adds the various readings which the manuscripts supply profusely, and thus enables us to see the workings of fancy and feeling during the outpouring of the verse. We prefer quoting another passage from the preface—our readers will see the reasons:—

"With regard to the first of those Domestic Pieces,—the 'Fare thee well,'—we have seen, since the sheet containing it was sent to the press, the original draught of it; and, had it fallen under our notice sooner, we should have presented the reader with a fac-simile. The appearance of the MS. confirms, and more than confirms, the account of the circumstances under which it was written, given in the Notices of Lord Byron's Life. It is blotted all over with the marks of tears."

"We have also observed, that the motto from

'Christabel,' which now stands at the head of 'Fare thee well,' did not appear there until several editions had been printed. Mr. Coleridge's poem was, in fact, first published in June, 1816, and reached Lord Byron after he had crossed the Alps, in September. It was then that he signified his wish to have the extract in question affixed to all future copies of his stanzas; and the reader, who might have doubted Mr. Moore's assertion, that Lord Byron's hopes of an ultimate reconciliation with his Lady survived even the unsuccessful negotiation prompted by the kind interference of Madame de Staël, when he visited her at Copet, will probably now consider the selection and date of this motto, as circumstances strongly corroborative of the biographer's statement:—

A dreary sea now flows between,  
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,  
Shall wholly do away, I ween,  
The marks of that which once hath been!

"The saddest period of Lord Byron's life was also, we see, one of the busiest. His refuge and solace were ever in the practice of his art; and the rapidity with which he continued to pour out verses at this melancholy time, if it tended to prolong some of his personal annoyances, by giving malevolent critics fresh pretences for making his private affairs the subject of public discussion, has certainly been in no respect injurious to his poetical reputation."

A work so richly and so tastefully illustrated, so elegantly arranged, and neatly printed, requires only to be seen to be popular: we do not despair of seeing the poems of Scott rivalling those of Byron in all such beauties as art and taste can bestow.

*La Lithuanie et sa dernière Insurrection.*  
Par Michel Pietkiewicz. Bruxelles, Dumont: London, Dulau & Co.

At a period when the fate of the heroic Poles has raised a general cry of horror and indignation throughout the civilized world, every thing connected with the late glorious struggle of Poland becomes matter of paramount interest. The grand-duchy of Lithuania, forcibly severed from the kingdom of Poland, by the dismemberment which, to the eternal disgrace of Europe, was suffered to be effected by the partitioning despots during the last century, has ever since remained a Russian province. Nevertheless, the bosom of every Lithuanian glows with the love of Poland—with execration of the power to whose yoke she is forced to bend—and with the same patriotic spirit of freedom which inspired the immortal Kosciuszko, himself a Lithuanian, in his noble resistance to Russia when under the guidance of Catherine II.—that female despot, so mild, merciful, and humane, in her written manifestos, but so atrociously cruel in her actions.

When the brutal oppression of Constantine at length goaded the long-suffering Poles to take up arms, the co-operation of their brethren of Lithuania was indispensable to the ultimate success of their cause. The hearts of the latter beat in unison with those of the Polish patriots, and the whole province, ripe for insurrection, wanted only an experienced leader to enable them to burst the bonds of Russian despotism, and once more unite with Poland. General Gielgud, at the head of an army, was intrusted with this mission; and the selection of such a man is the disastrous failure of the insurrection attributed. Appointed by Napoleon, in 1812, to the command of a regiment about to be raised,

Gielgud owed his military rank to mere seniority; and this expedition to Lithuania was his maiden campaign. Previously to his assuming the Lithuanian command, he had never seen a shot fired. The melancholy fate of his army, their retreat into the Prussian territory, and the death of Gielgud, by the hand of Skulski, a captain in his army, who considered that he had betrayed the Polish cause, are well known.

But Gielgud was no traitor,—at least in the common acceptation of that word. He had not betrayed his country to the enemy: he had only sacrificed the cause with which he was intrusted, through ignorance and selfishness. Gielgud was a man of weak mind, not possessing the most ordinary share of military talent, and utterly destitute of judgment and discretion. In temper he was tyrannical, and, like most men of contracted understandings, doggedly obstinate. In disposition he was mean, grovelling, and sordid; and all his views seemed to centre in the aggrandizement of his own family. The individuals to whom he intrusted power were inefficient, and moreover lukewarm in the cause; but they were his own relatives. Thus all his administrative measures tended to chill the spirit which animated the Lithuanians; and every military operation failed for want of being combined and conducted with professional skill. If the negative quality of physical courage had alone sufficed to make the insurrection successful, Gielgud certainly possessed it: in him personal bravery was constitutional. He might perhaps have done good service under an able and experienced commander; but, left to his own guidance, he brought ruin and disgrace upon his cause. Had the mission been confided to an officer of talent, it could not have failed, and Poland might now have been free.

The fatal catastrophe in which his obstinacy and successive errors terminated, and the retreat of his army into Prussia, proved a death-blow to the insurrection. A few scattered bands still remained; but their efforts no longer gave uneasiness to Russia, and were of no service to the Poles;—they were the last convulsive throes of freedom expiring in the fangs of despotism.

As Lithuania is considered a Russian province, the Emperor Nicholas does not there affect to cloak his cruelties with apologies and explanations. He is fast making a desert of that fine country to people the wilds of Siberia. He has decreed it a high crime to speak the Polish language, and has superseded the Lithuanian laws by his odious ukases. Although they who bore arms against his authority have sought refuge in foreign lands, there is not a noble family which has not furnished its share of victims to the sanguinary inflictions of imperial revenge. Day after day decrees appear against the patriots,—the least of whose punishments is the confiscation of their property and hard labour in Siberia. The dungeons of Vilna are crammed with the most respectable of its citizens. The ordinary courts of justice had once the courage to acquit some of these individuals; but Nicholas allowed them not to escape. He had them again tried by a court martial, and under his express orders, convicted. His desire is not to punish guilt, but to find victims to glut his vengeance. The father is made answerable for the crime of his son,

and the son for the father. The children of those who have escaped from the country are sent in chains to Siberia, or drafted into the regiments of Orenbourg, there to expiate in eternal slavery and pain the patriotism of their fathers.

Mr. Pietkiewicz, the author of the work before us, is by birth a Lithuanian—was an officer in Gielgud's army—and, consequently, an eye-witness of all he records. His account of the insurrection is a plain statement of facts, in a clear and condensed form, and reasonably free from party violence. Not only does it bear the stamp of truth from its plain straightforward course, but every important fact is authenticated by official documents. It is preceded by an interesting sketch of the history of Lithuania; and as the work contains the only connected account extant of the Lithuanian insurrection, it is therefore a valuable and necessary addition to the history of the late Polish revolution.

*Lafayette, Louis Philippe, and the Revolution of 1830.* By B. Sarrans, jun. Translated from the French. 2 vols. London: Edinghail Wilson.

A very good translation, and made by one who seems fully to understand the spirit of the original. Although this book must have been got up in great haste, it contains very few inaccuracies. There is one, however, to which we will call the attention of the translator, should the work come to a second edition. *Legitimist* does not always mean *legitimacy*; it sometimes signifies *legality*, and in this latter sense it should have been used in the last line of page 79. But blemishes like these are trifling, when contrasted with the merits displayed throughout this translation.

*An Outline of the Smaller British Birds, intended for the Use of Ladies and Young Persons.* By R. Slaney, Esq., M.P. 12mo. Longman & Co.

The observers and recorders of facts in Natural History rank among the most valuable contributors to the general stock of knowledge, and many of the remarks in this unpretending little volume are judicious, as pointing out the advantages, as well as the pleasure, to be derived from the study of the various productions of Nature.

To young and inquiring minds, and for such is this Outline intended, each new locality has fresh charms, in proportion to the diversity and beauty of its animated inhabitants. Without aiming at any character beyond that of a familiar introduction to the subject of which it treats, this little book contains many original observations; and the author, by judicious selections from the writings of others, has furnished an interesting outline of the history of that portion of our indigenous birds, which may be said more particularly, to live, and move, and have their being around us.

The wood-cuts are a useful addition: and we could quote from the text with pleasure; but that the small size of the volume forbids anticipation.

*A new Dictionary in French and English and English and French; combining the Dictionaries of Boyer and Deletanville.* With various additions, corrections, and improvements, by D. Boileau and A. Piquot. London: Rivington.

This is an excellent edition of Boyer's Dictionary, which Messrs. Boileau and Piquot have improved, as far as the limits of their undertaking will allow. It is of a good size and form for schools, and its price moderate.



## ORIGINAL PAPERS

## LADY BLANCHE'S LEAGUER.

From a passage in the English Commonwealth Civil War.

In the rough days of old, when hands of power  
Were laid on sword and spear,  
Lady Blanche was leaguered in her tower,  
No hope nor rescue near;  
For her valiant lord had ridden away,  
To meet his foes afar;  
And his household troop, in bright array,  
Went with him to the war.  
Ere he mounted, he called nine servants true—  
Nine trusty men—and said,  
"The wife that I love I leave with you—  
Her life be on each head!"  
A trumpet was blown before her gate,  
A red flag kissed the sky:—  
"Now yield, proud lady! nor dare to wait  
Until our falcons fly!"  
Then her brave men's hearts waxed faint and  
low;  
Their lives they valued light;  
But how might they save her from such a foe—  
Hundreds to one to fight?  
But their noble lady cheered them all,  
For her gentle blood rose high:  
"Lift my husband's banner above the wall,  
And raise his battle-cry!"  
"For the hand of God is with the brave,  
When no man's help is near;  
And my husband's house shall be my grave,  
Ere Blanche knows wrong or fear!"  
Then they roused them all at their lady's word,  
And all that winter day,  
Quick, and loud-pealing, the guns were heard,  
Till towers in rains lay;  
And for nine brave men her walls to keep,  
But two were strong and sound;  
The rest were sleeping their last long sleep,  
Or stiff with many a wound.  
Poor Blanche wept sore, when the hand of night  
Silenced the canons' throat,  
For well she knew the morrow's light  
Must see them cross the moat!  
All sadly looked her brave warder out  
Through the gray morning cloud,  
Till he suddenly raised a merry shout,  
And the old walls rang aloud!  
"Come forth, dear lady, in joy come forth!  
True hearts have won the day;  
Thy brother's pennon streams in the north,  
And the foes have fled away!"  
Liverpool, Feb. 1832.

## CONTINUATION OF THE SHELLEY PAPERS.

## ARCH OF TITUS.

BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

On the inner compartment of the Arch of Titus, is sculptured in deep relief, the desolation of a city. On one side, the walls of the Temple, split by the fury of conflagrations, hang tottering in the act of ruin. The accompaniments of a town taken by assault, matrons and virgins and children and old men gathered into groups, and the rapine and licence of a barbarous and enraged soldiery, are imaged in the distance. The foreground is occupied by a procession of the victors, bearing in their profane hands the holy candlesticks and the tables of shewbread, and the sacred instruments of the eternal worship of the Jews. On the opposite side, the reverse of this sad picture, Titus is represented standing in a chariot drawn by four horses, crowned with laurel, and surrounded by the tumultuous numbers of his

triumphant army, and the magistrates, and priests, and generals, and philosophers, dragged in chains beside his wheels. Behind him, stands a Victory eagle-winged.

The arch is now mouldering into rains, and the imagery almost erased by the lapse of fifty generations. Beyond this obscure monument of Hebrew desolation, is seen the tomb of the Destroyer's family, now a mountain of ruins.

The Flavian amphitheatre has become a habitation for owls and dragons. The power, of whose possession it was once the type, and of whose departure it is now the emblem, is become a dream and a memory. Rome is no more than Jerusalem.

## REFLECTIONS.

## Life.

Life, and the world, and whatever we call that which we are, and feel, is an astonishing thing. The mist of familiarity obscures from us the wonder of our being. We are struck with astonishment at some of its transient modifications, but it is itself the great miracle. What are the changes of empires, the wreck of dynasties, with the opinions that supported them—what is the birth and extinction of religions, and of political systems, to life? What are the revolutions of the globe which we inhabit, and the operations of the elements of which it is composed, compared with life? what is the universe of stars and suns, and their motions, and the destiny of those that inhabit them, compared with life? Life, the great miracle, we admire not because it is so miraculous. If any artist, I do not say had executed, but had merely conceived in his mind, the system of the sun, the stars, and planets, they not existing, and had painted to us in words or upon canvas the spectacle now afforded by the sight of the cope of heaven, and illustrated it by astronomy, what would have been our admiration!—or had imagined the scenery of the earth, the mountains, and the seas, and the rivers, and the grass and the flowers, and the varieties of the forms and the masses of the leaves of the woods, and the colours which attend the rising and the setting sun, and the hues of the atmosphere turbid or serene, truly we should have been wonder-struck, and should have said, what it would have been a vain boast to have said, Truly, this creator deserves the name of a God. But now, these things are looked upon with little wonder; and who views them with delight, is considered an enthusiast or an extraordinary person.

The multitude care little for them. It is thus with life, that includes all. What is life? Thoughts and feelings arise with or without our will, and we employ words to express them.

We are born, and our birth is unremembered, and our infancy remembered but in fragments. We live, and in living we lose the apprehension of life.

## Death.

By the word death, we express that condition in which natures resembling ourselves apparently cease to be what they were. We no longer hear them speak, nor see them move. If they have sensations or apprehen-

† It is singular, that Napoleon at St. Helena, in Las Cases' *Memoirs*, should have been led into a similar reflection. "Qu'est-ce que la vie? Quand et comment la recevrons-nous? Tout cela est-il autre chose encore que la mystère!"

sions, we no longer participate in them. We know no more, than that those internal organs, and all that fine texture of material frame, without which we have no experience that life or thought can subsist, are dissolved and scattered abroad.

The body is placed under the ground, and after a certain period there remains no vestige even of its form. This is that contemplation of inexhaustible melancholy, whose shadow eclipses the brightness of the world. The commonest observer is struck with dejection at the spectacle, and contends in vain against the persuasion of the grave, that the dead indeed cease to be.

The corpse at his feet is prophetic of his own destiny. Those who have perceived him, whose voice was delightful to his ear, whose touch met, and thrilled, and vibrated to his like sweet and subtle fire, whose aspect spread a visionary light upon his path, these he cannot meet again. The organs of sense are destroyed, and the intellectual operations dependent on them, have perished in their sources. How can a corpse see and feel? What intercourse can there be in two heaps of putrid clay and crumbling bones piled together.

Such are the anxious and fearful contemplations, that, in spite of religion, we are sometimes forced to confess to ourselves.

## Love.

The mind selects among those who most resemble it, that which is most its archetype; and instinctively fills up the interstices of the imperfect image, in the same manner as the imagination moulds and completes the shapes in the clouds, or in the fire, into a resemblance of whatever form, animal, building, &c. happens to be present to it.

Man is in his wildest state a social animal—a certain degree of civilization and refinement ever produces the want of sympathies still more intimate and complete, and the gratification of the senses is no longer all that is desired. It soon becomes a very small part of that profound and complicated sentiment which we call love, which is rather the universal thirst for a communion not merely of the senses, but of our whole nature, intellectual, imaginative, and sensitive, and which, when individualized, becomes an imperious necessity, only to be satisfied by the complete, or partial, or supposed fulfilment of its claims. This want grows more powerful in proportion to the development which our nature receives from civilization; for man never ceases to be a social being.

## SCENES IN HINDOOSTAN.

## A Walk through Benares.

Nothing more fantastically picturesque can be imagined than the appearance of Benares from the Ganges; and it is difficult to convey an idea of the barbaric splendour of some of the buildings, and the grotesqueness of the landscape. The ghauts, or landing places, which occur at short distances from each other, are, generally speaking, very handsome, though not so regular as many that I have seen. They form a peculiar feature in Indian scenery, and are very superb and appropriate embellishments of the bright river and wide-spreading tank. They are broad flights of steps, constructed either of granite or *chaman*—the latter being a composition of lime,

which takes a high polish—decorated on either side with rich balustrading, and surmounted by temples and trees. These ghauts always present a lively scene, and are constantly crowded, even during the hottest hours of the day, by groups of men, women, and children, either praying, performing their ablutions, or filling their ghurrahs from the holy stream. Amidst a confused mass of buildings of every shape, the lofty, square, flat-roofed, citadel-looking palace—the dome of the Moosulman mosque—the pointed cupola of the ancient Hindoo temple, resembling a huge mitre—tower, turret, arched gateway, verandah, gallery, and projecting oriel window,—arise the far-famed minarets. Their slender spires shoot up into the skies, and present a proud monument of the conquests of Aurungzebe, who raised them upon the ruins of a pagoda of peculiar sanctity. Their lightness and elegance contrast finely with the massy range of the temples and houses below; and the whole aspect of the city is agreeably diversified with lofty trees and flowering shrubs, which hang their rich garlands over the sculptured walls.

On the morning appointed for our visit to the city, I rose long before daylight, and the party drove to the grand square or *Chokey*, through extensive suburbs, which, amongst other objects of interest, contained some very handsome Moosulmanee tombs of modern erection. The natives of India are not early risers; and although by the time we reached the city, it was nearly broad day, very few living objects were to be seen. The windows were closely shuttered up, the doors barred, and the streets empty. My thoughts immediately recurred to the city of the Magi, where all the worshippers of Nardoun were turned into stone. A *tonjon*, which is an open chair, carried on men's shoulders, had been sent forward for my accommodation; but I made little use of it in my eagerness to penetrate alleys where it could scarcely pass; and, preceded by our chuprassies and chobedars, carrying sheathed scimitars and silver maces, I accompanied the gentlemen of the party on foot. We proceeded through narrow streets lined with lofty houses, all of stone, and built in a florid style of architecture; in one or two places they were united by a covered passage springing over the roofs, somewhat resembling the Bridge of Sighs.

As yet, our fellow pedestrians consisted chiefly of Brahminee bulls, but we found the priests busy in the pagodas, scattering flowers over the shrines, and pouring water upon the images of their numerous deities. Some of these idols were beautifully carved in black marble. I disregarded wetting my feet in the profuse oblations of the holy stream of the Ganges showered over the pavement, and literally elbowed my way through the crowd of devotees, who, as the morning advanced, thronged the courts of these small temples, to most of which, I believe, I was indebted for admission to one of my companions, who is at the head of the Hindoo College, and highly respected by the natives, not only for his learning, but for his amiable character and popular manners. I had never mixed on foot in a native crowd before, and was very glad that I had provided myself with a veil, being rather ashamed of appearing amongst the groups of reputable and disreputable persons assembled around me, in

open violation of their ideas of female propriety. After having satisfied my curiosity, and admired the bright profusion of flowers, which were thickly strewn over the interior, and offered for sale at the doors of the temples, I was glad to escape from the hurry and confusion which gathered on all sides—the throngs of Fakeers—the incessant cries of “Ram! Ram!” the common invocation and salutation of the Hindoos—and the repetition of passages from the Vedas, uttered in loud tones by the most pious of the Brahmins.

Our next visit was to the Observatory, an ancient relique of oriental science. It was founded before the Moosulman Conquest.

From a series of small quadrangles with cloisters all round, we ascended by broad flights of stairs to the summit of a square tower. Hence the view over the broad and sparkling river was very fine; and, after enjoying it for a little time, we descended to the water's edge, and went on board a boat in waiting for us, which dropped down to a ghaut close to the minarets. On arriving at the landing-place, I perceived a part of the river, enclosed with *connaughts*, screens of white canvas with scarlet borders; and was told, that when ladies of rank came to bathe, it was customary to provide them with a secure retreat from the gaze of the multitude.

Many rich Hindoos, natives of distant places, have houses at Benares, and not a few hasten, in their declining age, to draw their last breath in the holy city,—which is supposed to be no portion of a fallen world, the lotus of the globe, not founded on common earth, but on the point of Siva's trident—an excrescence only, unconnected with aught less sacred. In short, it is a place of such peculiar sanctity, that even the most profane eaters of beef, and other impious persons, if they have been charitable to poor Brahmins, and are so fortunate as to die in this hallowed spot, are certain of going direct to Heaven. The multitude of pilgrims from all parts of India, is enormous, and much of the wealth of Benares is derived from the occasional residence of rich strangers. Very near to the minarets stands the lately finished mansion of the Peishwa, the sovereign of a Mahratta state. It is seven stories high, and, as the roof commands the same prospect which is seen from the minarets, and the ascent affords more objects of interest, a description of the latter, whose interior consists only of a narrow winding stair, may be spared. We entered the mansion through a porch, and found ourselves, on passing folding-doors thickly studded with iron plates, in a quadrangle surrounded by a covered gallery. This court often serves as an abiding place for cattle, but it is also frequently kept very neatly, and ornamented with fountains and parterres. One large room, divided across with a row of carved pillars, floored and wainscoted with dark wood, highly polished, and also decorated with carved work, faced the street; from this apartment a single narrow flight of stairs led to a second above, of similar dimensions, opening likewise on a gallery or cloister, corresponding with the one below, which was furnished with several small chambers. On the opposite side of the room another flight of stairs appeared, leading to a third saloon, gallery, &c., precisely the same as those beneath; and in this manner, crossing every successive apartment to reach the staircase, we gained the upper story.

As we ascended, the noise from the crowded street below subsided into low murmur, and was entirely lost at the highest point of elevation: while we could not sufficiently admire the wisdom displayed in the loftiness of the buildings, and the narrowness of the avenues, which I, at least, had deemed so inconvenient: not a sunbeam could find its way to the lanes and alleys, the lower rooms were cool and shady, while those which towered over the surrounding houses, presented from their windows a rich and splendid prospect. We made very few halts until we reached the roof, which, being surrounded by a parapet, was a more desirable resting place than the apartment beneath, from whence we looked down from windows opening to the floor, and unguarded by balcony or railing, with sensations of terror; so giddy were we made by the contemplation of the awful depth below.

On attaining the highest landing place, Benares, with its fantastic buildings, luxuriant gardens, thronged streets, and broad river covered with innumerable boats, lay beneath us like a map; while, far as the eye could reach, a plain richly cultivated, and dotted with groves and villages, extended to the meeting horizon; it is said, that the range of the Himalaya Mountains is sometimes visible from this altitude, but although the sky was very clear, we looked in vain for the monarchs of the world. I confess that I was not much disappointed, being satisfied with nearer and humbler objects, never seen to so much advantage before: flocks of pigeons and parquets were flying in clouds beneath us, the sun glancing on the bright plumage of their outstretched wings, as they skimmed along; even the adventurous monkeys, with which the city is thronged, contented themselves with less elevated points, and were to be seen perched upon the projecting cornices below. Near to us were several houses inhabited by Mahratta families. The females of these people have never submitted to the seclusion, which, after the Moosulman conquest of Hindoostan, became the fashion throughout the subjugated provinces; and the ladies, our neighbours, did not scruple to gaze unveiled upon our party. After sunset, every roof would have been occupied by female groups; and I regretted much that I could not return to enjoy the interesting scene, which the Peishwa, by building so much higher than his neighbours, had secured for himself. On descending to the lower floor, I was glad to avail myself of my *tonjon*, being thoroughly fatigued. All the shops were now open, and the streets literally thronged. I observed that whenever our party met young women, many of whom belonging to the lower orders were to be seen in the streets, they instantly veiled their faces, and some squeezed themselves into recesses in the walls. The perambulations of Europeans are not of common occurrence; and though the natives disregard the gaze of their own people, they seemed very unwilling to expose themselves to that of foreigners.

Upon our arrival at the Chokey, where we had left our carriages, we found a number of awnings erected, similar to the booths at an English fair, and a great variety of goods of a superior description exposed for sale. Not having been able to make a bargain for a very ill-carved ivory elephant, for which an enormous price had been demanded, and unwilling to

leave the city without purchasing some memento, I very gladly made myself mistress of two long strings of Brahminee beads, the seeds of a plant, somewhat resembling nutmegs, and which, capped with gold, are much in request for necklaces in England. Extremely fatigued, but also extremely gratified, with my morning's excursion, I returned to Secrole, a distance of two miles, just as the heat of the sun was beginning to be rather oppressive.

Though resembling in some of its features many other cities of Hindoostan, Benares presents several peculiarities: there are no palaces equalling in the beauty of the architecture, and the splendour of the material, those of Delhi, Agra, and Lucknow; but there is scarcely a house which is not lavishly decorated with florid ornaments, carved in wood and stone. Many, which rise above shops of no great outward display, are evidently tenanted by wealthy persons, and, in their size and ornaments, seem little inferior to those inhabited by princes. There are others which occupy a very large extent of ground, whose walls towards the street contain no windows, except at the very top: these buildings bear a close resemblance to a fortress or prison, and enclose large gardens, of which no view can be attained, except from the minarets, or one or two other elevations. The richness of the merchandize, for which the city is famous, is carefully concealed from the public eye. Benares is celebrated for the manufacture of kinkob, gold and silver brocade, of great beauty and value; turbans of the same splendid materials, embellished with gem-like embroideries, have no equals in the eastern world; and it is the grand emporium for pearls, diamonds, shawls, and other precious commodities. But none of these things are displayed in the shops to attract custom; and, indeed, throughout Hindoostan, purchasers must diligently inquire for the articles they are desirous to buy, before they are to be found.

Squalid and filthy human objects abound in Benares: Fakeers of the most disgusting description, having literally no clothing save dirt and ashes, are shockingly numerous, particularly at the holy places; and I was satisfied with a very cursory view of many spots of interest, especially a sacred well, in my anxiety to escape from close contact with these loathsome creatures. Brahminee bulls, pigeons, and monkeys, are common in all Hindoo cities, but seldom appear in such multitudes as at Benares, where no person dares molest them, and where they are cherished by the pious, and fed at the public expense. In former days, human sacrifices alone were tolerated at Benares; but these shocking rites have been abolished by the British government; and since the Moghul conquests, the Moosulman inhabitants have polluted the city by the blood of animals.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

THE papers are filled with anecdotes, narratives, and memoirs of Sir Walter Scott: north and south unite in admiration of the man and his works. We hear that several volumes of Scottiana were ready, in the library at Abbotsford, to be sent to press at the illustrious writer's death; and there can be no question, that a memoir from authority will

be soon before the public. We shall have many biographies of him; Hogg threatens one; "There are not," he says, "above five people in the world, who, I think, knew Sir Walter better, or understood his character better than I do; and if I outlive him, which is likely, as I am five months and ten days younger, I shall draw a mental portrait of him, the likeness of which to the original, shall not be disputed." We hear that Southey has some large undertakings, chiefly biographies, in hand: his 'Lives of the English Admirals,' will make a noble work, if equal to his 'Life of Nelson.' Professor Wilson has returned from his maritime excursion: he was much pleased with the wonders of the "Wooden World," as an old writer calls the navy, and witnessed the race between the two rival ships, built on the plans of Seppings and Symonds.

We are pleased to hear, that Newton, the painter, is on his way to England; a lady is said to be with him, who has the right to his company which a wife can claim: if this be so, we are afraid he has made few sketches of Squatters and Squaws. Wilkie is busy on a picture of two Spanish Priests in a consultation; and Chantrey has erected his statue of Canning, at Liverpool; the light is said to be excellent, and the authorities, we hear, are much pleased with the ease, elegance, and dignified expression of the figure. It stands on the great staircase of the Town Hall. We have seen the prospectus of Harding and Roscoe's 'Landscape Annual'; the specimen plate has been engraved with great care.

We hear also, that His Majesty has been graciously pleased to grant the loan of Lawrence's Portrait of Sir Walter Scott, to the house of Moon, Boys, & Graves, and that a splendid engraving from it will shortly appear.

#### PARIS ACADEMY OF ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Meeting held on the 17th instant.

*Letter from Bonpland: his Botanical Discoveries and Collections — Geological Fact — Encke's Comet — New method of Embalming — Habits of the Flamingo in Patagonia.*

A letter, addressed to the president of the Academy by Baron de Humboldt, at Berlin, was read at this sitting; it relates to the Baron's friend and travelling companion, Bonpland, who lately contrived to obtain his release from years of captivity in Paraguay. "Above a twelvemonth had elapsed," says the Baron, "since we received the first intelligence of the arrival of M. Bonpland in the province of the Missions; but no letter from him had ever reached Europe, and his relatives at La Rochelle felt the same anxiety on his account which I did. At length I have had the happiness of receiving direct news from him through the care of Baron Delessert. A letter from Bonpland, dated Buenos Ayres, the 7th May 1832, advises, that he had received a few lines, which I had forwarded to him at the close of July last year, whilst resident at Corrientes, near the confluence of the Parana and Paraguay, in January 1832. 'I have been crossed,' says he, 'in every labour I have projected since I quitted the soil of France. My ill stars have persecuted me for the last fifteen years; but I am fain to believe that my fate will prove more auspicious, now that I am out of Paraguay. Being once more restored to my friends, and having renewed my connexion with civilized Europe, I have resumed my former labours in natural history with the greatest activity, in order that I may

be enabled to return to my native country as quickly as possible. The collections I formed in Paraguay and the Portuguese Missions ought to have reached Buenos Ayres ever since the month of March. I look for them with the greatest uneasiness, and shall forward them immediately upon their arrival, (which cannot be long delayed,) to the care of the Minister of Foreign Affairs at Paris, praying him to deliver over the cases to the Museum of Natural History. The *Jardin des Plantes* will receive, not only what I have recently collected, but such herbaria as I have put together at Corrientes and Buenos Ayres, and particularly my general herbarium, and the geological series of the route we pursued. To this collection I shall add the specimens of rocks which I have just collected, as well as such as I may succeed in procuring during my excursions to Monte Video, Maldonado, and Cabo-Santa-Maria. \* \* \* Such are the fertility of the soil and the richness of the vegetation in the Portuguese Missions, that I think it my duty to return to that quarter, and I am willing to believe, that those who kindly take an interest in my early return to Europe, will not disapprove this trip. It would be cruel to leave this clime without adding such a host of remarkable productions to our botanical stores. My collections will comprise two new species of *Convolvuli*, the roots of which possess all the healing qualities of the jalap. I am in hopes that the School of Medicine will likewise set some essays on foot as to the uses to which three extremely bitter barks, derived from three new species of a class belonging to the family of the *Simaroubæ*, may be put. These barks are of the flavour of the sulphate of quinine, and are used with the most salutary effect in cases of dysentery and other gastric derangements. If, whilst here, I could but receive proper information on the efficacy of these barks, as it might appear from trials in Paris, I would endeavour to secure a supply of them for our hospitals before my departure.' \* \* \* I avail myself of this opportunity," adds De Humboldt, "to communicate a geological fact to the Academy, which has been known here only within the last few days, and is connected with other facts, which have been observed elsewhere in Europe, and even in the heart of Asia. M. Von Seckendorf has discovered fragments of *Grauwacke*, accompanied with petrifications incrustated in granite, in the valley of Badan (of the Hartz), in a quarry near the high road which leads to Hartzburg. M. Hartmann, the translator of Lyell's Geology, has just confirmed this observation.—P.S. At the very moment of closing this letter, I receive the very important information that Encke's Comet, of three years and three tenths, was observed at Buenos Ayres in the beginning of June 1832. M. Encke has heard from M. Olbers (of Bremen), that M. Massotti (probably the same gentleman who was formerly at the Milan Observatory, and has published some works on planetary orbits), observed the comet at B. A. on the 2nd of June last, at 5<sup>h</sup> 30' mean time, with 56° 37' 5" of right ascension, and 11° 20' 1" of southern declension.—This observation appears to differ not more than some 2' from the short-period comet, which M. Encke has calculated by anticipation."

At this meeting of the Academy also, it was reported that Messrs. Caperon and B. Albert have announced the discovery of an expeditious method of preserving the human body, without any external preparation, or alteration of the features of the countenance, as well as without producing diminution in any part of the body. The operation is performed in eight days; and the inventors have requested permission to submit a specimen for the inspection of the Academy.

M. Geoffroy presented the first fasciculus of his 'Zoological Studies,' in which, amongst

other recently discovered animals, he describes three birds, natives of Patagonia, which were killed in that country by W. M. Dessalines d'Orbigny. The latter has collected some extremely interesting details of their habits, of which the following is an instance:—"On the 20th of March 1819, being then in the midst of the *Salina de Andres Paz*, I observed a small superstructure, which looked like a little island of earthenware, and rose apparently about a foot above the surface of the Salina. Upon asking my peon what this might be, he replied, that it was a group of flamingos' nests. Being anxious to examine them, I walked across the salty expanse, and, as I advanced, could not refrain from admiring its immense extent, which covered a space of more than five miles square; the whole of this lake of salt presented a surface of dense crystallized crust, six inches in thickness. At length I came to a halt; and here I found three thousand nests, so disposed as to form a small island in the centre of the lake. Each of them is a cone, about a foot and a half high, truncated and concave at the upper end, like a common nest, but without any plants in its structure. Every nest stands at twelve inches distance from those around it; nor can a more singular sight exist than this myriad of cones, all of similar form and height. I found several eggs still in the nests. My peon told me, that a large flight of flamingos alights on the spot every year for the purpose of building their nests; that the female sits across the nest to lay and hatch her eggs; and that those who dig the salt, collect and eat a great many of the eggs, as well as take away the young birds, the flesh of which, he said, was of exquisite flavour. The eggs are of a greenish hue, spotted with brown, and they are somewhat more than four inches in diameter."

At a subsequent stage of the proceedings, it was referred to M. Navier to report to the Academy on Babbage's 'Economy of Machinery,' &c.

#### FINE ARTS

'*Finden's Illustrations of Lord Byron's Works.*'—We have seven of these illustrations at present before us, some of them are truly excellent, and all are picturesque. The portrait of Margarita Cogni is a very fine one: the eyes are soft, eloquent, and alluring, and the whole head has something graceful and noble about it. All that remains of the Temple of Jupiter Olympus, is seen to advantage in the masterly sketch of Stanfield; more of a home-feeling is awakened by the sight of Patras; the view of Cape Colonna awakens many historic recollections, and the Plain of Troy many poetic ones. On the whole, these are not unworthy of their predecessors, and when we think of their price, we are surprised at their beauty.

'*Illustrations of the Works of Sir Walter Scott, Part 5: Chapman & Hall.*'—This number contains five illustrations; the most beautiful of the landscapes is Inch Cailleach; the engraving, however, that will be most admired, is the head of Isabella de Croye, by Rochard; it has a look of the native land of the lady, and is voluptuous yet modest, and of great loveliness. The landscapes of this work are all real scenes, and those who desire to see, without travelling, the hills and dales, and lakes, and castles, and ruins, where the author of Waverley wrought his enchantments, cannot do better than lay out half-a-crown on such a work.

'*Heads of Sir Walter Scott and Lord Byron.*'—These are medallion heads in paper, inclosed in a frame of the same materials, very ingeniously executed, and not very unlike. They accompany the letter-press of a little publication of wild and romantic stories, such as the pages of our magazines readily supply.

'*The English School of Painting and Sculpture.*'—We have some half dozen numbers of this eighteen-penny publication before us, each containing six outlines of favourite works, accompanied by descriptive letter-press: it is impossible to be ill-natured when we think of the price; the letter press is not always to our taste, though many of the outlines are.

'*Pyne's Pocket Sketching Companion.*'—The four first numbers of this useful work contain all manner of attitudes and rustic costumes in very small space; it is the object of the artist to furnish beginners in painting with sketches from nature; the delineations are correct, and the positions natural; and we would advise young ladies, and young gentlemen too, who cannot always trust to their imagination for figures to people their landscapes, to have recourse to this publication.

'*The Twopenny Portrait Gallery.*'—Here we have two numbers of this publication; one contains a portrait of Sir Walter Scott, and the other a likeness of young Napoleon; both are on wood, and both like, as far as the material will allow an approach to delicate portraiture. The head of Scott seems compounded from the portraits by Raeburn and Watson Gordon; the memoirs contain many interesting particulars, and, on the whole, we cannot think ill of the undertaking.

#### THEATRICALS

##### DRURY LANE.

A slight error crept into our announcement of the opening of this theatre last week. It commenced operations on Saturday last. "The late Miss Mordaunt," as the bills persist in calling her, made her *apparition* in the part of *The Widow Cheerly*, in the cherry-ripe or rather cherry-rotten play of 'The Soldier's Daughter.' She was extremely well received, and acquitted herself *spiritedly* in the lighter portions of her character, and *gravely* in the serious ones. There was hardly the *ghost* of a fault to find with her. Nothing, indeed, *under* the earth could be better than her acting. If anything could surpass the absurdity of the bill-concocters continuing to style this pretty and lively lady "the late Miss Mordaunt," it would be the gravity with which one Paper has defended it on the ground of "precedent."—"Mrs. Glover," says this sapient Journal, was announced after her marriage as "the late Miss Betterton." Why, if precedent were a sufficient authority for bad English, the Drury Lane bills may quote one another, and defy the world. The one before us now, after offering Mr. Stanley the equivocal compliment of saying, that he was received "with great favour," which the worst actor in the world might be, if it suited the audience, states, that he "will perform *Modus*, in 'The Hunchback,' this evening, and in the new tragedy on Monday next."—Query: Will the introduction of Mr. Sheridan Knowles's character of *Modus*, be considered by the author of the new tragedy as *apropos*? Talking of Mr. Knowles, we would just say to the Drury Lane Management, that if we had been *it*, and had had the want of sharpness to let so fine a play as 'The Hunchback' slip through our fingers, and, afterwards, the bad taste to bring it out (before people had half done laughing at us) against the theatre which bought and paid for it, we would, if we had paid the author nothing else, at least have paid him the courtesy of putting *Mr.* before his name.

On Monday last, a Mr. Stanley, from the Dublin Theatre, made his first appearance in London, as *Romeo*. He has a tolerable person, and a good face, and has, besides, certain recommendations, which will make him useful in third rate characters; but we fear he cannot sus-

tain himself on the high ground he has taken. The more this gentleman improves himself, the better, and we will be among the first to acknowledge it—but we must beg him not to improve Shakspeare. What on earth could he mean by saying, "Her beauty hangeth on the cheek of night, like—" then, after a long pause, in which he made it evident, that he was hunting for a simile, adding, "like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear"? Another grievous fault was this—in saying to the *Friar*, "Thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe," Mr. Stanley drew his finger across his throat, after the manner of the celebrated "Major Macpherson." Now, he must have been wrong one way or the other. Either he should not have "suited the action to the word" at all, or he should have struck the back of his neck with the edge of his open hand, and have delivered the line as follows: "Thou cut'st" (*chop*) "my head off" (*chop*) "with a golden axe," (*chop*)—and then have "made believe," as the children say, to let his head roll on the stage. Let not Mr. Stanley imagine, from our harmless joking, (it's a way we have,) that we bear him the slightest ill-will. He has a good deal of merit, and will, as we have before said, doubtless prove himself an acquisition to the theatre. A new tragedy is announced for Monday, and a new domestic drama will shortly be produced from the pen and ink of Mr. Jerrold, the successful author of 'The Rent Day,' &c.

##### COVENT GARDEN

Will commence on Monday with a young gentleman, of whom we gave the first announcement last Saturday, in *Shylock*, and with a new military spectacle by Mr. Planché, founded on an incident in the early life of the great Duke of Marlborough. Mr. Forrester is to enact the part of *Captain John Churchill*, and he will at all events look "the handsome Englishman," as the gallant officer was then called on the continent. We guess, as brother Jonathan would say, that he fought handsome too. "Green-room report" speaks well of the piece, and rapturously of the style in which it is being got up. Mr. Farley, accustomed as he is to Covent Garden grandeur and propriety of costume and decoration, is reported to have been transfixed with astonishment at the splendour of Mr. Laporte's directions upon the subject.

##### HAYMARKET THEATRE.

WE augur extremely well of a Mr. Haines, whom we saw in the character of *Richmond* the other evening. We liked him for his manly person and bearing—we liked him for his sensible delivery of his words—we liked him for not trying to make a great part out of a little one—and, above all, we liked him for the rare quality he possesses, of knowing how to stand still upon the stage. We heard a very good account of him in *De Valmont*, but did not see him in it. We shall watch him, for we suspect he is worth it. Mr. Kean was as impressive as ever in the quiet parts of *Richard*, and only failed in the more energetic portions from bodily weakness.

On Wednesday Mr. Anderson made his appearance here in *The Seraskier* in 'The Siege of Belgrade;' he sang with much taste and feeling throughout, and was most encouragingly applauded. He acted the part, moreover, much better than it deserved. We once before caught a glimpse of Miss Turpin, but now we have had the pleasure of both seeing and hearing her. In truth it was a pleasure. She is an acquisition of value, if a sweetly pretty face, a good figure, a charming voice, a correct ear, a lady-like demeanor, good singing and good acting, can make her so. With care and attention, which she seems likely to use, there is nothing against everything in favour of her shortly reaching the summit of her profession. The *Athenæum*,

always a gallant paper, feels a particular pleasure in offering this interesting young lady its warmest congratulations.

## MISCELLANEA

**Cherubini.**—We observe it announced in the Programme of the Royal Academy of Music at Paris, that the winter season 1832-1833 will be closed with an operatic piece in three acts, entitled 'Ali-Baba, or, the Forty Thieves,' the music to which is from the pen of Cherubini, and will probably be the last work which this eminent composer will bring before the public. The new pieces preparing likewise at the same house, are 'The Oath,' an opera in two acts 'Natalia,' the ballet so much admired on our own stage, and an opera, in five acts, with music by Auber.—Cherubini has passed the threshold of six score and ten, for he is at present in his seventy-second year; his imagination has, as might be expected, lost much of its refinement, and he has of late years produced nothing beyond a few pieces of church music, which have been much admired, though more for their taste and harmony than any passages of striking originality. As a teacher, he has been instrumental in maturing the talents of many eminent composers of the present day; such as Meyerbeer, Herold, Auber, &c.

**Calculating Boys.**—There are now living in Skilly three boys, who appear to be equally gifted with a singular aptitude for mathematical calculations. At the head of the triumvirate stands Vincent Zuccherro, to whose extraordinary feats in calculation the public curiosity has of late been repeatedly directed. It would seem, from recent experience, that this youth possesses a mind capable of devoting itself with rare success to other branches of study besides the mathematics. Two years ago, he was ignorant of his alphabet; but, in consequence of the pains taken with him by the Abbé Minardi, who has been engaged as his tutor, through the liberal interposition of the government and corporation of Palermo, he is at this moment able to read off-hand the most difficult of the Latin and Italian classics, and has given public proofs of the unprecedented extent of his acquirements. Two other boys, by name Ignatius Landolina and Joseph Puglisi have come forward to enter the lists against him. The former has not yet reached his tenth year, though he has already attended several public meetings, and resolved some of the abstrusest questions in the highest branch of geometry, which were put to him by professors Nobili, Scuderi, and Alessi, of the University of Catania. On these occasions, Landolina did not confine himself to a mere dry answer; but assigned the reason for the result, and entered acutely into the metaphysics of the science. The third child, Puglisi, who is seven years old, afforded no less striking and indisputable proofs of his extraordinary talent in giving off-hand answers to problems, which usually require tedious arithmetical calculations. It is remarkable to see him, in the very act of listening to a question and giving his solution, pursuing his pastimes like any other child, as if both the one operation and the other were matters of equal ease and unconcern to him. The precocious talents of these three infantine mathematicians would seem to indicate, that the spirit of Archimedes still lingers on its native soil. — (From a Sicilian Journal.)—*Journal of Education for October.*

**An American version of the Children in the Wood.**—(The 'panther' and the 'tomahawk' are original and characteristic.)—"On Thursday last," says the *Western Enquirer U. S.*, "Jenison Alkire took with him his sister Elizabeth, and proceeded about three miles from home, for the purpose of watching a deer lick.—They stayed all night at the lick, and Jenison killed a

deer. In the morning, finding his horse had left him, he prevailed on Elizabeth to stay at the camp with the deer, until he should go home and return with the horse. Jenison went home, returned with a horse, but found that his sister had left the camp. He called her in vain. He then hastened home and gave the alarm; the nearest neighbours were immediately convened, and proceeded in search of the child. Wm. London, David Alkire, and Joseph Burnett, (all good woodsmen) ascertained which way she had started, pursued the trail through laurel thickets, over mountains that were almost impassable.

"She had pursued a pretty straight course until she got within a short distance of the settlement on Holly, through thickets that bears can scarcely penetrate, crossed the river upwards of sixty times, got within a very short distance of Mr. Thomas M. Hammond's, when night overtook her. With a tomahawk which she carried with her, she peeled the bark from the birch tree, scraped off the inside of the bark, and ate it. She then broke off the branches from some bushes, laid them in the bark for a bed; collected some more, of which she made a covering; peeled the bark off a hickory withe, tied one end round the neck of a dog which accompanied her, and the other end round her wrist, and in this manner laid down in her couch of bark, and slept all night. When they found her she seemed to be perfectly composed, and showed no signs of alarm.

"The girl is eight or nine years old, and must have travelled 20 miles, through a wilderness, rough and dreary enough to dishearten and alarm the most robust and resolute.

"She satisfactorily explained the cause of her having left the deer, by stating, that while Jenison was absent, a panther came and laid hold of it. Notwithstanding the hideous appearance of this unexpected visitant, she had the courage and presence of mind to advance and untie the dog before she took to flight."

**State of the Russian Army.**—The following interesting extract we translate from '*Russie wie es ist*,' or 'Russia as she is,' by M. Kaiser, published last year at Leipzig. "The spirit of the army depends in a great measure on that of its chiefs. During the latter years of Alexander, an extremely severe state of discipline oppressed the army of the west under Count Sacken; the merest trifle was sufficient to degrade the most honourable officers; and the orders of the day, which were announced several times every week, regularly contained the names of a number of officers that had been degraded for insubordination or incapacity. They were condemned to the ranks, or, if they complained, to be sent to prison or to Siberia. A system of espionage, of which even the officers consented to be the agents, destroyed all familiarity between brothers in arms. The Germans, in particular, appointed by Field Marshal Barklay de Tolly, and by the influence of his wife, to nearly all the chief posts in the army, excited the jealousy of the Russians, which sometimes displayed itself in the most unequivocal manner. General Yermolov, entering one day into the ante-chamber of the Field-Marshal, where a numerous body of officers was assembled, bowed very politely, and said,—'Is there no one present who can speak Russian, and announce me to the Field-Marshal?' In the army of the south, under the command of Count Wittgenstein, the discipline was milder, and a greater degree of intimacy prevailed among the officers; on this account it was looked on with anxiety and suspected of revolutionary intrigues, and, in 1825, this was proved to have been to a certain degree well founded. At the same period there were disturbances in the Lithuanian regiments, under the command of Constantine; these were, of course, put down, and the only consequence was, the death of

some of the conspirators. A young girl, at whose brother's some of the officers had been in the habit of meeting, was implicated in the unfortunate affair, which was inquired into by the commission of Bialystock. At the moment when the conspirators were arrested, she seized some papers and threw them into the fire: she herself was then taken up, and condemned to lose one of her hands."

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

| Days of W. & Mon. | Thermom. Max. Min. | Barometer. Noon. | Winds.     | Weather. |
|-------------------|--------------------|------------------|------------|----------|
| Th. 20            | 63 42              | 30.40            | W. to N.W. | Clear.   |
| Fr. 21            | 67 46              | Stat.            | Var. to E. | Cloudy.  |
| Sat. 22           | 64 47              | Stat.            | E.         | Ditto.   |
| Sun. 23           | 75 44              | 30.36            | S.E.       | Clear.   |
| Mon. 24           | 84 44              | Stat.            | Var. to S. | Ditto.   |
| Tues. 25          | 85 47              | Stat.            | S.         | Ditto.   |
| Wed. 27           | 80 47              | 30.27            | Var.       | Ditto.   |

**Prevailing Clouds.**—Cirrostratus, Cloudless towards the end of the week. Stratus cloud in the evenings.

**Nights and Mornings fair. Meteors frequent on clear nights.**

Mean temperature of the week, 63.5°

Day decreased on Wednesday, 4h. 42 min.

## NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

**Historical and Antiquarian Notices of Crosby Hall,** by E. J. Carlos, one of the Committee for the Preservation of the Structure, with several embellishments. Lord Nugent has in the press, a letter to Mr. Murray, on the Review of his "Memorial of Hampden," in the last *Quarterly*.

**Life of Wallenstein,** from original and inedited documents, by Professor J. M. Schottky.

**A Treatise on inflammation,** by G. Rogerson.

**Shortly, The Amulet for 1833,** the engravings are from paintings by Lawrence, Wilkie, Newton, Mulready, &c.

**The Juvenile Forget-Me-Not,** edited by Mrs. S. C. Hall.

**The Forget-Me-Not,** with engravings from Martin, Leslie, Front, &c.

**The Geographical Annual for 1833.**

**The Biblical Annual,** uniform with the Geographical. Records of my Life, by the late John Taylor, Esq., author of '*Monseigneur Tonquin*,' is just ready.

**Our Island,** comprising two tales, entitled, '*Forgery*,' and '*The Lunatic*.'

**The Lives and Exploits of celebrated Banditti and Robbers in all parts of the World,** by Charles Macfarlane, Esq.

**The Spinster's Web.**

**Kidd's Picturesque Pocket Companion to Hastings,** with Illustrations by G. W. Bonner. Also, Kidd's Picturesque Pocket Companion to St. Leonard's, with engravings by Bonner.

**The Rev. R. Cattermole is preparing for publication, Becket, an Historical Tragedy; The Men of England, an Ode; and other poems.**

**Supplement (1832-3) to Pope's Merchant, Shipowner, and Shipmaster's Import and Export Guide—nearly ready.**

**Just published.**—Vortigern, a Play, 3s. 6d.—Valpy's Classical Library, No. XXXIV. 4s. 6d.—The Pilgrim of Erin, 4s.—Christ our example, 12mo. 6s.—Lafayette, Louis-Philippe, and Revolution of 1830, 2 vols. post 8vo. 9s.—Landscape Annual, 1833, 21s.—Landscape Album, 15s.—Edinburgh Cabinet Library, Vol. IX. 5s.—Whistle-Blinkie, a collection of Songs, 32mo. 1s.—Sigsten's Synopsis of Stenography, on Sheet, 5s.—Grandineau's Conversations Familiales, 18mo. 4s. 6d.—Bishop Hall's Three Centuries of Meditations, &c. 32mo. Part I. 1s.—Edgeworth's Tales, Vol. IV. 5s.—Useful and Ornamental Planting, 8vo. 3s.—Orem's Description of Old Aberdeen, 3s. 6d.—The Book of the Constitution, 8vo. 6s.—Pollock on Universal Principle, 8vo. 5s.—Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia, Vol. XXXV. 6s.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS

**Sir Walter Scott.**—A copious Memoir of the Author of Waverley, interspersed with Extracts from Unpublished Letters, &c., by ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, will appear in the *Athenæum* of next Saturday, being written expressly for this Paper.

"A Constant Reader" at Brighton, should apply to his bookseller or newsmen, and not tax us for his neglect with the penalty of postage. Copies ought to be delivered there on Saturday evening, or early on Monday at latest—but we have nothing to do with their distribution.

The Provincial Press has so largely contributed to extend our popularity, that it is with pain we find fault with any one paper—but the *Newry Examiner* has been frequently sent to us by some unknown friend, in which articles copied from the *ATHENÆUM* appear without acknowledgment—perhaps this hint will suffice to prevent a recurrence of such injustice.

Thanks to Q., of Bath, for his suggestion, but we had anticipated him.



## ADVERTISEMENTS

## UNIVERSITY OF LONDON SCHOOL.

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Sept. 1, 1832. THOMAS COATES, Secretary.

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The CLASSES for the College Students, who follow the regular Course of Instruction in Christian Morals, Mathematics, Classical Literature, and English Literature and Composition, will be RE-OPENED, under the superintendence of the PRINCIPAL, and Professors HALL and ANSTICE, on TUESDAY, the 9th of October next. These Classes are likewise open for such individuals as may be desirous of confining themselves to any particular branch in the preceding Course, and are not regular students.

Distinct Courses of Lectures and Classes of Private Instruction will commence as follows, viz.—  
NATURAL AND EXPERIMENTAL PHILOSOPHY—Rev. H. Mosely. On the Composition of Machinery: First Lecture, 27th October.

Ditto, on HYDROSTATICS, PNEUMATICS, &c., 31st Oct.  
CHEMISTRY—J. F. Daniell, Esq. F.R.S.; 2nd October.

BOTANY—G. T. Burnett, Esq. F.L.S.; 3rd October.

GEOLOGY—Charles Lyell, Esq. F.R.S.; 4th October.

ZOOLOGY—James Reunieu, Esq. M.A.; First Lecture, 2nd November.

ENGLISH LAW and JURISPRUDENCE—J. J. Park, Esq. LL.D.; First Course, Scientific Law, Practice of Contingency; First Lecture, 30th October.

COMMERCE—Joseph Lowe, Esq.; 7th November.

HEBREW LANGUAGE and RABBINICAL LITERATURE—Rev. M. S. Alexander, Private Class: begins 6th November.

FRENCH LANGUAGE, &c.—L. T. Ventouillac, Esq.; 9th October.

GERMAN LANGUAGE, &c.—Adolph Bernays, Esq.; 11th October.

ITALIAN LANGUAGE, &c.—G. Rosetti, Esq. LL.D.; 10th October.

SPANISH LANGUAGE, &c.—X. M. De Alcala, Esq. LL.B.; 11th October.

Any further information on the subject of the preceding Courses and Classes, may be obtained upon application at the Secretary's Office, or to the respective Professors.

Sept. 24, 1832. W. OTTER, M.A. Principal.

N.B. The Medical Department will re-open on Monday the 1st of October next, with an Introductory Lecture by Professor J. H. Green, F.R.S., at 3 o'clock in the Afternoon precisely.

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## SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE AND WORKS

OF

### SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

By ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

"BIOGRAPHY," says Fuseli, "however useful to man, or dear to art, is the unequivocal homage of inferiority offered to the majesty of genius." This I feel to be true, as regards Sir Walter Scott: I write of him, however, less from a sense of this inferiority, than from an earnest love and an enthusiastic admiration of the subject—or rather from a desire to afford some relief to my own feelings. The task of truly delineating his life and genius requires an abler pen than mine, and the world need not be told, that such is to be found in the great poet's own household. I shall content myself, therefore, with throwing hastily together such notices of his life and writings, as I think will be acceptable, till something worthier can be done: I must trust, sometimes, to printed statements which have remained uncontradicted; sometimes, to written memoranda, by the poet's own hand, or the hands of friends; and often to my own memory, which is far from treacherous in aught connected with men of genius.

Sir Walter Scott could claim descent from a long line of martial ancestors. Through his father, whose name he bore, he reckoned kin with those great families who scarcely count the Duke of Buccleuch their head; and through his mother, Elizabeth Rutherford, he was connected with the warlike family of Swinton of Swinton, long known in the Scottish wars. His father was a Writer to the Signet, in Edinburgh, and much esteemed in his profession, but not otherwise remarkable: his mother had great natural talents, and was not only related to that lady who sung so sweetly of the 'Flowers of the Forest,' but was herself a poetess of taste and genius, and a lover of what her son calls "the art unteachable, untaught." She was acquainted with Allan Ramsay, and intimate with Blacklock, Beattie, and Burns. Sir Walter, the eldest of fourteen children, all of whom he survived, was born in Edinburgh, on the 15th of August, 1771. Before he was two years old, he received a fall out of the arms of a careless nurse, which injured his right foot, and rendered him lame for life: this accident did not otherwise affect his health; he was, as I have been informed by a lady who chanced to live near him, a remarkably active and dauntless boy; full of all manner of fun, and ready for all manner of mischief. He calls himself, in one of his introductions to *Marmion*—

A self-willed imp; a grandame's child.

And I have heard it averred, that the circumstance of his lame foot prompted him to take the lead among all the stirring boys in

the street where he lived, or the school which he attended—he desired, perhaps, to show them, that there was a spirit which could triumph over all impediments. He was taught the rudiments of knowledge by his mother, and was afterwards placed under Dr. Adam, of the High School: no one, however, has recorded any anecdotes of his early talents: Adam considered him rather dull than otherwise; but Hugh Blair, it is said, at one of the examinations, foretold his future eminence. I have not heard this confirmed by any thing like good authority; the author of the 'Belles Lettres' was not reckoned so very discerning. The remark of Burns is better authenticated; the poet, while at Professor Ferguson's one day, was struck by some lines attached to a print of a soldier dying in the snow, and inquired who was the author: none of the old or the learned spoke, when the future author of *Marmion* answered, "They are by Langhorne." Burns fixed his large bright eyes on the boy, and striding up to him, said, "It is no common course of reading which has taught you this—this lad, said he, to the company, will be heard of yet." Of his acquirements at school, I can say little: I never heard scholars praise his learning; and his Latin has been called in question where he had only some four lines to write: if he did not know that well, he seems to have known everything else.

That a love of poetry and romance should have come upon him early, will not be wondered at by those who know anything of the lowlands of Scotland—more particularly the district where his paternal home lay, and where he often lived during vacation time. The whole land is alive with song and story: almost every stone that stands above the ground, is the record of some skirmish or single combat; and every stream, although its waters be so inconsiderable as scarcely to moisten the pasture through which they run, is renowned in song and in ballad. "I can stand," said Sir Walter, one day to me, "on the Eildon Hill, and point out forty-three places, famous in war and verse." How the muse who loves him who walks by himself

Along some wimpling burn's meander, found out Scott, among the hills and holms of the border, need not, therefore, form any part of our inquiry; it will be more difficult to discover how a love of delineating landscapes came to him—I do not mean landscapes copied from the works of the professors, but scenes copied from nature herself; this bespeaks a deeper acquaintance with art than I could have given him credit for. Such, however, I am told, is the fact, and though he never made much progress in the art, it is my duty to relate it, were it but to show the spirit and bent of the boy. With regard to his inclination for song and story

we have his own testimony. "I must refer," says Sir Walter, "to a very early period of my life, were I to point out my first achievements as a tale-writer—but I believe some of my old schoolfellows can still bear witness, that I had a distinguished character for that talent, at a time when the applause of my companions was my recompense for the disgraces and punishments which the future romance writer incurred, for being idle himself, and keeping others idle during hours that should have been employed on their tasks. The chief enjoyment of my holidays, was to escape with a chosen friend who had the same taste with myself, and alternately to recite to each other such wild adventures as we were able to devise. We told, each in turn, interminable tales of knight errantry, and battles and enchantments, which were continued from one day to another, as opportunity offered, without ever thinking of bringing them to a conclusion. As we observed a strict secrecy on the subject of this intercourse, it acquired all the character of a concealed pleasure, and we used to select for the scenes of our indulgence, long walks through the solitary and romantic environs of Arthur's Seat, Salisbury Crags, Braid Hills, and similar places in the vicinity of Edinburgh; and the recollection of those holidays still forms an oasis in the pilgrimage which I have to look upon." This singular talent he retained while he lived; he was the most skilful relator of an anecdote, and the cleverest teller of a story of all men I ever met; he saw all the picturesque points, and felt all the little turns and twists which give character and life to a tale,—and had his words been written down, they would have been found as correct in all things, as one of his novels. Once, when he made me laugh heartily at one of his innumerable stories, he said, "Ah! had you but heard my friend James Watt tell a story, then you might have laughed. He had day and date and name to all his, and one of the great beauties was, that if one tried to tell the same story with the alteration of either name or date, the charm was gone, and it wrought no enchantment."

The graver cares of life were to be attended to, and Scott had given up his solitary rambles, and his interminable tales of enchantment and diablerie, with the intention of preparing himself for the bar, when a severe illness, which hung long about him, threw him back, as he observed, on the kingdom of fiction. "My indisposition," he says, "arose in part at least, from my having broken a blood vessel; and motion and speech were for a long time pronounced dangerous. For several weeks, I was confined strictly to my bed, during which time, I was not allowed to speak above a whisper, to eat more than a spoonful or two of boiled rice, or to have more covering than one thin

counterpane. When the reader is informed, that I was at that time a growing youth, with the spirits, appetite, and impatience of fifteen, and suffered, of course, greatly under this severe regimen, which the repeated return of my disorder rendered indispensable, he will not be surprised, that I was abandoned to my own discretion, as far as reading, my almost sole amusement, was concerned; and still less so, that I abused the indulgence, which left my time so much at my own disposal." To the oral lore of the house of Scott, and the legends of nurses wet and dry, he now added those of the circulating library; he had access to the one founded by Allan Ramsay, and finding it rich in works of fiction, he read, or rather devoured, all he could lay his hands on, from the rhyme romances of chivalry, including the heavy folios of *Cyrus* and *Cassandra*, down to the more vulgar labours of later times. "I was plunged," said he, "into this great ocean of reading, without compass or pilot; and unless, when some one had the charity to play at chess with me, I was allowed to do nothing, save read, from morning to night. Accordingly, I believe I read almost all the romances, old plays, and epic poetry, in that formidable collection, and no doubt was unconsciously amassing materials for the task in which it has been my lot to be so much employed. Familiar acquaintance with the specious miracles of fiction, brought with it some degree of satiety, and I began by degrees, to seek in histories, memoirs, voyages and travels, and the like, events nearly as wonderful as those which were the works of imagination, with the additional advantage, that they were, at least, in a great measure, true." This course of study—for so in fact it proved—together with a two years' residence in the country, re-establishing his health, where he found traditions good store, both romantic and historical, brought the elements together of that splendid species of fiction in which he has surpassed all mankind.

With returning health Scott came back to Edinburgh, and resumed his studies in the law. He is said to have been an indolent student: he says otherwise himself, and no one need doubt his assertion; indeed, his works of fiction are all more or less impressed with the stamp of law; and Gifford, the sarcastic editor of the *Quarterly Review*, made it a matter of reproach, that his plots were law pleas, and that he had too much of the Court of Session in his compositions. This was by way of requital for having drawn the critic's character in that of Sir Mungo Malagrowth, and, therefore, ought not to be considered as an objection of much weight. "The severe studies," Scott observes, "necessary to render me fit for my profession, occupied the great part of my time, and the society of my friends and companions, who were about to enter life along with me, filled up the interval with the usual amusements of young men. I was in a situation, which rendered serious labour indispensable; for neither possessing on the one hand, any of those peculiar advantages, which are supposed to favour a hasty advance in the profession of the law, nor being on the other hand exposed to unusual obstacles, to interrupt my progress, I might reasonably expect to succeed according to the greater or less degree of trouble which I should take to qualify myself as a pleader." He seems not to have

been aware that two angels—that of darkness, Law, and that of light, Poesie—had at this time possession of him, and were contending for mastery; nor would he ever allow that his life had anything remarkable in it. In one of his many letters, he says, "There is no man known at all in literature, who may not have more to tell of his private life, than I have; I have surmounted no difficulties either of birth or education, nor have I been favoured by any particular advantages, and my life has been as void of incidents of importance, as that of the weary knife-grinder—

"Story! God bless you, I have none to tell, Sir."

This was said in one of his uncommunicative moods. The story of his life, when it comes to be fully written, will be found as remarkable as any in the list of literary biographies, with the exception of that of Burns. Was it nothing to triumph over what seemed a predestined calling, for he was come of two races of lawyers?—was it nothing to collect such stores from all quarters, as enabled him to give a new tone to the romance and the poetry of Europe?—and was it nothing to sit unseen, and for a series of years work enchantments, compared to which, his namesake's cleaving the Eildon Hills in three cannot be regarded as wonderful? To speak in this way, was being modest overmuch; indeed, whenever he spoke of his works, he would never allow himself a tithe of the merit in anything which the world allowed, which was certainly not more than courteous to his admirers.

For awhile, it seemed as if law had succeeded, and that the muse had given up the contest. Scott was called to the bar as an advocate, on the 11th of July 1792, and attended to the duties of his station with such seeming good will, that he was generally considered in the fair road to success and independence; to strengthen his resolutions, and furnish himself with a reason for labouring in his profession, he married Miss Carpenter, a young lady of the Isle of Jersey; took a house in North Castle Street, Edinburgh; and through the influence of his family—some have added, from a sort of dawning notion of his coming greatness,—he had the office of Sheriff Depute for Selkirkshire conferred upon him, 16th of December 1799. This added a little to the fruits of his professional industry, which I have heard, were never large. Of his eloquence, and his skill and dexterity, in the conducting of a case in Court, I have heard various and rather contradictory accounts; while one represented him as hesitating and embarrassed in his mode of address, another told me that he was acute and clear headed, and above all, had the art in which the late Sir William Garrow so much excelled, of extracting exactly so much truth from any witness as suited his purpose. As a sheriff, he was kind and just; he took an equitable view of everything, and if he had any partialities, as James Hogg avers, it was towards poachers by water and land, which induced the bard of Ettrick to surmise, that the poet of Abbotsford had fished and shot in prohibited places himself. He had a high notion of the dignity which belonged to his post, and sternly maintained it when any one seemed disposed to treat it with more familiarity than was becoming. On one occasion, it is said, when some foreign

prince or other,—I rather think it was the Archduke Nicholas, now Emperor of Russia,—was passing through Selkirk, the populace, anxious to look on a live prince, crowded round him so closely, that Scott in vain attempted to approach him; the poet's patience failed, and exclaiming, "Room for your Sheriff! Room for your Sheriff!" he pushed and elbowed the gazers impatiently aside, and apologized to the prince for their curiosity.

To those, however, who were intimate with Scott, all this attention to law, and desire to be distinguished at the bar, seemed but as a sort of mask to conceal the real purposes of his heart. If his hand was with the Court of Session, his heart was in the temple of the Muses; and though he appeared by day in all the externals of one deep in the mysteries of jurisprudence, he allowed nature to take her course in the evening and morning. To his friend William Erskine alone, it is said, he opened the purpose of his heart—to secure a small competence, and then dedicate all the time he could command to literature. In his introduction to 'Marmion' there is something like evidence of this; at least, Erskine appears there as a friend and adviser, and as one, too, who thought differently from the poet. It would seem that the admonisher entertained all the current classic notions respecting composition, and desired the muse of his friend

Still to be neat, still to be drest,  
As she were going to a feast.

Scott, on the other hand, had no desire to dance in fetters, or carry weight in a race of his own choice: he stood up for the licence and freedom of the muse, and exclaimed, wisely,

Nay, Erskine, nay; on the wild hill  
Let the wild heath flower flourish still.

Jeffrey afterwards wrote in the same strain in which Erskine talked; but Scott felt that within which could not be schooled down, and said with the pithy proverb, "Let ilka man wear his ain belt his ain gait." It was, however, with the advice of Erskine, that, in 1796, he published a poem called 'The Chase,' and the ballad of 'William and Helen' from the German. "In this little work, (says a northern authority,) indications were to be found of that leaning towards romantic incident and parade of chivalry, which has since characterized Mr. Scott's greater works, and given a new tone to the public feeling in matters of poetry." In 1799 he published 'Goetz of Berlichingen,' from the German of Goethe. None of these productions was of such moment as to carry his name beyond the circle of his more immediate acquaintances: the German literature, with many brilliant things from nature, is too startling and grotesque, though sobered down by the taste of such excellent translators as Carlyle, Lord Francis Gower, and Coleridge. Even the two fine ballads of 'Glenfinlas,' and the 'Eve of St. John,' were thought to have a touch too much of the German spirit;—to be sure, they appeared in unnatural company—the 'Tales of Wonder' came out like a will-o'-wisp, to flash and astonish; but men soon saw that the light was of evil, and not of good, and would have no more of it. Sir Walter told me, the proudest hour of his life was when he was invited to dine with



Monk Lewis: he considered it as a sure recognition of his talents; and as he sat down at the table he almost exclaimed with Tamlane—

He's owned amang us a'!

A work which has not the merit of originality laid the foundation of Sir Walter's fame: this was the 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,' in three volumes; two of which contained genuine old ballads, and the third imitations; the whole illustrated with notes more valuable, and infinitely more amusing, than the ballads themselves; nor is it unworthy of remark, that they came from the press of Ballantyne at Kelso—a name since grown famous for beautiful type and elegant arrangement. It was received with universal approbation. His mode of illustration was in a bolder style than that of Percy; and none, save antiquarians, and not many of them, could perceive the liberties which the editor had taken with the rude and mutilated chants of our military ancestors. He was too fond a lover of antique verse, and too dextrous a poet, to permit the Border Ballads to go in "looped and windowed raggedness" from his hand. Indeed, had he not done so, few would have bought his work. They were sadly disfigured by bad reciters, and spoiled by ignorant transcribers. The 'Lochmaben Harper,' 'Lord Maxwell's Good Night,' and a few others, are untouched and entire; but over most of the others, like the love-letter which Tom Pipes undertook to carry, the heel of the ignorant multitude had trodden, and reduced them to tatters which shook in the wind. Ritson could no more have edited such a work than he could have flown over Olympus: none but a true and a good poet like Scott was fit for it;—your right natural ballad will bear a gentle polishing; it is not like the gilt shield of Scriblerus, which, by frequent refurbishing, grew down to the lid of a saucepan. I consider the 'Minstrelsy of the Border' to be a great national work, which will do for Scotland what Percy's 'Reliques' has done for England—keep a love of truth and nature living amongst us.

In collecting these traditionary ballads, Sir Walter met with what any one but himself would have deemed adventures. He visited lonesome valleys and shepherds' sheils; nor did he omit to pay his respects to all the old people; and with an art which showed at once his knowledge of human nature, and his affection for the dying strains of our ancestors, he led their memories back to other days, and caught at the fragment of an old verse as a creature drowning would catch at a twig. It happened that James Hogg, in those days, watched sheep in Ettrick; in one of his excursions, Scott made an inroad upon the Shepherd's establishment, and summoned him from the hills. "I accordingly went homewards," says Hogg; "but before reaching it, I met the Sheriff and Mr. William Laidlaw coming to visit me. They remained in our cottage for a space better than an hour, and my mother chanted the ballad of 'Old Maitland,' with which Mr. Scott was highly delighted. I had sent him a copy: but I thought he had some dread of a part being forged, and that had been the cause of his journey into the wilds of Ettrick. When he heard my mother sing it, he was quite satisfied; and I remember he asked her if she thought it had ever

been printed; and her answer was, 'Oh na, Sir, it was never prentit i' the world; for my brothers an' me learned it frae auld Andrew Moor; an' he learned it, an' mony mae, frae auld Babie Maitland, that was housekeeper to the first laird o' Tushielaw.' —'Then that must be a very auld story indeed, Margaret,' said he.—'Ay, it is that!—it is an auld story! But mair nor that, except George Warton and James Steward, there was never ane of my sangs prentit till you prentit them yersel. (The two first volumes of the 'Minstrelsy' were published separately.) An' ye hae spoilt them a'hegither. They were made for singing, an' no for reading; an' they are nouthier right spelled nor right setten down.' —'Heh, heh! take ye that, Mr. Scott,' said Laidlaw. Mr. Scott answered by a hearty laugh, and the recital of a verse; but I have forgot what it was; and my mother gave him a rap on the knee with her open hand, and said, 'It's true enough, for a' that.'"

The remark that these old ballads were made to be sung, and not to be printed, may be applied to Sir Walter's early verses. Any one who reads the letters which he received from Monk Lewis, on the important affair of rhyme, will see that Scott rhymed in his youthful days to please the ear, and not to satisfy the eye; that, in fact, he imitated the old ballad where corresponding sounds only were required, and could not always be obtained. These letters show more—they prove that Lord Byron was incorrect, when he said that the 'Fire King' in the Minstrelsy was almost all Lewis's; for, in truth, it is all Scott's. "Instead," says Sir Walter, "of writing the greater part of it, he did not write a single word of it. Dr. Leyden, and another gentleman who still survives, were sitting at my side while I wrote it: nor did the occupation prevent the circulation of the bottle." Byron also said, "When Walter Scott began to write poetry, which was not at a very early age, Monk Lewis corrected his verse: he understood little then of the mechanical part of it." The latter part of this sentence is less accurate than it would seem: Lewis and Scott were of different schools of song: the latter had all the carelessness about nicety of rhyme which marks the olden ballad; the former all the fastidiousness of the circles of Dr. Johnson: that he understood the mechanical part well, needs no farther proof than that the remarks of Lewis are directed exclusively to the rhyme words, and not to the construction of the verse, nor the melody of the numbers. Sir Walter himself, in speaking of the second edition of the 'Minstrelsy,' regards it as "rather a heavy concern. The demand in Scotland," said he, "had been supplied by the first edition; and the curiosity of the English was not much awakened by poems in the rude garb of antiquity, accompanied with notes referring to the obscure feuds of barbarous clans, of whose very names civilized history was ignorant." This cannot be said now of the name of Scott: it has got an airing over the wide world, and must be everywhere revered, as that of Spenser is in England.

The death of his father brought such an increase of income, that with the proceeds of the Sheriffdom, which equalled three hundred a year, he was in a condition to pursue his own inclinations. "He could now," he somewhere says, "take less to

heart the preference which solicitors gave to his contemporaries, who thought them fitter for their work than a man whose head was filled with ballads, old and new." But before he resolved to lean more than ever towards literature, he weighed the good with the evil of his choice; and did not shut his eyes to the circumstance, that a man of genius has to wage a continual war with captious critics and disappointed authors. It also occurred to him, that several men of the greatest genius, in the avenging of some pitiful quarrel, had made themselves ridiculous during their lives, and objects of pity to future times. I can understand all this better than the conclusion which the poet draws in his own favour, namely, that, as he had no pretension to the genius of those eminent sufferers, he was not likely to imitate them in their mistakes. What he felt, however, is one thing; what he did is another: he seemed, on many occasions, prone to underrate, in a prodigious degree, his own talents;—one resolution is, however, worthy of noting: he determined, if possible, to avoid those weaknesses of temper which seemed on too many occasions to have beset his eminent predecessors: it need not be told how well he kept this resolution, and with what courtesy he demeaned himself to all mankind. At the same time it may be added, that such gentleness was part of his natural character, and not assumed for the sake of tranquillity and repose.

The first fruit of his defection from the weightier matters of the law, was the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,'—a poem of such beauty and spirit, as more than justified his choice, had any one been disposed to censure him for forsaking "law's dry musty arts," and entering into the service of the muse. This I look upon as one of the noblest of his works: there are probably more stirring and high-wrought scenes in some of the succeeding poems; but with all their martial ardour, there is a certain wildness which lifts the 'Lay' high into the regions of imagination, and ever and anon are passages of the most exquisite loveliness and repose. There is more of quiet beauty about the work, than the great poet indulged in afterwards. The spirit of Scotland acknowledged at once the original vigour and truth of the poem: every paper was filled with the favourite passages—every mouth was filled with quotation and praise; and they who lamented the loss of Burns, and persisted in believing that his place could not be supplied, were constrained to own that a poet of another stamp had appeared, whose strains echoed as truly and fervently the feelings of their country as the songs of the Bard of Ayr. The history of the rise and progress of this poem, the author has himself related. It chanced that the young Countess of Dalkeith came to the land of her husband; and as she was desirous of becoming acquainted with its customs and traditions, she found many willing to satisfy her curiosity; amongst others, Mr. Beattie, of Mickledale, who declared he had a memory for an old-world idle story, but none for a sound evangelical sermon, was ready with his legends, and, with some others of a less remarkable kind, related the story of Gilpin Horner. "The young Countess," said Scott, "much delighted with the legend, and the gravity and full confidence with which it was told, enjoined it on me, as a task, to compose a ballad

on the subject. Of course, to hear was to obey; and thus the goblin story, objected to by several critics, as an excrescence upon the poem, was, in fact, the occasion of its being written." How the goblin page could have been spared out of the poem, no critic took it upon him to say: his presence or his power pervades every part: much that is done in war or love is influenced by him; and we may as well require the sap to be taken out of a tree in spring, with the hope that it will live, as take away the page and the book of gramery: the interest of the poem depends, in short, upon the supernatural; and the supernatural was the belief of the times, of which the poet gives so true an image.

Having got a subject from the lips of a lady, the poet says, he took, for the model of his verse, the 'Christabel' of Coleridge, and immediately wrote several passages in that wild irregular measure, which he submitted to two friends of acknowledged taste: they shook their heads at verses composed on principles they had not been accustomed to: they looked upon these specimens as a desperate departure from the settled principles of taste, and as an insult to the established maxims of the learned and the critical. They made a full pause at the startling line—

Jesu Maria, shield us well!—

took up their hats, and went on their way. It appeared, however, that on their road home they considered the matter ripely, and concluded that, though both the subject and manner of verse were much out of the common way, it would be best for the poet to go on with the composition. Thus cheered, the task proceeded; but the author, still doubtful, or perhaps willing, like Pope, to soothe the churlish criticism, submitted it to Mr. Jeffrey, who had been for some time distinguished for critical talent; the plan and verse met his approbation; and now, says Scott, "the poem, being once licensed by the critics as fit for the market, was soon finished, proceeding at the rate of about a canto a week. It was finally published in 1805, and may be regarded as the first work in which the writer, who has been since so voluminous, laid his claim to be considered as an original writer." Amongst those who smiled on the poet and his labours are to be numbered Pitt and Fox; but neither of them had much taste for poetry; and I must therefore place their approbation to the account of public opinion.

'Marmion,' the second great work of Scott, followed close—too close, the critics averred—on the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' as if a work of genius can be written too fast, when the author's heart and mind are in trim. The poet now left his little cottage on the side of the Esk, for Ashiesteel on "the pleasanter banks of the Tweed," a place of picturesque beauty, and in a land rife with song and story. Such a step the duties of his station as sheriff required; but there is no doubt that Tweed's silver stream, with its fine fishings, its ancient woods, green glades, and a loftier house and more extensive gardens, had each and all their influence. I visited this place last year in the great poet's company, and looked with an interest, which it was vain to conceal, on the groves of birch, and on the gabel walls of the house itself, where the Author of Waverley had lived and walked. He seemed the better for a sight of the place; and as we passed the river and ascended

the opposite bank, looked back at the house, rising tall amid the trees on the precipitous scaur. I consider 'Marmion' as the least happy in its story, and the most fiery and impetuous in its narrative, of all the poet's compositions. If we dislike the detail of the fortunes of Clare and De Wilton, and feel little interest in the conversation of Sir David Lindsay, it is quite otherwise with Marmion, villain though he be, and with old Bell-the-Cat, Earl of Angus, and even with the squires, one of vulgar and the other of high degree. But whoever can resist being pleased with these personages, and I think few can—who is not kindled up, as with a trumpet, when Surrey crosses the Till, and James descends from the heights of Flodden to attack him? I know of no poetic description of a battle, in either ancient or modern times, to compare with that of Flodden Field: the whirlwind of action, the vicissitudes of a heady and desperate fight, with the individual fortunes of warriors whom we love or fear, are there; yet all is in keeping with history. James was a chivalrous prince, Surrey a romantic warrior; they could not, nor did they, fight in a common way: the poet has painted us a picture, and imposed the ideal scene upon us for the reality of truth. The applause of the world on its appearance was loud and long; it lay upon every gentleman's table; it found a place in every lady's travelling carriage; and pleased all, save certain of the critics. Jeffrey, who, perhaps, had not been consulted before publication, wrote a review at once bitter and complimentary, and it is said had the hardihood to carry the proof-sheets to Scott's dinner-table, and lay them before him. The poet, acting upon his own maxim of forbearance and gentleness, read the article, and saying "Very well—very well," returned it to the author. The poet's wife snatched it out of his hand, and glancing over it, exclaimed, "I wonder at your boldness in writing such a thing, and more at your hardihood in bringing it to this table!" The review, though friendly in many places, did nothing like justice to the merits of the poem, while it dwelt with relentless severity where haste or carelessness, real or imaginary, were presumed. If I condemn the injustice of Jeffrey, what shall I say of Lord Byron, who made the circumstance of Scott's receiving a thousand pounds for the poem a matter of reproach to the author? His Lordship, with all his talents and his property, was more solicitous about a high price for his works than all the poets of his day and generation put together, and penned the most urgent letters for high prices and prompt payments that ever a bard wrote.

I have said that Pitt and Fox smiled on the minstrel and his works: the former, it appears, expressed a desire to William Dundas to be of service to the poet; and the situation of a principal clerk in the Court of Session having been pointed out as likely to be soon vacant, arrangements were made by which the incumbent was permitted to retire on his full salary, the poet performing the duty gratis till death should render it no longer necessary. Pitt died before he could sanction this arrangement, though the commission lay in the office ready for the signature of His Majesty. What was left undone by Pitt was fulfilled by his successor Fox, for Earl Spencer, in the handsomest manner, gave directions that all should be completed as Pitt had

planned. For five or six years the poet laboured without recompense; at last all obstacles were removed, and he obtained the emoluments of his situation. For these marks of ministerial kindness, Whig and Tory, Scott speaks with the most humble thankfulness: he was certainly the best judge, at least, of his own feelings; but when we consider that the Court of Session requires such services, and that the places are filled up with men who cannot have a tithe of his talent, our admiration of government patronage will be lessened.

I have omitted, or rather delayed to mention till now, a new edition which the poet gave us of the romance of 'Sir Tristram,' accompanied by a dissertation sufficiently ingenious and speculative upon the poetry of the century preceding Chaucer. It is professedly a learned work; but on no production, however barren, could Scott labour without turning sterility into fruitfulness, and barrenness into beauty. I shall not say anything of the author's theory, that the Scotch minstrels of the Border wrote a more poetic and elegant English in the reign of Alexander the Third, than the English themselves, because, though he seems to make good his assertion, I cannot at all believe it: I turn with more pleasure to his edition of Dryden, which, in 1809, followed 'Marmion.' Of the dramas and prose of Dryden—the latter the best part of his works—the world knew little; and the editor made it his business to arrange all that he wrote in the order of composition, illustrate the text with such notes as distance of time rendered necessary, and add a new life, written with much care and knowledge, into which were admitted such anecdotes and incidents as had come to light since the days of Johnson. This, which to other men would have been the work of a lifetime, he completed in the compass of a twelve-month, and set his hand at liberty for a poem which he always, I am told, regarded as the best of his poetic compositions.

The 'Lady of the Lake,' written in 1809, and published in 1810, I have always considered as the most interesting of all the epic stories which Scott told in verse: nor is this all the merit; it is very various and picturesque, full of fine situations, and incident, and character. I suspect that its great success arose mainly from the sort of set-off, which the highland tartan made against the hoddin gray of the lowlands; the demi-barbarous heroism of the mountains, against the more polished generosity of the vales. All this was new to the world, and novelty is an attractive commodity, and rather a scarce one. The poems of Ossian gave us the feelings and manners of a remote era, but did not contain a single picture of what could be confirmed by tradition or by history; they were also reckoned spurious by very sensible men. Scott had therefore no rival to remove from the people's love; nor had any poet arisen, whose song was so agreeable to the world as his own. Regarding the composition of this poem, he says, "I had read a great deal, and heard more, concerning that romantic country, where I was in the habit of spending some time every autumn; and the scenery of Loch Katrine was connected with the recollection of many a dear friend and merry expedition of former days. A lady to whom I was nearly related, and with whom I lived,

during her whole life, on the most brotherly terms of affection, was residing with me at the time when the work was in progress, and used to ask me what I could possibly do, to rise so early in the morning, (that happening to be the most convenient time to me for composition). At last, I told her the subject of my meditations; and I can never forget the anxiety and affection expressed in her reply. 'Do not be so rash,' she said, 'my dearest cousin. You are already popular—more so, perhaps, than you yourself will believe, or than I can even fairly allow to your merits. You stand high; do not rashly attempt to climb higher, and incur the risk of a fall; for, depend upon it, a favourite will not even be allowed to stumble with impunity.' I replied to this affectionate expostulation, in the words of Montrose,

"He either fears his fate too much,  
Or his deserts are small,  
Who dares not put it to the touch,  
To gain or lose it all.

If I fail, I said, it is a sign I ought never to have succeeded, and I will write prose for life: you shall see no change in my temper, nor shall I eat a single meal the worse. But if I succeed,

"Up with the bonnie blue bonnet,  
The dirk and the feather an' a'."

If I remember right, the critics were pretty unanimous in their commendations of the 'Lady of the Lake'; but such was the popularity of the poet, that the public may be fairly said to have taken up the matter for themselves, regardless of the admonition of the learned, or the colder cautions of critics. It has many and various beauties: the retreat of Ellen Douglas in her Bower in the Loch Katrine Isle, may be read any time along with the fine retreat of Erminia in Tasso; the rising of the Clans at the signal of the Fiery Cross, is more poetic than any arousal by message or by trumpet; the highland ambush rising at the signal of Roderick Dhu, and then disappearing at a wave of his hand; the single combat between the Chief and Fitz-James, and the "chains and warders for the Græme" scene at the conclusion, are all in the truest spirit of chivalry and heroism.

Scott had other pursuits, which he set as much store by as poetry; indeed, he generally wished us to understand, that he was not an over-zealous worshipper of the muse—one who sometimes paid her a visit, rather than belonged to her household. He resolved to avoid living upon the bounty, as he refused to wear the livery, of her Parnassian ladyship; and he was right in this, for her bounty, as some of our best poets, were they living, could safely affirm, is seldom equal to the purposes of life; in short, he resolved to make literature a staff and not a crutch. It followed, therefore, that literary men were not alone to be his friends and companions. "It was my first resolution," he says, "to keep as far as was in my power, abreast of society, continuing to maintain my place in general company, without yielding to the very natural temptation of narrowing myself to what is called literary society. By doing so, I imagined I should escape the besetting sin of listening to language, which, from one motive or other, ascribes a very undue degree of consequence to literary pursuits, as if they were, indeed, the business, rather than the

amusement of life." The world is always willing enough to think lightly of intellectual works, and it is not perhaps very becoming in one who owed his fame and importance to these matters, which he calls "amusements," to help the world to pull them down. Literary men form a portion of society, and their productions are a matter of trade like any other commodity; they are at least, therefore, entitled to be ranked with those who not only embellish life, but perform some of its business. Among other things, the poet prided himself not a little on his services in a squadron of volunteer cavalry, at a time when thousands, and hundreds of thousands, appeared on horse or on foot, when Pitt, to use the poet's own language—

Armed the freeman's hand to guard the freeman's laws.

"My services," he says, "were found useful in assisting to maintain the discipline of the corps, being the point on which their constitution rendered them most amenable to military criticism. My attention to the corps took up a good deal of time; and while it occupied many of the happiest hours of my life, it furnished an additional reason for my reluctance again to encounter the severe course of study, indispensable to success in the juridical profession." These I consider as not unpleasant traits in the life of this illustrious person: one is amused to think, how useful the poet of 'Marmion' appeared in his own eyes, riding out to the Links of Leith, marshalling the equestrian heroes of the year of grace 1810, and how pleased he was, to think that he could sit in his saddle, and shake his sword in the sun as well as the best of the band.

Between the appearance of the 'Lady of the Lake' and 'Rokeby,' three years elapsed, and these were dedicated to other matters than verse. Of Ashiesteel, he was but the tenant; and it was his wish to become the proprietor of some fair and pleasant spot, where he could build a house according to his own notions, and plan an orchard and garden in keeping with his own fancy. He found the place which he wanted in Abbotsford, six or seven miles farther down the Tweed. "It did not," said Scott, "possess the romantic character of Ashiesteel, my former residence; but it had a stretch of meadow-land along the river, and possessed, in the phrase of the landscape gardener, 'considerable capabilities.' Above all, the land was my own. It had been an early wish of mine, to connect myself with my mother earth, and prosecute those experiments, by which a species of creative power is exercised over the face of nature." He wished too, he said, to be able to take the quaint counsel of the old writer, who advised his friend, for health's sake, to take a walk of a mile or two before breakfast, and, if possible, to do it on his own land. The house of Abbotsford—called by a travelling Frenchman, a Romance in stone and lime, and by the poet himself, a dream-like mansion—is in a sort of castellated gothic style, and stands closely embowered in woods of its great owner's own planting; the library contains many rare and valuable works; the armoury, many arms which belonged to heroes, or otherwise remarkable men; nor is painting or sculpture wanting to add the charms of art to the beauty of the place. There is beauty without, and plenty of accommodation within. The Tweed

runs broad and fair past the walls; the Cowden-knowes may be seen from the turrets; the Eildon Hills cloven in three, by the magic of old Michael, tower up so stately and high, that they almost overlook the house; the Huntley Burn, where True Thomas had his adventure with the Fairy Queen, and the magnificent ruins of Melrose Abbey, are in the neighbourhood, and on the whole,

It is, I ween, a lovely spot of ground.

Having built his house, planted his lands, and laid out his garden—all of which he superintended himself, and was, I have been told, somewhat difficult to please, he turned his attention to verse once more, and in the year 1813 announced 'Rokeby.' Public expectation was raised very high; and Scott had yet to prove that his old works might be the greatest rivals his new had to encounter. The story of 'Rokeby' is not so well told as that of the 'Lady of the Lake'; it has not such stirring trumpet-tongued chapters as 'Marmion,' nor has it so much tranquil grace as may be found in the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel'; neither are his English Buccaneers so captivating as his Highland Chiefs; yet, it is a noble poem, abounding with spirit and originality; I am disposed to think the characters of Bertram Risinghame, and the Knave-Minstrel, are superior to any other which the poet had yet drawn: they more than approach the heroes of the Waverley Novels. On the day of publication, I met the Editor of a London Journal with the volume under his arm, and inquired how he liked it; he gave his shoulders a shrug, and said, "So, so!—a better kind of ballad-style!—a better kind of ballad-style!" A light and sarcastic poem by Moore, makes one lady ask another,

Pray have you got Rokeby?—for I have got mine—  
The mail-coach edition, prodigiously fine.

Booksellers, it seems, had found it profitable to hurry the volume from Edinburgh by the mail coach.

When Scott was writing 'Rokeby,' another subject, he says, presented itself—this was the adventures of the Bruce, as related in the 'Lord of the Isles.' He now took up the Scottish story; finished and produced it to the world: it was not even so warmly welcomed as 'Rokeby.' The author found out the error which he had committed: "I could hardly," he says, "have chosen a subject more popular in Scotland, than anything connected with the Bruce's history, unless I had attempted that of Wallace; but I am decidedly of opinion, that a popular or what is called a *taking* title, though well qualified to ensure the publishers against loss, is rather apt to be hazardous than otherwise to the reputation of the author. He who attempts a subject of distinguished popularity, has not the privilege of awakening the enthusiasm of his audience; on the contrary, it is already awakened, and glows, it may be, more ardently than that of the author himself." The author seems to be of the same opinion as the world, respecting this poem; yet it would be difficult to show in what it is inferior to the best. There is the same fire and impetuosity of diction and narrative, and a higher heroic dignity of character than in any of the other poems. The two Bruces are drawn with fine historical skill; the death of the page is one of the most touching episodes ever written by the voyage from

Arran Isle, under the influence of the supernatural light, is sublime in an eminent degree; and the Battle of Bannockburn may almost vie with that of Flodden. It is inferior, because it is not better: the world is not satisfied with an author unless he be continually surpassing himself. "The sale of fifteen thousand copies," says Scott, "enabled the author to retreat from the field with the honours of war."

I may class the 'Don Roderick,' and 'The Bridal of Triermain,' and 'Harold the Dauntless,' together: not because they have any resemblance to each other, but I consider them as inferior works in conception and execution, and not quite worthy of being named with the five noble romances which preceded them. 'Don Roderick' was sharply handled by the critics; it did not suit with the aim of the poem, which was to arouse the spirit of resistance against an usurper in Spain and Portugal, to describe repulse and defeat: had the poet related the disastrous retreat of Sir John Moore, he would have destroyed the unity as well as the propriety of his poem. The chief fault of the work was the strange long step which the author took, from the days of King Roderick to those of Lord Wellington; the olden times mingled ungracefully with latter events; the story seemed like a creature with a broken back—the extremities were living, but there was no healthy or muscular connexion. 'The Bridal of Triermain,' and 'Harold the Dauntless,' require no lengthened examination; they were chiefly remarkable for the vigorous images which they gave, particularly the latter, of times which we have no sympathy in, and for being published anonymously. There was something of an imitation, it seems attempted in the 'Bridal of Triermain,' of the manner of William Erskine, "As he was more than suspected," says Scott, "of a taste for poetry, and as I took care in several places to mix something which might resemble my friend's feeling and manner, the train easily caught, and two large editions were sold." Scott, in other words, perceived that his poems were not selling in tens of thousands as formerly; he was, therefore, desirous of trying whose fault it was: the moderate sale of 'The Bridal of Triermain,' and the far more moderate sale of 'Harold the Dauntless,' showed him, that either a change had happened in the public taste, or that readers had found another entertainer who varied the cheer, and gave them, as it were, a pleasant dessert after his substantial dinners.

In one of his late introductions, Sir Walter seeks to account for the failure of these poems. "The manner or style (he observes) which by its novelty attracted the public in an unusual degree, had now, after having been so long before them, begun to lose its charms. For this there was no remedy: the harmony became tiresome and ordinary, and both the original inventor and his invention must have fallen into contempt, if he had not found out another road to public favour." He also attributes the decline of his poetic popularity to the imitations of his irregular measure and manner by other poets, to whom he had taught the trick of fence, and who could handle their weapon nearly or quite as well as himself. "Besides all this (he observed), a mighty and unexpected rival was advancing on the stage—a rival not in poetical powers only, but in attracting

popularity, in which the present writer † had preceded better men than himself. The reader will see that Byron is here meant, who, after a little vatication of no great promise, now appeared as a serious candidate in the first canto of 'Childe Harold.' There was a depth in his thought, an eager abundance in his diction, which argued full confidence in the inexhaustible resources of which he felt himself possessed."

Had Lord Byron preceded Scott, the novelty of his style, and the influence of his far-fetched subjects, would have worn off, and Sir Walter, with his romantic epics, might have taken the wind out of his Lordship's sails in the midst of his voyage. Byron added the advantages of a traveller, who had strange stories to tell about Turks bearded like the pard, and maritime desperadoes who infested the ruined temples of the land where Sappho died and Homer sung, to the attractions of a poetry singularly bold and original; he was also considered as a young man who had been "rated on the Rialto" most ungenerously by one of those critical pests who have much wit and little understanding; and, moreover, had the farther merit of being a Lord, and reckoned something wildish among the softer part of the titled population. Against these manifold charms Scott had nothing to offer but what he had offered already, and I think he acted wisely in retiring from the contest; to say the truth, he had continued it as long as the combat was not desperate. There was something of a mystery about Lord Byron, as well as about all the characters which he drew, and which the public always a-gape for novelties, sought in vain to penetrate; his poems came, therefore, like a devilled fowl, or a curried lark, or any other of those spiced dishes by which that arch sorcerer the cook renews a man's appetite after he has been gorged like a boa-constrictor. I may add to all this, that the age had been particularly prolific of poets and poetry: in truth, the land was deluged with verse, and much of it of a high order; and as the island, for these hundred years, has not much encouraged works of imagination, there was scarcely room for two great manufacturers of epic song.

Scott was believed to be at work on a new poem, when the world was suddenly astonished at the appearance of a warrior in the lists of literary adventure, who, like the Black Knight in 'Ivanhoe,' chose not only to fight with his beaver down, but refused to raise it and show himself, when he had overcome all opponents. This was the author of Waverley. Many, it is true, were quite satisfied who the magician was, who wrought these marvels, though he continued invisible amid the circle where he performed his enchantments. In ten thousand whispers, it was stated to be Scott: one remembered a story, which he related to the poet, now wrought into Waverley; another had told him a curious sally of wit, and here it was embalmed for ever and ever; while others, had helped him to incidents equally strange and extraordinary. Another class were content to point out the quarry and the grove, where he had found stone and timber, for the new gods of public idolatry. Some, however, were heard to argue against the probability of Sir Walter being the author,

because, said they, 'Waverley' followed too close upon the 'Lord of the Isles,' to be the offspring of the same hand; nay, when one of these positive gentlemen insisted that it was not even a Scotchman who wrote the novel, and his friend pointed out touches of character, which required a long residence in the north to master, he smartly answered, "Not at all necessary, Sir, to go to Scotland to study the character—did Milton go to Hell to study devils?"

The origin of these magnificent fictions is curious. "In the year 1805," says Scott, "I threw together about one-third part of the first volume of Waverley. It was advertised to be published by the late Mr. John Ballantyne, under the name of 'Waverley; or, 'Tis fifty years since,' a title afterwards altered to 'Tis sixty years since,' that the actual date of publication might correspond with the period in which the scene was laid. Having proceeded as far, I think, as the seventh chapter, I showed my work to a critical friend, whose opinion was unfavourable; and having then some poetical reputation, I was unwilling to risk the loss of it by attempting a new style of composition. I therefore threw aside the work I had commenced, without either reluctance or remonstrance. This portion of the manuscript was laid aside in the drawer of an old writing-desk, which on my first coming to Abbotsford in 1811, was placed in a lumber garret, and entirely forgotten. Thus, though I sometimes turned my thoughts to the continuation of the romance, yet, as I could not find what I had already written, and was too indolent to attempt to write it anew from memory, I as often laid aside all thoughts of that nature." Still the subject had hold of his fancy, and it was with no small pleasure that he discovered accidentally, whilst seeking for fishing tackle for a friend, the long-lost manuscript: he thought, he said, without being so presumptuous as to hope to emulate the rich humour, pathetic tenderness, and admirable tact of his friend Miss Edgeworth, that he might be able to do something for Scotland, like what that lady had accomplished for Ireland; and he hoped to make up for want of talent, by his knowledge of the land and the people. A conclusion which he wrote for Strutt's 'Queen-Hoo-Hall' had also, it seems, a share in this new inspiration. In truth, Scott appears willing to impute these romances to any cause save the true one—namely, a burning desire for higher fame, and a wish to soothe down the spirit within him, which raged like a chained demon, till tranquillized by a fresh work.

When Napoleon escaped alone from Elba, and appeared at Paris with a hundred thousand men at his back, the world was scarcely more confounded, than the people of Britain were, when Waverley burst out upon them. The more learned and critical portion of the country did not seem to relish it much at first; and I heard a gentleman affirm, who is now loud in its praise, that the only humorous passage in 'Waverley,' is where Mrs. Macleary cries out to the Baron of Bradwardine and Balmahapple, "Will ye fight, Sir, in a poor widow's house, and sae muckle gude lea land in the country?" Nay, Hazlitt, of whom I hoped better things, assured me that he had not read any of the Waverley Novels till Rob Roy came out, when he found that he could no longer carry on conversation without

† Sir Walter Scott.

quoting or alluding to them. Critics examined the work by rule, and finding that all the parts were not proportioned to a sort of epic scale, which serves them instead of natural good judgment, pronounced it defective, while the less learned portion of the community, who consider all excellent which delights them, admitted *Waverley* to their bosoms at once. It was no difficult matter to perceive the high qualities of the work. The scenes on which he displayed his dramatic personæ, were the mountain and the flood: the characters which he introduced were generally of a poetic or heroic order; the incidents which he related, had the double charm of a domestic and public interest, and the whole was grouped and thrown together with singular freedom and truth. The Baron of Bradwardine, Fergus Mac Ivor, Colonel Talbot, Madame Nosebag, Duncan Macwhibble, Davie Gellattly, Donald Bean Lean, and gifted Gilfillan, seem all personal acquaintances: we never think of them as airy abstractions. "I have seldom felt more satisfaction," says Sir Walter, "than when, returning from a pleasure voyage, I found '*Waverley*' in the zenith of popularity, and public curiosity in full cry after the name of the author." To preserve the incognito, Ballantyne had the original manuscript transcribed; the corrections by Scott were copied by his friend, for the printers, and so the work went on; nor was there a single instance of faithlessness on the part of those who, from their situation, possessed themselves of the secret.

The public admiration was nothing abated about '*Waverley*,' when '*Guy Mannering*' made its appearance. The characters were of a different stamp—the story was of a domestic nature—and the true heroes and heroines were shepherds, and gipsies, and smugglers. The country claimed Andrew Dinmont, Dirk Hattrack, Sheriff Pleydell, and Meg Merrilies, as familiar acquaintances; they had hunted and fought with the first—dealt with the second—played at high jinks, or taken down a deposition with the third—or bought horn spoons and had their fortune told by the fourth;—nay, they knew Gilbert Glossin himself; had partaken of ale and toasted cake at Mrs. Macandlish's; and were certain as the sun shone of having heard the story of the birth of young Bertram from Jock Jabos, as he drove them in a post-chaise along the wild roads of Galloway. Many a fair sheet has been printed on the subject of the prototype of Meg Merrilies; and the author himself relates the story of a gipsy wife who rivalled Meg herself in generosity: I think I see something like the outward woman of the Galwegian sibyl in the beggar woman of Wordsworth:

Her skin was of Egyptian brown;  
Haughty as if her eye had seen  
Its own light to a distance thrown,  
She towered—fit person for a queen  
To head those ancient Amazonian files,  
Or ruling bandit's wife among the Grecian isles.

It is a note-worthy matter, that while Scott was pouring out romance after romance, Lord Byron was pouring out poem after poem: the prose of the one and the poetry of the other were so popular, and at the same time so excellent, that no other author could obtain a hearing. It was also curious to remark, that as Byron had cer-

tainly beaten Scott by song, so as assuredly Scott was vanquishing his Lordship by prose; for I think no one will contend, that the poems of the one were ever so popular with all ranks as the novels of the other. The title of '*The Antiquary*' puzzled the public a little when announced; and I am not sure that it was so general a favourite at first as it became afterwards, when the fever of a first perusal was over, and a second reading and reflection came. The Antiquary himself, the Mucklebaskets, and Edie Ochiltree, are all masterly originals: there is less bustle and less action than in '*Waverley*'; but there is the same living life, the same truth of nature, and now and then something more lofty and sublime than aught the author had hitherto done. The scene in which Miss Wardour is rescued from the tide, and more particularly the chanting of the ballad of the Harlaw by the Mucklebasket hag, are without a parallel in the language, unless the latter may be matched with that terrific scene in '*Old Mortality*,' where Morton is condemned to death by the Cameronians, and Habbakuk Mucklewath anticipates the hour of execution by setting forward the clock.

To conceal the hand that penned so rapidly these charming fictions, Scott still openly kept the field as an author, and not only wrote a poem on the battle of Waterloo, but a prose account of that memorable strife, which far excels the description he afterwards inserted in his '*Life of Napoleon*.' The poem, though full of the whirlwind of battle, and vivid and animated in an extreme degree, met with a sharp reception from the critics;—not so Paul's prose relation, which, coming without a name, and evidently the work of one who had made inquiries among the chief officers, and mastered all the incidents and localities of Waterloo, was greeted with much cheering and many welcomes. During this busy period all writers seemed busy save Scott;—to those friends who visited him he was seldom invisible. He performed the duties of a friend to his friends—of a father to his children—of a master to his household—and of a sheriff to the county—soothing differences and healing discord; and did not at all appear oppressed with these duties: he still was at leisure, and found time to arrange and publish the Poems of Anna Seward, the Life and Works of Swift, Lord Somers's Tracts, Sir Ralph Sadler's State Papers, and the Border Antiquities of England and Scotland. All this strengthened the arguments of those—and they were many—who refused to believe that he was the author of the *Waverley* Novels. Several persons, to whom, either in seriousness or derision, they were attributed, put on a look of reserve and mystery, and talked in the manner of men embarrassed by a secret, of which they dread the discovery. All this must have been amusing in a high degree to such a man as Scott, who had an eye and an ear for the ridiculous, and could enjoy the absurdities of his friends and acquaintances without seeming moved.

It was a new pleasure to the tourist, in the enjoyment of the scenery of the '*Lady of the Lake*,' the '*Lord of the Isles*,' and '*Waverley*,' to have '*Rob Roy*' put into their hands. With his foot once more on the heather, and the bonnet on his brow, the author seemed inspired with fresh spirit; *Rob Roy* himself, Bailie Jarvie, Andrew

Fairservice, the Dougal creature, and the Osbaldistones, one and all, were welcomed as additions to the great national stock of imaginary characters. One of the charms of the work was Diana Vernon, the heath-flower of Cheviot: her extreme loveliness—her singular boldness and freedom of character—her wit and her inimitable playfulness—and, more than all, her fine sense and warmth of heart captivated even critics, who could not help confessing that, though she had too much boldness of manner, she was the sweetest and best of all the author's female creations. I remember, after her appearance on horseback, all our London ladies, who could trust themselves off their feet, turned equestrians, and the drives and roads were filled with trotting and galloping Dianas.

'*Old Mortality*' followed '*Rob Roy*.' There is perhaps finer discrimination of character in it than in any of its companions: the author felt that he had a difficult game to play: the Cameronians still existed as a body, with many old prejudices, and were likely to resent any deviation from historic accuracy; and, what was still more important, the whole body of Presbyterians, though disliking the exclusive tenets of Cameron and Cargill, believed them right in resisting persecution; in fact, they look upon the battles of Airds-Moss and Bothwell Brigg, as fought in the great cause of Calvinism against Lutheranism; and are disposed to be touchy, whenever such matters are otherwise than gently handled. When I add to all this, that Scott himself was a member of the suffering remnant of the episcopal church, and was consequently considered as no great lover of those who preferred to drink at the well-spring of Calvin, I have said enough to show, that a story, which involved the characters of the chief leaders, was likely to be keenly, and even curiously examined. He has, however, delineated the characters of Burley on the one side, and of Claverhouse on the other, with wonderful life and truth;—both shedders of blood without mercy or remorse, at the call of mistaken honour, or misunderstood religion: both eminently brave and skilful;—one fighting for princes, who merited no such support—and the other for a party who afterwards disowned him; and both perishing according to character—Burley in a bloody, but obscure skirmish, and the fiery Græme in a stern battle, with the sound of victory in his ear. Lord Evandale and Morton represent the more generous and amiable qualities of the factions; while Niel Blane stands between both, and decants his ale, and plays on the pipes to either. Poor meek and generous Bessy Maclure qualifies the more fiery and eloquent Mause Headrigg, and Jenny Denison and the gallant Cuddie keep up an image of true love and domestic attachment, seasoned with matchless humour and naïveté and selfishness. The figure of that intrepid preacher, Macbriar, is ever before us, when we think of sermons in the fields; and the eloquent madness of Habbakuk Mucklewath rings frequently in our ears. The Cameronians were not at all offended at the notice taken of their leaders, and the sentiments imputed to them: they recognized the perfect truth of the picture, and rejoiced that they had found an historian to bid them live and not die. The wild scene where Burley maintained his imaginary combat with Satan, is Creechhope Linn,



near Dumfries: Sir Walter informed me, that he was a visitor of the Linn in his youth, when one of his brothers was at Wallace Hall school; and that the singular chambers, which the busy stream had fashioned out of the freestone rocks, and in which the persecuted Covenanters found refuge, were quite familiar to him. The wandering Inscription Cutter was also a native of the same parish; and the old kirkyard of Dalgarnock, beautifully situated on Nithside, is the place of the imaginary interview between him and the author. I may also add, that part of the narrative was coloured by a long conversation which Sir Walter held with an Annandale Johnstone, on the subject of free will, effectual calling, and predestination.

It is supposed that the complaints which some captious Presbyterians made regarding the injustice done to the Covenanters in 'Old Mortality,' induced Scott to resume the subject in his next great work, the 'Heart of Mid Lothian,' and show, in the family of the Deans, the softened features of the sect. Douce David is certainly a most delightful oddity: his disputes on the great litigated point of patronage with Duncan Knockdunder, whose notions were not at all Scriptural; and his various counsellings concerning rotations of crops, with poor widow Butler, are alike excellent. But with his daughters, by different spouses, and with Madge Wildfire, the interest of the fiction abides. Jeanie Deans is copied from a young woman of humble degree in Dumfriesshire, who obtained the queen's pardon for an erring sister by her own eloquent intercession; in token of which, it was one of the last acts of Sir Walter's life, to erect a monument to her memory in Irongray kirkyard;—and Madge Wildfire is little more than a faithful delineation of poor Peggy Macdonald, who went mad about a natural child, and wandered through Dumfries and Galloway singing snatches of old songs, uttering quaint witty sayings, and drawing the characters of all who annoyed her with words of aquafortis rather than of honey: moreover, she was usually known by the name of Mrs. Caze, from frequently singing a song of that name; but those who wished to be well with her called her Margaret Macdonald. She was a tall slim person, with a Roman nose, and a look, in her lucid hours, beaming with sense and wit. To take a heroine out of a prison, and select characters from among cow-feeders and smugglers, was a bold step; and over such materials no one could have triumphed but Scott.

It was thought the author wished to show that high life had its miseries too, when he wrote the 'Bride of Lammermoor.' There is an air of sadness shed largely over this whole composition: though we dislike the touchy haughtiness of Ravenswood, we give him our sympathy largely, as the last of his race, and one whose fate has been settled by prophecy before, as the witch-wife said, "the sark gaed o'er his head." There is a poetic, a tragic grandeur about the romance, which lifts it high into the regions of imagination: the approaching fate of the Master is shadowed out in almost every page; the croaking of the old crones; the conversation with John Mortshaugh,—it is needless to particularize more—all indicate coming destruction. With the exception of 'Kenilworth,' it is the most melan-

choly of all the works of Scott. The scene is laid on property belonging to the family of Hall; and I was present when Captain Basil Hall purchased sixty-one pages of the original manuscript for fourteen guineas: it is generally known that the outline of the story is true: and that this great domestic tragedy was wrought in a family of respectability and name. The 'Legend of Montrose' accompanied the 'Bride of Lammermoor,' and is chiefly remarkable for the character of Sir Dugald Dalgetty, whose exact resemblance to the Scottish chiefs—the Leslie, Hamiltons, Ramsays, Munros, and Cunninghams, who led the seven thousand Scottish warriors under Gustavus Adolphus—I would not have any one to assert, unless they can bring forward better proof of the fact, than what I think my illustrious friend had to offer. The truth is, these men were mostly religious enthusiasts; and though there were some among them,—one of the Ramsays, for instance,—who thought of earthly state and dignity a little too much,—they were a high-souled and chivalrous band, who prayed and fought till they saw freedom of conscience restored to the whole of Germany. We have no other quarrel with Sir Dugald: we like his eternal speeches about Gustavus—the pleasing glimpses which he gives us of foreign service—his quaint pedantry—his bravery, ruled by the amount of pay—and, above all, his behaviour in the dungeon, when he escapes from his fetters, and leaves Mac-cullamore in his stead. We like him too when the ball penetrates his thigh, and he exclaims, "I always told the great Gustavus that taslets should be made musket proof!" And we like him too that he is willing to be executed, rather than enter upon a new engagement for a year, with a week of the old one to run: he was a military moralist.

The first time that I had the happiness of being introduced to the Author of Waverley, was soon after the publication of 'Ivanhoe,' when he came to London, and the king made him Sir Walter Scott, of Abbotsford, Baronet. This was in the early part of the year 1820. I had seen him in Edinburgh in the year of Marmion's appearance, and, to tell the truth, I went there almost on purpose to see him. He lived then in North Castle Street; he was full cheeked and fair to look upon; walked with a slight halt, and seemed in every respect one of the most powerful men of the North. He was much changed when I met him again in London; his face was grown thin, his brow wrinkled, and his hair grey; during the period of the composition of 'Ivanhoe,' a grievous illness attacked him, which brought him nigh the grave, and he was not even then quite recovered. It was during those days of suffering, that his neighbour, Lord Buchan, waited, it is said, on Lady Scott, and after talking of the light which was too soon to be removed from the land, begged her to intercede with her illustrious husband, to do him the honour of being buried in Dryburgh. "The place," said the Earl, "is very beautiful—just such a place as the poet loves, and as he has a fine taste that way, he is sure of being gratified with my offer." Scott, it is reported, smiled when this was told him, and good-humouredly promised to give Lord Buchan the refusal, since he seemed so solicitous; the vain Lord was laid in Dryburgh Churchyard first, and his

illustrious neighbour has followed. The owners of Abbotsford and Dryburgh, I have heard, conversed upon all subjects, save one—namely, the death of the Duke of Clarence: his lordship averred, that his ancestor killed the Prince, at Beauge, with a truncheon: Scott knew that his own ancestor Sir Allan Swinton slew him by a stroke of his spear in the face.

When I went to Sir Walter's residence in Piccadilly, I had much of the same palpitation of heart which Boswell experienced when introduced to Johnson: he welcomed me with both hands, and with such kind and complimentary words, that confusion and fear alike fled. He turned the conversation upon song, and said, he had long wished to know me, on account of some songs which were reckoned old, but which he was assured were mine; "at all events," said he, "they are not old—they are far too good to be old: I dare say you know what songs I mean." I was now much embarrassed; I neither owned the songs nor denied them, but said, I hoped to see him soon again, for that, if he were willing to sit, my friend, Mr. Chantrey, was anxious to make his bust—as a memorial, to preserve in his collection, of the Author of 'Marmion.' To this he consented. While Sir Walter remained in London, we had several conversations, and I was glad to see that he was sometimes pleased with what I said, as well as with what I did. So much was he sought after while he sat to Chantrey, that strangers begged leave to stand in the sculptor's galleries, to see him as he went in and out. The bust was at last finished in marble; the sculptor laboured most anxiously, and I never saw him work more successfully: in one long sitting of three hours he chiselled the whole face over, communicating to it the grave humour and comic penetration for which the original was so remarkable. This fine work is now in Abbotsford, with an inscription, saying, it is a present to Sir Walter Scott from Francis Chantrey;—I hope it will never be elsewhere.

One morning Chantrey asked me how I liked 'Ivanhoe'; I said, the descriptions were admirable, and that the narrative flowed on in a full stream, but I thought in individual portraiture it was not equal to those romances where the author had his foot on Scottish ground. "You speak like a Scotchman," said Chantrey: "I must speak like an Englishman: the scenery is just, and the characters in keeping: I know every inch of the ground where the tournament was held—where Front de Boeuf's castle stood, and even where that pious priest the Curial Friar had his cell by the blessed well of St. Dunstan's—what Rob Roy is to you, Ivanhoe is to me." Sir Walter smiled; he neither shunned the subject nor seemed desirous to discuss it: I remarked, however, that he did not praise the novels, and this exactly agreed with a review of 'Old Mortality,' which appeared in the *Quarterly*, written, as I have good reason to know, by the hand of Scott himself. This was at the urgent desire of the editor, who probably thought to detect the real writer of the romances by this stratagem: he contrived to pen a review which contains much collateral illustration, and little or no criticism. The nearest approach to admission, that I ever heard him make, was once when I was describing to him a sort of wandering mendicant, who declared, he

earned his bread and clothes by telling queer stories—he said, with a laugh, “O Allan, don’t abuse God’s gifts—we live by telling queer stories ourselves.” When he dined with the King, one of the company asked him, “was he not the author of the *Waverley Novels*?” Sir Walter who had made up his mind against all such emergencies, eluded the question.

He spoke of my pursuits and prospects in life with interest and feeling: and of my attempts in prose and verse, in a way which showed that he had read them; and inquired what I was doing with my pen: I said I was collecting into four volumes the *Songs of Scotland*—such as were most remarkable for poetic feeling—for their humour or their pictures of manners. “I can help you,” he said, “to something old—did you ever hear the old song sung, which says—

“There dwelt a man into the west,  
And O, gin he was cruel,  
For on his bridal night at een,  
He sat up an’ grat for gruel;  
They brought to him a good sheep-head,  
A bason, and a towel:  
Gar take thae whim-whams far frae me,  
I winna want my gruel.”

After having dictated several other curious old verses, he said, “But you ought to write something original. There’s the ‘Mermaid of Galloway’; you might make that into a dramatic piece with songs, and try it on the stage.” I answered, “But what shall I do with her tail?”—“The tail, indeed,” said he—and laughed. I wish I had followed his advice; the subject is a fine one, and much according to my own fancy, and with regard to the scaly train, a Mermaid has no more right to such an encumbrance, than the Devil has to horns and hoofs. I said, that I had made the resemblance of a drama, and if he would look at it, it would be kind; he not only looked at ‘Sir Marmaduke Maxwell,’ but wrote me a letter respecting it, in which he says,

“I have perused twice, my dear Allan, your interesting manuscript, and that with no little interest. Many parts of the poetry are eminently beautiful, though I fear the great length of the piece, and some obscurity of the plot, would render it unfit for dramatic representation. There is also a fine tone of supernatural action and impulse spread over the whole work, which, I think, a common audience would not be likely to adopt or comprehend: though I own on me it has a very powerful effect. Speaking of dramatic composition in general, I think it is almost essential (though the rule be most difficult in practice) that the plot or business of the piece should advance with every line that is spoken. The fact is, the drama is addressed chiefly to the eyes; and as much as can be by any possibility represented on the stage, should neither be told nor described. Of the miscellaneous part of a large audience, many do not understand, and many cannot hear either narrative or description, but are solely intent upon the action exhibited. It is, I conceive, for this reason, that very bad plays, written by performers themselves, often contrive to get through, and not without applause; while others immeasurably superior, in point of poetical merit, fail, merely because the author is not sufficiently possessed of the trick of the scene, or enough aware of the importance of a maxim pronounced by no less a performer than Punch himself—at least he was the last authority from whom I heard it—*Push on, keep moving!* Now, in your dramatic effort, the interest not only stands still, but

sometimes retrogrades. It contains notwithstanding, many passages of eminent beauty; many specimens of most interesting dialogue, and on the whole, if it is not fitted for the modern stage, I am not sure that its very imperfections do not render it more fit for the closet, for we certainly do not read with the greatest pleasure those plays which act best.

“If, however, you should at any time wish to become a candidate for dramatic laurels, I would advise you, in the first place, to consult some professional person of judgment and taste. I should regard friend Terry as an excellent Mentor, and I believe he would concur with me in recommending, that at least one-third of the drama be retrenched, that the plot should be rendered simple, and the motives more obvious; and I think the powerful language, and many of the situations, might have their full effect upon the audience. I am uncertain if I have made myself sufficiently understood:—but I would say, for example, that it is ill explained by what means Comyn and his gang, who land as shipwrecked men, become at once possessed of the old lord’s domains, merely by killing and taking possession. I am aware of what you mean, namely, that being attached to the then rulers, he is supported in his ill acquired power by their authority. But this is imperfectly brought out, and escaped me at the first reading. The superstitious motives also, which induced the shepherds to delay their vengeance, are not likely to be intelligible to the generality of the hearers. It would seem more probable that the young Baron should have led his faithful vassals to avenge the death of his parents; and it has escaped me what prevents him from taking this direct and natural course. Besides, it is, I believe, a rule, and it seems a good one, that one single interest, to which every other is subordinate, should occupy the whole play, each separate object having just the effect of a milldam, sluicing off a certain portion of the interest and sympathy, which should move on with increasing fervour and rapidity to the catastrophe. Now, in your work, there are several divided points of interest—there is the murder of the old Baron—the escape of his wife—that of his son—the loss of his bride—the villainous artifices of Comyn to possess himself of her person, and finally the fall of Comyn, and acceleration of the vengeance due to his crimes. I am sure your own excellent sense, which I admire as much as I do your genius, will give me credit for my frankness in these matters: I only know, that I do not know many persons on whose performances I would venture so much criticism. Adieu, my faithful and esteemed friend—yours truly,

“WALTER SCOTT.”

I have, at the risk of being thought vain, inserted my illustrious friend’s letter at full length; the dramatic directions in composition, which he lays down, are natural, and had I been able to have followed them, my success might have been greater. How Comyn kept possession after the murder, arose not only from the strength of his party, but from his being the lineal heir, supposing his kinsmen removed; this relationship I did not make plain enough, and so the objection is good. A writer satisfies his own mind, that his story is simple and clear, and wonders sometimes that the eyes of his friends are not so penetrating as his own; but, whenever an objection of obscurity is raised, I would advise the writer to clear it up at once. I made a number of alterations, but could not get rid of the original sin of the performance—namely, a certain perplexity of plot: when I published it, no one was altogether unkind, save, I was told, the

Rev. Mr. Smedley, who treated it in the *Critical Review* with much contempt; he could see no poetry in the language, nor originality in the characters. On the same day that this—not very charitable attack on a new writer was published, the ‘*Fortunes of Nigel*’ appeared, in the introduction to which, it was the pleasure of the author to speak of my dramatic attempt in the spirit of his letter: this far more than compensated for the severity of the other, and gave me some sort of rank as a poet, which, I am glad to know, the giver believed I have since maintained. When the manuscript of the ‘*Fortunes of Nigel*’ was sold by auction, I was vain enough to wish to possess a work, in which my name stood embalmed in the hand-writing of Scott; but that, as well as others, brought prices beyond my means; it would have been well had some generous person purchased the whole *Waverley Manuscripts*, and placed them in the British Museum—or, in a fitter sanctuary still—the library of Abbotsford.

While Sir Walter was busied with his second series of National Romances, he found time to write ‘*Halidon Hill*,’ a dramatic sketch of great beauty; full of heroic feeling and heroic character, and which, for pathos, may take rank with the most touching labours of the serious Muse. The story of Sir Allan Swinton and young Gordon, is one of the most chivalrous and moving scenes in all the compass of tragic song. It was not very warmly received: indeed, whenever Sir Walter Scott wrote anonymously, praise of the truth and beauty of his productions was on every lip, and in every review: when he added his name, the mercury of public admiration fell nearer the freezing point: this, “let learned clerks explain.” I am afraid the anecdote is not to the honour of human nature. Constable gave him, it is said, a thousand pounds for ‘*Halidon Hill*’; and the applause which he was commanding anonymously, no doubt soothed him for the caprice of the world, and for the captiousness of criticism.

I saw Sir Walter during the visits which he afterwards paid to London. He conversed with singular ease, and whatever he said was so clearly expressed, and so graphic withal, that it might have been printed at once. This reminds me of what a bookseller told me—that Scott related to him some particulars about the origin of one of the characters in the *Waverley Novels*, with which he was so much struck, that he begged him to write it down. He did so, and the whole was, he was sure, word for word with what had been spoken. I have said that I informed him of my intended collection of the *Songs of Scotland*: in one of my letters to him, I told him I had commenced the work. “I am glad (he thus wrote) that you are about Scottish song; no man has contributed more beautiful effusions to enrich it. Here and there I would pluck a few flowers from your posie, to give what remains an effect of greater simplicity; but luxuriance can only be the fault of genius, and many of your songs are, I think, unmatched.” I put down these passages from his letters, of which I have upwards of a score, to show that he always mixed sound critical counsel with his commendations, and how well he merited the eulogium of James Hogg, that he was a most honest and conscientious adviser in all matters, literary and otherwise. This is yet more plainly set forth in another letter: “I am

very much unaccustomed to offer criticisms, and when I do so, it is because I believe in my soul that I am endeavouring to pluck away the weeds which hide flowers which are well worthy of cultivation. In your case, the richness of your language and fertility of your imagination are the snares against which I would warn you: if the one had been poor, and the other costive, I would never have made remarks, which could never do good, while they only gave pain. Did you ever read Savage's 'Wanderer'? If not, do so; and you will see distinctly the fault which I think attaches to 'Sir Marmaduke Maxwell'—a want of distinct precision and intelligibility about the story, which counteracts, especially with ordinary readers, the effect of beautiful and forcible diction, poetical imagery, and animated description." I would fain persuade myself that all this good counsel, and thrice as much more from the same excellent friend, was not utterly thrown away upon me.

When I next saw Sir Walter, King George was about to be crowned, and he had come to London to make one in the ceremony. This was an affair which came within the range of his taste: with the processions of the old religion, and the parade of chivalry, he was familiar; and when he called on me, he talked of the magnificent scene which Westminster Abbey would present on the morrow, and inquired if I intended to go and look at it. Now, I happen to be one of those persons who are not at all dazzled with grand processions and splendid dresses, and the glitter and parade of either court or camp; and when I said that I had no curiosity that way, having, when I was young, witnessed the crowning of King Crispin, in Dumfries, he burst into a laugh, and said, "That's not unlike our friend Hogg: I asked him if he would accompany me, and he stood balancing the matter between the Coronation and St. Boswell's Fair, and at last the fair carried it." Scott, since I had seen him last, had given the world several fresh works of great beauty and variety; his genius had driven all other competitors out of the market, and though some of the critics said they saw a falling off, this was not perceived by the multitude, who expressed nothing but impatience to devour every work which wore the Waverley stamp. It is remarkable, that in 'The Abbot,' and also in 'The Monastery,' he introduced supernatural agency, and sometimes, in my opinion, with wonderful effect; he had tried it slightly in Waverley, where the vision of the Bodach Glas announces the approaching fate of Fergus Mac Ivor; a passage which I could never read without a shudder. The White Maid of Avenel is a spirit of a more lively kind, and performs her ministering in the matter of Christy of the Clinthill, and the Sacristan, with not a little dexterity as well as malice. I, however, think, the burial and raising of Percie Shafton, a clumsy affair; in truth, whenever the supernatural descends to deeds, our belief begins to fail. The rise of Halbert Glendinning, from his low estate by bravery and by valour, is in the author's best manner; the vale of Glendearg lies near Abbotsford, on the other side of the Tweed. The sharp admonitions of the critics induced Sir Walter to forbear for the future the supernatural.

Of all the succeeding romances of Scott, those most to my liking, are the 'Fortunes of Nigel,' for the sake of King James, Richie

Moniplies, and Sir Mungo Malagrowth: 'Quentin Durward,' as showing how fortune and rank may be achieved by discretion, and bravery, and promptitude of soul, not to speak of King Lewis, and La Balafre, and the Maugrabin: 'The Talisman,' for the characters of Richard, Saladin, and Prince David: and 'The Fair Maid of Perth,' for the lesson which the author has taught us, how to make a hero worthy of the days of chivalry, out of a misshapen blacksmith, and yet leave him a blacksmith still. Some of his critics remarked, that Scott had gone to all countries for characters save Ireland: to Ireland he sailed in 1825, and scenes were pointed out and characters indicated in vain for the expected romance. Through the kindness of a gentleman of that country, I have obtained an account of his visit; the brevity of this memoir allows me but to say, that he was received everywhere with acclamations; he visited with much emotion the scenes of Swift's early life, and the magnificent scenery of Killarney. He returned by the way of the Cumberland Lakes, and, with Wordsworth for his companion, visited the hills and dales made classic by his strains; nor did he omit to pay his respects to Southey, whom he ever admired for variety of genius and gentleness of manners.

Soon after his return, that crushing misfortune befel the house of Abbotsford, which reduced its lord from affluence to dependence. Sir Walter, owing to the failure of some commercial speculations, in which he was a partner, became responsible for the payment of one hundred and twenty thousand pounds; he refused to become a bankrupt, considering, like the elder Osbaldistone of his own immortal pages, commercial honour as dear as any other honour, and undertook within the compass of ten years, to pay capital and interest of that enormous sum. At that time he was hale and vigorous, and capable of wondrous exertions; he gave up his house in Edinburgh, now less necessary for him, on account of the death of Lady Scott, and singling out various subjects of interest, proceeded to retrieve his broken fortunes, with a spirit calm and unsubdued. The bankruptcy of his booksellers rendered longer concealment of the author of the Waverley Novels impossible: the copyright of these works was announced for sale, and it was necessary for the illustrious unfortunate to reveal his secret in the best manner he might. Accordingly, at the Annual Dinner—24 February, 1827—of the Edinburgh Theatrical Fund, in answer to an allusion by his friend Lord Meadowbank, Sir Walter said, he had now the task of acknowledging before three hundred gentlemen, a secret, which, though confided to twenty people, had been well kept. "I am the author," he said, "of all the Waverley Novels, the sole and undivided author; with the exception of quotations, there is not a single word which is not derived from myself, or suggested in the course of my reading. The wand is now broken and the rod buried." This declaration was received with loud cheers, and made a stir in all circles; the great mystery was now solved, and though all lamented the cause of the disclosure, all were glad at heart, to find that they were indebted to a man so mild and benevolent as Sir Walter, rather than to any other spirit who might have presumed more than was meet, after such an assumption of glory.

When these sad distresses took place, Sir Walter had made considerable progress in his 'Life of Napoleon Bonaparte': he was composing it as the Author of Waverley; but, with the disclosure of his name, his situation was altered; and the first men, military and civil, in Europe, readily made communications to him concerning that world's wonder, the Emperor of the French. To step from imaginative romance to true history, was to him a matter of perfect ease: he had already, in 'Waverley,' and elsewhere, shown us how well they mingled together; and with such singular skill had he blended them, that an ingenious friend wrote a clever dissertation, treating 'Waverley' as current history, and pointing out sundry slight deviations from the truth. Besides, to write the Life of Napoleon was to delineate the career of a man whose actions had outstripped all ordinary flights of imagination, and involved the destinies of the world. For this new task Sir Walter had high qualities besides those necessary to compose a romance: he had as much of the warrior in his nature, as enabled him to enjoy the movements and deeds of those dread campaigns, in which the chivalry of the old monarchies was trampled under foot by the fervent spirit of republicanism; and he had a power of description by which, like the genius of Napoleon, he could unite the distant with the near, and lay the combined movements of a widespread campaign before the reader, as he would lay a map on the table. He seems to have studied his subject deeply; indeed, the sword of the conqueror had forced this upon him;—a war which gave to France the land, and to Britain the sea, could not pass over such a mind as his without making deep impressions. He was familiar with the rigid routine and stately tactics of the old school of warriors, who wrought according to rules learned by heart, and would rather have lost a campaign than gone into battle with whisks not cut by the Prussian regulations. In Napoleon he saw a soldier who conquered, not by despising routine rules, but from inventing a system of military mathematics, which, by its new combinations, rendered old wisdom obsolete; and yet enabled him to vanquish as much by rule as by rapid motion and fiery bravery. The great Napoleon and his great biographer were bred in different schools of political feeling: with the former all old things were too old—all matters of etiquette ridiculous; the princes of Europe he looked on as dotards; and his delight was to overturn them like mushroom, and give their thrones to his comrades;—the latter had all the chivalry of the old school, united with that reverence for princes of long-standing renown imputed to poets: he loved old institutions and hereditary attachments; and the principles which sought to tread down rank, that martial talent might rise and reign in its stead, were regarded with proper horror. In spite of these discordant feelings, the 'Life of Napoleon' is one of the noblest monuments of Scott's genius. The volumes, third, fourth, and fifth, are written in a spirit free, unprejudiced, and affectionate: he seems to enjoy the splendid march of the almost beardless adventurer from Paris to Vienna; for he had to conquer at home before he could conquer abroad; and he is ever willing to do justice to the generous qualities of his nature, and show

him alike dutiful as a son and a friend, as he was unequalled as a general. The descriptions of the battles are clear and graphic—all other men's accounts are confused compared to his: they have fine words—he has fine images: they have plenty of smoke—he is all fire. I wish it had pleased the author to have condensed his two volumes on the Revolution into a single chapter, and to have dismissed the captivity of Napoleon with more brevity.

I saw him in London on the day after the publication of the 'Fair Maid of Perth': the first romance of all that splendid file, to which he had put his name, or at least publicly acknowledged. He asked, what I was doing with my pen; I said, at present I am doing nothing but fighting and wooing with Harry Wynd. He gave me one of his peculiar glances, and said, "Ay! and how do ye like him?" I said I was struck with two things, which to me were new—the skill with which he had made a blacksmith into a hero—and a youth of a martial race, a coward, through his nurse. He smiled, and seemed pleased with my remark. We talked of romance-writing: "When you wish to write a story," he said, "I advise you to prepare a kind of outline—a skeleton of the subject; and when you have pleased yourself with it, proceed to endow it with flesh and blood." I remember (I said) that you gave me much the same sort of advice before. "And did you follow it?" he said, quickly. I tried (I answered), but I had not gone far on my way till some will-o'-wisp or another dazzled my sight; so I deviated from the path, and never got on it again. "'Tis the same way with myself," he said, smiling: "I form my plan, and then in executing it I deviate." Ay, ay! (I said) I understand; but you deviate into excellence, and I into absurdity.—I amused him with an account of how I felt when his kind notice of my drama appeared in the 'Fortunes of Nigel.' I said I was in the situation of that personage in Scripture, who unknown yesterday, heard the people cry to-day, "Behold the man whom the king delighteth to honour!" He said some kind things; and then I spoke of the public anxiety to see him. I told him, that when he passed through Oxford, a lady, at whose house he took breakfast, desirous of doing him all honour, borrowed a silver tray from her neighbour, who lent it at once, begging to be allowed to carry it to the table herself, that she might look upon the Author of Waverley. "The highest compliment," said Sir Walter, "I ever received, was paid me by a soldier of the Scots Greys: I strove to get down to Abingdon Street on the Coronation day, and applied for help to a sergeant who guarded the way: he shook his head, saying, 'Countryman, I can't help you.' I whispered my name—his face kindled up, and he said, 'Then, by G—d, Sir, you shall go down!' he instantly gave me an escort."

Among the latter works of Sir Walter, the one from which I have derived as much pleasure as any, is his 'Tales of a Grandfather,' where he has related all that is poetic or picturesque, or characteristic, in the History of Scotland. The second series particularly, comprehending the period between the accession of James to the throne of England, and the Union of the whole Island—is above all interesting. It contains all the episodical occurrences, which such a history as Hume's

was too stately to admit; and, indeed, no one will find elsewhere such a lively image of the domestic state of the country, or such an impartial and dramatic account of the jealousies, heart-burnings, and fatal rencounters that took place between two proud, high-spirited kingdoms, before they became, in every sense of the word, as one: I have no wish, however, to attempt a delineation—nor even to enumerate all the works which this eminent man poured upon the world, thick and fast, during his latter days. It may be sufficient to say, that in his hastiest effusions a spirit was visible, with which no living man could cope, and that, in the least popular, there were passages in abundance, equalling his earliest works, when he first began to give the world the advantage of his musings. We must consider, too, that he was now in his declining years, working both against time and fortune: that his whole heart was applied to the colossal task of retrieving himself, and satisfying his creditors, and that it was his duty to do the best he could to perform an engagement, which seemed to all but himself too great for his strength. On this, he feelingly touches in his last preface, written on his birthday, in 1831, and says, when he found himself involved in the sweeping catastrophe of 1826, he surrendered on the instant every shred of property which he had been accustomed to call his own. Among other works which occurred to his fancy, was that of a new edition of his Novels, illustrated with engravings—and, more valuable still, with notes, indicating the sources of story and of character; Cadell, of Edinburgh, an old and tried friend, became the publisher, and this beautiful edition is now to be seen on every table, and found in every land.

Sometime in the beginning of the year 1831, a sore illness came upon him: his astonishing efforts to satisfy his creditors, began to exhaust a mind apparently exhaustless; and the world heard with concern that a paralytic stroke had affected his speech and his right hand, so much as to render writing a matter of difficulty. One of his letters to me, of this period, is not written with his own hand; the signature is his, and looks cramped and weak. I visited him at Abbotsford, about the end of July 1831: he was a degree more feeble than I had ever seen him, and his voice seemed affected, not so his activity of fancy and surprising resources of conversation. He told anecdotes, and recited scraps of verse, old and new, always tending to illustrate something passing. He showed me his armory, in which he took visible pleasure; and was glad to hear me commend the design of his house, as well as the skill with which it was built. His heart seemed bound to the place: it is said, that he felt more pleasure in being thought the builder of Abbotsford, and the layer out of the grounds and plantations around it, which certainly seemed most tastefully done, than to be thought the author of the Waverley Novels. This I am unwilling to believe. Of Abbotsford, and its fine armory and library, he might well, indeed, be proud: they contained presents from the first men of the world, either for rank or talent: the collection of volumes relating to the history, poetry, and antiquities of Scotland, is extensive. In a small room, half library and half armory, he usually sat and wrote: here he had some remarkable weapons, curious pieces of old

Scottish furniture, such as chairs and cabinets, and an antique sort of table, on which lay his writing materials. A crooked headed staff of Abbotsford oak or hazel, usually lay beside him to support his steps as he went and came. Those who wish to have a distinct image of the illustrious poet, seated at his ease in this snuggerly, may look at Allan's portrait lately exhibited; or those who wish to see him when, touched with ill health, he felt the approach of death, will also, I hear, be satisfied: a painting is in progress from the same hand, showing Sir Walter, as he lately appeared—lying on a couch in his principal room: all the windows are closed save one, admitting a strong central light, and showing all that the room contains, in deep shadow, or in strong sunshine.

When it was known that Sir Walter's health declined, the deep solicitude of all ranks became manifest: strangers came from far lands to look on the house which contained the great genius of our times; inquirers flocked around, of humble and of high degree, and the amount of letters of inquiry or condolence was, I have heard, enormous. Amongst the visitors, not the least welcome was Wordsworth, the poet, who arrived when the air of the northern hills was growing too sharp for the enfeebled frame of Scott, and he had resolved to try if the fine air and climate of Italy would restore him to health and strength. The following fine sonnet was composed by the poet of Rydal, beneath the roof of his illustrious brother in song; the kindness of the editor of the 'Literary Souvenir' enables me to work it into my narrative.

A trouble, not of clouds, or weeping rain,  
Nor of the setting sun's pathetic light,  
Engendered, hangs o'er Eildon's triple height:  
Spirits of Power assembled there complain  
For kindred Power departing from their sight;  
While Tweed, best pleased in chanting a blithe strain,  
Saddens his voice, again, and yet again.  
Lift up your hearts, ye Mourners! for the might  
Of the whole world's good wishes with him goes;  
Blessings and prayers, in nobler retinue  
Than sceptred kings, or laurelled conqueror knows,  
Follow this wondrous Potentate. Be true,  
Ye winds of ocean and the midland sea,  
Wafting your charge to soft Parthenope!

When government heard of Sir Walter's wishes, they offered him a ship; he left Abbotsford, as many thought, for ever, and arrived in London, where he was welcomed as never mortal was welcomed before. He visited several friends, nor did he refuse to mingle in company, and, having written something almost approaching to a farewell to the world, which was published with 'Castle Dangerous,' the last of his works, he set sail for Italy, with the purpose of touching at Malta. He seemed revived, but it was only for awhile: he visited Naples, but could not enjoy the high honours paid to him: he visited Rome, and sighed, amid its splendid temples and glorious works of art, for gray Melrose and the pleasant banks of Tweed, and, passing out of Italy, proceeded homewards down the Rhine. Word came to London, that a dreadful attack of paralysis had nearly deprived him of life, and that but for the presence of mind of a faithful servant he must have perished. This alarming news was closely followed by his arrival in London: a strong desire of home had come upon him; he

travelled with fatal rapidity night and day, and was all but worn out, when carried into St. James's Hotel, Jermyn Street, by his servants. As soon as he had recovered a little, he ordered his journey to be resumed, and on Saturday, July 7th, 1832, departed by sea to Scotland, reached Abbotsford, and seemed revived. He recognized and spoke kindly to several friends; smiled when borne into his library; listened with patience amounting to pleasure, to the reading of passages from the poems of Crabbe and Wordsworth; and was always happiest when he had his children around him. When he was leaving London, the people, wherever he was recognized, took off their hats, saying, "God bless you, Sir Walter!" His arrival in Scotland was hailed with the same sympathetic greetings; and so much was his spirit cheered, that hopes were entertained of his recovery. But the cloud gradually descended upon him; he grew weaker and weaker—and, on the 21st of September, 1832, died amidst his family, without any appearance of pain. On his head being opened, part of the brain was found injured; several globules of a watery nature were pressing upon it. He was buried at Dryburgh, on Wednesday, September 25th: the hills were covered, and the villages filled with mourners: he was borne from the hearse by his own domestics, and laid in the grave by the hands of his children.

In person Sir Walter Scott was nearly six feet high, well formed, strongly knit and compactly built; his arms were long and sinewy; his looks stately and commanding, and his face as he related a heroic story flushed up as a crystal cup, when one fills it with wine. His eyes were deep seated under his somewhat shaggy brows; their colour was a bluish grey: they laughed more than his lips did at a humorous story: his tower-like head, and thin white hair, marked him out amongst a thousand, while any one might swear to his voice again who heard it once, for it had both a touch of the lisp and the burr, yet, as the minstrel said of Douglas, "it became him wonder well," and gave great softness to a sorrowful story; indeed, I imagined that he kept the burr part of the tone for matters of a facetious or humorous kind, and brought out the lisp part in those of tenderness or woe. When I add, that in a meeting of a hundred men, his hat was sure to be the least, and would fit no one's head but his own, I have said all that I have to say about his appearance. He delighted in manly exercises: in his youth, he was foremost in all sports and matters of harmless mischief: his health, as he wrote to Sir Andrew Halliday, continued excellent till the year 1820, when stitches in his sides and cramps in his stomach attacked him, and were mastered with difficulty. He loved to ride in a short coat, with wide trousers, on a little stout gallopway, and the steepest hill did not stop him, nor the deepest water daunt him; it was his pleasure moreover to walk out frequently among his plantations, with a small hatchet and hand-saw, with which he lopped off superfluous boughs, or removed an entire tree, when it was marring the growth of others.

He was widely and generally beloved—his great genius hardly equalled the kindness of his heart, and the generosity of his

nature. I do not mean that he stood foremost in all subscriptions which were likely to be advertised: I mean that he aided the humble and the deserving; he assumed no patronizing airs, and wished rather to be thought doing an act of kindness to himself, than obliging others. To his friendship I owe so much, that I know not the extent of what I owe: through him, two of my sons are Engineer officers in the East India Company's service; and he did this, because, said he, complimenting and obliging me in the same sentence, "One Scottish Makker (Poet) should aid another." I never heard him say an unkind word of any one: and if he said a sharp one, which on some occasions he did, he instantly softened the impression by relating some kindly trait. The sternest words I ever heard him utter were concerning a certain poet: "That man," he said, "has had much in his power, but he never befriended rising genius yet." I could not say anything to the contrary. He delighted in looking at old ruins, and he loved to converse with old people of any station, but particularly shepherds. He had a great respect for landmarks: he knew and could describe every battle field in Britain; he had visited the scenes of the best Scottish songs, and had drinking cups from the Bash aboon Traquair, the Broom of the Cowden-knowes, and Alloway's auld haunted kirk. He disliked to see a stone displaced on an old castle wall, or a field ploughed up which was famed in story; and I was told, he was never seen moved to anger, save once, and that was against a clergyman, who unthinkingly began to remove one of the large gray stones which mark the tragic event, recorded in that mournful ballad—'The Dowie Dens of Yarrow.'

Of his habits as an author, I know little, save what he happened to tell me, or what I casually gathered from men intimate with him. He told me that he was an early riser: I have since learned, that his usual hour of beginning to write was seven o'clock in the morning; that he continued it, saving the brief hour of breakfast, till one, and sometimes two o'clock; then shaved, dressed, and went to the hills with his favourite dogs—two tall rough strong hounds, fit to pull down a stag, and, after some hours' exercise, returned to see such friends as chance or invitation brought to his door. By this mode of economizing time, he marched fast on with a romance; as he was always inspired alike when in health, he had no occasion to wait for the descent of the muse, but dashed away at the rate of sixteen pages of print daily. He wrote freely and without premeditation; and his corrections were beyond all example few. When he wrote fastest he wrote best, because his heart was in trim. Though the most accomplished author of his day, yet he had none of the airs of authorship; and when he came forth from his study, he laid aside the poet's mantle and put on the dress of the country gentleman who knew the world, and loved to practise courtesy and indulge in hospitality. He was a proud man—not a proud poet, or historian, or novelist; he loved to be looked on as a gentleman of old family, who built Abbotsford, and laid out its gardens and planted its avenues, rather than a genius, whose works influenced mankind and diffused happiness among millions. It was not of the builder or the planter, that the people of Glasgow

thought, when they lowered their colours in the Clyde shipping half-mast high, the moment they heard of his death; but perhaps the truest compliment ever uttered, was by the west country weaver: "The only consolation which I have," said he, "in these times of depression, is in reading Walter Scott's novels."

The genius of Scott was almost universal; he has shown himself great in every way that literature has displayed itself in for these hundred years: Shakspeare, Milton, Burns, and Byron, have each, in their particular line, equalled or excelled him; but then he surpassed them all, save perhaps the first, in the combination of many and various excellencies. He was poet, historian, biographer, novelist and critic. As a poet, he may dispute in many things supremacy with the loftiest of his day; as a historian, he is only equalled by Southey; as a biographer, he had not the highest success, because he took up the characters of the changeable Dryden and shuffling Swift; as a critic, he ranks with the best; and as a novelist, he is not only unrivalled, but he stands on the scale of excellence above all preceding writers save Cervantes.

By his poetry he was first known to the world, though much of the prose of his 'Border Minstrelsy' shows the largeness and variety of his powers. The astonishing ease, vigour, and vehemence of his verse captivated all Europe. His poems are a succession of historical figures, which have all the fine proportion and well-defined forms of sculpture, with this difference—they move, and speak, and act, and are inspired with love or heroism, according to the will of the poet. I have made this allusion to a sister art, to show that I think the aid of science is necessary in the conception of the characters of Epic song, and that nature must be refined and elevated. Yet, though works of art, the heroes of Scott have less of the repose of sculpture about them, than any characters with which I am acquainted. No one, since the days of Homer, has with a burning and impetuous breath, sung of the muster, the march, the onset, and all the fiery vicissitudes of battle. He remembers the precept of Punch, and keeps moving; his soldiers are not like those of the gifted Gilfillan, who were anhungered by the way, and tarried for a word of refreshment in season; and the poet is not the

Retired Leisure,  
Who in trim gardens takes his pleasure.

of Milton, but a leader blessed with a ready promptitude of soul, who eyes his enemy, marks a vulnerable part, and rushes to the fray at once. I know nothing, in verse, to compare with many of the passages of his historical poems;—the 'Night march of Deloraine,' and his winning the magic book, in the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel': the battle scene, and the quarrel with the Earl of Angus, in 'Marmion': the ambush of Roderick Dhu, and his single combat with Fitz James, in the 'Lady of the Lake': the deeds of Bertram Risinghame, in 'Rokeby,' and the characters and different bearings of Robert and Edward Bruce, with the ambush which surprised the Castle of Kildrummy, in the 'Lord of the Isles,' are alike unequalled and wonderful. Action—action—action is the fault as well as the excellence of Scott: Tasso and Spenser have indulged their heroes with pastoral retirements and bowers of bliss; and



Milton himself soothes even his devils with a sort of uneasy repose;—but Scott seldom deviates from the highway which leads to the catastrophe; his soldiers pluck no flowers by the road to decorate their arms: and save in the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' the poet never allows his characters to pause and contemplate. In this, he resembles Byron, and differs from all other poets. His verse is easy, flowing, and various, and, though resembling in many points that of the old romances, is decidedly original in all that is important.

Of his powers as a historian, I have already spoken. He took Froissart more for his model than he did Hume; though he speaks both to eye and mind, he chiefly consults the former. His battle scenes in his 'Napoleon,' are in 'a different style from those in his poems, because personal valour ruled in the elder days of war, as much as mind rules now. The Battle of the Pyramids is a moving and animated scene: the mastermind of Napoleon triumphed, without much exertion, over the most magnificent body of cavalry the world perhaps ever saw: we are made to see, that individual valour is nought against the military mathematics of the new school of conquest. The same may be said of the European battles, while to the scientific beauty of the Emperor's combinations, he adds the heady whirlwind charges of Murat of the Snowy Plume; the impetuosity of the intrepid Ney; the readiness of the spoiled child of victory, Massena; the sagacity and skill of Soult, and the heavy bravery of Vandamme. Nor is he less happy in his domestic pictures, though he loves most the camp and the battle—the siege and the storm. His style is too familiar now and then, and he sometimes wants brevity; he is, however, honest and fair in his estimates of public and private character; and one may answer many of his sternest critics, by asking them, could he, with any consistency, love alike the Napoleon of the year 1796, and the Napoleon of the year 1806?

His biographies, in which I include the characters of the novelists, as well as the lives of Dryden and Swift, have many sagacious and impressive passages, and are neither deficient in critical skill, nor in the perception and delineation of character. But they are too diffused, disconnected, and rambling. His comparison of Fielding and Smollett, is as just as it is beautiful; but his mind was too exursive to be limited long to the contemplation of one point: he failed here in comparison with his other works, from exuberance of fancy and over-abundance of knowledge. In criticism, he was airy and graceful, sagacious and profound, as the subject required; his estimate of Byron is nearer the truth than his estimate of Burns; the station of the former gilds his follies, and makes his wildest and most licentious sallies pass for the brave things of a nobleman; while the rash sayings and reckless wit of the latter, are set down to the nature of the man, and imputed to a sort of studied contempt for the forms of society and gentle civilities of social life. I know not that he is so profound a critic as he is a pleasant and instructive one: he leads us towards his subject through beds of lilies, and along haunted brooks; and we grow so charmed with our guide, that we nearly forget the object of our journey.

All the qualities which enchained us in his poetry and history, are united in his ro-

mances: his historical epics were addressed more exclusively to minds polished by study, and to all who had any pretence to imagination: he appeals to the same feelings in his prose romances, but adds, what the other could not from its nature admit, the dramatic drolleries and humbler humanities of rustic life. He has thus seized on the hearts of all ranks: the loftiest imagination will be pleased with his flights—which often approach the clouds, but never enter them; and the humblest intellect in the scale of Spurzheim cannot resist being moved with his familiar delineations—which often touch the debatable land of propriety, but never pass the border. It is this singular union of the higher and lower qualities, which raises him in my opinion—I speak from the pleasure a work affords me, and not by any rule—above all novelists who ever wrote, with the exception of Cervantes: he lives more in the upper, and as much in the lower air as Fielding; he has all the fertility of Smollett, but never caricatures; he has all the poetic fancy and tenderness of Wilson, brightened with sallies of wit, and the quaint, blunt humour of the clouted shoe; and he has a command over human character far more extensive than all other novelists put together. The rapid vehemence of his narrative, which, like the morning sun, glances on the loftiest and most striking points of the landscape, is nothing compared with his portraits of individual character: here he is as inexhaustible as nature: they all belong also to the places where he puts them, as naturally as an acorn belongs to its cup: he gives us their likeness in a few happy touches, and then proceeds to endow them with sentiments, and lead them into action. Some authors are happy in having imagined one successful character: Scott has raised them in battalions; all vigorous in body and soul; their speech coloured somewhat by their condition and means of knowledge; and all as different as a sensitive plant is from a Scotch thistle. In this, no one is worthy of being named with him, save Shakespeare; but Scott's sympathy with human nature is more generous and wide-reaching than that of the great dramatist, who has no Dinmonts, Headriggs, Ochiltrees, or Moniplies—his peasants are pye-coated fools; his citizens dolts or heroes of East Cheap. All with Scott is easy: he never labours; he never seems to say the half of what he could say on any subject, while most other authors write till the theme is exhausted. No other genius ever exercised over the world so wide a rule: no one, perhaps, ever united so many great—almost god-like qualities, and employed them so generously for the benefit of the living. It is not to us alone that he has spoken: his voice will delight thousands of generations unborn, and charm his country while wood grows and water runs.

[Note.—We stated in our last that the debts of Sir Walter amounted to 60,000*l.*: a correspondent informs us that the amount is now reduced to 53,000*l.*; and, as a set-off against this sum, the trustees have between 9 and 10,000*l.* in hand, and his life insurance for 22,000*l.*, leaving a balance of about 21,000*l.*; which, we have no doubt, will be raised in the course of a week, the creditors settled with, and Abbotsford preserved for his family.]

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

| Days of W. & Mon. | Thermom. Max. Min. | Baromet. Noon. | Winds.     | Weather. |
|-------------------|--------------------|----------------|------------|----------|
| Th. 27            | 62 45              | 30.34          | S.         | Clear.   |
| Fr. 28            | 80 45              | 30.00          | W.         | Ditto.   |
| Sat. 29           | 76 49              | 29.85          | Var.       | Ditto.   |
| Sun. 30           | 68 52              | 29.83          | S.         | Showers. |
| Mon. 1            | 72 54              | Stat.          | S.         | Cloudy.  |
| Tues. 2           | 73 49              | Stat.          | E. to S.W. | Ditto.   |
| Wed. 3            | 69 57              | 29.75          | S.W.       | Ditto.   |

Prevailing Clouds.—Cirrostratus, Cumulostratus, Nimbus.

Nights and Mornings for the greater part fair.

Mean temperature of the week, 63.5°

Day decreased on Wednesday, 5*h.* 5*m.*

## NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

Craven Derby; or, the Lordship by Tenure, including the Ladye of the Rose, by the Author of 'Crockerford's; or, Life in the West.'

Paris; or, the Book of the Hundred and One, being Translations from the Celebrated French Work, 'Le Livre des Cent-et-Un.'

A Manual upon the Baronetage of the Empire.

A Series of Anatomical Studies and Fac-Similes of Original Drawings, by the late John Flaxman, Esq. M.A., engraved by H. Landseer.

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## TO CORRESPONDENTS

It will be admitted, we believe, by all who cast a retrospective glance over the pages of the volume now drawing to a close, that if the *Athenæum* has received extraordinary patronage, the fruits of it have not been gathered in a mean and mercenary spirit, but spread abroad like seed-corn for the equal benefit of the Paper and its readers. Among the names of those who have contributed to its pages, will be found many who hold no humble rank in the literature of the country, and the anonymous articles, we know to have been written by others of at least equal fame:—we would, too, willingly persuade ourselves, that zeal, and diligence, and an anxious regard for the true interests of literature may be discovered throughout, and that, on the whole, we may rest quiet, in the hope that performance has not fallen very short of early promise;—but if there be any one Number of which we are proud, it is this, to which we have not personally contributed, and which contains what no reasonable disbursement of the resources of the Proprietors could command. It would not be coming in us, to say anything of the *Memoir* with which we this day present our readers, but it may be allowed to us, in the full feeling of obligation, to acknowledge, that we are indebted for it to the personal friendship of the writer, and his good-will towards the Paper. A copious biographical and critical *Memoir* of the greatest genius of our age and country, was required from us, and knowing no one so competent to write it, from his personal acquaintance with and admiration of the illustrious deceased, we solicited it at the hands of Mr. Cunningham, and he most readily complied with our request. Hearing, however, and immediately after, of the liberal offers made to him by others, and conscious that the *Memoir* promised, and now given, would, with becoming margin and typographical display, answer the purposes of the applicants, and make a respectable volume, we felt bound to release him from his hasty promise. He, however, chose to hold tight by the empty hand of friendship, and we have as much pleasure in recording the circumstance, as he could have had in paying this tribute of respect to the memory of his beloved countryman, or our readers can have in the perusal of the *Memoir* itself.—All less important things have given place to it, but next week we shall have little difficulty in recording the publishing dulness of a fortnight, at this dull season.

\* Articles appearing in this paper, have been so often surreptitiously reprinted in certain piratical publications, that it is thought necessary to state, that any such infringement on the law of copyright with the present *Memoir*, will be immediately proceeded against.

A large additional impression of this Number will be struck off, and the copies will be kept on sale.—In consequence of having been enabled to perfect six sets for last year, complete sets from the commencement of 1830 to the present period, may now be had.

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# THE ATHENÆUM

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No. 259.

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This Journal is published every Saturday Morning, and is despatched by the early Coaches to Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Dublin, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and other large Towns; it is received in Liverpool for distribution on Sunday Morning, twelve hours before papers sent by the post. For the convenience of persons residing in remote places, the weekly numbers are issued in Monthly Parts, stitched in a wrapper, and forwarded with the Magazines to all parts of the World.

## REVIEWS

*The Doctrine of the Church of Geneva: Second Series.* Edited by the Rev. J. S. Pons and the Rev. R. Cattermole, B.D. London: Treuttel & Co.

We see much good in the occasional introduction of well-selected specimens of foreign theology. "The communion of the saints" is a noble article of the Christian creed. It is founded in the deepest laid principles of human nature, and rises and branches out into a variety of consequences, which become both arteries and ligatures to the universal church. Circumstanced as the Christian world now is, a communication of sentiment and opinion is especially required. The spirit of inquiry and independence, which separates the family into its branches, is not to be mistaken for the stern, cold, and inharmonious spirit of schism. But when the channels of intercourse are few, or are stopped up, both are regarded with the same eye, and made amenable to the same judgment. A sense of unjust treatment is thus inspired into almost every distinct church or sect: intolerance, the cruel and insane vice of the powerful, becomes that of the weak as well as the strong; and the difference of opinion, which, to a certain extent, follows perhaps as a necessary consequence of the free operation of thought, is made the nurse of the most unnatural of enmities.

The Church of Geneva is venerable from ancient associations, and interesting from a vast variety of later circumstances. It was long the hospitable refuge of the most learned and conscientious of English scholars and reformers: it manifested the first effects of Scriptural teaching, as opposed to that carried on by emblems and traditions. Its annals form an epitome of ecclesiastical history; and a lesson may be learned from them of the utmost importance to every reformed church in Christendom.

But a vast change, we fear, has taken place in Protestant Geneva, since it was the cradle of evangelical doctrine,—the causes and gradual progress of which would form a subject worthy of minute attention; and lay open, if properly handled, a series of the most striking views. Not a city in the world could at one time boast such a concentration of worth and talent within its walls as did Geneva. Calvin, Knox, Martyr, Bullinger, and a score of others, each of whom was sufficient to fill a community with knowledge and energy, lived there in brotherhood. The academy they established was justly regarded by the reformers, in every part of Europe, as the strongest bulwark of their opinions; and discipline, rejecting almost all outward form and ceremony, became there, for the first time in the world, a thing of pure mind and principle. The first circumstance which

led to the decline of learning at Geneva, was the rise of universities in neighbouring states, as at Leyden, Utrecht, &c. In severe observance of the doctrines established by the fathers of its church, it long remained faithful and zealous. The controversy which it held with Arminius strengthened its fundamental principles; and its triumph in the celebrated Synod of Dort appeared to establish it permanently as the very centre of orthodoxy. But it gradually lost the strength which it possessed in early times; and there were no outward sources from which to recruit it. Foreign churches began to enjoy repose, and required all the learning and piety they could nurse into existence to keep them standing. The fervent, thoughtful zeal which had made men strong as gladiators in controversy, gave way to a soft affectation of refinement. Theologians, properly so called, no longer existed. The vast learning which the reformers found it useful to acquire, and which they walked as easily under as a knight of old under the armour that no one now could support, was sacrificed to a worldly spirit, which can never consort with profound erudition. In spite of experience—of positive, indisputable example—it began to be supposed that a man, full of high and far-sought knowledge, could not be so good a teacher of religion to the humble as one with scarcely any. The clergy easily took the suggestion from one end of Europe to the other, and, practising a rare species of self-denial, ceased to enjoy themselves in the wide fields of inquiry. Those of Geneva, of England, and every other church, have felt the consequence of this, and must still feel it, till the mighty throes of the community, undergoing a new birth, warn the priesthood of its danger. We know enough of the present system of educating the clergy in this country, to explain much of what to many is a mystery; and in whatever provinces reform is necessary, in nothing is it more necessary than in the examinations for orders. There is no fear but that the English church may always be supplied with preachers, and the passage to its sanctuary may, therefore, be now very safely straitened. Let a degree of learning then be required of candidates for orders, which will frighten all but clear-headed and truth-loving scholars from its portals, and there will be both safety and respectability. Geneva has been differently circumstanced from England; but it has, like her, lost that consciousness of standing pre-eminent among the churches which was fostered by the piety and erudition of her chiefs. Of this truth, the volume before us affords a strong indication; and though we are glad that it has appeared, we confess we rise from its perusal with the regretful feeling that the present divines, as well as those of England, have lost the spirit which gave force and unction to the language of divinity. We shall select, how-

ever, a passage or two from what appears to us one of the best discourses in the selection, and as approaching nearest to the line of thought which it becomes a teacher of Christianity to cultivate. The sermon is one of Cellérier's, and on the study of Scripture by students of theology. He thus speaks of its effects on the mind:—

"If you feel the force of the principle which I have been unfolding, you cannot but observe that there results from it a further urgent motive to the habitual study of Scripture. What other secret, indeed, could you discover, to familiarize yourselves with the truths and with the language of the Bible? You know the influence of habit upon the mind; you are aware to what an extent a particular study, pursued constantly and by choice, is capable of modifying the intellectual being, till at length it becomes the mould in which the whole intellect is fashioned; you may conceive, therefore, what effects the important study now recommended ought to produce in you, when it is followed up as a cherished occupation, and a relief from every other. It will store your memory with simple and forcible maxims, with touching arguments, with instructive facts, with sublime expressions, which in a short time will seem the natural language of your lips. It will enrich your imagination with an immense treasure of lively figures, noble or graceful images, and energetic forms. It will present you with an abundance of models of grave and popular eloquence—such eloquence as you must make your own, if you would subdue men's wills, by exalting their thoughts and aims, without touching the dangerous springs of passion, which your office does not permit you to approach. It will make familiarly your own that multitude of thoughts and feelings profusely scattered through the sacred writings, which for so many ages have imparted consolation and vigour to those who read them. The Bible, more than any other book, will acquire and maintain an influence over your character; because, more than any other book, it finds its way to the inmost self, and awakens every latent feeling and energy. Where is the reflective reader, who, when occupied in its perusal, never stopped short on meeting with some striking passage, pregnant with deep meaning, the whole extent of which his eager mind strove in vain to embrace? Previously, perhaps, he saw nothing in the book but the plain discourses of plain men, couched in rude and artless language; now, however, like the husbandman, whose ploughshare, while piercing the soil, has struck against a treasure, he has lighted upon some majestic idea that arrests and amazes him—a single word, it may be, which at once opens to him the fathomless depths of the human heart, or a statement which lays bare to his view the most awful counsels of God,—or the cry of a soul whom faith has transported to heaven,—one, in a word, of those sublime truths, which we search for laboriously and often vainly in the writings of sages, but which are everywhere to be found without searching, in those of the Galilean fishermen."

The following contains a forcible warning against some prevailing errors, and affords a



good example of the earnest style of the preacher:—

"My Brethren—why should I hesitate to say it? when we reflect upon the career on which you are now entering, and on what you will there meet with, it is impossible but that, having the care of directing your first steps, we must often be uneasy respecting your future course. We know what dangers threaten you,—what seductions, what errors, what snares, may impede or destroy you. May not presumption overtake you—that bane of men of ability, to which the preacher is but too liable? or cold indifference, which too often comes with business, habit, and years? Will you stand firm against Rationalism, which, disguised under a specious show of free inquiry, withers both faith and feeling, and defeats the work of Christ? against fanaticism, which, full of furious zeal, and setting up an exclusive claim to the Gospel, at the same time mistakes its true spirit and maxims, and blackens its Divine features? Some of you, perhaps, in passing from under our care, will be occupied with burdensome affairs, foreign to their vocation—will they be able still to remain faithful to their Master, and not to neglect his work? Others will be exposed to the want of aids and instruction necessary for their labours; and what will be the consequence, should unlooked-for circumstances require them to display their attainments, and contend for their faith? Many will be called to officiate in venerable churches, where they will find admirable examples and hallowed remembrances. They will meet also with communities rising into life, as in the times of the Apostles—with a spirit to re-animate faith and rouse the lethargic—with congregations hungering and thirsting for the word. They will encounter there many toils and many dangers, a wide field, and an abundant harvest to get in. Will they be prepared for circumstances so serious and duties so important—furnished with all the zeal, the self-denial, the charity and prudence, which are requisite in the Apostles of our time? Alas! 'who is sufficient for these things?' Deeply interested as we are in the Church's welfare, and in yours, how is it possible that our bosoms should be altogether free from inquietude, when we look forward over the arena into which our children in Christ Jesus are descending?"

"And yet, Brethren, I can truly declare, that, were we sure you would study the Holy Scriptures—study them assiduously, thoroughly, from choice—we should feel but little anxiety as to what might befall you. We could, at least, reckon upon your zeal and your faith! You might, indeed, notwithstanding, occasionally slacken in your exertions; but a heavenly guide would be at hand to raise and sustain you. You might be thrown into difficulty by unexpected circumstances; but you would have ready the needful supply of strength and light. You would still, no doubt, be exposed to errors and extremes; but with the conscientious and sincere study of the Bible, your mistakes would be less injurious: their source would determine their limits; and, instead of being expressed in the language of contempt, and backed by anathemas, they would, in all probability, be overruled and 'covered' by charity."

We conclude with the following interesting anecdote of Le Clerc:—

"The following simple and touching expressions will furnish you with a proof, from experience, of the exalted pleasure which the theologian may derive from his labours; although the great Leclerc, whose sentiments they record, is much less known for his sensibility than his learning. He often seems, in his commentaries, to be deficient in those qualities of mind which are necessary to admire and feel the sacred writings; nevertheless, when an old man, at the end of a life abounding in troubles, full of erudi-

tion, but weary of disputes, he thus commenced the preface to his New Testament:—

"In composing this translation, . . . ' he says, 'as I meditated with more attention than ever the Divine original, . . . I felt myself filled with admiration and comfort; and those feelings which occupied me diffused so much satisfaction over my mind, that I was well requited for all my labours. At every page I thanked the Divine goodness, which, without waiting for the great day of recompense, rewarded me even now. . . . This occupation, while it has diverted my mind from subjects which ordinarily inflame the passions, . . . has occasioned me to pass so many agreeable hours, that I could have wished, when it was near coming to an end, that it would recommence, and never cease until it shall please the First Author of this book to call me to witness the full accomplishment of the promises which he has given us in it. To confess the truth, I am so weary of all those other labours, to which the condition of human things often calls literary men in spite of themselves, that the pen has a thousand times dropped from my hand while employed upon them, and I have inwardly said: When will that happy day arrive, when we shall no more be occupied in any pursuit unworthy either of the excellence of that nature which we have received from God, or of those Divine promises which he has made to us in his Gospel? When shall we cease to study the opinions and the language of men, and to read the chimerical notions which they have left, or the scandalous history of their disorders and their crimes? How long shall we see the sun rise and set upon labours of which we shall be ashamed, when that light arises that will never set?"

This volume may be read with satisfaction and profit; but it unfortunately too nearly resembles, both in style and matter, the productions of the lower school of English theology, to raise our opinion of the present Geneva divines.

*Our Island: comprising Forgery, a Tale; and The Lunatic, a Tale.* 3 vols. London: Bull.

THE author's object, "in presenting these tales to the public, has been," in his own words, "to illustrate some striking defects of our jurisprudence;" and accordingly he proceeds to the exposure of some of those anomalies which have so long disgraced the administration of our laws relating to forgeries and lunatics. In his prosecution of this purpose, we cannot award him a much higher praise than that of a certain cleverness, a good deal of shrewd observation, and a degree of technical information, which, though, after all, of a very ordinary kind, raises a sort of impression that he is one of the "learned in the law." There is, however, a looseness in his style, an absence of tact in the arrangement of his incidents (themselves of the most inartificial, not to say bungling, character), and, altogether, a want of closeness and plausibility in the narrative, which (not to mention that there are parts of his legal machinery in which he is either blundering, or fails to explain himself clearly), strip him, before the conclusion, of the benefit of his gown, or take from him the advantage of his certificate. The professional knowledge employed in these tales is, in fact, such as a person of ordinary observation and cleverness would pick up from an attendance upon our courts of law, a diligent perusal of our newspapers, or the run of an attorney's office. Notwithstanding all this, they contain a good

deal that is entertaining, and, occasionally, very interesting, and impress us with the conviction that the author has in him many of the qualities, and much of the material, for producing something a great deal better. There is an occasional feeling that the exceeding looseness and inartificiality of his facts are owing to carelessness rather than want of skill; and, more than once, an attempt at analysis of character, poorly managed, and afterwards applied to no good or consistent purpose, which, nevertheless, leaves a kind of belief that the writer has more power than he has thought it worth his while to throw away upon us.

The first story, entitled 'Forgery,' is that of a young man of wealth and family, who is seduced into its commission by circumstances the most improbable; and these circumstances are created for him by the persevering hatred of an apostate puritan, from motives the most inadequate, and by means the most absurd. Nothing can be more bungling than the whole contrivance of the uncanceled mortgage: and the explanation of the persecuting puritan, (from which it by no means appears clear whether he considered the equity of redemption to reside in his enemy or in the mortgagee,) is one of those inaccuracies, either of carelessness or error, to which we have alluded. The other tale ('The Lunatic,') is that of an ardent young man, strongly excited by the liberal politics of the nineteenth century; and, in consequence, (and for no other reason,) pursued as a lunatic by a Tory father, of the kindest disposition, but whose conduct on this occasion would, assuredly, had it been made the subject of a legal inquiry as affecting his mental condition, have disabled any jury in the world from pronouncing that verdict of acquittal which they gave in favour of his son.

There are scenes in the work of considerable power, and, had we not been a trifle in arrear, we might have given an illustrative extract.

THE CABINET CYCLOPEDIA.—XXXV.  
*History of Spain and Portugal.* Vol. IV.  
London: Longman.

THIS is no ordinary work—and we have spoken of the former volumes with that warm commendation which they so well deserved. The one fault was the insufficient information to be collected from them, relating to the government, the laws, religion, and the customs of the country,—that which forms what may be properly called the philosophy of history. At that time, we were not aware that the author intended to include all relating to those important subjects in this fourth volume, which is now before us, and wherein the state of the civil, religious, and literary institutions of Spain, up to the sixteenth century, is considered in a lucid and interesting manner, though with grievous prejudice. However, we may still say, that if the majority of English writers had but shown a tithe of the knowledge exhibited in this work, the Spaniards would have had less reason to complain of their absurd blunders, when speaking of the institutions, customs, and history of their country.

The importance of the present work, and particularly of this volume, is such, in our opinion, as to require from us a summary of

its contents, with such brief general observations, as may serve to convey an opinion of the manner in which the author has treated the subject.

It opens with an account of the state of Mohammedan Spain, in which, in our opinion, too much is said of the Mohammedan religion, and too little of a most important subject, the causes which contributed to the fall of the Mohammedan power in the Peninsula. The author ought in this chapter to have considered and explained how and why it was, that the Christians, less civilized, much weaker, and not less divided than their enemies, could always preserve their conquests, and at last extend their dominions from sea to sea, while the Mohammedans, after the ninth century, could never maintain themselves for any length of time in those places, which their valour and the fortune of war won a second time from the Christians. Even the splendid victories of Almanzor gave to the Mohammedans but a short possession of the reconquered territories, which Ferdinand the First not only recovered, but paved the way for his son, who entered Toledo itself as victor, and established the christian power from the Cantabric sea to the Guadiana. It would have been as interesting in a philosophical as in an historical point of view, to have discussed the causes which contributed to the triumph of the cross over a power which had at its command, not only the resources of so much of the Peninsula as it ruled over, but was backed by those of Asia and Africa.

What follows in this chapter, relating to the state of literature, science, and art, amongst the Spanish Arabs, is extremely interesting. The writer has wisely availed himself of the Bibliotheca of Casiri, a very useful work, which first made known to the world some of the literary treasures of the library of the Escorial—a work, the publication of which, in conjunction with Conde's History, ought to have proved to him and others, the injustice of upbraiding the Spanish government with indifference towards and neglect of those manuscripts. The truth is, that Casiri and Conde, as well as Father La Torre, Bacas Merino, Scidiac, Lozano, and others, were for many years employed by that government, to hunt out and publish such papers as could be found in the Library of the Escorial, relating to the Arabs. We may on some future occasion speak further upon this subject.

The second part of this volume contains the state of Christian Spain, up to the fifteenth century. After a general description of the geographical limits of the different Christian states, the writer begins with the following startling assertion, (p. 47.) "*The Government of all the Christian states was absolute; but in two it was originally elective, in the rest always hereditary.*" Now, we must observe, that the first part of this statement has no necessary connexion with the second, because absolute governments may be elective as well as hereditary; but the assertion itself, that all the Christian states of Spain were *absolute*, will startle even the Apostolicals, who have never yet ventured to commit themselves so boldly and uncompromisingly. The only apology for, and explanation of this extraordinary passage, is what the writer states, (p. 3.) that the "governments were absolute and not despotic." This distinction we do not understand—on referring to John-

son, we find that *absolute power* is "not limited power," and that *despotic* is "*absolute in power.*" Webster also says, that an absolute government is that which is "unlimited by extraneous power or control." Does the author of the History of Spain then mean to assert, that the government of the Christian states of Spain was at that time "unlimited by extraneous power or control"? In spite of the evident bias which he has shown throughout, to underrate the degree of liberty enjoyed by the Spaniards, up to the sixteenth century, his own work contains the most striking facts, in contradiction of such an opinion. The writer, indeed, with no little inconsistency, says afterwards, that the Arragonese possessed *greater liberty* than any other people in the Peninsula—why, if all the governments were absolute, how could they enjoy any liberty at all? When we observe the blind bigotry with which so learned and sensible a man contrives to overlook the consequences which must naturally be deduced from the facts stated in his own work, we cannot but repeat what he says, with glaring injustice, when speaking of Marina, "*the power of prejudice is inconceivable.*"

Returning now to the question, whether the governments of Spain were hereditary or not, we are somewhat surprised at the writer's dogmatical assertion on the subject—he does not even refer to those facts which have been adduced to prove, that at least in some kingdoms the government could not be considered as hereditary before the twelfth century. A writer of history ought, indeed, to have said something about the causes which even subsequently contributed to change the order of succession in more than one kingdom. In Castile, for instance, Sancho the Fourth, son of Alphonso the wise, was declared king by the Cortes, though two sons of his elder brother Don Fernando de la Cerda were living: so, in 1366, the Cortes gave the crown to the illegitimate Henry the Second, and he was eventually king, though the daughters of his elder brother were living: we see also, in 1406, the Cortes offering the crown to the Infante Don Fernando, whose brother the late king left a son, which son reigned only because his uncle refused to accept the crown;—and lastly, Isabel la Catolica was Queen of Castile, though Henry the Fourth, her brother, had left a daughter. These may be considered as exceptions to a rule, or those kings considered as usurpers—and in fact the author calls them so; but they are of too much importance to be altogether overlooked, when speaking of the right of inheritance in Castile.

We must, too, correct the writer on another point connected with this same subject. At p. 156, when speaking of Sancho, son of Alphonso the Tenth, (called, by a typographical error in the following page, Sancho the First, instead of the Fourth), he says, that after the death of his father, the throne was his by inheritance. Could the writer have forgotten, that the two sons of his elder brother were living, and that the throne was theirs by inheritance, in the strict meaning of the word?

We have, next, a very interesting account of the civil and military dignities and offices of the Spanish governments; and here the writer copies several passages from an article in the *Edinburgh Review*, upon the same subject, and impugns the opinion of the re-

viewer, who thought that Adalid was a commander of soldiers, and not a simple guide. The authors says, (p. 60,) "merely their guide he was, and no more, notwithstanding the dogmatic tone of the assertion." Now, notwithstanding the "dogmatic tone" of the "no more" of our author, we believe he is in error. Floranes, a man intimately conversant with Spanish history, wrote a dissertation on this subject, in which he proved by numerous quotations, that up to the close of the fourteenth century, the Adalides were commanders of troops, corresponding to modern captains, and from that time to the sixteenth, they were chiefs or captains of the levies raised in these territories, where the war was carried on, to act as scouts. The Royal Academy have adopted this opinion, and in their dictionary, Adalid is defined to be *Caudillo de gente de guerra*, so that the *Edinburgh* reviewer is right after all. It is, indeed, we believe, beyond question, that the Adalid Mayor was, what is now called quarter-master-general; and the author's opinion, that the Adalides were selected from the inferior ranks of the army, is assuredly an error, it having been proved by Floranes, that even military knights of Santiago were provisionally appointed to the office.

After this, the writer speaks of the administration of the law; but here, besides applying to Spain some forms of administration, which we suspect were never heard of on the other side of the Pyrenees, he has omitted altogether to take into account the judicial power exercised by the magistrates elected by the towns, and so well described in the *Discurso histórico-crítico sobre la antigua legislación de Castilla*, n. 164 and 165. Our limits will not permit us to enter into a lengthened discussion on this important subject, but we must oppose to the broad assertion of the writer, that justice was always administered by judges nominated by the crown, the fact, that in the thirteenth century the Cortes complained of judges being sent to administer justice in the name of the king, as contrary to their privileges, and that Sancho the Fourth was obliged to promise in the Cortes of Palencia, 1286, that he would recall them, and leave the administration in the hands of the municipal magistrates, as it had been before.

The writer subsequently gives some valuable extracts from the celebrated Visigothic code, of which, however, he speaks more harshly than he ought, because he examines it by the light of the nineteenth century, and not according to the state of knowledge at the time it was promulgated. We agree with Gibbon, who, after condemning the severity with which Montesquien had spoken of it, adds, "I dislike the style; I detest the superstition; but I shall presume to think, that the civil jurisprudence displays a more civilized and enlightened state of society, than that of the Burgundians, or even of the Lombards."

The writer next proceeds to speak of the origin of the poblaciones and the provincial charters—of the municipal corporations and their Fueros—of the forms of compurgation, &c.—and thus descends to the time of the formation of the code of the Partidas. This part of his work is very valuable, and the analysis given of that celebrated code is excellent. We regret, however, that he has not explained more fully the causes of those

difficulties which prevented Fernando from establishing, as he desired, his new and improved laws, and the ill success of Alphonso, who, after having formed the *Sieta Partidas*, had not power sufficient to cause it to be generally observed—the facts would have shown, that the Kings of Castile were far from being absolute, when such powerful monarchs could neither prevail upon, nor compel, the people to receive and obey new laws.

The history of the Cortes follows—and, after reading the chapter, we should never have believed that the writer had seen *Marina's Teoria de las Cortes*, if he had not mentioned the work: assuredly, he ought to have given some reason for disbelieving the facts adduced by an author, whose accuracy, talents, and integrity, are admitted even by his apostolical impugnors, however willing they may be to dispute the conclusions he has deduced from them. If, indeed, the writer has read the original work, and not some bad French translation, which is the case with those of Conde and Ferreras, he has done so with strange prejudice, for he is not aware that no doubt now exists, that the deputies of towns were called to the Cortes before 1188; it is, indeed, proved by the acts of that of 1169, called by Alphonso the Eighth.

We almost regret that our limits forbid us entering into a discussion with the writer, on the view he has taken of the popular representation of Castile and Arragon—either he is not sufficiently well informed on this subject, or, which we suspect, he began his inquiry resolved to disbelieve all that was contrary to his theory. Having made up his mind that the governments of Spain were absolute, it is not very extraordinary that he should say little about that power which long controlled kings, and more than once deposed them. It is possible, that we may return to this subject on the publication of the fifth volume; but in the meantime, we must warn our readers not to trust, without examination, anything that is said relating to the early constitutions of Spain.

The chapter on the state of literature, science, and arts, before the sixteenth century, is extremely well written—we could, indeed, have forgiven the writer, had he confined himself more strictly to his subject, even though we should have lost his account of miracles and other erudite and entertaining matters: but, assuredly, he ought to have consulted the excellent notes to the Spanish translation of Bouterwek, which, besides furnishing much valuable matter towards perfecting this chapter, would have saved him from the error he has committed, by following Masden, when speaking of the *Cid*. That celebrated writer opposed himself to Father Risco, because he could not find the manuscript Latin chronicle, written in the twelfth century, which Risco professed to have seen at Leon. Now, in the notes of the Spanish translation of Bouterwek, there are not only official documents, to prove that the chronicle exists at Leon at the present moment, but a fac-simile of the beginning of it is there given.

The last chapter, on "the Church," is the best in the volume. There is, however, one error which we cannot pass over; the writer gives, as he states, for the information of those "not versed in monastic history," an account of the origin of the "God-like" Order of Mercy for the redemption of Chris-

tian captives, which is copied from that magazine of nonsense, the *Roman Breviary*. Now we do not profess to be well "versed in monastic history," yet we can inform the writer, that he has here fallen into a most extraordinary error: he does not appear to have been aware that there were two orders established for the redemption of captives, with very different statutes—the one, that of Mercy, a Spanish order founded by Saint Peter Nolasco; and the other, a French one in its origin, called the Order of the Trinity, and founded by Saint Felix de Valois, and Saint John de Mata, not Julian. The account he has given is of the order of the Trinity, and not of that of Mercy.

There are other errors in this volume, such as assuming that the University of Palencia existed under Alphonso the Tenth, and that it was a different one from that of Salamanca; whereas, the University of Palencia was removed to Salamanca under Alphonso the Ninth, because he thought the situation better suited for the purpose, and consequently did not exist at Palencia under Alphonso the Tenth. We have observed also, an omission in the article on the Spanish Theologians, where the greatest of all, Tostado, is altogether forgotten. One other observation, and we have done—not only in this but the former volumes, there are some geographical blunders, of which we will now point out two which occur within three pages: thus, (p. 44,) we are informed that Alphonso the Third extended his dominions to the Duero, in Estremadura. Now the Duero is not in Estremadura: the province of Salamanca, and the greater part of that of Zamora, are between them. Again, (p. 46,) it is said, that Portugal in its original limits, as governed by Henry of Besanzon, the first count, extended only from the Minho to the Duero, and the court was held at Coimbra. But this city being several miles to the south of the Duero, we must believe either that the limits of Portugal extended farther to the southward than the writer states, or that the court was established several miles out of the limits of the territory, which is not very probable.

We fear being thought tedious, and therefore conclude, although not without regret—the subject is one of great importance; the work is every way deserving a full and critical examination; and we would willingly have broken a lance with so able a man on so important a subject as the ancient government and constitutions of Spain.

*Records of my Life*; by the late John Taylor, Esq. author of 'Monsieur Tonson.' 2 vols. London: Edward Bull.

THE author of 'Monsieur Tonson' was known to so many persons, and so generally considered an amiable and pleasant man, that any record of his life is likely to be read with avidity; and as this work will not be published for some days, or perhaps weeks, we think it well in this early notice to confine ourselves to extracting from its abundant stores of anecdotes.

*Wilson the Painter*.—"Mr. Peters told me, that besides the propriety of resigning his academical honour, he was induced to relinquish his profession of an artist by the following circumstance: A lady of quality having requested he would recommend her to a good landscape-

painter, as she wanted a couple of pictures of that description, he replied, that considering Richard Wilson as the best painter of landscapes, he recommended him. The lady then desired that he would accompany her to the painter's house. He accordingly went with her, and found the artist at home. The lady desired to see some specimens of his skill, and Wilson had luckily not sent home two pictures which he had just finished, and brought them to her. Peters said he was afraid that Wilson's bold style and rough colouring would not be suitable to the female taste, and that the lady would not be duly impressed with the grandeur of his conceptions, that he, therefore, placed them at some distance, in order to make them appear to more advantage. The lady, however, happened to be struck with them, and gave him a commission to paint two landscapes, at a liberal price, on subjects chosen by himself. As Peters was going to hand the lady into her carriage, not intending to return with her, Wilson whispered that he wanted to speak to him. Peters, of course, returned with him. Wilson, after thanking him warmly for his kind recommendation, told him he was so distressed, that if Peters would not lend him ten guineas, he could not fulfil the order, as he had no money to buy colours or canvas. Peters promised he would send the money to him as soon as he reached home. Peters assured me that the distress of this great artist produced a strong effect upon his mind; for if Wilson, who was decidedly the best painter in his province of art, was so reduced, what must he expect who had so many rivals of distinguished talent in the line of portrait?"

*Reddish the Actor*.—"Reddish, who was a very respectable actor at that time, when not much passed the prime of life, became insane, and never recovered. I saw him in St. Luke's Hospital, and found him flattering himself that he should be able to resume his profession, and fulfil his engagement with the manager of Covent Garden Theatre. It was lamentable to observe the alteration in his person, manners, and attire. The change in the former might easily be accounted for, as he was necessarily confined to spare diet. He always dressed in his same state like a gentleman, but in Bedlam he had all the tinsel finery of a strolling actor, or what is styled 'shabby genteel.' He seemed to be drinking a bowl of milk, which, though several visitors were present, he appeared eagerly to gobble like a hungry rustic.

"His insanity took place soon after an unlucky occurrence at Covent Garden, the first night of his engagement. He appeared in the part of Hamlet, and in the fencing scene between him and Laertes, Whitfield, who performed the latter character, made so clumsy a lunge, that he struck off the bagwig of Hamlet, and exposed his bald pate to the laughter of the audience. In conversing with him in Bedlam, I soothed him by telling him that I was present at the scene, and that though the accident had a risible effect, the audience knew the fault was wholly to be ascribed to the awkwardness of his competitor. The mortification, however, made so strong an impression on his mind, that he never appeared on the stage again, and, I heard, ended his days in the infirmary at York. He was the second husband of Mrs. Canning, the mother of our late eminent statesman, Mr. George Canning."

*Mrs. Inchbald*.—"This lady was latterly censured by her theatrical, and even her private friends for her penurious habits. Mr. Taylor, on the strength of old friendship, ventured to tell her so by letter, and received the following answer, which does equal honour to the head and heart of the writer.

"My dear sir,—I read your letter with gratitude, because I have had so many proofs of

your friendship for me, that I do not once doubt of your kind intentions.

"You have taken the best method possible on such an occasion, not to hurt my spirits; for had you suspected me to be insane, or even nervous, you would have mentioned the subject with more caution, and by so doing, might have given me alarm.

"That the world should say I have lost my senses, I can readily forgive, when I recollect that a few years ago it said the same of Mrs. Siddons.

"I am now fifty-two years old, and yet if I were to dress, paint, and visit, no one would call my understanding in question; or if I were to beg from all my acquaintance a guinea or two, as subscription for a foolish book, no one would accuse me of avarice. But because I choose that retirement suitable to my years, and think it my duty to support two sisters, instead of one servant, I am accused of madness. I might plunge in debt, be confined in prison, a pensioner on 'The Literary Fund,' or be gay as a girl of eighteen, and yet be considered as perfectly in my senses; but because I choose to live in independence, affluence to me, with a mind serene and prospects unclouded, I am supposed to be mad. In making use of the word affluence, I do not mean to exclude some inconveniences annexed, but this is the case in every state. I wish for more suitable lodgings, but I am unfortunately averse to a street, after living so long in a square; but with all my labour to find one, I cannot fix on a spot such as I wish to make my residence for life, and till I do, and am confined to London, the beautiful view from my present apartment of the Surrey hills and the Thames, invites me to remain here, for I believe that there is neither such fine air nor so fine a prospect, in all the town. I am, besides, near my sisters here; and the time when they are not with me is so wholly engrossed in writing, that I want leisure for the convenience of walking out. Retirement in the country would, perhaps, have been more advisable than in London, but my sisters did not like to accompany me, and I did not like to leave them behind. There is, besides, something animating in the reflection that I am in London, though partaking of none of its festivities."

*John Wilkes.*—On one occasion when Mr. Palmer, the member for Bath, was dining with Wilkes, he commended some pigeons on the table.

"Wilkes gave the following account of them. 'I was particularly fond of pigeons,' said he, 'and wanted to encourage a fine breed. I procured some from France and other places on the continent, but, having taken all possible pains to render their reception agreeable, after a short time they returned to their native place. At length I despaired of ever possessing a breed of my favourite bird, when a friend advised me to try Scotland. I did so, and the pigeons that you admire, of which I procured a large stock, have never returned to their own country.'

"There are many proofs of Wilkes's wit, which are too well known to be introduced in this place. The following, however, I believe, have not publicly appeared. A lady once asked him to take a hand at whist, but he declined in the following terms, 'Dear lady, do not ask me, for I am so ignorant that I cannot distinguish the difference between a king and a knave.'

"In a dispute between Sir Watkin Lewes and himself, the former said, 'I'll be your butt no longer.' With all my heart, said Wilkes, 'I never like an empty one.'

"Upon another occasion he displayed his sarcastic humour on royalty, for he said 'he loved the King (George the Third) so much, that he hoped never to see another.'

"Upon having a snuff-box presented to him

to take a pinch, he said, 'No, sir, I thank you, I have no small vices.'

*Mr. Pitt.*—"Mr. Pitt went one evening into the late Duchess of Gordon's box at the Opera-house. Not having seen him for some time, she addressed him with her usual blunt familiarity, 'Well, Mr. Pitt, do you talk as much nonsense as you did when I last saw you?'—'I know not that,' said Mr. Pitt, 'but I have certainly not heard so much nonsense since I had last the pleasure of seeing your grace.'

"During war-time a member of parliament arose in the House of Commons, and proposed that the militia should not be ordered out of the kingdom. Mr. Pitt immediately arose, and with sarcastic smile said, 'Except in case of invasion.'

*George Bodens and the Chairman.*—"George Bodens, a well-known character of the time, was enormously bulky, and on leaving one of the clubs in St. James's Street, he had called a sedan-chair, and just as he was entering it a nobleman who was getting into his carriage, seeing him, called to him, and said he would give him a cast home. Bodens then left the chair, and gave the chairman a shilling. 'What! no more, your honour?' said the chairman. 'Why,' said Bodens, 'I did not enter your chair.' 'Ah! but consider the fright, please your honour.'

*The Pinchbecks.*—"Of these there were three brothers, all of whom were acquainted with my father. They had invented the metal which went by their name, and to attract public attention they pretended to quarrel, and advertised against each other, all claiming the invention, and proclaiming the superiority of the article in which each of them dealt. They were, however, upon the most amiable footing in reality, and used to meet every night and divide the profits of the day."

*The King of Grief.*—The following is infinitely better than a mere anecdote; it is full of nature. Lewis, a provincial actor, "was generally known by the title of 'The King of Grief,' as he had watery eyes, which made him always appear to be weeping, and as he was continually predicting misery to himself. As he was a harmless man and possessed of literary talents, he was treated kindly by his professional brethren, and had some share in an annual benefit.

"On one occasion, when the benefit had been very productive to him, he was congratulated on his success. Instead of evincing his own satisfaction, he began crying, and said, 'Ah! I shall not be so lucky next year.' Mr. Younger, who was a very friendly man, invited old Lewis to dine with him at Liverpool. Lewis declined the invitation, alleging the indifferent state of his attire. Mr. Younger desired him to go into the wardrobe of the theatre, and gave orders that he should receive any suit of clothes that fitted him. As soon as he was properly accommodated, he rejoined Mr. Younger at dinner. After a few glasses of wine, which instead of raising his spirits depressed him, he began weeping. Mr. Younger, with great kindness, asked him the cause of his sudden grief; 'Why,' said he, 'is it not lamentable to think that such a man of genius as myself, should be obliged to such a stupid fellow as you are for a suit of clothes and a dinner?'

*Macklin.*—The following is equally excellent in the same way. The failing memory of age is admirably depicted. Taylor and Dr. Wolcot were together one evening, in the Rainbow Coffee-House, when Macklin came in.

"I found his memory (says Mr. Taylor,) much impaired, but he recollected facts, though he forgot names. My little acquaintances with theatrical history, however, enabled me to

prompt him, and he told the following story nearly as I shall give it.

"Sir, I remember I once played the character of the boy who wears the red breeches and offends his mother.' 'Jerry Blackaire, in 'The Plain Dealer,' I suppose,' said I. 'Yes, sir, that was the part. Well, sir, I played a great number of tricks to divert the audience; and the chief part was played by the surly, fat fellow, whose name I have forgot.' 'Probably Quin, sir.' 'Ay, sir, that was the man. Well, sir, when I went into the green-room, the surly fat man began to scold me, and told me that while I played my tricks, it was impossible to have a chaste scene with me. I told him that, different as our cast was, I had the public to please as well as himself. 'But, sir,' said he, 'you must get rid of your tricks.' I said I could not. 'But, sir,' said he, 'you shall.' By this time I was provoked, and said, 'You lie.' \* \* At the end of the play he sent me a challenge, and said he should wait for me at the pillar in Covent Garden. But, sir, I was a pantomime cull in those days, and I sent word that I would come to him when the entertainment was over. But, sir, the manager, a sweet man, who was my great friend, resolved that nothing fatal should take place—I forget his name.' 'Probably Fleetwood, sir.' 'Ay, that was the man,—sent a message to the surly fellow at the pillar, and would make up a bed for me at the theatre for fear of consequences, and so the matter ended.'"

*A Necessitous Author.*—"A lieutenant in the royal navy had written a political pamphlet, but being called to his duty, was not able to see it through the press. He therefore placed it in the hands of a bookseller, desiring that he would give it to some literary man, who, for duly preparing it for publication, should have half the profits. The bookseller gave it Mr. Cooke, who soon discharged his duty. The work was published, and the profits were thirty pounds, all of which was given to Mr. Cooke, who took his portion, and reserved the other half for the author whenever he should call for it. Many years elapsed and he heard nothing of him. At length a gentleman called on him, told his name, and declared himself to be the author of the pamphlet, telling him, he knew that fifteen pounds were due to him on account of the pamphlet, and adding, he was ashamed to take it, but that 'his poverty and not his will' consented, as he had a wife and an increasing family. Mr. Cooke had the money ready for him, which the stranger took, and expressed his gratitude at parting. The necessitous author was the late Lord Erskine."

*Bibb, the Engraver.*—"How Bibb supported himself, having relinquished engraving, it would be difficult to conceive, if he had not levied taxes upon all whom he knew, inasmuch that, besides his title of Count, he acquired that of 'Half-crown Bibb,' by which appellation he was generally distinguished, and according to a rough, and, perhaps, fanciful estimate, he had borrowed at least 2,000*l.* in half-crowns.

"I remember to have met him on the day when the death of Dr. Johnson was announced in the newspapers, and expressed my regret at the loss of so great a man, Bibb interrupted me, and spoke of him as a man of no genius, whose mind contained nothing but the lumber of learning. I was modestly beginning a panegyric upon the doctor, when he again interrupted me with, 'Oh! never mind that old blockhead. Have you such a thing as ninepence about you?' Luckily for him, I had a little more.

"There was something so whimsical in this incident, that I mentioned it to some friends, and that and others of the same kind, doubtless, induced Mr. Kenny to make him the hero of his diverting farce, called 'Raising the Wind,' already mentioned. Another circumstance of a similar nature was told me by Mr. Morton,

whose dramatic works are deservedly popular. He told me that Bibb met him one day after the successful performance of one of his plays, and, concluding that a prosperous author ought to have plenty of cash, commenced his solicitation accordingly, and ventured to ask him for the loan of a whole crown. Morton assured him that he had no more silver than three shillings and sixpence. Bibb readily accepted them, of course, but said on parting, 'Remember, I intended to borrow a crown, so you owe me eighteen-pence.'

But we must conclude, at least for the present.

*Wild Sports of the West. With Legendary Tales, and Local Sketches.* By the Author of 'Stories of Waterloo.' 2 vols. 8vo. London: Bentley.

"THERE are certain houses, of which if an angel were the owner as well as the sign, their character would remain unaltered and unimproved." So said Lord Brougham, in his speech on the reform of the laws; and verily, if we ever doubted that morality was wondrously dependent on localities, there are circumstances that would bring us back again to the opinions of the Chancellor. New Burlington Street, for instance, must possess a peculiar atmosphere, for its "malaria" has generated an endemic disease, of which the symptoms are strongly marked and broadly defined. We have observed among these characteristics a desire to be fondled and dandled by certain literary nurses hired for the special purpose—a nervous dread of encountering the harsher treatment of the unsalaried and unpensioned—a rabid appetite for praise, that even the extravagances of purchased eulogy cannot satiate—and a fear of the doses administered by honest physicians, who consult the true benefit rather than the capricious wishes of their patients. With the warehouse of Mr. Colburn it appears that his quondam partner has also inherited this cruel sickness; and we fear that he lies in it without the slightest chance or hope of recovery. We shall not at present prescribe for him; but we must protest against his being permitted to injure his friends in the fiercer paroxysms of his disease.

Before us is a book which, if launched fairly into the world, had every chance of the reasonable success it merits; but the publisher, believing it to be as frail and as badly built as some of his former ventures, laboriously proceeds to fill its sails with puffs, and has puffed to such purpose, that the bark is all but overset. How any author, with a spark of creditable feeling, can submit to such a system, passes our comprehension—a system now fast approaching the consummation when "Buy Bentley's books," will drive from the walls, "Buy Warren's blacking."

The 'Wild Sports of the West' is a title whose sound savours of affectation, and which, moreover, very badly describes the subject; there is nothing "wild" in fishing and shooting, the principal achievements recorded: had the author introduced the fashionable topics of murder, abduction, and carding—amusements sufficiently rife in some parts of Ireland—he might have had wildness enough. But we blame him not for the omission: proctors, gaugers, and policeman, are shot only in the civilized portions of Ireland, and a murder is a rare incident in that country, "bounded on three sides by Christendom

and part of Tipperary." The book itself is readable and pleasant, though somewhat coarse. It contains some comic traits of Irish character, not spoiled by being overwrought, and its pictures of society have the merit of truth and fidelity, as we can testify, who have ourselves visited the regions ruled over by Richard Martin. The author is manifestly on excellent terms with himself, to which we should have little objection, if he did not now and then favour us with a parade of learning which explains nothing but the extent of his ignorance. It is, of course, not a work for a formal review; we shall, therefore, only extract a few passages, and leave it to recover from the ruinous overdose of quackery administered by its publisher.

The anecdotes of the Mad Major are very good, though not all suited for a work intended for general circulation. The following we heard authenticated on the spot where the scene is laid.

#### *The Beggars of Mullingar.*

"When the gallant 50th were removed to Mullingar, it was supposed that this town produced a greater number of beggars than any in the King's dominions—a swarm of paupers rendered the streets almost impassable, and ingress or egress to or from a shop was occasionally impractical. Now beggars were to the Mad Major an abomination; and for two days he encoined himself in his lodgings, rather than encounter the mendicants of Mullingar. Confinement will increase bile, and bile may induce gout; and at last, wearied of captivity, he sallied forth, and to every application for relief he specified an early day, requesting the numerous supplicants to be punctual to the appointed time. His wish was faithfully attended to, and on the expected morning, the street where he resided was literally blocked up. The Major, under a volley of blessings, appeared at the hall-door. 'Are you all here?' he inquired in accents of the tenderest compassion. 'All, your honour,—all, young and old!' responded a big beggar-man. 'We're all here, Colonel, avorneen!' exclaimed a red virago, 'but my own poor man, Brieney Bokkogh; † and he, the crater, fell into the fire a Sunday night, and him hearty, and sorrow stir he can make good nor bad.' 'Ah, then,' said the humane Commander, 'why should poor Brien be left out? Arrah! run yourself, and bring the cripple to us!' In a twinkling, off went the red virago, and after a short absence, issued from a neighbouring lane, with Brieney on her shoulders. 'Are ye all here now?' inquired the tender-hearted chieftain. 'Every single sowl of us;' said an old woman in reply. 'Ogh! that the light of heaven may shine on his honour's dying hour, but it's he that's tender to the poor.' 'Amen, sweet Jasus!' responded a hundred voices. 'Silence!' said the Mad Major, as he produced a small book neatly bound in red morocco. 'Whisht, your sows!' cried the big beggar-man. 'Are ye listening?' 'Sha, sha! yes, yes!' was responded in English and Irish. 'Then, by the contents of this blessed book, and it's the Bible; a rap I won't give one of ye, ye infernal vagabonds, if I remained a twelvemonth in Mullingar!'"

The sporting incidents are well narrated; and the following is an occurrence which we persuade ourselves must be true, for we cannot give the author credit for the invention.

#### *The Punt Adrift.*

"On a stormy evening one of the boatmen was ordered to cross the estuary for spring

† Bryan the cripple.

water, and set out accordingly for a supply, accompanied by a wild-looking and non-descript animal who infests the premises, who is known to the establishment by the name of 'Achil.' The river was flooded, the evening stormy, and Peeterin, after leaving his coadjutor in strict charge of the skiff, set off to fill his water-vessels, and to return, if possible, before the dusk had fallen into darkness. Achil, as the evening was chilly, lay down in the bottom of the skiff to shelter himself from the piercing east wind; and in place of keeping watch and ward like an able mariner, composed himself to sleep. Meanwhile the river rose fearfully; the breeze freshened into a gale, and when Peeterin hurried back with his water-vessels, he had the satisfaction of seeing the punt half a mile down channel, hurrying, as fast as a flooded river and a freshening storm could urge it, to the bar, which now broke in thunder. I had been shooting on this side, and reached the strand while Peeterin was hallooing for assistance. A boat was rapidly despatched—the skiff, when its destruction appeared inevitable, was overtaken, and Achil found as comfortably asleep as if he were in his accustomed crib in the barn. The ebullitions of Peeterin's sorrow, while the fate of skiff and boy was still uncertain, astonished me; and when I saw the punt in tow, I observed, that, as the boy was recovered, he might now cease his lamentations.—'The Lord be blessed! them she is; another minute would have made noggins staves of her! Arrah! and did ye think it was Achil I was frettin' after; the devil pursue him for an unlucky member! No, faith—I was in sore distress, for my brother's shoes were aboard!'"

Before the late religious excitement, there was a frequent interchange of civilities between the clergy of the rival churches: the priest and the parson were frequently such friends, that the former would denounce from the altar the impious withholders of tithe. The scene is now changed, certainly not for the better; and we fear that no future historian will have to recount a parallel to

#### *The Loan of a Congregation.*

"'Och, hone!' exclaimed the otter-killer, 'isn't it a murder to see the clargy making such fools of themselves now! When I was young, priests and ministers were hand and glove. It seems to me but yesterday, when Father Patt Joyce, the Lord be good to him! lent Mr. Carson a congregation.'

"'Eh! what, Antony?' said the Colonel. 'A congregation appears rather an extraordinary article to borrow.'

The otter-killer explains the mystery thus: "We were just as comfortable as we could be, when a *currier*† stops at the door with a letter, which he said was for Mr. Carson. Well, when the minister opens it, he got as pale as a sheet, and I thought he would have fainted. Father Patt crossed himself. 'Arrah, Dick,' says he, 'the Lord stand between you and evil! is there any thing wrong?' 'I'm ruined,' says he; 'for some bad member has wrote to the Bishop, and told him that I have no congregation, because you and I are so intimate, and he's coming down to-morrow with the *Dane*, to see the state of things. Och, hone!' says he, 'I'm fairly ruined.'—'And is that all that's frettin' ye?' says the priest.—'Arrah, dear Dick,—for they called each other by their *cristen* names,—is this all? If it's a congregation ye want, ye shall have a decent one to-morrow, and lave that to me;—and now, we'll take our drink, and not matter the Bishop a fig.'

"Well, next day, sure enough, down comes



the Bishop, and a great retinue along with him; and there was Mr. Carson ready to receive him. 'I hear,' says the Bishop, mightily stately, 'that you have no congregation.' 'In faith, your Holiness,' says he, 'you'll be soon able to tell that,'—and in he walks him to the church, and there were sitting threescore well-dressed men and women, and all of them as devout as if they were going to be anointed; for that blessed morning, Father Patt whipped mass over before ye had time to bless yourself, and the clanciest of the flock was before the Bishop in the church, and ready for his Holiness. To see that all behaved properly, Father Patt had hardly put off the vestment, till he slipped on a *cota more*,† and there he sat in a back sate like any other of the congregation. I was near the Bishop's reverence; he was seated in an arm-chair belonging to the priest—'Come here, Mr. Carson,' says he; 'some enemy of your's,' says the sweet old gentleman, 'wanted to injure you with me. But I am now fully satisfied.' And turning to the Dane, 'By this book!' says he, 'I didn't see a clancier congregation this month of Sundays.'

The jokes told against the Achil islanders are beyond number. We have heard the following related, but no author could supply the loss of the mountaineer, full of humour, mirth, and mischief, who told us the tale with all the pride of conscious superiority.

#### *The Mare's Egg.*

"An islander was once obliged to go into the town of Castlebar upon business; and among other marvellous things which there met his sight, he was particularly struck with the appearance of an earthen jar in a shop-window. He inquired what this unknown article might be, and was informed that it was a mare's egg, which, if placed beside the fire during the winter, would infallibly produce a foal the ensuing spring. The price was moderate, and the Achil man determined to possess the treasure, and thus become master of a horse. Having effected the purchase, he set out on his way rejoicing—and before evening fell, came within view of his own home, and sat down upon a heathy bank to rest himself. He placed his recent acquisition beside him—but alas! from its spherical form, it rolled down the hill, and striking against a rock at the bottom, was shattered by the blow. A hare, which had couched beneath the stone, startled at the crash, sprang from her form and went off at speed. The unhappy Achil man gazed, in an agony of despair, after what he believed the emancipated quadruped—and then exclaimed with a bitter groan, '*Mona non diaoul!* What a horse he would have been.'

With the following definition we shall conclude our extracts:—

#### *Impudence.*

"I remember hearing the word used in a court of justice in a curious sense. A man was on trial, capitally indicted for murder. The chief witness on his examination detailed the leading incidents—his being awakened by cries for help—his rising, striking a light, opening his door, and finding a man dead upon the threshold. 'And what did you do next, my friend?' interrogated the Crown lawyer. 'Why,' replied the witness, with amazing *saug froid*, 'I called out, Are any of ye there that kilt the boy? By J—s, I'll give a *thirteen* to him who'll tell me who it was that had the impudence to murder a man at my door!'

The work might have been easily compressed into a pleasant duodecimo. The

dilating it into two awkward octavos, is a mere bookselling speculation, and the illustrative plates are absolutely disgraceful.

*Elements of Music. Part I., Melody, containing an explanation of the Simpler Principles of the Science.* By James Fairbairn. Edinburgh, Paterson & Roy; London, Goulding & D'Almaine.

THIS work is avowedly published to facilitate the acquiring of a thorough knowledge of the science of music, from its most simple, to its most abstruse principles. But so far from affording facilities to the student, it seems calculated rather to increase his difficulties. Mr. Fairbairn has touched on many points of abstract theory, which he does not himself seem to understand; and besides propagating many old errors, has added some new ones of his own. What does he mean by stating, that there are eight clefs in music, when every tyro knows that there are only three? He calls the chromatic, the *artificial* scale, which proves that he is unacquainted with its formation. We could show him that the chromatic and enharmonic scales are as *natural* as the diatonic. It is singular, that a little further on he should have hit upon the progression by which these scales are formed, without knowing its application. His theory of the semitones, is erroneous and absurd. He says, that the diatonic semitones are theoretically *larger* than the chromatic, generally in the proportion of 5 to 3. How happens it, then, that the sensible note or sharp seventh of the diatonic scale, forms with the tonic the smallest of all possible semitones? And yet this is a diatonic semitone. His doctrine of what he terms the enharmonic *diessis*, is equally wrong. In a word, wherever the author attempts to treat of abstract theory, (and this constitutes a considerable portion of his work,) he shows an evident want of the requisite knowledge.

*The K'haunie Kineh-Walla; or, Eastern Story-teller: a Collection of Indian Tales.* By John Shipp. London: Longman & Co.

THIS is a very unpretending production, and coming, as it does, from one who has borne so many of the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, whose life has been devoted to the arduous duties of the profession of arms,—even were the volume distinguished by fewer literary merits, it would disarm criticism. Mr. Shipp is already favourably known to the public as the author of 'Memoirs' and the 'Military Bijou'; and the work before us has many claims to our notice,—not the least of which is, that it gives a true picture of a people about whose domestic manners, and customs, and habits, we know little.

The Hindoostanee is a hybrid—a sort of 'patois,' in which are become naturalized a vast number of Greek, Persian, Portuguese, French, and English words, and may be considered, till of late years, almost an oral language. Nor are we aware, that in the dialects spoken in our widely-extended empire, there exist any story books, properly so called; for the Totee-nama, or Parrot's Tales, (which it is surprising no oriental scholar has translated,) are only known to the learned, being written in Persian. Yet, though there are no novelists in India, con-

teurs or improvisatori are not wanting: some exercise story-telling as a profession. These, though fluent, are far inferior in their art to the Arabs; nor are the Hindoos less fond than they, after the toils and heats of the march, of willing away their lovely and serene star-lit nights, by making a circle round the K'haunie-Walla, and listening to love adventures, to the legends of the devout lives, austere practices, and instructive discourses of celebrated Durweish, or Fakira, or the narrative of the exploits of the most remarkable personages,—rulers, warriors, and statesmen,—who figure in their annals. In artificial and undramatic as these fables for the most part are, they serve, however, to entertain this peculiar and simple race.

The tales composing this volume are nine in number; and some of the events described in them came under the author's own observation. He possessed also the advantage of visiting the most romantic and beautiful parts of India, particularly the lower range of the Himalayas.

We were most pleased with the last of these tales, 'The Deserter,' and least with the first, 'The Foresters of Nepal'—not but the legend bears evident marks of being genuine. The domestication of monkeys, by the wild men of the woods, is only a tradition of Hanuman, the Monkey-god, and his army of apes, that figured in the Ramagana, the war carried on by Rama, for the recovery of his bride Sita—the Helen of the Hindoo Iliad. 'Lillee, or, the Fair of Hurdwar,' and 'The Rose of Hurdwar,' will beread with much interest; and if we had not had a particular account, in some late travels, of that place, we should have been tempted to extract Mr. Shipp's description. By way of a fair specimen of his qualifications as a novelist, we might, if we had space, present our readers with 'The Fakir,' or mendicant priest, who, maddened by the consciousness of his crimes and his severe penances, imagined himself transformed into a demon, and was found in a temple abandoned by the enemy, near the fort of Muckwanpoor. But perhaps a most characteristic portrait of one of those bandits by profession, common in India, and seen by Mr. Shipp at Lodeanna, the frontier station of our empire, in the Upper Provinces, may not be unacceptable; and we give it in the words of the intelligent author.

"My ancestors were of undoubted rank and consequence. The father of my father, for instance, held the distinguished appointment of leader of one of the most extensive and best organized bands of itinerant robbers that ever subsisted by plunder. My mother, too, was the daughter of a noble fellow, who commanded no less than a hundred vagrant followers, the terror of the country for as many miles round. Of the whole of these my tutor was his especial favourite. There was not a spot upon the head of this my venerable instructor, when he wore the grey hairs of eighty, on which you could place a rupee without its touching a brace of sabrescars. In short, he had received more cuts than there are days in the year, and prided himself highly on these numerous marks of gallantry and honourable achievement. He had been for nearly seventy years faithful to the society to which he belonged, and in the course of that period had brought many a man to an unexpected end. His boasted trophy was a strange one—the tips of the noses of those who had fallen beneath his arm; these he carefully preserved, and he would occasionally exhibit them as proofs of his valour. In skill and agility he was with-

† Anglice, a great coat.

out equal in the troop: he was as active as the monkey, as cunning as the fox, and as cold-blooded as the gaunt wolf. Under the tuition of this accomplished master, (who was well known at Loodeanna by the name of Bollicadassas, from his frequent robberies in that neighbourhood,) I had every reason to hope, by common application, to become a distinguished practitioner in the same line."

"True," said I, interrupting my informant, "and yet it would appear, from the iron fetters which you now wear, that you did not profit much by your superior education."

"Why, as to that," replied he, "if you have an hour to spare, I will tell you how it happened,"—and he continued as follows:

"Having acquired the rudiments of my profession, under my experienced teacher, I was at length pronounced by him fully competent to undertake a job at my own risk, and for my own benefit. As this, my first commission, was rather adroitly performed, the particulars of the affair may perhaps serve to amuse you. We had received information that a young British officer, who had recently arrived from England, was on his way to join the force then lying at Loodeanna. The plucking of this bird was entrusted entirely to my management, and I therefore started to meet him. At about thirty miles from the station of Loodeanna, I found him snugly ensconced in a small and solitary *loep* on the margin of a village. When I spied him he was puffing away at a most beautiful hookah, with a silver mouth-piece and surpoose. '*Lah kho eah*,' thought I to myself, 'it shall not be long before that fine smoking apparatus changes owners, if no better luck await me.' Thus laudably resolved, I hovered about the tent, and reconnoitred its localities, when the smooth-faced boy observing me, exclaimed, 'Holloa! you black rascal! what the devil do you do here? come this way.'—'Yes, massa,' I answered; at the same time advancing towards him.—'Then you understand English do you?' said he.—'Oh, yes,' replied I, 'as well as you do.'—'I dare say you do,' said the young wisacre, with a knowing air,—(you must doubtless have observed, *Sahib*, that your raw travellers, and especially the beardless youngsters who come to India as cadets, always think themselves gifted with extraordinary penetration and wit, which confer on them, as they suppose, the privilege of treating all whom they consider their inferiors as knaves and fools. It makes me chuckle when I reflect how often this self-complacency and ill-timed insolence have facilitated my views upon their purses and property—but to proceed.) 'I dare say you do,' said he; 'and *thieving* too to perfection; but what do you want prying about my tent here?' I told him that I wanted employment. 'Good,' said he; 'but what can you do? Can you *steal a horse*?'—'Ah, no, Massa,' answered I, 'you are too hard on your poor servant.'—'In what then do you excel?' asked he: 'can you run?'—'Run!' said I;—'yes—like a buck!'—whereupon, making a sudden snatch at his silver surpoose, arrackdar, and mouth-piece, of which I possessed myself in an instant, I took to my heels, and was out of sight in the twinkling of an eye. Horses were soon saddled, and in pursuit of me. I had worn until this time a large beard, and the dress of an old man; but finding myself too closely followed by the enemy I threw my disguise as well as my booty into a dry well, and then, retracing my steps with great deliberation, I met my pursuers with apparent unconcern. The young Sub, almost mad with rage that he should have been so completely outwitted, eyeing me as I came up, without recognizing me, asked, with breathless anxiety, if I had seen a person running in that direction. 'What! the fellow with a long beard?' replied I: 'yes, I met him about five hundred yards off, and saw him take

horse by the tree which you see yonder.' This was enough: off went the whole party helter skelter in the direction I had pointed out to them, while I, intent on more certain game, made with rapid strides towards young master's tent. Here I found a single bearer only, and him I desired to take some ropes to his master without delay, to bind the thief, whom I had seen him catch. Off started the bearer, leaving me to keep watch over his employer's property. This I did with great caution until he was fairly out of sight, and then, breaking open Massa's camel trunks, I extracted therefrom a hundred and fifty rupees, (which, I need scarcely observe, were all that I could find), and a few other trifles not worth mentioning—such as a watch, a silver snuff-box, two gold rings, and the like. All these I arranged in a very snug and portable little dressing-case, and scampered off towards Loodeanna, with my prize, as fast as my legs would carry me.

"Thus ended, to my credit as well as profit, my first business transaction. But I had not yet fully accomplished my designs on this pert and conceited stripling, who, as I had reason to believe, had still in his possession numerous little articles which might be useful to myself or my friends. The next morning, therefore, I repaired to the station of Loodeanna, and had the satisfaction of seeing my victim enter, with dejected countenance, into the cantonments. I passed him without being recognized, and gave him one of my best *salaams*. Shortly after this I sported a fine pair of red whisks, with moustachios of the same colour, and tendered my services as a *choksydar* (watchman), to guard his property and person against the tricks of the petty cantonment pilferers. I was fortunate enough to be accepted, and the very following night, when he was boozing with his new companions at the mess, I took a fancy to his double-barrelled gun and a pair of beautiful pistols, which were nicely packed together in a case. I wish all officers would be equally careful, it would save poor thieves a vast deal of trouble; and I really must say, in favour of the young gentleman of whom I am speaking, that he certainly kept his little valuables in very neat and portable order. But I am straying from my story, and I fear shall exhaust your patience.

"I took a fancy, as I said before, to the gun and pistols, and of course, therefore, did not hesitate to take them into my own keeping without delay. Having deposited my new acquisition in a place of safety, I began to reflect on the best way of disposing of myself; and it very naturally occurred to me that it would not be particularly desirable to show my face again at my new master's; indeed, it seemed pretty obvious, that if I had anything further to do at Loodeanna, it should be accomplished with all practicable despatch. I therefore left the station at once, and went, with two of my companions, and drew up the silver surpoose, clothes, &c. from the well where they were deposited; but, about midnight, as I knew that the general had invited a large party, I returned to Loodeanna by bye-roads, and assuming the dress of a *Khitmutgar*, I made direct for the general's cook-house, and mixed, without suspicion, with the servants engaged for the occasion. Here, before I took my leave, I managed to increase my possessions by the addition of a tolerably good-looking camel-hair cloak, belonging to one of the party, and a few silver spoons, &c. which were lying about as though in want of a proprietor. But to say the truth, I was greatly disappointed in this affair, for I had expected a much richer booty, and this, I was well aware, was my last chance in Loodeanna. The cloak, to be sure, was a decided prize, it being an article which I absolutely stood in need of for my own personal comfort, for the winter season was fast approaching; but as to spoons, they

are not held in much estimation by those who know the use of their fingers at meals. When melted down, however, they served to make bangles for my children, and, as one cannot in this world always expect the full completion of one's wishes, I was obliged to be contented.

"Having quitted Loodeanna, and having been concerned in innumerable adventures similar to these which I have related, in other places, with varied success, my cast of features, however skilfully disguised, became at length a little too well known in the different cantonments; so, as I had now a numerous family, for whose maintenance it was absolutely necessary that I should be industriously occupied, and had acquired a high reputation among my comrades for courage and craft, I resolved on taking entirely to the road for the future, not only as relieving me, for the time, from the fear of detection and apprehension, respecting which I began to entertain some qualms, but also as presenting the advantage of a more extensive sphere of action, in which my comprehensive and enterprising genius might be adequately employed.

"My first adventure on the road," continued the grinning convict, "you may perhaps think worthy of relation, as it will serve at once as a proof how easily the English are gulled in this part of the world, and as one reason, out of many, why we always prefer robbing them in preference to our countrymen. One morning, at a very early hour, I was on the scout, and met an old officer riding towards Loodeanna. I liked the looks of this grey-headed veteran, as well as the splendid appearance of his retinue. There were no half-clad, half-starved followers, such as your poor devils of lieutenants hire, but pampered, well-dressed menials, who did credit to their keep and clothes. Before this cavalcade reached me I turned towards Loodeanna, and walked slowly on. I was in the disguise of a mendicant priest, with two baskets tied on the end of two sticks, such as pilgrims here carry on their journeys. On the old general's passing me, I gave him the usual greeting, and asked for alms, but not a single *pice* could I extract from him, and I was told, by an impudent fellow of a *chupprasse* to *furruck*, (get out of the way.) This order I obeyed with seeming respect, and, drawing back a short distance to let the old curmudgeon pass, I joined in with the servants in the rear, from whom I learnt that their master was a general. 'So much the better,' thought I; 'I may have a rare haul here, if I manage matters well.' Resolved to take active measures immediately I slunk behind, and withdrew to a spot where I knew I should find a party of my own tribe. Here I changed my dress, and instantly started again to overtake the noble general, carrying on my head some fowls and chickens for sale. I found the old gentleman seated at breakfast under a tree; but it was some time before I could strike a bargain with him. At last, however, I agreed to let him have my whole stock for a rupee, which he told me to get from the *sirdar-bearer*. Thus commissioned, I went to a large double pole-tent to demand my money, and imagine my delight, *Sahib*, when the incautious bearer pulled out a huge bag of rupees! This was no doubt intended to impress me with a high idea of his consequence. Some delay now occurred, in consequence of this trusty treasurer's claiming, as his own perquisite, four *anas* as *dastane* (custom,) which he insisted on being deducted from the rupee that he was to pay me. This imposition I effected to resist, in order to gain time; and during the interval thus afforded me, I availed myself of the opportunity of examining how every thing was arranged in the tent, with a view to future operations. The negotiation concluded, I went and *saluted* the general, who told me I might call again when I had

any more such bargains to offer. I returned two or three times after this, variously disguised, and with different commodities. On one of these visits I found that the general, having over-gorged himself at *tiffin*, had lain down to sleep, and I was delighted to observe that his bedstead rested on the edges of two camel-trunks, which I could not doubt contained valuable property of some kind or other. My future plans were now arranged. I returned to my own party, dressed myself with neatness, revisited the general, and representing myself as the zemindar of the village, asked him if he did not require some *chokeydars* for the night, for that he was now in a part of the country notorious for the robberies committed by the desperate Bhattees. No sooner did the gallant veteran hear the word Bhattee mentioned than he ordered me to procure him six watchmen immediately. These were soon found, in six of my tried companions, who, at my bidding, were speedily on the spot. These trusty guardians, I arranged, should be stationed outside the tent, while the general's sepoy were desired to form a chain round the whole of his servants and baggage. The noble general had, I suppose, taken a few extra glasses of wine that evening to keep up his spirits, for I had not posted my six men more than an hour before he began snoring most lustily. For the next two hours nothing was to be heard but continual challenging. This apparent vigilance on the part of the hired *chokeydars*, deluded the sepoy into a belief that their master was amply guarded without their assistance, and they therefore very coolly dropped off to sleep, one after another. Having walked my rounds, and convinced myself that they were all sound, I returned to the tent of the snoring general, and with the aid of my companions, taking each of us a corner of the bed, we, with great caution, raised the commander, bed and all, off his trunks, and deposited him quietly in another part of the room. Scarcely had we placed the old snoring general on terra firma when he turned over, gave a grunt, and said something about 'more wine.' All this time we were making ready for a bolt: again all was quiet, save the calling of some spies I had outside to keep the course clear. We seized the camel trunks, and were in the act of conveying them away, when the old boy was seized with a violent fit of sneezing; every sneeze ran through our veins like boiling lead. Again he went to sleep and snored aloud. We had got the trunks to the aperture which we had cut in the side of the tent, when one of my faithful companions stumbled over the foot of the sirdar-bearer, who grumbled out something we did not understand. When outside, we heard the old general calling chedah, his sirdah, who always replied:—'I am coming, Sahib, I am coming, Sahib.' All was again as still as the grave, not even the solitary step vibrated on the cold night air. The general being thus disposed of, it is perfectly unnecessary for me to add that we soon conveyed both his trunks and ourselves from his neighbourhood. By this affair we divided cash to the amount of three hundred rupees each, besides various valuables both in gold and silver.

"In this manner," continued the narrator, "I went on practising for several years with tolerable success, and it will need only a few words to inform you how I was caught at last. I had become so well known and so formidable in the neighbourhood which I generally frequented, that my person was advertised, and a price set on my head. Several unfortunates, supposed to be me, had in consequence been fired at and wounded; and, therefore, as a chance shot may kill the devil, I thought it wise to absent myself for a time from my old haunts, and resolved to take a professional trip to the station of Cawnpore. Here I was concerned in a robbery on the premises of an English merchant, (I had

always a special liking for the English,) and was just in the act of getting very comfortably off with my booty, when, not having thoroughly reconnoitred the premises, I found myself suddenly landed at the bottom of a dry well. From this trap there was no possibility of escape. I was soon dragged out, and taken before the judge, who, as a reward for many meritorious achievements, ornamented me with the badges which I now wear. I have still, however, a trick or two left, and do not live without hope, as I have a device in my head, which, should it succeed, will soon restore me to my friends, when, Sahib, should you be travelling in my way, with plenty of money in your possession, I should be happy to try my skill on you."

"Thanking the man for his ingenious story, and the very obliging offer with which he concluded it, I rode on."

*Major's Cabinet Gallery of Pictures; with Historical and Critical Descriptions by Allan Cunningham. No. II.*

This is a decided improvement on the first number. It contains 'The Marriage Festival,' by Claude, engraved by Mansell; 'The Holy Family' of Sir Joshua, by Worthington; and the 'Puck,' after the same, by Marr. The first is but indifferent; the others are highly creditable—the 'Puck,' indeed, excellent. To know how such a work can be sold for half-a-crown, not a little perplexes us. As we cannot give our readers a specimen of the burin illustrations, we must content ourselves with a pen-and-ink sketch; and we may hint to Mr. Mansell that his labours but imperfectly realize the description, which is, indeed, only inferior to the picture, and from which any artist of imagination might almost copy it.

"The broad and lake-like river lying calm in the sun-shine; the grand masses of pillared ruins rising on either side, and telling of the waste of war or of time; and the hill

Whose sunbright summit mingles in the sky,  
towering lofty and blue in the distance; and canopied with one of those glorious firmaments which Claude alone knew how to produce, unite and form a harmonious combination, which renders secondary all other parts of the picture. When we have gazed our fill on the river, the ruins, the hills, and the sun diffusing a subdued splendour over all, we turn our eyes to more subordinate but still beautiful things. We then observe a small stream flung in foaming lines from the summit of a rugged and precipitous rock; it first descends in an almost unbroken sheet of water, then it is seen leaping down from cliff to crag, or flashing like gleams of silvery light among the branches of the trees, which grow there to reclaim the scene from a certain savage grandeur not in strict keeping with the rest of the composition. Far below, and close on the river, a busy mill-wheel is seen scattering a sort of luminous spray from its buckets; a tall tower is beside it to chasten the mechanical look of the mill; while nearer a herd of cows, chased by the burning sun from their pastures, are hurrying into a shady pool for the twofold purpose of drinking and cooling their hoofs. Nor should the trees in the foreground be left unnoticed, for they are in truth exceedingly beautiful, and the painter has employed them in giving shade to the groups of wedding guests, and in narrowing the prospect near to the eye that he might open it up in boundless splendour in the distance.

"We now come to the gathered and gathering groups which give the present name to the picture. Under the shade of the trees, on the right hand, the party of the bride are

met; some are seated on the ground, others stretched on the grass, a few are standing or walking about; while to cheer them, and maintain a look of joy, a girl and a youth dance merrily on the green to the sound of their own music. Nor have they come empty handed—cups, beakers, and well filled baskets, are heaped on the ground, and boats seem ready on the river to add an excursion on the water to the other pleasures of the bridal day. They are evidently waiting for something, and on looking to the left, we soon see what it is—the bridegroom and his train come on horseback down one of the glades of the forest; some are hastening onwards, but the leader is holding his hand above his brow that he may see more clearly the loveliness of the landscape, or rather the party of the bride making merry amongst the neighbouring trees. There is a variety of objects in this picture. The wide wear, or dam across the river, which breaks the monotonous expanse of surface and adds a waterfall, and the distant bridge with its long succession of arches, may be named as secondary yet beautiful things. There are some objects, however, which seem little akin to the ruling character of the whole; of these the mill is the most objectionable, but the objection lies chiefly in the name; the painter, with that poetic tact which distinguishes all his works, has concealed in trees, or in fine ruins, all that is vulgar or mechanical; we see little else than the wheel dim among the spray and thick droppings, and the stream which turns it falling in foaming lines from the buckets. A high and antique tower beside it leads the eye from 'La Molina,' and induces the spectator to think of days when a banner was on its summit and lights were in the windows."

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'Songs of the Sea Nymphs, and Scenes in Fairy Land,' by T. Millar.—Mr. Millar is a basket-maker, and soothes the hours of labour by the composition of verse: we are not sure that the good citizens of Nottingham will reward his strains by either reading them or praising them; yet we think they might do both without being charged with an over zeal in patronage. We would advise them to read the last song of this little book first; and when pleased with the author's feeling, make an experiment on the 'Songs of the Sea Nymphs,' or the 'Scenes in Fairy Land': there is considerable freedom of fancy and splendour of description. We subjoin the song:—

I gazed upon her silent face,  
But death had rested there,  
And on her marble cheek I dropt  
A burning heart-wrung tear;  
And every breast was sobbing loud,  
Within that mournful cot,  
I thought my bleeding heart would break,  
But ah! they knew me not.

I saw her settled eye-lids shade  
Those orbs of softest blue,  
Which beam'd a welcome when we met,  
Where dark trees closely grew;  
I saw her auburn ringlets lie,  
And have not yet forgot,  
How once I stole a waving tress—  
But ah! they knew me not.

I saw those lips I oft had kiss'd,  
Like faded roses lie,  
I gazed upon her cold white breast,  
And gave a deep, deep sigh;  
I thought how once that bosom beat  
When seated in her grove,  
And I recall'd my broken vow—  
But ah! they knew me not.

I bent to kiss her placid brow,  
All eyes on me did gaze,  
Save those which had for ever closed  
Their brightly piercing rays;  
I saw them bend around her tier  
Wild flowers, and knew the spot,  
Where once they bloom'd—saw no more:  
But ah! they knew me not.

'*The Progress of Discovery on the more Northern Coast of America*,' is the new volume of the Edinburgh Cabinet Library, and, like all the preceding, compiled with great care; the historical and critical part by Mr. Patrick Frazer Tytler, the author of the 'History of Scotland'; and the natural history by James Wilson. It is a capital volume for all who desire to have a well-compiled history of this interesting subject; but for ourselves, we are rather too familiar with the works of the travellers, to feel much interest even in this excellent abridgment.

'*Whistle-Binkie: a Collection of Comic and Sentimental Songs*.'—A whistle-binkie means, in the Scottish dialect, a person who, unable to pay for the fiddler or piper at a penny-wedding, may sit on the bench and whistle to himself, and find comfort perhaps in that, since Burns avers from experience, that

Crooning to a body's sel  
Does weel enough.

How far songs written to be sung in merry companies, and chorused as many of these are, can come under the name of solitary Whistle-binkies, we leave to our northern friends to determine. We have, however, been much amused with some, and moved by others: those by Motherwell are the best.

'*The Stranger's Guide to Cheltenham*.'—A little useful volume, which, with its plans, and scenes, and descriptions, lays Cheltenham before the visitor, and may serve instead of a living guide.

'*Narrative of a Voyage to the South Seas, with the Shipwreck of the Princess of Wales Cutter, and an Eight Years' Residence in Van Diemen's Land*, by Charles Medyett Goodridge.'—There is a good deal in this little volume to please the mere lover of adventures; much to interest all who feel for human misfortunes; nor will those who read for information be unrewarded.

'*The Book of the Constitution, with the Reform Bills abridged*, by Thomas Stephen.'—This seems to be honestly compiled.

'*Venice: a Poem*, by Luis Cambray.'—This is a sort of lament over the fallen condition of the sea Cybele: the feeling is right; but the author cannot always express it well; for instance—

When o'er the warrior's couch we bend and sigh,  
Where glory's tenebrous is spread to die,  
Mark life's red fever quiver in its shrine,  
And view the bright eye shroud its beam divine.

"He closed his eyes and died," is the meaning of these four lines, we suppose.

'*The Literary Rambler; a Monthly Magazine of Literature, Science, and Art*; Nos. 1, 2, and 3; Glasgow.'—A cheap publication, with here and there a clever paper, and now and then a print: we have old cathedrals, and ladies' dresses, and popular music: there is much to amuse in the extracts, and to mislead in the criticisms.

'*Narrative of the Conversion (by the instrumentality of two ladies) of James Cook, the murderer of Mr. Paas*, by Mrs. Lachlan.'—We could have forgiven these poor fanatical "ladies," one of whom describes the foul murderer as "the brightest child of God I ever saw. He looks on death with a smile. His exceeding holiness in word, look, and manner, exceed anything I ever beheld in man." We could have forgiven this—and the handkerchief and the other numberless offences—but when we saw them presumptuously disputing with the authorized minister of the church, to whom the spiritual welfare of the wretched man was entrusted—and heard their mouth-piece, Mrs. Lachlan, defend this obtrusive vanity, because neither the established nor the dissenting clergy do their duty, and read her trading dedication (for which the Stamp Office ought to charge as an advertisement) to Dr. Holloway, "the conscientious preceptor of a

select number of young gentlemen, Gordon House, Kentish Town," was indeed beyond our endurance, and we threw the book into the fire.

'*Knowledge for the People; or, the Plain Why and Because*, by John Timbs,' is a little work we have often before commended. The present volume treats of Botany, Mineralogy, Geology, and Meteorology.

'*Our Neighbourhood: or, Letters on Horticulture and Natural Phenomena, interspersed with Opinions on Domestic and Moral Economy*.'—This is an American book, and one well worthy of a perusal; it is written with the hope of exciting a love for what is beautiful and useful; and the author has chosen to convey his instruction in the form of letters, which he considers with some reason more suitable for the subject than a more formal kind of composition.

#### ORIGINAL PAPERS

##### THE SYLVAN BROOK.

BY MRS. FLETCHER.  
(Late Miss Jewsbury.)

WHENCE comest thou, O Sylvan Brook?  
And whither flows thy lispings wave?  
From yonder mountain's heathery nook;  
And many a mossy bank to lave:  
Small, yet embracing smaller rills,  
The dancing daughter of the hills.

Nameless to me, yet not unnamed  
By others, as thou leap'st along,  
But sweeter far the accents framed  
By thine own wild and murmuring tongue;  
For Fancy on thy pebbled beach  
Hears lovely legends in that speech.

Young look'st thou, as if born to-day,  
Yet tell'st thou immemorial tales  
Of deeds and manners passed away  
From these dark hills and bloomy vales:  
Yon church and yew, that old appear,  
Have risen both since thou wert here.

Old peasants pass thee with a staff—  
Old peasants with long silver hair;  
Long since, thy waters heard their laugh,  
And knew their feet, as children fair;  
Yet here hath age but seeming sway,  
'Tis thou art old, bright thing, not they.

The shadowing oak, whose turf-clad root  
Hath been so long the angler's haunt,  
And village minstrel's, with his flute  
Preparing for the Sabbath-chant;  
That aged oak—that patriarch-tree—  
Is but a child in years, to thee.

The fields and banks that bound thy path,  
They, of the ancient earth, have changed;  
The landmark, and the harvest, hath,  
The lord and serf, been oft estranged;  
The memory of most is gone,  
Thou, as of old, art smiling on.

The sighs of grieving hearts are fled;  
The hopes and vows of lovers—where?  
I see the household of the dead  
Lie near me, and I answer—there;  
Forgotten there a thousand lives:—  
The tiny rivulet survives!

Yet be it so, dear Sylvan Brook,  
And flow along as heretofore;  
And let each heart, as in a book,  
Read in thy bosom, tales of yore;  
And sing thou on, till sun and moon  
Fall from the heavens,—thy own sweet tune.

Flow on, and bathe each wilding flower  
That lives, and dies, and lives again;  
Flow on, blessed by the vernal shower,  
And morning dew, and summer rain,  
A little emblem of that river  
Which flows in Paradise, for ever!

#### SIR WALTER SCOTT.

A clever and characteristic passage in a letter written, we believe, to Mr. Heber at the time of the Roxburghe sale, by Sir Walter, has been kindly sent to us, and cannot fail to interest our readers.

"The Roxburghe sale sets my teeth on edge. But if I can trust mine eyes there are now twelve masons at work on a cottage and offices at this little farm, which I purchased last year. Item, I have planted 30 acres, and am in the act of walling a garden. Item, I have a wife and four bairns crying as our old song has it, 'Crowdy ever mair.' So, on the whole, my teeth must get off the edge as those of the fox with the grapes in the fable. If I could get a priced catalogue, with purchasers' names, I should hold it a great curiosity."

"Abbotsford by Melrose, 3 May, 1812."

The following is also interesting. It was addressed to Mr. Burn, bookseller, of King Street. The work alluded to was published anonymously, but the letter establishes the certainty of its having been edited by Sir Walter.

"Dear Sir,—I have had my time little at command, or I would have earlier replied to your letter of the 7th current. The republication of Franck's Northern Memoirs was superintended by me, in a very superficial manner, to oblige a young friend, Mr. George Huntley Gordon, presently a clerk in the Treasury.

"You are most welcome to the use of the notes, if you desire it; but I am obliged to be so often before the public, that I feel a strong desire to remain anonymous where I have bestowed no pains, and produced no effect; I would not therefore wish my name mentioned.

"I am sorry I cannot give you any light on Franck's history, excepting the superficial hints in the edition. His brain appears to have been a little disturbed with metaphysical refinement, a disease of his period. If any particulars of Franck are to be traced at this day, I have had sufficient experience to know, that the inquiry cannot be in better hands than your own.

I am afraid poor — has left Scotland to find much family distress at home. You will be glad, for poor Dan Terry's sake, to hear his son Walter is a fine lad: he is with me just now for the holidays.

"I am, dear Sir,

"Your obedient Servant,

"WALTER SCOTT."

"Abbotsford, 27 August, 1829.

#### JOHN CLARE, THE POET.

WE stated some time ago, from authority which we thought decisive, that Lord Milton had bestowed on John Clare for life and rent-free, a snug cottage, and garden and orchard; and as we knew that the poet had some skill in flowers and fruit-trees, we thought the present a generous and suitable one. We are sorry both for the Noble Lord and the humble poet to find we were misinformed. The editor of the *Alfred*, with better information than ours, says that Clare, indeed, "rents a cottage from his Lordship, but has had no reason to believe that his rent will be remitted;" and adds, what we are sorry to hear, that his poems yielded him no profit, and that fifteen pounds a year is all that he has to maintain a wife and six children on. His health too, we have reason to know, will not allow him to undertake any heavy work. All this, and more, the poet has confirmed by issuing proposals to publish a volume of what he calls "Cottage Poems," by subscription. These are his words, and they are to us most touching ones:—

The proposals for publishing these fugitives, being addressed to friends, no further apology is necessary than the statement of facts. The truth is, that difficulty

has grown up like a tree of the forest, and being no longer able to conceal it, I meet it in the best way possible, by attempting to publish these for my own benefit, and that of a large family.

It were false delicacy to make an idle parade of independence in my situation; and it would be unmanly to make a troublesome appeal to persons, public or private, like a public petitioner.

Friends neither expect this from me, or wish me to do it to others, though it is partly owing to such advice, that I have been induced to come forward with these proposals and if they are successful they will render me a benefit, and if not, they will not cancel any obligations that I may have received from friends, public and private, to whom my best wishes are due: and having said thus much in furtherance of my intentions, I will conclude by explaining them.

The book will be printed on fine paper, and published as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers are procured, to defray the expenses of publishing.

The price will not exceed seven shillings and sixpence, and it may not be so much, as the number of pages and the expense of the book, will be regulated by the publisher.

We are sure that our readers will sympathize in the sad condition to which the poet is reduced; and we are sure too that Lord Milton, who is as generous as he is rich, will be gentle in the matter of rent with his brother man. It must not—nay, it shall not be forgotten—that certain men of this earth pushed the poor uneducated youth, whether he would or not, before the world, quoted his verses, got Gifford to review them, kindly called him the Northamptonshire Poet, and held him up as a person of great genius—in short, an English Burns, though he justified their notice by writing better poetry than what they had formed their judgment upon. No sooner did they see that he was not quite the wonder they had imagined, than they shrunk from his side, and left him on the barren eminence to which they had raised him, to wither in the sun and wind, like a plant plucked up by the roots. We hope such success from these proposals as will remedy this.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

THE spirit which the death of Sir Walter Scott has universally awakened, does honour to the country—all men seem anxious to do honour to his memory by some public testimonials: and we are pleased to see that the gentry of the vale of Selkirk have already voted a monument; that the noblemen and gentlemen of Edinburgh, influenced by the eloquence of the young Buccleuch, Jeffrey, and Wilson, have opened a subscription for the like purpose; and we know at this moment, that London is organizing a committee for a similar object: we wish them all success. We hear, that, by his will, the great poet has desired his son-in-law, Mr. Lockhart, to write his life: the admirable life of Burns, from the pen of the Editor of the *Quarterly*, no doubt influenced his choice, which we think under all circumstances a wise one. We have no doubt that many lives will, ere long, be written of that illustrious person; but we can have full faith in none, save that which comes from an official source.

In art there is but little doing, though the chief painters are fully employed. We lately stated that His Majesty had given orders to fulfil his late brother's intentions respecting a collection of the busts of the illustrious men of the land, for the gallery at Windsor. This was contradicted in some of the newspapers; nevertheless the newspapers were wrong: some of the busts are now in preparation, and we have no reason to doubt that the whole will be completed in the course of time. The head of King William III., of the Duke of Marlborough, and others, are in progress. We hear nothing more of the Reform columns of solid granite, nor of the importation of the

Egyptian Obelisks: the French, however, have, it is said, brought home their presents from the Pacha: the character of our neighbours has been mistaken—we talk and they work.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

##### HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

THE requisite repairs having been completed, which caused a suspension of this Society's popular meetings, the members met for the first time again on Tuesday week, but in consequence of the deserted state of the town, the attendance was not very numerous. A paper was read on the cultivation of the striped Housainee melon, one of the Persian varieties now in such high repute. The flowers exhibited, principally consisted of dahlias, some of which were exceedingly fine. We especially remarked a variety brought by Mr. Young, of Epsom, designated Livick's Incomparable, which was distinguished from the rest of its tribe, by having a distinct spot of white at the apex of each of its crimson petals. Five sorts of *salvia*, a species of *erigeron*, and the beautiful *erica* Bowiciana, were included in the miscellaneous collection of flowers from the Society's garden. A curious specimen of the cucurbita clavata, or trumpet gourd, was exhibited from the garden of the Marquis of Salisbury—when first received, its length was 3 feet 8 inches, and its circumference 11½ inches, and it forms when cooked, an excellent vegetable marrow. The peaches and pears were of the best description, the variety among the latter known by the name of Fondante d'Automne, was much admired for the richness of its qualities. The collections of grapes, apples, &c. were also very good.

Major Gen. Monckton was elected a Fellow of the Society.

#### GREAT ANNUAL MEETING OF THE SOCIETY OF GERMAN NATURALISTS.

Vienna, 23rd September.

THE first public sitting took place on Tuesday last, in the great theatre of the University; an additional degree of éclat was given to it by the presence of Prince Metternich, Marshal Marmont, M. de Montbel, Lord Kerry, and other friends and patrons of science. The most distinguished English naturalist is Mr. Bentham. Between six and seven hundred members of the Society and visitors assisted at the meeting. After an address from Baron von Jacquin, the president for the present year, and the reading of the statutes of the society by Prof. Littrow, M. Burdach of Königsberg read a memoir on the pulsation and throbbing of the heart, Prof. Wawruch, of this university, gave a detailed account of such traces of the cholera as are preserved in the Old Testament, and Prof. Göppert, of Breslau, descanted on the origin and maintenance of warmth in living plants. When the meeting broke up, the members resolved themselves into five sections for the purpose of electing their respective chairmen and secretaries, and settling the proceedings for their subsequent meetings. The imperial library and every other public collection in the town have been thrown open for the use of the members.—On Saturday, Prince Metternich received us at a soirée, when he, as well as the Princess, did the honours with great affability. To-day, about 300 of us were conveyed in 38 *eilwagens* (diligences) to Baden, (a watering-place with sulphur baths, about twelve miles from hence,) where the town gave a handsome dinner, the Arch-Duke Antony paying half the expense. We went to pay our respects, in a body, to the Arch-Duke Charles, and also to the Arch-Duke Antony, who received us very courteously and graciously. To-morrow, the

Emperor gives us a grand dinner in the Palace of Laxenburg, about ten miles from town, on which occasion the *eilwagens* are again to be provided *gratis*. On Thursday, M. de Mitrowsky, the Minister of Public Instruction, gives us a grand dinner in town. The Meetings are to close on Friday.

#### FINE ARTS

THIS is the season of fruits in nature, but of flowers in art: our table is heaped with nosegays and with garlands; with sweet buds and blooms from our own gardens and groves, and with wreaths and posies from other lands: some are all odour, and others all blossom; some are gaudy and garish, others simple and elegant; and on looking a little more closely, we are sorry to say, that not a few are artificial. We shall examine them as they lie, and speak conscientiously of their merits.

##### THE AMULET.

The editor has given us his usual number of engravings, and selected them with his usual success. Some are beautiful, nor is there an indifferent one among the dozen. 'The Gentle Student,' by Newton, is lovely and natural; 'The Duchess of Richmond,' by Lawrence, is very elegant; 'The Evening Star,' from the same pencil, is an attractive thing; 'The Young Navigators,' after Mulready, by the graver of Fox, is all truth and nature; 'The Lute,' by Liverseege, is less to our liking, still we cannot censure it; 'The English Mother,' too, is a sweet performance; so is 'The Golden Age,' from the same great master; nor should the head which forms part of the title-page be overlooked, or the clever hand, that of W. Edwards, which engraved it: 'The Theft of the Cap,' by Wilkie, and the 'Young Navigators,' by Mulready, are our favourites; and Fox and Finden seem to have contended for mastery in the execution.

##### FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING.

The subjects selected by Mr. Pringle are very various: we have portrait, history, domestic story, and landscape; some of them too are of high merit; 'The Christ entering into Jerusalem,' by Martin, only wants space, to rank with his finest performances; 'The Morning Walk,' is lovely; 'Unveiling,' is, perhaps, a little affected, still it is beautiful; 'The Female Pirates,' is a joyous affair; 'The Miniature,' is much to our liking, for it has nature, though less lovely than we could wish; 'The Highland Huntsman,' too, may find friends among those who are partial to the tartan; though we wish he would look to the work in hand; he is too much in attitude. The landscapes, by Parson, are very well; but Turner and Stanfield eclipse every other artist, in the splendour of light and shade.

##### THE KEEPSAKE.

Both the literature and the art of the Keepsake are of high pretensions: the first is generally written by lords and ladies of high degree; and the other is supposed to be inspired by such polite company, and to have an air of nobility about it. We must say, however, that these advantages appear to be imaginary: we have, it is true, some very splendid performances of the pencil; but there are others of an inferior character, and which can only perform the part of foils; and, in truth, we are afraid there is even a charm in this, for the dulness of one, may make another look more beautiful and bright. 'The Bridemaid,' by Parria, is lovely, with a touch too much of the picturesque; 'Caius Marius among the ruins of Carthage,' by Martin, is too magnificent a scene, for the scale on which it is engraved; 'Verrex,' a landscape by Stanfield, almost equals the 'Fall of the Rhine,' by Turner; but it is inferior to



his 'Ehrenbrieststein,' which is a magnificent work, and well engraved by Wallis. 'Mrs. Mailsetter and her two companions, peeping into the post-office letters,' in the 'Antiquary,' by Richter, is laughable and clever; the 'Juliet,' by Liverseege, is a touching and lovely thing; but the one most to our liking, for its nature and easy elegance, is 'Rosina,' a lady reading, by Boxall. We could select some others which merit notice, but these are the best; the 'Flora Mac-Ivor' of Miss Sharpe, is much too tall, and has nothing Highland in her air.

#### THE PICTURESQUE ANNUAL.

Here are twenty-six scenes from the pencil of Stanfield; we could pick out six of them, well worth double the money which buys the volume to which they belong. Our chief favourites are, 1, 'Frankfort,' 2, 'St. Goar,' 3, 'Bingen,' 4, 'Andernach,' 5, 'Coblentz from Ehrenbrieststein,' 6, Ehrenbrieststein itself. There are, however, a round dozen more, of nearly equal merit; nay, on looking over them again, we see some which we may fairly rank with the six elect, both in airiness and splendour. The graves of Wallis and Brandard have been busy among these fine landscapes.

#### THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

Mrs. Watts has fine taste in arts and literature; in both she addresses herself to the matter in hand; the engravings of her New Year's Gift are all good, and some of them are excellent. They are nine in number, and the subjects embodied are chiefly of a domestic nature. 1, 'The Sisters,' by Johannot, has a French look, but full of nature and beauty; 2, 'The Mother of Procula,' by Colin, is easy and expressive; 3, 'The Little Mendicant,' almost reconciles us to some of the better things of Westall, and reminds us of his earlier and better days; 4, 'The Invalid Mother,' by Scheffer, is gentle and touching; 5, 'The French Village School,' by Decamps, recalls our own youthful days, when all lessons done and difficult questions cleared, we burst out of doors with a shout, and shortened the way home with all manner of pranks and harmless mischief; 6, 'The Introduction of Raphael to the Duchess of Urbino,' is rather a stately affair; 7, 'The Novice' is very well; but looks like hers may be spared by man—"go to a nunnery, go;" 8, 'The Kitchen-Maid,' by Howard, is a fine performance; the boy and the old cat, are masterly delineations; 9, 'The Tambourine Boy,' is the frontispiece. On the whole, we have been much pleased with Mrs. Watts's collection.

#### The Byron Gallery.—Part III.

THIS we consider the most interesting number of this elegant work. 'The Witch appearing to Manfred,' by Howard, is truly poetic; there is nothing picturesque or startling; the calm and tranquil grandeur of the meeting is fine. 'The Boy and Girl,' from the 'Hours of Idleness,' by Richter, and 'Parisina,' by Wood, are both of high merit. We cannot, however, commend the 'Return of Beppo'; the lady affects too much surprise; nay, she has something of a look of horror: now Byron says, that wonder painted her cheek, and that her colour changed; he says nothing, that we remember, of spread out hands and staring eyes. In truth, she was a very cool sort of lady, and in the first moment of her husband's finding her suspicious company, she noticed the change in his complexion, and fell in love with the fine shawl round his head. She was none of your shrieking and starting dames, depend upon it.

#### Old and New London Bridges.

William Edward Cooke has fairly earned himself a name among those who handle well both pencil and graver; and we may well call him the worthy son of a very worthy father.

There is a character of no ordinary kind in these scenes of the bridges; the picturesque effect is the least part of the merit; there is fine grouping, and many touches of character, worthy of more extended landscapes. 'The demolition of the Chapel Pier,' would make a capital painting.

#### Tomblason's Views of the Rhine.

Half-a-dozen numbers of this wondrously cheap work lie before us; though there are three engravings for sixpence, we cannot say that they are indifferently executed.

#### THEATRICALS

[Some of our theatrical criticisms should have appeared last week, but, like all other things, they were put aside to make room for the Memoir of Sir Walter Scott.]

#### DRURY LANE.

A new tragedy has been produced here, called 'The House of Colberg.' Its author is Mr. Serle—known to the town as an actor of sense and ability, and as a writer of considerable talent. The plot is slight—too slight, indeed, to bear the weight of five acts upon its shoulders, notwithstanding the merits of the piece in point of composition. Mr. Macready's acting was clever and energetic, and in some instances powerful in the extreme. All others concerned did their best, and the play was, as it deserved to be, well received. There is so great a lack, at present, of sterling dramatic writing, that it is painful to us to say anything disheartening to one who, like Mr. Serle, has the courage to venture, and the ability to succeed. Still we are forced by truth to express our doubts whether 'The House of Colberg,' will prove permanently attractive. Mr. Serle ought to write for the stage, most undoubtedly; but we question whether he is wise in soaring to the topmost flight. *Γνωθι σεαυτον* is nowhere more wanted than among authors. Mr. Serle has too much knowledge of the stage, and too much talent, to fail altogether, let him try what he may; but we fear he has not the genius to sustain himself through a five act tragedy, with any well-grounded hope of solid good, either to himself or to the theatre. We shall be glad to find ourselves wrong, and will at any moment cheerfully acknowledge it if proved so. In the meantime, we may safely invite every one who wishes well to the drama, to subscribe his mite towards its encouragement, by paying a clever and industrious man the just compliment of going to see his play.

A new farce, in two acts, called 'Mr. and Mrs. Pringle,' was produced here on Tuesday last. We must, on account of the matter left over from last week, defer a detailed notice of it. It is attributed to Don Telesforo de Trueba. It was highly and deservedly successful, and will, we should hope, prove attractive.

#### COVENT GARDEN.

THIS house opened on Monday week under the management of M. Laporte. Some alterations have been made in the interior arrangements. The new chandelier is very splendid. The performances of the season commenced with 'The Merchant of Venice,' in which the young gentleman we mentioned before, made his appearance in *Shylock*. He has certain requisites, and a certain aptitude for the stage, but, owing to want of experience, there is necessarily so much uncertainty mixed up with these certainties, that he must do as others have done before him, and submit to two or three years of rough-riding in the country, to form his paces and fit him for London harness. Miss Sydney made her first appearance on these boards in *Nerissa*, and acquitted herself to the expressed satisfaction of the audience. Miss Ellen Tree acted *Portia*—she was received with that hearty welcome, which her sweet face must

command from all who have the good fortune to look upon it, and she proved, by the excellence of her acting, that the welcome would still have been deserved, had nature been less bountiful to her. The other established favourites received the customary "compliments of the season" as they entered. The play was followed by a new afterpiece by Mr. Planché, which the bills, if we remember rightly, call 'A Military Spectacle'—they might have called it a pair of spectacles, for, in point of splendour, it equals any two we ever saw and saw through. It is founded on an incident in the early life of Marlborough; and a scene between *Marshal Turenne* and *Young Churchill*, admirably acted by Mr. Warde and Mr. Forester, was honoured with well deserved applause. The first act ends with a ball-room scene, which is so magnificent, that the Easter piece will be troubled to beat it, and the second with a storming, which includes the best and most real-looking fighting we ever saw on the stage. The love part of the business has not been neglected—*Estelle* (Miss Taylor) is the daughter of a *Major Martin* (Mr. Bartley). Her cousin *Victor* (Mr. Perkins) is in love with her, but she is in love with Churchill, the handsome Englishman; and then he, as the dramatist will have it, is in love with somebody in England—and so the poor girl disguises herself as an officer—joins the storming party—abandons all hopes but the forlorn one—and is blown up. Miss Poole played a little drummer—who has been a boy about the Palace of St. James's, and who affects the manners and language of the great people he has been accustomed to see. The character is somewhat *outré*, but perhaps not too much so for a piece of this nature, and, whether so or not, the audience applauded its excellent representation by this clever girl, without stopping to inquire. M. Laporte enacted a serjeant with great humour and good humour; and the opening scene of the second act, in which he and the little drummer form the garrison of a mill, make a prisoner, stand an attack, and capitulate upon terms of their own dictation, was ably sustained by both of them. This piece was, as we have said, highly successful, but we should have liked this to have been left for the press to say. We had hoped better things from M. Laporte, than to have seen him fall into the old managerial vice of associating a national theatre with Quack Doctors and Blacking-makers. We take leave once more to remind the managers of Covent Garden and Drury Lane, that the only theatre which never has disgraced its bills by puffing, is the Olympic, under the management of Madame Vestris. And it is well known, that such has been her success, that she has gained almost as much money as they have lost.

A new *Hamlet*, and, as we understand, candidate for tragic honours generally, made his bow to a London audience on Monday last. As we were prevented from seeing him, we can only report what we have heard, but that is so favourable that it would be unjust to withhold it. We understand, then, that Mr. Butler has considerable advantages both of figure and face; that he played the first three acts of his arduous character in a manner which was admitted to be faultless, but that he was not so successful in the last two. This has been explained in some measure by a necessity under which he laboured of humouring his voice to conceal the consequences of a cold. If this be so, we may, after the warm reception which Mr. Butler met with, not unreasonably pronounce him, unseen by us, a valuable acquisition to the stage.

#### ADELPHI THEATRE.

THIS bazaar of fun, horrors, and strong scenic effects, also re-opened for business on Monday week. The first piece was a new re-

mantic drama called 'Rip Van Winkle, or, the Helmsman of the Spirit Crew.' It is an American legend, known to the reading world here through the introduction of America's gifted son, Mr. Washington Irving. It has many and various merits, but it was not so successful as some of its predecessors have been on this stage, or rather on these boards; for never surely was the latter term more applicable than to those innumerable pieces of wood which, when united, pass under the denomination of the Adelphi stage. The piece laboured under disadvantage from the confusion of a first performance, and of this, as of everything else that goes amiss, be the fault whose it may, the blame, or at all events the consequences, fall upon the author. This is as it is, not as it should be. Dramas of this nature are peculiar to this theatre; and they are, generally speaking, highly effective; but it is difficult beforehand to distinguish between excitement and interest. Mr. Bernard, who wrote the one in question, has often been highly successful, and he need not be ashamed of his present production. 'The Pet of the Petticoats,' and 'Cupid,' both established and deserved favourites, sent the audience home delighted with everything but the pain in their sides from laughing.

## OLYMPIC THEATRE.

THE winter season has commenced here. The English Opera company, Madame Vestris's late lodgers, had only been gone a week, and yet we found the house thoroughly cleaned, retouched, and the hangings of the boxes entirely new. This is attentive, and as it should be. The principal new engagements are Mrs. Orger, Mr. Webster, Miss Murray, Mrs. Tayleure, Mr. Wyman, Mr. Leaves, and Miss Gliddon. Madame Vestris herself appears to be in renewed health and spirits for the ensuing campaign; and Mr. Liston is himself again—more need not, and cannot be said. Mrs. Orger was cordially greeted on her arrival from Drury Lane theatre, and paid the audience for the compliment they had paid her, with compound interest, by the genuine and unaffected excellence of her acting. The entertainments were 'The Grenadier—a new burletta in two acts called 'The Water Party'—'I'll be your Second,' and 'Olympic Devils.' The new burletta in which the principal parts are sustained by Mr. Liston and Mrs. Orger, is written by Mr. Charles Dance. It was perfectly successful, and has had the good fortune to have been generally complimented by the press. The house was well and, notwithstanding the time of year, even fashionably attended.

## MISCELLANEA

*Reviews in France.*—It is a singular circumstance, that Reviews have never yet acquired in France, anything like that description of influence, which, since the establishment of the *Edinburgh Review* in 1802, they have uniformly maintained in this country. The only periodicals of real weight and importance are the newspapers, which, being more restricted in space than our own, can only discharge imperfectly the functions of the Magazine or Review. Some spirited attempts are now making, to supply the deficiency, and we shall therefore briefly state the names and claims of the competitors. The *Revue Trimestrielle* and the *Revue Française* are no more. The first only lived through four or five numbers, and the last, to the best of our recollection, was dropped when its noble and accomplished editor, the Duc de Broglie, accepted office, soon after the revolution of July. At present, therefore, the candidates for public favour are four: the *Revue Britannique*, the *Revue de Paris*, the *Revue des deux Mondes*, and the *Revue Encyclopédique*.

The *Revue Britannique* is entirely made up of translated extracts from English publications. As it has existed some years, it is to be presumed that the speculation succeeds.

The *Revue de Paris* is on the plan of one of our English Magazines, except that it appears to have no fixed literary or political aim, and merely aspires to amuse. It is cleverly edited by M. Amedée Pichot, and interests the curious foreigner by its illustrations of Parisian manners and taste.

The *Revue des deux Mondes*, established about three years ago, was originally intended for a sort of Traveller's (or Geographical) Review, and the early numbers were almost exclusively devoted to subjects strictly within the province of the work. By degrees, however, the conductors have extended their views, and now make frequent and spirited inroads on the provinces of general literature, philosophy, and politics. Victor Hugo's energetic and influential protest against the destruction of the monumental antiquities of France, first appeared in this review: the celebrated philosophical letters of Lerminier are in a course of publication in it; and Sainte Beuve, with a host of other clever and distinguished writers, are contributors. The principal editor (*redacteur en chef*) is M. Balot.

Last, not least, upon the list, comes our old acquaintance, the *Revue Encyclopédique*; a work already so well known in this country, as to render any detailed description of its plan and principles superfluous. But it is a matter of justice to state, that it has now very nearly (if not wholly) emancipated itself from the peculiar tenets of St. Simonism, and that it is no longer an organ of the sect, though still retaining the comprehensiveness and philanthropy, which have been the redeeming qualities of this doctrine or system from the first. The present editors are M. Carnot and M. Leroux; who combine between them all the qualities which can well be conceived requisite in an undertaking of the sort, viz. talent, learning, liberality, perseverance and enterprise. A *réunion* of the contributors to this review takes place every Wednesday evening at the Bureau of the redaction; and as most of the literary men of Paris contribute occasionally, it would be difficult to name a more agreeable or more instructive society.

*Catania Museum.*—Professor Zahn, who has for some time past been making casts from the choicest specimens of antiquity at Naples, has been despatched by the Prussian government on a similar mission into Sicily. Thanks to the liberality of Prince Biscari, he has been permitted (and he is the first who has ever been allowed the privilege,) to take casts from such of the splendid specimens in the Museum at Catania as he may think fit. The Biscari Museum, though little known to the world, may, it is said, rank among the foremost in Europe. Besides a Torso, which Zahn pronounces to be superior to its rival in the Vatican, he commends some small antique bronzes, as excelling the finest of the kind in the Museum at Naples, which, in this department, has hitherto been allowed to surpass every other collection. In addition to these gems, the Biscari Museum possesses an exceedingly valuable assemblage of architectural fragments of the best ages, as well as a variety of vases and terra-cottas, and a cabinet of medals and collection of cameos and intaglios, which may be ranked among the "things unknown," as long years have revolved since eye of mortal man had been cast upon them. We ardently wish, in common with the correspondent who communicates this interesting notice to us, that professor Zahn may not quit Sicily, without bringing away with him an ample detail of these concealed treasures of art.

*The Royal Society of Literature for Hungary* have awarded the prize of two hundred ducats, offered for the best composition in the Hungarian tongue, which should be published in 1831, to the Rev. Andrew Horpáth, a member of the society, for his epic poem, entitled 'Arpád.'

*London and Dover Rail Road.*—We have received a plan of this projected Rail Road, which seems to us a work of great importance, promising advantages, not only to the projectors, but to the country. The route, as laid down, crosses the Thames near Woolwich and the Medway below Chatham, by Steam Ferries, thus not only avoiding the hills, but shortening the distance by many miles. When we consider that Dover is the direct channel of communication with the continent, the benefit to be derived from the facilities here offered, are intelligible enough—but when we remember the tediousness and hazard of rounding the Foreland for vessels coming up channel, with all the delays of tide and river navigation, the cost and charges for pilotage, port dues, dock dues—to say nothing of the wages and keep of the crew—we think it not improbable, that a rail road would ultimately make Dover the shipping port of London.

*Cochineal.*—There is a small insect, peculiar to the Russo-Armenian provinces on the eastern side of the Caucasus, from which a Greek archimandrite has at last succeeded in extracting a dye, which imparts a brilliant carmine to silk, woollen, and cotton substances, and resists the application of the most powerful acids. —*St. Petersburg Journal*—11 September.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

| Days of Week. | Thermom. Max. Min. | Barometer. Noon. | Winds.   | Weather.   |
|---------------|--------------------|------------------|----------|------------|
| Th. 4         | 64 52              | 29.60            | S.       | Showers.   |
| Fr. 5         | 63 45              | 29.84            | S.       | Rain.      |
| Sat. 6        | 63 41              | 29.10            | S.       | Ditto.     |
| Sun. 7        | 69 45              | 29.24            | S.       | Rain, P.M. |
| Mon. 8        | 57 43              | 29.86            | S. to W. | Rain, A.M. |
| Tues. 9       | 58 42              | 29.50            | W.       | Cloudy.    |
| Wed. 10       | 63 47              | 29.75            | W.       | Ditto.     |

*Prevailing Clouds.*—Cirrostratus, Nimbus, Cumulostratus.

Nights for the greater part fair; Mornings for the greater part rainy.

Mean temperature of the week, 52.5°

Day decreased on Wednesday, 5h. 30m.

## NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

The Memoirs of Dr. Barney, by his daughter Mad. d'Arbly.

A second volume of Lyrical Poems, by Mr. A. Tennyson.

*Just published.*—Complete Election Guide, 9s. 6d.—Literary Souvenir, 1833, 12s.—New Year's Gift, 1833, 8s.—Illustrations of Literary Souvenir, 30s.—Friendship's Offering, 1833, 12s.—Comic Offering, 1833, 12s.—Lindley's Introduction to Botany, 8vo. 18s.—Ellis's British Tariff, 1833, 12mo. 7s. 6d.—Legends of Library at Lilies, 2 vol. post 8vo. 21s.—Copland's Dictionary of Practical Medicine, in Four Parts, Part I. 9s.—Drawing-room Scrap Book, 12. 1s.—Amulet, 1833, 12s.—Illustrations before Letters, 24. 10s.—Juvenile Forget-Me-Not, 1833, 8s.—Searle's Maternal Solitude, 18mo. 3s.—Bust of Scott, 5s.—Hansard's Debates, 3rd series, Vol. XI. 12. 10s.—Lyrical Offering, 10s. 6d.—The Musical Gem, 1833, 16s.—Memoir and Correspondence of the late J. E. Smith, 2 vols. 8vo. 31s. 6d.—Perceval's Anatomy of the Horse, 8vo. 20s.—Bransby Cooper's Lectures on Anatomy, Vol. IV. royal 8vo. 15s.—Thomson's Materia Medica, Vol. I. 15s.—Morrison's Counsels to the Young, 2s.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS

We must apologise to our Advertising friends for the omissions of this week, Mr. Valpy having long since engaged the whole space allotted to that department.

We have to acknowledge the receipt of 12. from Mr. J. F. Brown, for Mr. Milhouse.

All Correspondents expecting to hear from us will have the kindness to excuse the delay of a week or two.

Thanks to T. X.—Y. Z.—G. R. J.—Azm.—S. N. M.—E. B.—J. D.—W. E. R.

Will "Verax" oblige us with his name?

The work referred to by L. de S. is received.

We have not in this Number been able to quote clear off all arrears.—This must excuse us to the Author of 'Craven Derby,' and others, who have kindly sent us early copies of their works.

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8. Prospero, Miranda, Caliban, and Ariel.—*Fuseli*.
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# THE ATHENÆUM

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This Journal is published every Saturday Morning, and is despatched by the early Coaches to Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Dublin, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and other large Towns; it is received in Liverpool for distribution on Sunday Morning, twelve hours before papers sent by the post. For the convenience of persons residing in remote places, the weekly numbers are issued in Monthly Parts, stitched in a wrapper, and forwarded with the Magazines to all parts of the World.

## REVIEWS

*Erinnerungen aus dem Leben eines Deutschen in Paris.* Von G. P. Depping. (*Recollections from the Life of a German in Paris.*) Leipzig: 1832. London: Treuttel & Co.

This is an amusing record of the life of a literary man, whose labours have not been unnoticed by the world. † Attracted to Paris when only nineteen, he has passed thirty years of his life, in that high seat of European civilization, in frequent intercourse with many of the most distinguished characters of the age, and a witness of some of the most eventful transactions in modern history. His style is easy and pleasant, without pretension, and he runs on in a quiet tone of lively gossip, detailing anecdotes of his youthful experience in Paris, and bringing us acquainted with many individuals, who figured with him on that busy stage. In this latter particular consists, perhaps, the principal interest of the work. As every page presents something amusing, we may open the book at random.

The first anecdote which presents itself refers to the writer's youthful production, the '*Soirées d'Hiver*,' which, it seems, was intended to show young people how nations thrive and prosper, and how they advance from a state of barbarism to civilization, according as they avail themselves diligently of their national talents and advantages. This little work became very popular, and was announced as about to be translated into English; and the author, being anxious that this new edition should share in the corrections which he intended to make, wrote to the English publisher to that effect, who replied, M. Depping adds, in the style of an English merchant, "it would not do." This "would not do," which still rings in the author's ears, meant, we suppose, that the corrections and alterations would cost an extra trifle, and was written with the consciousness that puffs and paragraphs would in England sell a bad edition, as readily as a good one—it is, indeed, a text that might be curiously illustrated, and some day or other we may write an amusing commentary on it.

One of the literary enterprises which cost M. Depping the greatest pains and research, was his '*History of Spain*,' which was written during Napoleon's war in that country, and published in 1811. The periodical press at that time was severely shackled, but the Emperor thought it for his interest not to be severe in his censorship of books. Our au-

thor naturally felt great interest in this work—the first two volumes were ready for the press in the latter end of 1809—but the delays of the publisher, Colas, were such, that they were not printed till the middle of 1811. By this time, Napoleon had become alarmed at the protracted resistance of the Spaniards, and at the obstinacy with which they contended for their faith and freedom; the press, therefore, must be still further shackled; and M. Depping's work, after being printed, and when just ready for sale, was doomed to be shorn of its fair proportions by the ignoble scissors of M. Lacretelle the younger, who was then censor. This man was the fitting tool of a despotic government—he was sufficiently sharp-sighted to see in what manner the spirit of despotism must operate on literature, in order to remove all fear of danger from it—he possessed, so to speak, the instincts of slavery, which he had sufficiently shown in his own historical works; and had it depended on him, every new book henceforward published in France would have taken the same tone and colour. M. Depping observes—

"This was the man who was now to decide upon my *History of Spain*. I soon received an invitation to meet him, as he had some communication to make to me, in his capacity of Censor. I waited on him, of course—he received me with the lofty distance of a Judge who listens to the culprit before him. I soon guessed what awaited my history. At first, in his cold manner, he praised my work, and then said I had done wrong in permitting myself to make so many digressions, (in this he was right). An emphatic *but* then pointed to the whole period of the struggle of the Spaniards against the Romans for freedom and independence, as written with an evident leaning towards the former. This *might* be construed into an allusion to the present struggle of the Spaniards, and even as an encouragement to persevere in their obstinate resistance to the dynasty of Napoleon. All this, I must necessarily leave out, before the appearance of the work could be sanctioned. I was struck dumb. In a work of two volumes already printed, a large part must be rewritten, and with a feeling and bias absolutely contrary to my own conscience! The history must be composed, not in the sense which appeared to me just and true, but as it pleased Monsieur Lacretelle, the Imperial Censor. I confessed to him, that here I needed advice, and did not see how the dreaded evil could be avoided. He advised me to speak with Malte-Brun on the subject. I came home quite dispirited, cursing a hundred times over the indolent publisher, who had been the cause, by his delay, of our falling into the hands of such a literary privateer—but, thought I to myself, Colas shall suffer as severely for this as myself. Next morning, I went to Malte-Brun, and pointed out to him my distressing situation. He begged for some days' delay, to enable him to read carefully the objectionable part of my history, and to consider how it might be altered to suit the taste and orders of the rigorous Censor.

At the appointed time, I did not fail to revisit Malte-Brun, who informed me, that he had also observed striking allusions, whether accidental or designed, in the history of the struggle of the Spaniards against the Romans—in the cold-blooded, plundering Romans, whose only object was the subjugation of the natives, and afterwards the seizure of their property, without troubling themselves about the noble heroism of the people, their love of country, and patriotic devotion, the army of Napoleon would at once be recognized. He thought, however, that without removing the picture altogether, the history of the period might be considered in another point of view, not contrary to truth, and certainly not displeasing to Napoleon's Censor, since it would suggest very different analogies. He then gave me some manuscript notes, which he had made on various passages—and I have always preserved them as a proof of the great tact of this able writer. The leading points of his suggestions were these:—The Carthaginians had subdued and plundered Spain, long before the Romans. That ambitious people had employed Spanish treasure and Spanish troops, for the purpose of attacking the Romans in Italy. So long as the Spaniards continued to support the Carthaginians, Rome could not be considered safe from the latter; the rights of self-defence, therefore, required, that the Carthaginians should be expelled from Spain, and a fast hold kept of that country. By this means, the Carthaginians would be driven over to Africa; and, instead of Spain being under the dominion of a merely selfish and ambitious people, she would form part of a great empire—the seat of learning, and of the arts and sciences. This view of the matter would necessarily please the Censor so much the more, as it was only necessary to substitute for the Carthaginians the English—who, in the 19th century, sought to disturb France by means of Spain, as old Carthage had done Rome.

"This proved a happy expedient, and fully succeeded, so far, at least, as regarded the Censorship; the bookseller had, indeed, to pay for his delay, by reprinting ten sheets of the work; which, under all the circumstances, must be regarded as a sort of curiosity in the annals of bibliography."

We trust this lesson may not be thrown away on the good people who hope to encourage literature and disseminate truth by the establishment of diffusion societies and a censorship.

We shall now translate a very pleasing sketch of a Parisian *blue stocking*, from which the untravelled reader may form a pretty correct idea of the ease and unostentatious elegance of Parisian literary society.

"Some of my literary friends introduced me to Madame \* \*, who was then in the habit of collecting around her a small circle of friends and literati. Here, a new view of society was presented to me. Madame \* \* was no longer in the bloom of youth, and could hardly be reckoned handsome; but her figure was fine, her voice soft, and there was an air of elegance in her general appearance. As she had no family in Paris, and was even reported to be se-

\* The principal works are, '*Les Soirées d'Hiver*,' a very popular book with young people.—A *History of Spain*,—A *Collection of Spanish Romances*, with notes and illustrations,—*Histoire des Expéditions Maritimes des Normands*, which gained, we believe, a prize at Paris,—and a similar *Prize Essay*, on the Commerce of the Levant; besides innumerable articles in *Reviews*, &c.

parated from her husband, and had but a very limited income, her expenses were on a corresponding scale; and I had an example in her of the manner in which an accomplished female, unsupported and alone, must manage in Paris, when she would follow the stream of fashion without the support of family or wealth. Her early history I never knew. When I was introduced to her, she was known as the writer of very interesting articles in the periodicals, and had frequent parties of learned and literary men. Her visitors, however, were by no means confined to these classes, and I have met ambassadors and princes in her little apartments. Her conversational powers were enchanting; and every one was eager, to the utmost of his ability, to contribute to her amusement. One invited her to a ball, another to the theatre, a third to a concert, while a fourth would tempt her to a picnic party in the country; and this sort of life was her element. When she remained solitary at home, and heard at evening the rolling of the coaches through the streets, she became melancholy, for the reflection arose of all the pleasure which the people in these vehicles would enjoy that night, and of which she would be deprived. Had she but one companion—and more particularly one of a cheerful or intellectual turn—her contentment for the evening was secured; and if two came she was rejoiced, her pleasure increasing with the number of her visitors.

"Like all those of her sex in Paris, distinguished by their talents, she studiously displayed her intellectual wealth to the light, and could not endure to be surpassed in this respect by other women. I once found her almost inconsolable, on account of having twice lost the thread of the discourse, or suffered it to get entangled, in a conversation which she had had with another lady of equal talents and celebrity, to whom she had been introduced for the first time. 'What will Madame N. think of me?' she exclaimed bitterly.

"It was always her chief concern so to arrange matters, that the time, particularly the afternoon and evening, should be passed in an agreeable manner. In this she succeeded tolerably well, and, in fact, every one was her friend who had spent a pleasant evening in her house, or had been with her on summer's day in the country, delighted with the preference shown to him. She knew how to keep her admirers in good order, who might otherwise have given way to fits of jealousy; and at her house might be seen many very interesting characters, among others the young poet, Milleroie, whose foppish appearance presented a strange contrast with his elegies, and who fell a victim to his excessive indulgence in the pleasures of Paris. His career was joyous but short, and the fate of the young elegiac poet was bewailed by many a beauty. I learned much from the conversation of Madame \* \* \* she was eminently familiar with the best tone of Parisian society, and many times advised with and directed me—a kindness that no one had hitherto done me; because in Paris there is a constant dread of offending the self-love of any one with whom we come in contact, and hence, in conversation, everything is avoided that can create pain. On the whole, this attention is praiseworthy, as it evinces a wish to please those whom chance has brought into our company; and it must remove many causes of strife when men behave in this courteous manner towards each other, and mutually conceal the rough sides of their character. For young people, however, who have still much to learn, it is of the highest importance to meet with an individual whose far greater intimacy with good society qualifies him, and who will take the trouble to point out their errors. The instructions of the fair sex, in these matters of minor morals, are particularly efficacious; and

it is to be wished that every youth who comes up from the country to settle in the metropolis, were placed under the care of some prudent female friend, and perfected by her in his social education. I found, however, that the evenings at Madame \* \* \* stretched far into the night, and that it did not agree with serious occupations to be deprived of the morning; I remarked also, in good time, that my means would not allow me to compete with so many rich and gallant cavaliers, in devising pleasure-parties for the lady of the house; I therefore, withdrew myself by degrees from such society, in spite of its many charms; and this mode of proceeding I have since observed, in similar circumstances, that I might not be swept away by the whirlpool of dissipation, and might remain master of my own time. By thus acting, I have certainly lost some enjoyments, but, on the other hand, have gained by leading a regular life, which has also its attractions, and which will never offer matter for repentance.

We may, perhaps, make some further translations from this pleasant work.

#### THE ANNUALS.

*The Keepsake.* Longman & Co.  
*Friendship's Offering.* Smith, Elder & Co.  
*Heath's Picturesque Annual.* Longmans.  
*The Landscape Annual.* Jennings & Chaplin.  
*The Literary Souvenir.* Longman & Co.  
*The New Year's Gift.* Ditto.  
*The Comic Offering.* Smith, Elder & Co.

We last week made our award, so far as art was concerned, on the several pretensions of these glittering volumes—we shall now confine ourselves to the much less important duty of reporting on their literary merits. But first, one friendly word with all parties interested. We observe that 'The Winter's Wreath,' not the least pleasant, though one of the least pretending of the brotherhood, has been merged in 'Friendship's Offering'—let the others take the hint; and assuredly, unless the proprietors exert themselves, and contrive to hold on public patronage by variety and novelty, some one of these works must shortly play the prophet's serpent, and swallow up all competitors. There is a wearisome uniformity that will pall the public appetite, as it now perplexes criticism. What can we say of them, that was not said last year?—and they are not only identical with the past volumes, but with one another—the same words of praise and blame might with equal truth characterize any one of them.

#### THE KEEPSAKE

is perhaps a trifle less aristocratical than heretofore, and something the better for it. An historical anecdote by Lord Dover, though wanting in novelty, is perhaps one of the most interesting papers—Lord Morpeth, Leitch Ritchie, and Mrs. Shelley, have all contributed good tales—Lady Blessington has a pleasant skit—and there are other trifles of various merit, but not worth particularizing.

#### FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING.

In this more substantial looking volume, we like the realities best—such papers as Mr. Pringle and Mrs. Lee have contributed; and of course we include the poetry of Mary Howitt and the prose of Miss Mitford, which are true as truth itself. Barry Cornwall too, Mrs. Norton, Allan Cunningham, T. B. Macaulay, J. B. Fraser, Delta, T. K. Hervey, Inglis, Banim, Leitch Ritchie,

and the author of 'London in the Olden Time,' have all contributed—Inglis, a 'Norwegian Legend,' so full of local truth, that we seem to read it within sound of the Maelstrom, and Ritchie one of his best tales. There are, too, some clever articles by persons less known, and among them, a quiet pleasant piece of humour, called, 'A Journey to Richmond,' which is worth reading.

#### THE PICTURESQUE

is sure to be welcome. Mr. Ritchie is always a delightful travelling companion, abounding in pleasant anecdote and traditional lore. 'The Picturesque' is one of the few books of its class, to which we are willing to assign a permanent place on our library shelves—but we must, on this occasion, confine our extracts to one short anecdote relating to a student at Heidelberg:—

"Mar Antoni Helcel, was the son of Helcel, a banker at Cracow, in Poland. When the intelligence arrived of the revolt of the Poles, he immediately bade his companions adieu, and hastened home.

"My son! my son!" cried the alarmed father, when Antoni, whom he imagined to be safe at Heidelberg, suddenly presented himself: 'in an evil hour are you come! I have but two of you—this young lad and yourself—and I cannot spare you, Antoni. You must be a father to him when I am gone. What is your purpose, my rash, but beloved boy?'

"I thought you might be in danger, father," replied Antoni, 'and I came to see that you, and my mother, and my young brother, were well cared for in these disastrous times. But I am now weary and faint with travel; let me lie down to rest, and you shall know all in the morning.' He went to bed in the same room with his brother. The anxious parents got up betimes, and stole softly to listen whether he was awake. All was silent; and a great part of the morning elapsed before they could determine on disturbing the slumbers of their son. At length, becoming almost alarmed, they entered the room. It was empty. With a quaking heart the father saw that the arms which had hung by the wall as an ornament were absent too. The predictions of his heart were verified. Antoni and his young brother, in the middle of the night, had left their parents in the keeping of God, and had gone to offer their swords to their country. The battle of Grochow was fought a few days after. The noble youths arrived just in time to share the glory; and were both slain."

#### THE LANDSCAPE ANNUAL.

We find, on examination, that we neglected last week to notice the illustrations to this pretty volume. There are four and twenty altogether, and they present such scenes as strike the eye, catch the fancy, or have been rendered acceptable to us by poets and historians—'Vico Varo, near Tivoli,' 'Vetri,' 'Terni,' and 'The Convent of the Vallambrosa,' are our favourites. As a whole, they are fully equal to last year, but the objections of last year still hold; and it may be said generally, that they want sun-light and air. Mr. Roscoe's accompanying letter-press is always pleasant, although it is but too evident that he writes rather from description than observation, and he is somewhat too profuse of quotations.

#### THE LITERARY SOUVENIR

differs not essentially from the volumes of preceding years, and those who have so long bestowed on it their patronage, will perhaps desire nothing more to be said in its favour.

Wordsworth's beautiful sonnet 'On Sir Walter Scott's leaving Abbotsford,' which the liberality of the editor of the 'Souvenir,' enabled Mr. Allan Cunningham to introduce into his Memoir, worthily opens a volume, to which Mrs. Hemans, Caroline Bowles, Mary Howitt, T. K. Hervey, W. Kennedy, and others, have given their able support. Leitch Ritchie also contributes a powerful tale bordering on the supernatural, and W. Howitt one of common life, with its joys and sorrows, its hopes and disappointments, full of touching simplicity, and occasional passages of that best of philosophy, which comes warm from the depth of human affection—here is an extract in illustration of what we mean:—

"How superficially we look upon our fellow-men. They pass us daily in the walks of life as so many automata; we know no more of them; yet, around us in a thousand and a thousand streams, their spirits are flowing in thoughts and passions and affections, in their own hidden circles of friendship—in their own hallowed retirements of domestic love; and we go through the world blaming its coldness, and cursing its cruelties and its crimes, but all unconscious of the vast wealth of joy, and intellect, and affectionate attachment which hem us in on all sides, and overflow continually into the eternal sea. Well! thanks to an all-gracious God who has caused them to flow!"

Of the beautiful illustrations, we have spoken under the head of Fine Arts.

#### THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT,

or Juvenile Souvenir, is perhaps the only one that is decidedly improved—more exertion, and a more liberal outlay of money are evident. If, indeed, it might be excused in reverend and grey-headed men, we would venture to acknowledge, that 'A Day in an Island,' by Mary Howitt, and 'Dolly and her Beaux,' by Miss Mitford, have pleased us as well as they are likely to do the Juveniles, to whom the volume will forthwith be forwarded. There are many other pleasant papers, one in particular, 'A Summer Day's Adventure,' by the author of 'The Book of the Seasons.'

#### THE COMIC OFFERING,

we have never yet been able to praise. The present is perhaps a trifle better than the preceding volumes. 'The Jig-oh Sleeves,' 'Just set-up in Business,' 'The Unattached Major,' and one or two other of the woodcuts are passable—but the literature is certainly not improved, though we are informed in the preface, that no less than "seven members of the Peerage" have sent contributions.

*History of the King's German Legion.* By N. L. Beamish. 2 vols. London: Boone.

On the late war we have had histories, partial or complete, in countless abundance; but we have not seen one displaying more moderation, more diligence in investigating the truth, or more shrewdness in deciding between conflicting statements. Though professedly merely a history of the Services of the German Legion, it is, in fact, a history of the entire war; for from "what glorious and well-foughten field" can we record the absence of the German chivalry? The work is not like others that we could name—a mere compilation from newspapers and magazines: Major Beamish has left no source of information

unexplored; and the access he obtained to manuscript journals has enabled him to intersperse his general narrative with interesting personal anecdotes, that render this volume as delightful to those who read for amusement, as it is valuable to those who read for profit. We shall glean a few scraps from the ample supply, as we proceed in our brief summary of the history.

After Hanover had been lost without a struggle, through the inconceivable folly, or more probably the treachery, of the electoral ministry, the corps called the German Legion was raised from among those soldiers who felt more attached to the house of Brunswick, than to a country betrayed and insulted. They were formed into several regiments, and quartered through England and Ireland. In the latter country, their gallant bearing recommended them to the tender hearts of the fair sex, and so great was their success, that an Irish militia brigade, enraged by the loss of their sweethearts, actually had recourse to arms, and several lives were sacrificed. The first appearance of the legion in active service, was during the war in northern Europe. The Germans behaved very well during the campaign against Copenhagen; and the following characteristic trait of their honesty is highly creditable:—

"On one of the British attacks upon the suburb, this officer (Major Heise), then a lieutenant, was posted with twenty-two men of the regiment in front of an apothecary's shop, where also spirits were sold. For this part of his stock in trade the apothecary found several customers among the hussars; but the continued discharge of grape from the citadel much disturbed the circulation of the glass. Still more, it might be supposed, would it have interfered with the after process of remuneration. This, however, was most conscientiously performed, and notwithstanding the uninterrupted fire from the citadel, the Germans were to be seen most methodically drawing out their purses, and presenting the apothecary with the value of his drams."

On their return from Denmark several of the transports were lost; but several examples of individual heroism were displayed, the more remarkable as the helplessness and cowardice of soldiers at sea has passed into a proverb. That there are brilliant exceptions to the aphorism appears from the account of the shipwreck of the *Salisbury*.

"The situation of the *Salisbury* was now so perilous, that the destruction of those on board appeared inevitable; the sailors, therefore, lowered down the long boat, and all rushed forward to seek refuge in it. Lieutenants von Wenkster and Magens, forty-three soldiers, one woman and child, and the master and twelve of the crew of the transport succeeded in getting in, after which the rope was cut, and the boat, unprovided with either oars or rudder, drifted off at the mercy of the waves. The other vessel now bore up towards the boat, and as she was driven past her, threw out a rope, but it fell short of the object; a second and a third time this was attempted, but with equal ill luck, and the last hope of the sufferers appeared to have been extinguished, for the master of the vessel was unwilling to make any further effort for their preservation. A few bold and generous soldiers, however, came to their relief. Major Robertson, who, with part of the eighth English infantry, was on board the vessel, seeing that the master of the transport declined making any farther exertion to save the people in the boat, energetically appealed to his own men on behalf of their brother soldiers. Several officers and

men immediately came forward; from these the best rowers were chosen, and they gallantly put off in the jolly boat, and endeavoured to convey a rope to the boat of the *Salisbury*. This rope proved too short, and was obliged to be twice lengthened before it would reach the boat, keeping the sufferers in the most painful suspense; at length the brave soldiers succeeded in accomplishing their humane object, and both boats were hauled up to the transport, which now bore away towards the *Salisbury*.

"On nearing the vessel Major Robertson sought to cheer the unfortunate people on board, who had despaired of receiving help, by calling out to them, 'You will all be saved,' which they answered with a grateful hurrah!

"Four men of the legion now jumped into the boat and put off to the *Salisbury*, but the wind again increased, and rendered their approach dangerous; the boat reached, however, the stern of the vessel, and surgeon Rathje, the quarter-master sergeant, two soldiers, and the mate, were enabled to jump into her; but the transport was fast sinking, and to have remained longer near her would have endangered the boat, which was obliged immediately to be got away. With the preservation of these five persons, therefore, their gallant comrades were obliged to be satisfied, and scarce had they pulled off, and ensured the safety of the boat, when the *Salisbury* went down. Nine officers, two hundred and twelve men, thirty women, and five children, perished with this transport. The entire casualties of the legion in the expedition amounted to one thousand one hundred and seventy-five, of which thirty-six were officers; and the drowned alone numbered two hundred and twenty-six!"

The next service of the Legion was in Sir John Moore's unfortunate, though not unhonoured campaign.

"Great expectations having been raised among the troops both as to the enthusiasm of the Spaniards in their resistance to the French, and their grateful and friendly feeling towards the British, they were not a little surprised and disappointed at finding, when they had crossed the frontier, no demonstration of either feeling. Hundreds of able-bodied men passed the columns with indifference on their march, or, wrapped in their dark mantles, stood stupidly gazing on them in the market-places; and their reception at the houses of the inhabitants showed an equal absence of any of those noble sentiments for which the 'patriots,' as they were called, had been so much lauded."

We must make room for our author's account of the circumstances of Lefebvre's capture, because it differs from the narratives published at the time, and appears to be well supported by official documents.

"In the course of the pursuit a young private of the German hussars, named Bergmann, who had already cut down a French officer, and possessed himself of his sword and pouch, being mounted on a fast English horse, found himself one of the foremost, and came up with a person dressed in a green frock, and cocked hat, who rode in rear of the flying squadrons. The fugitive made a thrust at his pursuer with his sword, which being parried, he demanded 'pardon.' At this moment one of the English hussars, who was close at hand, seized the bridle of the prisoner's horse, and led him away. Bergmann, then only a lad of eighteen, and little knowing the value of his prize, suffered the more shrewd Englishman to bear it off, and giving himself no farther concern about the matter, rejoined the pursuit: meantime the person in the green frock was taken to General Stewart as the prisoner of the English hussar; nor was it until Bergmann's comrades had reproached him for not retaining his prize, that

the unsophisticated Hanoverian learned it was the General Lefebvre!

During the calamitous retreat to Corunna, a claim is made for the exemption of the German Legion from the heavy charges too truly brought against the rest of the British army; and, on the authority of a manuscript, we are told, that on one occasion the Germans displayed some qualifications in which their fellow-sufferers were sadly deficient.

"Among other resources of the army which it was found necessary to abandon, was part of the military chest. This sum, amounting to about 26,000*l.* in dollars, was contained in casks and carried on bullock-carts; but the tired animals were no longer equal to their load, and the casks were ordered to be left behind. Lieutenant Hugo, who commanded the rear-guard of the German hussars, thought, however, that he might be able to save part of the treasure, and halting, made each man of his detachment, which amounted to about five and twenty, take an equal weight of dollars in his corn-sack; these sums were brought on safely and delivered to the commissariat at Corunna."

An anecdote of an English farmer who witnessed the debarkation of the Legion, after its return from Corunna, deserves to be recorded.

"Landing without horses or baggage, the third hussars did not, it may be supposed, make a very brilliant figure on their re-appearance in England; they were not, however, the less well received. 'D—n all the horses,' said a thorough John Bull, in reply to the dispiriting observations of a by-stander on the state of the regiment, 'Yorkshire has horses enough to mount them again—thank God that the lives of the brave men are saved.'"

We shall not enter into any examination of this painful subject, nor attempt to decide with what success Count Alten has attempted the refutation of Colonel Napier's history. Equally shall we avoid discussing the campaign of Talavera and its useless victory: to those who wish to undertake the inquiry, we recommend the work itself. Major Beamish is an able tactician, and has made the movements of both armies intelligible even to an unprofessional reader. But there is an isolated anecdote of a sergeant saving ammunition waggons, when the grass and heath were in flames around them, which is among the first examples of calmness and presence of mind in a moment of difficulty.

"Bostelmann, well aware of what was to be apprehended, but at the same time considering that the loss of the ammunition might have a material effect on the result of the battle, as the battery to which it belonged was posted on the key of the allied position, against which the enemy's main efforts were directed, determined to attempt the preservation of the waggons, regardless of the personal danger with which the effort would evidently be attended. Of his assistants, the four gunners only were available, the workmen, expecting every moment an explosion, having run away; and with the aid of these four men, Luttermann, Zingreve, Warnecke, and Lind, the gallant sergeant succeeded in removing the heavily loaded ammunition waggons through the burning heath, and placing them on a spot in the rear, which a little trench had yet preserved from the flames. Here they awaited the empty limbers, which, at length arriving, enabled them to remove the waggons to the high road in safety."

We are reluctant to follow our author through the sad history of the Walcheren expedition—but must remark, that Major Beamish exposes the almost incredible blun-

ders, both in its design and execution, in a strain of manly indignation, rarely used by military men when speaking of state affairs. We gladly return to the Peninsula, and find a very interesting account of the memorable Lines of Torres Vedras. From this portion of the volumes we extract two anecdotes, with which we must conclude.

"Schroeder was an excellent horseman and swordsman, and gifted with a degree of daring seldom equalled. He was regularly the first in the attack, and the last in retreat; and so often distinguished himself on these occasions, that he became at length known by name to the French. *Ah! vous voilà Monsieur Schroeder!* was often heard from their ranks, as the German was descried in advance, ready to signalize himself by some new exploit. A French officer, who, one day, came over to the British posts with a flag of truce, begged that he might be presented to the famous *Monsieur Schroeder*, of whom he had heard so much, and having been formally introduced, paid him some high compliments on his gallantry. It has been ascertained that between the years 1810 and 1812, this man individually cut down twelve different persons, wounded many, and took twenty-seven prisoners."

"The French were not the only assailants at this period. A hussar piquet was one night led to turn out by the repeated firing of one of the videttes, who soon came galloping in, with a countenance expressive of the greatest alarm and anxiety. But his foe had been a wolf! The animal had, he stated, made several springs at him and his horse, and he was induced to fire in self-preservation; but neither pistol nor carbine could divert the ravenous animal from its prey, and he had ridden off at full speed, as the only means of safety. The officer who commanded the piquet, doubting the truth of this story, went to the point at which the man had been posted; and here the tracks of the assailant, as well as the marks of the bullets, verified the statement of the hussar."

There are lithograph plates of the several battles, drawn by Hebert, and executed by B. King, that possess very considerable merit. The plates of costume deserve also our warmest commendation.

*Oriental Scenes, Sketches, and Tales.* By Emma Roberts, author of 'Memoir of the Rival Houses of York and Lancaster,' &c. London: Bull.

This is a very unpretending little volume, but its poetry and prose are equally entitled to a kind word of commendation. In it is embodied the feelings awakened during an actual residence in India—it is, therefore, rich in the living spirit of truth; and "I am not without a hope," says the author, "that it will convey some portion of the gratification to my readers, which I myself experienced while wandering over the sunny provinces of Hindoostan." We think it will best show the nature of the work, if we extract an entire poem, and we select

#### *The Brahmin.*

It is a lovely solitude—the cliff,  
Rich with embowering trees, and garlanded  
With mantling creepers, towers above the skiff  
Moored where the Ganges' sacred waters spread  
Their wastes below—and crowning that green height,  
In graceful beauty, with its marble dome,  
And terraced stairs, descending flight by flight,  
Appears the holy Brahmin's gorgeous home—  
His temple, and his dwelling place—and there  
He ponders o'er the *Vedas* day by day,  
Passing the silent hours in lonely prayer,  
Or shading from the sun's too fervent ray  
The flowers he tends to deck the holy shrine,

Or strew the bright pagoda's granite floor;  
And while his skilful hands the chaplets twine,  
His thoughts above the world's dark confusion soar.  
At eve he trims the lamp, the beauteous light  
That beams within the *Maus'* rich sculptured cell,  
And when the stars announce approaching night,  
With silvery sound awakes the vesper bell.  
The Brahmin's meals are frugal—some fair tree  
Yields him its fruitage, and the precious grain  
Springing around in rich fertility,  
The few and simple wants of life sustain.  
A scanty mat upon the pavement spread  
Before the temple's threshold, where the sky  
Above the tranquil sleeper's humble bed  
Has flung its star-embellished canopy,  
Suffices for his resting place:—his dress  
Betrays not splendour's pomp, nor priestly pride;  
Careless, and free from sight of coiffures,  
The triple thread across the shoulder tied,  
Around the waist the muslin's ample fold  
Reaching with graceful flow below the knee,  
The snow-white turban round the temples rolled,  
Complete the unpretending drapery.  
He asks nor gold nor gems—to him the lore  
The *Shaster's* venerated page affords,  
Is dearer far than all the glittering store  
That worldly men have purchased with their sweat.  
Yet is he wealthy—the pomegranate droops  
Its ruby blossoms to his gathering hand,  
Its richly-loaded bough the mango stoops,  
And sheds its living gold at his command.  
While sweeping round him are a gorgeous train,  
Herons and peacocks, doves and paroquets;  
The bulbul breathes to him its sweetest strain,  
And pigeons nestle on the minarets.  
While his peculiar care, the mournful bird,  
Who, when the sun has left the river's breast,  
With restless wing and wailing cry is heard  
Calling his mate to her deserted nest,  
With the bright tribe around him lives unmixed;  
There too the moping ape securely dwells,  
For the pagoda's dome-crowned height is charmed,  
And prayers are potent as magician's spells.  
The Mussulman the Brahmin's law reveres,  
Nor dyes his weapon in forbidden blood;  
And even the Christian from his sport forbears,  
Within the precincts of the sacred wood.  
Courteous to all—the stranger from the west,  
Who moors his barge on the strand beneath,  
Is welcomed as the Brahmin's honoured guest,  
And for his hand is twined the brightest wreath.  
Oh! who that has approached that holy fane  
Can pass unheeding from the blessed spot,  
Where peace, and hope, and sweet contentment reign,  
Nor sigh with envy at the Brahmin's lot,  
Who, purified and free from worldly care,  
In sacred duties all his life employs,  
And in earth's sorrows bearing little share,  
The dearest, brightest bliss of Heaven enjoys!

We must also give a specimen of the very pleasant notes with which the poetry is illustrated:—

*The dying Hindoo.*—"There are few things more shocking to European eyes than the publicity of death-bed scenes in India, and the apathetical indifference displayed by the Hindoos while attending the expiring moments of their nearest relatives or friends. Frequently only a few yards from a crowded ghaut thronged by the inhabitants of some neighbouring village, who are laughing, singing, and following their ordinary occupations with the utmost gaiety, a dying person may be seen stretched upon a *charpoy* (bedstead) close to the river's brink, surrounded by a group of three or four individuals, who look upon the sufferer without the slightest appearance of interest. As soon as the breath has left the body, the corpse is thrown into the river, death being often precipitated by stuffing the mouth and nostrils with mud. Strangers, attracted by some superb lotus floating down the stream, are disgusted by the sight of a dead body rapidly descending with the tide, the ghastly head appearing above the surface of the water. Every Hindoo is anxious to draw his last sigh on the banks of the Ganges, or some equally sacred stream flowing into its holy waters; the relatives therefore of expiring persons fulfil the last offices of humanity in the manner most desirable to them, by bringing a dying friend to the edge of the river, and consigning the body, when the vital spark has fled, to the hallowed stream. The corpse of a rich Hindoo is burned upon a funeral pile; but, as wood is dear, the poorer classes either dispense with it entirely,

or merely scorch the flesh previously to launching it into the river.

We recommend this graceful volume to the patronage of our countrywomen: it will be found interesting to all—instructive to many—and a world of pleasant recollections to those, who, like the writer, have journeyed in the East.

*Country Houses.* 3 vols. London: Saunders & Otley.

THE design of the tales in these volumes is to point out the danger of yielding to the seductions of vanity, and the evils that result from indulging a selfish disposition, of which vanity is the usual concomitant. The scenes of the different stories are for the most part laid in the country-houses of the nobility—a circumstance by no means calculated to conciliate a critic, reading the work in London's murky atmosphere. The writer has talent in the conception of characters, but has not yet acquired sufficient tact for their delineation; some are merely sketched, some elaborated with all the minuteness of a Dutch painting; and though in both instances considerable power is shown, yet the incongruity renders both less pleasing than they might have been. The writer is manifestly unbackneyed; we shall not therefore discourage a first essay, by a formal criticism, but pardon the sins of execution for the sake of the pure motives that dictated the effort, and the sound principles it is intended to inculcate.

*Records of my Life*; by the late John Taylor, Esq. author of 'Monsieur Tonson.'

[Second Notice.]

THIS is one of a class of works which in our conscience we cannot praise, and which would be read in defiance of critical condemnation—it is of no use therefore to waste words upon it, and we shall leave our readers to form their own judgment from the specimens given last week and this. It is, as we heretofore said, a storehouse of anecdote, and though many of them are old enough, there is, and always must be, a generation to whom old anecdotes are new, and to such the work will be welcome—but to us, who are a little bald upon the temples, and to others of our standing, the perusal of two such octavo volumes is a little wearisome.

*Pope, Prior, Bolingbroke, &c.*—"In the early part of my life I became acquainted with a widow of the name of Bembridge. She was the mother of Mr. Bembridge, who held a good situation in the Army Pay Office. \* \* \* I understood from her that it was the custom in her early days for gentlemen to take their female friends with them to their tavern dinners; and she told me, that upon an occasion of this nature she was present when Lord Bolingbroke, Pope, Prior, and other distinguished wits were of the company; she was introduced by a near relation, being anxious to witness such a scene.

"Soon after dinner a message was delivered to Prior, who suddenly rose and was leaving the room. Pope asked him in a low tone the cause of his quitting the company; and he answered softly that he had received a message from Chloe, who had been arrested, and that he was going to release her. \* \* \*

"Many accounts have been given of this memorable Chloe, the favourite of one of our best poets; but, according to Mrs. Bembridge, who professed to have authentic information, she

was the wife of a barber in Long Acre, who had by no means a delicate sense of conjugal purity, and thought he was honoured by Prior's patronage of his wife, though probably not indifferent to a more convenient compensation.

"Mrs. Bembridge informed me that at a later period she had a house at Twickenham, so near to that of Pope's that their gardens were close to each other. She had no intercourse with her neighbour, but was one day surprised by a note from Mr. Pope, importing that, with her consent, he would have the pleasure of taking tea with her. She of course signified that she should be proud of the honour of receiving him. He came, and desired to take a walk in her garden. The lady accompanied him, and, as he was attracted by some object, he advanced a few steps before her, but suddenly turned and said, 'Madam, I beg ten thousand pardons, you had a shocking prospect before you,' obviously alluding to the deformity of his person.—'Ah, Master Taylor,' said the old lady, 'it was then I felt my deficiency; I wanted to say something about the honour of having a visiter of his genius and fame, but I could only blush and look foolish.'

"Mrs. Bembridge described Mr. Pope as having been very talkative at the tavern dinner mentioned before; but that Lord Bolingbroke was reserved, though attentive to all that passed, and at times cast around him such penetrating glances as were calculated to excite awe wherever they were directed."

*Mr. G. Lewis.*—"His father held a high situation in the War Office, and allowed his son 800*l.* a-year, while the latter was in parliament. His parents had been separated some years, and as the mother's allowance was scanty, the son, with true filial affection, gave a moiety of his income for her support. When the father heard of this act of filial affection, he observed, that if his son could live upon 400*l.* a-year, he should reduce his income to that sum. The son then, at the hazard of a similar reduction, again divided his income with his mother. Such conduct ought to be recorded.

*Usher the Actor.*—"This gentleman was respected for his literary talents, and according to report, was the author of an elegant little tract, entitled 'Clio, or, a Discourse on Taste,' which I remember to have read in early life, and which afforded me pleasure and instruction. \* \* \*

"Considering Mr. Usher as a literary man, he may be considered as having devised a strange expedient for the improvement of his fortune. He purchased a great number of wheelbarrows, which he let every day to the itinerant daughters of Pomona, who drive these carriages through the streets of London. They were obliged to return these vehicles every night and pay for their hire. What space he had to dispose of these travelling machines on their nocturnal return, I never knew, but, according to report, he lost so many of them by the dishonesty of these fair votaries of the goddess of vegetable luxuries, that he abandoned the scheme as a ruinous speculation."

*Derrick the Poet.*—"My father was intimate with Derrick the poet, as he was then called, and Derrick introduced a lady to my father and mother as his wife, who, it afterwards appeared, was not so. \* \* \*

"This lady, many years after, appeared on the stage under the name of Mrs. Lessingham, and was a comic actress of merit, as well as a very pretty woman. She was an extraordinary character, and one of her whims was to assume man's attire and frequent the coffee-houses, after her separation from Derrick.

"As Derrick wholly depended on his literary talents, he could not afford an expensive habitation, and therefore resided with Mrs. Lessingham, his nominal wife, in a floor, two pair of

stairs high, in Shoe Lane, Holborn. During their residence in this place, as the lady felt a strong propensity towards the stage, Derrick took great pains to prepare her for the theatrical profession. \* \* \*

"When Derrick used to visit my father's cottage at Highgate, after a rural walk by himself, as there was no spare bed in the house, he was accustomed to sleep in my cradle, with his legs resting on a chair at the bottom. He was a very little man.

"As his supposed wife was very pretty, and not likely to hold out against a siege of gallantry, it is not surprising that she was tempted to desert a poor poet, and a two pair of stairs floor, in a low neighbourhood. \* \* \* One circumstance of her conduct ought to be mentioned, as it illustrates the character of women of her description, and may operate as a warning to those who are likely to be ensnared by purchaseable beauty. She had been separated from Derrick many years. In the mean time he had become generally known, and was countenanced by Dr. Johnson. \* \* \*

"Mrs. Lessingham had risen on the stage, and was reported to be a favourite with the manager. She kept an elegant house in a fashionable part of the town. Derrick, at this time, was able to support himself by his connexion with the booksellers, and by his literary productions; and, without any pecuniary views, he was desirous to renew an acquaintance with his former pseudo spouse. He therefore called on her, and sent up his name by her superb footman. The lady declared that she knew no person of that name, and ordered the servant immediately to dismiss him. Derrick, conceiving that the man must have committed some mistake, insisted on seeing the lady. At length she came forward in sight of Derrick, called him an impudent fellow, and threatened to send for a constable unless he left the house. \* \* \*

"Derrick, after his separation from Mrs. Lessingham, or rather her desertion of him, lived in respectable society, and must have conducted himself properly, as he formed many fashionable connexions, who exerted themselves with so much zeal in his favour, as to procure for him the situation of Master of the Ceremonies at Bath. He had previously published a volume of his poems, and as there were a considerable number of subscribers, they afford an evident testimony in favour of his character.

"Like most of those who rise from obscurity, he was, on his elevation at Bath, very fond of pomp and show. His dress was always fine, and he kept a footman as fine as himself. When he visited London his footman always walked behind him, and, to show that he was his servant, he generally crossed the streets several times, that the man might be seen to follow him."

*Kings, Lords, and Commons, at a dinner party in the Fleet Prison.*—"Colonel Frederick, whom I have mentioned before, as the son of Theodore, King of Corsica, was a particular friend of mine. He told me he was once in so much distress, that when he waited the result of a petition at the Court of Vienna, he had actually been two days without food. On the third day a lady in attendance on the Court, whom he had previously addressed on the subject of his petition, observing his languid and exhausted state, offered him some refreshment; he of course consenting, she ordered him a dish of chocolate, with some cakes, which rendered him more able to converse with her: in a short time they conceived a regard for each other, and were afterwards married. \* \* \*

"He said that while his father was in the Fleet prison for debt, Sir John Stewart was a fellow-prisoner on the same account. The latter had a turkey presented to him by a friend, and he invited King Theodore and his son to par-



take of it. Lady Jane Douglas was of the party. She had her child, and a girl with her as a maid-servant, to carry the child; she lived in an obscure lodging at Chelsea. In the evening, Colonel Frederick offered to attend her home, and she accepted his courtesy. The child was carried in turn by the mother, the girl, and the colonel. On their journey he said there was a slight rain, and common civility would have induced him to call a coach, but that he had no money in his pocket, and he was afraid that Lady Jane was in the same predicament. He was therefore obliged to submit to the suspicion of churlish meanness or poverty, and to content himself with occasionally carrying the child to the end of the journey.

"The colonel used to consider that child as the rightful claimant of the property on which he was opposed by the guardians of the Duke of Hamilton. . . .

"The colonel related to me another curious anecdote, on which I rely, as I always found him consistent in his narrations. When Prince Poniatowski, who was afterwards Stanislaus, the last King of Poland, was in this country, his chief, I might perhaps truly say, his only companion, was Colonel Frederick. They were accustomed to walk together round the suburbs of the town, and to dine at a tavern or common eating-house. On one occasion the prince had some bills to discount in the city, and took Frederick with him to transact the business. The prince remained at Batson's Coffee-house, Cornhill, while Frederick was employed on the bills. Some impediment occurred, which prevented the affair from being settled that day, and they proceeded on their usual walk before dinner, round Islington. After their walk they went to Dolly's in Paternoster Row. Their dinner was beef-steaks, a pot of porter, and a bottle of port. The bill was presented to the prince, who, on looking over it, said it was reasonable, and handed it to Frederick, who concurred in the same opinion, and returned it to the prince, who desired him to pay. 'I have no money,' said Frederick. 'Nor have I,' said the prince. 'What are we to do?' he added. Frederick paused a few moments, then desiring the prince to remain until he returned, left the place, pledged his watch at the nearest pawnbroker's, and thus discharged the reckoning. . . .

"The prince, after he became monarch of Poland, occasionally kept up an intercourse with Frederick, and in one of his letters asked the latter if he remembered when they were 'in pawn at a London Tavern.'"

It will be but a melancholy termination to these anecdotes to add, that Colonel Frederick became involved in some bill transactions, and, apprehensive of the consequences, borrowed a pistol of a friend, and shot himself one evening in St. Margaret's church-yard.

We may possibly make a few further extracts hereafter.

*Qanoon-e-Islam, or the Customs of the Moosulmans of India; comprising a full and exact account of their various Rites and Ceremonies, from the moment of birth till the hour of death.* By Jaffur Shurreef. Translated by G. A. Herklots, M.D.

[See second Notice.]

THE security of our eastern possessions depends chiefly upon the irreconcilable differences between the Hindoostanee and Mooslem population of the Peninsula. Of both, the characters seem to be stereotyped: invariable rules, descending to the very minutest particulars of social life, regulate the conduct of both: there is a prescribed form for everything, from the serious lamentations over the

sepulchre, to the sportive jests at a marriage feast. The Korán of Mohammed has been made the foundation for a superstructure of traditional observances, whose number, variety, extent, and minuteness, completely baffle European investigation. Indeed, the nature of the Korán itself, necessarily leads to such a consummation; composed, as it is, of the Magian religion in its decline, of Judaism corrupted by the Talmudic legends, and Christianity distorted out of all resemblance to the religion of the Gospels, by the wild heresies of the Orientals, the Korán became a nucleus, round which the errors of three deteriorated creeds might aggregate, and thus presented the strange appearance of a religion whose symbol was a single sentence, but whose multitudinous forms would fill cumbrous volumes. It is utterly impossible for any but the most determined Orientalist to wade through all the minute and trifling directions given for performing the most ordinary actions; but some notion may be formed of their extent from the following specimen:—

"If a person have his measure taken for new clothes on a Sunday, he will be sorrowful and crying. If on a Monday, he will have ample food and provisions. If on a Tuesday, his clothes will be burnt. If on a Wednesday, he will enjoy happiness and tranquillity. If on a Thursday, it will be good and propitious. If on a Friday, it will be well. If on a Saturday, he will experience numerous troubles and misfortunes.

"If one put on a suit of new clothes on a Sunday, he will experience happiness and ease. If on a Monday, his clothes will tear. If on a Tuesday, even if he stand in water his clothes will catch fire. If on a Wednesday, he will readily obtain a new suit. If on a Thursday, his dress will appear neat and elegant. If on a Friday, as long as the suit remains new he will remain happy and delighted. If on a Saturday, he will be taken ill.

"If a person put on a suit of new clothes in the morning, he will become wealthy and fortunate. If at noon, it will appear elegant. If at about sunset, he will become wretched. If in the evening, he will continue ill.

"If a person bathe on a Sunday, he will experience affliction. If on a Monday, his property will increase. If on a Tuesday, he will labour under anxiety of mind. If on a Wednesday, he will increase in beauty. If on a Thursday, his property will increase. If on a Friday, all his sins will be forgiven him. If on a Saturday, all his ailments will be removed.

"For *Shaving*, four days of the week are preferable to the rest, viz. Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays; the other three are evil and inauspicious."

The most amusing portion of this volume to the uninitiated, are the miracles of the Mohammedan saints, which, in whimsicality, surpass those recorded in the *Pia Hilaria*. The holy Kadir Wullee Sahib's pretensions to a place in the Pantheon, rest on the following extraordinary manifestations of power:—

"A certain person's ship sprang a leak at sea, and the vessel was nigh sinking, when the *nakhoda* (captain) vowed with a sincere heart, that should Qadir Wullee Sahib vouchsafe to stop the leak, he would offer up, in his excellency's name, the profits of the cargo, and likewise a couple of small models of vessels formed of gold and silver. At that moment the saint was engaged with the barber, in the operation of shaving, and instantly became acquainted with the predicament in which the captain stood. Out of kindness he threw away the looking-glass he held in his

hand,† which by some wise dispensation of Providence flew off to the vessel, and adhering to the aperture of the ship stopped the leak. On the vessel's reaching its destination in safety, the commander, agreeably to promise, brought his offering of gold and two little vessels, one of gold, the other of silver, and presented them to him. The saint directed the captain to restore to the barber his looking-glass; on which the skipper, in astonishment, inquired what looking-glass he meant; and received in answer, that it was the one adhering to the aperture at the bottom of his ship where the water had entered. On inspection, it was found firmly attached to the vessel; and was accordingly removed and produced. . . .

"Near the sacred tomb of this saint is a grove of cocoa-nut trees. The custom-house officer observed to the owner, that the revenue which it yielded was considerable, and that therefore it was but just that he should pay a tax for it. The proprietor replied, that the garden belonged to a great *wullee* and had never been taxed before, and why should it now? The other said, it did not signify to whom it belonged; the duty must be paid: adding, that cocoa-nuts had no horns that he should be afraid of them. No sooner had he uttered these words, than horns sprouted out of a couple of them! From this circumstance the duty on these trees has been dispensed with. To this day are the two-horned cocoa-nuts suspended near the head of his blessed shrine."

To those who are about to proceed to India, we can safely recommend this work, as the best and almost the only source whence they can obtain a knowledge of the characteristics of the most important portion, in a political view, of the Indian population.

*The History of Ireland.* By J. Lawless, Esq. London: Ridgway.

IN this first number there is little more than a calm and temperate preface, which seems to promise well for the future moderation of the work. Mr. Lawless is, we find, a stern stickler for the tale of Ireland's ancient glories—was it an Irish antiquarian, that mistook the "thousand and one nights," for a true history?

*A New Pronouncing French Grammar.* By Tassel Furnival. London: Onwhyn.

WE have heretofore acknowledged ourselves sceptical as to the practicability of acquiring the pronunciation of French, or any other language, by means of either pronouncing grammars or dictionaries—others, however, differ from us, and Mr. Furnival's little work has the merit of being brief and cheap.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'*Fallacies of Hope, a Poem.*'—We learn from Campbell,

That suasive Hope has but a syren tongue,  
In the estimation of some, who fail to think with Burns, that Hope is the cordial of the human heart. We dislike bards who see nothing in their walks about the skirts of Parnassus, save homes laid desolate and cities given to sack; to whose ears every breeze comes laden with groans, and in whose eyes the dews of the morning are the tears of the children of men. The author of the '*Fallacies of Hope*' is a person of this stamp; we wish it had been his pleasure to have dried his eyes, and sung with a more cheerful voice. He has a good eye, a fine ear, and honest feeling.

† It is customary with natives, while the barber shaves, for the individual who undergoes the operation to look at himself in a small looking-glass which he holds before him.

'*Beauties of Shelley, with a Biographical Memoir.*'—This is a cheap and neat little volume.

'*Change of Air; or, the Pursuit of Health.* By Dr. Johnson.'—The work of Dr. Johnson has not been unwelcome to the public, for this is the third edition.

'*The Court of Flora; a series of Illustrations of the Beauties of the Garden, with descriptive Letter-press.* Part I. By Silvester Bell.'—This work is, we are told, "adapted both for amateur-gardening and flower painting." To the first of these objects, applies, we suppose, the information—that the beauty, richness, and variety of the Dahlia, have rendered it an object of universal esteem—that the number of its species and varieties is very unsettled;—and, that Sweet Peas are hardy annuals, with climbing stalks. To exemplify the latter object, we have, on the first plate, one patch of red, another of green, and, a third of yellow, with sundry black marks interspersed;—and, on the second plate, two patches of deep blue, one of light blue, and two of flesh colour, with bottle-green *ad libitum*—and all this for a shilling.

'*The Shakspeare Forgeries: Vortigern, with an Original Preface,* by W. H. Ireland.'—Had Mr. Ireland only pretended that Vortigern was an old production of the times of Shakspeare, the assertion, though not to be commended, would have been harmless, but when he determined to impose it on the world as the work of the great dramatist's own hand, and created documents to bear out the deceit, he did what no conscientious man can defend or excuse. We had imagined that this bold imposture was forgotten, and were somewhat startled when Vortigern came to our hands accompanied with a preface, explaining how the author contrived to pass his Birmingham brass on the world for the current gold of Shakspeare. But merit had less claim in the trick than audacity: he deceived and bamboozled antiquarians and critics by the hardihood of his assertions, more than by the beauty of the poetry; any man of taste or feeling might see that the best passages in Vortigern were worse than the worst in any of the great dramatist's plays; but when Ireland stood forward and claimed respect to the handwriting of the illustrious poet, all surmises were hushed, and doubts silenced. No one believed that the earth could contain a man capable of making such an attempt. It is long since we read any part of the play, and have no desire to touch it again. We wish that it were passed into merited oblivion, and that the preface had never been penned, although it contains but few facts not heretofore recorded by Mr. Ireland himself.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS

## LIFE.

"Passing shows of being."—WORDSWORTH.

I saw the early blossoms springing  
And clothe with light and gold the ground,  
In woods a thousand birds were singing,  
Then first by Spring and gladness found:  
Extatic was the sight and sound;  
But Summer saddened, Autumn gloomed,  
And Winter soon the whole entombed.  
I saw a human creature walking  
From day to day, from year to year;  
I heard that human being talking  
Of joy and grief, of hope and fear;  
I saw that being shed a tear;  
I heard his mirth—his laughter loud—  
Then saw him vanish from the crowd.  
And could that vision thus have ending,  
A pageant but of earth and time,  
With thoughts for ever thence ascending  
To something found not in the clime?  
Blest dawning of a day sublime!  
Though often lost in clouds and fears,  
Through thee eternal day appears!

## AN ESSAY ON SMALL TOWNS.

DWELLERS in great towns, inhabitants of leviathan piles of brick and mortar, are apt to be supercilious towards the claims of such as are small, genteel, busy—yet with no business. In fact, there is a graduated scale of contempt and reverence on the part of towns for one another. The "city," magnificent in its possession of cathedral, close, and clergy, its county associations, its freedom from trade, its unimpeachable rubbers, and unutterable exclusiveness, takes the lead in self-estimation. I am dubious whether a cathedral city does not secretly despise London: the palace, the bishop, and the dean, are grand units, forming a unity of grandeur, that streets of palaces, a whole house of lords, and an entire cabinet of right honourables, can hardly compete with. In London there is too much diffusion of dignity to be agreeable to those accustomed to its concentration. Every place has its notion of what is select; but the selectness of selectness is, by general consent, reserved for the "city," cold as its monuments, and stupid as its streets. There was once a public ball given at —, and there ensued a muster of eight couples: a young officer remarked on the small attendance, and was comforted by the dean's lady assuring him it was "particularly select." The tradespeople in a city are of a different order from their fellows elsewhere: dependent on their own resident gentry, they too imbibe notions of gentility; of the gentility of serving the genteel—they are refractions of their betters. The horror entertained by a city of one of our immense manufacturing towns, is Brahminical; and the contempt with which the manufacturing town returns the compliment, is at least Mahometan;—one feels that the hundred thousand inhabitants could not yield a single genealogical tree; the other knows it could put the possessions of the entire city in one corner of its pocket-book; one talks of "our ancestors"—the other of "ourselves"; one dilates upon order—the other upon energy; one is a deep serene, interrupted only by a dinner party, the races, a clerical appointment, or a county marriage—the other is an ever-changing ocean of loss, gain, hope, enterprise, and vicissitude; one appeals with pride to its quiet—the other with equal pride to its bustle; one inlays—the other overlays; one is aristocratic in stone—the other, the *tiers-état* in gold.

The small town that ranks next in assumption, is the County Town: its castle is its cathedral; its assizes and judges are its close and bishop. Being generally without manufactures, there is a point of resemblance in its claims to distinction; but the distinction is of a lower grade: it is professional—does not aspire to aristocracy; and whilst invariably divided into two sets, "flutters its Volscians," on a more miscellaneous scale. Your small county town is an arrant little flirt and gossip—is outrageously gay on a Lilliputian scale during the winter, and absolutely alive during the assizes: it often abounds in beauty—has a complement of nine resident young beaux, and seven superannuated old ones—supports a creditable number of ancient ladies, who take upon themselves the support of a respectable portion of that article known everywhere, news figured with scandal—maintains three day and boarding-

schools in elegant opposition to affluence—adopts every new set of quadrilles six months after publication—sends a joint-stock milliner to Paris—and averages two genteel marriages a year. Your county town does not scorn a manufacturing district with the superb scorn of the city: it dare not, seeing that such district is often a convenient mart for its supernumerary young men and maidens—one in the way of business or profession, the other in the way of marriage.

Next in the scale comes the creditable Market Town, which varies its manners and pretensions as its nearest neighbour is a city, or a county or commercial town: it is diocesan in its tastes if near the city; simply genteel if near the county town; if near the great commercial town, it is less genteel, but more intelligent, from the greater facility of communicating with the world at large: knowledge, and the means of acquiring knowledge, lie nearer home—wealth and enterprise have brought them there. Your large market-town is perhaps most like a county one on a small scale: probably feuds run higher, and the talk and proceedings of the senate are more strictly egotistic. There is generally amongst the inhabitants a greater and a lesser light, to rule the movements and fill the urns of the stars in and around the market-place.

To speak last of the very small Market Town, in a neighbourhood where towns of any description are few in number and scant in size. I boldly avow this kind of town to be my favourite amongst the children of brick and stone—the most endurable of all the race. If in a beautiful country, the neighbourhood is sure to abound with resident families; and the line of separation between landowners and towns-people is probably drawn less strictly: there are connecting links and charities—some arising from vicinity, some from similarity of taste, some from business, and some from benevolence. The pretensions of such a place are innocently ludicrous, and much may be forgiven on the score of situation. It has its one general store: a shop of that kind where everything is to be sold, and where the precise article you want is never to be bought; it is a brook composed of a thousand dribbled rills; it is the duplicate of a duplicate—the fitted up by travellers of all denominations—the fragmentary arrangement of fragments. Yet are the inhabitants very proud of this one shop, and boldly avow the truth of its board—"all kinds of mercery, hosiery, and haberdashery, sold here." Alas! an appeal for a yard of black silk would be met by a negative; and yet the shop undertakes to furnish funerals. The hamlets and villages in the neighbourhood have a reverential feeling towards this tiny town, which now, when so little is revered, gladdens the passenger's spirit, making him cheerfully consent to go without gloves to the next stage, he having carelessly lost his travelling pair by the way. Other claims hath the place: a market-cross built by a burgess when the town was corporate; an ancient archway, that once led to a house where one of the Edwards slept; a fine old monument with an effaced epitaph; and a crusader cut in stone, magnificent to look upon, notwithstanding the loss of his nose: also there is an inn famous for its real cutlets, and the recollection that once it furnished

ball suppers. With respect to the inhabitants, here flourish those whom Miss Austen has for ever immortalized in her novels true as truth; clergymen's widows and daughters, amongst whom there is generally the family likeness, of kindly hearts, small means, lady-like habits; just that class who occupy the niche between dependence and independence; whom any one may visit, and every one with feeling is kind to; the gentlest of gossips—the soonest pleased of visitors—the most grateful of persons obliged. In addition, there is the usual harvest of doctors and lawyers, and of doctors' and lawyers' wives, sons, and daughters, together with a few non-descripts, in the condition of "well to do" and doing nothing; and a few other non-descripts, who are rising in the world, and whose notions are rising too: men who set up gigs, and whose wives create heart-burnings by emphatically smart gowns, and more airs than their compeers consider graces. Conversation and amusement in such a place are at least innocent; and occasional contact with neighbours of more enlarged mind and means gives, if the said neighbours are tolerably benevolent, a fillip of improvement to what might otherwise stagnate into vacuity, or foam into ill-nature. A loan of books and music—an importation of newspapers and anecdotes—a present of fruit and flowers—an invitation to tea—a remembrance while on a distant tour—a willing ear lent to consultations touching the welfare of the little library: truly, it is worth something to live near a town of this kind, were it only to discover how many cheap and easy methods there are of giving pleasure.

#### CONTINUATION OF THE SHELLEY PAPERS.

[We resume the publication of the SHELLEY PAPERS, unfortunately interrupted by the death of Scott, and the honour due to his memory. It is not, perhaps, for us to speak of their value; but we cannot in the pride of our hearts, but claim for the following lines, and the 'Lamentation of Misery,' which appeared in a preceding number, the honour of a place—the one among the most sublime, and the other, the most beautiful of his poems. With others forthcoming, from the pen of Shelley, will be an interesting review of 'Mandeville,' and another of 'Frankenstein']

#### WITH A GUITAR.

BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

THE artist who this idol wrought,  
To echo all harmonious thought,  
Felled a tree, while on the steep  
The winds were in their winter sleep,  
Rocked in that repose divine  
On the wind-swept Apennine;  
And dreaming some of Autumn past,  
And some of Spring approaching fast,  
And some of April buds and showers,  
And some of songs in July bowers,  
And all of love; and so this tree,—  
O that such our death may be!—  
Died in sleep, and felt no pain,  
To live in happier form again;  
From which, beneath Heaven's fairest star,  
The artist wrought that loved Guitar,  
And taught it justly to reply,  
To all who question skillfully,  
In language gentle as its own,  
Whispering in enamoured tone  
Sweet oracles of woods and dells,  
And summer winds in sylvan cells;  
For it had learnt all harmonies  
Of the plains and of the skies,  
Of the forests and the mountains,  
And the many-voiced fountains;

The clearest echoes of the hills,  
The softest notes of falling rills,  
The melodies of birds and bees,  
The murmuring of summer seas,  
And pattering rain, and breathing dew,  
And airs of evening; and it knew  
That seldom-heard mysterious sound,  
Which, driven in its diurnal round,  
As it floats through boundless day,  
Our world enkindles on its way—  
All this it knows, but will not tell  
To those who cannot question well  
The spirit that inhabits it.  
It talks according to the wit  
Of its companions, and no more  
Is heard than has been felt before,  
To those who tempt it to betray  
These secrets of an elder day;—  
But sweetly as its answers will  
Flatter hands of perfect skill,  
It keeps its highest, holiest tone,  
For our beloved friend alone.

#### FROM THE JOURNAL OF MR. ABEL O'HARA.

Slieve-bloom Mountains, Aug. 15, 1824.

\*\*\* Not much progress yet, dear Barnes, on the old road through these hills, taken by Sarsfield to blow up Williams's cannon; but, as usual, I go on gossiping for you. Killaloo being a place of ancient name, I expected to find it, at present, a considerable town: I was sadly disappointed; its air of poverty and dilapidation chilled me, and such of the inhabitants as I spoke to, entertain little hope of its improvement. 'Tis the property of a bishop, they say, who cannot or must not make long leases, and no one feels inclined to speculate in building, or even in repairing, upon short ones. I was sorry to find the old cathedral going to ruin, its roof broken, and its walls decaying. I am little of an antiquarian, you know, yet, from the simplicity of this edifice, it may be the same that the good people of Killaloo assert it is—namely, one of the *cils* or *kils*, or churches built in 1164, by Donald O'Brian, King of Lummach (Limerick), about the time that he erected the cathedral on the curious rock of Cashel, and bestowed his Limerick palace upon the church, making it also a cathedral, extant to this day. Contiguous to the decaying church of Killaloo is a remarkable old structure, of small dimensions, with a precipitate stone roof, its whole form resembling Dr. Ledwick's descriptions of some of the first christian temples built of stone in Ireland.

The first morning of my sojourn in Killaloo, I rose with the lark, resolved to ascend the crag mountains outside the town. My resolution was not easily acted upon. I was often compelled to lie down and rest on my journey, and, panting and steaming from unusual exertion, more than once I admonished myself to abandon my design of reaching the pinnacle. But the vanity of consistency renerved my heart; and, at last, after an hour and three quarters of hard labour, upon the very pinnacle, tip-toe, like Shakespeare's morning, I stood.

The prospect I enjoyed repaid me for all my sufferings. The Shannon, as I looked towards his source, widened immensely into what is called Lough Dingcart, leaving the eye at fault in the distance. Cultivated hills swept down to its clear waters, and, as if in consequence of their approach, their lower curves were clothed with delicious verdure, and with luxuriant groves and woods surrounding or

half screening many a gay villa. Other and higher hills pushed up behind them in black and blue grandeur. I turned to glance down the river. Killaloo and its bridge of nineteen arches now looked interesting at a distance. Beyond the bridge, on the other side of the Shannon, arose cultivated grounds, remotely backed by the gloomy mass of the Slieve-bloom mountains, over which, like a savage chief, towered the black and uncouth form of the Keeper Hill.

Ere I could sufficiently enjoy this scene, clouds gathered round me on the brow of the crag, and drove me back to my inn. Before dinner, I sallied forth through the town, hoping to trace out, by certain vague clues, some dubiously-described individuals who might possibly give me a hint upon the real subject of my visit to Killaloo—namely, Sarsfield's old road, after fording the Shannon at Killaloo, through the Slieve-bloom hills, on his midnight sortie. But I obtained no real information; and my sole remaining hope fixed upon a Mr. Daniel Lane, a gentleman residing at the skirt of the mountains, and to him I was referred as a highly-respectable, well-informed person.

Next morning I arose very early, with the intention of paying Mr. Lane a visit. Before leaving my chamber, I glanced through a window in the direction I had to go, after crossing the bridge. It looked very dreary. The Slieve-bloom hills were hidden in mist. I hesitated for some time, as rain drops pattered against the window; but, trusting to Providence, at last buckled on my Bramah portfolio, and set forward.

When my great predecessor crossed the Shannon at Killaloo into the opposite county of Tipperary, there was no bridge—mind that for your "Boyne Water." He forded the broad river at about twenty paces from whence the bridge now is, compelling the son of a gentleman of antagonist politics, who lived near at hand, and who was the only available person well acquainted with the pass, to guide his gallant and successful little band of five hundred horse across the dangerous water. Owing to the ignorance of my Killaloo friends, I could not venture to ascertain the exact spot on the Tipperary side of the river, at which he and they effected a landing, and I vexed myself wandering up and down the bank, sagely, but vainly, trying conclusions of my own on the subject. After repeated failures, the morning clouds broke, and the sun generously streamed forth to beguile me of my ill-humour. As I faced the town, he glanced up from behind one of the black hills at my back, having previously drawn away a great portion of the mist which had enveloped them. The Shannon was a sheet of gold, reflecting, at its opposite side, the dusky form of the Crag Mountain. Glancing at the town I had just quitted, the half-ruinous cathedral and the houses under it remained cool and grey—darkness, indeed, dispelled from their features, but the day-god's smile not yet enlivening them. One or two only, of all the houses of the town, caught, like fortune's favourites, the partial beams; they were but indifferent houses, too, undeserving of the preference, and again reminded me of the freaks of lady fortune in choosing her pets. So, as I moralized, I became better tempered; the amiable mood assisted by the morning sounds, as well as sights, around me; I heard the cock's early crow—the

Martin's broken squeak—the cow's low, as she snuffed the purified breeze—the milk-maid's ditty as she trudged to obey the summons, or sat at her Drimmendoo's tail to draw forth the precious store; now chanting a slower strain, to which, with drooping neck and half-closed eyes, the animal seemed to listen, much gratified.

But any business was to seek out the residence of the respectable and well-informed Mr. Daniel Lane. Looking round me, I saw two peasants commencing their day's work in a neighbouring field, and of them made the necessary inquiries. It was my first contact with Tipperary men on their own soil; and all I had previously heard and read of them inspired some misgivings as to the degree of politeness I was destined to experience at their hands. Very civilly, however, they answered my questions, and, considering their rank in this world, I considered them well-mannered. They praised Mr. Lane much. He was a Protestant—"but an honest Protestant." I cautiously proposed some questions as to his condition in life—they called him a gentleman-farmer. We parted good friends; and I came in view of Mr. Lane's newly-erected and half-fashionable farm-house—Mr. Lane, the near relative of the Mr. Cecil who against his will guided Sarsfield across the ford; and this circumstance, as well as all the other good accounts of him, filled me with the comfortable hope of at last obtaining clear and rational information upon the query you have proposed to me;—see, experiencing a return of my former enthusiasm in this pursuit, I quickened my steps towards his hall door.

I was ushered into a parlour by a bare-footed serving-wench,—by the way, I had not been used to the primitive style of costume until I left the province of Leinster. She said her master was getting up, and would soon be with me. I seated myself in a half-finished parlour, which, however, promised to be neat and commodious when finished. Persons moved about in an inner room, and I judged it to be the sleeping chamber of Mr. Daniel Lane. Its door opened, and I expected to see my friend elect; but an orderly old lady first made her appearance, neatly attired, plain featured, but looking abundantly good-natured, as I afterwards proved she really was. I introduced myself, hoping I could see the master of the mansion: she affably warranted his speedy appearance. Some chat passed between us; and at length the mysterious door again opened, and Mr. Daniel Lane entered, without his coat, though otherwise carefully dressed. He was an innocent-looking man, with round eyes, a blank brow, and pointed features. I told him the purpose of my journey in his country, and of my visit to him. He replied in a low, unvarying tone,—of the character and originality of which I can give you no idea; and his expressions of willingness to be of use to me, embraced a long page of curious phraseology. He sat close by me; and I was surprised that, in the very first place, he should begin by bewailing the death of his grandmother. She had been, he declared, "a mighty well-informed woman," versed in everything connected with my purpose: from her he branched into an account of her various connexions—then into a detail of the great extent of property once possessed by his ancestors—then into a statement of

how he had lost a large History of Limerick, bestowed upon him by a certain considerable person, whose various links of kindred, intermixed with his own, were also enumerated for my information—then, as to how the individual to whom, in an unguarded moment, he had lent the precious book, was related to his wife—and how his wife was of the family of the O'Briens, and regularly descended from Brien Boirohne—and how the lady who came to borrow the volume happened to be his niece—and anon, to whom she got married, and from what stock her husband issued, and who he was; and, finally, how he took away his wife to the town of Thurles, by which measure the History of Limerick was lost.

I saw plainly that all this was nothing to me; and when he made a moment's pause, I ventured to suggest to his understanding the simple object of my visit to his house; but before I could finish he started off again.

"It was a great pity that no one could lay hands on a good History of Ireland: the difference of religion, and the party spirit, made all the histories to be on one side or the other; and—if there was no necessity for the reformation, what use in bringing it about at all?—for it caused difference of opinion, and, as Cobbett clearly set down, was the reason so many poor remained unprovided for; and the tithe-proctor called on him the other day, and demanded ten shillings an acre for tithes; and he, Mr. Lane, being himself a Protestant, told the proctor—that he would have no objection that the clergy of every persuasion should be maintained decently; but that those of the established church were too high in their demands; and, in his opinion, as Cobbett said also—"

His wife having interrupted him to remark, that he was "talking out of the way"; and that, if he could not answer my questions himself, he had better put on his coat, and go down with me to old Mickie O'Brien, who was more than a hundred years of age, and a "well-informed man"—(I winced at the eulogy, Barnes)—"and must be able to say a great deal about Sarsfield's times."

But the good man did not attend to this hint. Indeed, he seemed not even to have heard it; but rather looked as if he were trying to recollect, that moment, the question I had put to him, previous to his last sally; and in his low, monotonous tones he went on.

"At present, there were no persons of information in Killaloo"—(I knew that, thank him).—"Major Pratt wanted to establish, the other day, that there was a bridge over the Shannon when Sarsfield crossed it; but of one thing he, Mr. Lane, was certain, as it had been handed down in his family, viz. that his great grand uncle, Mr. Cecil, was the person who guided the General. Sarsfield comes to ould Mr. Cecil in the night time; and, 'Mr. Cecil,' says he, 'I hear your son Tom is better acquainted with the ford than any other, so order him out to ride with me across: you know I will not be refused, Mr. Cecil.'—'Why, General,' said ould Mr. Cecil to the General, 'you must be obeyed.'—No, indeed, there were no well-informed people left in Killaloo. Dr. Hurly, to be sure, was a clever, inquiring man; and without inquiry no one could ever gain information: people accused himself of being inquisitive—trying always to learn something of those he met; and it certainly was a habit he was fond of:

his wife's niece's husband was a clever little fellow: he had been intended for a lawyer, and kept two terms at the Temple, in London; but had foolishly lost his term of late; and that was a great pity; for, in real truth, he was a clever little fellow; and he lived under the foot of the mountain I could see from the window; and—"

Mrs. Lane again interrupted her husband, still entreating him to put on his coat, and walk down with me to Mickie O'Brien's, before breakfast should be ready: he looked vacantly at her, and resumed, by assuring me, that Mickie O'Brien was distantly related to his wife; and, for a country farmer, had the name of being—a well-informed man; and was a hundred years old, and more, if he said the truth; and claimed kindred with certain great O'Briens of Limerick county, and with other O'Briens in different parts of Ireland." And in this strain did Mr. Lane continue for a long time, very wide of the mark: his wife constantly, but vainly, exhorting him to visit Mickie O'Brien before breakfast. He always promised her, indeed, to do so, but still kept his seat: his hands joined closely, palm to palm, and placed between his knees; and his unvarying voice keeping up its melancholy rumble. I ceased to put any further questions to Mr. Lane. Breakfast appeared—the old lady had got a buttered cake baked on "the griddle"—the eggs found time to be boiled hard—the tea to be well drawn—still he stirred not: his tongue seeming only to gradually acquire its morning vigour. During breakfast, he talked ten times as much as he ate, though his was no squeamish appetite; and Mrs. Lane often assisted him; so that I had frequently to attend to a story of hers, with one ear, while the worthy man's voice kept on "buzz, buzz," in the other.

My hostess gossiped more agreeably, however, than her spouse. Understanding from me that I had been on the top of the Crag-hill, the day before, she asked me if I had taken notice of *the Banshee's Bed*; and learning that it had escaped me, she proceeded gravely to relate that a *Banshee*, who always wailed the deaths in the O'Brien family, had her bed in a particular spot near the summit of the mountain; that ever since the days of Brien Boirohne—(Brian the great—the expeller of the Danes from our green shores—our Alfred)—this sympathizing spirit commemorated the various mortalities among his descendants; that, to her own knowledge, it had wailed her grandfather and his father; and that, however "well-informed people" might discredit the account, she begged to assure me of its authenticity. Now, Barnes, the feeble, rigmale intellect of Mr. Lane had been vouched by his face and expressions; but his wife's features bespoke shrewd good sense; and I was therefore unprepared for the credulity she thus displayed in clinging to an extravagant, though beautiful superstition.

But let me not be too severe on my excellent host and hostess. I experienced from the worthy couple a sincere hospitality, which did not discredit the ancient and regal descent of one of them. They pressed me to spend the day, nay, the week, under their roof; and when, with due acknowledgments, I rose to prepare for continuing my pilgrimage, the good dame, learning that I had to travel through the mountains, insisted on putting

sliced ham and hard-boiled eggs into my pocket, with a hot cake, and several pinches of salt folded in a bit of blue paper, and tied with a worsted thread; for she said I should find refreshments scarce in the wild hills and glens before me. And when at last Mr. Lane could be prevailed upon to put on his coat, and set out with me to Mickie O'Brien's, she took me cordially by the hand, and wished me success in my journey.

If I go on with Mr. Lane's dull prattle during our walk from the house, I shall tire you as much as it tired me. I only say, that during five long Irish miles,—which stretch of the road he would kindly beguile by his company, and the charms of his conversation,—not once did he falter. If a name was mentioned in connexion with any of the surrounding scenery, he went over all its kith and kin; sometimes, and very suddenly, hurrying off after his lost History of Limerick, or the traditional bravery of Sarsfield; or he interrupted his own inveterate prose to recite, and in reciting to murder, one of Moore's Melodies, and, in a breath, the effusions of some wig-maker or shoemaker of Killaloo, in praise of its beauties, its eels, or its salmon. I found, however, all along the road, that he was much respected. Every one saluted him deferentially, and he as deferentially responded;—and he would stop to say that I was an elderly gentleman, wishing to find General Sarsfield's route to blow up the cannon that were on their way to batter down Limerick; and to ask where I might find some "well-informed person" to tell me all about it; so that I, my Bramah, and my green spectacles, became stared at throughout the whole country as we passed along; and were followed for miles by groups of old fellows, all talking "on the head of the great Sarsfield, Lord of Lucan."

I forgot to notice, in its proper place, our visit to old Mickie O'Brien, because, in truth, it ended in nothing at all: the man of the century before the last could not tell us a word that we wanted to hear: his memory had quite failed him. Shortly after leaving his house, however, we met his son,—a man about fifty, of the lower class of farmers, but well-mannered, intelligent, obliging, and in possession of much of his sire's traditional lore; and, above all things, able and most willing to put me on Sarsfield's track into the hills. It cheered me to see him turn back with us on our walk. If not a protection, he was a relief against Mr. Lane, who, by the way, had just been joined by his eldest son and hope—all but equal to his father in facility of tongue, and, I suspected, ambitious of eclipsing him. But I got as used and indifferent to the trickling loquacity of both, as one does to the puny noise of a streamlet in a solitary walk; in fact, I could soon forget it altogether, and successfully lend my attention to the useful anecdotes of my new friend Patt O'Brien. I wish you could meet this man, Barnes—perhaps you may. He has gone to London on business, and will go there again; and I have given him your Gray's Inn address, in order, if you like, that you may see and converse with a good specimen of an Irish peasant. This is not the place to transcribe any of the real information I gained from him; but I will copy a verse of an old song, the composition of some unlettered, though not unpoetical rustic rhyme-

ster, which I took down from his vigorous recitation:—

From Limerick, next day, brave Sarsfield marched away,  
Until he came to Callen, where their artillery lay:  
The Lord cleared up the firmament, the moon and stars  
Shone bright;  
And for the losing of the Boyne he had revenge that night.

Soon after Patt O'Brien joined us, we got upon the visible track of my long-sought old road, and for miles it scarce failed us; but just as my friends prepared to return homewards, to attend to their own business, leaving me to the doubtful guidance of only a bare-headed and bare-legged child, we lost all trace of it. Since parting from old O'Brien, we had been gradually forsaking the usual tracts of cultivation, and approaching the mountain wilderness, of which Keeper Hill is sovereign. I looked towards him and his crowd of bleak and rude subjects, and then upon my hesitating cicerone, and felt uncomfortable. Had I been alone, I believe I should have turned back. Mr. Lane, his son, and some admiring followers—nay, even Patt O'Brien, seemed as if impressed with some doubt of the success of my undertaking—at least I thought so. It did not add to my confidence, when they pointed out distant clamps of turf, which were to guide me in my journey; for, however effectually those land-marks might serve the native mountaineer, I really could not long distinguish them from other clamps scattered around. Then my friends would kindly advise me not to take the lonesome path along the side of Keeper Hill: and how could I help imagining a race of people, half-starving upon its barren bosom, whose dispositions might assimilate with its inhospitable and savage character?—Nor was this pleasant fancy soothed, when a sinister-looking volunteer, born in the wilderness, though now employed about Mr. Lane's house, told me, that he "could take a hare from the best pack of hounds that ever hunted in the Slieve-bloom mountains"—and, to indicate the truth of his boast, the young savage bounced over a high fence, and landed on a narrow ledge of rock, with the calm audacity of a wild goat. But I suppressed my misgivings as courageously as I could, and, while shaking hands all round with my friendly escort, got one ray of hope and comfort from Patt O'Brien. At about the spot in the mountains where I should want a roof and a bed for the night, he advised me to call at the house of his friend, Farmer Nowlan, and use his name—adding, in a whisper, that he thought I should not be asked to travel much farther till the morning. This, in the first place, rather confidently reckoned on my safe progress during the day: in the second place, it promised a comfortable night's lodging; and so, renewing my adieus, I turned my back on my companions, and trod, like a man and your brother, in the footsteps of my barefooted guide.

But, in continued candour, Barnes, I avow, that for the greater part of our journey, I felt dejected and doubtful. The barrenness—the lonesomeness, the deep silence—and the deep shadow of those black vallies were quite new to me, and I could not shake off their baleful effect. Often did I liken it to walking "in the valley of the shadow of death." My almost infant guide, though more used to such scenery, seemed equally dispirited by it. He seldom spoke, and never but in a low, mistrust-

ful voice. One anecdote of his, however, meant very seriously by him, made me smile. As we came close to Keeper Hill, I stopped to contemplate the desolate grandeur of the unshapely mountain, as also to enjoy a contrast between it and a confronting one of nearly equal elevation; the contrast arising from the brows of both—one being heavy and lumpy, the other rocky and splintered, and the pinnacle of a formidable precipice. As I looked, a large brown eagle soared up from the crest of the precipice, and the little fellow shrunk to my side. I asked him some questions, and learned, that a pair of the royal birds dwelt on the mountain's top, and were addicted, when they had young, to the abduction of geese, ducks, turkeys, and, he had heard, little boys. Last year, he added, the eagle pounced upon a large male cat belonging to his mammy, who, while whirled through the air, so clawed his ravisher, as to effect a speedy release from his talons; and Tom returned home, the same evening, only a little indisposed after his aerial voyage.

But my guide and I, notwithstanding our misgivings, successfully wrought our way through glen after glen, and over hill and stream, to within view of the farm-house mentioned by Patt O'Brien; and I now address you from under the hospitable roof of *The Noulans*, of whom you may soon hear more. For the present, God bless you.

A. O'H.

#### HALL OF THE GREEK CONGRESS AT NAUPLIA, 1832.

THE Congress, with a view to remove the suspicion, that their acts were dictated by the Gallic bayonets which garrison Nauplia, have had a hall hastily constructed at the further extremity of the suburb of Pronica, and have placed it in the safe keeping of the pallicars, under Zerbas, the Roumeliot. Unfortunately, nothing but bad wood, and none but bad operatives, were to be found on the spot. The work has, therefore, been built up with rough timber and unplanned deals, and forms an oblong square, little more than five and forty feet wide, and scarcely twice as long, crowned with a pointed roof. The walls are some twelve or fourteen feet high, lined with deals to a certain height, above which an open space is left, and through this opening the spectators, who stand on a platform which runs round the building, have a complete view of the interior. There is no floor but the bare earth; three sides of the hall are filled with three rows of seats, rising the one above the other; and in the centre of one of the two longest sides are three small galleries or boxes, the middle one destined for the president and secretaries of the Congress, a second for the members of administration, and the third for the European diplomatists and their friends. The secretaries of state have no particular situation assigned them; but a table is placed in the middle of the hall whenever they have any official communications to make. There is no decoration whatever in any part of it, beyond the scarlet coverlids, which are thrown over three tables; the rest is naked, unfinished woodwork. Such is the building, in which the sovereign Congress of Greece deliberates, generally from eight in the morning to two or three o'clock in the afternoon. The members are two hundred and twenty-four in number, and comprehend almost every Greek of talent or reputation in the present day: P. Notaras, late Chief Justice in Argos, is their president; the patriot, Mavrocordato, their vice-president; and Polyzoides and Christidis act as the secretaries. The Congress includes



not only representatives from all the provinces and islands of Hellas, with the solitary exception of Athens, where the elections were thwarted by the Ottoman party, but even from the emigrant Greeks, who have settled in the Turkish provinces. In this way the Psarians, as well as the Hellenes in Chios, Macedonia, and Crete, have their own members in the Congress. The external appearance of this assembly is full of life and variety, and exhibits four palpable distinctions of costume, to wit, the Insular, the Peloponnesian and Roumeliot, the European or Frank (which is worn by one in eight), and the few who appear in long Turkish caftans. They rise and speak from their places, or else walk down into the centre of the hall, facing the president's berth; the latter station being preferred on all occasions, where they have lengthened matter to discuss. It is singular, that most of them, when engaged in a reply, "thee" and "thou" one another à la Grecque, though they never omit addressing each other as "sirs"; and when their feelings are particularly warmed, they will cry out "brother" in a most affectionate and impressive tone of voice. At times a regular storm breaks out amongst them; which neither the president's bell, nor the vociferous "Silence! silence!" from the less turbulent, are able to quiet. That member comes off victor, whose lungs are most eminently stentorian.—*From a private letter inserted in a German Journal.*

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

MANY are the schemes proposed for honouring the memory of Sir Walter Scott: our public theatres exhibit scenes of Abbotsford, and our actors and actresses put on the costume, mimic the manners of the chief characters of his novels, and walk across the stage amid the applause of the audience: the people of Edinburgh put on mourning for a day at least, and then made speeches about his genius, and subscribed for the erection of a monument to his memory; while the people of London talk of purchasing Abbotsford and presenting it to the family—of a parliamentary grant, which shall make the poet's residence national property—and finally of obtaining a legislative act to extend the copyright of his works for another generation. The admiration of the country for the genius of that extraordinary man is expressed in all these speculations; no one was ever so honoured in this land before; other men of genius have been allowed to slip quietly to their graves, without any expression of regard or sorrow, save perhaps a bad sonnet or two, and a worse memoir. Perhaps the extension of the copyright would be the most acceptable mode after all; it gives to the heirs—the descendants of the poet—the proceeds of *his estate of the mind*, to which, we think, they have as equitable a claim as they have to Abbotsford itself. Both were the fruits of Scott's genius. Indeed, we have always thought, and sometimes said, that the man who laid out his talents and time in creating a popular *book*, had as good a right to what it produced, as the man who laid out his talents and time in creating a *fortune*, had to the interest of it.

In art, there is not much stirring: the windows of the print-shops are crowded with heads of Sir Walter Scott, few of which are like, and with prints from the *Annals*, amongst which, there is more mediocrity than formerly. We have some suspicion, that the tide is on the turn with these pretty

and sometimes beautiful books: the character of the art which they contain, will be the sole cause of their failure. Instead of selecting, with an eye of true taste, the best works of the best masters, the proprietors set themselves up for judges of the article furnished, and though some of them may be, others certainly are not; hence, designs dull and common-place. Now a dull print is worse than a dull poem—it is offensive at once to the eye, and cannot be placed among what are emphatically called "gems" in the portfolio, yet is, perhaps, too well engraven to be thrown away, and so becomes a lasting memorial of bad taste.

#### FINE ARTS

##### ENGRAVINGS OF THE LITERARY SOUVENIR.

SOME one told us, that the embellishments of the Literary Souvenir were not so excellent this season as they were last; we shall not put trust in that person's taste again; they are decidedly better, and are at once more natural and more elegant. We thought the editor had a French touch in his taste, last year, which made him lean too much to the affected and fantastic; he is not without it this year—but then the touch is moderate, perfectly to our liking, and produces moreover an agreeable variety, which we are sure purchasers will be pleased with. Of the ten embellishments, not one can be called common-place; and some are of high excellence. 'The Prince of Spain's Visit to Catalina,' by Newton, and engraved by Rolls, is a capital thing; there is a quiet grace in it, which few can equal. 'The Chevalier Bayard conferring Knighthood on Francis the First,' painted by Fragonard, and engraved by Greatbatch, is a work in the rich style which we love; we only wish that the candles had been smaller, and the streamers less abundant, so that the beauty of the human characters might have been more apparent. 'Fairies dancing on the sea shore,' painted by Danby, and engraved by Miller, is dream-like and lovely, 'The Cauchoise Girl,' painted by Newton, and engraved by Fox, is one of the most perfectly natural and exquisitely engraved prints we have yet seen in any of the *Annals*. On the whole, we have been much pleased with these embellishments; and we make no doubt the Literary Souvenir will be one of the most successful and most generally admired of the *Annals*.

##### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Portraits and Memoirs of Illustrious Persons.* By Edmund Lodge. Fifth Edition. Harding & Lepage.

THE first six numbers of the new and cheap edition of this truly elegant and national work, are now before us; and on examining the eighteen engravings which they contain, and the like number of memoirs which accompany them, we can be at no loss to see the cause of such popularity. The engravings are, one and all, from the best portraits by the best masters; and when we say that those of Vandyke predominate, we need describe no further; nor have the persons who engraved them, done their work negligently; in truth, most of the heads are of exquisite beauty. 'Sir Philip Sydney,' after Antonio More; 'Queen Catherine Parr,' after Holbein; 'Sir Kenelm Digby,' 'The Earl of Strafford,' and 'The Marquis of Montrose,' after Vandyke, are all masterly. Nor are the attractions of the work confined to the portraits alone; the memoirs, though brief, are written with spirit and feeling, and as we read them, we see with what truth such artists as Holbein and Vandyke wrought; for the letter-

press and the priests are commentators on each other.

*James Stanley, Earl of Derby, and Charlotte de la Tremouille, his Countess.* Engraved from the painting of Vandyke, by H. Robinson. Fisher & Son.

THIS engraving is about six inches wide and eight inches high, and contains as much fine art as can well be in that compass. The manly vigour and female loveliness of the original, have been copied with no little skill by the engraver, nor is he less successful in the light and shade. He is a manly, noble-looking person; she is lovely and matronlike; and though the little girl, who accompanies them is something too much of a doll, we cannot avoid commending the beauty of the whole picture.

*Sir Walter Scott.* O'Conner, del. Pewtress.

WE cannot commend this likeness; for the last twenty years of his life Sir Walter Scott had no such look; the expression of the mouth is decidedly wrong, and wholly unlike; the upper part of the face has a resemblance, but it is in the dawn.

*Windsor Castle.* Engraved by J. C. Armytage, from a drawing by W. Daniell, R. A.

THIS plate will, we are informed by a pencil note, be published in the forthcoming number of *The Court Magazine*. It is, therefore, we presume, to be considered as introductory of the promised series of 'The Seats of the Nobility.' It is very beautiful, and rich in artist-like feeling.

#### THEATRICALS

##### DRURY LANE.

WE promised last week a more detailed notice of the lively and pleasant farce, lately produced here, under the title of 'Mr. and Mrs. Pringle.' We can keep our word in a very few words, for the whole plot consists in a cunning widow entrapping a rich bachelor into matrimony, as a means of providing for her numerous ready-made family. Those who know Mr. Farren's admirable representations of crabbed age, need scarcely be told with what effect to himself and the audience, each successive introduction comes upon *Mr. Pringle*, upon him who had remained single until within a few months of sixty, and had then fixed his choice on one, whom he believed to be a childless widow of half a century, in the hope of enjoying the golden treasure of matrimony, without the alloy of paternity. Although the rich and racy comicality of Mr. Farren's acting scarcely required any support, save what he could give it—although, we say, this dramatic elephant (to borrow a figure from the friend of our youth, Pidgeon,) be the largest in the world, except himself, yet were we rejoiced to see him match to so splendid a specimen of the histrionic breed, as Mrs. Glover. They are indeed *par nobile*; and the walls of Old Drury never echoed to more joyous and more rational bursts of laughter, than are nightly elicited from its visitors, by that well-assorted *ill-assorted* couple, *Mr. and Mrs. Pringle*. There is no other attempt at character in the piece, or, doubtless, it would have been well played; the more especially, if it had fallen to the lot of that very original actress, Mrs. Humby. We always regret, when actors or actresses of merit refuse parts which they may consider beneath their grade, seeing that, in every instance of such a fancied condescension, which has come under our observation, they have rather gained than lost in fair reputation by it; but there is a modus in every rebus; and as a gentleman of Don Telesforo's gallantry and good feeling, will feel more pleasure than pain

in confessing himself under obligation to the fair sex, he will not be angry with us, we are sure, for expressing our hope, that in any forthcoming effort of his amusing muse, he will allow Mrs. Humby to take the benefit of the act, and pay her what he owes her, at once in part and in full.

A well earned and well paid compliment to departed worth and genius has been determined to be offered to the memory of Sir Walter Scott, at our two national theatres. This is a noble and a fitting race for them to run; and the original thought, of whomsoever it be born, is worthy of an enlightened age. Drury Lane is first in the field with a pageant, and Covent Garden is shortly to follow with a masque. We mention both the one and the other, for the purpose of panegyric, and with no view of criticism. We should be ashamed of our nature, if we could coldly cavil at the details of that which, in the mass, is a national credit to us. The procession, as arranged at Drury Lane, consists of the principal personages in the various poems and romances of the late gifted bard; and if there be many omissions in the dramatis personæ, the mighty wizard himself must be blamed for fecundity of production, rather than the management of Drury Lane censured for paucity of representation. The different groups pass across the stage in front of a scene, appropriately depicting a portion of the house and grounds of Abbotsford. This scene is delightful—is delicious—in short, it is painted by Stanfield, and that accomplished artist has only varied from his boon-companion Nature, in the two or three trifling instances where limited art required it of him—thus, he has with a true knowledge of the effect to be desired, raised the high ground at the back sufficiently to throw forward the building; and he has, we observe, turned the course of the river, or rather reversed its flow, in order to make his picture what it now is—perfectly beautiful. Two other scenes follow that above described—the one, the well-known interior of the Poet's Study; and the other, a creation of the painter's imagination: both are good—but the first had, to our minds, made all that could come after, comparatively tame. Why was this? Simply because we are enthusiasts, on the two subjects most intimately connected with that scene—Scott and salmon-fishing—and, because the last time we threw our line into the finny and fairy Tiviot, we saw the great enchanter of the place himself—with staff in hand, and hound at heel, pacing the banks of that narrow stream, which the wizard spell of his genius has swelled into boundless notoriety. The hand of death was already on the tottering form of the poet—for the accidental rencontre of which we speak, took place shortly before his departure for Naples—and he appeared in the broad sunset, as though he too approached the horizon of his days, and was, even then, with his calm and benign aspect, looking for his home of peace. He is at rest—and next to the delight of having beheld him, and studied his works, comes the gratification of now seeing something like due honour paid to his glorious memory.

#### COVENT GARDEN.

SINCE our last, in which we spoke from the opinion of others of the success of Mr. Butler in *Hamlet*, that gentleman has repeated the character—we were on this occasion enabled to be present, and therefore it is no longer from hear-say, but from see-say that we speak. Mr. Butler has many, and most essential requisites for the stage, and more particularly for the lofty department of it which he has selected as the object of his ambition. He is tall ("something too much of this") and, for a man of his stature, singularly well formed. His head, which is of a classic contour, is well

set on his shoulders—and he possesses features, which, as near, or rather as far as we could judge of them at the great distance at which we chanced to be, we should call expressive, if not handsome. His voice, in level speaking, is distinct and pleasing, with certain very effective tones to which he occasionally resorts, in passages of pathos or solemnity. So much for the new candidate's *physique* of which the costume of Hamlet allows us fairly to speak once, and for all. For the *morale* we cannot be expected to pronounce but with limitation, since, however wide a range of ability the deep and philosophical Prince of Denmark may demand in its representative, (and perhaps no other character, even of Shakspeare, requires so much,) yet are there very many mental qualifications in the scenic art, for the display of which it does not call. We shall beg therefore, in the present instance, to speak of Mr. Butler as Hamlet, and not as a tragic actor generally, and it gives us sincere pleasure to be enabled to do so in terms of high commendation. It is a performance that evinces excellent natural sense, and well digested thought. Mr. Butler does not do his mortal self, nor his immortal author, the injustice to think that this splendid creation of nature's poet is to be jiggered and ambled through, as though bugles and black-velvet were all in all; nor does he appear to think so meanly of his audience as to imagine that, by merely studying "the glass of fashion," and presenting "the mould of form," he can content those who, even in these degenerate days of "bounce, bother, and balderdash," still occasionally go to the theatre to learn, as well as to laugh. We understand that this gentleman has been on the provincial boards for some years; if so, we can only say that he comes upon us with less to learn, and (which is generally a far harder task) with less to unlearn than any aspirant on whose pretensions we have for some time past been called to pronounce:—yet has he defects—not to say faults; and as we allude to them in the kindest possible spirit, we trust he will receive our hint purely as it is meant. Whether for the sake of an overweening desire to be thought original, or from what stronger or weaker motive we know not, but certainly Mr. Butler indulged in some few readings, and accentuations which are questionable, and in some few pronunciations which are not questionable at all. We would also take the trouble to ask a gentleman for whom we have much respect, why he consented to certain omissions of his text. This is a fault which we cannot tolerate; and therefore, thus early in Mr. Butler's career, we enter our protest against it. To sum up, we congratulate Mr. Laporte on having so good an adviser as he, be he who he may, who recommended his new Hamlet to him, and we promise to give our best attention, as we are sure the actor himself will do, to his Othello. We repeat our assertion, that he has great requisites for his profession, and, considering that he is hot from the country, it is truly delightful to find him without rant, and (strange praise for a Butler) without whine.

#### MISCELLANEA

*New issue of Penny Pieces.*—We have at least twenty upon our table; among them 'Shakspeare,' (the four numbers already published are on good paper, with clear type, and include the *Tempest* and the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*); 'Standard Works of Fiction,' 'Ancient History,' 'Ancient and Modern Gazetteer,' 'Grammar and Dictionary,' 'Law Library,' 'History of England,' 'Universal Biography,' 'The Doctor,' 'The Penny Lancet,' and others, not necessary to be mentioned, for though born since our last notice, they are already extinct. We must however add an announcement which

we have just seen, of a new literary paper, which the proprietors promise shall be the exact size of the *Literary Gazette*; and of better paper, &c. &c., and this too is to be sold for one penny! Now, as we have had a threepenny, a sixpenny, and a penny literary paper, within these six months,—'The Original,' 'The Literary Guardian,' and 'The Tatler,'—their signal failure ought to serve as a warning to other adventurers. To get up many of the penny and two-penny papers, requires, we admit, no other effort than a disregard to the rights of property, and a little skill in handling the paragraph scissors; but a critical journal is another matter;—books must be got, and read, and studied, before articles setting forth the value of their contents can be written; and though two or three sanguine young gentlemen might make the attempt, as in the case of 'The Literary Guardian,' and for a month or two uphold the work, they would soon grow weary of fighting a losing battle. But to show the utter ignorance in which some of these announcements are written, or the trickery of the parties, we will state, that if the advertisement alluded to were honestly interpreted and acted on, the greater the sale of such a work, the greater must be the loss. We will say nothing of the expense of printing, writing, editing, &c. &c., but confine ourselves to the cost of the paper only, and we state, for the information and benefit of the uninitiated, that every sheet—every single sheet of blank paper, costs the proprietors of 'The Literary Gazette' more money than these projectors would receive for a copy of the announced rival publication, and it will be admitted, we suppose, that the wealthy publishing proprietors of 'The Gazette' know how to carry their money to a good market.

*The Society of German Naturalists*, of whose meeting in Vienna, our last number contained some exclusive particulars, will hold their next Year's Anniversary at Breslau, in Silesia, under the presidency of Drs. Wendt and Otto.

*The Tragic Ballet*—is thus sketched off in a late Milan paper. "Innocence swimming through successive acts, amidst a deluge of tears; next a tyrant, stalking and foaming across the stage, like a inmate just escaped from a mad-house; then a pair of fidi Achates to the aforesaid Innocence, and ditto of satraps, or helpers to the aforesaid madman. Such are the elements of the tragic ballet, and its last agonies—poison, a dagger, and a court of justice."

*Opera at Naples.*—A new opera is about to be produced at the Teatro del Fondo, of which report speaks in very high terms. It is written by a young musician of the name of Coppola, a native of Batania, in Sicily, the birthplace of the esteemed composer Bellini.

*Exhibition at Milan.*—The annual exhibition of works of native art, which opened recently in Milan, is said to contain some beautiful specimens of Hayez' and Marchesi's talents. The latter exhibits a colossal statue of St. Ambrosius, intended for the great cathedral in that town, and two other statues, larger than life, of "Concord" and "Justice," which Marchesi has executed by order of the corporation for the embellishment of the *Barriera della Porta Orientale*.—From Hayez' pencil there are several large paintings, the finest of which are, "Mary Queen of Scots vindicating her innocence before the sheriff," (the figures in which are numerous, and one third of the living size), and "Charles the Fifth, stooping to pick up Titian's brush, whilst sitting to the artist for his portrait." The whole of the paintings exhibited by Hayez are bespoke. Marchesi's subjects are all of them executed in marble.

*Gold discovered in Egypt.*—A letter from Alexandria, in Egypt, dated August 12, states

that M. Linant, a French traveller, has discovered a rich mine of gold in the mountains that run along the Isthmus of Suez. He conveyed nine chests of the ore to Cairo, some of which, on being smelted, rendered one-fifth of pure metal. The most productive of the mines of Peru do not afford a larger proportion. But these mountains do not supply any potable water, or any species of fuel, without which it will be absolutely impossible to work the mines. This was the principal cause of the abandonment of the emerald mines, which are supposed to have been formerly very productive.—*French Paper.*

**New Steam Engine.**—A Mr. Pelletan is making experiments at Cherbourg on a vessel, which he has built for the express purpose of ascertaining the merits of his simplified application of the powers of steam; and the result is said to have been hitherto satisfactory. His object is to get rid of the shock and tremulous motion, which attend the use of paddle-wheels, as well as to do away with the steam funnel. In effecting this, he hopes to be enabled to diminish the weight of the machinery, and of the vessel itself. The mechanism which he has devised, lies below the surface of the water, and from not occupying more than a tenth part of the ship's tonnage, much greater space is obtained for the stowage of fuel. The steam is disengaged from behind the after-part of the vessel, close above the water line.

**The Brasils.**—Wrech, in the work referred to last week, observes, every petition presented to the public authorities in the Brasils is entered short in a large book, which lies for inspection in the respective offices. The answers are given without much waste of ink, and half a word is all the petitioner looks for. Thus, Diff. (pro differido) implies "granted"; Inf. (p. informar) "to be further inquired into"; Esp. (p. esperar) "call again to-morrow"; and Esc. or Nao tem. lug. (p. escusado), "not deemed admissible." Every one may examine the book; and the petitioners may, if they desire it, have a written answer without being obliged to loosen their purse-strings.

**On Vegetable Structure, and the British Oak.**—"A knowledge of the internal structure of the vegetable body assists greatly in explaining the modifications of its external form. \* \* \* All wood is tubular and cellular, and the different weight, colour, taste, smell, &c. of oak, ebony, poplar, cedar, sandal, and so forth, depend not on the ligneous structure itself, but on the matter the cells contain; for, if ebony be steeped in any fluid which will dissolve the black matter with which its cells are filled, it will become as light and pale as poplar. But to the example. There are two, if not three species of British oak, (the third species is by some, however, considered only as a variety,) one of these alone produces strong and lasting timber fit for naval purposes, i. e. which will endure unchanged the transitions from wet to dry, from heat to cold, and remain unhurt between wind and water. This difference depends on the tubes just mentioned conveying to the cells of which the mass of wood consists, a substance differing in solubility in the different species; so that, when the timber of the one is wet, part of the inspissated extract is dissolved and borne away; and when this is repeatedly done, the cells become more and more void, and the timber light and spongy, so that, during cold weather, the water within it freezing and becoming expanded, the cells and tubes are ruptured, and consequently more readily let in fresh water and let out the solid matter it dissolves; and these successive crops of icicles soon form chinks and rents, extending for many feet. Now, oak is frequently contracted for in building ships, and mill-work, floodgates, locks, and so forth,

merely as oak, and often, either through ignorance or fraud, the perishable timber is purveyed instead of the enduring wood; but a knowledge of vegetable structure can, by the aid of a very simple experiment, (the manipulations of which I have described in the thirteenth number of the Journal of Science,) easily detect the fallacy or fraud."—*Burnett's Botanical Lectures.*

## EPIGRAMS FROM THE ANTHOLOGY.

*On the City of Elis.*

The city and houses of Elis, I think,  
As alike, will strike every eye;  
Throughout the whole city they lie and they drink—  
In their houses they drink and they lie.

*On a Second Marriage.*

The shipwrecked sailors, who again  
To storms expose their lives,  
Show far more wisdom than the men  
Who marry second wives.

*By a Poor Man.*

'Midst drink and 'midst food, an abundance of both,  
With famine must Tantalus strive:  
That this happens in hell, I receive as a truth,  
For I bear the same pains while alive.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

| Days of W. Mon. | Thermom. Max. Min. | Barometer. Noon. | Winds.   | Weather. |
|-----------------|--------------------|------------------|----------|----------|
| Th. 11          | 70 43              | 30.08            | S. to W. | Cloudy.  |
| Fr. 12          | 68 44              | 29.80            | S.W. h.  | Ditto.   |
| Sat. 13         | 61 39              | 29.80            | W. h.    | Ditto.   |
| Sun. 14         | 63 42              | 30.10            | S.W.     | Clear.   |
| Mon. 15         | 64 46              | Stat.            | S.W.     | Ditto.   |
| Tues. 16        | 63 39              | Stat.            | W.       | Cloudy.  |
| Wed. 17         | 62 45              | 30.20            | W.       | Clear.   |

*Prevailing Clouds.*—Cirrostratus, Cymoed-cirrostratus, Cumulus, Cumulostratus.  
Nights and Mornings fair throughout the week;  
Mean temperature of the week, 54.5°  
Day decreased on Wednesday, 6h. 4m.

## NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

The first Vol. of the Works by the Author of 'Corn Law Rhymes,' embellished with a Likeness of the Author, engraved by Duncan, from a painting by Poole of Sheffield, will contain—'The Splendid Village'; 'The Exile'; 'Bothwell'; 'Corn Law Rhymes,' &c. &c. It will be uniform, in size and price, with the new Edition of Byron and Scott.

A Memoir by Major-General Sir Howard Douglas, Bart., containing a Review and Refutation of the Principal Essays and Arguments advocating Mr. Clark's Claims, in relation to the Manoeuvre on the 12th of April, 1782.

Mr. Curtis has in the press, a Treatise on the Diseases of the Eye, with a new Method of Curing Incipient Blindness, by External Applications and Constitutional Treatment, whereby the pain and uncertainty of operations may be avoided.

The New Biographical Dictionary, by Mr. Gorton.

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# THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 261.

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This Journal is published every Saturday Morning, and is despatched by the early Coaches to Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Dublin, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and other large Towns; it is received in Liverpool for distribution on Sunday Morning, twelve hours before papers sent by the post. For the convenience of persons residing in remote places, the weekly numbers are issued in Monthly Parts, stitched in a wrapper, and forwarded with the Magazines to all parts of the World.

## REVIEWS

*Mémoires de Madame la Duchesse d'Abrantès.* Vols. VII. & VIII. Paris: L'Ad-vocat; London: Dulau & Co.

THESE volumes have arrived so late in the week, that we have not time to be very choice in our selections from them. However, the gossip of the Duchess of Abrantès is always delightful; and the work is so full of interesting matter, that it would be difficult, if we opened them at hazard, to light upon anything unworthy of notice.

We shall begin with an anecdote of Junot and a young soldier, who afterwards rose to high rank in Napoleon's army. That the reader may properly understand the subject, we must say a few words in explanation. When the grand army was at Boulogne, Junot perceiving that the cocked-hats of the grenadiers were intolerably inconvenient, proposed as a substitute, the grenadier caps afterwards in use. This led him also to attempt the getting rid of queues, powder, and pomatum. But as these reforms attacked deeply-rooted prejudices, it was dangerous to enforce them by authority. Junot, therefore, who was greatly beloved, requested as a personal favour, that the men of his regiment would cut off their hair. Many complied at once, and in the end the reform was effected.

"One morning whilst we were at breakfast, Junot was informed that a soldier wished to speak to him. The aide-de-camp on duty was directed to ascertain what the man wanted. The latter replied, that he wished to have an audience of the general, and would return if he could not then be admitted. Junot was always accessible. He had not forgotten that he had himself served in the ranks. He therefore ordered that the soldier should be shown into the drawing-room. His brow, however, contracted, when the aide-de-camp, said to him in an undertone, 'He wears a *top-knot*, general, and one with flour enough in it to make a hasty-pudding.'

"On his entering the drawing-room, we perceived a young man of six and twenty, tall, well-made, with agreeable features, and whose manner indicated that he prided himself not a little upon his smart soldier-like appearance. He bowed with an easy, natural air, seeming, however, embarrassed, as Junot with a severe look surveyed his powdered top-knot. But a circumstance which surprised me was, to see the soldier interchange a look of acquaintanceship with my daughter Josephine, whom I held by the hand. She was then three years and a half old, was always dressed as a boy, and the grenadiers called her *their little general*. She returned his salute by a nod of her beautiful little head, and whispered to me, 'It is M. Anselme.'

"What is your pleasure, my friend?" said Junot to the young man.

"General, I wish respectfully to ask, whether there is an order for us to cut off our hair. As it was not in general orders this morning, I thought that—"

"I have given no order," said Junot. 'I insist upon nothing of the kind. I only requested, that my grenadiers, whom I consider my friends and my children, would do that for me, at which they ought not to feel repugnance, inasmuch as it is for their own benefit. I thought, that in return for what I have done for them,—in return for what I have obtained for the corps, the most favoured in the service,—my companions in danger and glory would not refuse to sacrifice to my wish, a handful of hair, which is as inconvenient to themselves, as it is unpleasant to one who admires the fine fellows he has the honour to command. And I must say,—the whole of my brave grenadiers have not acted like you, for they have almost all complied with my wishes; a circumstance which makes me feel more sensibly the obstinacy of those who have not.... But, what is it you want?'

"Junot was angry, and I perceived that he had some difficulty in restraining himself. The young man betrayed emotion, but not fear. Having advanced a few steps, he said,

"General, throughout the division which you command, there is not a heart more devoted to you, than that of Anselme Pelet. I am not disobedient, General, nor am I obstinate. Permit me to prove it.

"General," he continued, 'I have a mother whom I love and respect, as it is said you love and respect yours. When I left my home to join my regiment, she asked me to cut off my hair and leave it to her. I refused.... I have also a mistress to whom I am passionately devoted;' as the young man said this, he blushed deeply. 'She too asked me for some of my hair to make a necklace, and I refused to give her even a lock.... I could refuse even the Emperor himself.... But I see I must sacrifice this hair.... I am the only one of my company who has not done so.... They have all done it for you, General, and shall I be the only one to displease you? No, Sir, I will not; but I have a favour to ask in return.'

"So saying, he drew from his pocket a large pair of scissors, and presented them to Junot, who asked him what he meant.

"Why, General, that you will, with your own hands, cut off my hair. If it be a sacrifice, I shall then feel it less.'

"As he ceased speaking, he held down his head covered with a profusion of the most beautiful hair I ever beheld. It was long, thick, flowing in natural ringlets, and of the most perfect auburn. On receiving the scissors, and seeing his head bowed down before him, waiting to be shorn of its locks, Junot, naturally kind, felt so much emotion, that his hand was not steady.

"My friend," he said to the young soldier, 'this is a sacrifice, as you said just now, and I wish for no sacrifices. Keep your hair.'

"No, General, it must be cut off. If it were not, I should be the only one in my company who wore it.... I am not quarrelsome, but I never shun any man who wishes to quarrel with me; and I should not like to be the cause of disturbances, to which my singularity could not fail to lead.... Pray, General, cut off the first lock.' And he again bent his head.

"Consider of it again," said Junot. 'Would

you like to leave the grenadiers and return to your former corps?'

"The soldier drew himself up; his eyes, though moist with emotion, emitted sparks of fire.

"Would you then send me back as guilty of insubordination, General? I have always done my duty, and General Dupas will tell you, that Anselme Pelet is a good and loyal soldier.'

"Junot made no further remark, but, approaching the young man, cut off his hair, which fell in large masses around him.

"Where do you come from?" said Junot.

"From Burgundy, General.'

"Indeed!'

"Yes, General, from Etormay, near Bussy-le-Grand.'

"And why did you not tell me that we were countrymen?'

"Because I should have seemed to be soliciting a favour, and I would obtain favours only as a reward for good service.'

"Junot and I interchanged looks. 'That lad will get on,' said he, after the soldier was gone; 'a man with such feelings as he evinces is adapted for great and noble actions.'

This anecdote is of more importance than may at first appear; it has its application. We rather think queues are cut off, and mustachios stuck on, by general order in other services; and the difference may explain the personal devotion of the French soldiers to their officers.—

It will, no doubt, be interesting to our military readers, to learn Napoleon's opinion on the qualities necessary to constitute an accomplished general officer.

*Napoleon's Idea of what constitutes a good General.*

"Napoleon said one day that courage was not the first quality necessary in a general officer, particularly in one commanding an army. I did not, at first, seize the true sense of his proposition, but he afterwards developed his idea so clearly, that I comprehended it in all its bearings.

"Why," said he, 'has the soldier so high a respect for his commanding officer? Because he knows him to be a man of superior information. He follows him with confidence across deserts, over mountains, through countries unknown to himself, but with which he supposes his General acquainted. When courage is united with talent, then the general officer becomes an accomplished soldier. Still this courage must not be rash; it must not lead him to expose the lives of his men for the sake of mere fighting. People are sometimes surprised at the rapid promotion of a Lieutenant-Colonel, first raised to the rank of Colonel, and immediately after, to that of Brigadier-General. It is because the newly-promoted Colonel does not answer the expectations which were conceived of him. It is true that he bravely leads on his regiment in action;—but, like a hair-brained boy, to the mouth of the enemy's cannon, so that he returns from every action with one wound more, but with fifty men less. Now such a man is a bad Colonel. He is a good soldier; but, as he cannot be put into the ranks, why he is

made a general officer, and is very efficient under a commander who knows where to place him. And this is the kind of knowledge necessary to a War Minister.' Napoleon gave great extension to his idea, and, in illustration, mentioned several names, which it is needless here to repeat. He cited Kellermann—afterwards created Duke of Valmy—as combining talents with the most undaunted courage. Lannes was also mentioned by him as the most perfect model of an accomplished soldier. He afterwards named one of the most celebrated men in his army, and said, with a smile, 'Well! this man has immense talent, and yet he dislikes gunpowder. But what matters that? So long as the soldiers under his command are ignorant of it, I prefer him to a knight errant riding in search of perilous adventures. But, on the other hand, the troops must not know that their General is a coward.'

The following laughable anecdote is a curious instance of monomania. The hero of the tale is a brother of the celebrated Quatremère de Quincy, so well known in the literary and scientific world.

#### *The Marine Cavalry.*

"M. Quatremère-Disjonval was a little deranged, but not mad enough to be confined. In 1793, when great talkers obtained the credit of great wit, he had been appointed Adjutant-General, but was dismissed on the restoration of public order. From that period, having become absorbed by the military mania, he was in the habit of following a drum wherever he heard it. His pockets were always filled with projects of the most absurd kind; and his folly was the more deplorable, as he was a man of extraordinary erudition. He had presented several of his plans to Junot, one of which was to bring live sprats from Nantes to Paris, and another to enable the grand army to reach England without encountering storms, or being exposed to an attack by the British fleet. Junot, from respect for the poor man's brother, received him always with kindness, but advised him to meddle less with the projected invasion of England, which, at that period, was the particular object of his monomania. He, however, wandered, like a guilty soul in purgatory, from one camp to another with some new project in his head, when his evil genius led him to Ostend.

"Davoust, who then commanded at Ostend, was not acquainted with him or his peculiarities; nor was this General at all of easy access. M. Quatremère often called to see Davoust, but could not succeed.

"One day, as the General returned from a review, M. Quatremère, who had been waiting for him at his own door, presented him, the instant he got off his horse, with a manuscript neatly tied up with red and blue ribbons, saying:—'General, this is a new method of conveying our brave soldiers to England.' This was his usual phrase—'the plan is sure and economical; a little extraordinary perhaps, but it is by men such as you, General, that great and heroic undertakings are carried into effect.'

"Davoust was in the habit of galloping through the muddy streets of Ostend, as all know who were acquainted with him, surrounded by a set of ugly little Arabs who splashed along and described a circle of mud round their master. His staff, not caring to receive upon their clothes the showers of mud thrown up by these swarthy attendants, always kept at a distance behind, so that when Davoust arrived at his door, there was nobody present to inform him who Quatremère-Disjonval was. Having taken the manuscript, he left the poor Ex-Adjutant-General in the hall, and walked into the dining-room, which was upon the ground floor. Meanwhile the staff-officers and aides-de-camp arrived and surrounded the poor projector, who, perceiv-

ing among them a colleague in science (for the poor man had really great acquirements), went and shook him by the hand and solicited his good offices with the Commander-in-Chief. This colleague (then a captain upon Davoust's staff,) was no other than Bory de St. Vincent, who, well acquainted with all Quatremère's follies, promised his assistance,—and would willingly have promised anything, to get rid of the poor man.

"Next morning the General asked, 'Who is the person from whom I received a paper yesterday, on my return from the review? There are many good things in it.'

"The manuscript ran as follows:—'Who would have imagined before it was done, that the ox would be brought to labour for man—that the dog would be made to hunt for him—the horse to carry him—the elephant to obey him, or that he could reduce the falcon to submission? Who would have thought that the animals inhabiting the two elements of earth and air would change their habits to become his slaves? Yet such things are seen, because they exist. Water alone has not been made useful to man. Now is the time to subdue that element, and make its inhabitants contribute to the glory of the French armies!'

"It would be too long to enumerate all the wild ideas contained in this singular production; I shall therefore come immediately to the point. After quoting the authority of Pliny, recapitulating all that has been said in natural history respecting the intelligence of animals, M. Quatremère concluded that there was not less intelligence among fish than was evinced by the camel, the horse, the elephant, or the canary bird. As these were taught, why should not fish be also susceptible of instruction? And again, upon Pliny's authority, calling to mind the Athenian medals, with a view of the port of Piræus, and the figure of a dolphin carrying a man upon its back, he proposed, that a certain number of porpoises—to which he gave the name of dolphins—should be trained to carry soldiers upon their backs. Nothing was easier, he stated, than to effect this. The sailors of the flotilla were to be employed in catching porpoises, which were to be kept, fed, and tamed in the interior basins of the port, and broke in to carry each a soldier. Thus would a marine cavalry be formed, which could easily cross the channel. The writer then described, with great minuteness, how the bridles, the bits—for the porpus has a large mouth—and the other accoutrements were to be made. He had gone so far as to provide against the possibility of the fish diving in the open sea, by fastening to them bladders surrounded with cork.

"Davoust, who had never before heard of M. Quatremère-Disjonval, was at first struck with all this fine-sounding language—with the camel carrying burthens, the dog bringing the game to its master, the horse obeying the hand of the rider. All this dazzled him for a moment; but, unfortunately for Quatremère, he happened to say at breakfast, 'Faith! the First Consul will be astonished when I present him with a regiment of tritons. They may do what they like at Boulogne, but they will build barracks long enough before they hit upon such an expedient as this.'

"But as he ate his breakfast, he again read a few lines of the manuscript, and the thing appeared to him somewhat more doubtful. He became thoughtful, and was in deep meditation when the chief of his staff, General Mathew Dumas, made his appearance. On hearing of the affair, the latter burst into a fit of laughter. Davoust said not a word; but his silence had a sinister meaning for Quatremère; for the General fancied that the projector had mystified him.

"'Florainville,' said he on a sudden to the commandant of the gendarmerie attached to his

head quarters, 'go and have that fool Quatremère-Disjonval apprehended; then let his hands be tied, and let him be sent to Paris on foot.' This cruel order was executed."

Before we translate the observations of the amiable Duchess on Napoleon's coronation, an anecdote of Pius VII. will not be out of place.

#### *Pius VII. and Cervoni.*

"There was an expression in the countenance of Pius VII., which none of his portraits have ever conveyed; and if all give a copy of his features, none has ever given a correct idea of their expression, which was mild and lively at the same time. His extreme paleness contrasted with his jet black hair, produced a surprising effect, on the first sight of this venerable old man, dressed in white, with a tinge of red reflected upon him, which imparted a singular and coquettish tint to his complexion. I confess, that, on being presented to him, I was seized with a deep feeling of interest and veneration, solely inspired by his person. He presented me with a beautiful chaplet and relic, and seemed much pleased at receiving my thanks in Italian. This brings to my recollection an anecdote relating to General Cervoni, who was very intimate with my brother and my husband.

"All the constituted bodies, and the primary and secondary authorities, paid their respects to the Pope, on his arrival at Paris. The generals were not among the last to tender their homage, although they were not over and above religious, and many of them showed a repugnance to do so, which displeased the Emperor very much. On the day of their visit, they debated among themselves, who should be the spokesman. Several among them spoke Italian well; and General Sebastiani, who has always been fond of making speeches, offered his services with that dogmatical air which would have procured him the honour he sought; but he was too young a general officer; and, besides, he resembled too nearly the actor Gavaudan, in the 'Reine de Golconde.' Not that the Pope could have known that; but Sebastiani was so long-winded, and so fond of listening to the sound of his own voice, that it was feared the Pope would not listen to it. The choice, therefore, fell upon General Cervoni.

"This choice, than which none could have been better or more appropriate, was, however, singular under the circumstances I am about to explain. At the period when, under Alexander Berthier, the French entered Rome, Cervoni, then a brigadier-general, was appointed commandant of that city, and he executed his charge in a military manner. It had been reported that it was he who arrested Pius VI., but this was not true. Nevertheless, he had the credit of it, and the name of Cervoni was an object of terror at Rome. The Pope had received this unfavourable impression, and, without knowing the General, dreaded him as he dreaded Satan.

"Cervoni had a beautiful voice, deep, sonorous, and full: the Pope's, on the contrary, was weak, nasal, and somewhat *soprano*. Thus the contrast became inexpressibly ludicrous, when Pius VII., struck with the pure and elegant Italian accent of Cervoni, advanced towards him, and commenced the following dialogue:—

"Come lei parla bene l'Italiano!"  
 "Santo Padre, sono quasi Italiano!"  
 "Oh!"  
 "Sono Corso!"  
 "Oh!—Oh!"  
 "Sono Cervoni!"  
 "Oh!—Oh!—Oh!"

† How well you speak Italian!  
 Holy Father, I am almost an Italian!  
 Oh!—  
 I am a Corsican!  
 Oh!—Oh!—  
 I am Cervoni!  
 Oh!—Oh!—Oh!

"At each interjection which the pontiff uttered, he drew back a step, until the mantel-piece prevented him from going further. The name of Cervoni made such an impression upon him, that his pale complexion assumed a death-like hue; and Cervoni, knowing the effect it would produce, had prepared himself for it beforehand."

We conclude our translations this week with the following original remarks on the Emperor Napoleon's coronation:—

"This ceremony has been so often described, that it is needless here to give an account of it. I shall, therefore, only state what I fancied I remarked in the Emperor, and what struck me the most on this day, the sole one of its kind in the annals of history.

"Napoleon was very calm. I observed him attentively, to see if I could perceive that the pulsations of his heart under the imperial mantle were more quick, than under the uniform he usually wore. But I saw no difference, although I was not more than ten paces from him. The length of the ceremony seemed to tire him, and I every now and then detected a suppressed yawn. But he did all he was told to do, and that always with propriety. When the Pope made the triple unction, I perceived by the expression of his eyes, that he thought more of wiping off the oil than of anything else. I was so accustomed to his look, that I may say I am certain of this. \* \* \*

"As the Pope was about to take from the altar the crown, called that of Charlemagne, Napoleon seized it, and with his own hands put it upon his head. His countenance, always so expressive, was at this moment sublime. There was an extraordinary play of the muscles, which imparted to it something beyond beauty. This was a solitary moment in his life. He had taken off the laurel wreath of gold, which he wore when he entered the church, and which was much better suited to his face than the close crown, the contact with which, however, imparted a noble dignity to his features.

"Just at this moment one of those incidents occurred, which, when they are followed by no event of importance, are not noticed, but which are secretly treasured up by superstition, to be made use of when an opportunity offers. The old vaulted ceilings of Notre Dame, which, during a whole month previous had been exposed to the percussion of the hammer, in the preparations for the approaching ceremony, had been damaged in many places, and several small bits of stone had fallen in different parts of the church. At the instant, when Napoleon placed the crown upon his head, one of these bits, about the size of a hazel nut, fell from the roof, upon the shoulder of the Emperor, slid upon the hood of his mantle, rolled down the steps of the altar, near the Pope's throne, and was picked up by an Italian priest, who has probably kept it, if he perceived that it touched the head of him who had just been made one of God's anointed. I was struck with the circumstance. At such a moment everything is ominous to those who observe. I did not, however, mention it. I know not whether my companions perceived this stone; I did not call their attention to it. In the evening I mentioned the circumstance to Junot, who had seen nothing of it, although he was close to the Emperor. He approved of my prudent silence. No motion of the Emperor could have led Junot to suppose that such a thing had occurred; and yet it appears to me that he must have felt it; for, however small the bit of stone, yet, falling from so great a height, its specific gravity must have been so much increased that I cannot think he was not aware of its having struck him.

"Every eye was now directed to the steps of the altar upon which the Emperor stood, to see Josephine receive from him the crown, and be

anointed as Empress of the French. What a moment! what a proof of attachment was she receiving from him who then loved her with a strength of affection with which she ought to have been satisfied, because it was real, and supported by the strongest testimonies. \* \* \*

"When it was time for the Empress to take an active part in the great drama, she descended from her throne, advanced towards the altar where the Emperor was waiting for her, followed by her ladies of the palace and her maids of honour. Her mantle was borne by the Princess Caroline,† the Princess Julia,‡ the Princess Eliza, and the Princess Louisa.§ A most striking beauty in Josephine was, independently of the elegance of her figure, the carriage of her head, and the noble and graceful manner in which she walked and turned round. I have had the honour of being presented to *true princesses*, as they call them, in the Faubourg St. Germain, and I can declare, on my conscience, that I never saw one who made such an impression upon me as Josephine. She combined elegance with majesty, and no woman ever sat upon a throne with a more dignified and truly royal bearing."

We shall continue our translations next week.

#### LIBRARY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE. *Useful and Ornamental Planting.* London: Baldwin & Co.

It would be difficult to name a subject of much greater importance than that to which this treatise applies, or, at the same time, more in need of the revision of a writer who can separate the really useful part of the knowledge of gardeners and foresters, from the mass of prejudice, erroneous opinions, and even downright ignorance, under which it lies almost buried. We wish we could say that the author of the present work had accomplished this: he has certainly produced a useful and well-written book, in which a good deal of valuable information is compressed in a small compass, but not such a work as the present state of knowledge had led us to expect. His seventh chapter is the best; and the second, in which the phenomena of vegetation are explained, is the least satisfactory. What, for instance, are we to think of the physiologist who tells us, that a root consists of three distinct parts, *pith*, wood, and bark—who gives a long account of the *pith* of roots, and even assures us, that the fibres of the root are produced in winter by the aid of their reservoir of nutriment in the *pith*?—and yet in no root has ever a particle of pith been seen;—one of the commonest and best known distinctions between roots and stems consisting in the *absence of pith* from the former. At page 6, we are told, that the epidermis (meaning cuticle), in old stems and branches, often attains to considerable thickness, becoming hard, rough, or granulated, as seen in the oak, &c.: we believe, nevertheless, that it never loses its original membranous character; and certainly the "hard, rough, granulated" rind of the oak, which is nothing but the external zones of the bark, consisting of the liber and cellular integument of several years, distended and rent by the annual increase of the wood in diameter, is no proof of it.

Mistakes of this kind are sad blemishes upon any work, and especially upon one ushered into the world under such auspices.

† Madame Marat. ‡ Madame Joseph Bonaparte.  
§ Madame Louis Bonaparte.

Unfortunately, they are not all. To say nothing of careless printing, numerous typographical or orthographical errors, false concordances, and the usual verbal blunders of mere gardeners, we have complaints to make of a graver nature. In one of the lists of trees enumerated as fit for the planter's purpose, we find *Pinus uncinata*, which can scarcely be said to exist in this country, and *Pinus taxifolia*, of which nothing but a few dried specimens has ever been seen by any European. At page 45, the live oak of Carolina is recommended for trial on the coasts of England as a screen against the sea blast. The live oak! which even in North America will not exist as a tree to the northward of Cape Fear, and which only thrives in an atmosphere rendered, for such latitudes, most unusually damp and heated by the local but powerful influence of the gulf stream.

We observe that this work is to be followed by another upon Orchard Planting. Let us hope that these remarks, which are written in a spirit far from unfriendly, will induce the author to be as correct in theory as he is skilful in mere practical details.

#### *The Spanish Novelists, a Companion to the Italian and German Novelists.* By Thomas Roscoe, Esq. London: Bentley.

"THIS (exclaims a French writer) is a matter-of-fact age;" now we rather think it is an age of fiction. History, science, and even law and divinity, are offered to the public in the disguise of novels;—we have fashionable, domestic, political, satirical, historical, religious novels; and yet it would appear that we cannot manufacture them fast enough, for we have re-publications of the old ones in the 'Novelist's Library' and the 'Standard Novels,'—and Germany, Italy, and now Spain, are called on to furnish their quotas.

In this class of literature Spain is pre-eminently rich—yet we doubted, when we first read the announcement of this work, and the perusal has rather confirmed our fears, whether translations would gratify the English reading public of the year 1832. The Spanish novels generally have little plot, and are often wanting even in the connecting interest of a story: scoundrelism, either in humble life, when it assumes the character of a vagabond, and lives by its wits, or in high life, when tricked out in fine feathers, as a sharpening gallant, is the lay figure from which the artist is often content to work; and the excellence of many of the most celebrated consists wholly in the inimitable wit of the writer. Unfortunately, this is not to be understood by intuition, nor translated by a dictionary. A publisher's commands may have great weight and influence; but here they lose their authority. Three goodly octavos may be produced; and paragraphs and trade criticism may sell the edition—but the public will remain as utterly ignorant as heretofore of the Spanish novelists. We do not say this disparagingly of our friend Mr. Roscoe, but despairingly of such a work. We doubt, indeed, if any man could succeed with the *picaresca* or roguish class of novels, (not only the more numerous but the better,) who had not, in addition to a most intimate knowledge of the language, matriculated at El Avapies, and taken a doctor's degree in our own college of St. Giles—he would then find difficulties enough for an ordinary life.

Of another class, the *novela amorosa*, few could be translated, for more intelligible reasons—they literally reek of the stews and the brothel—their licentiousness would not be endured—the “moral and exemplary novels,” as they are called, of that noble lady Doña Maria de Zayas, or the far-famed Celestina, and twenty other celebrated works we could name, would fright the Isle from its propriety. The *novela alegorica satirica* have indeed been translated with pre-eminent success, and so far the question may be thought settled. The *Diablo cojuelo* of Guevara is become native, as it were, in every language in Europe.

In the present work Mr. Roscoe offers specimens of these several varieties, from the thirteenth to the seventeenth century. Here then, at the threshold, we are of opinion he has erred—why stop at the seventeenth century?—surely we could have spared a few specimens from the abundance of the *amorosa* which he has offered, for a little variety; for one or two of the inimitable chapters on education, from Fr. Gerundio—or a hearty laugh at the Arragonese, from the Serafina of Mor de Fuentes. We think, too, that in a collection of Spanish novels we ought to have had some specimen of one of the best, ‘*La vida del Escudero Marcos de Obregon*.’ It was from this work that Le Sage copied so largely and so literally, and though there is but little interest in the plot, it contains some admirable scenes and inimitable characters. However, we shall not cavil at the selection, which, though it might have been improved, is not, on the whole, a bad one.

The specimens generally are very freely translated, and, in some instances we see, or imagine we see, a paraphrase on the old translations. Now, without any laboured comparison, we must state, for the information of our readers, that where old translations exist, the strong presumptions are, that they are the better. Our early writers were intimately conversant with Spanish literature—our dramatists were indebted to the Spanish novelists to an extent scarcely credible—half or even more of the plots of Beaumont and Fletcher are taken from them; the original and translations were written in co-existing ages, when the language of the one nation offered synonyms for the other, because the same customs and manners existed in both: difficult, therefore, as it may have been at any time to translate the idiomatic and wordy wit of the Spanish novelists, it is more difficult now. The reprint of an old Spanish novel, would require notes if published in Spain; though Spain has stood still while all the world has been progressing onwards; we were prepared, therefore, to forgive Mr. Roscoe for a running commentary in the way of explanation:—but he is a bold man; he has, we suppose, so transferred the very spirit of the original into modern English, that we believe only one note is found necessary; and certainly that one will excuse him with us for all omissions, for he actually explains *cardenal* to be “a Spanish fly,” instead of the weal raised by a whip or rod.

The Biographical Notices are reasonably well written, excepting only that of Cervantes. As to the abominable spelling of the Spanish words and names, we presume it must pass, as an allowed privilege claimed of right by English writers; but it is hardly

excusable in a Spanish translator, to call a Spanish prince Don Tuerto, or Miater One-eye. Perhaps Mr. Roscoe thought that it was his surname, and not his nickname; but even then a Spaniard would not prefix the Don; we have heard them laugh heartily when Don Telesforo has been in their presence called Don Trueba.

We hope we have not been unkind to the translator: Mr. Roscoe is a most amiable and excellent man, and that is ten thousand times better than being a Spanish scholar; but it is our duty to comment on his work, and, as critics, we strive to be impartial, even perhaps against better feelings; but whoever shall attentively weigh and consider our judgment, will see that nothing said goes to condemn the work, which, on the whole, is creditable, and will serve to fill a vacant niche on our library shelves.

*The East India Sketch-Book; comprising an Account of the Present State of Society in Calcutta, Bombay, &c. 2 vols. London: Bentley.*

THESE volumes open well. The introductory chapter is strange and rambling, but clever, and awakens interest. “India,” the writer begins, “the land of enchantment,—the treasure-house from which imagination culls its brightest images of splendour,—the ‘golden orient,’ glittering in the best brilliance of sun and song,—peopled by the creations of ‘The Arabian Nights,’—the Chersonese, abounding ‘in gold and silver, and all manner of precious stones,’—land of promise and hope!

“What a vintage seems in the perspective to invite the hand of the reaper! \* \* What a field for the exercise of a laudable curiosity is spread out around us! Strange, wonderful in their unchangeableness, is the race amidst whom we dwell! We wander, as it were, amongst the patriarchs of ancient days;—we travel back three thousand years into the past,—we are contemporaries of the ages that entombed the Pharaohs. The ‘oxen tread out the corn around us,’ and ‘the camels go to water at the well,’ and ‘two women are grinding corn at the mill;’ and familiarity makes us forget that these things were thus when the steward of Abraham first met the fair Rebekah at even-tide, on his journey for the bride of his master’s heir.”

But the work itself does not realize this early promise; it wants coherence and connexion, and the continued effort in many chapters to be light, lively, sparkling, and brilliant, becomes at last a little wearisome to the reader; there are, however, some graphic pictures of Indian life, and one, which we shall now quote, is only inferior to a sketch by Mrs. Trollope—it is called

*Extracts from a Subaltern’s Journal of a March.*

“Well, we are at the end of our first day’s march, thank Heaven!—Now that child cries!—it really is amazing that subalterns will marry!—What business have girls to come out and put temptation in one’s way?—however, they pay for it—so do we!

“Friday.—Got up to Burrageum—no eggs—no milk—a fowl and rice—forgot arrow root—ditto biscuits—the child crying with hunger, and my wife as cross as the very devil.—Dreadfully rocky road, large stones lying under our feet in all directions. The bearers let the palanquin fall—once only—what a squall she made!—I only wonder it was not broken to atoms—what would have become of us!—Wind seems

getting up—fear the Monsoon will overtake us—pity it travels so unquavily fast—wish it would lend us the same conveyance.

“Saturday.—As I expected, last night it blew a hurricane—the tent was blown down—could not, for the life of me, imagine where my wife had disappeared—heard her, at last, crying out from beneath a khenaut—fifty yards of tent-cloth being an unpleasant petticoat.—Ground one entire quagmire, where, like Noah’s dove, our feet found no resting-place.—Put my wife and child in the palkie, and advised her to be quiet whilst things were putting to rights.—Found half our supplies had been demolished in the storm—pretty prospect!—a week without beer or brandy—wish the Commander-in-Chief were in my place just now.

“Sunday.—Kept our ground all day—weather close and damp, and occasional showers. The Ayah and the Amah quarrelling from morning till this present time of writing—chatter, chatter, chatter; the worst of it is, no cure is to be expected, for they always contrive to stop short of blows.—If they could be excited to *passik* each other!—but that is never to be expected from a Hindoo, man or woman—*baut, baut*, and that is the whole. Rejoiced by the sight of the Taspal—two letters—both duns. The original debt has doubled itself, I find, with their blessed rate of interest!—twelve per cent!—and people cry out against usury laws!—let them come to India. They are so ready to give credit, that one is tempted to extravagance, and marriage, and perpetual exile.

“Monday.—Advanced another stage—are likely to remain some time—pleasant rest, indeed! It rained all night; and the natural consequence is, the coming down of the river.—I have tried a mile lower down, and it is not fordable—sweet place for the pitching of our tabernacle, indeed! A rocky plain, a village half a mile off, and a nullah in the way: so the Sepoys are constantly grumbling at the difficulty of getting our supplies.—Baby ailing—poor little wretch!—this is ‘to be nursed in the lap’ of oriental luxury. The outer khenaut is wet through; and the trench they have dug round, seems threatening to overflow every hour.—I expect to fall into fever; and how to get on, Heaven only knows!—One has nothing left for it, but to fold oneself in one’s best cloak, and pass away quietly; for the hope of timely medical aid here is out of the question—require an extra glass to keep up the *vis vita*, and cannot positively afford it, our stock is so reduced.

“Tuesday.—River continues impassable; poor child sick.

“Wednesday.—Ditto, ditto.

“Thursday.—Ibidem.

“Friday.—Started at three, A.M., report being made that the river was fordable. Bearers, as usual, carried the body of the palkie on their shoulders; nevertheless, my wife got a demibath. Came to our ground late, and found the people had pitched at the wrong village, which was deserted, and of course nothing to be obtained in the way of supplies. Got some rice and dried fish; obliged to alleviate the child’s hunger with congee-water. Could not regain, so sent on the things four miles, and of course got to the ground before the fly was raised—chill, wet, and uncomfortable; the ground damp, and shivering as if we all had intermittents. Cook came up three hours after; pretended he had lost his way; thrashed him soundly, and felt warm and comfortable with the exercise.”

“Monday.—Woke this morning at three o’clock; am not aware that any noise disturbed me. \* \* Found the corner seam of the khenaut cut open, just at the foot of my couch, and a bullock-trunk abstracted. Rose in alarm and called my wife, who, naturally enough, went into hysterics, at the consciousness of the thief’s former proximity. Gave the alarm, and a hot



pursuit commenced. Ascended an adjacent bund, found the trunk broken open, and sundry of its contents scattered about, the thieves having apparently been interrupted in the act of examining the spoil. Recovered the major portion of the wearing apparel, but saw no traces of forty rupees which had been deposited therein. Found on inquiry, that the chain which ought to secure the trunks, had been missing at the last stage. Have not the least doubt one of my own fellows was, if not the perpetrator, at least *particeps criminis*.

"Tuesday.—Got newspapers by Tappal today, and a letter from Andrews—kind, friendly, and just what a brother-officer's ought to be. Invites us to put up in his quarters on joining, until we can find a house. Very glad to find ourselves certain of a shelter; Ann is quite enlivened by the prospect, notwithstanding the retrospect of last night's losses.

"Wednesday.—Kept awake all last night by the performance of a marriage-ceremony in the village. We were pitched so close as to have the full benefit of their horrible discord.—What is meant by a natural taste for music? \*

"Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday.—Made the usual progress with the usual disagreeables—one day so like another that we are obliged to consult the route to know that time is really travelling onward at his usual pace. My wife ridicules the attempt at keeping a Journal on a march in India, which, she says, is less interesting than a log-book, inasmuch as there is less variation—of the compass, I suppose she means. But how can I contrive to pass the day otherwise? Hamilton's Gazetteer, and a volume of Sir John Malcolm, will not last for ever, nor can they be always endured. Now there are great helps towards putting an hour to death, in this attempt at journalizing. Preparing the paper, pens, and ink, of which the latter is dried up before I am willing to dispense with its aid; then, thinking over all I have seen for the sake of discovering what I shall say; then reading what has been written in order to avoid repetition, 'stale, flat, and unprofitable.' In short, I recommend a diary to all travellers by land with tents, going at the rate of ten miles per diem, as the best possible recipe against *solitude*."

Had there been many such pictures as this, we would most willingly have extended our extracts.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF POLITICAL ECONOMY, IX. *Ireland, a Tale*. By Harriet Martineau. London: Fox.

"Some grit neighbours of his, grippit to his living and land; and they say his wife was turned out o' the house to the hill side.—Weel, Rob cam hame, and found desolation, God pity us! where he left plenty; he looked east, west, north, and south, and saw neither hauld nor hope—neither heild nor shelter—sae he e'en pu'd the bonnet ower his brow, belted the broad sword to his side, took to the brae-side, and became a broken man." Irishmen have often lamented that the "great northern enchanter" never made their country the scene of any of his mighty creations, never depicted the savage ferocity of their loyal Claverhouses, nor the ruthless vengeance of their insurgent Burleys; but the pictures of the man who draws from the stern reality of nature have a fearful extent of application,—the details, indeed, individualize the delineation, but the outlines belong to the invariable and unvaried laws of humanity and society. The simple pathos with which Baillie Nicol Jarvie details by what means Rob Roy was changed from an en-

terprising grazier into a daring leader of banditti, has never been praised proportionate to its merits, because, in England, for many centuries, and in Scotland for nearly one, no such scenes have been exhibited; but, in Ireland, where rustic insurrections are as fixedly periodical as the return of the comets, the sentence we have quoted will be recognized as a description, equally powerful and true, of occurrences that are matters of daily observation.

Nor can we join with many Irishmen in the belief, that if Sir Walter Scott had devoted his talents to portraying the calamitous condition of Ireland, and pointing out the causes that have "marred into a wilderness" a country on which nature has bestowed her bounties with more than a lavish hand, public opinion would have forced the delinquents to make such a change as would bring order out of confusion. That shame has little influence on large bodies of men, is an aphorism whose truth is proved by every page of history, and, unfortunately for Ireland, the errors, and even the crimes, that she has suffered from, belong to classes, and not to individuals. Miss Edgeworth long ago pointed out the destructive policy of rack-rents, and proved that the landlord who grinds his tenants to the earth destroys the sources of his own prosperity;—Benim showed the outrageous folly of religious animosity;—those who have declaimed against Christian teachers becoming missionaries of war, and not ambassadors of peace, are beyond number; but what have availed, lectures, warnings, reproaches, and entreaties?

Classes are armed so strong in obstinacy,  
That they pass by them as the idle wind,  
Which they regard not.

These are melancholy reflections, by no means calculated to soothe the anguish of heart with which we have read Miss Martineau's "over true tale." The "northern magician" himself has hardly produced a more faithful portraiture of life and manners than this little book contains; it records not a single incident which our eyes have not witnessed; and our ears have heard the exact words in which her peasants threaten "the wild justice of revenge." But of what avail will this exposure of ills, to Englishmen almost incredible, be? The insane improvidence of the peasant, the short-sighted rapacity of the landlord, the fantastic schemes of unreflecting benevolence, aggravating the evils it proposes to remove;—all these, and more and worse than these, will continue, for they belong not to individuals, but to masses of population; and though a man might heal himself, he cannot simultaneously heal all his neighbours.

We are particularly pleased with one virtue of this amiable writer, because it evinces a sound intelligence, rarely displayed by those who make Ireland the theme of their spoken or written declamations: she does not recommend an act of parliament as a panacea for all evils, past, present, and to come. To Ireland there is no lesson more important than that given by one of her own most delightful bards,

How small, of all that human hearts endure,  
That part which laws or kings can cease or cure!

A change in the vicious constitution of society, the breaking up of the distinct masses that continue in a state of hostile repulsion, the attribution of many evils to circumstances

and not to persons, the distinction between crimes arising from situation and those that result from malice—these are the reforms of which Ireland is most immediately in want, but these are reforms that can be given by no legislature. It would be wiser to make laws regulating the trajectory of a comet, than to prescribe rules for the habits of thought, and erect legislative standards of judgment.

Under the Jewish theocracy, a scapegoat was annually sent into the wilderness, who was supposed to carry with him all the sins of the people. The goat had committed murder, burned the high priest's house, stolen shew-bread from the temple, violated the sabbath, and built a temple to Moloch; all of which charges were brought against the goat most virulently by the actual perpetrators of the crimes. Nay, on these occasions, the Pharisees and Sadducees for a moment forgot their differences, and joined heart and hand in pronouncing a sentence of condemnation on the goat, for every crime, possible and impossible, that had been laid to his charge. Of such goats the Irish seem to have a tolerably large flock, they have just now turned out the British parliament for a hunt; and never did the Israelites in their wildest days heap upon their goat a greater quantity of groundless accusations. It has pulled the triggers of policemen, placed stones in the hands of peasants, robbed the church, sanctioned the church's extortions, armed the magistracy with illegal power, deprived the magistrates of all power, urged the landlords to charge extravagant rents, counselled the tenants not to pay—in short, the British parliament, because it has done nothing, is, by a strange inference, proved to have done everything.

We wish that our Irish brethren would forthwith dismiss the goats, and learn that the first reform is one, not only in their own power, but totally beyond the power of everybody else. They must change the present constitution of Irish society—they must not be led away by the contemptible sophism of name, which has already worked so much mischief; they must substitute the Baconian for the Aristotelic philosophy, and regard individuals as individuals, not as representatives of classes, sects, or parties. If they seriously design to have the evils of Ireland removed, they must set about the task themselves: the lazy countryman calling on Hercules, instead of putting his own shoulders to the wheel, but faintly typifies the folly of those who call on parliament to effect a moral revolution;—they rather resemble Hercules, sitting with his hands in his pocket, a pipe in his mouth, and a jug of whisky punch beside him, entreating a pigmy to cleanse the Augean stables. If a guide be necessary to show how the great work of reformation must be begun, we know of none better, none that combines so admirably a powerful delineation of life, with the most valuable and practical rules for its regulation, than 'Ireland,' a tale, by Harriet Martineau.

*A Masque; Represented at the Theatre Royal Covent Garden*. By James Sheridan Knowles. London: Moxon.

A masque!—the very word is a spell that conjures up recollections of times when art exhausted imagination in devising graceful

entertainment for assembled beauty;—when the sweetest verses that were ever penned, the songs of Ben Jonson, were set to worthy airs by the choicest musicians;—when Inigo Jones himself consented to play mechanist to the noble devices of the poet;—when high-born ladies, and even royalty, were content to personate his characters, and kings, and princes, and nobility looked on in admiration and delight.—A masque, says Lord Bacon, if we remember right, is written for princes, and must be by princes played.

We owe Mr. Knowles a debt of gratitude, if it be only for touching this one chord of memory. We seemed, when we first looked on his title-page, to have thrown off the encumbrances of twenty years—to have assailed ourselves of all its miserable experiences—to be yet young, and as full of heart and hope as when we were worshippers of the noblest race of men that ever gladdened this green earth. We have since tamed down into critics, and humbled our standard of criticism to the judgment of "the public": we are now content to defer, cap in hand, to every puny whipster—to measure nonsense by nothingness, and speak of their comparative value—to clap hands and applaud the poor fluttering insects of a publishing season. Thanks—thanks to Mr. Knowles for awakening recollections of the past.

We are in no humour to offend truth by comparing this "humble garland, wreathed in haste," with the perfect works of the old dramatist—it is enough to say, that it is not wholly unworthy of the occasion.—It is, indeed, a pleasant and graceful trifle, happily conceived, and with some sweet poetry—for instance, when Fancy calls up the Pageant:

Fair Gentl of the Sister Isles, where'er  
Your subtle essences, that mock the ken  
Of human sense, abide,—at Fancy's call,  
Painting the air with shapes of human mould  
And vocal power, appear!

and the following—

*Enter the GEMINS OF SCOTTISH SONG, by whom  
the following is sung:*

Cold, cold the wind sighs,  
Colder the Bard lies,  
Where never sunrise  
Breaks on his bed!  
Not his own lyre, strange  
Anew, every chord rung,  
Could with its sweet tongue,  
Raise his low head!

Who, in the wide land  
Lifts now the fallen wand,  
Once, by his great hand,  
Waved o'er the scene?  
Gone is the charm-spell,  
Lost when the Bard fell,—  
Ah shall its power tell,—  
None boast again!

*Hoei-lan-ki; ou, l'Histoire du Cercle de Craie,*  
Drame en Prose et en Vers, traduit du  
Chinois, et accompagné de Notes, par  
Stanislas Julien. Printed for the Oriental  
Translation Fund. London: Murray;  
and Parbury & Co.

THE labours of Sir George Staunton, Dr. Morrison, Mr. Davis, Abel Rémusat, and a few others, have laid open some of the literary treasures to be found among that singular people, the Chinese. M. Julien, the translator of 'Hoei-lan-ki,' has never resided in China, yet the valuable preface to his work is proof of the extensive knowledge he has acquired of the language, and the value of his researches.

The plot of this drama is very simple, though it includes intrigue, poisoning, and

many other of "the ills that flesh is heir to." A private gentleman, having been some time married without being blessed with any offspring, is captivated by the charms of the daughter of a neighbour, and makes her his second wife. The laws of China allow of polygamy, but the first wife alone is considered the "legitimate" one; she takes precedence in matrimonial honours, unless the second anticipate her in presenting the husband with a son. This happened in the case of *Le Seigneur Ma*, the gentleman in question. Hence arises jealousy on the part of the first wife, which leads to the husband being poisoned, the favoured wife being made the unwitting instrument of his destruction. A plot is successfully laid by the first wife in conjunction with her paramour, a chief clerk in the municipal court; and the unfortunate mother, falling into the snare, is accused of the murder of the father of her child: witnesses are suborned by the aid of the unprincipled lawyer, and the case is heard before the judge: she is about to be condemned, in the absence of any evidence in her favour. The guilty one now lays claim to the infant, in order to possess herself of the father's property; and no proof of maternity being adduced on either side sufficient to satisfy the judge, he has recourse to a stratagem, similar to that in the celebrated judgment of Solomon: he orders a circle to be made with chalk\* on the floor, the child to be placed in it, and the two wives are required to pull at its arms, the judge declaring, that she who can drag the babe out of the circle shall be acknowledged as the mother. After several trials, in which the second wife is always unsuccessful, being deterred from using her full strength, lest she should injure the infant, the judge, concluding from this proof of affection that she is the mother, decides in her favour. The denouement involves the detection and punishment of the guilty. The drama extends through four acts, and is divided into scenes after the usual fashion;—its perusal cannot fail to bring the reader acquainted in some degree with the customs and domestic manners of the Chinese.

This translation is worthily dedicated to Sir George Staunton, and is printed for the Oriental Translation Fund of Great Britain and Ireland. It is done with great care and seeming accuracy, and, with the numerous notes, must prove a valuable acquisition to our limited library of Chinese literature.

*A Memoir of the late Capt. Peter Heywood, R.N., with Extracts from his Diaries and Correspondence.* By Edward Tagart. London: Wilson.

Capt. Heywood was, we are willing to admit, an excellent man—but he grew up surrounded by all the gentle influences of an amiable family, and his feelings and mind seem to us from the first to have been deeply imbued with a love of peace, domestic happiness, and literary leisure. The mutiny on board the *Bounty*, and his subsequent sufferings and trial, were the accidents of his fortune; they brought him prominently before the public, when his own feelings and disposition would have carried him through life as one of the hundreds of zealous and valuable officers of no mark or likelihood. The only hero or heroine connected with his name or fortunes, was his

sister Nussy, who will live in memory as long as hearts beat, and affection and goodness are dear to the world. How far this Memoir will be acceptable to the public, it is difficult to foretell; certainly the publication would not have been justified, but for the misfortunes of Heywood's early life—and with all the particulars of that period we were previously fully informed;—still there are many to whom a connected narrative may be welcome. We however must presume that our readers are acquainted with the history of the mutiny, and shall, therefore, confine our extracts to a single letter, which, we believe, has not been before published, and which, in its connexion with the early events of Heywood's life, cannot fail to be read with interest.

"Montagu, Gibraltar, February 1, 1814.

"An event of rather a singular nature occurred to me two or three days ago, and I confess I have still so much of the *savage* about me as to have been in no small degree interested by it. I heard accidentally, last Sunday, that there were two poor unfortunate Tahitians on board the *Calypso*, who had been kidnapped, and brought away from their island by an English ship about thirteen or fourteen months ago. Thence they went to Lima, and in a Spanish ship were conveyed to Cadiz, where soon after their arrival last June, they made their escape, and got on board the *Calypso*, where they have remained ever since, unable to make themselves understood, and hopeless of ever revisiting their native country, to which they ardently long to go back, and God knows, and so do I, that is not to be wondered at. As I thought they would be much more at their ease and comfortable with me, I ordered them to be discharged into the *Montagu*, and they were brought on board. Never, as long as I live, shall I forget the emotions of these poor creatures, when, on entering the door of my cabin, I welcomed them in their own way, by exclaiming,

"*Mi nōw, wā, Khō, mā! Yōwri 'Ehōia, tē hārrē k'nye! Welcome, my friends! God save you in coming here!*"

"They could scarce believe their ears when I accosted them in a language so dear to them, and which, except by each other, they had not heard pronounced since they were torn from their country. They seemed at the moment electrified. A rush of past recollections at once filled their minds, and then, in a tone and with an expression peculiar to these people, and strikingly mournful, they sighed out together and in unison:

"*Attaye, hōyē iy! Attaye hōyē tē tōwī Vōssid, my tyē iy! Itū rōt yu hōō iy! Alas! alas! our good country, we shall never see it more!*"

"I took each by the hand and told them, that if I lived they should be sent home to their country, and assured them, that in the mean time they should remain with me, and that I would be their countryman, their friend and protector. Poor fellows! they were quite overwhelmed—their tears flowed apace—and they wept the thankfulness they could not express. They looked wistfully at me and at each other. God knows what was passing in their minds, but in a short time they grew calm and felt comforted; and they now feel contented and happy. It was a scene which I would not have lost for much more than I ought to say. But there is no describing the state of one's mind in witnessing the sensibilities of another fellow-being, with a conviction, at the same time, that they are true and unaffected. And, good God! with what ease that is discovered. What an amazing difference there is between those children of nature and the pupils of art and refinement! It was a scene worthy of being described by a better pen—a sincere expression

\* This supplies the title of the play.

of nature's genuine, best feelings, such as we sometimes read of in many of our *pretty novels*; but rarely, very rarely, see, in this civilized hemisphere of ours, and which, indeed, I do believe I very seldom have seen wholly unsophisticated by some selfish passion, which interest mixes with them, but polish teaches to conceal, except among the poor untaught *savages* of the island which gave these men birth—where plenty and content are the portion of all, unalloyed by care, envy, or ambition—where labour is needless and want unknown. At least, such it was twenty-five years ago. And after all that is said and done among us great and wise people of the earth, pray what do we all toil for, late take rest, and eat the bread of carefulness, but to reach, at last, the very state to which they are born—ease of circumstances, and the option of being idle or busy as we please? But if I go on this way you will say I am a *savage*, and so I believe I am, and ever shall be in some points; but let that pass.

"As these poor fellows appear to be very wretched in a state of existence so new to them, so foreign to their original manners and habits, and as their ignorance utterly disqualifies them for enjoying what they cannot comprehend the value of, and renders them useless members of a state of civilization and refinement such as ours, I have written a public letter to Mr. Croker, and a private one to Admiral Hope, to beg they may be sent out to their own country, should the newspaper reports be true, that our government intends to send a vessel to Pitcairn's Island with articles of comfort and convenience for the new-discovered progeny of the *Bounty's* people. This discovery naturally interested me much when I first heard of it in 1809, at the Admiralty; but still more has the information given us since by Sir Thomas Staines and Captain Phipps interested me. A very lively and general curiosity seems to have been excited to know more about a race of beings so new and uncommon in the composition of their character, and not the less so from its purity. And even my curiosity (gratified as it has been already by seeing man in every stage of society, from the miserable savage of New Holland to the most cultivated and refined European) has been awakened by the accounts of these officers; so that, were I on the spot, and any thing were going out that way, it is not at all clear to me but that I should be tempted to endeavour to go and look at this new species, as well as to judge whether the natives of Tahiti have, upon the whole, been benefited, or the reverse, by their intercourse with Europe for the last twenty-five years. I know what they were then, and I believe there are few persons, if any, now living, who possess the same means of judging of the change that may have taken place, because all those who saw them about that time were but casual visitors; and if I may be allowed to judge from what has been written, these visitors *knew* just as much about the people as they did of their language; and a man must have a strangely-constructed head who can believe that anything which it is most interesting to know concerning a strange people, can possibly be known (correctly at least) without the latter. Yet we meet with many descriptions of their manners, customs, religion, and ceremonies, of their government and policy, (if they have any,) that must have been comprehended. How? Why, by the eye alone. Now is this possible? No: and I can only say, that more than two years and a half's residence among them, and a very competent knowledge of their language, never enabled me to discover the truth of nearly all the descriptions of those matters before the public, most of which I, at this moment, believe never to have had existence except in the heads of the writers!"

"This letter is of itself evidence of the

strong plain sense and kind feeling which, in our view especially, characterized Captain Heywood.

*Byron's Life and Works.* Vol. XI. London: Murray.

In the poems and notes of this volume the reader may find the poetical, and much of the personal history of the noble poet, from the time he left Switzerland in 1816, till he took up his residence at Ravenna, in the beginning of the year 1820. "It includes," says the editor, "some example of almost every kind of poetical composition, in which he ever excelled; among others, the first, and perhaps greatest of his dramatic efforts, and the earliest specimen of his comic narrative." The works thus truly characterized are '*Manfred*,' the '*Lament of Tasso*,' '*Beppo*,' '*Mazeppa*,' and the '*Prophecy of Dante*,' with a variety of lesser compositions. They are printed from the last corrected copy of Byron's works, and accompanied with notes, critical, explanatory, and historical. There are such striking variations in the dialogues and narratives, as are worthy the consideration of all who desire to see the first rude attempts and the finished efforts of genius; and there are passages of great critical talent in the notes, written by men scarcely inferior in genius to Byron himself; nor should the engravings be forgotten, for they are of singular beauty, particularly the *Bridge of Sighs at Venice*, by Turner, and the *Bernese Alps*, by the same master. Much of the interest which belongs to a new work is given to this volume, by the judicious and elegant manner in which it is arranged and printed, and adorned with the labours of the artist and the critic.

The '*Manfred*' we have always considered the most sublime of Byron's compositions: all is in keeping—the scene, the man, his torments, his crime, and its punishment. There is a grandeur about the character of *Manfred* which almost approaches that of *Milton's Satan*; and the words of the latter—"Fallen spirit, to be weak is miserable,"—may be considered as the sentiment on which both characters are founded. That it was suggested by '*The Faust*' of Goethe, is as true as that the original genius of Byron would not for a moment permit him to follow any guide, save that of his own spirit: it is altogether a more majestic composition than the '*Faust*'—there is something in it akin to the tranquil grandeur of the ancient marbles. It is well observed by Professor Wilson:

"In all Lord Byron's heroes we recognize, though with infinite modifications, the same great characteristics—a high and audacious conception of the power of the mind,—an intense sensibility of passion,—an almost boundless capacity of tumultuous emotion,—a haunting admiration of the grandeur of disordered power,—and, above all, a soul-felt, blood-felt delight in beauty. '*Parisina*' is full of it to overflowing; it breathes from every page of the '*Prisoner of Chillon*;' but it is in '*Manfred*' that it riots and revels among the streams, and waterfalls, and groves, and mountains, and heavens. There is in the character of *Manfred* more of the self-might of Byron than in all his previous productions. He has therein brought, with wonderful power, metaphysical conceptions into forms,—and we know of no poem in which the aspect of external nature is throughout lighted up with an expression at once so beautiful, solemn, and majestic. It is the poem, next

to '*Childe Harold*,' which we should give to a foreigner to read, that he might know something of Byron. Shakspeare has given to those abstractions of human life and being, which are truth in the intellect, forms as full, clear, glowing, as the idealized forms of visible nature. The very words of *Ariel* picture to us his beautiful being. In '*Manfred*,' we see glorious but immature manifestations of similar power. The poet there creates, with delight, thoughts and feelings and fancies into visible forms, that he may cling and cleave to them, and clasp them in his passion. The beautiful Witch of the Alps seems exhaled from the luminous spray of the cataract,—as if the poet's eyes, unsated with the beauty of inanimate nature, gave spectral apparitions of loveliness to feed the pure passion of the poet's soul."

The same critic discusses, in another passage, the scepticism which is allied with too many of the heroes of Byron.

"There are three only, even among the great poets of modern times, who have chosen to depict, in their full shape and vigour, those agonies to which great and meditative intellects are, in the present progress of human history, exposed by the eternal recurrence of a deep and discontented scepticism. But there is only one who has dared to represent himself as the victim of those nameless and undefinable sufferings. Goethe chose for his doubts and his darkness the terrible disguise of the mysterious *Faustus*. Schiller, with still greater boldness, planted the same anguish in the restless, haughty, and heroic bosom of *Wallenstein*. But Byron has sought no external symbol in which to embody the inquietudes of his soul. He takes the world, and all that it inherit, for his arena and his spectators; and he displays himself before their gaze, wrestling unceasingly and ineffectually with the demon that torments him. At times, there is something mournful and depressing in his scepticism; but oftener it is of a high and solemn character, approaching to the very verge of a confiding faith. Whatever the poet may believe, we, his readers, always feel ourselves too much ennobled and elevated, even by his melancholy, not to be confirmed in our own belief by the very doubts so majestically conceived and uttered. His scepticism, if it ever approaches to a creed, carries with it its refutation in its grandeur. There is neither philosophy nor religion in those bitter and savage taunts which have been cruelly thrown out, from many quarters, against those moods of mind which are involuntary, and will not pass away; the shadows and spectres which still haunt his imagination may once have disturbed our own;—through his gloom there are frequent flashes of illumination;—and the sublime sadness which to him is breathed from the mysteries of mortal existence, is always joined with a longing after immortality, and expressed in language that is itself divine."

Of the variations, our readers may take the following specimen: it belongs to the first scene in the third act:—

*Abbot.* Then, hear and tremble! For the headstrong Who in the mail of innate hardihood Would shield himself, and battle for his sin,  
There is the stake on earth, and beyond earth eternal—  
*Man.* Charity, most reverend father,  
Becomes thy lips so much more than this menace,  
That I would call thee back to it; but say,  
What wouldst thou with me?

*Abbot.* It may be there are Things that would shake thee—but I keep them back,  
And give thee till to-morrow to repent.  
Then if thou dost not all devote thyself  
To penance, and with gift of all thy lands  
To the monastery—

*Man.* I understand thee—well!  
*Abbot.* Expect no mercy: I have warned thee.

*Man. (opening the casket.)* Stop—  
There is a gift for thee within this casket.

[*Manfred opens the casket, strikes a light, and burns some incense.*]  
*Ho! Ashtaroth!*

*The Demon Ashtaroth appears, singing as follows:*

The raven sits  
On the raven-stone,  
And his black wing flits  
O'er the talk-white bone;  
To and fro, as the night-winds blow,  
The carcass of the assassin swings;  
And there alone, on the raven-stone,  
The raven flaps his dusky wings.  
The fetters creak—and his eben beak  
Croaks to the close of the hollow sound;  
And this is the tune, by the light of the moon,  
To which the witches dance their round—  
Merrily, merrily, cheerily, cheerily,  
Merrily, speeds the ball:  
The dead in their shrouds, and the demons in clouds,  
Flock to the witches' carnival.

*Abbot.* I fear thee not—hence—hence—  
Avant thee, evil one!—help, ho! without there!  
*Man.* Convey this man to the Shreckhorn—to its  
peak—

To its extremest peak—watch with him there  
From now till sunrise; let him gaze, and know  
He ne'er again will be so near to heaven.  
But harm him not; and, when the morrow breaks,  
Set him down safe in his cell—away with him!  
*Ask.* Had I not better bring his brethren too,  
Convent and all, to bear him company?  
*Man.* No, this will serve for the present. Take  
him up.

*Ask.* Come, friar! now an exorcism or two,  
And we shall fly the lighter.

*Ashtaroth disappears with the Abbot, singing as  
follows:—*

A prodigal son, and a maid undone,  
And a widow re-wedded within the year;  
And a worldly monk, and a pregnant nun,  
Are things which every day appear.

*Man. (alone).* Why would this fool break in on me,  
and force

My art to pranks fantastical?—no matter,  
It was not of my seeking. My heart sickens,  
And weighs a fix'd foreboding on my soul:  
But it is calm—calm as a sullen sea  
After the hurricane; the winds are still,  
But the cold waves swell high and heavily,  
And there is danger in them. Such a rest  
Is no repose. My life hath been a combat,  
And every thought a wound, till I am scarr'd  
In the immortal part of me.—What now?

In the notes to the 'Lament of Tasso,' we observe some extracts from the Life of that distinguished poet by John Black, of the *Morning Chronicle*: also passages from Hobhouse, and Jeffrey, and Wilson—all marked by the peculiarities of the writers, and all uniting in one great object—the illustration of this fine poem. The introduction to 'Beppo' contains some passages from the burlesque poem by Frere, which had wit enough to season a longer work, but not enough of living life and manners for a shorter one: it furnished the model of Byron's verse, both in 'Beppo' and 'Don Juan.' Of this production, Jeffrey says—

"This extremely clever and amusing performance affords a very curious and complete specimen of a kind of diction and composition of which our English literature has hitherto presented very few examples. It is, in itself, absolutely a thing of nothing—without story, characters, sentiments, or intelligible object;—a mere piece of lively and loquacious prattling, in short, upon all kinds of frivolous subjects,—a sort of gay and desultory babbling about Italy and England, Turks, balls, literature, and fish sauces. But still there is something very engaging in the uniform gaiety, politeness, and good humour of the author, and something still more striking and admirable in the matchless facility with which he has cast into regular, and even difficult, versification the unmingled, unconstrained, and unselected language of the most light, familiar, and ordinary conversation. With great skill and felicity, he has furnished us with an example of about one hundred stanzas of good verse, entirely composed of common words, in their common places: never presenting us with one sprig of what is called poetical

diction, or even making use of a single inversion, either to raise the style or assist the rhyme—but running on in an inexhaustible series of good easy colloquial phrases, and finding them fall into verse by some unaccountable and happy fatality. In this great and characteristic quality it is almost invariably excellent. In some other respects, it is more unequal. About one half is as good as possible, in the style to which it belongs; the other half bears, perhaps, too many marks of that haste with which such a work must necessarily be written. Some passages are rather too snappish, and some run too much on the cheap and rather plebeian humour of out-of-the-way rhymes, and strange-sounding words and epithets. But the greater part is extremely pleasant, amiable, and gentleman-like."

Of 'Mazeppa,'—one of the most characteristic of his compositions,—we can only find room to say, that the copy sent to this country for the press, is in the hand-writing of Theresa, Countess Guiccioli; "and it is impossible," says the editor, "not to suspect that the poet had some circumstance of his own personal history in his mind, when he portrayed the fair Polish Theresa, her youthful lover, and the jealous rage of the old Count Palatine. Among the miscellaneous pieces there are several in the shape of poetic epistles, to Mr. Murray, the bookseller,—some in the spirit of pleasant banter, and all in a more kindly and affectionate tone, than what is common between publisher and author. The "Strahan, Tonson, Lintot of the times" is making the best return he can for such immortality: he is sending out the noble poet's works to the world in a way unequalled for cheapness and elegance.

*Réflexions sur l'Etude des Langues Asiatiques adressées à Sir James Mackintosh; suivies d'une Lettre à M. Horace Hayman Wilson. (Thoughts on the Study of the Asiatic Languages, addressed to Sir James Mackintosh; with a Letter to Mr. H. H. Wilson, Professor at Oxford.)* Par A. W. de Schlegel, Professeur à l'Université Royale de Bonn, &c. Bonn, 1832.

THE name of Augustus William Schlegel is familiar to our readers: his Lectures on Dramatic Literature, so ably translated by Mr. Black, have been as extensively read in England as on the continent: he is equally celebrated as a poet, a critic, and a philologist; but it may not be so generally known that he has devoted many of the latter years of his life to the study of Sanscrit literature; and his object, in the present publication, is to urge on the British government to adopt measures, worthy of its vast interests in the east, for the wider diffusion of a thorough and critical knowledge of that primitive and refined language. With a previous knowledge of Sanscrit, the attainment of the various living dialects of India is comparatively easy. It is, indeed, a dead language, and has been so for many ages; but some estimate of its vast transference into the living languages,—the Bengalee, for instance,—may be formed, when it is stated, that of 1200 words in that dialect, 1000 will be found to be pure Sanscrit. The changes which have reduced it from the language of the living, to that only of books and of the learned, consist, chiefly, in the simplification and abolition, in most cases, of its numerous inflections; but the roots

of the language are interwoven in all the Indian dialects. About six months ago Professor Schlegel visited England, with the purpose, as we understood, of inducing some eminent London bookseller to undertake the publication of the present volume; but here again it would not do: the book was written in French, and consequently there was little hope of a remunerating sale in England.

"If," as Professor Schlegel remarks, "there are men in England who look upon India merely in the light of a well-fed cow, that is to be thoroughly milked, without any other thoughts about her welfare, to such the lines of Horace are truly applicable—

*Impiger extremos curris mercator ad Indos,  
Per mare, pauperem fugiens, per saxa, per ignes:  
Discurrere, et audire, et meliori credere non vis?*

But the inquiries instituted by Parliament already prove, and the discussion in parliament on the renewal of the East India Company's Charter, will prove still more, that English statesmen have more extensive and elevated views. They know that a good system of administration is the only means of consolidating a distant empire of such fearful extent: they know that a good administration cannot exist without a knowledge, not only of what respects the physical condition of the population, but of their moral and intellectual state; of their religion, laws, and customs; and that the Sanscrit language and the ancient Hindoo literature are the key to all this knowledge; that it is at the same time the root of most of the modern languages of India, a knowledge of which is so necessary to the officers of government."

The Professor criticizes freely the plan of the recently-formed Oriental Translation Society, which, in our judgment, promises well for the encouragement of oriental learning; but which he is of opinion will be found inimical to sound scholarship; although, no doubt, calculated to diffuse, among mere English readers, a greater knowledge of eastern history and manners, than they could have obtained by any other means.

In the Letter to the Oxford Professor, we have a little gladiatorial display—an angry personal attack. Mr. Wilson, it appears, has written disparagingly of the labours of Continental Sanscrit scholars, and of Schlegel in particular: his own attainments in Sanscrit are here subjected to some minute criticisms, to which, we have no doubt, he or his friends will readily reply.

We cannot but notice that among the difficulties experienced by oriental scholars in England, Schlegel mentions

"The refusal to lend MSS. from public libraries. The libraries are never open," he says, "but during a certain limited time, and those who wish to study are subject to many inconveniences and interruptions; while, on the other hand, the permission to take the MS. home would facilitate the long and painful labour of copying or collating. No doubt this precaution is taken lest the MSS. should get mislaid, lost, or injured; but dust, and damp, and mildew, and worms, are far more dangerous enemies to these treasures of learning, than the negligence or thievishness of scholars. Literary history presents few instances of thefts committed on such articles. The great philologist, Gerard Vossius, it is true, carried away with him, in secrecy, from Sweden, the celebrated 'Codex Argenteus'; but he pretended that it was only done as a sort of pledge for the payment of a sum of money owing to him by Queen Christina. I do not say that all the world should have such a liberty; but surely

\* Raven-stone (Rabenstein), a translation of the German word for the gibbet, which in Germany and Switzerland is permanent; and made of stone."

the reputation of a scholar, whose name is known all over Europe, might be deemed sufficient security. Here I owe a tribute of gratitude to France for her courtesy towards the learned of other countries. What I now propose is done at Paris with the utmost liberality. Sir W. Jones was of my opinion, for in bequeathing his MSS. to the Royal Society, it was on the express condition that they might be lent out, without difficulty, to any studious men who may apply for them."

This is a disputed point, upon which we were willing to record the opinion of so eminent a man—but, with all due deference, we must beg leave to differ from him. We cannot for a moment admit the preference which he proposes should be given to fame and scholarship—the laws regulating public libraries must be equal and of universal application, otherwise their administration would soon degenerate into favouritism. We happen to have at this moment before us, a clever paper by M. Jacob, published in 'Le Livre des Cent-et-Un,' on the management of the public libraries at Paris—and he sets out with the broad assertion, that, owing to the liberality commended by Schlegel, the public libraries of Paris are totally useless. "The King's Library," he says, "is like a town, under pillage; the books had better be chained, as of old. Often all the books relating to any particular subject are lent to the same author for months and years—until, in short, his work is finished. So long as the fortunate first comer remains master of these materials; should he travel, he appointed to an office at the extremity of the kingdom, or consul at Trebisonde, never attempt a work which requires the same documents. You have no means of getting beforehand with a rival who has carried off a whole library, but must think yourself fortunate if he has not carried off the contents of all the libraries in the metropolis." Once permit the books and MSS. to be carried away, and they would be removed in cart-loads—every friend and relative of every soul connected with the library, would soon consider them as a sort of hereditary spoil; and our book-stalls would eventually be covered with such as had been so long stolen or "borrowed," that possession would give a title to them. It is said, that on the death of a literary man at Paris, no less than three hundred volumes having the library stamp, were found among his effects. It is possible that the management of the British Museum is not perfect—although we know not how it could be greatly improved without a more liberal grant from Parliament—but against this lending project we enter our serious protest.

We have now done. Our notice of this work has been written in great haste—but, an early copy having reached us, we were unwilling to delay a moment in announcing its publication to such of our readers as are interested in the subject of which it treats.

*The Amulet*: Edited by S. C. Hall. London: Westley & Davis.

*The Juvenile Forget-Me-Not*: Edited by Mrs. S. C. Hall. London: Ackermann.

In this instance it is quite true, that man and wife are one—in taste and feeling; and certainly these volumes are worthy associates. Of the exquisite beauty of the plates we have heretofore spoken. For the literary

character of the Amulet, the Editor makes higher claims than we can honestly admit. There is, indeed, a sobriety and direct purpose in some of the papers which may please others, but the grace and ease of many in the Forget-Me-Not are more to our taste. It is true that they are very generally contributed by the same persons; but the fear of criticism, we suppose, is not before them when writing for the Juvenile. Were we called on to give a preference, and to make selection from all the Annuals without reference to their embellishments, we should deliberate only between the ladies: Mrs. Hall and Mrs. Watts have both done excellently well. We must, however, admit that the rhyming preface to the Juvenile is altogether a mistake, and only to be forgiven in consideration of the merit of the other papers. Travelling on the Ice—My dog Quail—The Settlers, by Miss Leslie—are favourites with us, but above all the sweet poem by Allan Cunningham, called—

*The Poet's Invitation.*

So, thou wilt quit thy comrades sweet,  
Nith's fountains, sweeping grove and holme,  
For distant London's dusty street!  
Then come, my youngest, fairest, come.  
For not the sunshine following showers,  
Nor fruit-buds to the wintry bowers,  
Nor lady-bracken to the hand,  
Nor warm bark to the tender rind,  
Nor song-bird to the sprouting tree,  
Nor heath-bell to the gathering bee,  
Nor golden daylight to sad eyes,  
Nor moon-star showing larks to rise,  
Nor son long lost in some far part,  
Who leaps back to his mother's heart,  
Nor lily to Daiswinton lea,  
Nor moonlight to the fairy,  
Can be so dear as thou to me,  
My youngest one, my Mary.

Look well on Nithdale's lonely hills,  
Where they who love thee fared of yore;  
And dip thy small feet in the rills  
Which sing beside thy mother's door.  
There's not a bush on Blackwood lea,  
On broad Daiswinton not a tree;  
By Carse there's not a lily blow,  
On Covehill bank there's not a rose;  
By green Portrack no fruit-tree fair  
Hangs its ripe clusters in mid-air,  
But what in hours not long ago  
In idling mood were to me known;  
And now, though distant far, they seem  
Of heaven, and mix in many a dream.  
Of Nith's fair land him all the charms  
Upon thy heart, and carry  
The picture to thy father's arms—  
My youngest one, my Mary.

Nor on the lovely land alone  
Be all thy thoughts and fancy squandered;  
Look at thy right hand, there is one  
Who long with thee hath mused and wandered—  
Now with the wild bee 'mongst the flowers,  
Now with the song-bird in the bowers;  
Or plucking balmy blooms, and throwing  
Them on the winds or waters flowing;  
Or marking with a mirthsome scream  
Your shadows changing in the stream;  
Or dancing o'er the painted ground,  
Till all the trees seem reeling round;  
Or listening to some far-heard tune,  
Or gazing on the calm clear moon.  
O! think on her, whose nature sweet  
Could neither shift nor vary  
From gentle deeds and words discreet—  
Such Margaret was to Mary.

The pasture hills fade from thy sight,  
Nith sinks with all her silver waters;  
With all that's gentle, mild, and sweet,  
Of Nithdale's dames and daughters.  
Proud London, with her golden spires,  
Her painted halls, and festal fires,  
Calls on thee with a mother's voice,  
And bids thee in her arms rejoice.  
But still, when Spring with primrose mouth  
Breathes o'er the violets of the south,  
Thou'lt hear the far wind-wafted sounds  
Of waves in Siddick's cavern'd bouds;  
The music of unnumbered rills  
Which sport on Nithdale's haunted hills;  
And see old Molach's hoary back  
That seems the clouds to carry,  
And dream thyself in green Portrack,  
My darling child, my Mary.

*The Elgin Annual*. Edited by James Grant. It is stated in the preface, that the embellishments for this volume were drawn, the prose written, the whole printed, and the volume bound in the same premises—namely, the Elgin Courier Office. The work, therefore, may fairly be considered as Elgin manufacture—a bold and hazardous experiment for a little provincial town of 5,000 inhabitants, at 600 miles distance from the capital, when Liverpool itself could not uphold the 'Winter's Wreath.' Let us hope that the very daring will command success; and when we add, that the prose, though written entirely by Mr. Grant, is not wanting in variety or merit—that Dr. Bowring, Gertrude, Thomas Atkinson, Mr. James, Mr. Robert Chambers, and Mr. John Aitken, have sent poetical contributions—and that the volume flaunts itself in silk and gold, we may hope that the sale will be sufficient to reward the spirited projector.

*Horace, with English Notes*. By the Rev. H. Pemble.

THIS is the first effort made by the company of booksellers, to substitute school classics, with English notes, for the old Delphin editions; and we welcome it, not merely as an improvement, but also as a pledge of future benefits to the rising generation. If the spirit of reform once locates itself in the Chapter Coffee House, it will find sufficient employment there for the next seven years, even if its attention be directed solely to the standard books of education. We are so pleased with the plan of the work, that we are not disposed to be over critical with the execution, else should we complain of the extreme meagreness of some of the notes, the carelessness and marks of haste discernible in others, and the strange inconsistency of preserving the Life of Horace in Latin—thus partially continuing the evil which was designed to be removed. But these are faults that may be easily corrected; and we can safely recommend this as the best school edition of Horace which has yet been published.

If the booksellers intend to continue this improvement, through all the Delphin Classics, we should recommend the following amendment of their plan—viz. to discard completely the absurd Interpretatio; and, in its place, give an Ordo Verborum of the most difficult sentences.

*A short Explanation of Obsolete Words, in our Version of the Bible*. By the Rev. H. Cotton, D.C.L. Oxford: Parker.

A useful and well-digested little volume, which may be made to explain practices that are not obsolete, as well as words that are. We could not but smile at the reviews in the Booksellers' Gazette, of this work, and the following modest expressions of astonishment the week after:—"We are at a loss to conceive how we should have fallen into the error of stating, in our notice of Archdeacon Cotton's work," &c. &c. Why, the same way that they might have fallen into an error in their last week's report of Mr. Curtis's "highly instructive and interesting lecture." The review was sent with the book; and the report, by the Lecturer—if this be denied, let them produce the manuscripts.

*Anatomical Demonstrations, or Colossal Illustrations of Human Anatomy*. By Professor Seerig. Part II. London: Schloss.

THIS second part is equal in accuracy to the first, and we repeat our recommendation of the work, as not only useful to the student, but to the practitioner.



## ORIGINAL PAPERS

## MEMORIALS OF BURNS.

To . . . . .

With a Rose from the garden of the house in which Burns was born; some Ivy from the bridge of Doon; and a tuft of Grass from the grave of his father, William Burns, in the church-yard of Alloway Kirk.

ACCEPT the pledge!—These blossoms grew  
A fair and hallowed soil to grace;  
No common air, no common dew,  
Have visited their dwelling place.  
Accept the pledge!—The giver's hand  
Can little added worth bestow,—  
Yet widely o'er her native land  
Her wandering steps might go,  
Nor bring her where a gift more meet  
Rose up—a poet's way to greet.

This rose!—Its stem perchance of yore  
Like blossoms to the breeze displayed,  
When Inspiration hovered o'er  
A poet's cradle near its shade.  
This Ivy!—On the wanton wind  
Its parent tree like tresses cast,  
When Burns, by lonely Doon reclined,  
Poured to the rushing blast  
Strains that all future time shall bless,  
To sanctify its loveliness.

This grass!—In common eyes its part  
May seem all valueless and low;  
But thou, the poet of the heart!  
Methinks thou wilt not deem it so!  
More dear, I ween, in thy regard,  
Than many a sculptured marble's work,  
The sod, that in the lone church-yard,  
Beneath the haunted kirk,  
Puts forth its lowly shoots to wave  
Above the Christian Father's grave.

I gathered them where every leaf  
Is whispering of the poet's fate;  
Where Scotland mourns in shame and grief,  
Above a name revered too late.  
Our empty honours reach him not!  
Yet where the heart so cold and hard  
To think upon the mournful lot  
Of Coila's matchless bard,  
Nor throb with thoughts of varied strain,  
Yet blending wisdom with their pain?

While human souls to genius thrill,  
While human passions live within,  
While man, the prey to human ill,  
Must watch—must flee—from human sin;—  
While darkness dims our brightest things,—  
While the thick halo girds the glory,—  
While earth weighs down the spirit's wings,—  
Shall tears bedew the story  
That mortal strength to weakness turns,  
In pointing to the name of Burns.

Then keep these flowers!—Though faded all,  
As earthly honours once shall be,  
The thoughts—the visions they recall,  
Are born for Immortality.  
They would have fall'n without a name,  
Left growing in their native land;  
I gave them death to bring them fame,  
Sent to a poet's hand,  
Within his soul the dreams to raise,  
That brings it back to other days.

And theirs is yet a nobler part,  
A loftier aim their visiting;—  
They steal upon the poet's heart,  
A theme more holy far to bring.  
They bid him turn from earthly bowers,  
Whose garlands only bloom to fall;  
They bid him seek for brighter flowers,  
Changeless and fadeless all;—  
And twine the laurel wreaths of earth,  
With blossoms of immortal birth.

## CONTINUATION OF THE SHELLEY PAPERS.

## REMARKS ON "MANDEVILLE" AND MR. GODWIN.

BY THE LATE PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

THE author of 'Mandeville' is one of the most illustrious examples of intellectual power of the present age. He has exhibited that variety and universality of talent which distinguishes him who is destined to inherit lasting renown, from the possessors of temporary celebrity. If his claims were to be measured solely by the accuracy of his researches into ethical and political science, still it would be difficult to name a contemporary competitor. Let us make a deduction of all those parts of his moral system which are liable to any possible controversy, and consider simply those which only to allege is to establish, and which belong to that most important class of truths which he announces to mankind seems less to teach than to recall.

'Political Justice' is the first moral system explicitly founded upon the doctrine of the negativeness of rights and the positiveness of duties,—an obscure feeling of which has been the basis of all the political liberty and private virtue in the world. But he is also the author of 'Caleb Williams'; and if we had no record of a mind, but simply some fragment containing the conception of the character of Falkland, doubtless we should say, "This is an extraordinary mind, and undoubtedly was capable of the very sublimest enterprises of thought."

St. Leon and Fleetwood are moulded with somewhat inferior distinctness, in the same character of an union of delicacy and power. The Essay on Sepulchres has all the solemnity and depth of passion which belong to a mind that sympathises, as one man with his friend, in the interest of future ages, in the concerns of the vanished generations of mankind.

It may be said with truth, that Godwin has been treated unjustly by those of his countrymen, upon whose favour temporary distinction depends. If he had devoted his high accomplishments to flatter the selfishness of the rich, or enforced those doctrines on which the powerful depend for power, they would, no doubt, have rewarded him with their countenance, and he might have been more fortunate in that sunshine than Mr. Malthus or Dr. Paley. But the difference would have been as wide as that which must for ever divide notoriety from fame. Godwin has been to the present age in moral philosophy what Wordsworth is in poetry. The personal interest of the latter would probably have suffered from his pursuit of the true principles of taste in poetry, as much as all that is temporary in the fame of Godwin has suffered from his daring to announce the true foundations of minds, if servility, and dependence, and superstition, had not been too easily reconcilable with his species of dissent from the opinions of the great and the prevailing. It is singular that the other nations of Europe should have anticipated, in this respect, the judgment of posterity; and that the name of Godwin and that of his late illustrious and admirable wife, should be pronounced, even by those who know but little of English literature, with reverence and admiration; and that the writings of Mary Wollstonecraft should have been trans-

lated, and universally read, in France and Germany, long after the bigotry of fiction has stifled them in our own country.

'Mandeville' is Godwin's last production. In interest it is perhaps inferior to 'Caleb Williams.' There is no character like Falkland, whom the author, with that sublime casuistry which is the parent of toleration and forbearance, persuades us personally to love, whilst his actions must for ever remain the theme of our astonishment and abhorrence. Mandeville challenges our compassion, and no more. His errors arise from an immutable necessity of internal nature, and from much constitutional antipathy and suspicion, which soon springs up into hatred, and contempt, and barren misanthropy, which, as it has no root in genius or virtue, produces no fruit uncongenial with the soil wherein it grew. Those of Falkland sprang from a high, though perverted conception of human nature, from a powerful sympathy with his species, and from a temper which led him to believe that the very reputation of excellence should walk among mankind unquestioned and unassailed. So far as it was a defect to link the interest of the tale with anything inferior to Falkland, so is Mandeville defective. But the varieties of human character, the depth and complexity of human motive,—those sources of the union of strength and weakness—those powerful sources of pleading for universal kindness and toleration,—are just subjects for illustration and development in a work of fiction; as such, 'Mandeville' yields in interest and importance to none of the productions of the author. The events of the tale flow like the stream of fate, regular and irresistible, growing at once darker and swifter in their progress: there is no surprise, no shock: we are prepared for the worst from the very opening of the scene, though we wonder whence the author drew the shadows which render the moral darkness every instant more fearful, at last so appalling and so complete. The interest is awfully deep and rapid. To struggle with it, would be the gossamer attempting to bear up against the tempest. In this respect it is more powerful than 'Caleb Williams': the interest of 'Caleb Williams' being as rapid, but not so profound, as that of 'Mandeville.' It is a wind that tears up the deepest waters of the ocean of mind.

The language is more rich and various, and the expressions more eloquently sweet, without losing that energy and distinctness which characterize 'Political Justice' and 'Caleb Williams.' The moral speculations have a strength, and consistency, and boldness, which has been less clearly aimed at in his other works of fiction. The pleadings of Henrietta to Mandeville, after his recovery from madness, in favour of virtue and of benevolent energy, compose, in every respect, the most perfect and beautiful piece of writing of modern times. It is the genuine doctrine of 'Political Justice,' presented in one perspicacious and impressive river, and clothed in such enchanting melody of language, as seems not less than the writings of Plato, to realize those lines of Milton—

How charming is divine philosophy—  
Not harsh and crabbed—  
But musical as is Apollo's lute!

Clifford's talk, too, about wealth, has a beautiful, and readily to be disentangled,

internixture of truth and error. Clifford is a person, who, without those characteristics which usually constitute the sublime, is sublime from the mere excess of loveliness and innocence. Henrietta's first appearance to Mandeville, at Mandeville House, is an occurrence resplendent with the sunrise of life: it recalls to the memory many a vision—or perhaps but one—which the delusive exhalations of unbaffled hope has invested with a rose-like lustre as of morning, yet unlike morning—a light which, once extinguished, never can return. Henrietta seems at first to be all that a susceptible heart imagines in the object of its earliest passion. We scarcely can see her, she is so beautiful. There is a mist of dazzling loveliness which encircles her, and shuts out from the sight all that is mortal in her transcendent charms. But the veil is gradually undrawn, and she “fades into the light of common day.” Her actions, and even her sentiments, do not correspond to the elevation of her speculative opinions, and the fearless sincerity which should be the accompaniment of truth and virtue. But she has a divided affection, and she is faithful there only where infidelity would have been self-sacrifice. Could the spotless Henrietta have subjected her love to Clifford, to the vain and insulting accident of wealth and reputation, and the babbling of a miserable old woman, and yet have proceeded unshrinking to her nuptial feast from the expostulations of Mandeville's impassioned and pathetic madness? It might be well in the author to show the foundations of human hope thus overthrown, for his picture might otherwise have been illumined with one gleam of light. It was his skill to enforce the moral, “that all things are vanity,” and “that the house of mourning is better than the house of feasting”; and we are indebted to those who make us feel the instability of our nature, that we may lay the knowledge (which is its foundation) deep, and make the affections (which are its cement) strong. But one regrets that Henrietta,—who soared far beyond her contemporaries in her opinions, who was so beautiful that she seemed a spirit among mankind,—should act and feel no otherwise than the least exalted of her sex; and still more, that the author, capable of conceiving something so admirable and lovely, should have been withheld, by the tenor of the fiction which he chose, from execrating it in its full extent. It almost seems in the original conception of the character of Henrietta, that something was imagined too vast and too uncommon to be realized; and the feeling weighs like disappointment on the mind. But these objections, considered with reference to the close of the story, are extraneous.

The reader's mind is hurried on as he approaches the end with breathless and accelerated impulse. The noun *smother* comes at last, and touches some nerve which jars the inmost soul, and grates, as it were, along the blood; and we can scarcely believe that that grin which must accompany Mandeville to his grave, is not stamped upon our own visage.

#### EPIGRAM FROM THE ANTHOLOGY.

On Marriage.

Marriage is full of storm and strife;  
This each man knows, yet takes a wife.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

ALTHOUGH the publishing world was never more dull than at present, the distant prospect begins to brighten: authors talk of new works, and booksellers of new speculations; Murray has extended his ‘Family Library’ to forty volumes, and may carry it farther; a new work, the Biography of our Divines, is all but announced by an author of great eminence, to be published in monthly volumes; Mr. Valpy's ‘Abridgment of the Commentaries’ is also an important work; the author of ‘Corn Law Rhymes’ promises to collect and publish his poems, in a worthy volume or volumes, after the fashion of Byron and Scott; ‘The Founders of English Liberty’ is said to be in the press; Sheridan Knowles, too, has the ‘Magdalen and other Tales’ forthcoming; Alfred Tennyson, a second series of poems; and, still better, Mr. Moxon has advertised ‘The Masque of Anarchy,’ a poem, by Percy Bysshe Shelley, with a preface by Leigh Hunt. On the whole, the literary horizon is not so gloomy as it was some months ago. There are, nevertheless, but few announcements of new works in either the *Edinburgh* or *Quarterly*, and the attention which the editors have paid to works of ordinary interest, show how few good books have lately appeared. But ingenious men can raise fine speculations from trivial topics; and the numbers are both good—the article on “Inland Transport” in the *Edinburgh* is invaluable, and most opportunely published; and the *Quarterly* has, like ourselves, in the dearth at home, been speculating in foreign literature with success.

Rogers, the poet, is making good progress, we hear, with his illustrated copy of the ‘Pleasures of Memory,’ and some, who have seen a few of the designs, speak of it as surpassing his ‘Italy.’ A statue of the elder Roscoe is talked of for Liverpool; and we see that one of Sir Walter Scott is resolved on for Glasgow: this will confute all those idle assertions, that, because the “Children of the West” refused to make him Lord Rector, and preferred Macintosh, or Horne, or Jeffrey, (we forget which,) that “the Men of the West” were averse to him, and could not feel his worth as a man, or his genius as an author. Glasgow has been misrepresented; she has ever loved men of genius, and now she is proving it in a way worthy of her character among cities.—Turner, the landscape painter, has just returned from a tour in France, the fruits of which will be seen at no distant date, we hear, in the form of embellishments for an Annual, to be called after the name of the artist. We must not omit to mention, that the King is sitting to Mr. Simpson for his portrait, and that the Queen is doing, or to do, the same: we would advise His Majesty to make the artist a knight, so that he may be remembered in the land for something—he has little chance, we fear, of ever being known as a painter.

We have had a look at the illustrations for the third number of ‘Major's Cabinet Gallery of Pictures,’ and we have no hesitation in saying, that one and all of them surpass the engravings in the preceding numbers; there is a landscape by Wilson of great beauty, and never till now engraved; the Death of Chatham, by Copley, clear and true to character; and the Govartius, of

Vandyke, which may stand comparison with any work of the kind. Had Mr. Major commenced in this manner, his undertaking might have taken hold of the public taste at once.

We have also seen the engravings for the second number of ‘The Illustrations of Modern Sculpture,’ and think them most admirable. They are from the works of Thorwaldsen, Chantrey, and Baily. Of Thorwaldsen little is known in this country; one of his figures, a ‘Venus and the Apple,’ is in the Chatsworth Gallery; a figure of Resignation, of such quiet beauty as few works can equal, will give a fair notion of the fine nature of Chantrey's works; and a ‘Mother and Child’ will show the taste and skill of Baily. We wish well to ‘Major's Gallery,’ and to the ‘Illustrations of Sculpture;’ they give us information in matters of taste and elegance in a beautiful way and at a cheap rate.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

##### HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

Oct. 16.—A descriptive account was read of the varieties of cherries cultivated in the Society's gardens, to which was prefixed a history of the genus *Cerasus*, from the period of the introduction of the fruit into Europe from Asia, by the Romans, up to the present time. The varieties having become so numerous and so widely different in their qualities, it has been found requisite that some better classification should be resorted to than the old appellations of Merisiers, Guigniers, Bigarreautiers, Cersiers, and Griottiers; and it has accordingly been proposed that the natural habits of growth of the trees shall in future furnish the distinguishing characters on which to depend. Another communication followed on the production of early peas.

The exhibition embraced some fine specimens of cultivation. We observed fruit of the banana, of *passiflora laurifolia*, and *P. edulis*, from the Earl of Shrewsbury;—a queen pine-apple from H. J. Grant, Esq. (weight 4½ lbs.);—several varieties of grapes;—Doyenné pears, the produce of grafts worked respectively on quince, thorn, and mountain-ash stocks;—seedling plums from T. A. Knight, Esq.; and other articles of much merit. Amongst the flowers, the *calochortus luteus*, six sorts of *salvia*, *Androsymbium pierardi* and varieties of *tournefortia*, *cleome*, *sternbergia*, and *verbena*, added considerably to the interest of the collection.

Colonel Jeremiah Taylor was elected a Fellow of the Society.

##### WESTMINSTER MEDICAL SOCIETY.

THE first meeting of the members of this Society was held on Saturday evening last at the Hunterian Museum, when Dr. Copland and Mr. Pettigrew were elected Presidents for the ensuing year.

##### PARIS ACADEMY OF ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Meetings of the 8th and 16th instant.

*Ruppell's second visit to Africa—His discoveries—Memoirs of Brechet and Hachette—Discovery of a property, common to dyeing substances—Second letter from Bonpland—The Monthyon Prize awarded.*

THE most attractive subject which came before the sitting of the 8th inst. was an account of the second journey of the indefatigable *Ruppell*, of Frankfort. It will be recollected, that this enterprising traveller, after publishing an account of his former travels, again left Europe in 1830.

to visit other districts in Africa. It now appears that he crossed the Red Sea at Mocha, in October last, with the intention of exploring the southern regions of Abyssinia, and then penetrating so far as it should be found practicable into the heart of the African Continent. Simultaneous revolutions having, however, broken out in every quarter, he has been forced to take up his quarters in the island of Massoua, until such time as those disturbances shall be terminated. But he has not been idle at his post; for he has employed six months and more in investigating those provinces of Abyssinia which lie nearest the coast. In his first letter from his insular head-quarters, he forwards a description and drawing of the *Magillus Antigonus*, an undescribed mollusca, the shell of which, only, has hitherto been known to the naturalist; it has been erroneously classed with the family of the Gasteropoda Tubulibranchia, whereas, the animal's organization determines that it should be ranked with the family of the Gasteropoda Buccinoida. In his second letter, dated from Massoua likewise, in March last, Ruppell mentions that he had discovered traces of the ancient *Adulis*, the geographical site of which town has been unknown for ages. At the same time, he takes occasion to describe a large species of antelope, in shape similar to the stag, which appears to be identical with the *Orix* of the ancients. He has likewise discovered a species of *Dugong*, which is found in the Red Sea, and differs in a remarkable degree from the only species hitherto known, which is an inhabitant of the Indian Seas. It was the skin of this distinct species, which is a native of the Red Sea, wherewith the Jews of old were, by the Mosaic law, compelled to veil the Tabernacle. On this account, Ruppell has given it the name of the *Halicore Tabernaculus*.

Two other communications, read or reported upon at this sitting, are of importance in a scientific point of view; the one from Hachette, 'On the decomposition of water through the instantaneous effect of electric currents,' and the other from Breschet, containing three memoirs in anatomy 'On the organ of hearing in fishes.'

At the sitting held on the 15th inst., M. Persoz announced, that, whilst occupied in the study of colouring substances, he had discovered a property common to the whole of them, and had, by means of this property, been enabled to extract, under one and the same process, the colouring matter of the following dying substances; namely, indigo, madder, cochineal, quercitron, yellow wood, Indian wood, and Brazil wood. He presented some colours prepared by this process; and at his request, it was referred to a committee, (on which Thénard, Darcey, and Chevreul, were subsequently appointed,) to report on the consequences which may result to the art of dyeing.

A second letter from Bonpland was communicated to the Academy, by Baron de Humboldt; it was dated from Buenos Ayres, on the 10th of June last, and conveys the gratifying intelligence, that the collections, which he has made in Paraguay and the Portuguese Missions, were safe, and expected to arrive in a few days. He intends to revisit the latter district, chiefly for the purpose of procuring for the Museum at Paris, a fine assortment of living plants, and particularly numerous specimens of the *Mahé*, or Paraguayan Tea-plant, which, he observes, is well calculated for the soil of Algiers.

At this meeting, the Committee appointed to adjudge Monthyon's Prize in Statistics, reported that they awarded it to the 'Topography of all the known Vineyards,' published during the present year by M. Jullien.

## FINE ARTS

*Landscape Illustrations of the Works of Sir Walter Scott, with Portraits of the Principal Female Characters.* Parts VI. and VII.

Sir Walter Scott in a letter, a fac-simile of which accompanies the seventh number, assures the proprietors of this fine series of landscapes, that he pretends to no knowledge of art, and his opinion therefore, ought to go for nothing: "but I think," added he, "they are very beautiful." There are eight landscapes, illustrating 'Rob Roy,' 'Old Mortality,' and others of the novels; they are all carefully drawn from nature, and pretty well engraved; but the publishers depend upon the attractions of the female portraits, two of which, 'Diana Vernon,' by Boxall, and 'Amy Robsart,' by Mrs. Carpenter, accompany these numbers. Were the publishers to tell us that their landscapes, instead of being copies from nature, were scenes of the imagination, we would instantly begin to carp and cavil, and think the splendid pages of Scott required higher and more imaginative accompaniments; but they are, in truth, the real scenes faithfully exhibited by the pencil and graver—and that silences criticism. It is otherwise with these portraits of the fancy: they are attempts to embody the characters as the poet has drawn them; and though they are not exactly what we looked for, still they are very clever, and, we have no doubt, will be welcome to the public. There is much grace and delicacy about the 'Amy Robsart,' and a certain original spirit and wild beauty about the 'Diana Vernon;' we miss a certain arch playfulness about the looks of the latter, which the motto induced us to look for.

*Finden's Landscape Illustrations of Byron.*

THIS work maintains its high reputation; 'Verona,' by Calcott, is clear and natural, yet poetic; 'The Temple of Minerva,' is in a darker spirit, by Turner; the 'St. Sophia,' by Roberts, is in another style, while Turner's 'Castle of St. Angelo,' may be considered as a crowning beauty. There are two others, but those we have noticed are the best.

*Gems of British Landscape.* No. I. Gibbs.

THIS is a clever work; Mr. Marshall has made the drawings with the scenes before him. 'Dartmouth Castle' is good, so is 'Lyme Regis.' 'Hampstead Heath' wants its usual quietness of look. We wish the proprietors had found a more modest title, for it induces us to expect what few can give. There are letter-press descriptions which, will be found useful and interesting.

*Banks of the Loire.* No. II. Percy.

WE praised the first number of this work; the second number is equally interesting; the scenes are on large paper, seem drawn from nature, and give us a fair notion of the country, and its castles, cities and palaces. 'The Bridge of Angers,' is very picturesque. To those who love the scenes of old English warfare, and delight to think on the battle fields of our Edwards and Henrys, these landscapes of the Loire will be welcome.

## THEATRICALS

COVENT GARDEN.

THE play of 'Waverley,' which has been produced at this theatre, has been brought out at a peculiar moment, and for a specific purpose; and, therefore, we do not feel inclined to indulge in that sort of criticism upon it, which, under ordinary circumstances, would have been no more than our duty—there is interest in it, of course, and if the pruning knife—not to say the

hatchet—were used judiciously, there is no reason why it should not take its fair stand among works of a similar calibre: but the manager should make sharp work of it, in every sense of the term. The piece wants relief, and so do the spectators,—and we hope we shall not ask it for them in vain.

Mr. Sheridan Knowles's Masque has appeared; and the Messrs. Grieve have splendidly seconded and thirded their noble principal, and nearly all the members of the corps dramatique lent their aid, for which they, doubtless, consider the cause they serve an ample recompense.

## SURREY THEATRE.

IF we were in any degree wanting in our respect for the Bard of the North during his life-time, we are now paying off the debt with accumulated interest—prints, busts, memorials, anecdotes, and epitaphs of and on the departed genius, fill our shops and empty our brains; and forwardest among the forward in this worthy race come the brothers of the sock and buskin. "You had better have a bad epitaph when dead, than their evil report while living." So said he who best knew the human heart, and so say we; and if we dared to add to what Shakespeare has thought enough, we should tack on to that exquisite sentence—"or even after life."

At the theatre of which we are speaking, an exhibition has been got up for this solemn occasion, of the most unpretending, but of the most effective nature. It consists of a set of "tableaux vivans"—some eight or ten in number: each subject being chosen from one of the bard's best known works, and the characters in each picture being so grouped as to represent the principal incident in it. The idea, to our mind, is excellent, and the execution singularly happy. We never before received pleasure from a set of inanimate actors; for these death-like artists enacted to the life. We could find but one fault, and that, we should hope, the manager will consider as worth mending—the tableaux were too few in number. If the company of the Surrey Theatre be not of sufficiently numerical strength to allow of this being remedied, we suppose we must be content with what we have; but, in the hope that this is not so, we can only do what a beautiful little urchin, seated in the next box to us, did, when the curtain closed upon the exhibition—clap our hands, and cry—"More—more."

## OLYMPIC THEATRE.

UP to last Monday there had been, for some time, no novelty here, except that of a successful début, which, at this theatre, can scarcely be called a novelty. The fair candidate, in this instance, is a young lady of the name of Murray, who appeared in an entertaining revived piece of Mr. Planché's, now called 'My Daughter, Sir.' We should certainly not conceive her to be a novice, although, like all persons young in this arduous profession, she has much to acquire before she can take that station in it to which she doubtless aspires. As far as personal requisites go, she has much for which to be thankful; and, therefore, she will be doubly ungrateful, if in her study "to hold the mirror up to Nature," she do not always remember, that "her Grace was bountiful."

On Monday night, was produced a new operatic fairy tale, the words by we don't know whom, and the music by Mr. Barnett. The story of this piece has been taken out of Chaucer, and is singularly well adapted, as we think, for dramatic representation—it was very successful.

Mr. Barnett, we have already said, is the composer of the music. Need we add, that it is good? We will—whether we need or not: we will say more—it is excellent, abounding in the beautiful melodies of the author's own

fertile genius, and adorned and enriched by a study of the great continental masters. More than one song in it must, we should think, become lastingly popular; and this, and the praise of judicious critics, added to our own humble but honest meed, will, we trust, repay the composer for the present effort, and urge him on to similar and even loftier attempts. Madame Vestris, who seems to be, like Shakspeare, "not of an age, but for all time," looked and played with such freshness and vigour that she ran no risk of an indictment for perjury, when in the witness box she swore she was *sixteen*. She was well supported by all the female part of her establishment; and Messrs. Vining and Cooper showed what excellent scholars (or masters either) they would make in "a Ladies' Establishment."

## MISCELLANEA.

*The Comic Annual*.—A report originating, it is supposed, in "a dark passage" in the Preface to Miss Sheridan's Comic Offering, has induced Mr. Hood to address a letter to his publisher, Mr. Tilt, of Fleet Street, which we think it well to print entire for the satisfaction of our readers.

"My dear Sir,—The report of my death I can assure you is premature, but I am equally obliged to you for your tribute of putting up shutters and wearing a crape hatband. I suspect your friend and informant, Mr. Livingstone—(it should be Gravestone)—drew his inference from a dark passage in Miss Sheridan's Preface, which states that, 'of the three *Comic Annals* which started at the same time, the *Comic Offering* alone remains.' The two defuncts therein referred to are the 'Falstaff' and 'The Humourist,' which I understand have put an end to themselves.

"If you should still entertain any doubts, you will shortly have ten thousand impressions to the contrary; for I intend to contradict my *demys* by fresh octaves. The *Comic Annual* for 1853, with its usual complement of Plates—mind, not coffin-plates—to appear, as heretofore, in November, will give the lie, I trust, not merely to my departure, but even to anything like a *serious* illness: and a Novel, about the same time, will help to prove that I am not in a state of de-composition.

"Have the goodness to forward a copy of this letter to the Morning Post, which announces the arrivals and departures, and also to the actuary of the Norwich Union, which insures my biography. I should have relieved your oint anxieties some days earlier, but till I met Mr. Livingstone, at Bury, I was really not alive to my death.

I am, my dear Sir, yours very truly,  
THOMAS HOOD."

Lake House, Wanstead,  
October 16, 1852."

*South London Market*.—A Prospectus and engraved Plan have been submitted to us of an extensive market, proposed to be erected in St. George's Fields between the Elephant and Castle and the Obelisk. If the market be a mere trading speculation, we have little interest in it; but accompanying the Prospectus are minutes of evidence given before a Committee of the House of Commons—extracts from Bruyère on the Abattoirs of Paris, and the Voice of Humanity, which would lead the reader to infer, that the plan deserves public patronage, because, among other reasons, slaughter-houses and the driving of cattle through the public streets, are nuisances that will be got rid of. But we are of opinion that the projectors prove too much. In their natural anxiety to induce subscriptions, they say the population of the southern suburbs has quadrupled within twenty years, and already exceeds 400,000; and that it

is singular that while twelve markets exist in the metropolis north of the Thames, there are only two to the south. If these arguments amount to anything, it is this:—the slaughter-houses north of the river are not only disgusting, but positively injurious to the public health: is it not then melancholy that we have so few on our side the water?—the driving of cattle through the crowded streets on the northern side of the river is an alarming nuisance; therefore we have found a good central situation in the very heart of an increasing neighbourhood, already containing 400,000 souls, where we recommend you to erect abattoirs. As a private speculation the market may answer—but the parties had better strike out the minutes of evidence, the Voice of Humanity, and such small talk.

We hear from Spain that M. Navarrete, editor of the 'Collection of Original Voyages of the Spanish Discoverers of America,' a work highly praised by Washington Irving, is printing the fourth volume, which will include those made to the Moluccas, by Magallanes, Laodisa, Saavedra, Grijalva, and Villalobos. The Academy of History is also about to publish the seventh volume of their 'Transactions,' which, among other interesting papers, will contain one relating to the negotiations between our Elizabeth and Philip, written by Don Tomas Gonzales, who, having been for many years engaged in arranging the archives of Simancas, found there many original papers, which, it is said, will throw much light upon the history of that time.

*Newly discovered Marble Quarries*.—A highly interesting discovery is, by a letter just received from Naples, reported to have been made by the Marquis Munziane. Our informant states, that the Marquis has found a quarry of the finest white statuary marble on Mount Alpi, in the Neapolitan province of Basilicata, between the Tyrrhene and Ionian Seas, about twenty miles from the coast of the gulf of Policastro. The marble is most perfect, and very superior to that of Carrara. It is quite equal to the finest ancient Greek marble, the quarries of which are either exhausted, or have ceased to be worked for ages.

*Paris Exhibition*.—The Exhibition of paintings and sculptures by living artists will be opened in Paris in the first week in January.

*A Trollope*.—A friend, who has returned from New York, informs us that, being at the Theatre one night before he sailed, he saw a man in the boxes sit with his back to the pit, and coat-tails hanging over, just as Mrs. Trollope has sketched one. The audience noticed it, and immediately raised the cry of "Trollope! Trollope!" which drove him to a more becoming posture. He also declares that every violation of *bienséance* is now called a *Trollope*.

*The Unicorn*.—According to a recent letter from Bishop Bruguières (published by Klaproth) this animal, hitherto considered fabulous, exists in Siam. The Bishop says its head is larger than that of an ox, and the horn rises from its forehead, and points upward; it is remarkably fast in its pace and bound, like our deer.

*British Oak*.—Structural peculiarities will enable the forester to distinguish between the qualities of the timbers before he fells the trees, or rather, in fact, to predict the kind of wood an oak will form, even while the sapling is just springing from the seed: for it is preposterous to contend that plantations should be raised and nurtured through centuries, and then, at the end of two or three hundred years, the fact should be discovered that such oaks are unfit for ship-building, and the first notice of this be from the decay of the vessels, even while upon the stocks. I speak not unadvisedly, nor do I put a case of

bare possibility; I merely relate a notorious fact. Plantations of the wrong kind of oak have been made in various parts of this essentially oak-growing and ship-building country, and vessels built of such timber as that to which I have alluded have *split and rotted* on the stocks, and have been obliged to undergo a thorough repair, even before they have been launched. What a lamentable tale it is to read, or hear, that a vessel of 120 guns, and which must have cost 120,000*l.*, has been condemned and sold for 25*l.*, as last week's journals tell us was the case, and this, as they report, without having ever seen any actual service. Indeed, the rapid decay of many modern-built vessels, and hence much of the heavy expense of our navy has been, with some show of reason, attributed to the use of immature and ill-chosen wood, the applicability of which might easily have been tested, had not botanic knowledge been absent from situations where it ought not to have been found wanting.—*Burnett's Botanical Lecture.*

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

| Days of W. & Mon. | Thermom. Max. Min. | Barometer. Noon. | Winds. | Weather. |
|-------------------|--------------------|------------------|--------|----------|
| Th. 18            | 62 45              | 30.30            | S.W.   | Cloudy.  |
| Fr. 19            | 58 33              | Stat.            | N.E.   | Rain.    |
| Sat. 20           | 56 33              | Stat.            | N.E.   | Clear.   |
| Sun. 21           | 62 37              | Stat.            | E.     | Ditto.   |
| Mon. 22           | 62 37              | Stat.            | E.     | Cloudy.  |
| Tues. 23          | 61 41              | 30.25            | E.     | Ditto.   |
| Wed. 24           | 54 42              | 30.30            | E.     | Ditto.   |

*Prevailing Clouds*.—Cirrostratus, Cumulus, Cumulostratus.

Nights and Mornings fair throughout the week.

Mean temperature of the week, 47.5°

Length of Day on Wednesday, 16h. 20m.

## NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

*The Memoirs of the Court of France*, by the late King Louis XVIII.

Mr. Slade is about to publish the result of his Observations, under the title of 'Records of Travels in Turkey, Greece, &c.

'The Puritan's Grave,' by the Author of the 'Usurer's Daughter.'

A New Edition of Mr. Lodge's *Pearage*.

A new Novel, entitled 'Golden Legends.'

A popular Introduction to the Study of Geology, with numerous Plates, by Gideon Mantell.

The Calendar of the Seasons; or, Diary of the Year.

The Journal of Elemental Locomotion, No. 1., with a plate of Thirteen Views of Steam Carriages, edited by A. Gordon.

'The Pulpit,' Vol. XX., containing Sermons by Eminent Divines.

An Evangelical Synopsis, illustrated with Engravings, from Designs after the Old Masters.

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A second edition of the Account of the Beulah Saline Spa, at Norwood, by Dr. Weatherhead.

In November, the Second Series of 'Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry.'

A new Novel by Miss Brown, called 'Reason and Passion.'

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## REVIEWS

*The Masque of Anarchy; a Poem.* By Percy Bysshe Shelley: now first published; with a preface by Leigh Hunt. London: Moxon.

GENIUS, though it may be for a time unhonoured, must eventually have its triumph. It may be scorned, spurned, trampled on—it may live friendless, and lay down a wearied spirit in a welcome grave;—but the hour of its glory must come, when all living men shall acknowledge it, and all succeeding generations join in one loud song of exaltation and praise. Nay, the time cannot be long deferred—once in the grave, and prejudice, selfishness, or ignorance,—nothing can touch it further; the heart of man forbids it—the spirit of a father-land makes it impossible. The triumph of genius is one in which all men share, aye, even the humblest—it is fame to their common country, and is, in its aggregated strength, the best security we can have, that we shall be remembered even as a nation. Nothing is permanent but mind:—wars have their glory, conquests their renown, generals their triumph—but the duration of all these is measured by months, or years, or centuries:—it is the mind made manifest by nations—it is their pre-eminence in literature and art, that gives them to enduring fame. What is it that glorifies ancient Greece?—that awakens in us a living interest, two thousand years after she has ceased to be registered among nations? Her intellectual superiority: and so long as one fragment of her sculpture, one vestige of her architecture, one verse of her poets, or one page of her historians, shall remain, so long will she live fresh and young in her renown. But where is Carthage now—her equal every way as a nation—who entered Europe as a conqueror, and knocked at the gates of imperial Rome—the wisdom of whose laws and policy was commended by her very enemies—whose daring enterprises startled the old world—where is her glory?

The fame of our country is, indeed, a rich inheritance: Englishmen feel this, and will not permit the humblest of the sons of genius to pass away without due honour. These feelings were joyfully awakened on receiving 'The Masque of Anarchy,' a poem by Percy Bysshe Shelley, and on reading the editor's apology for having so long deferred the publication. What a fate was Shelley's! whom all men now consent to honour—whose name now awakens universal admiration—whose idlest thoughts and most immature speculations are now treasured as literary relics—whose fame, it is now acknowledged, is "like the tree planted by the waters, that spreadeth out her roots by the river, and whose leaf shall be green for ever." Yet it is only eleven years—eleven short years! (Dec. 8,

1821,) since the following criticism on one of his most beautiful poems, appeared in the *Literary Gazette*:—

"We have already given some of our columns to this writer's merit, and we will not now repeat our convictions of *his incurable absurdity*. 'Adonais,' an elegy, is the form in which Mr. Shelley puts forth his woes. We give a verse at random, premising that there is no story in the elegy, and that it consists of fifty-five stanzas, which are, to our seeming, altogether *unconnected, interjectional, and nonsensical*. The poetry of the work is *contemptible—a mere collection of bloated words, heaped on each other without order, harmony, or meaning; the refuse of a schoolboy's common-place book, full of the vulgarisms of pastoral poetry, yellow gems and blue stars, bright Phœbus and rosy-fingered Aurora; and of such stuff is Keats' wretched elegy compiled.*"†

We have omitted, in this extract, all the gross personalities—all the heartless exaltation over the grave of poor Keats: we have confined ourselves to the critic's opinions of the poem, and the poet—opinions that no man, who had any reverence for genius in others, or any "longings after immortality" himself, could have advanced, however seriously and honestly he might be opposed to the metaphysical dreams of the gentle and self-denying poet. Genius must reverence and respect genius; and this universal truth ought to have secured Southey from the vulgar suspicion of having written the attack in the *Quarterly*. Genius would not dare to hold up genius to contempt, though it might to hatred—it would be felt as self-degradation—it would be teaching the world to laugh at its own crown of glory, as if it were a fool's cap—it would be pointing the finger of scorn at its best hopes and highest ambition.

But it may be asked, had not all past errors better be forgotten?—aye, truly had they; but then offenders must not glorify themselves, and prank it before us with an insane for-

† Is the hand that penned this review as cold as the heart that dictated it must ever have been? We presume so, nay, we are sure of it, for the present editor, ignorant or oblivious of the past, writes last week, with a simplicity that made us smile. "For the *Literary Gazette*, we shall only add, that it challenges calumny itself to name the works, which, during fifteen years, it has praised, and which have not been received with public approbation: or the works which it has censured, and which have not been unsuccessful!" We know not what Calumny would answer, but Honesty, if in a hurry, might refer to this criticism on the 'Adonais,' in refutation of one of these assertions; and as to the other, we should think the THIRTY THOUSAND VOLUMES offered at EIGHTPENCE A-PIECE by one house, (that shall be nameless,) ON CONDITION THAT THEY WERE EXPORTED, might be held conclusive—to say nothing of the review of Charles Lamb, which drew down the indignation of Southey, in his memorable poem ending thus memorably—

I ween, old friend! thou art not worse bested,  
When with a maudlin eye and drunken aim,  
Dulness hath thrown a *Jerdan* at thy head—†  
Or the half-dozen (*exactly*,—see Index to the *Gazette*) commendatory criticisms on the Burlington Street 'Juvenile Library,' or the flaming report of Moyle Sherer's 'Life of Wellington,' which, unaided, except by our few words of exposure, absolutely ruined the projected 'Cabinet Library' of Messrs. Longman.

† See *Athenæum* for 1830, p. 401.

getfulness that not all the drowsy syrups of the east can explain. It would indeed be a most disgusting labour to rake into "the light of common day" the past sins of our critical literature, when, in the blindness of success, the traders forgot that the folly which cheered them on to their unholy labours, was but hoodwinked, and when pounds sterling of profit were thought better than a clear conscience. But loathing and disgust are no apology for neglecting a duty, or infamy would have its privilege and charter, and the very fumes that encircle corruption become a halo to protect it. We pray, therefore, that they will rest satisfied with our silence, and leave us to repose.

England knows but too little of the poetry of Percy Bysshe Shelley: stern and sarcastic reviews of his works shut the heart of his country against him; and certain differences in opinion between him and the main body of the people, sealed his volumes for a time. With all his faults, Shelley was one of the very noblest of our latter poets: his mind was deeply and thoroughly imbued with song; he could look on nothing but with a poet's eye, and there was often a sublimity in his sentiments, a fervour in his feelings, and a lustre in his language, such as have seldom been surpassed. His chief fault as a poet, is a desire to shadow forth his own peculiar beliefs and notions in his characters and narratives: this has occasioned a certain obscurity and mysticism, which few people will take the trouble to unriddle; and his chief fault as a man, is his wild speculations in religion and morals, which have alarmed the sensitive, and vexed the devout. We are sincerely sorry for these drawbacks; but, at the same time, we are quite sure that they are by far too romantic to do much harm: that he was sincere, there can be no doubt: his opinions he maintained, and was a martyr for them; they formed his faith, and for them he was ready to die. Shelley was a sincere man; he was open of heart, and honest of nature. We quarrel with no man about his gods, providing he believes in them; we reverence even those

Who perish for the truth

Of the elephant and monkey's tooth.

He who is a martyr in a cause with his own free will,

The devil's in him if he feigns.

The poem before us is political: it was written on that sad occurrence called the Manchester Massacre; and written too in great haste, but not without inspiration. In truth, it is far superior to its subject. Shelley was too much of a poet to be a good politician, and, with every wish to be simple and plain, he is much too lofty in his conceptions to be either; certainly, his account of the Peterloo affair, is not in the customary style of reports; it is full of fine snatches of poetry, and though the numbers are, for the sake of effect, some-

times purposely neglected, there is no deficiency in either vigour or harmony. The work is introduced by a preface from the pen of Mr. Leigh Hunt, to whom 'The Masque' was given; there is such good criticism and interesting information respecting Shelley, as deserve to be widely known:—

"The poem, though written purposely in a lax and familiar measure, is highly characteristic of the author. It has all the ardour of his tone; the unbounded sensibility by which he combines the most domestic with the most remote and fanciful images; and the patience, so beautifully checking, and, in fact, produced by, the extreme impatience of his moral feeling. His patience is the deposit of many impatiences, acting upon an equal measure of understanding and moral taste. His wisdom is the wisdom of a heart overcharged with sensibility, acquiring the profoundest notions of justice from the completest sympathy, and at once taking refuge from its pain, and working out its extremest purposes, in the adoption of a stubborn and loving fortitude which neutralizes resistance. His very strokes of humour, while they startle with their quaintness and even ghastliness, cut to the heart with pathos. The fourth and fifth stanzas, for instance, of this poem, involve an allusion, which becomes affecting from our knowing what he must have felt when he wrote it. It is to his own children, who were taken from him by the late Lord Chancellor, under that preposterous law by which every succeeding age might be made to blush for the tortures inflicted on the opinions of its predecessor."

Some future biographer will be glad to enlighten his pages with the following passage—it is full of character, and reflects the man as well as the poet:—

"Mankind, and their interests, were scarcely ever out of his thoughts. It was a moot point when he entered your room, whether he would begin with some half-pleasant, half-pensive joke, or quote something Greek, or ask some question about public affairs. I remembered his coming upon me when I had not seen him a long time; and after grappling my hands with both his, in his usual fervent manner, sitting down, and looking at me very earnestly, with a deep though melancholy interest in his face. We were sitting in a cottage study, with our knees to a fire, to which we had been getting nearer and nearer in the comfort of finding ourselves together; the pleasure of seeing him was my only feeling at the moment; and the air of domesticity about us was so complete, that I thought he was going to speak of some family matter—either his or my own; when he asked me, at the close of an intensity of pause, what was 'the amount of the National Debt.'

"I used to rally him upon the apparent inconsequentiality of his manner upon these occasions; and he was always ready to carry on the joke, because he said that my laughter did not hinder my being in earnest. With deepest love and admiration was my laughter mixed, or I should not have ventured upon paying him the compliment of it.

"I have now before me his corrected proof of an anonymous pamphlet which he wrote in the year 1817, entitled, 'A Proposal for Putting Reform to the Vote through the Country.' I will make an extract or two from it to show how zealous he was on the subject; how generous in the example which he offered to set in behalf of Reform; and how judicious as well as fervent this most calumniated and noble spirit could be in recommending the most avowed of his opinions. The title-page of the proof is scrawled over with sketches of trees and foliage, which was a habit of his in the intervals of thinking, whenever he had pen or pencil in hand. He would indulge in it while waiting for you at an

inn, or in a door-way, scratching his elms and oak-trees on the walls. He did them very spiritedly, and with what the painters call a gusto, particularly in point of grace. If he had room, he would add a cottage, and a piece of water, with a sailing-boat mooring among the trees. This was his *beau idéal* of a life, the repose of which was to be earned by a zeal for his species, and warranted by the common good. What else the image of a boat brings to the memory of those who have lost him, I will not say, especially as he is still with us in his writings. But it is worth observing how agreeably this habit of sketching trees and bowers evinced the gentleness of my friend's nature, the longing he had for rest; and the smallness of his personal desires."

'The Masque of Anarchy,' is a dream: the poet supposes himself asleep in Italy; fearful visions appear to him; masked shapes of those who he knew were far away, but not dead, go in procession past:

I met Murder on the way,  
He had a mask like Castlereagh;  
Very smooth he looked, though grim;  
Seven blood-hounds followed him.

Who these were, we shall leave the poem to say; in the rear of this infernal troop, rode Anarchy, in whose honour 'The Masque' is written:—

Last came Anarchy; he rode  
On a white horse, splashed with blood;  
He was pale even to the lips,  
Like Death in the Apocalypse.

And he wore a kingly crown;  
And in his grasp a sceptre shone;  
And on his brow this mark I saw—  
"I am God, and King, and Law!"

With a pace stately and fast,  
Over English land he past,  
Trampling to a mire of blood  
The adoring multitude.

And a mighty troop around,  
With their trampling shook the ground,  
Waving each a bloody sword,  
For the service of their Lord.

And with glorious triumph, they  
Rode through England proud and gay,  
Drunk as with intoxication  
Of the wine of desolation.

O'er fields and towns, from sea to sea,  
Passed the pageant swift and free,  
Tearing up, and trampling down,  
Till they came to London town.

And each dweller, panic-stricken,  
Felt his heart with terror sickened,  
Hearing the tempestuous cry  
Of the triumph of Anarchy.

For with pomp to meet him came,  
Clothed in arms like blood and flame,  
The hired murderers who did sing,  
"Thou art God, and Law, and King."

"We have waited, weak and lone,  
For thy coming, Mighty One!  
Our purses are empty, our swords are cold,  
Give us glory, and blood, and gold."

Lawyers and priests bow to the earth before this terrible figure, and whisper, "Thou art Law and God;" others take up the word, and hail Anarchy as a holy and a glorious being:—

And Anarchy, the skeleton,  
Bowed and grinned to every one,  
As well as if his education  
Had cost ten millions to the nation.

For he knew the palaces  
Of our kings were nightly his;  
His the sceptre, crown, and globe,  
And the gold-in-woven robe.

So he sent his slaves before  
To seize upon the Bank and Tower,  
And was proceeding with intent  
To meet his pensioned parliament,

When one fled past, a maniac maid,  
And her name was Hope, she said:  
But she looked more like Despair;  
And she cried out in the air;

"My father, Time, is weak and grey  
With waiting for a better day;  
See how idiot-like he stands,  
Fumbling with his palsied hands!

"He has had child after child,  
And the dust of death is piled  
Over every one but me—  
Misery! oh, Misery!"

Hope is soon made aware that brighter times are at hand.

When between her and her foes  
A mist, a light, an image rose,  
Small at first, and weak and frail  
Like the vapour of the vale:

Till, as clouds grown on the blast,  
Like tower-crown'd giants striding fast  
And glare with lightnings as they fly,  
And speak in thunder to the sky,

'It grew—a shape arrayed in mail  
Brighter than the viper's scale,  
And upborne on wings whose grain  
Was as the light of sunny rain.

On its helm, seen far away,  
A planet, like the morning's ray;  
And those plumes it light rained through,  
Like a shower of crimson dew.

With steps as soft as wind it passed  
O'er the heads of men—so fast  
That they knew the presence there,  
And looked—and all was empty air.

As flowers beneath the footsteps waken,  
As stars from night's loose hair are shaken,  
As waves arise when loud winds call,  
Thoughts sprung where'er that step did fall.

And the prostrate multitude  
Looked—and ankle deep in blood,  
Hope, that maiden most serene,  
Was walking with a quiet mien.

In truth, Anarchy and his companions are now fled or dead; the earth is glad, old England smiles, and breaks out in a song of rejoicing. In this hymn of triumph, she gives much good counsel to her children; and entreats them to cherish Freedom, whom she thus addresses:—

"What art thou, Freedom? Oh! could slaves  
Answer from their living graves  
This demand, tyrants would flee  
Like a dream's dim imagery."

"Thou art not, as impostors say,  
A shadow soon to pass away,  
A superstition, and a name  
Echoing from the caves of Fame."

"For the labourer thou art bread,  
And a comely table spread,  
From his daily labour come,  
In a neat and happy home."

"Thou art clothes, and fire, and food  
For the trampled multitude:  
No; in countries that are free  
Such starvation cannot be,  
As in England now we see."

"To the rich thou art a check,  
When his foot is on the neck  
Of his victim; thou dost make  
That he tread upon a snake."

"Thou art Justice—ne'er for gold  
May thy righteous laws be sold,  
As laws are in England: thou  
Shield'st alike the high and low."

"Thou art Wisdom—Freedom never  
Dreams that God will damn for ever  
All who think those things untrue,  
Of which priests make such ado."

"Thou art Peace—never by thee  
Would blood and treasure wasted be,  
As tyrants wasted them, when all  
Leagued to quench thy flame in Gaul."

"What if English toil and blood  
Was poured forth, even as a flood!  
It availed—oh, Liberty!  
To dim—but not extinguish thee."

"Thou art Love—the rich have kist  
Thy feet, and like him following Christ,  
Give thy substance to the free,  
And through the rough world follow thee."

"Oh turn their wealth to arms, and make  
War for thy beloved sake,  
On wealth and war and fraud: whence they  
Drew the power which is their prey."

"Science, and Poetry, and Thought,  
Are thy lamps: they make the lot  
Of the dwellers in a cot  
So serene, they curse it not."

"Spirit, Patience, Gentleness,  
All that can adorn and bless,  
Art thou: let deeds, not words, express  
Thine exceeding loveliness."

"Let a great assembly be  
Of the fearless, of the free,  
On some spot of English ground,  
Where the plains stretch wide around."

"Let the blue sky overhead,  
The green earth, on which ye tread,  
All that must eternal be,  
Witness the solemnity."

We have now enabled our readers to judge of this work for themselves; we are glad not only of the opportunity which Mr. Hunt has given us, of speaking once more † about a poet whose genius we reverence; but we are well pleased to see a poem of such singularity and merit as 'The Masque of Anarchy,' added to the other works of Shelley.

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Vol. I. By the Rev. Edward Smedley,  
M.A. London: Rivingtons.

THE history of the French Protestants is richly deserving of study; and it will probably be remembered by our readers, that when Dr. Robertson was uncertain, after finishing the History of Scotland, respecting the choice of some new subject, Gibbon strongly recommended him to turn his attention to this. "The events," said he, "are important in themselves, and intimately connected with the great revolutions of Europe; some of the boldest or most amiable characters of modern times, the Admiral Coligny, Henry IV., &c. would be your peculiar heroes; the materials are copious and authentic, and accessible; and the objects appear to stand at that just distance which excites curiosity, without inspiring passion." A very slight acquaintance with the subject will prove that the historian was right. The period when the religious wars commenced in France, was characterized by many powerful and opposite causes of excitement. Chivalry was then in its passage from the grand and almost solemn form of its primitive profession and usages, to that secondary state of the institution from which it passed into, and was confounded with, the common rules of society. Loyalty was then, more perhaps than at any other period, or with any other people, a principle with the French, which held both reason and affection in subservience to the monarch. On the other hand, an encouragement had been given to literature and the arts, which infused throughout the nation a desire of improvement, and awakened it to a keen observance of what was occurring in neighbouring countries. When once an active spirit is abroad, though it may pass here and there without producing any permanent effects among the multitude, it is sure in the end to find a resting place with some few bold, anxious, and capricious minds, who seem to gather up and appropriate the energy which was intended to keep the whole mass in a state of moderate and healthy exercise. Thus, the circumstances in which France was placed at the commencement of the Reformation were, in more than one respect, favourable to the general diffusion of knowledge, and the overthrow of superstition; but it was only a few who earnestly embraced the opportunity of escaping the thrall of ignorance, and followed up the impulse given them from without. Their fate, and that of those who, as their example extended its influence, pursued the same track, furnishes the main topic of interest in the history of the period. They were placed in a different situation to most other

religious reformers. Theologians joined hands with politicians, and questions of state had to be debated by those whose sole object it was at first to worship God as they saw fit. In a very short time from the commencement of their proceedings, a large and disciplined army supported their cause. Some of the most distinguished characters in the nation marched at their head to encounter the forces of the sovereign, and it became a matter of great doubt which party would conquer. It was only in fact at the very beginning of the Reformation that the French protestants suffered, after the manner of other martyrs, for religion. Subsequent to that era, the struggle presents all the features of a national conflict; and at the last, we seem to have lost sight of persecution, which loves to particularize and select, and see only the fell demon of tyranny sweeping his victims from the earth with more than ordinary malignity.

It was in the diocese of Meaux, that the principles of Lutheranism first appeared. William Brinconnet, the bishop, was a man of piety and learning, and the intercourse which shortly before his conversion had taken place between several French scholars and those of Germany, appears to have been the original cause of the change thus produced in his mind. Farel, Roussel, and other reformers, became thenceforward his constant associates: and at length Peter Le Clerc, a wool-comber by trade, but a man of great ability, was chosen by the protestant people of Meaux, as their regular pastor. A congregation of between three and four hundred persons attended his preaching, and for a short time they remained unmolested. No sooner, however, was attention awakened to their proceedings, than they were made to feel the danger of their situation. Le Clerc was apprehended, whipped, and branded; and exertions were made by the priests to induce the king to proceed to further extremities. But Francis was of too generous a nature, to be made a persecutor at once; and Le Clerc, with several of his companions, were allowed to make their escape. Thus foiled, the zealots, who had hoped to extinguish by a single effort the new light which had been set up, immediately redoubled their exertions. The humanity of Francis was tampered with till it assented to the bigotry of his advisers. In 1529, Lewis Berquin, a Flemish nobleman of irreproachable character, was apprehended on a charge of heresy, and brought to trial. The judges condemned him to have his tongue bored through, and to be imprisoned for life. He ventured to declare that he would appeal from their decision to the King and the Pope, which was no sooner known, than, by another sentence, he was ordered to be forthwith burnt.

This is a true specimen of the mode in which the church and government of France commenced hostilities against the Lutherans. The monarch, who was the very flower of chivalry, became in a brief period all that the most zealous members of an intolerant priesthood could desire. He joined them in processions, feasted with them in honour of their barbarities, and accompanied them when they went to witness and glut over the agonies of their victims. The power which the Guises acquired in the subsequent reign, was all employed in fanning the flames of

persecution; but an almost equivalent force was exerted in favour of the protestants by the noble-minded Condé and Coligny, the devout Queen of Navarre, and some few others of like rank and virtue. Piety and valour were thus brought into direct collision with power, set in action by untamed zeal, fierce intolerance, and unholty ambition.

It requires no slight ability in a writer to detail with force and clearness the causes and events of a conflict of this nature. There are many difficulties in the way of candour, in prosecuting such a work, and Gibbon seems in this respect to have forgotten himself, when he said that it was fitted to inspire curiosity without exciting passion. But Mr. Smedley has performed his task with equal ability and honesty. The 'Sketches of Venetian History,' noticed by us some time back, proceeded, we believe, from his pen; and in addition to the title to respect which that elegant little work affords him, he has that of being the careful and laborious editor of the 'Encyclopædia Metropolitana.' We cannot pretend by extracts to give an idea of a work, of which the great merit consists in rapid narrative, and reflections that do not admit of being separated from the facts to which they belong, but must rest content, on closing this interesting and ably written volume, with wishing for it, the success it so well deserves.

*History of the Greek Revolution.* By T. Gordon, Esq. F.R.S. 2 vols. Blackwood, Edinburgh; Cadell, London.

WE received these important volumes at so late an hour, that it is utterly impossible for us to do anything like justice to their merits; but we have seen enough to justify us in declaring, that they must at once take their rank among our standard histories. The school-boy enthusiasm with which men of ardent temperament hailed the Greek revolution—the fever of excitement in which the memory of the past became a part of the hope of the future, while hope in return lent its vivid colouring to the pale shades of memory, has cooled; the virulence of interested Levant traders, who feared to see the acuteness of the Greeks substituted for the apathetic stupidity of the Turks, has passed away; speculators in Greek stock no longer exhaust the resources of fancy to pervert fact; the timid lovers of order have ceased to dread that the example of Grecian insurrection will stimulate to rebellion the operatives of Manchester, the frame-breakers of Nottingham, the weavers of Glasgow, or the whiteboys of Ireland. The time has come when a history of the Greek war *can* be written; and we doubt whether a person more adequate to the task could be found, than the gentleman whose work is before us. Though his enthusiasm in favour of the Greeks, led Mr. Gordon to take a personal share in the war for their liberation, he preserved in his campaigns the characteristic caution and prudence of a Scotchman: the extravagant promises of the insurgent chiefs he rated at their just value, the vapouring declamations of summer patriots he heard with complacent incredulity; and, on the other hand, he regarded with cool indifference the overcharged accusations of disappointed enthusiasm, and the countless calumnies of consular malignity. In his brief

† See *Athenæum*, No. 194.



historical introduction (would it were longer!) Mr. Gordon investigates the characters of the Turks and Greeks at the commencement of the contest with all the patient skill of a moral anatomist. It is true, that he can scarcely tell us anything new on the subject; the peculiar vices of tyrants and slaves are little modified by climate, country, or race; a dominant class in any state will ever display presumptuous ignorance, the insolence of fancied superiority, and a recklessness, approaching to contempt, for the wisdom contained in the pithy proverb, "Tread even upon a worm, and it will turn": the inferior grade must ever be grovelling slaves with the lips, and treacherous assassins in the heart; men preferring cunning to courage, and taking more delight in torturing one of their oppressors when bound and helpless, than in the glories of the combat, or the shouts of a well-earned victory. It would be no difficult task to construct a chapter of universal history, detailing the struggles between the ascendant and the servile classes, which would be perfectly applicable to periods in the history of every civilized nation on the earth's surface.

For this week we must confine ourselves to the subject of Ypsilanti's insurrection; the prelude, and in some measure the immediate cause of the war in southern Greece.

It would be impossible to give even a brief summary of the circumstances that operated to drive the Heterists, or associated Greeks, into rebellion, long before the period they had originally intended, and before half of their designed preparations were completed. It is enough to say, that events were more rapid in their march than deliberations. The revolt of Vladimiresko, who seems to have aimed only at his own personal aggrandizement, compelled Ypsilanti, the chosen leader of the Heterists, to appear in arms immediately, or to see the northern provinces so devastated, that the task of their liberation would be hopeless for another century. In the very outset he proved his utter unfitness for the charge he had undertaken by publishing a monstrous falsehood in his proclamation to the people, when he assured them that Russia was prepared to second their exertions. Nor did he display better qualities after he had crossed the Pruth:—

"His first proceedings were marked by a want of sound judgment; he allowed the principal Boyards of Moldavia, who came to wait upon him, to remain two hours in his antechamber, and then received them in a cold and haughty manner; and he permitted, if he did not order, the massacre in cold blood of fifty Mussulman prisoners, who had surrendered on condition that their lives should be spared. . . .

"From the commencement of the expedition, the Arnauts had given themselves up to plundering without shame or scruple, and the country was terribly harassed by marauding parties, who drove away all the grain and cattle they could lay their hands on; much of the spoil was sold into Transylvania—for the chiefs seemed intent on enriching themselves, and Ypsilanti gave a pernicious example, by sequestering a quantity of jewels and valuable dresses deposited in the Convent of Marjeneni. It is true, that he was hard pressed for money to satisfy his troops, since the ephors of Bukarest, after embezzling most of the sums they collected, had fled with the remainder into the Austrian States; and although the Prince assigned no regular pay to his soldiers, he was nevertheless obliged to make distributions of money from time to time. Notwith-

standing the forlorn aspect of his affairs, he indulged in vain pomps and frivolous amusements; he entertained at his head-quarters a company of players, brought from Bukarest; and he caused a particular staircase to be added to his house at Tergovisht, by which only his brothers, and those bearing the title of Prince, were suffered to enter. He could not yet entirely divest himself of the idea of one day wearing the crown of Greece; and he was encouraged in it by many parasites, who found too ready access to his presence, while he rarely admitted other persons."

The perfidious conduct of Vladimiresko, contributed to accelerate ruin, which probably under the circumstances was inevitable. The account of the traitor's arrest by Olympian George, one of Ypsilanti's bravest partizans, is curious:—

"He repaired to his quarters on the 31st, attended by fifty of his bravest Arnauts, and when the first compliments were over, demanded that all the captains should be called together, as he had something of importance to communicate in their presence. As soon as they were assembled, George produced a written agreement betwixt himself and Theodore, drawn up in the Wallachian language, signed on the 27th of December, 1820, and witnessed by the secretary of the Russian Consul-general. This deed stated that Vladimiresko should be faithful to the Heteria, that he should raise an insurrection in Little Wallachia, for which purpose George was to furnish him with soldiers, but that to lull the suspicions of the Turks, and obviate their immediate interference, it should appear to be directed, not against the Sultan, but the Greek princes, and great Boyards; and that, lastly, he should adopt no measures without George's concurrence, nor punish any of his adherents without a regular trial. After reading the paper, article by article, and laying particular stress on the concluding paragraph, George, turning to the assembly, said, 'Is it then to be borne, that some of you should be daily immolated to his tyranny?' Upon this Hadji Prodan, Makedonski, and many Captains of Pandours, engaged in the plot, exclaimed, 'that they would no longer obey so sanguinary a leader, that they gave him up to be judged by martial law, and desired to serve under the Olympian.' Theodore endeavoured to excite their sympathy, and was about to draw his sword, but his voice was drowned in the cries, 'Away with the wretch,' and George caused him to be disarmed, and bound by the Arnauts of his own escort, carried him to Piteshti, whence Nicolas Ypsilanti conducted him under a strong guard to Tergovisht. When brought before Prince Alexander, the latter reproached him for his manifold treason. Vladimiresko defended himself on the plea, that he had always been at heart a true Heterist; that he abandoned Bukarest, because he was afraid of Sava, and meant, by corresponding with the Turks, to draw them into a snare. He was justly put to death, (June the 4th,) but the Prince, instead of having him regularly condemned and executed, suffered Caravia and Lassini to butcher him in a barbarous manner with their sabres."

The battle of Dragashan decided the fate of Ypsilanti's insurrection; the accounts given of it by former writers were so utterly inconsistent with themselves and each other, that we think it due to our readers, to place before them Mr. Gordon's lucid account of the engagement:—

"As, however, the troops were fatigued, the ground soaked by rain, extremely wet and muddy; and as it was Tuesday, a day reckoned unlucky in the east, George resolved to defer a general assault until next morning, and wrote to the Prince to that effect. The situation of the Ottomans seemed hopeless, and the Greeks

were resting in confident expectation of an easy victory, when everything was ruined by the rashness of Caravia, who, naturally headstrong, and on this occasion drunk, quitted his station in the afternoon, and suddenly passing the bridge with his cavalry and the guns, began to cannonade the enemy. Unhappily the sacred battalion, hurried on by impatient courage, followed his example. In the first moment of alarm, the Turks thought of evacuating Dragashan, and endeavouring to escape by the marsh; but perceiving that none of the other Greeks were moving to support Caravia, and that his artillery did no execution, they rapidly mounted their horses, rode out of the village, and sabre in hand charged the battalion, which attempted in vain to form a square, while Caravia and his Arnauts fled in a dastardly manner. The four guns were taken, and the young volunteers, fighting bravely, but in disorder, were mostly cut to pieces in a few minutes. Astonished at so unexpected a catastrophe, George galloped to the scene of action, accompanied by Anastasius, Mikhail Oglou, Diamantis, some other officers that happened to be with him, and about 100 troopers, and by a vigorous onset, recovered two pieces of cannon, rescued the sacred standard of the Heteria, and saved a remnant of the unfortunate Hierodochites. Nevertheless, having lost in the short 20 of his horsemen, the Mussulmans returning to the attack, and Caravia making no effort to rally his flying troops, George was forced to retire, and the whole army, seized with a panic of terror, continued, throughout the night, a confused and precipitate retreat to Rimnik. In this fatal engagement, where 800 men routed 5000, on the side of the Greeks 400 were slain, seven-eighths of whom belonged to the sacred battalion, the flower of the nation; the victorious Turks, although they lost very few men, did not pursue, being busy in collecting a trophy of heads."

After this defeat, Ypsilanti fled into the Austrian territories, while the greater part of his followers dispersed. Some, however, like Olympian George, maintained a fierce guerilla warfare against their oppressors, and the following is a remarkable instance of their desperate heroism:—

"Another party, of ninety Greeks, under the Captains Leecho and Anastasius of Kassaba, retired, fighting, (July 25th,) before a large body of the enemy, to a monastery on the confines of the Boukovina. Unable to force their passage, the Turks set fire to the building; but the Greeks, shutting themselves up in the church, although now reduced to seventy, and surrounded by flames, held out for six hours. The Ottoman commander was slain, and his soldiers, discouraged by his death, and dreading the approach of Captain George, withdrew to a small distance, when the Greeks rushing out sword in hand, gained the frontier of Boukovina. The action passed in sight of the whole population of Suczava; and the valour of this handful of men mollified even the Austrian authorities, who gave them a kind and cordial reception."

We shall conclude our extracts for this week with the following admirable sketch of Russian policy, in the early part of the Greek revolution:—

"From the recital of so many horrors, we now proceed to a subject of a different nature, that long fixed public attention—the protracted negotiation betwixt Russia and the Porte, growing out of the events just related. Did we possess a much more intimate knowledge of diplomatic secrets than we lay any claim to, it would still be an irksome task to follow the windings of this lengthened discussion, since the disputants seemed chiefly bent on reciprocal insult and defiance. What human patience

could wade through so many prolix notes and useless conferences, where the ministers of the mediating powers wearied themselves in efforts to keep asunder antagonists who showed little real inclination to come to blows? If any dishonour is to be inferred from such a position, it must rather attach to the Emperor Alexander, the first to bully, to menace, and demand a reparation which he never obtained. The firmer deportment of the Sultan not unfrequently appeared to verge upon scorn. It cannot be doubted, that the Autocrat saw himself placed in a false and embarrassing situation: on one side, a fair opportunity offered for realizing ideas so long cherished by the cabinet of St. Petersburg, and familiar to him from his cradle; the glory of his crown, the prayers of his clergy, the earnest wishes of his army, nobility, and vassals of every degree, called upon him not to abandon the Greeks, holding the same form of Christianity with himself, and clinging to him as their protector. On the other hand, he felt a dread of revolution, and was occupied at Laybach, when the troubles of the East broke out, in proclaiming, by the declaration of May 12, his adherence to the purest doctrines of legitimacy. As that term, in the acceptance then assigned to it, comprehended all monarchical governments, however acquired, or however exercised, provided they bore the stamp of a generation or two, and scouted popular rights, it would have been unjust to exclude from its pale either the Grand Turk, or any other potentate, down even to the King of Ashantee. Besides, in fairness to Alexander's character, we may believe, that a love of peace, and reluctance to embroil Europe anew, after he had done so much for its pacification, contributed to inspire that amiable prince with moderation and forbearance towards the haughty and obstinate Ottomans."

*Mémoires de Malane la Duchesse d'Abrantès.* Vols. VII. & VIII.

(Second Notice.)

WE commence our translations this week with the meeting of the fair Duchess and one of the principal actors in the French revolution. It is related with spirit.

"Just before I left Madrid, I met with an adventure at the ambassador's, singular enough to induce me to give it a place in these Memoirs. I dined every day at the ambassador's when not engaged elsewhere, and was as much at home there as I should have been in my own family. I was generally very late, because my excursions of curiosity so fully occupied my mornings that I was never at home until five o'clock, after which I had to dress; so that I always arrived after the third bell had rung. But Madame de Beurnonville, always indulgent, readily excused this. One day I came just as the party were entering the dinner-room. General Beurnonville offered me his arm, and I had scarcely time to speak to his lady before we were seated at table. Next to me was a man, of a most sinister and repulsive countenance, who uttered not a word. He was tall, dark, and of a morose and bilious complexion. His look was sombre; and something made me think he had but one eye, but I soon perceived that it was the effect of a cataract, which did not however blind him. As he was so singularly taciturn, nobody spoke much to him. This surprised me the more, because the ambassador's lady was very attentive to him. At the second course, I could no longer restrain my curiosity; and, although I was conscious of the rudeness of the question, I could not help asking General Beurnonville, in a whisper, who my silent neighbour was.

"What!" he replied, with an air of surprise, "do you not know him?"

"I never saw him."

"Impossible!"

"I declare that such is the fact."

"But you have often heard his name mentioned, particularly when you were a child."

"You excite my curiosity more powerfully than even his extraordinary appearance has done. Who is he then?"

"Shall I send you some spinach, TALLIEN?" said a well-known voice.

"It was that of Junot, who sat opposite to me, and was much amused at my curiosity, which he had guessed.

"I almost started from my chair.... TALLIEN..... I looked obliquely at the horrible man, who, having perceived the effect he produced upon me, became of the colour of the spinach which my husband had offered him. The latter had known him in Egypt, without however being intimate with him; for the General-in-chief was not very friendly to those who had any connexion with Tallien.

"This name, pronounced in a manner so unexpected, made a singular impression upon me.... My childhood, to which General Beurnonville had alluded, had been surrounded with dangers, and my young imagination fed with the most horrible recitals connected in the most particular manner with the name and person of Tallien. I could not help starting, as I have already stated, which he must have perceived; for when I looked at him again, his odious countenance was dark as Erebus. The wretch! How did he drag on his loathsome existence? I asked General Beurnonville the question; and also how it happened that one of our decemvirs was in a kingdom governed by a Bourbon.

"I am as much surprised as you," the General replied, "and the more so, because the Emperor dislikes Tallien, and has always testified this dislike in not the most gracious manner. This is so true, that, when in Egypt, Junot must have perceived that General Bonaparte was very severe towards such officers as were intimate with Tallien. Lanusse and his brother were never welcome at head quarters on this account."

"After dinner Junot introduced Tallien to me as one of his fellow travellers in Egypt. He seemed to have forgotten my emotion at dinner on hearing his name. He informed us that he was appointed consul, I believe, at Malaga; at all events I am certain that it was somewhere in Andalusia.

"The name of Tallien is famous in the bloody page of our revolutionary annals. Without searching for the motives which made him act, there is no doubt that, for the part he took in the affair of the 9th of Thermidor, he deserves honourable mention in history. I am not one of those kind creatures determined to find good in everything; nor can I agree with those who now attribute good intentions to Robespierre, and pretend that, had it not been for what occurred on the 9th of Thermidor, we should have had a return of the golden age. It may be so, and I am willing to believe it rather than differ in opinion from those persons who, even at the present day, say—*Be my brother, or I will kill thee.* And yet I am a good patriot. I was brought up during the dawn of that glorious revolution; I imbibed its principles, and my young years were spent under the shade of the tricolor flag and the wide-spreading tree of liberty."

Our next anecdote relates to M. de Limoges—and we really know not which most to admire, the gentleman or the thief.

"M. de Limoges was then a banker, and was to set out for Bordeaux the next day upon business. In the evening he went to the play, with a tortoise-shell snuff-box set in gold, upon the cover of which was a beautiful miniature of his wife holding her son in her arms, painted by Augustin. The child was then about two years old, and re-

markable for its beauty. Madame de Limoges was also a beautiful woman, and the execution of the picture was admirable. On leaving the theatre with a lady of his acquaintance, he felt some one press against him, and having turned suddenly round, a handsome young man, of seemingly elegant manners, apologized for having pushed him. He ought, perhaps, to have apologized for something else; for scarcely had M. de Limoges entered his house than he discovered that he had been robbed: his snuff-box was gone. This loss was doubly felt, because, independently of the subject, the painting was one of great value. He lodged a complaint at the police office; and in an advertisement, which he had inserted in all the papers, he promised ten louis to any person who would bring him back the miniature only. On his return from Bordeaux, two months after, he found a packet addressed to him, which, to his great delight, enclosed, not the snuff-box, but the miniature. It was accompanied by the following letter, of which I have seen the original:—

"Sir,—I can easily imagine your regret at losing the miniature, which I have the honour to return to you. So charming a child, and so beautiful a wife, must necessarily be the pride and delight of him who has a right to have them painted. But permit me, Sir, to offer a word of advice. A man who has such a wife and child, painted by Augustin, and carries them upon the lid of a snuff-box, should have the latter of gold, and should surround the miniature with brilliants of the first water. Had you done so, it would have been more honourable for you, and more profitable to me.

"I have the honour, &c.

"THE THIEF.

"P.S. You have promised ten louis to any one who should return the miniature into your hands. This is something like the promise of a Gascon, for you could not suppose that I am such a simpleton as to put you to the test. If, however, you really meant to keep your word, put the ten louis into your pocket, and come to the Favart theatre the day after to-morrow—I will then pay myself with my own hands."

"This singular epistle was left at the house of M. de Limoges during his absence. On the night after his return, he put the ten louis into his pocket and went to the theatre, but he met not the thief. The latter perhaps had been more unfortunate with another than with him, and might have been in the hands of justice. Be that as it may, M. de Limoges never heard any more of him."

The next anecdote which we shall translate, is the account of an attack made by robbers, in Spain, upon M. d'Aranjo, the Portuguese minister at Berlin.

"M. d'Aranjo preceded us by some weeks. An adventure, à la *Gil Blas*, occurred to him on the road. He was attacked by banditti, who plundered and ill-treated him. He was of a very mild, but firm character. As soon as the robbers had opened the carriage-door, they brutally dragged him out, and demanded where his money was. The Count d'Aranjo had with him a secretary, who was a coward of the first water. Him the robbers had thrown into a dry ditch, just after they dragged his master from the carriage. There the poor fellow lay, with his nose to the ground, in a state of agony, which excites no commiseration when it is produced by cowardice. As for M. d'Aranjo, he was as calm as such a situation would allow, and was considering how he should save a watch which Madame de Talleyrand was sending to the Duchess of Ossuna, and another valuable trinket, of which he had taken charge for the Marchioness of Ariza, mother of the Duke of Berwick. The watch was of blue enamel, with diamond hands; and each hour indicated by a

superb brilliant. The other trinket was a chain of diamonds and pearls set by Foncier. It was an exquisite piece of workmanship, and must have been invaluable at Madrid, where stones are always so badly set. M. d'Aranjo was considering, in the midst of the *bandoleros*, how he should conceal these things. The watch soon found its way into one of his boots, and the chain into that part of his habiliments which no person had ever thought of examining, since he was whipped as a truant schoolboy. The robbers expected a rich booty; for what they wanted, was these very jewels, which had been seen at Bayonne, with several others; and a report was prevalent that M. d'Aranjo had been entrusted with the crown jewels of Portugal, to have them re-set. His over-prudence had done all the mischief. He always carried this watch and chain about his person lest he should lose them; and at this period the Spanish police were so inefficient, that you could not walk a league from Madrid without incurring the danger of being carried off by a fine troop of brigands, well dressed, well armed, and whose appearance was a thousand times more splendid than the king's troops, who had neither bread, shoes, nor money. Thus, when the latter met the brigands face to face, they always sustained defeat. No one ever travelled without an escort of seven or eight men at least. The men most to be depended upon as guards were natives of Arragon, or Asturians. M. d'Aranjo had taken this escort; but, as he was not timid, and fancied there was no danger, he had that morning gone on before his escort, who were to meet him at the place where he intended to dine. He had scarcely gone a distance of six miles when he was attacked, as I have before stated. The robbers immediately plundered the carriages, and broke open all the boxes in that in which the minister travelled; but not finding what they expected, they drew their knives, and threatened to kill M. d'Aranjo, who, having secured the watch and chain, bid them defiance, told them that they were a set of villains, whom he would give orders to have hanged. This was rather imprudent; but it was right, he said, always to endeavour to intimidate such men by an attitude to which they were not accustomed under such circumstances.

"But you braved death," said I, "which, permit me to say, was an act of madness; and, indeed, with a poignard at your throat, you were not far off."

"Oh" no.... I cannot think so.... Besides," he added, after having reflected an instant, "it is all the same thing. I could not lower myself to such scoundrels.... They might take, but it was not for me to give!"

"It seems that the secretary was not so absolute as his master in his ideas of personal dignity, for he made the most humble supplications to the robbers. But when he heard the Count peremptorily refuse to deliver up the money and jewels, all his respect for his patron merged in his fears."

"My lord! my lord!" he cried, in a voice of despair, "you do not consider what you are about.—My good gentlemen, I will tell you where the money is." Then raising himself half up in the ditch where he lay—"Gentlemen," he said, "look there, on the left side of the carriage, there is a small brass knob in the panel,—press that, good gentlemen, and take all, but pray do not kill us.... The jewels are there likewise."

"And he uttered every word in a tremulous and doleful voice, and accompanied with a frightful chattering of the teeth.... The poor man was as pale as a ghost, and during several months after was like one bewildered."

"But, my lord," said he, after the robbers were gone, "you could not have been in earnest." He was then informed that the watch and chain

had been saved, which alarmed him so much that he wanted to call back the brigands and give up these trinkets. "For depend upon it," he said, "they expected to get them."

We conclude, for the present, with a ludicrous account of a scene on the heights of Boulogne.

"Madame B—r, the mother of Madame Laplanche-Mortier, had never before been so near the Emperor; and nothing could prevent her from leaving the barrack, that she might get a better sight of him. As she was the mother-in-law of an officer of the palace, the Emperor could not be angry if he met her on his road. Being, however, in an ill-humour, he might, perhaps, give her a specimen of it; but Madame B—r feared nothing, and boldly ventured forth."

"It required more courage than people would imagine, to go out at this moment. One of the gales of the autumnal equinox was blowing in full fury, and the whirls of the flags above the throne indicated to Madame B—r that a similar effect would be produced upon her petticoats. On my making the observation to her, she replied that she would hold them down with her hands; and, in fact, we saw her for some time manœuvre so as to preserve things in decent order. The Emperor, occupied with what was passing eighty or a hundred feet below him, continued to walk rapidly up and down the terrace, without, however, passing a certain limit on either side. Madame B—r, who could not see him from the place where she stood, determined to go boldly round to the other side of the barrack, facing the throne. In this undertaking she exposed herself to the fury of the wind, which had increased in violence, and threatened this day of pageantry with a termination not very agreeable to the *légionnaires* who were to dine under an awning. The Emperor, much vexed, spoke very loud, and in a manner sufficiently energetic to excite in the highest degree the curiosity of a woman capable of appreciating Napoleon; and who must have been desirous of seeing him at a time when he evinced that he was not exempt from the weaknesses of human nature. She forgot the storm, and, as I have already stated, turned the corner of the barrack. At this instant she was struck by a sudden gust, which got into her large bonnet, and loosened the ribbons with which it was fastened. Madame B—r wore a wig, which she felt would follow the bonnet; she therefore let go her petticoats to secure the head-gear; but the wind, bent upon having its own way, twirled and twisted about Madame B—r, who, by the bye, was of immense size, and without any ceremony began to lift up her gown and petticoats. It then became necessary for the hands to go to the assistance of the lower extremities. Thus the bonnet, abandoned to the caprice of the storm, was carried away, together with the wig, and poor Madame B—r saved the honour of her legs at the expense of her naked scalp, which stood confessed before Napoleon, who at that instant turned round to speak to the Minister of Marine, whom he thought to be close behind him. It must be confessed that such a spectacle was a difficult ordeal for the Emperor's gravity. It was impossible to help laughing at the sight of an immensely fat woman presenting a fat, white, round head, close shaved; her countenance expressing wildness and terror; and her whole body strained by her exertions to keep down her petticoats. The Emperor, however, behaved very well: his smile as he passed her was scarcely perceptible."

*Memoir and Correspondence of the late Sir J. E. Smith.* Edited by Lady Smith, 2 vols. London: Longman.

The sciences, like the men by whom they are cultivated, and the countries in which they

flourish, have their periods of youth, of maturity, and decay; and many of the discoveries that immortalize the learned, should be regarded as the discoveries of the age, as much as of the individuals by whom they are made.

Learning, in the strictest sense, is cumulative; and each succeeding generation inherits that of the foregoing, on which it builds as a foundation,—whence a more extended view can be taken of the vast ocean of truth, that still lies undiscovered, before it. If one of the greatest philosophers that ever lived likened his brilliant discoveries to the finding of "a smoother pebble or a prettier weed than his fellow wanderers on the coast of science," let it not be thought that the credit is but slight to be the first to find these smooth and pretty stones, and plants, even if smoother and prettier should be subsequently found. It is not, then, a vain distinction to find these truths, which the tide of knowledge equally submits to every eye, and professes to every hand; for it is no empty privilege to be blessed with eyes that, while they see, perceive, and ears that, hearing, understand: but the merit is far greater to drag them from the waves with outstretched arm, before the flood has cast them on the shore; and the honour greater still to cleave the surge with adventurous limbs, and pluck them from the bosom of the deep. Such "rari nantes in gurgite vasto" alone deserve, and they alone can claim, the unassociated possession of the discoveries they make.

These remarks spring not from a spirit of detraction in general; neither are they intended as special means of depreciating the daily earnings of our present, by unduly extolling the accumulations of the past: but rather with a wish that both should enjoy the honours they have gained, and from a conviction that neither will sink in absolute esteem, by allowing their full worth to the labours of the other. Our fathers were, on many points, of necessity less advanced in knowledge than ourselves; and if they occasionally, by anticipation, have, as it were, "stolen our good thoughts," they have left us a vast fortune of experience, bought by their exertions. This too often is forgotten, and, exalting ourselves on their accumulated labours, we spurn the vantage ground we stand on, and boast as our own that height which, great as it is, is, in the greater part, not ours, but the height of the age in which we are privileged to live.

Lately, the physical sciences have made astonishing advances; and Natural History, in every department, has assumed a novel form. Much of this change is doubtless owing to the ardour of our cotemporaries (and many thanks to them for their exertions), but still more must be attributed to the proper use of facts discovered and accumulated by our predecessors: and shall they not have their meed of praise? Yes; for they liberally sowed the seed, and industriously tilled the soil, although it is our lot to reap the harvest. In no department of Natural History is the change alluded to greater or more notorious than in Botany; and in none are the advantages we derive from our precursors less thought of and esteemed. Even within the remembrance of almost the youngest amongst us, the aspect of our study is completely changed; and works now are obsolete, which, a very few years ago, were in the van of science. But

still those works were good, for the period in which they were written; nor should they ever be despised, for they imparted that impetus, they contributed much to that rapid advance of knowledge, by which themselves have been left behind.

Hence, it grieves us to hear such works and their authors disrespectfully spoken of, and lightly esteemed; and we enter our protest against it now, because few persons, perhaps, laboured more industriously and successfully in the service of science than the late illustrious President of the Linnæan Society, whose Life and Correspondence now claim our notice. Few persons have had their works more read and studied, and few have had them more unceremoniously condemned.

Few persons have had the opportunity, and few have done so much, since the time of Linnæus, towards rendering botany a popular study, and introducing a taste for phytological investigations, as the amiable subject of this memoir; for, at the time when his 'Introduction' appeared, vegetable physiology might, for the public foot, be almost considered untrodden ground. It is true, that much of Sir James Smith's physiology is imperfect; and a further advance in knowledge has shown many of his views to be incorrect: still, these were the errors rather of the age than of the individual; while his unwearied industry and his habits of patient investigation produced fruits which are indisputably his own.

At a period when little could be expected, either as emolument or fame, from a self-dedication to science, Sir James Smith devoted the greatest part of a long life to the advancement of Natural History, and especially to the study of plants. When quite a youth he founded a Society for these purposes in Edinburgh, and having, by a fortunate chance,—a chance that was fortunate, not for himself alone, but (from the manner in which he used his advantage,) fortunate for his country, and for philosophy in general, become the possessor of the Linnæan Herbarium, he founded, and was elected the first President of the Linnæan Society of London, a Society which fosters Natural History in all its branches, and which, we trust, will long remain a resting-place and refuge for science in this busy land.

That the fortunate possessor of the Linnæan Herbarium—to which references on disputed points must of course be made; for, by reference to the Linnæan specimens alone could such doubts be settled and such disputes decided—should be a devoted defender of the Linnæan doctrines, was a consequence to be expected. But so far from his being a bigoted partizan, he could only be considered an enlightened and liberal adherent. Like Linnæus himself, he did not overlook the peculiar advantages of the natural methods of arrangement, and in his Grammar of Botany was one of the first to present the system of Jussieu to the English reader in a somewhat familiar form. That he did not pursue the natural method so far and so unhesitatingly as many of his compeers, can be easily accounted for, by simply referring to his 'English Flora,' that labour of years, in which, not only have the species of English flowering plants been ascertained and described with a precision and clearness previously unequalled, but the references for synonyms all made anew, and the errors of

copyists corrected—a thankless task, and one that makes little show, great as is its value and importance; and the faithful performance of which must always render Smith's 'English Flora' invaluable as a work of reference for synonyms, as well as for the characters of species. They who have never been engaged in such a work, know little of the labour of correcting and verifying references and quotations: the few lines of abbreviations into which such references are condensed, will sometimes occupy not only one, but several days, and hours are often spent, without any trace of the work being left, merely in ascertaining the correctness of the text.

It is too often believed, that Linnæan botanists are inimical to physiological inquiries, and adverse to the natural method of arrangement,—contenting themselves merely with the artificial scheme and the indicative definition of plants. Linnæus, so far from sanctioning any such procedure, did much for the advancement of the natural method, by distinguishing the duties of the analytic and synthetic systems. He himself published what he modestly called "Fragments" of a natural method—which were partly original and partly collected from the works of his precursors; the first steps in which are precisely similar to those in the system of Jussieu. And, strange as the statement may to some appear, the natural systems of Linnæus and Jussieu are in some respects more alike than the natural systems of the present day are either contemporaneous with each other, or similar to the Jussieuan scheme, under which name they are frequently referred to.

The acotyledons, the monocotyledons, and the dicotyledons, are the primary divisions, given by Linnæus, as well as by Jussieu; and many of Jussieu's one hundred orders are, in those which exceed the fifty-eight of Linnæus, comparable to the sections of the latter.

To us and our cotemporaries, who have studied plants under the influence of the Linnæan philosophy,—and this, in some measure, all now living must have done, whether they are advocates of the Linnæan artificial scheme or not,—the indeterminate classification of known plants, and the confusion of systems, which rendered, before his time, the most familiar things obscure, are matters of history alone; and these facts, however important, are facts of which many seem forgetful. Enjoying the extended prospect they now possess, they neglect the path by which they ascended.

Let not our meaning, however, by any one be misunderstood. It is not to the use, but to the exclusive use (that is the abuse) of the natural system that we object; it is the use, not the exclusive use (which would be the abuse) of the Linnæan artificial scheme that we commend. Neither the one nor the other should be studied alone; nor should either or both be considered as that science which they are only fitted to subserve, any more than an index should be considered as the book it is attached to, or a road as the country through which it passes. The natural system may be likened to the natural geographical distribution of a country; the artificial, to the arbitrary subdivisions which are politically expedient: and although, for many purposes, it may be well to coast along its shores, and pursue the devious windings of its various streams, persons who are thus engaged should not condemn the canals,

the bridges, and the artificial turnpike roads: albeit they regard not geographical boundaries, but cut through hills, and pass over streams, indifferent to all objects save direct utility.

We did not purpose, when we took up our pen, specifically to review the work, the title of which now forms our text; but rather to remind our readers of the state of botanical philosophy, during the period in which Smith flourished, and the era his name will mark; for in the history of science, as in the history of states, the lives of successive chiefs form successive epochs, to which reference is made; and without such memorials, the records would be scarcely worth preserving, as they could be but imperfectly understood; still, we cannot close this notice, and omit expressing the pleasure we have felt in the perusal of the correspondence, which, with the delicacy and tact peculiar to the female mind, Lady Smith has selected from the numerous papers that were left by her late husband in her charge: for in these volumes even strangers will trace the soothing influence of philosophy on the human mind; and his acquaintances seem to renew communion with their departed friend.

*Collected Poems of the Author of 'Corn Law Rhymes.'* London: Steill.

HAVING been favoured with a few pages, containing the original poems in this forthcoming edition, we were about to introduce our extracts with some words of criticism, when we received *Tait's Magazine*, in which justice is not only done to the writer, but some particulars given of his early life, that cannot fail to be interesting to our readers. We shall therefore rest content with our former acknowledgments of admiration for his genius, and confine ourselves, for the present, to the biographical particulars furnished by our cotemporary.

"Elliott was born rather more than fifty years since, in a village near the town of Sheffield. There,—we use his own strong words, and none can be found so fit,—he is still 'a dealer in steel, working hard every day; literally labouring with head and hands, and alas with my heart too! If you think the steel trade, in those profitless days, is not a heavy, hard-working trade, come and break out a ton.' A man of his knowledge and energy was not likely to remain the mere workman of another. Elliott, though labouring with his hands and head, is his own master, as well as his children's provider. But we must briefly advert to his origin and his youth. His father, a man of education and of great natural humour, was a commercial clerk in an iron establishment, and also a Jacobin, the name given in those days to the friends of liberty by the artifice of its enemies, and meant to express the last degree of whatever was ruffianly and opprobrious. He was, his son writes, 'a Jacobin, marked as such, and hunted, literally hunted out of society on that account. The yeomanry used to amuse themselves, periodically, by backing their horses through his windows.' 'I,' says Elliott, 'I have not forgotten the English Reign of Terror; there you have the source of my political tendencies.' \* \* \* Young Elliott excelled all his companions in kite-making, and such feats of boyish mechanical dexterity; but nevertheless obtained the reputation of a dunce, and almost a fool; and to prove that he deserved it he chose to play truant for weeks and months on end, preferring to hunt lizards, and search out birds' nests in the Thoresby woods to the first

four rules of Arithmetic. 'To those wild wanderings,' he says in the letter, to a friend quoted above, 'I impute the love of nature and her wonders, which will quit me but with life.' Though averse to school learning, Elliott speaks with the utmost affection and respect of his early teacher, Joseph Ramsbottom;—'as one of those unsophisticated beings, whom the improved state of society will no longer permit to subsist among us. He was disinterestedness personified; a man of genius, of infantine kindness, of patriarchal simplicity; the gentlest and most benevolent of human creatures: humble, pious, industrious, resigned, he lived and died as few can live and die.' He was an able mathematician and ingenious mechanic, and distinguished by a fondness for flowers. \* \* \*

"As Elliott was a suspected dunce only for liking the woods and moors better than Dilworth or Cocker, his father gave up the point of school learning, and sent him into the Foundry with which he was himself connected, upon the foreman (a shrewd man, belike,) giving the comforting assurance that the lad was after all no fool. Like the sturdy energetic Radical he afterwards grew, Elliott put his soul into his business, and soon gave promise of becoming a first-rate workman. 'At this period,' he says, in the letter noticed above, 'I was saved or lost by an accident;—'saved,' assuredly, if by this is meant that his character was, from this time, determined to poetry; or to pursuits which led to it. A young relative was taking in a work on botany, with coloured prints of plants, in monthly numbers, and Elliott was allowed to peruse it, and taught by a common mechanical process to trace the plates. He thus became a draughtsman, and a lover of plants, which again led him back to the woods, and away from the ale-house, whither he owns he had sometimes gone with the other workmen. About this same time his brother bought a copy of Thomson's Seasons, which, being a good reader, he read aloud to the family, until the reputed dunce silently obtained some faint glimmering perception of the beauty of the descriptions. When Giles laid down the book, Ebenezer took it up, and carried it into the garden, whither he duly went to compare the poet's descriptions with the natural living flowers.

On holidays he still sought the woods to gather flowers. Poets call their writings 'garlands, and wreaths, and chaplets.' How long Elliott's poetry continued literally so, we cannot tell; nor yet when his mute, or flower-worship of Nature burst forth into words—the strong, fervid, earnest words of 'impassioned truth.'

The poem, to which we mean to confine our extracts, is 'Bothwell,' a dramatic sketch, dedicated, in a noble spirit, "To my great Master, Robert Southey, who condescended to teach me the Art of Poetry." The scene is laid in the dungeon of a fortress on the coast of Norway. Bothwell, the beloved and the husband of Mary, the murderer of Darnley, the outlaw, the pirate, the prisoner, the maniac, is sleeping on his straw bed, watched by Rhinvalt, his fellow-prisoner: his long sufferings and present state are delicately hinted at in the conclusion of the following passage,—the musings of Rhinvalt, who is gazing on the stormy sea beneath his prison window:—

*Rhinvalt.* Splendour in heaven, and horror on the main!  
Sunshine and storm at once, a troubled day.  
Clouds roll in brightness, and descend in rain.  
How the waves rush into the rocky bay,  
Shaking the eternal barriers of the land!  
And ocean's face is like a battle plain.  
Where giant demons combat hand to hand;  
While, as their voices sink, and swell again,  
Peep, listening on the rainbow, heads in pain.

Where is the voice, whose stillness man's heart hears,  
Like dream'd-of music, wordless, soft, and low?  
The voice, which dries on sorrow's cheek her tears,  
Or, lest she perish, bids the current flow?  
That voice the whirlwind in his rage reveres;  
It bids the blast a tranquil Sabbath keep;  
Lonely as death, harmonious as the spheres,  
It whispers to the wilderness of the deep.  
Till, calm as cradled babe, the billows sleep.  
Oh, careless of the tempest in his ire,  
Blush, ruby glow of western heav'n! Oh, cast  
The hue of roses, steep'd in liquid fire,  
On ocean in his conflict with the blast,  
And quiver into darkness, and retire,  
And let wild day to calmest night subside:  
Let the tired sailor from his toil respire,  
The drench'd flag hang, unmoving, o'er the tide,  
And, pillow'd on still clouds, the whirlwind ride.  
Then, queen of silence, robe thee, and arise,  
And, through the barr'd loop of this dungeon old,  
Visit, once more, its inmate's blasted eyes!  
Let him again, though late, thy light behold!  
Soulless, not sightless, have his eye-balls roll'd,  
Alike in light and darkness desolate:  
The storm beat on his heart—he felt no cold;  
Summer look'd on him from heaven's fiery gate—  
Shivering, he scowl'd, and knew not that he scowl'd.  
Unweeping, yet perturbed—his bed a stone—  
Bonds on his body—on his mind a spell:  
Ten years in solitude, (yet not alone),  
And conscious only to the inward hell,  
There hath it been his hideous lot to dwell.  
But heav'n can bid the spirits' gloom depart,  
Can chase from his torn soul the demon fell,  
And, whispering, add a listener in his heart:  
Oh, let him weep again! then, tearless dwell  
In his dark, narrow home, untrung by passing bell!

How beautiful, how full of poetry and passion, is the following! Bothwell, with returning reason, has now first made himself known to his fellow-prisoner:—

*Rhinvalt.* Did she, whose charms make tame  
All other beauty, Scotland's matchless queen,  
Creation's wonder, on that wither'd frame,  
Kiss'd me? Sweet tears there are, I ween;  
Speak then of her, whose tears are shed more oft than seen.

*Both.* Perhaps, the artist might, with cunning hand,  
Mimic the morn on Mary's lip of love;  
And fancy might before the canvas stand,  
And deem he saw th' unreal bosom move.  
But who could paint her heav'nly soul, which glows  
With more than kindness? the soft thoughts that rove  
Over the moonlight of her heart's repose?  
The wish to hood the falcon, spare the dove,  
Destroy the thorn, and multiply the rose!  
Oh, had'st thou words of fire, thou could'st not paint  
My Mary in her majesty of mind,  
Expressing half the queen, and half the saint!

'Twas such a night—oh, ne'er, bless'd thought, depart!—  
When Mary utter'd first, in words of flame,  
The love, the guilt, the madness of her heart,  
While on my bosom burn'd her cheek of shame.  
Thy blood is ice, and, therefore thou wilt blame  
The queen, the woman, the adulterous wife,  
The hapless, and the fair!—oh, but her name  
Needs not thy mangling! her disastrous life  
Needs not thy curse! spare, slanderer, spare her fame!  
Then wore the heav'n, as now, the clouded veil;  
Yet mark'd I well her tears, and that wan smile  
So tender, so confiding, whose sweet tale,  
By memory told, can, even now, beguile  
My spirit of its gloom! for then the pale  
Sultana of the night her form display'd,  
Pavilion'd in the pearly clouds afar,  
Like brightness sleeping, or a naked maid  
In virgin charms unrivall'd; while each star,  
Astonish'd at her beauty, seem'd to fade,  
Each planet, envy-stung, to turn aside,  
Veiling their blushes with their golden hair.  
Oh, moment—rich in transport, love, and pride!  
Big, too, with woe, with terror, with despair!  
While, wrestling thus, I strive to choke my groan,  
And, what I cannot shun, may learn to bear,  
That moment is immortal, and my own;  
Fate from my grasp that moment cannot tear!  
That moment for an age of torture might atone!

After this, Bothwell refers to the murder of Darnley: the description is fearfully natural.

Now bends the murderer.—Hark!—it is a knell!—  
Hark!—sound or motion? 'Twas his cringing hair.  
Now bends the murderer:—wherefore doth he start?  
'Tis silence, silence that is terrible!  
When he hath business, silence should depart,  
And maniac darkness, borrowing sounds from hell,  
Suffer him not to hear his throbbing heart!—  
Now bends the murderer o'er the dozing king,  
Who, like an o'er-gorg'd serpent, motionless,  
Lies drunk with wine, a seeming-senseless thing,  
Yet his eyes roll with dreadful consciousness,  
Thickens his throat in impotent distress,  
And his voice strives for utterance, while that wretch  
Doth on his royal victim's bosom press.

His foot, preparing round his neck to stanch  
The horrible cord. Lo, dark as the alpine vetch,  
Stares his wide-open, blood-shot, burning eye,  
And on the murderer flashes vengeful fire;  
While the black visage, in dire agony,  
Swells, like a bloated toad that dies in sin,  
And quivers into fineness! On high  
Raising the corpse, forth into the moonlight air  
The staggering murderer bears it silently.  
Lays it on earth, sees the fix'd eye-balls glare,  
And turns, affrighted, from the lifeless stare.  
Ho! fire the mine! and let the house be rent  
To atoms; that dark guide may say to fear,  
'Ah, dire mischance! mysterious accident!  
Ah, would it were expunged! ah, would it were!  
Up, up, the rushing, red volcano roars,  
And wide o'er earth, and heav'n, and ocean flash'd,  
A torrent of earth-lightning sky-ward sent;  
O'er heav'n, earth, sea, the dread explosion crash'd;  
Then, clattering far, the downward fragments dash'd;  
Roar'd the rude sailor o'er th' illum'd sea,  
'Hell is in Scotland!' Shudder'd Rolin's hall;  
Low'd the scold's helper on the distant lea;  
Trembled the city; shriek'd the festival;  
Paus'd the pale dance from his delighted task;  
Quak'd every masker of the splendid ball;  
Rais'd hands unanswered questions seem'd to ask:  
And there was one who lean'd against the wall,  
Close pressing to her face, with hands convuls'd, her mask.

And night was after that, but blessed night  
Was never more! for thrilling voices cried  
To th' dreaming sleep, on th' watcher's pale affright,  
'Who murder'd Darnley? Who the match applied?  
Did Hapburn murder Darnley?'—'Poel!' replied  
Accents responsive, fang'd with scorpion sting.  
In whispers faint, while all was mute beside,  
'Twas the queen's husband that did kill the king,  
And o'er the murderer's soul swept horror's freezing wing.'

But how admirable is the closing scene, which we shall now quote!—

*Rhin.* Alas, how fare'st thou now? Darkness hath chas'd

The dreadful paleness from thy face; thine eye,  
Upturn'd, displays its white; thy cheek is laced  
With quivering tortuous folds; thy lip, awry,  
Snails, as thou tear'st the straw; the speechless stem  
Frowns on thy brow, where drops of agony  
Stand thick and headlike; and, while all thy form  
Is crumpled with convulsion, threateningly  
Thou breathest, smiting th' air, and writhing like a worm.

*Both.* Treason! in arms?—Sire, ye are curious all  
To Mary's marriage did ye not consent?  
Do you deny your signatures? this scrawl  
Of your vile names! True, I do not repeat  
That I divorc'd my wife to wed the queen;  
True, I hate Mar; true, I scorn Huntley's bawl;  
True, I am higher now than I have been—  
And will remain so, though your heads should fall.  
Craig, of the nasal twang, who pray'st at so well!  
Glencairn, of th' icy eye, and fawny hide!  
If I am prouder than the princes of hell,  
Are ye all meaner than ye have no paid!  
My merit is my crime. I love my sword,  
And that high sin for which the angels fell;  
But still agrees my action with my word;  
That yours does not so, let rebellion tell.

My comrades, whose brave deeds my heart thrills,  
Be jocund!  
By heav'n, their cowardice hath sold us here!  
Ha! dastards, terror quell'd as by a charm,  
What! steal ye from the field?—My sword for that,  
Mary! and courage for his cause!—  
Shall now decide the contest!—Can it be?  
Did Lindsay claim the fight?—and still when he?  
He lives, and I to say it. Hell's black night  
Lower'd o'er my soul, and Darnley scowl'd as I came;  
And Mary would not let her coward fight,  
But bade him barter all for infamy;  
Dishonour'd, yet unburied; Morton's face  
Wrinkled with insult; while, with cover'd brow,  
Bravest Kirkaldy mourn'd a foe's disgrace;  
And Murray's mean content was mutter'd low.  
Pale, speechless, Mary wept, almost ashamed  
Of him she mourn'd. Flash'd o'er my cheek the glow  
Of rage against myself; and undrawn'd,  
Worse than my reputation, and not slow,  
I left my soul behind, and fled in wordless woe.

Then ocean was my home, and I became  
Outcast of human kind, making my prey  
The pallid merchant; and my wither'd name  
Was leagu'd with spoil, and havoc, and dismay,  
Fear'd, as the lightning fiend, on steed of flame,  
The Arab of the sky. And from that day  
Mary I saw no more. Sleepless desire  
Wept; but she came not, even in dreams, to me,  
(Until this hour.) All hopeless wretch, expectant

Of my last conflict, where the captive's chain  
Made me acquainted with despair! scarce  
Ocean, then smock'd at my bitterness of pain,  
For thou, too, saw'st me vanquished, yet not slain!  
White billow, know'st thou Scotland! did my eye  
For ever upon the shell on her fond breast



There hast thou stoop'd, the sea-weed grey to fret !  
 Or glass'd the pebble with thy crystal hand !  
 I am of Scotland. Dear to me the sand  
 That sparkles where my infant days were nur'd !  
 Dear is the violet-wood of that wild land  
 Where I have been so happy, so accurs'd !  
 Oh, tell me, hast thou seen my lady stand  
 Upon the moonlight shore, with troubled eye,  
 Looking towards Norway ? did'st thou gaze on her ?  
 And did she speak of one far thence, and sigh ?  
 Oh, that I were, with thee, a passenger  
 To Scotland, the bleas'd Thule, with a sky  
 Changeful, like women ! would, oh, would I were !  
 But vainly hence my frantic wishes fly—  
 Who reigns at Holyrood ? Is Mary there ?  
 And does she sometimes shed, for him once lov'd, a tear ?  
 Farewell, my heart's divinity ! To kiss  
 Thy sad lip into smiles of tenderness ;  
 To worship at that stainless shrine of bliss ;  
 To meet th' ecstasies of thy warm caress ;  
 To be the prisoner of thy tears ; to bless  
 Thy dark eyes' weeping passion ; and to hear  
 The word, or sigh, soul-toned, or accentless,  
 Murmur for one so vile, and yet so dear ;  
 Alas, 'tis mine no more !—Thou hast undone me, Fear !

With what satisfaction do we look back to our early notice of the writer of this poem—a notice written in no poor spirit of condescending patronage, but of warm and hearty admiration. That the fame which he has now attained would be his certain reward, we then felt assured: we ventured boldly to place him in the foremost rank of those who would win for themselves an unifying reputation; and nobly is he fulfilling our prediction.

The portrait which is to accompany the work is not quite to our taste: the artist appears to have exaggerated rather than softened down the peculiarities of the face; and the engraving is too hard, and the background too heavy, to please us;—yet, with all its faults, it is most welcome.

*A Topographical Dictionary of Great Britain and Ireland.* By John Gorton—the Irish and Welsh Articles by G. N. Wright, M.A. London: Chapman & Hall.

THIS very valuable work is now complete. We do not pretend to have examined it with laborious attention, but, so far as personal knowledge has enabled us to test its accuracy, we have found the information given abundant and satisfactory. The principle on which the work has been compiled, is original and most excellent; and the maps which accompany it (fifty-two altogether) are clear, and, from our faith in Mr. Sydney Hall, the engraver, we have no doubt, very correct. To make the work as complete as possible, an Analysis of the Reform and Boundary Bills has been added.

#### ORIGINAL PAPERS

##### COMMITTEE ON DRAMATIC LITERATURE.

It pleased the House of Commons during the last session, in consequence of several desponding petitions, on the subject of the drama, or rather on some personal losses or annoyances, experienced through the depressed state of the drama, to appoint a Committee of its Members to see into the matter. It also pleased the Committee to meet twelve several times, and to put to some few impartial, and to several prejudiced people, 4197 questions, in certain allotments. We must confess, that we have seldom seen an inquiry pushed on with a greater display of unwillingness on the part of the inquirers, and of divided opinion and interested assertion on the side of the respondents, than on the present occasion. The evidence, as it stands, has something of the character of an English chorus, in which each individual bearing a part, sings out for himself, and only to his

own satisfaction. It is pretty clear, that the gentlemen of the Committee commenced their interesting task with a tolerable unacquaintance (if we may emasculate ignorance into such a word,) of theatrical affairs, of the construction of the law as it stands, and of the powers of the Chamberlain, and of those in authority under him. On some of these points, by collision of actors and managers, a few sparks of light have been elicited: but the examinations of Mr. Mash, of the Chamberlain's office—of Mr. Collier—Mr. Colman, the Licensor—Mr. Halls, the magistrate—and Mr. Settle, the common-law clerk of Messrs Lowdham & Company, the solicitors, have left the true construction of the law, as at present existing, as unattained a point to the Committee, the public, and themselves, as the North Pole is at present to any other government explorer. The report shows, that the Committee have arrived at conclusions on the whole conflicting mass of evidence before them, with singular alacrity and ingenuity; for when we read of the results arising from the twelve days Burleigh shake of the Evidence's head—we are marvellously surprised, that there was so much meaning in it. Without an arrangement of the points on which the evidence was to be taken, or a marshalling of witnesses, (which the commonest lawyer thinks it essentially necessary to attend to in the commonest cause for trial,) a cluster of performers, managers, authors, and others, is got together; and a random fire of questions upon the unprepared and unfortunate body, is kept up through the twelve glorious days of June and July, until the whole party is dispersed or left senseless. It will not be unamusing, we think, briefly to refer to the bearing of the evidence of each witness.

Mr. Mash, of the Chamberlain's Office, opens the ball with a matchless display of blundering and ignorance—and all we can really gather is, an admission from himself of his having received an annual allowance from Drury Lane Theatre, to which he had no right. Mr. Winston states the regular drama to be, "tragedy, comedy, and everything on the stage." Mr. Collier,—who really appears to have prepared himself with a good deal of very ancient information, and who, as Laporte said of old Frederick Reynolds, "is a clever man forty years ago,"—gave a luminous account of the office of the Master of the Revels, an account interesting to the curious, though useless to the Committee, and some fairish criticism (a little too positive, perhaps,) on the acting drama, and on actors. He, however, having acted as Licensor pro tem. for Mr. Colman, admitted an ignorance of the powers of the Chamberlain, or of his censor. Mr. Dunn unavoidably demolished the Drury Lane licence. Mr. Collier explained. Mr. C. Kemble showed the worthlessness of the Covent Garden Patent, and stuck manfully up for monopoly—large stages, and earlier dinner hours. Mr. Arnold, who has a medium theatre, something between a major and a minor, has a difficult course to pursue. He would have the greater theatres preserved—but he would have the minor theatres classified and arranged. He does not complain of the large houses—he does not complain of the minors—so that they are not increased in number in Westminster:—he only thinks it would be proper,

that he should have a twelvemonth's licence, and liberty to play farces. Mr. Colman is in a fog throughout—he is licensor under the Act; he receives fees; he cuts out angels; but he does not know the powers with which he is invested—the origin of his office—the authority for his fees—or the duties he has to perform. He abuses Mr. Hawes, for having "placarded and blackguarded him," about the Oratorio licence; and feelingly laments the wickedness of his youth. Suggestion for improvement, alack! he has none! Mr. Dunn, in a second act of his examination, speaks in favour of the legitimate drama, and announces the interesting and odd fact, that the "The Lions paid their expenses." Mr. Davidge, of the Cobourg Theatre, complains of the law, and of having himself been selected for prosecution—praises the Cobourg as a pattern for theatres, and is all for open trade, conceiving he should be benefited by the change. Mr. Kean, having succeeded on a moderate stage to all his best fame, is for a larger theatre; and protests, that the one shilling gallery is the place to see the effect of a play. Mr. Dowton "renounces" him—declaring, that the great stages are the ruin of an actor. Mr. Braham, having made a fortune at Drury Lane and Covent Garden, is all for the Cobourg—thanks God he is not a proprietor of a theatre—choosing wisely to be grateful, for being the *plucker* instead of the *plucked*—and mystifies the Committee about the keynote in a house, which rings like the sound of your finger on a tumbler. Mr. Osbaldiston, proprietor of the Surrey Theatre, is for melo-drama, the regular drama (according to Winston's definition, we presume), and the Surrey Theatre. Captain Forbes, one of the proprietors of Covent Garden, is vehement on the side of vested rights, and against Mr. Halls, the magistrate, who would not convict—complains of Mr. Lowdham's bills for procrastinated and profitless law—calculates his proprietary pocket to be picked at the rate of 20,000*l.* per annum by the swell mob of the minors—and goes into accounts interesting only to the Covent Garden proprietors. Mr. Serle, the author of 'The Merchant in London,' offers some modest, sensible remarks on the monopoly, and is for restriction, although he has not been much the better for the majors. He is for fair competition; and, with much reason to be prejudiced on the question, he is the fairest and most dispassionate observer we have met with. Mr. Serle's notion of a theatrical lottery is not without its merit, and has, therefore, probably had little weight with the Committee. M. Laporte's evidence, in which he complains of the German Opera as prejudicing Covent Garden, is odd, when, subsequently to the giving it, it is understood that he has become the lessee of the King's Theatre, and has applied to the Lord Chamberlain for permission to perform the German Opera at that house—thus attempting what Lord Lowther terms an opposition against himself. Mr. Beazley gives the sizes of the theatres, and of their prices for his pieces. Mr. Macready considers five-act plays, belonging to the great theatres, as constituting the legitimate drama (a sad cut at poor Mr. Winston's definition), and he is for small theatres for some plays, and large theatres for others. Mr. Morris, of the Haymarket Theatre, states, that Mr. Kean said the size of the Hay-

market was "more congenial to his wish" than that of the large theatres. Mr. Morris is for the right of playing 'The Hunchback' at his house, and for a government remuneration for his losses. Mr. Morton, reader to Drury Lane Theatre, and dramatic author, speaks in both characters, and candidly states his disinclination to see his own plays. Mr. T. P. Cooke is favourable to 'Black-Eye'd Susan,' and the Surrey Theatre. He is anxious for protection for melo-dramas at the minor theatres. Mr. Morris is heard further, and at a serious length, on the liberal prices paid to authors by himself. Mr. Jerrold is then heard on the subject of 'The Rent Day' and authorship in general; and Mr. Swift, of the Tower, having turned his mind to this subject "for the last three months," gives the results of his experience at some length—his evidence is in favour of open trade. Mr. Mathews is kindly disposed towards the great theatres, but against the Strand Theatre and other unlicensed houses; and he is for defining the pieces to be played at particular places. He thinks good legitimate plays will revive a taste for the drama, which he contends is "not dead, but asleep." He is against the lions at the theatre, as a disgrace to the Stage (although he was the first to introduce the elephant to the public as a dramatic performer), and yet he was opposed to a burlesque piece at the Adelphi, which exposed the original abomination to contempt. Mr. Eugene M'Carthy follows, and Mr. Moncrieff follows Mr. M'Carthy. Mr. Moncrieff is for a better mode of remuneration to authors, and regrets having written 'Don Giovanni,' he having only obtained 10% for that entertaining immorality. He is for a censorship. Mr. Bartley is against the small theatres, and is stage-manager of Covent Garden. He thinks the school of acting is gone. Mr. Bartley praises 'The Hunchback' as cheap, simple, and legitimate. Mr. Minshull, the magistrate, of Bow Street, is heard at great length on the subject of late dinners, and the laws relating to theatrical affairs, which, he states, he does not yet understand, having not yet had his attention called to them. Mr. Poole is good and dissatisfied, and offers to give a definition of the legitimate drama, by negative, which would be binding in law. Mr. Peake is heard on the difficulty of making a five-act comedy, and Mr. Settle, of the house of Lowdham & Company, details the difficulties of getting up a badly-arranged piece of law, which was damned, and of the great price paid for it. Mr. Ogden, one of the dear disinterested audience, is heard in fine words about the legitimate drama, being "rescued from the monopoly," and on "the native loveliness" of Milton's 'Comus,' as a stock-piece. Mr. Halla, the magistrate, wrong as he often is, is right in his view of the case brought before him, and of the evidence he required; and nothing could have been easier or more correct than for that evidence to have been produced.

Mr. Francis Place, of Charing Cross, expoundeth his own pamphlet, on the rebuilding of Drury Lane—and is, of course, against all monopoly. He is opposed to licensing plays, and thinks licensing theatres should be compulsory on the Chamberlain—Messrs. Raymond and Wilkins, two country managers, are averse to remunerating authors—but are for doing something in the case of the 'Hunchback.' Mr. Planché is for the French

mode of remunerating authors; and Mr. Morton comes forward again in rather a poetically prepared state, and gives Shakespeare's and his own opinion on large theatres. He thinks Kean is not so good at the Haymarket as at Covent Garden or Drury Lane; and a few folio pages of opinions on actors succeeding each other follow. Mr. Moore, the hatter, trustee for Mr. Harris, is heard in favour of monopoly, and talks rather like old Mr. Hamlet, with "his beaver up." Mr. Kenney is for a classification of theatres, and not for unlimited power to every house to act what it pleased. He is great, and naturally so, upon his own pocket sufferings as an author. The evidence of Mr. Elton, one of the tragic actors of the minor theatres, is for small theatres against large ones—and he thinks the power of playing the legitimate drama should be given unrestrictedly to other theatres as well as the large ones. This is a very, very brief summary of the evidence—upon which the report (which has appeared in the daily papers,) is grounded. Thus, it will be seen, that twelve days have been expended by a grave Committee of the House of Commons, in examining nearly forty gentlemen, whose opinions no one person connected with theatricals, could have found a difficulty in detailing in one half hour. The only point on which there is an unanimity of opinion, is respecting the great value of Mr. Knowles's play of the 'Hunchback.'

We are compelled, from the length to which we have extended these observations already, to postpone a few select whimsicalities in the way of question and answer—and a remark or two which we are desirous of making upon the law as it stands, as well as upon the law as we think it should stand, until our next number.

#### POLAR EXPEDITION.

The fate of Capt. Ross and his companions has, at last, awakened public attention. A highly respectable meeting took place on Thursday, at which it was determined, that immediate steps should be taken to fit out an expedition to ascertain the fate of the enterprising traveller and his gallant companions: and (so far as may be found practicable with due consideration of the main object,) to perfect the survey of the north-eastern American coast. Government, it appears, have consented to grant 2,000*l.* towards the outfit, conditionally, that 3,000*l.* be subscribed by the public; Capt. Back, an officer acquainted with the country has volunteered to command the expedition; the Hudson's Bay Company have voted 500*l.*, to be expended in establishing depôts of provisions; a liberal subscription was immediately entered into by those present, and no doubt can be entertained that the required amount will be forthwith raised.

We were the first to call public attention to the possible fate of Captain Ross and his companions, (see *Athenæum*, No. 238,) assured, that the subject required only to be brought before the public to insure success, to any rational plan that might be devised for aiding them in their hour of peril, or ascertaining their melancholy fate if they have perished. To neglect this, would have drawn down upon the nation everlasting disgrace. To know that a bold and venturesome party of our countrymen had embarked in an expedition, which in its success, would add more honour to their country than benefit to themselves—to know, that since they sailed little or nothing had been heard of them, and that they may, at this moment, be dragging on a

miserable existence in the most inclement climate of the world—to know this, and not put forth a helping hand, but leave them to perish without one solitary effort for their relief, would be disgrace to human nature itself, much more to a nation proud of its civilization, and first in spirit and noble enterprise. The cause of humanity and science is, however, now exposed; and it is the moral duty of every one to come forward in its support.

#### TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

A prospectus of a *Dublin University Calendar* has been sent us, which, in addition to the ordinary information contained in such registers, promises to supply "a correct account of the constitution of the College, the plan of education pursued in the University, and the duties of those who propose to obtain academic degrees." Such a publication has been long wanted, and is not less likely to be interesting to the English than to the Irish public, especially as of late years the Dublin University has received a great accession of students from the northern and western counties of England. We have been long anxious to say a few words respecting the Dublin College, and gladly avail ourselves of this opportunity.

The seminary, being at once a College and a University, does not enforce residence as a necessary qualification for degrees; there are quarterly examinations to ascertain whether information has been acquired, and if the result be satisfactory to the examiners, the place where the information has been obtained, is, as it ought to be, a matter of indifference.

Nor is this the only difference between the English and Irish Universities: Dublin opens its gates to dissenters of every denomination, and refuses to them no collegiate honours, except those which, by statute, are connected with the ecclesiastical discipline of the University. Hence there have been many instances of collegiate friendships softening the asperities of the mixed political and religious controversies that have convulsed Ireland, and preserving a link of social connexion when all other bonds have been broken. It must ever be lamented that the Irish Parliament did not take advantage of this liberality, and, instead of erecting a College at Maynooth, found a Catholic faculty in the Dublin University for the education of the Catholic priesthood. But it is useless to speculate on what might have been—our present purpose is to describe what is, and give a brief sketch of the course of education pursued in the University, unjustly stigmatized as the "Silent Sister."

Candidates for admission to the University are examined in a prescribed course of Greek and Latin, nor can any become students by bringing testimonials of proficiency or private recommendations. The names of those admitted are classed in the order of their merits,—a modern custom that has excited a useful spirit of emulation in the Irish schools: first place at entrance is almost the only honour in which the schoolmaster has an incontestable claim to a share; those in other parts of the course belong more properly to the College tutor. The entrance course is, at present, rather meagre; but, for reasons that we shall have a better opportunity of stating, there are good grounds for hoping that this will be speedily remedied.

In the first, or Junior Freshman year, the students are examined four times by the Fellows; the class is divided into divisions of about forty each; two examiners, one in science, and one in classics, are assigned to each division, and the examination continues two days, from eight in the morning to ten, and from two to four, each day. Premiums are assigned to the best answerers in each division; but the person who gets a premium in the beginning of the year

cannot get another until the following year; if superior to the person who gets the premium at the second examination, he receives a certificate. The June certificate is contested by the January and Easter prize-men; the October certificate, justly deemed an honour of some importance, is given to the best of those who have previously obtained premiums. A certain proficiency in classics is necessary to the gaining of a science premium, and *vice versa*. The classics of each examination are a prescribed Greek and Latin book; the science of the first year is a miserable tract on logic, and Euclid to the end of the third book.

It would be a manifest improvement to place the entire of Euclid in one early examination, so as to compel the Irish schoolmasters to make the mathematics a necessary part of their instructions, and thus benefit those pupils, who, though not designed for College, receive their education at a classical school.

The routine of the second, or Senior Freshman year, is exactly similar to the preceding. The classics are of a higher order; the science consists of the sixth book of Euclid, a brief compendium of algebra, and the whole of Locke.

The improvements that we should suggest in this part of the course are the substitution of an analysis of Locke, Reid, Stewart, Browne, &c., for Locke's own work; an analysis, also, which, besides the parts essential for examination, should contain such an account of the principal writers on metaphysics, both at home and abroad, as would serve for a guide and direction to those who may wish to prosecute their inquiries farther than others. We should also recommend some notice to be taken of the higher mathematics, and especially analytic trigonometry, as introductory to the study of astronomy.

In the third, or Junior Sophister year, the number in each division is diminished, and, for some incomprehensible reason, there are no longer separate honours for classics and science. The consequence is, that classics are rather generally neglected, or only studied so far as to save the prize-man from getting a disqualifying mark. The science of the third year consists of Brinkley's Astronomy, and Lloyd's Dynamics, two of the very best scientific treatises in the language; and Stack's Optics, of which we cannot give quite so favourable a character.

In the fourth, or Senior Sophister year, the preceding routine is observed. The science of the year is ethics, viz. Burlamaqui's Natural Law, Butler's Analogy, Leland and Porteus on the Evidences of Christianity, and Tully's Offices; a course the deficiencies of which are more obvious than the means by which they are to be remedied. In all the examinations after the first, the students are examined in the back-science; and a deficiency in any part of it disqualifies just as much as a deficiency in the immediate subject of the examination.

It is necessary to pass five examinations to save the freshman, and six to save the sophister years; consequently, each student, before taking his degree, must have been present at eleven out of sixteen examinations.

The worst defect of the classical course, and it is one of recent growth, is the want of an historical examination. This might be easily remedied, and it is, indeed, one of the first improvements we anticipate.

The Scholars and Fellows have, by the statutes, certain duties to perform in the College chapel, and therefore these honours are confined to those who profess the established religion. The heads of the College are not over strict in examining the strength of a candidate's faith, the only test they require is the receiving of the Sacrament; and as many Catholics feel no scruples on this subject, it is not unusual to find Catholic teachers who have been Scholars in College.

Scholarship is freely open to competition;

Dublin has no Foundation Scholarships or Fellowships, and we trust will ever be free from them. The candidates are examined in all the classics read from entrance to the Easter examination. They are examined two days, as at the quarterly examinations, by the seven senior Fellows and the Provost. The greatest defect in this is, that the examinations are *viâ voce*, and as there are frequently one hundred and twenty candidates, it follows, that each examinee has exactly four minutes for each person;—supposing the examiner to be the shrewdest of mortals, this is rather a small allowance of time for discovering the extent of a candidate's knowledge. Dr. Wall—whom the world deem eccentric, because he is in the habit of doing generous acts, and refusing thanks, and making useful improvements, while he has a morbid dread of fame—on one occasion introduced the decided amelioration of a written examination. The true plan would be, for each examiner to prepare lists of questions, and have them printed at such an hour as to render it impossible that they should be seen by the candidates before they appeared in the hall; an hour should then be set apart for answering the questions of the several lists: and thus there would be a better criterion established, the examiner would be spared infinite trouble, and employment given to each of the examined for eight hours, instead of thirty-two minutes.

The Fellowship examination is a subject too important to be discussed in the little space left us. We reserve that, and the divinity course, for some future opportunity. We must at present content ourselves with enumerating the prizes beyond the regular course given by the University.

At the last examination before graduating, all who have got premiums during their course in science are examined together, and so also are the classical prize-men: the medals given to the best answers are the highest honours to which undergraduates can aspire.

Prizes for compositions in verse are given to undergraduates, and for compositions in prose to graduates, from a fund arising out of fees formerly paid to the Vice-Chancellor.

Prizes for extempore speaking, for prepared compositions in divinity, and for reading the Liturgy, are given to graduates below the standing of Masters of Arts.

On a comparison of the three Universities, we are persuaded that, though Oxford and Cambridge have produced more men remarkable for very superior attainments, yet that the average of information acquired by the entire body of students is greater in Dublin.

The expenses of education in the Irish University are unusually moderate; the entrance fees are about 15*l*., and the annual sum paid to the College, public professors, &c. averages about 14*l*. annually. The rent of chambers is almost ridiculously low; and commons cost about 10*s*. per week.

Every student entering College chooses one of the Fellows as his tutor, the fees paid to whom are included in the sum above mentioned. The tutor lectures each class of his pupils one hour a day during term—non-residents, of course, derive no benefit from these lectures, but their tutor usually sends them a quarterly letter of directions, as to books and parts of books that best merit their attention. Private tuition of a very high order may be had at a very moderate price; and, in general, the private tutors are among the most estimable characters to be found in Irish society.

In this description of the Dublin University, we have found much to praise, and little to blame; but we confidently anticipate a time, when we shall find more scope for eulogy, and no opportunity for censure. Dr. Lloyd, the present Provost, has already achieved the greatest

revolution ever effected by a single individual in a literary institution. He created the mathematical fame of the Dublin University. This revolution, too, he achieved when he was destitute of station and official power, and when those to whom every innovation was odious were "towering in their pride of place." He has thus given the world pledges of his devotion to reform—pledges also, which all the information we receive from Dublin, proves him anxious to redeem. There has been of late an unusual number of vacancies in the junior board; and all the new Fellows are honourably distinguished by an anxious zeal to raise the character of the University, and to have its members known to the world for something better than spouting at political clubs, and contesting with demagogues, the palm in tribunician oratory.

We heartily wish them success. This paper has ever devoted its columns to support the great cause of intellectual improvement in England; and we shall ever be ready to prove, by word and deed, that we are far from indifferent to the promotion of the same great object in the sister kingdom.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

WE hear from Italy, that Niccolini, the admired author of 'Antonio Foscarini,' and 'John of Procida,' is on the eve of setting the finishing hand to his new tragedy of 'Lodovico il Moro'—an episode in the history of that contentious and restless scion of the house of the Sforzas, Dukes of Milan, who raised the whole of Italy against the encroachments of the French and Imperialists, at the close of the fifteenth century. Independently of this venture in poesy, Niccolini has been long engaged on a 'History of the Sicilian Vespers,' in which much original information may be expected, from the author's access to a variety of Sicilian MSS. and chronicles, many of which have never before been consulted. The Italian literati too are expecting with some impatience, a new commentary on the 'Divina Commedia,' from the pen of Tommaséo, a young scholar of proven fitness for the task; and Professor Ciampi, one of the most learned Hellenists and virtuosi of Italy, is occupied in bringing out a very ancient codex of Albertano's Moral Essays, which will show how much is yet to be done towards the study and illustration of the olden dialect of Italy. With a view to throw light on the origin of the Italian language, and its progress to the present times, Toselli, of Bologna, is publishing, in occasional parts, his 'Origine della Lingua Italiana,' which, in spite of many fanciful speculations, contains disquisitions of no mean value.

The announcements of new works at home—now we have seen the reviews and magazines—are not so numerous as we were led to believe. The great men of the Row and elsewhere, are almost idle. It is the young beginners only that are stirring. Moxon in a week or so, will publish Mad. d'Arblay's 'Memoirs of Dr. Burney;' they contain, we hear, anecdotes and sketches of Goldsmith, Garrick, Burke, Bruce, Boswell, Johnson, Reynolds, and other eminent men of the days of Burney: also an account of the publication of Mad. d'Arblay's first novel 'Evelina.' The *Quarterly Review* contains some capital articles; one on the Greek poetry, is remarkable for a peculiar feeling in matters of verse, as well as for research and learning:

there are also some bits—not gentle ones—respecting the monopoly of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. Washington Irving, we are told, is at the head of an American Mission, to regulate the affairs of the Indians; he is looked for in London sometime in spring.

Allan proposes to publish, by subscription, a print from his fine painting of Sir Walter Scott in his study at Abbotsford; the size of the engraving will be sixteen by thirteen inches, and it is to be executed by one every way competent for the task, John Burnet. There is so much character in the work, that we are convinced it will engrave well—much better, indeed, than a picture which depended for attraction on its gaudy colours.

And now for a word of caution to the prudent; let them draw tight their purse strings, for it will require more than common forbearance to withstand Turner's forthcoming Annual. The engravings are splendid. We have been favoured with a sight of many of the proof plates, and know nothing in the way of book illustration that comes up to their promise. Of the 'Book of Beauty' we have also seen several proofs; they are exquisitely delicate, and not unworthy the bold title of the work.

## SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

### ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THE monthly meeting was held in Bruton Street, on Thursday last, Lee Thornton, Esq., in the chair.—The Secretary's report stated the balance in hand to be 1065*l.* 12*s.* 10*d.*, after payment of all expenses, and the investment of one-fifth of the whole receipts of the month as usual. The number of visitors to the Gardens during October, exceeded 13,000, and the recent acquisitions to the menagerie were considered highly interesting, including two African Antelopes, the M'hor of the natives, (*Antelope dama*, of Pallas); a pair of Deer from Barbary; an animal allied to the Ichneumon, called the *Mamque*; from the same locality, (*Croparchus obscurus*, of F. Cuvier); and three Beavers; these last were presented by the Hudson's Bay Company.

### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

|            |  |
|------------|--|
| MONDAY,    | London Philological Society Eight, P.M.<br>Medical Society.....Eight, P.M.   |
| TUESDAY,   | Linnean Society.....Eight, P.M.<br>Horticultural Society.....One, P.M.   |
| WEDNESDAY, | Geological Society.....P. 8, P.M.<br>Royal Society of Literature.....Three, P.M.<br>Society of Arts.....P. 7, P.M. |
| FRIDAY,    | Astronomical Society.....Eight, P.M.   |
| SATUR.     | Westminster Medical Society Eight, P.M.  |

## FINE ARTS

### WINTER EXHIBITION OF THE WORKS OF DECEASED AND LIVING BRITISH ARTISTS,

*Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East.*

It is something new to exhibit the pictures of deceased masters in art along with those of painters now living; the step is a bold and a venturesome one: it enables the public to judge between the quick and the dead, and it shows our rising artists the height they must scale before they can achieve a place in fame with their elder brethren. It is rather a severe trial, we think, for the living; time has not only mellowed the hues, and harmonized the effect of the older pictures, but those who painted them come to the trial in the fulness of their fame; and, were the merits of both equal, still the world is always ready to ascribe a higher degree of talent to those who have passed to

their place, than to those who live to challenge present praise and paint for more. On looking over the galleries, we could not help thinking that in this race of comparison some of the living artists have acquitted themselves well; but we think, at the same time, that in several instances more attention is paid to splendour of colour than to originality of character; this censure applies with considerable force to sundry specimens of portrait; but at present we have no desire to be critical, nor to lessen the praise due to the Society of British Artists, who have prepared for us this agreeable treat. The collection is interesting and varied; so old and so new; so merry and so serious; so commonplace and so poetic. To those who wish only to while away a heavy hour, this collection will be acceptable; while those who take such matters more seriously may not unprofitably compare Wilson with Barrett, Reynolds with Lawrence, Opie with Northcote, Gainsborough with Morland, West with Fuseli, and Rosaney with Hoppner. With Hogarth they will find none to compare—

None but himself can be his parallel.

There are some five hundred pictures exhibited in all, and of these many are furnished by the elder worthies of British painting. There are thirteen by Reynolds, seven by Gainsborough, six by Wilson, about as many by Lawrence, and sundry by Opie, Northcote, Romney, Hoppner, West, Fuseli, Morland, Jackson, Bonington, Harlow, Mortimer, Liverseege, Raeburn, and two by one who died much too soon, James Burnet. Even works of men of older date have been laid under contribution: there are ladies by Lely; portraits by Walker and Dobson; and heads and other matters by Hogarth. Of the works of the deceased brethren it is our duty to speak first: the heads by Dobson and Walker have great merit, both in character and colour; there is a roughed-in picture of the Happy Marriage, by Hogarth, which will be much looked at, were it only for an exquisite group of fiddlers in the back-ground; there is a conversation piece of his also, which we recommend to the consideration of all who are of opinion that he could not paint portraits; his head, too, of Thomson the poet is not amiss, and one of an old woman is excellent. There are landscapes by Wilson—one in particular, placed beside a scene by his rival, Barrett, which, in point of poetic grandeur, excels all else around: nor should the 'Waggon crossing the Brook,' by Gainsborough, be forgotten when truth and nature are talked about; it has been chosen by Major for the next number of his Cabinet Gallery. One small scene, by James Burnet, with cattle in it, is equal to anything of the same nature in the room. The portraits of the Duke of Leinster, and sundry ladies, give us a good example of Reynolds; while the late Queen, and the Princess Charlotte, and others, by Lawrence, enable us to judge of the relative merits of the presidents. On the whole, we have been both pleased and instructed with the sight of this collection—the beginning is fair, and we hope he speculation will be prosperous.

## MUSIC

*The Musical Gem for 1833.* London: Mori & Lavenue.

THE present volume is fully equal to any of its predecessors. The music is well selected, comprising compositions by Beethoven, Hummel, Moscheles, Czerny, Herz, Mendelssohn, Auber, Lee, Horn, Neukomm, Vaccaj, Mad. Cinti Damoreau, Mad. Malibran, &c. The vocal pieces, with which we have been best pleased, are 'The Confiding Heart,' by Mendelssohn, and 'The Forget-Me-Not,' by Schubert. The embellishments consist of well executed lithographic portraits (with memoirs) of Mad. Schroe-

der Devrient, Mad. Cinti Damoreau, Mad. Stockhausen, and Henri Herz. The volumes are altogether very handsomely got up, and will be a most acceptable present to any young musical friend.

## THEATRICALS

### DRURY LANE.

WE are somewhat surprised that several days have passed without any of the daily Papers having noticed so important a theatrical fact, as a change in the Lessee-ship of this Theatre. The new lessee, it appears, is Ben Jonson. We mention this solely on the authority of the play-bill, which we here quote.

"[BEN JONSON]

"The Lessee of this Theatre, anxious to present the standard dramas of England, with the united strength of the company, announces the revival of Every Man in his Humour."

We have no remarks to offer upon the prospect of improvement, or otherwise, which this change holds out. We shall try the new lessee by his actions—and deliver our opinions upon them, with our wonted impartiality. Indeed, if we have any bias, it is in his favour, for we think him decidedly a clever man. At the same time we must remind him, that it would have been more modest, when announcing his intention of reviving the standard dramas of England, if he had not put one of his own plays first. The truth is not to be spoken at all times, and we can see no reason why Mr. Benjamin Jonson should speak it on the present occasion.

A new piece, which the bills describe as an operatic drama, has been produced at this theatre. Its title is 'The Doom Kiss,' and its story has been taken from one of those thousand legends which are so popular in romantic Germany, but which are extremely apt to be coldly received in matter-of-fact England. As well as we could see through the fog of the plot, it is (the plot—not the fog) something like this: A certain count while on earth, has done something to somebody which seems to militate against his own repose after he has left it; the "evil deed" having passed a kind of unkind sentence upon him; by which he is condemned to walk the earth until—but for further particulars inquire of the ghost of Hamlet's father. How "the kiss" was connected with this "doom," we could not exactly understand; but in some way it was, for Mr. Phillips informed us in so many words, that he was ordered to kiss Mr. Brindal. This custom of male salutations, so prevalent on the continent, is little agreeable to the notions of Englishmen—still less to those of English women. In the present instance, it does not appear to be so to the ladies of Germany, for one of them interferes, and effectually prevents the deed. We shall say no more of the piece itself, because we are not fond of finding fault, and prefer casting the matter short where there is nothing else to find. Of the music, we can conscientiously speak in terms of high praise, and we therefore hasten from the less to the more satisfactory part of our duty. The papers have long taunted Mr. Bishop with want of due effort and exertion in his art—we must admit, with some reason. Still, when he has at length awoke from his slumbers, and shown that he can be all he ever was, why should they withhold that applause which he honestly deserves? It is most unfortunate that the charming music of this piece should have so dull a mate in the dialogue, but why let composer suffer for the faults of the author? In France, in Italy, or in Germany, Mr. Bishop's genius and talent would be properly estimated, encouraged, and rewarded—

day, even in England, it will be yet—let him not despair—let him only wait patiently until a short time after his death, and then let him see, if he can, what a fuss will be made about him. We have a very high opinion of our country, and its men, but we have no patience with their coldness towards artists of high ability, while alive. If the occasion of Sir Walter Scott's visit to London had been seized to get up such honours to him as are now paying to his memory, the intense gratification it would have conferred upon him, might perhaps have given him renewed life—it would at least have been a source of pleasing contemplation to him while life and sense remained. Mr. Stanfield seldom misses any opportunity which the author may afford him "to show the glory of his art." In the present instance, he has been eminently successful. Mr. H. Phillips made his first appearance for the season in this piece, and it was hailed by the audience in a manner worthy of both parties. The merit of the characters were sustained to the topmost height of their respective deserts by the ladies and gentlemen to whom they were cast, and, had the author but done his duty one half as creditably as the actors, we should have had a pleasanter report to give of 'The Deem Kiss.'

## COVENT GARDEN.

A farce, in two acts, called 'The Clutterbacks; or, the Rail-Road of Love,' was played here for the first, but not the last time, on Wednesday night. Like the Liverpool Rail-Road, a view of which its first scene presented, it was hard, rattling, noisy, and long; but like it again—it was exciting, rapid, busy, and smooth. It was the first rail-road we ever saw without sleepers; the actors were awake to their business, and the audience was awake to their merits. The length of the piece was in a great measure compensated for, by the rapidity with which we were carried through it, and, being in no mood to go out of our way to find fault, we shall continue on the straight and easy line of praise, and let its demerits remain unnoticed in the *pass-by*. There is no occasion to occupy space and time with the details of a plot, which is as like the plots of fifty other farces, as one part of Chatterbox is to the other. The acting on all hands was good, but that of Mr. Jones and Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, was such as to raise the value of the shares in this rail-road, at least seventy-five per cent. Upon the whole, we recommend theatrical travellers to take one journey upon it, and try a sample.

Mr. Sheridan Knowles's Masque in honour of Sir Walter Scott followed, and was, as usual, loudly and deservedly applauded. It is in truth a charming and a touching production. We admire Mr. Knowles so much as an author that we can't help wishing he would not force us to think less of him as an actor;—or rather—we wish he would let us have to think less of him as an actor;—we prefer his plays before his playing—his masque before his face; and cannot help fancying that he is wronging himself when he is not writing. It is impossible for us to conclude a mention of this entertainment without offering Miss Taylor our hearty congratulations upon her having suddenly learned to hold herself upright—she always had a high opinion of her head, and we never lowered the one until she lowered the other. We trust never again to see her bent, except on keeping straight.

## OLYMPIC THEATRE.

'KILL OR CURE,' a one act farce, in which Mr. Liston, Mrs. Orger, and Mr. Webster, have the principal characters, was produced, and proved highly successful, here on Monday night. It is written by Mr. Charles Dance.

## MISCELLANEA.

*Improvement in Athens.*—Cleanthes, a native-born Greek, from the foot of Mount Olympus, after studying architecture for several years, at Berlin, has returned to his native soil, in company with a young German architect, and taken up his abode at Athens, where both of them have found ample employment in erecting dwellings and mansions for our enterprising fellow-countrymen, who have transferred their homes to this classic region. The young architects have built a handsome house in the European style, for their own accommodation, on the summit of the Acropolis, which commands a delightful prospect of the ruins of ancient Athens and its attractive environs. On this spot, they are busy collecting the perishing fragments of ancient sculpture, and are gradually rescuing the columns, friezes, and other remains, which are found inlaid in buildings of later construction, from their present hazardous and ignominious sites. They have already succeeded, without injury to the buildings themselves, in recovering a considerable number of these reliques, which belong to the remotest periods of Grecian art.

*Dante.*—A monument to the memory of this great poet, ennobled with colossal figures, has at length been erected in the church of the Holy Cross, at Florence, where the remains of many an illustrious scholar are already enshrined. "In order to appease his indignant shade," as a native resident observes, "the monument records its tardy erection in these words:—Dante, Alighiero Tusci honorarium tumulum, a majoribus ter frustra decretum, anno mccccxxix; feliciter excitantur." After many a fruitless endeavour to prevail upon the people of Ravenna to part with the poet's ashes, the dedication of this cenotaph to his memory was determined upon, so far back as the year 1802; but one difficulty or another constantly retarded its execution, until Stephen Ricci was at last enabled to take it in hand, about four years back.

*The Hospital and School of Industry of St. Michael's, at Rome.*—On the 29th of last month, this establishment was thrown open to public inspection, and a number of select specimens of the abilities of the pupils, brought up in it, were exhibited: amongst these, were four busts in marble, of Raphael, Michael Angelo, Bramante, and Mark Antony, which it is intended to place in the new hall of entrance. Independently of several paintings and engravings on copper and stone, which evinced considerable talent, the pupils for the first time exhibited printing types, and block-engravings, as well as proofs of their skill in the weaving of carpets, woollen yarns, cloths, and linens. Several of the most distinguished prelates in Rome were present at this interesting scene.

*Yellow Complexions.*—These are peculiarly characteristic of the Calmuc race; and they set so high a value upon a yellow skin, as to esteem it a signal proof of the divine favour. An ancient of one of the tribes being reproached with his "jaundiced coverlid," proudly retorted, that God had dealt him the same gracious measure of adornment, as to the fairest of his creations,—the sun, wheat, and gold.

*Habits of Animals.*—It has been asserted, from of old, that the river falcon (*Falco haliæetus*, Linn.) seizes at times upon fish of so large a size, that he is unable to carry it away with him, and is dragged under water by his prey, and drowned. Nor is it an uncommon thing to find the skeleton of this bird adhering to fish, which inhabit those pieces of water, to which he resorts. But, says the celebrated German naturalist, Brehm, I never could succeed in obtaining a proof of the fact, until the autumn of 1828.

On the 7th of October, in that year, a country man, who was walking near a pond, observed a large bird sitting on the edge of it: he approached the bird, and, to his great astonishment, found her perched upon a fish of very large size, from which she could not extricate herself. He crept as gently as he could close up to her, and threw his stick at her with so much force, as to break one of her wings. He then killed her, but found it an extremely difficult task to disengage her claws from the gills of the captive fish. The falcon was a female of the *Pendion alticeps* species, and I have given her a place in my collection, in common with a record of the extraordinary circumstances of her death. The same naturalist, when speaking of the wasp buzzard (*Pernis*, Cuvier), which draws out the sting of the insect before he swallows it, communicates an interesting extract from a letter, which he had received from a noble friend. "I was informed," says Baron de Seyffertitz, "that a large bird had been for some time sitting in my garden, hard at work. The next morning he returned to the spot as soon as it was light, and taking up my gun, I crept, under covert of a currant bush, to within twenty paces of him. I now perceived that he was at work on a wasp's nest, which lay underground, and labouring at it might and main. With a view to prevent too many wasps from coming out at a time, he closed the opening into the nest with one of his wings, sprung after the wasps, which were getting away with great nimbleness, beat them to the ground with his other wing, and then despatched them. He pursued this game until he had reached the nest itself; this he gradually pulled to pieces, devouring the poor insects as they turned up. My patience was by this time exhausted, and I shot him dead." This, adds Brehm, is an incontrovertible proof, that the wasp buzzard, as well as the fox, dig up wasp's nests from below the surface, and are each, in their way, very useful animals.—*From a Correspondent.*

*A Delicate Stomach.*—A Philadelphia paper says, "the lion lately imported would eat nothing but chickens during the voyage, and always turned up his nose at beef."

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

| Days of W. Mon. | Thermom. Max. Min. | Barometer. Noon. | Winds.       | Weather.  |
|-----------------|--------------------|------------------|--------------|-----------|
| Th. 25          | 36 43              | 30.30            | E.           | Cloudy.   |
| Fr. 26          | 40 54              | Stat.            | Var. to N.E. | Foggy.    |
| Sat. 27         | 42 58              | Stat.            | Ditto.       | Dry.      |
| Sun. 28         | 56 45              | 30.25            | Var. to S.W. | Mist.     |
| Mon. 29         | 67 37              | 30.95            | S.           | Ditto.    |
| Tues. 30        | 66 37              | 30.90            | S.W.         | Cloudy.   |
| Wed. 31         | 48 37              | 29.95            | S.W.         | Rain. &c. |

*Prevailing Clouds.*—Cirrostratus, Cumulostratus; Nights fair, except on Sunday and Wednesday; Mornings fair, except on Sunday.  
Mean temperature of the week, 45°.  
Day decreased on Wednesday, 6h. 50m.

## NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

Gifford's edition of Shirley, uniform with his Ben Jonson, and Massinger, will be published in December, with a new portrait engraved by Lupton.

A Sermon preached in the Parish Church of St. Helen, Bishopsgate, at the Commemoration of Sir Thomas Graham, by the Rev. W. M. Blencowe, M.A., late of Oriel College, Oxford.

A new work by the Author of 'Cavendish,' 'The Laureat': a Literary, Political, and Naval Estimate.

*Just published.*—New Readings of Old Authors, 1s. 6d.—Bishop Huntingford's Posthumous Works, 8vo. 12s.—Hinton's Harmony of Religious Truth, 12mo. 5s. 6d.—Donn's General System of Gardening and Botany, 4to. Vol. II. 8s. 12s.—Woodcock on Capital Punishment, 2s.—Illustrations to Volpy's Shakspeare, 4s.—Swinburne's Farmer's Account Book, new edition, 4to. 10s. 6d.—Showell's Housekeeper's Account Book, 1833, 4s.—Affordon's Gift, 1833, 3s.—Adcock's Engineer's Pocket Book, 1833, 4s.—Memoirs of Capt. Peter Heywood, R.N., 8vo. 9s.

*Erratum.*—The name of Percy was omitted as publisher to the 'Banks of the Loire,' noticed last week; it should have been PARS, Brighton.



## ADVERTISEMENTS

NEW WORK BY THE AUTHOR OF 'DARNLEY,' ETC.  
Just published, by Richard Bentley, New Burlington-street,  
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By Mrs. S. C. Hall, Author of 'Sketches of Irish Character,' &c.

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THE BRITISH MAGAZINE, NO. IX.  
For NOVEMBER, price 2s. is now ready.

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THE METROPOLITAN,  
For NOVEMBER 1,  
Edited by Captain MARRYAT, R.N. C.B.  
Contains, among many other interesting Articles:

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 1, Scraps from the Diary of a Traveller. By T. Moore, Esq. | 12, Newspaper Reporting                                   |
| 2, On Novels and Novel Writing                             | 13, The Separation  |
| 3, Naval Architecture                                      | 14, Clavering's Auto-Biography                            |
| 4, The Union Repealed                                      | 15, Epigram   |
| 5, Chit Chat   | 16, Specifying  |
| 6, Letter from Paris                                       | 17, The Adventures of Crispin Crip                        |
| 7, The Love-Letter   | 18, Earth's Lonely Desert                                 |
| 8, Mr. Canning   | 19, A Trip to the Mountains                               |
| 9, The Kiss  | 20, Napier  |
| 10, Peter Simple   | Reviews of Politics, New Works, Fine Arts, Drama, &c. &c. |
| 11, The Dying Troubadour                                   |   |
- Saunders and Otley, Public Library, Conduit-street; sold also by Bell and Bradfield, Edinburgh; Smith and Son, Glasgow; and F. W. Wakeman, Dublin.

This day was published,  
BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, NO. CCI. FOR NOVEMBER, 1832.  
Contents: Traditions of the Rabbin—Tom Cringle's Log, Chap. XV.; The Cruise of the Firebrand—The Supper of Calias—Glean on Landscape Gardening—James's History of Charlemagne—The Cholera Mount, by James Montgomery, Esq.—Lament of an Egyptian Princess, by Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley—Healed, No. III. The Shield of Hercules—The Working of the Bill—The State and Prospects of Whig Government—Notes Amrosian, No. LXIV.  
W. Blackwood, Edinburgh; and T. Cadell, London.

THE MONTHLY REPOSITORY, for NOVEMBER, price 1s. 6d. contains, 1, On the Intellectual Character of Sir Walter Scott—2, Notices of France, from the Commemorative-Book of an invalid—3, The Prayer of Noah—4, On the Studies and Public Ministry of F. V. Reinhard—5, Faust (Goethe's Works, No. VI.)—6, A Parable, by Miss H. Martineau—7, On the Morality of Andrew Marvell's Father—8, Sarraus on the Revolution of 1830—9, Orthodox and Unbeliever—10, Critical Notices.  
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## TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,

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CONTENTS:  
1, The Radical Poets—2, Life and Times of a Protocol, by Himself—3, The Bride of Marcellus—4, Mr. Hume and the Sun in Wigs—5, Raine Tourists—6, The Punishment of Death, No. II., by the Author of Anti-Draco—7, The Mad Tor's Song—8, The Irish Counsellor—9, Marriages are made in Heaven—10, Dr. Chalmers—11, The Town—12, The Funeral of Sir Walter Scott, by an Eye-witness—13, Dirge to his Memory—14, The Slave-holders, the Missionaries, and Mr. Jeremie—15, Scottish Voters, a Sketch from Real Life—16, The Good Old Tory Time—17, The Hare-hound and the Witch, by the O'Hara Family—18, Tait's Commonplace-book—19, Monthly Register.  
Printed for William Tait, Edinburgh; Simpkin and Marshall, London; and John Cumming, Dublin.

### NOTICES OF NO. VII. FOR OCTOBER.

The October number of *Tait* opens with an astounding lecture to the Ministry. The paper contains a deal of sterling and independent principle, as well as much talent. 'Night-burial at Sea' is a piece of fine pathetic poetry.—*Exeter Gazette*.

This periodical, for power of style and argument on political topics, originality in its miscellaneous department, and acute criticism in its literary notices, has already acquired a first-rate reputation.—*Bath Herald*.

*Tait's* political articles are intelligent, straightforward, and honest, in a most remarkable degree.—*Dundee Chronicle*.

*Tait* is advancing in a steady course of vigorous improvement. The spirit and independence of the political articles place the Anti-Ebony amongst the first upon the list. 'The Ministry and the People' is an excellent and candid examination into the pretensions of the Government, and an exposure of some of their recent transactions, which must cause them to change their policy. This number is the best *Tait* has issued.—*Tyne Mercury* (Newcastle).

'The Ministry and the People' is a powerfully written paper; and the article, 'Financial Reform,' is well worthy of notice.—*Plymouth Herald*.

This is the most varied and interesting number of the series. 'The Ministry and the People' is masculine, profound, bold, outspoken, and full of truths. 'Bentham and his Works' is what we have long desired to see. 'Financial Reform' is by Sir Henry Parnell—need we say more! Ireland and Scotland speak to us like homely, from experience, to political pedantry, and will have a powerful effect. 'The Gipsy Elegy' is excellent; and the papers on 'Rousseau' and 'Shelley' are the productions of philosophical minds, mellowed by sensibility, and guided by a pure and lofty taste. 'The Howdie' is full of quiet, rich, powerful humour, and ever and anon, flashes out with sparks of real genius. Who can doubt that it is Galt's! Mr. Tait's complete success in furnishing his country with a literary journal of first-rate variety and talent, and a political engine of noble purpose and lofty power, is now no longer problematical.—*Glasgow Free Press*.

The number of this excellent periodical for the present month should be read by every reformer and every lover of his country. It contains several political articles, written in a tone of independence, and with a degree of talent not often equalled.—*Cheltenham Gazette*.

This important magazine has now sent forth seven numbers. The strength and talent displayed in its literary department will render it a formidable opponent to Blackwood, on the only ground upon which he can claim public patronage.—*Western Times* (Exeter).

We would call upon the people to support Mr. Tait to the utmost of their power, in his fearless, and uncompromising advocacy.—*Dundee Advertiser*.

In the number before us there is much that commands attention, and no small portion that deserves praise.—*Exeter Flying Post*.

Of the thirteen articles which fill this number, there are no less than ten full of spirit and merit. The remarks on the 'Ministry and the People' are, generally speaking, very correct. The description of their half measures, whole extravagance, and complete want of knowledge of government, is a hard hit, because it is true.—*Derbyshire Courier*.

*Tait's Magazine* exercises a powerful sway in the country. 'Financial Reform' cannot fail to be useful; it is the work of practical, accomplished, enlightened mind.—*Glasgow Scots Times*.

We have perused the political papers of No. VII. with great pleasure, and strongly recommend them to serious consideration. They are written in a manly, straight-forward style.—*Dublin Times*.

We have read no paper of a political character deserving so much attention as that entitled the 'Ministry and the People.' It is a friendly remonstrance from those desiring the Ministry's continuance in office, and is meant as a wholesome warning.—*Edinburgh Observer*.

The number, altogether, is excellent.—*Aberdeen Observer*.

The October Number of *Tait* contains several excellent articles. We must admit that there is much justice in the censure cast upon the Ministry, and much truth in the advice given them as to their future conduct. There is a clear and able article on 'Financial Reform,' evidently from the pen of Sir Henry Parnell. 'Ireland and Scotland' is a powerful exhibition of the wrongs of Ireland. *Tait* maintains his character as the ardent and powerful friend of the people, and of freedom throughout the world.—*Leeds Mercury*.

The October number of this truly honest and most clever Magazine, contains many articles of great power and distinguished beauty, and places the relative situation of the Ministry and the people, at this moment, upon a ground from which the flatterers and the dependents of the Whigs will find it extremely difficult to dislodge the honest sturdy Scottish periodical.—*Dublin Morning Register*.

'Some Passages in the Life of John Bull' is replete with truth as it is with humor. We have laughed all our sides ached, at the ridiculous figure some of your great ones make in this dramatic article. 'Ireland and Scotland' should be read by every man who has a heart capable of one sympathetic throb.—*Kelso Chronicle*.

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## THE FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW,

This day is published, price 6s. No. XX. of

ART. 1. Chateaubriand's Works—2, Italian Pulpit Eloquence: State of Religion in Italy—3, German Origin of the Latin Language—4, Governor Morris's View of the French Revolution by an American Spectator—5, The Poets of Portugal, with translated Specimens—6, French Novels—7, Present Condition and Future Prospects of Steam Carriages—8, Scott's Italian Translation of Milton's Paradise Lost—9, Revolution of 1830: Government of Louis Philip—10, M. Douville and the Foreign Quarterly Review—11, Tait's Picture of Goethe—12, Locke's New Edition of Weistien's Greek Testament—13, Rankin on the Spanish Conspiracy against Verice in 1618—14, The Russian Police-Spy in Poland—Miscellaneous Literary Intelligence, No. XX., from France, Germany, Italy, Russia, Switzerland, and Oriental Literature.—List of the principal New Works published on the Continent from July to October.—Index to Vol. X.

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## ILLUSTRATIONS OF POLITICAL ECONOMY, No. X.

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# THE ATHENÆUM

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## REVIEWS

*The Political, Commercial, and Financial Condition of the Anglo-Eastern Empire, in 1832: an Analysis of its Home and Foreign Governments, and a Practical Examination of the Doctrines of Free Trade and Colonization, with Reference to the Renewal or Modification of the Hon. East India Company's Charter.* By the Author of 'The Past and Present State of the Tea Trade of England, and of the Continents of Europe and America, &c.' London: Parbury, Allen & Co.

THAT the East India Company are masters of the fairest portion of India—that they won this fine empire in a series of wars waged against their European enemies and the native princes—that they have maintained and extended their power by measures sometimes bold and sometimes gentle—sometimes fierce and sometimes merciful—and that they are kind and generous to their servants, and rank high amongst the merchant princes of the earth, we required no one to tell us. It has, however, been the pleasure of our author to recapitulate all this, and in a style which is little to our liking, and in a strain much too triumphant and overbearing. Although we dislike his style, and doubt many of his conclusions, we are not insensible to the value of his statements: in these there is a fullness, an accuracy, and a desire to make no reservation, which will win many readers to his volume, and do no small service to the nation, so far as regards the East India Company.

The author, having explained in what manner this empire has been acquired and kept, and delivered a dissertation on the character and condition of the native tribes of India, showing, that they are a people jealous in matters of civil policy, domestic manners, and religion, proceeds to give us an analysis of the Home Government of India, consisting of the Courts of Proprietors, Directors, and Board of Control. There are, in all, 3,579 Proprietors, and 6,000,000*l.* of stock. The holder of 500*l.* in stock is entitled to a seat in the Court of Proprietors, and has liberty to speak and give or withhold his assent regarding any measures proposed: the holder of 1,000*l.* stock has, in addition to these powers, a vote for a Director: the holder of 3,000*l.* two votes: the holder of 6,000*l.* three votes, and all who hold from 10,000*l.* to 100,000*l.* have four votes. To hinder corruption and prevent collusive transfers of stock, or purchases to create votes for the moment, no proprietor can vote unless he has held the amount of stock for twelve months. No proxy is permitted, and minors are incapable. There are 45 proprietors, with four votes each, 50 with three, 370 with two, 1502 with one, and 221 hold only 500*l.* each, and can debate, but not

vote for a director. There are, in all, 2,658 votes, and they are thus curiously divided: Members of Parliament, private gentlemen, bankers, merchants, &c. 1836 votes; married women, widows, and spinsters, 372 votes; officers in the King's and Company's service, 222 votes; bishops, rectors, and curates, 86 votes; officers of His Majesty's Navy, 28 votes; English, Irish, and Scotch Peers, 20 votes; and doctors and surgeons 19 votes. The Court of Directors is composed of 24 proprietors of India stock to the amount of not less than 2,000*l.* each: of these, in the year 1831, nine were retired civil or law officers of the company; 4 military officers of ditto; 5 maritime commanders of ditto; 4 private Indian merchants, and 8 London bankers. More than twenty of these had an extensive practical knowledge of Indian affairs, and seven were Members of Parliament. This Court enjoys full authority over all matters at home and abroad, relating to the political, financial, judicial, military, and commercial affairs of the Company, subject, however, to limitations by Acts of Parliament, and the superintendence of the Board of Control. The Court again is divided into 14 Committees, called as follows:—1. Secret Committee, 2. Correspondence ditto, 3. Treasury ditto, 4. Government troops and stores ditto, 5. Legal proceedings ditto, 6. Military ditto, 7. Accounts ditto, 8. Buying ditto, 9. Warehouses ditto, 10. India House ditto, 11. Shipping ditto, 12. Private Trade ditto, 13. Civil College ditto, 14. Military College ditto.

The Home Patronage of the Court of Directors is shared, in some degree, with the Government Board of Control; its annual value was calculated by the *Westminster Review*, at 600,000*l.*: that this is overrating the patronage of the Court prodigiously, there can be little doubt; indeed, without openly charging the directors with violating solemn oaths, and forgetting all the trusts reposed in them, no one can pretend to put a value on their power. Only one member has been charged with corruptly bestowing his patronage; and we, of our own knowledge, know that the Court of Directors, as well collectively as individually, have done acts of kindness and generosity, which might be examples even to Royal governments. The patronage of the Court consists of civil, military, and naval appointments for India; and, taking the average of the last five years, the amount will be, of writers, 40; of engineers and artillery officers, 67; of cavalry officers, 15; of infantry officers, 125; of assistant surgeons, 56; and of naval officers and others, 30. The Board of Control sent out to India during the last five years, 22 writers, 63 military cadets, and 16 assistant surgeons: of all presentations, the writerships are the most valuable, and the Board of Control seems to have had more than its proper

share. On examining the lists of writers who went from Haileybury College for the last five years, we perceive 3 sons of noblemen, 8 sons of baronets, 14 sons of clergymen, 8 sons of directors, 30 sons of the Company's civil servants, and 22 of the Company's military servants. When we consider that the directors have strong family claims; that numbers of meritorious officers have no fortunes and clever sons, and that many of the Company's servants in the east, have been cheered in their arduous duties, by the prospect of provision being made for their children—if their merits entitled them to it, we cannot see that the directors have been partial in their patronage. "Nay, many orphans and others, whose misfortunes and merits were their chief claim, have received," says our author, "appointments from donors, whose names they have never yet learned, and to whom they were perfect strangers."

Our Indian army is officered, and our Courts of Judicature maintained by a yearly supply of military cadets and writers, who are educated at the great seminaries of Haileybury and Addiscombe. Of the former of these establishments, our author informs us,

"The civil service of India, from which the executive, financial, judicial, and commercial departments are supplied, from the provincial magistracy to a seat at the Council Board (or sometimes to the governor-generalship), originates principally from the students of Haileybury College, an establishment founded by the East India Company for the better and surer supply of men qualified to fill the important duties which devolve on an English official, when transplanted to shores where the happiness or misery of millions depends upon his talent, his integrity, and moral firmness of character. The students at Haileybury, who must enter between the ages of sixteen and twenty, are classed in four successive terms of six months each; two entire days in every week are given to Oriental literature, and part of other days. There are four European departments; seven months in the year are devoted to lectures on various subjects; for instance, a student who remains two years at the college, receives in three terms from seventy to eighty hours of law tuition, and altogether ninety hours; he is instructed in elemental knowledge on the limits between morals and law, political and civil rights; in the English and Mahomedan criminal law, and on the law of evidence; the moral and legal obligations of government are also inculcated; the laws affecting property, promises and contracts, and the obligations arising from public and private relations, are carefully taught, as well as the classics, mathematics, and in fact every branch of education which can be requisite for a statesman on the most extensive field of action.

"The ablest masters in every language, European or Asiatic, are employed at the college: for Sanscrit as well as Greek, Persian as well as Latin, and Hindoostanee and Bengallee as well as French and Italian, are sedulously cultivated; the most learned professors of philo-

sophy are also in attendance, and every day, except Sunday, there are lectures."

Every student pays 100 guineas per annum, and costs the Company in addition, 117*l.*, before he is ready to sail for India. All who are acquainted with this seminary, know how useful it is in preparing the civil servants of the Company for the proper discharge of their duties in the East. The military seminary of Addiscombe is equally useful in educating officers:—

"This establishment, when full, consists of 150 cadets; who pay 65*l.* the first year, and 50*l.* the second, the extra 15*l.* being for the purpose of supplying them with uniform and accoutrements. The young men are selected from the most respectable families of the three kingdoms, in the same manner as the civil servants; it frequently happening that one brother embarks in the one service, and the other in its opposite. They are educated in strict military discipline, as well as in the oriental languages; are expected to be grounded in the classics, and be acquainted with at least one continental European modern language. The officers of the college consist of some of the oldest and most experienced of the Company's army, and the public examiner is Col. A. Dickson, of the Royal Artillery. This gentleman visits the college from time to time, to mark the progress of the cadets, and see when they are fit to be brought forward for an examination. There is no fixed period for their remaining at college, but if after two years any cadet does not evince talents which it is thought will further develop themselves in six months, his friends are recommended to withdraw him. The cadets get their appointments as soon as qualified; but by Act of Parliament they cannot proceed to India before they are sixteen years of age. Their appointments to different branches of the service are undeviatingly made in consequence of merit, and the examinations are conducted unconnected with the masters who have had the instruction of the cadets; if a lad is unable to stand the mathematical tests for the Artillery or Engineers, but evinces much general talent and diligence, then he is recommended for the Infantry. On leaving Addiscombe, the engineer cadets go to Chatham to finish their education in sapping and mining under Colonel Pasley. The grounds around Addiscombe are laid out with redoubts, guns, &c. for the purpose of practice; and the pains taken for the formation of good soldiers have been eminently the cause of success in the Indian artillery, &c."

We have ourselves witnessed the anxious labours of the various professors, and the patient firmness and gentlemanly mildness of Col. Houston; nor have we been uninterested in the studies of the cadets: it was no hasty review of their merits, which made the Duke of Wellington say, that the young engineers and artillery officers of Addiscombe, surpassed those of like standing in the royal army. The average expense of each cadet on this fine establishment, is 98*l.*, or nineteen pounds less than that of the writers at Hailybury.

The army, to which those young men furnish a regular supply of officers, is immense; the territory over which they have to be spread is large; and the frontier, reaching from Bombay on the left, to Bengal on the right, is extensive, and peopled, too, by many warlike nations. There are of engineers 1,062, of artillery 16,962, of cavalry 19,539, of infantry 169,617, and of invalids 10,496; making in all, 217,698 men, in the three

Presidencies. These are officered partly by the King and partly by the Company: there are 95 officers of engineers, 358 artillery officers, 463 cavalry officers, 3,276 infantry officers; on the staff 383, in the medical department 590; making in all, including the commissariat, and warrant officers of artillery, 5,531; of whom, 752 are in the King's service. Of native officers there are 525 in the cavalry, and 3,126 in the infantry—there are but 12 engineers; in all, however, there are 4,542, of whom 573 are medical men. The native troops in our service are Hindoos and Mahometans; they are mixed in every regiment, and in discipline, cleanliness, and sobriety, they are, says our author, unsurpassed by any other troops. The native artillerymen make it a point of honour to be cut down at their guns rather than desert them; wherever a British officer will lead, it has rarely or never been found that his sepoys will not follow.

In the chapter on free trade with India, the author discusses the matter of the Company's monopoly, and the propriety of opening the charter to all his Majesty's subjects. Were India like any other country under the sun—more particularly European countries—there could not be one moment's doubt in the matter; but our empire there is held by opinion rather than force—by refined policy rather than the terror of our horse and foot; and many well-informed persons are of opinion that an unrestrained intercourse would, while it increased individual wealth, sap national power. This let the wise in such matters discuss; the tables of import and export contained in this chapter, will supply them with the materials of speculation, and they will see for themselves whether our commercial intercourse with India has been improved since the partial opening of the trade. Of printed books there are less exported than formerly; and to this we may add, that the Hindoos have not become partial to European clothing, as was anticipated—the importation of woollens has been falling off, and the same may be said of many other articles.

The chapter on the Indian press gives us many curious details; there are thirty-three newspapers and other periodical works in Bengal alone, conducted by Englishmen; of these, five are daily political papers, six are daily commercial ditto, two are tri-weekly ditto, three duo-weekly ditto, eight weekly ditto, six monthly journals, two quarterlies, and two annuals. No duty was imposed on these newspapers when the stamp law was enforced within the Presidency, and the postage upon them was reduced one half. A Calcutta newspaper is carried 1000 miles for three-pence; and when any one commences a new journal, the government sends the first number, free of postage, into any quarter of Hindostan the proprietor chooses. The scientific periodical of Captain Herbert goes free everywhere. Of native papers there are ten; some are in Persian, some in Bengalee, some in Hindoostanee, and one in broken English. Of the restrictions upon the press the author says:

"Those who complain so loudly of the Indian authorities on this score, should look at home and ask themselves what are the restrictions on the press in the free city of London? Numerous sureties, and penalty bonds of 500*l.* each,

before a single paper dare be printed; then a stamp duty of fourpence on each paper; after that a tax on the very paper itself; and after that again, three shillings and sixpence on each advertisement! Two years imprisonment for libel; and confinement in Horsemonger Gaol on bread and water, with an addition of gruel to ward off the cholera, for presuming to sell an unstamped paper. In India no penalty bonds are required, no sureties, no stamps, no excised paper, no advertisement duty; yet England boasts of 'the glorious freedom of the press!' If the East India Company had pursued a similar course in India, there would have been a pretty hue and cry throughout the land. There is certainly a power vested in the governments of India of sending out of the country any person whose actions tend to disturb the peace of the country, whether by means of writing in a newspaper or by any other method."

On education, which is closely connected, for good or evil, with the press, the author says:

"It was stipulated at the last renewal of the charter, that 10,000*l.* should be annually devoted from the surplus territorial revenue of India to the purpose of education; by the following extract from a parliamentary return in 1832 (No. 7), it will be seen that the company have doubled, and in some years trebled the amount laid down in the Act, although there was no surplus revenue in India.

|            |         |           |         |
|------------|---------|-----------|---------|
| 1824 ....  | £21,884 | 1828..... | £35,841 |
| 1825 ..... | 66,563  | 1829..... | 38,076  |
| 1826 ..... | 27,412  | 1830..... | 44,330  |
| 1827 ..... | 45,313  |           |         |

"As an instance of the efforts making for the diffusion of intelligence throughout the British dominions, I may quote the testimony before Parliament of the Hon. Holt Mackenzie, who states that since the renewal of the last charter, the Bengal Government have established a college at Calcutta for the Hindoos, and reformed very much the old Moslem College; that colleges have been established at Delhi and Agra, for both Hindoos and Moslems; the Hindoo college at Benares has been reformed; at the several institutions it has been the object of Government to extend the study of the English language, and good books have been supplied, &c.; that seminaries have been established in different parts of the country, and schools established by individuals have been aided by Government."

Our space will not allow us to pursue these inquiries farther. Though the author has written his work more in the spirit of a partizan than we like, we cannot quarrel with his arithmetic; nor, indeed, with many of his remarks. It will, we suspect, be found infinitely more difficult to make extensive changes in India than some of our friends imagine; that country is in a ticklish state; Russia, notwithstanding her distance, regards it as a more easy prey than she does the nations of Europe; fifteen millions of Mahomedans are ready to draw the sword and put their feet in the stirrup on slight pretences; the native soldiers, too, may well be doubled; nay, on several occasions, the European portion of the army has shown such spirit regarding changes as the wise should respect. We hope, however, that something will be done which, without hurting individual rights, or putting our dominions to hazard, may meet the wishes of all parties.



*The Life of Andrew Marvell, the celebrated Patriot; with Extracts and Selections from his Prose and Poetical Works.* By John Dove. London: Simpkin & Marshall.

THIS is a mere compilation, clumsily overlaid with disjointed extract, and without any attempt at character. It has been got up with a blunt pair of scissors and inadhesive paste. Still it is pleasant in its subject—very small and portable—and we recommend it to our readers. It does not seem to have been intended to throw light on history—and it succeeds in its non-intention—but to illumine Yorkshiremen. "The Biographical Memoir," says the compiler, "now submitted to the public, was intended to have commenced a series of lives, to be published under the title of 'The Worthies of Yorkshire and Lancashire'; for which a prospectus was issued last March."

Now, that Andrew Marvell, who, in his lifetime, figured as a poet and a patriot, should come to be noticed at last, merely because he was a *Yorkshireman*, is certainly one of the curious chances which the lottery of life presents to us. Marvell has always ranked, indeed, as an eminent man, in the minds of those who studied our political history, or descended from such grave studies to waste an occasional hour amongst those pleasant idlers, the older poets. But these have not been many; and the probability is, that the fame of Marvell will be considerably extended by this publication. He will now be known as an "eminent Yorkshireman"! He will be discussed at Doncaster during the races; he will be heard of amidst the cakes at Pontefract;—even the assizes at York will not pass without due mention of his name; and the waters of Harrogate will grow sweeter as his verses are recited at that famous spring. Formerly, as we well remember, (for a curious sheet of devices was hung up, with the hams, in our uncle's kitchen, detailing the qualifications of the men of York,) manual dexterity and practical acuteness were the only heights to which a Yorkshireman's fancy ever soared. If he could bishop a horse, or play the sharp to an undoubted flat, it was enough. Henceforth, however, we shall have "canny Yorkshire" ambitious of hailing amongst her proud names that of the patriot Marvell. It may have some effect even in the elections, whenever the balance of popularity shall be suspended between a Tory and a Whig;—and why not?—the influence of a great name (and Marvell's is an undoubted great one,) ought to survive, and does survive, from generation to generation. Its virtue is powerful as well as beautiful. It is not all "sound and fury signifying nothing"; but is, as it ought to be, a help, as well as a mark to aim at, for after-coming men, when they struggle for popular distinction, or tread their quiet and studious way to renown.

The pleasantest portion of the little volume before us, is that which contains 'Selections from Marvell's Poems,'—though the selector has no accurate notion of the poet's region of power. His verse, which is both artificial and natural, quaint and easy, and as full of sentiment as of wit, constitutes, as it were, a pleasant paradox, delightful to all lovers of poetry—a relief to them unutterable, when oppressed by the sublimity of the older

writers, or fatigued with the smartness of the moderns. How, with so much nature and imagination, Marvell could at times be so unnatural; or how, with so much of artifice and epigram in the construction of his verse, he could soar so high, remains to us a problem.

There is a fine flavour in the verses of Andrew Marvell: his stanzas on the "remote Bermoodas"—his lines about the Fawn—his address to his Coy Mistress—his satires on Holland—his 'Drop of Dew'—'Mower's Song,' &c.; and those rhymes where he speaks of

The discipline severe  
Of Fairfax and the stately Vere!

are all most delightful. We are not aware that there is any poet closely resembling Andrew Marvell. Perhaps Waller mingles the two extremes of nature and artifice almost as completely as he; but, notwithstanding his greater reputation, we hold Marvell to be the greater poet, and, beyond all expression, the greater man. If this be so, is it not an unjust destiny that (with at least equal merit as a poet,) the high-minded thinker and pure patriot, should have earned a smaller name in literature than the commonplace man and the courtly turncoat?

*Becket: an Historical Tragedy: and other Poems.* London: Moxon.

A man may be an excellent poet, and yet unable to write dramatic poetry. Many qualifications are required for that species of composition which may be dispensed with in others. To imagination, must be added experience; that intuitive knowledge of the heart natural to all true poets, must have been confirmed by the actual knowledge of life; and the power over language must be every day increased by an enlargement of the faculties, out of which language is itself created. We speak not here of the greater intensity of thought and feeling necessary, when they are intended to inspire, not merely the poet's own heart with stronger passion, but to give unreal forms the likeness of the kingly crown of life. This is a question of degree, and refers to the natural constitution of the poet's mind. The qualifications of which we have spoken as peculiarly needful to the dramatic writer, must be superadded to those of his natural genius, however great and elevated. Nature forbids one faculty of the mind to perform that of another. To imagine well and rapidly, can never atone for a want of nice discrimination; and then, since knowledge, experience, profound judgment, and a minute acquaintance with the human world are necessary, those powers of mind which are necessary to their acquisition, must be kept in constant exercise. But it so happens, that the poetical temperament is, in itself, unfavourable to their developement; and it is equally the case, that the two classes of endowments are rarely found together. Hence it is, that the appearance of dramatic genius is such an unfrequent occurrence, and that they who possess it, may fairly be regarded as the most perfectly constituted of human beings. In proportion to their excellency, all the powers of their minds, together with the whole system of their passions and sympathies, are beautifully balanced. With other poets, a plan of compensation seems discoverable. They almost appear to have received

imagination and deep feeling, in lieu of clear sense and judgment. The world, in its common-place book, has a well-known note on this subject; but nothing of the kind holds good with dramatic writers. Whatever should be found in human nature, in its best state, and matured by wisdom and extensive knowledge, must be found in them, or they fail in the very end and purpose of their office.

We have established our canon;—a right one, we believe, but not a severe one,—there being no severity, properly speaking, in truth. In bringing, however, an individual author to such a test, it is a question, whether he ought to be judged by his relative, or his actual approach to it. One of the chief circumstances which separate the literary men of ages like our own, from those of grander periods, is derived from the distinction here alluded to. The noble spirits of old were bent on being great, from the belief in that finest of philosophical themes, that greatness is a something, and not a mere quality of relation. In these days, a notion of this kind could scarcely be made intelligible to the world; and literary men partaking in the general error, it is very seldom a book presents sufficient signs of merit,—that is, of pure intellectual force,—to call for a consideration of more than its comparative worth. When the extreme difficulty of dramatic poetry is taken into account, examples of striking excellence in this class will be still more rarely looked for; and our sentence will generally be founded on the formulæ—'this is better,' or 'this is even worse' than what we usually meet with.

The poems before us, have indisputably a right to the former award; and had we not formed high and stern notions respecting the species of composition on which the author has ventured, the morality of his sentiments, the occasional beauty of his diction, and the pathos which especially characterizes some of the minor pieces, would have tempted us into a stronger expression of approbation. Becket may well claim the attention of poetical readers. The interest it inspires is not an intense one, but it engages the mind, and fixes it without intermission on the subject. Boldness is not a characteristic of the author's style; but his cautious delineations leave distinct impressions respecting persons and events described: and though he has not exercised that power of magical concentration, after which the dramatist, whose moments should be ingots of thought, ought to strive, he has shown what a sedate mind by calm poetical reflection may effect. We shall now endeavour to illustrate what we have said; taking our first extract from the scene in which Becket and the King become reconciled:—

Becket. Often my heart melts for thee.  
King Henry. Couldst thou persuade me that—

Oh, Becket! Becket!

Were not those days sweet—let thy heart reply,  
If, as thy words import, it is not yet  
Quite frozen by that breath of bad ambition  
Which seeks to set apart and tyrannise  
Men's souls—when we two lived as creatures born  
Of the same mother, in the self-same hour?  
When we, laying aside our state, but not  
We trust, our dignity, and *thou* relying  
On consciousness of worth and confidence  
Of love, our sports, our meals, our studies—almost  
Our inmost thoughts and hopes—we shared together?

Becket. With thee it rests—nor were the achievement hard—

Once more to make us to each other all  
We e'er have been, and to the troubled world  
Give peace.

King H. What wouldst thou?  
Becket. Utter but one word.

*King H. Speak for us.*  
*Becket.* Say but, RETURN IN PEACE;  
 For I am placable, and ask no more.—  
 Respect in me the Church and her just rights.  
*King H.* Body and soul have we been torn apart  
 By this rank feud: the day that sees it healed  
 Will we make holy in the calendar.  
 —Be't, in God's name—we ask thee back to England.  
 And, for thy hands and living, by my life  
 No word reckoning shall near atonement.  
 Touching the offence of our son's coronation,—  
 'We know thou lovest him; nor canst thou forget  
 'Twas our dear wish thou shouldst so: to which end  
 'We gave the training of his youth to thee.  
 He loves thee too; and, for your mutual love,  
 We freely pardon this rebellious league.  
 Restored with honour to your Kentish towers,  
 There shall the crown of England on his head  
 Be once more set by your hand.

[*Becket attempts to kneel—the King raises him.*

But, remember,  
 We'll have our bishops and our lords absolved  
 Ere thou depart, or ne'er see Canterbury.

*Becket.* It shall be done.

*King H.* Enough! enough!—Now let us,  
 Forgetting, as if such things ne'er had been,  
 The unkindnesses of intervening years,  
 Renew on both sides the old confidence.

[*The King takes Becket by the hand, and leads him towards the Barons, &c.*

But the most effective, perhaps, in the poem, is the scene between Queen Eleanor and De Barre, when the latter comes to inform her of the death of her son, on whom she had endeavoured to place the crown:—

*Eleanor.* No more of Becket; let him live or die.  
 Let him overthrow the state, and in its ruins  
 Perish!—I have no further interest  
 In what men do or suffer upon earth;  
 No further stake in England, if thy tale  
 Be true, and he is dead indeed.

*De Barre.* His sickness—

*Eleanor.* Tell me not of disease. Was he not young,  
 Vigorous, and beautiful? How should such die?  
 I'll not believe

But some of you have murdered my bright boy.  
*De B.* Madam, he died in his bed.

*Eleanor.* So many men have,  
 That died no natural death. Improbable falsehood,  
 And ill compacted!—Fevered by remorse!  
 Remorse! for that, to avenge a mother's injuries,  
 And challenge his own right, he dared oppose  
 A tyrant in an honourable war?

*De B.* I've said the truth.

*Eleanor.* Tell me, old knight—remember,  
 We are a Queen still, though a prisoner,  
 And may find means to give thee golden thanks—  
 Was it my husband that did poison him?

*De B.* Pardon me, lady, if I take my leave:  
 I see this news hath been too much for you.  
 —I did not think she had loved earthly thing  
 So keenly as this frantic grief denotes.

[*Aside.*  
*Eleanor.* Well, sir, I grieve that you are faithful still  
 To one that's all unfaithfulness to me.

'Twere fit I should believe. You have opened,  
 By this sad tale, to my distracted soul,  
 Shut from the world, an ample world—of grief.  
 I might through weariness have dashed myself  
 Against the walls of this dull prison-house,  
 As the caged bird goes its own breast for freedom;  
 But you have brought me argument to live,  
 And thank these solitary dungeon glooms,—  
 That leave me at full leisure to be wretched,—  
 To waste myself in weeping for my child,  
 And utter curses on mine enemies.

*De B.* Take comfort, madam.

*Eleanor.* Sir; and so I shall:  
 Despair shall bring it me. I am resolved  
 Back from the tearless and indignant queen,  
 To all the weeping helplessness of woman.  
 —You've done your thankless office, sir; and we  
 Be thank you not. Leave us—with our affliction.

Among the minor poems, we may name the Bard's Apotheosis, and the Portrait, as pleasing us most: from the latter, we extract the following, as a specimen of the author's powers of description:—

That valley was a Paradise on earth.  
 It was scooped, bay-like, deep into the hills,  
 Which girded it about, save to the east,  
 And there it met the sea; not with the frown  
 Of rocks, as to repel an enemy,  
 But with such gradual, wooing gentleness  
 Of sunny-green descent as scarce could tire  
 The level-gliding sea-maids, when they troop  
 To bathe their ivory limbs in the smooth air.  
 You might have worshipped Peace there, for the  
 winds—

The invisible tenants of the solitude—  
 Came but in a myopia, dropping playfully,  
 To snatch a little odour; and the war—  
 The everlasting war—of the loud sea

Against the land, which curbs, but cannot all  
 Subdue its strength, here paused; they laid them down  
 And slept together, beautifully twined.

I said, the round hills girt this valley in:  
 Yet somewhere they gave way to a young stream,  
 Which sportively, and with pure, musical foot,  
 Danced down through roots and rocks; then sunk  
 to rest,

Like a play-weary child. But, of his birth  
 He made a deep and shadowy mystery,  
 Covering the gushings of his infant strength  
 With leaves and buds, branch-wood and blossomed  
 flowers,

Without one penetrable point to foot  
 Or eye. On either side his waters, stood—  
 Downwards from where the current gentler grew—  
 A row of ashes, ivy-twined and gray  
 With lichen tufts; and up, and out, they shot  
 Their many arms, fantastically far—  
 So far, that they made dusk at noontide hour,  
 Full half-way to the margin. And above,  
 They circled, crescent-like, and gathered in,  
 And fenced from all the world this fairy spot.

To the opinion we have already given of the writer's ability, we may add, that his good taste has prevented his falling into the errors which so frequently mar our cotemporary poetry, and which it requires the highest species of creative genius to render in any degree excusable.

Die Völkerfrühling und seine Verkünder:  
*The People's Spring-time, and its Heralds.*  
 By Jordan Brand. Nurnberg.

FREEDOM! freedom! is the universal cry, from the Grampians to the Ouralian mountains; and all the guilty successes of the Russians will not be able to stifle it. Warsaw, indeed, has fallen—for a season; but it were to abandon all our best hopes of man and of his destinies, to doubt that it will again, and ere long, be the proud capital of a free people.

The little work before us is a glowing defence of free principles, and of some of their most ardent defenders in the author's native country—Germany. "La revolution fera le tour du monde," is a text on which he founds his firm belief, because he is of opinion that the French revolution contained the elements of an improved state of society, adapted to the enlightened races of modern Europe—whether they inhabit the frozen regions of Russia, the temperate clime of England, or the ardent soil of Italy. But our author's principal object is to make more widely known the great merits of three of his living countrymen—Heine, Börne, and Weitzel, who, although distinguished by very striking peculiarities of mental disposition, possess, in common, a most heart-burning detestation of tyranny and oppression in every shape, and whose long unnoticed, but persevering efforts, are at last beginning to bear fruit in the awakened and delighted attention of their own countrymen. For the most part, they do not go directly to work in their attacks on the citadel of corruption, but, with all the powers of wit, learning, and argument, while seeming to diverge, they still keep in view their grand object; and such is the mastery of the assailants, that the reader, from being delighted and amused, concludes by becoming an ardent disciple.

Börne† and Heine are both young men, of the Jewish persuasion: Weitzel is advanced in years, and has long held the situation of head librarian at Wiesbaden. We shall translate our author's clever, but somewhat German summary of the style and manner of the trio.

"Heine, with the weapons of argument, as well as of contemptuous scorn, attacks indis-

criminate everything that has not in his eyes the weight and authority of reason. Börne respects the belief of all, and tolerates innocent prejudices. Weitzel rejects all ideas of uniformity in the purely intellectual world, and even consecrates prejudices, when they contribute to the happiness of mankind. He is even of opinion that, in matters of morality and religion, there are no errors, except such as make man more depraved and miserable. This is, indeed, a noble, but it is also a dangerous system of belief, in the present day, when the great and powerful are so ready to avail themselves of every error and prejudice of the lower classes, for the purpose of leading them blindfolded. Heine and Börne turn the present time to profit—Weitzel looks to the future. Like Rousseau, when Weitzel, with powerful hand, seizes his opponent, he thinks to crush him at a single blow, and indignantly throws him to a distance. Poisonous repulses, however, are endowed with great tenacity of life, of which Börne and Heine are well convinced; and therefore, like Voltaire, they do not quit them until they have seen them reduced to their native dust. Weitzel is too early prodigal of his good seed; while his friends, on the contrary, are busy ploughing up and preparing the soil. They thin the forest, which would otherwise stifle its fairest and noblest productions.

"Heine's style has a family resemblance to that of Börne. Börne's agrees occasionally with Weitzel, in some points; but the style of the latter resembles neither of the former. Each bears his own peculiar character on his forehead, and his words correspond with his appearance. To humanity,—appealing with anguished countenance and supplicating look,—Heine appears only to reply by mockery and indifference; Börne conceals his excitement, which is, nevertheless, intense; Weitzel is not ashamed of appearing what he really is, deeply affected; nor can he always restrain a sudden burst of indignation. Heine casts his regard around; with penetrating eye searches the weaknesses and follies of man and of society, and applies his scalpel fearlessly and remorselessly to the festering sore. He is the man of the present age. The look of Börne is directed forwards to futurity: his eye is quick and piercing; and at his uplifted arm the servile crowds around the throne, and beneath it, tremble with fear. The third, with his sword pointed downwards, averts his gaze from the present scene, and turning to the far-distant past, sadly feeds the sympathies of his all-grasping heart, with images of shadowy antiquity. Börne calls to the field—Heine rushes into the fight with sword and dagger—Weitzel hurls his spear amid the conflict, but has lost all hope of victory. \* \* When the first speaks, we listen to him with fear and astonishment; while the second is addressing us, we suspend our breath in anxious expectation; and the third makes us tremble. \* \* Oh, that they would unitedly raise their voices for the deliverance of their father-land from the chains of moral and political debasement—from the dominion of night—and announce to the world the approach of the people's spring-time!"

This concluding aspiration of Mr. Brand will be cordially echoed by every one who wishes to see the native country of the printing-press enjoying its utmost blessings.

*Journal of the Geographical Society of London.* Vol. II. London: Murray.

We have read this Journal with a double pleasure—pleasure arising from the interest of the work itself, and a little allowable satisfaction at finding that our reports of the proceedings of the Society, and the papers read at its meetings, have been generally full and

† See Athenæum, No. 722, and 723.

accurate. We have now only a few extracts to make, and our first will be from a dispatch received from Lieut.-Governor Stirling, communicated by Lord Goderich, while the work was passing through the press, and which contains the

*Latest Official Accounts from Swan River.*

"2d April, 1832.—The only portion of Western Australia which has been any way examined or explored is inclosed in the accompanying map of reference, which will afford, at a view, a general idea of the routes and discoveries of the principal exploring parties. It will not be requisite for me to enter into the details of the reports which have been made to me on these matters; but I shall endeavour to give a general sketch of the information which we possess relative to the soils, the surface, the supply of water, the climate, and the indigenous products of the country.

"The coast from Gantheaume Bay on the west to Doubtful Island Bay on the south, including the several islets and rocks, present the remarkable calcareous substance which has been supposed to exist in no other place than on the shores of New Holland and on those of Sicily. Although it serves in general as a kind of edging to this part of the continent, it is occasionally interrupted by the protrusion of granite and trap; and it is in some places covered by sand. The open downs which it forms sometimes afford good sheep-keep, and it burns into very fine lime; but in general the soil upon it is of little value. Behind this sea range of hills, which are sometimes 800 feet in height, and two or three miles in breadth, there is a low sandy district which appears to have had a diluvial origin, as it exhibits occasionally pebbles and detached pieces of the older rocks, and varies from mere sand to red loam and clay. In some parts this sandy district presents considerable portions of very fine soil, and in no part it is absolutely sterile. The banks of the rivers, which flow through it, are of the richest description of soil, and although a large portion would not pay for cultivation at the present price of labour, it is not unfit for grazing. Out of this sandy plain there occasionally arise ranges and detached hills of primitive formation, the most extensive of which is the range which bounds the plain on the east or landward side, and extends from the south coast between Cape D'Entracasteau and Wilson's Inlet, northward to the 30th degree of latitude. The highest altitude attained by these primitive mountains is about 3500 feet, which is supposed to be the height of Roi Kyncriff, behind King George's Sound; but the average height may be stated at 1000 feet. To the eastward of the principal of these ranges is an interior country of a different formation from that on the coast, being of a red loamy character. It appears to have the lowest portion of its surface about 500 feet above the level of the sea, and discharges all its waters westwardly, or southwardly, through the range aforesaid. Some of these streams have a constant current, and would afford a supply of water in the driest months; and, in general, neither the interior nor the country near the coast can be said to be badly watered.

"Such is the imperfect sketch which I am able to afford of the general surface of the country. In the quality of its soils it is extremely variable; but there have been ascertained to exist, by Capt. Bannister, Mr. Dale, and many other explorers, extensive districts of land of the best kind. And having given that point every attention, being fully aware of the great importance of being well assured that there is a sufficiency of fertile land, I may now express my conviction, from the reports of others no less than by my own observations, that there is abundance, and indeed as large a proportion of it as usually exists in such extensive territories.

"The only products of the country of any value at present are its timber, which is inexhaustible and of excellent quality, and its grasses, which afford feed of superior quality for sheep, horses, and cattle. There is a good species of tobacco and perennial flax, similar to the kind usually cultivated in Europe; but these are as yet only valuable as indicative of the capabilities of the soil.

"For some time back registers of the weather have been kept at King George's Sound and at Perth; and hereafter it will be possible to ascertain with precision the ranges of the temperature, the barometrical pressure, and the degree of moisture in these districts, compared with other countries. At present, after three years' experience of the climate of the Swan River district, it may be said to be exceptionable only in the months of January, February, and March, when the heat and drought are as disagreeable as they can be without affecting health. The district of King George's Sound being exposed to southerly winds in summer, and frequently visited by showers, is the most equable, perhaps, in the world, and the most temperate. The heat on the west coast is certainly intense, and the mosquitos, which abound there in summer, are serious evils in their way, and have caused some dislike to this part of country as a place of residence. But notwithstanding these and other local and trivial objections, the climate, the ports, the position, and extent of the country, are such as fit it to be the seat of a wealthy and populous possession of the crown; and I feel justified in saying in this stage of its occupation, that it will not fail to become such, from any natural disqualification of the soil."

Another interesting paper, from which we shall make an extract, is the account of Capt. Alexander's expedition up the Essequibo. Our original report was, indeed, very full, and contains some interesting information omitted in the Journal of the Society, as not being purely geographical:—

"My purpose was now to proceed up the noble Essequibo river towards the El Dorado of Sir Walter Raleigh, and view the mighty forests of the interior, and the varied and beautiful tribes by which they are inhabited. Our residence on the island of Wakenaam had been truly a tropical one. During the night, the tree frogs, crickets, razor-grinders, reptiles, and insects of every kind, kept up a continued concert. At sunrise, when the flowers unfolded themselves, the humming birds, with the metallic lustre glittering on their wings, passed rapidly from blossom to blossom. The bright yellow and black mocking-birds flew from their pendant nests, accompanied by their neighbours, the wild bees, which construct their earthen hives on the same tree. The continued rains had driven the snakes from their holes, and on the path were seen the bush-master (*conacouchi*) unrivalled for its brilliant colours, and the deadly nature of its poison; and the labari equally poisonous, which erects its scales in a frightful manner when irritated. The rattlesnake was also to be met with, and harmless tree snakes of many species. Under the river's bank lay enormous caymen or alligators,—one lately killed measured twenty-two feet. Wild deer and the peccari hog were seen in the glades in the centre of the island; and the jaguar and cougar (the American leopard and lion) occasionally swam over from the main land.

"We sailed up the Essequibo for an hundred miles in a small schooner of thirty tons, and occasionally took to canoes or coorials to visit the creeks. We then went up a part of the Mazaroony river, and saw also the unexplored Coioony: these three rivers join their waters about one hundred miles from the mouth of the Essequibo. In sailing or paddling up the

stream, the breadth is so great, and the wooded islands so numerous, that it appears as if we navigated a large lake. The Dutch in former times had cotton, indigo, and cocoa estates up the Essequibo, beyond their capital, Kykoveral, on an island at the forks or junction of the three rivers. Now, beyond the islands at the mouth of the Essequibo there are no estates, and the mighty forest has obliterated all traces of former cultivation. Solitude and silence are on either hand, not a vestige of the dwellings of the Hollanders being to be seen; and only occasionally in struggling through the entangled brushwood one stumbles over a marble tombstone brought from the shores of the Zuyderzee.

"At every turn of the river we discovered objects of great interest. The dense and nearly impenetrable forest itself occupied our chief attention; magnificent trees, altogether new to us, were anchored to the ground by bush-ropes, convolvuli, and parasitical plants of every variety. The flowers of these cause the woods to appear as if hung with garlands. Pre-eminent above the others was the towering and majestic Mora, its trunk spread out into buttresses; on its top would be seen the king of the vultures expanding his immense wings to dry after the dews of night. The very peculiar and romantic cry of the bell-bird, or campanero, would be heard at intervals; it is white, about the size of a pigeon, with a leathery excrescence on its forehead, and the sound which it produces in the lone woods is like that of a convent-bell tolling.

"A crash of the reeds and brushwood on the river's bank would be followed by a tapir, the western elephant, coming down to drink and to roll himself in the mud; and the manati or river-cow would lift its black head and small piercing eye above the water to graze on the leaves of the coridore tree. They are shot from a stage fixed in the water, with branches of their favourite food hanging from it; one of twenty-two cwt. was killed not long ago. High up the river, where the alluvium of the estuary is changed for white sandstone, with occasionally black oxide of manganese, the fish are of delicious flavour; among others, the pacoo, near the Falls or Rapids, which is flat, twenty inches long, and weighs four pounds; it feeds on the seed of the *arum arborescens*, in devouring which the Indians shoot it with their arrows: of similar genus are the cartuback, waboori, and amah.

"The most remarkable fish of these rivers are, the *peri* or *omah*, two feet long; its teeth and jaws are so strong, that it cracks the shells of most nuts to feed on their kernels, and is most voracious. \* \* Also the genus *siturus*, the young of which swim in a shoal of one hundred and fifty over the head of the mother, who, on the approach of danger, opens her mouth, and thus saves her progeny; with the *loricaria callithey*, or *assa*, which constructs a nest on the surface of pools from the blades of grass floating about, and in this deposits its spawn, which is hatched by the sun. In the dry season this remarkable fish has been dug out of the ground, for it burrows in the rains owing to the strength and power of the spine; in the gill-fin and body it is covered with strong plates, and far below the surface finds moisture to keep it alive. The electric eel is also an inhabitant of these waters, and has sometimes nearly proved fatal to the strongest swimmer. If sent to England in tubs, the wood and iron act as conductors, and keep the fish in a continued state of exhaustion, causing, eventually, death: an earthenware jar is the vessel in which to keep it in health."

The very valuable notes by Mr. Wilkinson, on a Part of the Eastern Desert of Upper Egypt, appear to have been read at the second meeting of the Society in November 1830, a few days before those arrangements were per-

footed, which have since enabled us to report the proceedings of the Society—we shall therefore make considerable extracts. Of the Porphyry Quarries at Gebel Dokhán, first visited by Mr. Burton in 1822, the account is exceedingly interesting. It was long unknown where the quarries were situated, and it was doubted whether Egypt produced this stone.

#### *The Ancient Porphyry Quarries.*

"At Gebel Dokhán, we had the satisfaction of seeing ruins of some extent; of viewing those vast quarries, from which Rome took so many superb pieces of porphyry to adorn her baths and porticoes; of contemplating the labour and expense incurred in making so many fine roads, which cross the mountains in all directions; of walking in the streets and houses of the old inhabitants of an ancient town; and, above all, of finding a temple in the midst of a now deserted and uninhabitable valley.

"The chief difficulty in working these quarries was the want of water. It was removed by sinking two wells, one of which must have cost immense labour, being a shaft of about fifteen feet in diameter, sunk in a solid porphyry rock;—it is now impossible to judge of its depth, being much filled up with earth, but there is still some distance to the spring;—the actual depth of that part where it is solid rock is thirty-eight feet, and much more must be allowed for a good supply of water. It has a cistern attached to it, from which are led troughs for the cattle. The other well is more filled up, being altogether only twenty-two feet deep, with a diameter of fifteen feet;—that part which is still visible is cased with stone. It is placed on one side of a circular space, which was perhaps once covered in, by means of a roof supported on pillars, five of which still remain. On them are scratched boats and various figures, also a few Greek letters above a cross. This last is near the town which the Arabs call Belet Kebeer, or the large village; the other is a ten minutes' walk distant, and in another valley.

"The town was situated on a small height, at the base of the eastern mountain, and contained many houses of various forms and dimensions. At the north end is a square, around which seem to have been shops, where they worked small porphyry mortars, judging from the number of unfinished ones we found in them. In another long apartment, are some round holes in the earth, cased with terra cotta, apparently for the purpose of washing some mineral, though I see no other marks of anything having been wrought here but porphyry. A house, perhaps that of the prefect, consists of an area, on each side of which are four pillars, which perhaps once supported a covering: beyond is a stuccoed cistern, and then a room, from which staircases lead to the upper story, at least to those rooms which are above, for the town is built on a declivity. The whole is surrounded by a wall, strengthened with towers placed according to the nature of the ground. I consider the whole as a military station, containing workshops, storehouses, and everything which the place might require. On the outside of the wall, to the south, is a separate building, either a furnace or a bath, more probably the latter.

"Besides this town there are houses built on either side, at the base of the mountain, or upon the adjacent low hills, which were perhaps habitations of workmen. A little farther up the valley, to the south, is a small temple dedicated to Sarapis;—it was never finished, though all the materials are on the spot; not a column was ever put up,—nothing was completed but the step on which they were to stand, and which was to form the base of the portico. The order is Ionic, the mouldings very simple, and the architecture superior to anything one could have

expected to find in these mountains. \* \* \*

"A little farther up the valley, and on the opposite side, is a small ruin, consisting of a walled area, from which leads a flight of steps to a platform, uniting it to an adytum, which is nearly square,—a colonnade leading up the centre supported the roof, on each side of which was a raised bench; near it, in the bed of a torrent, was a round block, on the circumference of which are the remains of an inscription, recording a dedication to Isis (written *Εἰσαῖ*), by a military officer of the name of Phanias Severus, in the twenty-second year of the reign of Adrian. As that emperor reigned a month less than twenty-one years, he appears to have been dead at the time of the dedication, though the knowledge of his death had not yet reached this distant station.

"A great quantity of pottery is found in every direction among the ruins, particularly a blue and glazed species, probably used for domestic purposes. There is also much glass and fish-shells, the latter of which are probably the remains of one of the chief articles of food of the ancient inhabitants. They communicated with the sea by a high road leading from the S.E. side of these mountains, of which I shall afterwards have occasion to speak. The roads on the eastern side of the valley are not so wide, neither are the quarries so extensive as on the western mountain; the roads are not, however, unworthy of remark: constructed with the same attention, they fully answer the purpose for which they were intended, though the skill of the engineer was not so much called for.

"In the quarries there is nothing remarkable but the remains of a few furnaces for repairing and tempering the tools; for, it is evident, from the quantity of small chippings of porphyry, that the large blocks were chiselled, and, probably, nearly finished on the mountain. There were several small huts, and others, on the summit of the hill, for these seem to have been watch-towers, perhaps as look-outs, on the different heights: in one of these huts, a stone, which formed part of the wall, is inscribed with the name of Socrates.

"The western mountain presents more to interest the traveller. At the base of it is a small village, in which was worked the porphyry that was sent down by the superb road, which terminates here. The larger blocks were cut into sarcophagi, or baths, and tazze, in a court without the houses, which were themselves very small; many of the blocks are still in the position in which the workmen left them. The road which leads from this village up the mountain is fourteen paces broad: at the distance of about every twelve paces are piles of stones. Innumerable smaller roads diverge from it, in various directions, to the different quarries.

"On the principal road are buttresses, or solid piles of stone, raised at intervals, probably for lowering the larger blocks; and in some parts we observed inclined descents, paved with great care, which must have been for the same purpose. It is probable that the column, or other kind of wrought stone, was placed on a sledge (similar to that represented in the grottoes of Massara), which was gently lowered by means of cranes attached to the buttresses."

Of Myos Hormos, once the great entrepot of the eastern trade, whence more than a hundred vessels sailed annually to bring back the splendid fabrics, and the spicy woods of India, only the ruins remain—it has not a single inhabitant, and the accumulation of sand has rendered the bay so shallow, that no vessel could now ride in it, even at high tide:—

#### *The Copper Mines of Réigatamerééh.*

"After a short day's journey of little more than 21 miles, we reached the low hills in which are

situated the copper-mines of Réigatamerééh,—they have evidently been worked by the ancients, as well from the quantity of pottery and scoria there, as from the remains of the miners' houses, and the regular manner in which the caverns have been cut, following up the veins. Our arrival was welcomed by a gazelle, which some of the Sheikhs had shot. Fortunately for us, we soon had reason to find the accounts given in a modern publication of the horrors of this desert not a little exaggerated. So far from its being for the most part destitute of every trace of animals and vegetation,—so far from its being the Avernus of the winged tribe, and a mere parched sand abandoned by all reptiles but the ant, we had the pleasure of seeing, every now and then, gazelles and taytals browsing under the shadow of the seiyale, or brought in by the Arab chasseur;—vultures and kites soaring above us; and, at evening, were visited by a strolling party of scorpions, and a wandering snake. Mr. Granger, too, is wrong in stating that the partridge is only found in the neighbourhood of the convents of St. Antony and St. Paul; we always met with grouse and partridges in great abundance at the different watering-places, but particularly at Howashéa, and the others in the primitive mountains in the south. As to the ruins of Alabastron being still visible to the north of Mount Kalil, and nearly in the same parallel with Oxyrhynchus, this will appear evident to every one, who examines the relative positions of these places, to be impossible, though those ruins may exist somewhere or other in these mountains."

#### *Excavations on the Hills near Wady Girfe.*

"Near the ruins is a small knoll containing eighteen excavated chambers, besides, perhaps, many others, the entrances of which are no longer visible. We went into those where the doors were the least obstructed by the sand or decayed rock, and found them to be catacombs; they are well cut, and vary from about eighty to twenty-four feet, by five; their height may be from six to eight feet. They are rounded at the upper end, and in many of them, at nearly two feet and a half from the wall, is a partition of hewn stone, stretching across from one side to the other, but not now, if ever, of any height. Some of the chambers are double, communicating by a door. In the largest we found several very fine crystals of salt: the rock is calcareous, and contains a quantity of fossils. We sought in vain for inscriptions or hieroglyphics; our curiosity was only rewarded by finding the scattered fragments of vases, bitumen, charcoal, and cloth. It is evident that the bodies were burned, and the ashes, after the usual ceremony of bathing and wrapping them in these cloths, were probably deposited in the vases, of which innumerable broken remains are seen in every direction;—they are earthenware, mostly red, and heart-shaped, with a mouth of about three inches in diameter, terminating at the base in a point; the materials and workmanship are good.

"To what people shall we ascribe these ruins? The Egyptians did not burn their dead;—the other claimants are the Greeks and Romans; and of these the name Grády Rouémi, which the headland just below bears, inclines me in favour of the former, Rouémi or Rámi signifying Greek. Grády is a plant which abounds on the flat shore below these hills, and nothing is more common among the Arabs than to name their vallies and mountains from plants growing in them."

With two brief extracts we shall conclude. The first is from a paper, entitled, 'Observations on the West Coast of Africa,' communicated by Capt. Belcher, and relates to

#### *The Islet of Alcatraz.*

"We now then recommence the survey with

fresh energy; and as there was much sounding to be performed, and some intricacy in the examination of the reefs, I determined to ascertain, on shore, the latitude and longitude of the inlet of Alcatraz.

"The landing was not at all difficult, but the whole summit of the rock was covered with boobies (*pelicanus sula*). I directed the boat's crew to collect the eggs, which exceeded five hundred, and afforded a grateful treat to our salt-fed crew, being large, and not much inferior in quality to those of the plover. The second and third days we collected from one to two hundred; after which they declined laying more for our gratification. We had them cooked in various ways, but the most palatable was an omelet.

"The customary nuisance in islands where these birds reside, was experienced here in its fullest extent; and nothing but the feeling that, in pursuit of science, every consideration of comfort must be sacrificed to attain the object, induced me to endure the almost pestiferous odour to which I was subjected for forty-eight hours. But this annoyance was trifling compared with one still more odious—viz. a species of minute blue louse, common to pelicans and other water birds of this climate, approaching in character to the acarus, or tick, almost imperceptible, but which, inserting its head beneath the skin, added bodily irritation to the former evil.

"At night the clamour of myriads of these birds, taking up their positions *en masse*, on two-thirds of a space of sixty yards diameter, defies all description. Every moment a fresh party coming in from their cruise, made directly for our lights, and occasionally coming in contact with our hands, did not neglect to give us proof of the sharpness of their bills, independent of the great nuisance of frequently placing us in darkness at a most critical moment, and bedaubing the instruments, particularly the object glass of the transit telescope. However, I felt fully repaid for my miseries; and those who shared them with me were not disposed to view them as *hardships*; in fact, I believe the change and diet were viewed rather as a *pic nic*! Wishing to procure one or two of the finest birds for skinning (without killing some useless dozen), I sallied forth with one of the 'reading off' lamps, and examined 'the host.' After their clamour had nearly subsided (about midnight), I found them all awake, closely huddled together, forming a black crown to this otherwise white islet. None attempted to move, but, boobies as they were, foolishly stared at the light, and, without the slightest resistance or noise, suffered themselves to be handed out by the bill and examined."

The interest of the other extract, is nearer home. It relates to the submersion of a part of Hayling Island, near Portsmouth; and as this little retired spot is just now growing into a watering-place, the following particulars may be interesting to those who in summer idleness wander over the beautiful sands, and look, from its silent sea-shore, on the busy stirring life of one of the most magnificent marine views in the world:

"It appears," says Sir Thomas Phillip, "that in the second year of the reign of Richard II., a petition was presented by the inhabitants of Hayling Island, claiming exemption from a proportion of taxes levied on them, in consequence of the loss of a great part of their island by the encroachments of the sea. And an inquest being held to investigate the facts, it was reported, that in the fourteenth year of the preceding reign, the greater part was so destroyed, that the site of the parish church, which at first was in the centre of the island, became afterwards on the sea-shore, and was then two leagues out in the sea; the inhabitants, at the same time,

stating that three hundred acres of arable land had been thus lost in forty-three years, and that at every wave, a portion of soil was destroyed."

The various papers are illustrated with maps, and, on the whole, we know of no work which we ought more heartily to recommend to the public, or which deserves a more extensive circulation.

*The String of Pearls.* By G. P. R. James, Author of 'Richelieu,' 'Henry Masterton,' &c. London: Bentley.

We think it right to apprise our country readers that this work, so earnestly recommended to their pockets in the Booksellers' Gazette, is *not yet published*. The profitable uses to which circumstances have been turned, in the professed review of this work, are sufficiently curious to gratify our readers. At the anniversary of the Literary Fund in 1831, it was announced;—but to prevent the possibility of misrepresentation, we will quote the report from the *Gazette* itself:—

"Between 300*l.* and 400*l.* were subscribed on this occasion; including 75*l.*, the price of a *MS.* by Mr. James, the author of 'Richelieu,' &c. presented to the charity through Mr. Jerdan, and purchased by Messrs. Colburn & Bentley at that price."

This paragraph, it will be admitted, is a little involved, and not a little curious: there are so many names mentioned in connexion with the gift, that it is rather difficult to understand who was the giver: indeed, it appears that we, in common with most others, fell into an error by supposing that it was Mr. James; for, in their review last week, we are informed that

"The present work is *particularly interesting*, for it is the one which Messrs. Colburn & Bentley *liberally* (!) purchased in *MS.*, and whose product Mr. James presented to the Literary Fund. Its future possessors will thus have the satisfaction of adding *charity to their gratification*!" and "will find it verify the excellent old saying—a good action is its own reward."

Here the reader will observe, that the *liberality* is carried off by Colburn & Bentley; and hence it appears, that Mr. James, like Mr. Jerdan, was but the dispenser of their bounty—a mere channel of distribution; and this must be the fact,—for how otherwise can the Literary Fund, which, it is truly said, "comforts the sick and the unfortunate," and which forms such a prominent and pathetic subject at the close of the review, benefit by the sale of the work? how otherwise can the purchasers add "*charity to their gratification*?" It is quite clear, that had Mr. James sold the *MS.* for 75*l.*, and given the produce to the Fund, he, and not the publishers, would have been commended for *liberality*; but then every shilling of profit would go *into the pockets of the publishers*. Still we do not venture to pronounce a dogmatic opinion on the subject—there are difficulties every way; and we must leave it to some one of the half-dozen parties named in connexion with the gift, to explain the circumstances. That Mr. James has been mixed up with the transaction, we sincerely regret: we shall be, indeed, greatly mistaken, if, ambitious as he is of honest fame, he does not feel deeply the stigma cast upon him by this preliminary puffing, and the eleemosynary appeal in favour of his work.

*Lyric Leaves.* By Cornelius Webbe. London: Griffiths.

Cornelius Webbe is, we believe, a printer as well as a poet; and, we have heard, that, in the former line he was scarcely so successful as he deserved: of his fortune in verse he has equal reason to complain: many only know him through certain lines which formed mottoes to certain bitter articles in *Blackwood's Magazine*. Of Mr. Webbe, however, we do not think quite so meanly as the critics of the north: in this modest little volume there are many sweet and natural verses: in the poem entitled 'Summer,' other passages may be found equal to the following:—

Now the Summer's face is brown,  
Let us shun the sultry town  
For the haunts of shade and dew,  
And the skies of smokeless blue;  
For the green and breezy hills,  
And the ever-running rills,  
Where their silent way they take  
By the foot of flowery brake,  
By the poet's nooks and bowers,  
Where the birds, and bees, and flowers  
Sing, and love, and live their hours,  
Nothing thoughtful of the morrow,  
Knowing neither pain nor sorrow,  
But, content with what is given,  
Live, and do the will of Heaven.

We who are of Nature's making,  
And have souls that should aspire,  
Shall we not, from sloth awaking,  
Lift the voice and sound the lyre?  
Nature, shall she work alone,  
And be seen of brutes, or none?  
Shall her flowers bloom and die  
Undelighting human eye?  
Shall her music, ever-quiring,  
On the senseless air expiring,  
Be, like tuning of the spheres,  
Only heard of heavenly ears?  
Shall her youth and age of greenness,  
And her comeliness and cleanness,  
Serious glee and holy gladness,  
That are ever without sadness,  
Be, like beauty to the blind,  
Unbeheld but of the mind?  
Shall her seasons come and go  
Like an unattractive show?  
Never!—there are some are wiser;  
There are poets still who prize her;  
And immortal minds that yearn  
Wisdom from her lips to learn!  
There are eyes which still can read  
Truth and worth in vilest weed,—  
Form in things which to the eye  
Half-read is but deformity,—  
Grandeur in mean things and small,  
And God's great handiwork in all!

Everywhere there are traces of truth and observation: there are better songs too than this—we take it because it is short.

The green leaves were searing,  
For Summer was gone;  
The corn of her rearing  
Stood brown in the Sun;  
The high lark was singing  
To Silence and Noon;  
The skies were all ringing  
Aloud with his tune,—  
When lonely I wander'd  
By Wye's winding stream,  
And pensively ponder'd  
Love's passionate dream.

In the silence of Even  
I linger'd there yet;—  
The great light of Heaven  
In glory had set;  
One silvery star sparkling  
Look'd down through the night,  
And hush'd Earth lay darkling  
Till the Moon shed her light;  
A soft step then sounded,  
A shade cross'd the shine,  
Towards me it bounded,—  
And Mary was mine!

Of sonnets, we have one for every month in the year, besides others addressed to the Seasons: among the former, that to May is the best:—

May, Summer's mother, sister of young Spring,  
Now vative garlands, woven of infant flowers,  
Festoon thy halls; and some true maiden towers  
Above her peers as queen where Love is king,  
And, in the midst of lusty youths a ring,  
Largesse of smiles and blushing pulses showers,—



And virgins pure and fair as thy white hours,  
(To passionate fretting of fast-fingered string,  
And rural reeds that pastorally play,  
And on the incensed air profusely pour  
Sounds sweet as scents,) with shepherds, on the floor  
Of primrose plots of green, dance fast away  
All winter-harms, and stir their stagnant bloods  
To the warm flush and hue of thy first red rose-buds.

We should have liked Mr. Webb better had he a little more vigour and originality: nor would his volume have been less welcome had he refrained from addressing verses to the moon, and singing songs to the nightingale: he has done both, and oftener than once, but to neither has he said anything new or striking. He deals too in "storms" and "winds," and he scruples not to write about lightning as familiarly as Franklin. He is more at home in 'The Bee.'

*History of the Greek Revolution.* By T. Gordon, Esq. F.R.S. 2 vols.

[Second Notice.]

It is one of the worst consequences of despotism, that it works for its own permanence—that it demoralizes and brutalizes men until they are rendered incapable of enjoying rational freedom. On reading the unbroken narrative of the cowardice, treachery, venality, and barbarity, which have marked the career of the Greek insurgents, we feel almost impelled, in spite of the sympathies inspired by the recollections of Grecian glory, to wish that the perpetrators of such crimes had remained subject to their ancient task-masters. But such feelings are misdirected; centuries of misrule had effaced almost the image of humanity; the Greeks had all the vices of barbarians superadded to those of remembered civilization; and our indignation should be directed not so much against the vices themselves as their cause.

We have thought it necessary to say these few words, because Mr. Gordon's volumes are likely to chill any lurking sympathy that remains in the bosom of Philhellenes; and will probably afford point to many a bitter sarcasm, hurled by those who, from the first, deprecated the encouragement of the insurgents and ridiculed the enthusiasm of Greek committees. We must concede to such persons, that, in moral qualifications, the combatants were sunk to the same degraded level: the Greeks might have claimed pre-eminence in poltroonery, but for the greater cowardice of the Turks: the defenders of the crescent would have been unparalleled for ruthless ferocity, if the followers of the cross had not so strenuously laboured to become their rivals. With more regret we find ourselves obliged to abate the favour with which we regarded the Philhellenes themselves. Ridicule itself could not exaggerate the folly of haranguing a starving multitude on annual senates and vote by ballot; recommending the adoption of Bentham's codes as the best means of recruiting an army; and gravely proposing to wage war against the Porte by pamphlets and newspapers; and reprobation itself fails to supply language strong enough for censuring the management of the Greek loan.

A history, in which all the parts are well proportioned and judiciously connected, can scarcely be expected to supply extractable passages; but there are one or two graphic sketches, revealing modes of life completely new, which we must transfer to our columns.

The Greek method of conducting sieges

was a novelty, for which the European officers were not prepared:—

"The two parties, on all these points, carried on their operations according to a method as old as the siege of Troy. The Greeks, encamping on the strongest ground they could find, just out of cannon shot of the forts, pushed forward every day detachments of volunteers, who, stealing on, and sheltering themselves behind stones, engaged with the enemy an interchange of musket-balls, and opprobrious epithets, sometimes interrupted by a temporary truce, during which, soldiers of both nations might be seen sitting in groups, smoking and conversing on the chances of the war, their private affairs, and the health of their acquaintances: these truces were very seldom violated. The Turks frequently made sorties, not so much with a hope of driving back their opponents, as to breathe a freer air, and divert their ennui; on such occasions, the main body of the Greeks advanced to support their outposts, and actions ensued remarkable rather for noise and waste of powder, than for the loss sustained; until the Moslems, thinking they had taken sufficient exercise, and pressed by superior numbers, retired behind their ramparts. Such affairs generally occurred early in the morning, or just before sunset: during the noontide heat, besiegers and besieged slept and took their meals, and the nights were passed in so perfect a repose, that, had either chosen to be on the alert, they might have surprised the enemy. The Turks, however, like other Orientals, are averse to fighting in the dark, and the Greeks resigned themselves to slumber in as profound security as though no foe had been near."

As little were the sailors prepared for their mode of naval warfare, especially their incessant use of fire-ships. The gallant exploit by which Canaris partially avenged the massacre of Scio, will best explain the daring heroism of the Greek brulottiers:—

"We have now to narrate one of the most extraordinary military exploits recorded in history, and to introduce to the reader's notice, in the person of a young Psarriote sailor, the most brilliant pattern of heroism that Greece in any age has had to boast of; a heroism, too, springing from the purest motives, unalloyed by ambition or avarice. The Greeks were convinced, that if they did not by a decisive blow paralyze the Turkish fleet before its junction with that of Egypt, their islands must be exposed to imminent danger: it was proposed, therefore, in their naval council, to choose a dark night for sending in two brulots by the northern passage, while at each extremity of the strait two ships of war should cruise in order to pick up the brulottiers. Constantine Canaris of Psarra, (already distinguished by his conduct at Erisso,) and George Pepinis of Hydra, with thirty-two bold companions, volunteered their services; and having partaken of the holy sacrament, sailed on the 18th in two brigs, fitted up as fire-ships, and followed at some distance by an escort of two corvettes, a brig, and a schooner. They beat to windward in the direction of Tchesmè, under French and Austrian colours, and about sunset drew so nigh to the hostile men-of-war, that they were hailed, and ordered to keep off: they tacked accordingly, but at midnight bore up with a fresh breeze, and ran in amongst the fleet. The Psarriote brulot, commanded by Canaris, grappled the prow of the admiral's ship, anchored at the head of the line, a league from the shore, and instantly set her on fire; the Greeks then stepped into a large launch they had in tow, and passed under her poop, shouting, 'Victory to the Cross!' the ancient war-cry of the imperial armies of Byzantium. The Hydriotes fastened their brig to another line-of-battle ship, carrying the treasure and

the Reala Bey's flag, and communicated the flames to her, but not so effectually, having applied the match a moment too soon; they were then picked up by their comrades, and the thirty-four brulottiers sailed out of the channel through the midst of the enemy without a single wound; they had, however, in their bark a barrel of gunpowder, determined to blow themselves up rather than be taken. While they departed full of joy and exultation, the roads of Scio presented an appalling sight. The Capitan Pasha's ship, which in a few minutes became one sheet of fire, contained 2286 persons, including most of the captains of the fleet, and unfortunately also a great number of Christian slaves; not above 180 survived, for the guns going off deterred boats from approaching, and two of those belonging to the vessel foundered, from being overloaded with men endeavouring to save their lives. Although the Reala Bey's ship got clear of the Hydriote brulot, and the flames were extinguished on board of her, yet she was so seriously damaged as to be unfit for ulterior service; and the brulot, driving about the roadstead in a state of combustion, set fire to a third two-decker, which was likewise preserved through the exertions of its crew. Overwhelmed with despair, the Capitan Pasha was placed in a launch by his attendants, but just as he seated himself there, a mast falling, sunk the boat, and severely bruised him; nevertheless expert swimmers supported Kara Ali to the beach, only to draw his last breath on that spot where the Sciote hostages had suffered!"

As a parallel to this, we extract the rival exploit of Mark Bozzaris, which an American poet, Fitzgreene Halleck, has celebrated in an ode worthy of Greece's ancient bards:

"In a council of war held on the 20th, Mark Bozzaris pointed out the impossibility of keeping the foe in check by demonstrations, or of spinning out the campaign, because they were in want of provisions and ammunition, and he therefore insisted on the necessity of hazarding without delay a desperate attack; his generous proposition was approved, and the execution fixed for the following night. Their troops being divided into three columns, Bozzaris undertook to lead the centre; George Kizos, the two Travellas (uncle and nephew), the captains of Karpensis, and the Khiliarch Yaki, headed the wing; the other, formed of the soldiers of Agrafa and Souvalakos, was intrusted to the command of a Souliote named Fotos; the onset was to commence at five hours after sunset, and their watchword to be Stornari (or *stunt*). Having waited a quarter of an hour beyond the appointed time, to allow the wings to come up, and perceiving no signs of them, Mark with 360 men entered Jeladin Bey's camp, and finding the Scodrians asleep, made a terrible slaughter of them. If all the Greeks had behaved like the Souliotes, the result would have been a complete victory. \* \* The Souliotes, using their swords, after the first discharge of fire-arms, drove the Mirdites from all their tambourias except one within an enclosure, which Bozzaris assaulted in vain. Wounded by a shot in the loins, he concealed that accident, and continued to fight, until a ball struck him in the face; he fell, and instantly expired. The action lasted for an hour and a half longer, but their leader's death becoming known, and day beginning to dawn, the Souliotes retreated to their original position at Mikrokhorì, carrying off with them their general's body."

We must make room for one passage from Halleck's ode:—

An hour pass'd on. The Turk awoke;  
That bright dream was his last:  
He woke to hear his sentries shriek,  
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"  
He woke to die 'midst flame and smoke,  
And shout, and groan, and snare stroke.

And death-shots falling thick and fast  
As lightnings from the tempest cloud !  
And heard with voice as thunder loud,  
Bozzaris cheer his band :  
" Strike ! till the last arm'd foe expires ;  
Strike ! for your altars and your fires ;  
Strike ! for the green graves of your sires—  
God and your native land !"  
They fought, like heroes, long and well ;  
They piled that ground with Moslem slain ;  
They conquered—but Bozzaris fell  
Bleeding in every vein.  
His few surviving comrades saw  
His smile, when rang their proud hurrah,  
And the red field was won ;  
Then saw in death his eye-lids close  
Calmly, as to a night's repose,  
Like flowers at set of sun.

After tragedy comes a farce ; and the following may rival the most extravagant of Moncrieff's :—

" In the autumn of the same year, Count Metaxa, having failed in his mission to the Congress of Verona, listened to a scheme suggested to him at Ancona by Captain Jourdain, for striking up an alliance with that *magni nominis umbra*, the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. The Count delegated his full powers to Jourdain, and the latter visiting Paris in March 1823, and making known his object, was, through the intervention of Monsieur Raoul, counsellor of the order, admitted to a conference with the commission of French knights residing in that capital. Two plenipotentiaries (the Marquis de Marcieu and the Marquis de la Porte) being appointed to negotiate with him, signed a treaty, July the 10th, which was ratified on the 18th by the Grand Prior of Auvergne, the Bailly de Lasteyrie, the Chancellor, and three Commanders of the Order. In twenty-four articles, it stipulated the recognition of Greece, and the closest alliance and union between the high contracting parties, who formally guaranteed to each other the integrity of their respective territories, and agreed to share their conquests over the Infidels !"

We cannot finally dismiss these volumes without repeating our commendation of the diligent search after truth, discernible in every page, and bearing our testimony to the great ability of the narrative, and the sound common sense displayed by the writer in his few but very judicious reflections.

*The Plays and Poems of Shakspeare, with a Life and Glossarial Notes.* Edited by A. J. Valpy. Vol. I. London: Valpy.

THIS is the first volume of an edition to be illustrated with one hundred and seventy outline engravings from the plates in Boydell's *Shakspeare*. This single volume has ten or twelve from the pencils of Romney, Fuseli, Smirke, Hamilton, Angelica Kauffman, Stothard &c.; and is very beautifully printed: Mr. Valpy is generally chary in the use of new type; but on this occasion he has opened his heart. The notes are few but judicious; in the following, the Editor has ventured beyond his usual brevity of explanation.

" A late Reviewer has observed, in estimating the genius of Byron and Shakspeare, that the former could never claim equal talent in his delineations of high life; since Shakspeare never had the advantage of mixing in such society, while Byron was bred and educated in the midst of it. The same opinion has indeed been generally adopted, and some commentators have even considered that Shakspeare always lived in a state of comparative obscurity. Such however cannot be the fact; for with the acknowledged patronage of such men as Lords Southampton, Pembroke, and Montgomery, it cannot well be doubted that he was introduced to the society and intercourse of great as well as good men."

Mr. Valpy is beyond all doubt right, although

he only sees one half the error. How was Byron bred and educated among the Aristocracy? Is Aberdeen aristocratic?—is two hundred a year aristocratic?—is the son of a captain in the army *per se* an aristocrat? The truth is, Byron's peerage was the accident of his fortune. He did not belong to the aristocracy—he was made to feel this in his very outset in life—and half his gall and bitterness is perhaps to be attributed to the reception he first met with from the aristocracy.

*The Geographical Annual.*

*The Biblical Annual.* London: Bull.

We have said our say of these very beautiful volumes; but it appears that we are called on to report again, in consequence of the additions which have been made. In the present edition of the *Geographical*, the discoveries of the Landers, the separation of Belgium and Holland, and other changes and discoveries, are marked; and an entirely new map is given, showing all places which under the new law return members to Parliament, &c. &c. These volumes ought not to be called *Annals*, for such a name seems to announce that they are only for a season, whereas they are "for all time," at least, so long as boys and girls gladden our firesides, and knowledge shall be thought desirable.

*Sadoc and Miriam; a Jewish Tale.* London: Parker.

THIS little work has been published by the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge; its design, is to state the Evidences of Christianity as they appeared to the contemporaries of Jesus Christ. The author is manifestly a man of benevolent dispositions; besides stating in a new and forcible light, the evidences for the truths of the Gospel, he takes every means of teaching those doctrines of enlightened toleration, Christian forbearance, and charitable construction of motives, which are too often forgotten by zealous advocates. Like a true Christian, he teaches that to complete "Glory to God in the highest," we must add the rest of the angelic hymn—"good-will towards men."

*The Conjugating Dictionary of all the French Verbs.* By Lucien de Rudelle. London: Dulau & Co.

THIS will certainly be found a very useful work—here we have the conjugation of all the verbs, through mood and tense, and not by reference, as is frequently the case from one verb to the other of like conjugation—whoever, too, has felt the difficulty of the prepositions and participles, will agree with us, that the simplification in this little work must be serviceable. We recommend it to all who are about to study the French language.

*A Small Edition of English Botany; containing the Plants of Great Britain, arranged according to the Linnean Method, and briefly described.* London: Sowerby.

THE original *English Botany*, is well known as one of the most complete illustrations of the European Flora, that has ever appeared; it is a work of reference, that no good library can dispense with. But, unfortunately, it is so costly a publication, as to be beyond the means of the greater part of naturalists. We, therefore, hail with satisfaction, this plan of the proprietors, to diminish its expense, by republishing the work without the doubtful or unimportant species, and with very brief descriptions.

*Five Minutes Advice on the Care of the Teeth, and on the best means of Preserving, Recovering, and when lost, Restoring them.*

A small pamphlet, but containing much useful advice.

*Address delivered at the Opening of the Medical Session in the University of London. October 1.* By John Elliotson, M. D.

WE are happy to learn, not only from this sensible address, but from private sources, that the medical school of this University is going on most prosperously. Dr. Elliotson speaks well of the *Senatus Academicus*, and urges strongly the establishment of an hospital, for which a subscription is opened, and to which the friends of the establishment ought forthwith to contribute.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS

### DER FADERLAND.

(The following is a translation of the celebrated Song which some few months since was sung with such enthusiasm at the great meeting in Germany, and was afterwards interdicted by authority.)

WHERE 's the German's Fatherland?  
Suabia, Prussia, which of these?  
Is it where the purple vine  
Blossoms on the beauteous Rhine?  
Is it where the sea-gulls rest  
Their bosoms on the Baltic's breast?  
No! ah no! 'tis none of these—  
Greater is his Fatherland!

Where 's the German's Fatherland?  
Bavaria, Styria, which of these?  
Tell me, tell me, does it lie  
Near Marsi, or Westphalie?  
Is it in the gloomy mine  
Where the gold and iron shine?  
No! oh no! 'tis none of these—  
Greater is the Fatherland!

Where 's the German's Fatherland?  
Pomerania, is it this?  
Is it where the flying sand  
Wind-blown ranges o'er the land?  
Is it where the roaring river  
Of the Danube flows for ever?  
No! ah no! 'tis none of these—  
Larger is his Fatherland!

Where 's the German's native home?  
Breathe to me the glorious land!  
Is it where the freeborn Swiss  
Roam contented—is it this?  
Or where the Tyrolians dwell?  
Tho' clime and people please me well—  
Yet no! yet no! 'tis none of these—  
Larger is the Fatherland!

Where 's the German's native home?  
Name! oh, name the glorious clime!  
Is it Austria, fair and bright,  
Rich in honours, great in fight?  
No! ah no! it is not here—  
Greater is his Fatherland!

Where 's the German's native home?  
Breathe! oh, breathe the glorious clime!  
Is it the devoted land  
Snatched by Gaul's deceitful hand?  
Robber of our country's right,  
By the tyranny of might!  
No! ah no! it is not this—  
Greater is his Fatherland!

Where 's the German's father-home?  
Breathe at last that glorious spell!  
Where'er a German's freeborn speech  
Is uttered, or where it can reach!  
Where'er by German's pious tongue,  
The grateful Hymn to God is sung!  
'Tis that! 'tis that! hail, land divine!  
That, brave Germans! that call thine!

That 's the German's native land!  
Vows are there sworn hand in hand:  
Truth and freedom fire the eye;  
Love is pure fidelity:  
'Tis that! 'tis that! hail, land divine!  
That, brave Germans! that call thine!

That's the German's native land!  
Where warm sincerity is known;  
Where ne'er is heard a foreign tone;  
Where every cold, unfriendly heart  
Is hidden, as a foe, depart;  
Where every warm and noble mind  
Is as a friend by God assigned!  
'Tis there! 'tis there! land of the free!  
It shall be all, all Germany!

The whole of Germany shall be  
Our Fatherland! It shall be free!  
O God of Heav'n! enthroned above,  
Bless it with thy benignant love!  
With German valour, German truth,  
Fill every soul, and fire our youth,  
That every harp and tongue shall tell,  
They served it faithfully and well!  
'Tis here! 'tis here! land of the free!  
It shall be all, all Germany!

## CONTINUATION OF THE SHELLEY PAPERS.

## ON "FRANKENSTEIN."

BY THE LATE PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

THE novel of 'Frankenstein; or, the Modern Prometheus,' is undoubtedly, as a mere story, one of the most original and complete productions of the day. We debate with ourselves in wonder, as we read it, what could have been the series of thoughts—what could have been the peculiar experiences that awakened them—which conducted, in the author's mind, to the astonishing combinations of motives and incidents, and the startling catastrophe, which compose this tale. There are, perhaps, some points of subordinate importance, which prove that it is the author's first attempt. But in this judgment, which requires a very nice discrimination, we may be mistaken; for it is conducted throughout with a firm and steady hand. The interest gradually accumulates and advances towards the conclusion with the accelerated rapidity of a rock rolled down a mountain. We are led breathless with suspense and sympathy, and the heaping up of incident on incident, and the working of passion out of passion. We cry "hold, hold! enough!"—but there is yet something to come; and, like the victim whose history it relates, we think we can bear no more, and yet more is to be borne. Pelion is heaped on Ossa, and Ossa on Olympus. We climb Alp after Alp, until the horizon is seen blank, vacant, and limitless; and the head turns giddy, and the ground seems to fail under our feet.

This novel rests its claim on being a source of powerful and profound emotion. The elementary feelings of the human mind are exposed to view; and those who are accustomed to reason deeply on their origin and tendency will, perhaps, be the only persons who can sympathize, to the full extent, in the interest of the actions which are their result. But, founded on nature as they are, there is perhaps no reader, who can endure anything beside a new love story, who will not feel a responsive string touched in his inmost soul. The sentiments are so affectionate and so innocent—the characters of the subordinate agents in this strange drama are clothed in the light of such a mild and gentle mind—the pictures of domestic manners are of the most simple and attaching character: the father's is irresistible and deep. Nor are the crimes and malevolence of the

single Being, though indeed withering and tremendous, the offspring of any unaccountable propensity to evil, but flow irresistibly from certain causes fully adequate to their production. They are the children, as it were, of Necessity and Human Nature. In this the direct moral of the book consists; and it is perhaps the most important, and of the most universal application, of any moral that can be enforced by example. Treat a person ill, and he will become wicked. Requite affection with scorn;—let one being be selected, for whatever cause, as the refuse of his kind—divide him, a social being, from society, and you impose upon him the irresistible obligations—malevolence and selfishness. It is thus that, too often in society, those who are best qualified to be its benefactors and its ornaments, are branded by some accident and solitude of heart, into a scourge and a curse.

The Being in 'Frankenstein' is, no doubt, a tremendous creature. It was impossible that he should not have received among men that treatment which led to the consequences of his being a social nature. He was an abortion and an anomaly; and though his mind was such as its first impressions framed it, affectionate and full of moral sensibility, yet the circumstances of his existence are so monstrous and uncommon, that, when the consequences of them became developed in action, his original goodness was gradually turned into inextinguishable misanthropy and revenge. The scene between the Being and the blind De Lacey in the cottage, is one of the most profound and extraordinary instances of pathos that we ever recollect. It is impossible to read this dialogue,—and indeed many others of a somewhat similar character,—without feeling the heart suspend its pulsations with wonder, and the "tears stream down the cheeks." The encounter and argument between Frankenstein and the Being on the sea of ice, almost approaches, in effect, to the expostulations of Caleb Williams with Falkland. It reminds us, indeed, somewhat of the style and character of that admirable writer, to whom the author has dedicated his work, and whose productions he seems to have studied.

There is only one instance, however, in which we detect the least approach to imitation; and that is the conduct of the incident of Frankenstein's landing in Ireland. The general character of the tale, indeed, resembles nothing that ever preceded it. After the death of Elizabeth, the story, like a stream which grows at once more rapid and profound as it proceeds, assumes an irresistible solemnity, and the magnificent energy and swiftness of a tempest.

The churchyard scene, in which Frankenstein visits the tombs of his family, his quitting Geneva, and his journey through Tartary to the shores of the Frozen Ocean, resemble at once the terrible reanimation of a corpse and the supernatural career of a spirit. The scene in the cabin of Walton's ship—the more than mortal enthusiasm and grandeur of the Being's speech over the dead body of his victim—is an exhibition of intellectual and imaginative power, which we think the reader will acknowledge has seldom been surpassed.

## ABBOTSFORD SUBSCRIPTION.

A meeting took place yesterday at Bridge-water House, at which Lord Francis Leveson Gower was in the chair, and the Bishop of Chichester, Lord Mahon, Sir Francis Burdett, Sir Robert Inglis, Sir John Malcolm, Sir John Hobhouse, Mr. Croker, The Rev. H. Milman, Dr. Ferguson, Messrs. Leslie and Phillips the Royal Academicians, Mr. Scott of Harden, Mr. Sotheby, Mr. Allan Cunningham, and about fifty other gentlemen were present; when it was resolved that a subscription should be forthwith opened for the purpose of securing Abbotsford with all its literary and other treasures, to the family of Sir Walter Scott; and that all persons might have an opportunity of testifying their admiration and respect for their illustrious countryman, that no sum however small should be refused; that ruled papers be forthwith prepared, in which the names of the subscribers shall be registered; and that when the subscription is closed, these papers shall be bound into volumes, and deposited among the archives of the family in the library at Abbotsford. In this spirit the subscription began,—the committee putting down their names for various and very different sums. It must be, we feel assured, wholly unnecessary for us to say another word on this subject. Englishmen have never been slow to honour or reward those who have shed a lustre on their name; and in the nineteenth century they need not be told, that the most permanent and universal fame of a country is won for it by the genius and the virtues of such a man as Scott. When Captain Richardson was advancing on his perilous route to the North Pole, the last trace of civilization he met with was a mutilated volume of one of Scott's Novels, which some hunter had casually left in his summer hut.

## THE ST. SIMONIANS AT A FÊTE, IN THE ENVIRONS OF PARIS.

[We are indebted for this pleasant notice to an unknown correspondent—or, if known, he is not recognized either by his initial or hand-writing.]

Paris, Nov. 2.

IMAGINE my stumbling upon a St. Simonian fete last Sunday, and in company, moreover, with a very devout friend. We had been paying a visit to Père Lachaise,—which, by the bye, is losing its beauty fast, at least to my eyes. The cypress-trees have grown up so tall and so thick, that the view, which used to be so charming, is everywhere shut out; whilst the flowers and ornamented tombs, which were wont to look so gay in the sun, are now completely thrown into a veritable sepulchral shade. The lofty mausolea of Foy, Massena, and their military brethren, still tower above the trees; but another year, if the axe or pruning-hook do not intervene, will consign them with the rest, to the shade of gloom, if not of oblivion.

Wandering around the environs of the cemetery, with the intention of dining, after the fashion of Parisian cockneys, *hors barrière*, we met the whole posse of St. Simonians, full forty in number, descending from their establishment at Menilmontant, in order, as it appeared, to dine and mingle with the popular crowd that fills the taverns and *guinguettes* of the outside boulevard every Sunday. We followed, to satisfy our curiosity; and they, seeing we were strangers, despatched a brother to invite us to fraternize. We acquiesced, and actually dined with these gentry,—paying our own *décor* however;—so that I can give you a full description of them.

Their dress, you are aware, is exceedingly picturesque, consisting of a short frock, or blouse of blue cloth (a blue-coat boy's frock, shortened and dandified). This, opened before, displays a white tunic. The neck is bare, the beard full grown, well combed, curled, and

essenced. On my word, sitting at table with two scores of beards wagging, had an odd effect upon me; one time I was seized with an invincible inclination to laugh—at another, to believe myself in such banquetting scenes as old books and pictures tell of.

Enfantin, the chief, is hugely admired. He struck me as a model of that once admired but now exploded being, the Irish chairman. He is a lubberly, broad-shouldered fellow, and cuts a singular figure. Enfantin has a bronzed, dull, handsome countenance, "*aussi animal qu'un homme peut être*," observed a lady; and the sex may be allowed to pronounce judgment in these matters. From my observation, I can only assert, that he is superlatively *bête*, and incapable of any other fanaticism than vanity. Upon some question as to the viands at table, he replied, "We each live the life of *proletaires* at present, never expending more than twenty-five sous a day. I like the idea of an essenced gentleman, in superfine cloth, and a cashmere shawl round his neck, saying that he led the life of a workman at a shilling a day. On the breast of Enfantin's white tunic was embroidered the words *Le Père*. I scarcely dare to write, though I certainly remarked that this audacious fool endeavoured to imitate, in dress, and aspect, and affected suavity of manner, the traditional portraits and descriptions of the Saviour.

Yet there are clever men amongst the St. Simonians who swear by this presumptuous fool. Barrault, for example, was a professor of considerable talent, who, though married, gave up his situation and prospects, to enroll himself amongst the community. The ten chief members have contributed about 4000*l.* a piece, which is the utmost of their means. The most singular convert amongst these is Fournel, an old élève of the Polytechnic school, and a man who was at the head of the iron mines of Creugot, the most considerable in France. He has sacrificed a full 1000*l.* a year, besides 4000*l.* to the society. On their trial, great stress was laid by them upon the conversion of this Fournel, a man of science, of habits *positive* rather than *imaginative*,—to use their terms,—a man from nature and profession cold, calculating, and reserved. The assumption upon which this argument was founded, is, perhaps, entirely false; I doubt much, if it requires heat either of temperament or imagination, to become a fanatic. Personal vanity seemed to me the all-absorbing idea of Fournel, as of Enfantin. The latter, by the bye, was *caissier*, or treasurer of the *Caisse Hypothécaire*, a man of waste-book and ledger.—The last place where we should have looked for a self-announced prophet, is certainly the stool of a counting-house.

Duveyrrier is another eminent member of the society. He is the most eloquent, and the truest fanatic. For Barrault, though he speaks well, is but a rhetorician. He has very little common sense or judgment, however, since it was his glowing eulogium upon the virtue, or at least the harmlessness, of carnal pleasures, that elicited from the jury a condemnation of a year's imprisonment. It was Duveyrrier who headed the unsuccessful mission to England.

The most talented professor now lecturing in Paris is decidedly Lerménier. He was altogether a convert to the St. Simonians at one time, and was only preserved from "taking the frock" by his friends, who, perforce, packed him off to Italy. A short tour there brought him to his senses. We had hoped, that these gentlemen would expound their doctrine, and so they did; for a dandy next me, explained very fully the different colours of their gay shawls, and gave the particular reasons why each was worn. The tricolor they chiefly affect; why, think you?—in that it represents *science*, *industry*, and *arts*. The three colours should predominate in their dress. On asking why

they did not, I was answered, that the trousers, hitherto white, are destined to be red, as soon as there are funds or credit for the purchase. Such are some of the *serious* dogmas of the St. Simonians.

After dinner, at least, thought we, there will be a preaching. No such thing. Our frocked and shawled companions descended to the dancing-garden, (a White Conduit House affair, bating the cleanliness) and there went through country dances with the easy damsels of the boulevard. In disgust and disappointment we departed.

R.

## VISIT TO OLYMPIA IN THE SUMMER OF 1832.

DURING Professor Thiersch's recent mission into Greece, on the part of the Bavarian government, this eminent scholar never lost sight of its classical attractions, and he has brought back with him a variety of notes, of one of which, the subsequent account of Olympia, whose very name recalls all the faded glories of Hellas, is a concise abstract.

After riding about three miles across the plain, the travellers followed the course of the Alpheus, which, at this spot, is one hundred and twenty-five paces in breadth, and varies from two to five feet in depth; and, after gaining the acclivity of the mountains which lie on its right bank, they reached a district, where two spacious and fertile vallies meet in front of a conical hill. Here once stood Olympia; and that hill is the identical hill of Kronos, on which Pindar has conferred immortality. As the evening was closing in, Thiersch and his companions lost no time in making for the miserable hamlet, Mj-saka, which lies on an eminence to the left: here, however, they found the cabins so full of vermin, that they were compelled to take up their quarters for the night on the site of an ancient temple. Thiersch reports, that, of all the splendid range of edifices which once adorned Olympia, there is not one that can be recognized with any degree of certainty, excepting the temple of Jupiter; this the French very carefully laid open through its whole extent, and were thus enabled to ascertain, that the remains agree in every particular with the description given by Pausanias. The black pavement in the interior, close to the colossal statue of the god, and the channel, through which the oil was conducted, as it flowed from the statue, are still visible. The ruins, which are found above ground, belong to the times of the Romans. The principal buildings and appurtenances of what was called the *dog*—namely, the Heraum, Metroon, treasuries, and Stadium, lay around the Kronion hill, which is connected by a low, natural causeway, with the heights north of it: through this causeway was dug the hidden communication between the treasuries and the Stadium. Thiersch discovered obvious traces of those treasuries, on a double terrace at the northern and western feet of the Kronion, and recognized the site of the Stadium in the valley which lies between the Kronion and an eminence to the east of it. It will be recollected, that Pausanias speaks of a many-voiced echo, as existing on the spot where the greater portion of the halls and buildings of Olympia were thronged closest together: this echo has naturally disappeared with the structures from which it arose; but the name of Antilalos, (the reverberating,) clings to the spot to this day.

## ENIGMA.—FROM THE ANTHOLOG.

With one air two ships are driving;  
Ten rowers at their ports are striving;  
And, no coming danger fearing,  
A single pilot both is steering.

## ANSWER.

'Tis a player trying whether  
He can blow two flutes together.

## OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

WE are glad to see by the Scotch papers that the creditors of Sir Walter Scott have, contrary to the predictions of one of our London journals, met his executors in a spirit of moderation and equity, and accepted as payment the identical sum for which, in the year 1826, he became bound. In England also, something equally pleasant deserves to be made known. Sir Herbert Taylor has, by command of His Majesty, written a very kind letter to the present Sir Walter Scott, informing him, that a pension of two hundred a year has been granted to Miss Scott from the Civil List; and as this, we believe, required the concurrence of his ministers, we may consider it as secured to her for life.

Mr. John Galt is, as all the world knows, a man of genius: his works sell well, and people read and praise them: it would appear, however, that they fail to go so quickly off as his publisher desires, and something was required to be done to quicken the motion of what was already moving. Now, Mr. Galt was some time since taken ill, but, bating an occasional rack and wrench of rheumatism, had recovered. This, however, if not unwelcome, was inopportune. 'Lawrie Todd' demanded a fresh impulse in the market, and this was accomplished by a paragraph which ran through all the papers, saying the author of 'Lawrie Todd' was ill—dangerously ill. The public put on a look of sorrow, and his personal friends began to think of crape, when another paragraph saved all further effusion of tears, by informing them, that the gifted author was hale and well, and had penned an introduction, humorous, sly, and so forth, for the new edition of that most admirable work. We need not point out the source of this puffery, which must be unpleasant enough to a man of genius.

On Monday last, Stanfield and Geddes were elected Associates of the Royal Academy: the first is well known by many beautiful scenes of reality and imagination: and the public will rejoice with his friends at the honour so deservedly conferred on him;—the latter has long been a favourite in Scotland, though little known here. There is one Elias Martin, who has stood some sixty years and odd at the top of the list of Associates: we would advise the Academy to strike out the dead man at the next election, and put a living Martin in his place: they owe it to genius and to themselves to do this.

Prout, we see, proposes to publish, by subscription, a volume of folio engravings, of the chief architectural and picturesque subjects in Flanders. They are,—for we have seen some of them,—on grey paper, and touched with white, so as to look like facsimiles of the original drawings: all who know the fidelity and force of Prout's pencil will encourage him in an undertaking which promises to be beneficial to architects, as well as acceptable to people of taste.

A weekly *Conversazione* is, we hear, about to be established by men of science, in which, besides the oral discussion of interesting subjects, papers are to be read relating to theoretical or practical science or manufactures. The meetings are to be held weekly during the season; and the Directors of the National Gallery of Practical Science, Adelaide Street, have offered their rooms for the purpose.

## SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

## ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

The Society held its first meeting on Wednesday, the 7th instant.

A paper by Dr. Uwins was read, 'On the Connexion between Poetic Taste and Moral Sentiment.' The principle, that profound moral feeling is essential to poetic power, was ingeniously maintained, and ably illustrated by the writer; and the inference deduced, that the cultivation and sublimation of the taste ought to form a leading object in education.

Various donations of books were announced, in particular from Nath. Ogle, Esq., and Professor Boeckh.

## LINNEAN SOCIETY.

The first meeting of the season was held on Tuesday: A. B. Lambert, Esq., in the chair.—After some routine business, the chairman communicated to the meeting the valuable and liberal present the Society had received from the Hon. East India Company, consisting of all the immense botanical collections formed by the various distinguished men who had been engaged for years past, exploring the treasures of India in this branch of Natural History, under the influence and patronage of the Company. This collection alone contains about 8,000 species, including from seven to ten examples of each species, from different localities. A liberal subscription was made to defray the expense incurred for appropriate cabinets, in which the collection is already deposited, and a committee appointed to give effect to this magnificent present, and make it available for the general advancement of botanical science. This great addition to the previous possessions of the Society renders the whole collection equal, if not superior, to that of any other Society in Europe. Several members present supported a second subscription, towards erecting a monument in the Jardin des Plantes, to the memory of Baron Cuvier.—The donations in books, accumulated during the recess, were numerous and valuable, and the reading of a botanical paper, concluded the business of the evening.

## GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 7.—This being the first evening of the session, the Society assembled at their apartments in Somerset House,—Roderick Impey Murchison, Esq., President, in the chair.

The following gentlemen were elected Fellows: Woodbine Parish, jun., Esq., F.R.S.; Henry Trollope, Esq., of Harrow; Whitlock Nichol, M.D., F.R.S., and Herbert Mayo, Esq., Professor of Anatomy in King's College, London.

A communication was first read from Mr. Henwood, F.G.S., On the intersection of veins in Cornwall, and on the changes which have been observed in the position and directions of veins, when traversed by cross courses.

A paper by the Rev. James Yates, F.G.S., was then read, On a submarine forest on the coast of Cardiganshire and Merionethshire, and extending for a considerable distance north and south of the River Dovey. In the course of the memoir, it was shown, that the Scotch fir constituted formerly extensive forests in many parts of the kingdom; and that the period of its ceasing to be a member of the English Flora, was about the middle of the seventeenth century. A third memoir, On the Geology of the North-west of Mayo and Sligo, by the Venerable Archdeacon Verschoyle, was commenced.

The tables were covered with numerous donations to the Museums and Library.

## HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 6.—A letter was read which had been received from Peter Kendall, Esq., F.H.S. re-

specting the employment of cats in the preservation of fruit trees, from the attacks of birds. It stated that the practice had been found very successful for several years, especially as regarded wall trees, and gooseberry and currant bushes; the cats being tethered by a light chain to a stake, or suffered to range by means of a ring on an iron rod.

The principal articles exhibited were a green St. Vincent pine-apple, the produce of a sucker planted in the autumn of 1830, from Sir Rowland Hill's garden—Black Hamburgh and white Muscadine grapes, from John Allnut, Esq., both from a vinery, and from the open wall—Cactus truncatus and a most beautiful collection of passion flowers, from Mrs. Marryat—specimens of the different varieties of grapes which furnish the Rhenish wines, and a large number of the best and handsomest sorts of apples and pears, from the Society's garden.

The 4th of December was announced as the next day of meeting.

Seven gentlemen were elected Fellows of the Society.

## PHRENOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

The first meeting of the eighth session of this Society, was held in Panton Square, on Monday last,—Dr. Elliotson, F.R.S., President, in the chair.—Previous to the paper being read, the President briefly addressed the meeting, on the present state of the Society, and on the science of Phrenology generally. He announced, as a proof of its continued progress, that three courses of lectures on Phrenology were, at the present time, being delivered in the metropolis—namely, at the London Institution, the London Hospital, and at Mr. Grainger's Anatomical Theatre, in the Borough, in addition to a Phrenological class at the Mechanics' Institution. He also stated, that he had himself, for some time past, lectured phrenologically on Insanity, at St. Thomas's Hospital, taking the works of Gall and Spurzheim for his text books. Dr. Elliotson then called the attention of the Society to a paper, by the Marquis de Moscati, which he subsequently read, being 'The History and Conversion of an Anti-phrenologist.' Dr. Elliotson mentioned incidentally, that the Marquis was acquainted with thirty-six different languages, twenty of which he was able to converse in freely.

## WESTMINSTER MEDICAL SOCIETY.

On Saturday evening last Mr. Malyer read a paper, 'On the Influence Early Labour has in Checking the due Development of the Human Constitution.' The author, who has had considerable experience in the cotton manufacturing districts, introduced the question in connexion with the system there adopted. He drew a most appalling picture of the condition of the poor children employed in those mills;—described the degree of labour they were subject to, and the polluted atmosphere they breathed, as likely to check the natural growth of the body, engender disease, and destroy the energies of the constitution. The author further strengthened his position, by referring to published tables, showing the average number of early deaths to be nearly two-thirds greater in those districts than in the agricultural counties, and stated such mortality to be principally the result of tubercular or scrofulous diseases. After an animated discussion, the consideration of the subject was adjourned till the next meeting, the author hoping the opinions of the members of this Society might influence the conduct of the manufacturers, and bear to a certain extent on the provisions of a bill introduced into parliament by Mr. Sadler, in connexion with this question, called 'The Ten Hours Factory Bill.'

## MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

|          |   |
|----------|---|
| MONDAY.  | Royal Geographical Society .. Nine, P.M.  |
|          | Medical Society .. .. . Eight, P.M.       |
| TUESDAY. | Medico-Botanical Society .... Eight, P.M. |
|          | Medico-Chirurgical Society .. p. 8, P.M.  |
| WEDNES.  | Society of Arts .. .. . p. 7, P.M.        |
| THURS.   | Royal Society .. .. . p. 8, P.M.          |
|          | Society of Antiquaries .. .. Eight, P.M.  |
| SATUR.   | Westminster Medical Society Eight, P.M.   |

## FINE ARTS

## ARTISTS AND AMATEURS' CONVERSAZIONE.

The first meeting of this agreeable Society, took place on Wednesday, at the Freemason's Tavern—and we were pleased to find, that, unlike first meetings generally, it was numerously attended, and well supplied with interesting objects of art. The father of the lamented Bonington contributed some charming drawings by his son, lately brought from Paris to this country. Nor less did we admire some of the able works of the clever Liversedge—another of our artists, who, like Harlow and Bonington, died just as his talents were ripening, and the world began to appreciate their merit. One of his pictures—a man holding a hawk in the presence of a lovely female—for beauty of composition and delicacy of colouring, was inferior only to the most perfect productions of Terburg—there were some six others from his hand, sent up, we understood, from Manchester, (where his works are mostly to be found,) to be engraved in the work now in progress, from the best efforts of his pencil.

The original drawing by Chalons of the head of Flora M'Ivor, the engraving of which is to be seen in every print-shop, charmed us much; as did also some fairy sketches by Mr. Parris, done in illustration of the new work from the pen of Mr. Lytton Bulwer; or rather, we believe, the new volume of the 'Continental Annual,' edited by Mr. Bulwer. There were many fine specimens of our modern water-colour painters—those from the pencils of Hart, Cattermole, Ripplingale, and Stanfield, chiefly interested us. Nor must we omit to notice a very admirable bust (taken just before his death) of Sir James Macintosh, from the hands of Mr. Behnes Burdowe. The plates for the new number of Mr. Robinson's Vitruvius Britannicus of Hatfield House, must be also mentioned, produced by the elaborate needle of Mr. Shaw: it will, indeed, be a very interesting portion of this superb work. This meeting gave a pleasant assurance that the interests of the Society have not been forgotten by the members, since the last meeting.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Portrait of Sir Walter Scott.* Effingham Wilson. THIS is the last likeness taken of the great author of Waverley; it is dated Naples, 16th of April, 1832. There is no doubt that Scott was unaware of its being made, and that it was stolen at a venture, by some needy artist, from the illustrious invalid. It bears all the marks of haste, and, moreover, of ignorance of the countenance and peculiar expression of Scott: there is a want of penetration in the eye, and a deficiency of character about the mouth, and the nose is lumpy and large.

*Carlisle, from Cummersdale.* Moon & Boys. THIS is a pretty lithograph view of a very beautiful city.

## MUSIC

*Fly to me.* Set to Music as a Ballad, and also in the style of an Italian Aria. By W. Evestaff. THE melody of both is not amiss, but the measure of the common time appears best to suit the words. Allusion to the style of an Italian aria is ridiculous—ballad, or song, sufficiently denote both. In the latter, at the cadence on the



chord of *f*, which is the dominant to the key (B flat), we are reminded of an error we have noticed for years in the singing of Braham, which is most offensive to a cultivated ear—viz. after suspending the octave to the dominant bass, he invariably descends to the key-note by the *third* of the *tonic* harmony, whilst the former harmony remains not resolved! It is the less excusable when written, as in this instance, at the close of the first verse.

*The Smiling Spring.* A Ballad. By S.S. Wesley. We have been much pleased with this composition. It is superior to most works of the same class.

*Fair One, take this Rose.* A Ballad. By John Frederick Pole.

This has less variety of harmony than the foregoing, but is graceful and pleasing, and not difficult.

*I think of thee.* A Song. Poetry by T. Campbell, Esq. Composed by Francis Robinson.

Commonplace. There is not one original idea in it.

## THEATRICALS

### COVENT GARDEN.

A piece, described as a "new original drama," in three acts, and under the title of 'The Dark Diamond,' was produced here on Monday last. It is by no means a diamond of the first water. It is, in truth, a sad affair. The authorship was attributed to a gentleman who has denied it. We congratulate him on having had it in his power to do so. We have no idea upon what principle the word "original" was applied to this production. "Translation" is the "common cry" of newspapers, and managers of theatres, taking their cue from that, are rather too apt to designate everything as "original," which is not avowedly or evidently some French piece rendered into English. It has fallen to our lot to see many acknowledged translations with far more of originality about them than this "original"—but it has seldom if ever happened, that we have met with a *soi-disant* original, which had less pretension to the designation it had assumed. In the first place, we have a general objection to brigands, and their exploits, as foundations for dramas. Mr. Planché, in his clever and interesting piece, which was most properly called 'The Brigand,' *par excellence*, has wound up the question—and had, we hoped, set it at rest; but it appears that as dramatic authors can never let well alone, it was considered that he had wound up the subject, like a watch, that it might go on; and we have, accordingly, since had an inundation of banditti pieces of every nation which produces the article. The present "original" is made up of inelegant extracts from the melo-dramas of the Surrey and Coburg theatres, without the "terrific combats" which, at those places, force one to take a momentary interest in them. The language, without being bad, is essentially undramatic—and in the lighter portions of the dialogue we have Shakespeare—all but the point. There is not life enough about the 'Dark Diamond' to make it worth while to detail the plot, which the author has re-tailed. The loves—the hatreds—the jealousies—and the revenges of two chiefs of banditti are tacked on, somewhat unskillfully, to a mutilated portion of French history, and *Francis the First* is introduced in order to be exhibited as he was *not*. He is made to bear insults and humiliations, which he never would have borne, and never did bear, simply because Mr. Butler's part of *Stefano Diamante* must be a better one than Mr. Bennett's one of Francis the First; and the manner in which Francis is treated after his capture at the battle of Pavia, is much more like what it would have been if he had been

beaten at a battle of pavaours, than like the truth. The part of *Stefano* is so ill drawn, and so inconsistent, that no actor could venture to throw himself earnestly into any one of the feelings assigned it, because he could hardly do so before it would be time to change to an opposite one. Mr. Forester had a very slight part—that of a butterfly Marquis about the court; he did his best with it, but he should not go to battle in a helmet, cuirass, and silk stockings, with pumps. Mr. Warde, as *Zingano*, an outlaw, did all he could with a sulky ruffian, and seemed greatly relieved when he was stabbed. Mr. Keeley's part had Mr. Keeley and nothing else in it. Miss Ellen Tree exerted herself greatly and loyally—but for her, the piece would have gone to pieces. Miss Shirreff walked about the stage, and stopped when it was her time to sing. She was in good voice, notwithstanding a little indication of cold, and sang with her usual taste and correctness. Miss H. Cawse was, of course, clever and pleasing. We cannot praise the music—it was not appropriate, and it was noisy—awfully noisy. We should have been glad to have been excused all this grumbling, but we hold a brief, and justice must be done to our client. We praise with much more heart and much more pleasure than we blame.

### ADELPHI THEATRE.

We have not time to say more than that a piece has been produced here called 'Henriette the Forsaken,' and that it has made a decided and well deserved hit. We shall probably return to the subject next week: in the mean time be it observed that it is equally good in its serious and its comic parts—that all concerned act well in it—and that Mrs. Yates is admirable. We will not say that her acting is beyond praise, but it would be very difficult for praise to go beyond her acting.

THE Drury Lane Bills, our pet studies for the English language, get better and better. Amidst the shower of puffs, which that of Thursday contains, there is one which has struck us as particularly curious, and decidedly new. Here it is—

"Shakspeare's Tragedy of Othello Is in preparation, in which Mr. Kean, and Mr. Macready will appear together, for the first time, and alternately (!) play the characters of *Othello* and *Iago*."

If there is time to alter this arrangement so as to allow each of these gentlemen to play one entire character per night, we suggest that it would be better to do so. There will certainly be considerable confusion if they attempt it on the plan at present proposed.

### MISCELLANEA

*Russian Annual.*—The first publication of an Annual, has just taken place at St. Petersburg. It is in German, and is ornamented with several attractive plates, amongst which are a representation of the gigantic Alexandrine Column, lately erected in the Russian metropolis, a view of Kuero, in Finland, a Finland Woman in her national costume, and views of Adrianople and the Mosque of Sultan Selim in that city.

*Bavaro-Grecian Medal.*—On the occasion of Prince Otho's accession to the infant throne of Greece, the Munich Mint has issued a dollar of the Empire, which bears on its face the protecting deity of Greece, presenting the Hellenic Crown to the young monarch. The subject is encompassed with the legend, "Otho, Prince of Bavaria, first King of Greece." On the reverse, is a bust of his royal parent, the Sovereign of Bavaria, with the words, "Lewis I., King of Bavaria," encircling it.

*Monument to Gutenberg.*—The Committee at Mayence, for erecting this monument, of which

we have rendered some account in former numbers, made a second report of contributions on the 23rd of last month. It appears that, up to that date, a sum of 6360 guilders (about 640l.) had been raised, of which 350l. had been collected in Mayence itself, and 7l. had been received from Moscow: but we do not find that any subscriptions had been received either from France or England, the two countries which stand fully as much indebted for their intellectual pre-eminence to the invention of the noble art of printing, as Germany itself. The celebrated Thorwaldsen has advised the erection of a statue of bronze, and undertaken the execution of it.

*Great Canal of Goetha.*—This magnificent water-line, which passes through the heart of Sweden, and unites the North Sea and the Baltic, was opened with great solemnities on the 26th of September last. It will admit vessels drawing nine feet and a half water, and two and twenty feet in width; and they may make the passage into the Baltic in eight days, with the aid of steam-boats across the lakes which occur on its line. It has been two-and-twenty years in construction, and costs rather more than 10,430,000 dollars (1,285,000l.) of which 6,378,334 dollars, were contributed by the state.

*Dreadful Calamity.*—We direct attention to an advertisement thus headed in this day's paper: the account is truly awful, and in the belief that every channel of publicity ought to be open to the sufferers, we have thought it right, without waiting for any communication from the committee, to insert the advertisement at once, and free of all charge.

*Death of Sir John Leslie.*—We regret to announce the death of Professor Sir John Leslie, who expired on Saturday afternoon, after a very short illness, at his seat of Coates, in Fife. We have not heard what was the particular cause of his death: he had been for some time afflicted with a complaint in the leg, but the disease that carried him off so suddenly we have understood to have been an affection of the heart. Dr. Thomson was sent for by express from Edinburgh, but before he reached Coates Sir John was no more.—*Edinburgh Advertiser.*

*Mrs. Trollope.*—We copy the following from the *Philadelphia Gazette*:—"Messrs. Childs & Inman have well nigh immortalized Mrs. Trollope, by a lithographic plate, which includes the entire family of that distinguished lady,—not even excepting the Italian artist—the modern Claude—who belonged to her suite. The group in the picture consists of Mrs. Trollope, and two forlorn, but fat looking daughters; just such spinsters as a father would contemplate without a hope that they ever could attract anybody into the perpetration of matrimony. The old man and the green son of Mrs. Trollope are also present; the latter engaged in those halcyon sports, in which vacant journals of his cast so much delight. Altogether, the plate is a most amusing one." Further from a Boston paper, we learn that "the Kentuckians, duly impressed by Mrs. Trollope's censure, have changed the phrase which she stigmatises as vulgar, '*going the whole hog*,' into the more classical expression, '*going the entire swine*.'"—When we gave the extracts from this lady's novel, we deferred all comment until the work was published. It now appears so certain that it will be read, whatever may be our critical opinion, that it would be supererogatory to offer it.

*A Living.*—A gentleman one morning asked a little barefoot boy, what his mother did for a living—"She eats cold victuals," was the reply.

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## REVIEWS

*Memoirs of Dr. Burney.* By his daughter Mad. D'Arbly. 3 vols. 8vo. London: Moxon.

Or Dr. Burney, the world has heard a good deal from himself and others, and now as much more as we are ever likely to know, is revealed to us in these volumes, by his accomplished daughter, the authoress of 'Evelina.' He lived in the good and fruitful times of Thomson, Armstrong, Johnson, Warton, Reynolds, Barry, Goldsmith, Percy, Gainsborough, Bruce, Boswell, Burke, Sheridan, and Garrick; he was their friend and companion, and, to a fine spirit of observation, added a deep knowledge of music, as his History shows, and a genius for literature, as all his compositions prove. Mad. D'Arbly was his companion during many eventful years: she is the inheritor of his talents and accomplishments—and, as these Memoirs sufficiently show, of his anecdotes, remarks, and observations on men and manners. She had access to all his correspondence and memoranda, which, added to her own happiness of memory and talent for remark, have enabled her to write a memoir, which cannot fail to be widely circulated—in short, it has more of the faults and excellencies of Boswell's 'Life of Johnson,' than any work we have lately seen. The chief charm of the volumes lies in the genius of the men who are made to speak, and in the sincerity and truth of their words; these anecdotes are not the ten times repeated rumours picked up by some ignorant person about town; they are vouched for by those whose candour has gained the world's confidence, and come as well authenticated as official records. Those who wish to see the brilliant parties of the days of hooped petticoats and three-story wigs, and hear the witty chit-chat of the brightest men in art and literature, may do so cheaply now; while any one who desires to write of the poets, and critics, and artists, of half a century, will find in these Memoirs, a fine store of fresh and interesting materials.

We shall at present give no further account of these volumes, but proceed to pick a few pearls from Mad. D'Arbly's splendid string; it is of no importance where we begin our extracts, nor is it at all difficult to make selections: our musical friends will not dislike something of Dr. Arne:—

"Eminent, however, in that art as was Dr. Arne, his eminence was to that art alone confined. Thoughtless, dissipated, and careless, he neglected, or rather scoffed at all other but musical reputation. And he was so little scrupulous in his ideas of propriety, that he took pride, rather than shame, in being publicly classed, even in the decline of life, as a man of pleasure.

"Such a character was ill qualified to form or to protect the morals of a youthful pupil;

and it is probable that not a notion of such a duty ever occurred to Dr. Arne; so happy was his self-complacency in the fertility of his invention and the ease of his compositions, and so dazzled by the brilliancy of his success in his powers of melody—which, in truth, for the English stage, were in sweetness and variety unrivalled—that, satisfied and flattered by the practical exertions and the popularity of his fancy, he had no ambition, or, rather, no thought concerning the theory of his art.

"The depths of science, indeed, were the last that the gay master had any inclination to sound; and, in a very short time, through something that mingled jealousy with inability, the disciple was wholly left to work his own way as he could through the difficulties of his professional progress.

"Had neglect, nevertheless, been the sole deficiency that young Burney had to lament, it would effectually have been counteracted by his own industry: but all who are most wanting to others, are most rapacious of services for themselves; and the time in which the advancement of the scholar ought to have been blended with the advantage of the teacher, was almost exclusively seized upon for the imposition of laborious tasks of copying music: and thus, a drudgery fitted for those who have no talents to cultivate; or those who, in possessing them, are driven from their enjoyment by distress, filled up nearly the whole time of the student, and constituted almost wholly the directions of the tutor."

Concerning Garrick, there is much in these volumes: when Dr. Burney was left a widower with six helpless children, David was a frequent visitor: the following is amiable and characteristic.

"Garrick, who was passionately fond of children, never withheld his visits from Poland-street on account of the absence of the master of the house; for though it was the master he came to seek, he was too susceptible to his own lively gift of bestowing pleasure, to resist witnessing the ecstasy he was sure to excite, when he burst in unexpectedly upon the younger branches: for so playfully he individualized his attentions, by an endless variety of comic badinage,—now exhibited in lofty bombast; now in ludicrous obsequiousness; now by a sarcasm skillfully implying a compliment; now by a compliment archly conveying a sarcasm; that every happy day that gave them but a glimpse of this idol of their juvenile fancy, was exhilarated to its close by reciprocating anecdotes of the look, the smile, the bow, the shrug, the start, that, after his departure, each enraptured admirer could describe."

Of that eminent engraver Sir Robert Strange, we know next to nothing, and the authoress has our thanks for introducing us to the acquaintance of him and his lady; the latter, one of the most agreeable and clever women of her time.

"The worthy, as well as eminent, Sir Robert Strange, the first engraver of his day, with his extraordinary wife and agreeable family, were, from the time of the second marriage, amongst the most familiar visitors of the Burney house.

"The term extraordinary, is not here applied to Lady Strange, to denote any singularity of action, conduct, or person: it is simply limited to her conversational powers; which, for mother wit in brilliancy of native ideas, and readiness of associating analogies, placed her foremost in the rank of understanding females, with whom Mr. Burney delighted to reciprocate sportive, yet deeply reflective, discourse. For though the education of Lady Strange had not been cultivated by scholastic lore, she might have said, with the famous Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, 'My books are men, and I read them very currently.' And in that instinctive knowledge of human nature which penetration develops, and observation turns to account, she was a profound adept.

"Yet, with these high-seasoned powers of exhilaration for others, she was palpably far from happy herself; and sometimes, when felicitated upon her delightful gaiety, she would smile through a face of woe, and, sorrowfully shaking her head, observe how superficial was judgment upon the surface of things, and how wide from each other might be vivacity and happiness! the one springing only from native animal spirits; the other being always held in subjection by the occurrences that meet, or that mar our feelings. And often, even in the midst of the lively laugh that she had sent around her, there would issue quite aloud, from the inmost recesses of her breast, a sigh so deep it might rather be called a groan.

"Very early in life, she had given away her heart and her hand without the sanction of a father whom, while she disobeyed, she ardently loved. And though she was always, and justly, satisfied with her choice, and her deserving mate, she could never so far subdue her retrospective sorrow, as to regain that inward serenity of mind, that has its source in reflections that have never been broken by jarring interests and regrets."

The description of Dr. Burney buried with his 'History of Music,' is not amiable:—

"Again, therefore, he returned to his History of Music; and now, indeed, he went to work with all his might. The capacious table of his small but commodious study, exhibited, in what he called his chaos, the countless increasing stores of his materials. Multitudinous, or, rather, innumerable blank books, were severally adapted to concentrating some peculiar portion of the work. Theory; practice; music of the ancients; music in parts; national music; lyric, church, theatrical, warlike music; universal biography of composers and performers, of patrons and of professors; and histories of musical institutions, had all their destined blank volumes.

"And he opened a widely circulating correspondence, foreign and domestic, with various musical authors, composers, and students, whether professors or dilettante.

"And for all this mass of occupation, he neglected no business, he omitted no devoir. The system by which he obtained time no one missed, yet that gave to him lengthened life, independent of longevity from years, was through the skill with which, indefatigably, he profited from every fragment of leisure."



The following is new to us; we have been expecting for some time Prior's promised 'Life of Goldsmith;' we hope, when it comes, there will be a fuller light thrown on the story of his projected dictionary.

"Dr. Goldsmith, now in the meridian of his late-earned, but most deserved prosperity, was projecting an English Dictionary of Arts and Sciences, upon the model of the French Encyclopædia. Sir Joshua Reynolds was to take the department of painting; Mr. Garrick, that of acting; Dr. Johnson, that of ethics: and no other class was yet nominated, when Dr. Burney was applied to for that of music, through the medium of Mr. Garrick.

"Justly gratified by a call to make one in so select a band, Dr. Burney willingly assented; and immediately drew up the article "Musician;" which he read to Mr. Garrick, from whom it received warm plaudits.

"The satisfaction of Dr. Goldsmith in this acquisition to his forces, will be seen by the ensuing letter to Mr. Garrick: by whom it was enclosed, with the following words, to Dr. Burney.

"June 11, 1773.

"My dear Doctor,—I have sent you a letter from Dr. Goldsmith. He is proud to have your name among the elect.

"Love to all your fair ones.

"Ever yours,

"D. GARRICK."

To David Garrick, Esq.

"Temple, Jan. 10, 1773.

"Dear Sir,—To be thought of by you, obliges me; to be served by you, still more. It makes me very happy to find that Dr. Burney thinks my scheme of a Dictionary useful; still more that he will be so kind as to adorn it with anything of his own. I beg you, also, will accept my gratitude for procuring me so valuable an acquisition.

"I am,

"Dear Sir,

"Your most affectionate servant,

"OLIVER GOLDSMITH."

"The work, however, was never accomplished, and its project sunk away to nothing; sincerely to the regret of those who knew what might be expected from that highly qualified writer, on a plan that would eminently have brought forth all his various talents; and which was conceived upon so grand a scale, and was to be supported by such able coadjutors."

The character of Barry the painter, is in small, but much to the purpose:—

The most striking, however, though by no means the most reasonable converser among those who generally volunteered their colloquial services in St. Martin's-street, was that eminent painter, and entertaining character, Mr. Barry; who with a really innocent belief that he was the most modest and moderate of men, nourished the most insatiable avidity of applause; who, with a loudly laughing defiance of the ills of life, was internally and substantially sinking under their annoyance; and who, with a professed and sardonic contempt of rival prosperity or superiority, disguised, even to himself, the bitterness with which he pined at the success which he could not share, but to which he flattered himself that he was indifferent, or above; because so to be, behoved the character of his believed adoption, that of a genuine votary to philanthropy and philosophy."

Nothing could well be better than the account which Mad. D'Arblay, then Miss Burney, wrote of her first interview with Johnson, in the house of Thrale, at Streatham; it is given in a letter to Mr. Crisp:

"Well, in the midst of this performance, and before the second movement was come to a close, —Dr. Johnson was announced!

"Now, my dear Mr. Crisp, if you like a description of emotions and sensations—but I know you treat them all as burlesque—so let's proceed.

"Every body rose to do him honour; and he returned the attention with the most formal courtesie. My father then, having welcomed him with the warmest respect, whispered to him that music was going forward; which he would not, my father thinks, have found out; and placing him on the best seat vacant, told his daughters to go on with the duet; while Dr. Johnson, intently rolling towards them one eye—for they say he does not see with the other—made a grave nod, and gave a dignified motion with one hand, in silent approbance of the proceeding.

"But now, my dear Mr. Crisp, I am mortified to own, what you, who always smile at my enthusiasm, will hear without caring a straw for—that he is, indeed, very ill-favoured! Yet he has naturally a noble figure: tall, stout, grand, and authoritative: but he stoops horribly; his back is quite round: his mouth is continually opening and shutting, as if he were chewing something; he has a singular method of twirling his fingers, and twisting his hands: his vast body is in constant agitation, see-sawing backwards and forwards: his feet are never a moment quiet; and his whole great person looked often as if it were going to roll itself, quite voluntarily, from his chair to the floor. . . .

"But you always charge me to write without reserve or reservation, and so I obey as usual. Else, I should be ashamed to acknowledge having remarked such exterior blemishes in so exalted a character.

"His dress, considering the times, and that he had meant to put on all his *best becomes*, for he was engaged to dine with a very fine party at Mrs. Montagu's, was as much out of the common road as his figure. He had a large, full, bushy wig, a snuff-colour coat, with gold buttons, (or, peradventure, brass,) but no ruffles to his doughty fists; and not, I suppose, to be taken for a Blue, though going to the Blue Queen, he had on very coarse black worsted stockings.

"He is shockingly near-sighted; a thousand times more so than either my Padre or myself. He did not even know Mrs. Thrale, till she held out her hand to him; which she did very engagingly. After the first few minutes, he drew his chair close to the pianoforte, and then bent down his nose quite over the keys, to examine them, and the four hands at work upon them; till poor Hetty and Susan hardly knew how to play on, for fear of touching his phiz; or, which was harder still, how to keep their countenances; and the less, as Mr. Seward, who seems to be very droll and shrewd, and was much diverted, ogled them slyly, with a provoking expression of arch enjoyment of their apprehensions.

"When the duet was finished, my father introduced your Hettina to him, as an old acquaintance, to whom, when she was a little girl, he had presented his Idler.

"His answer to this was imprinting on her pretty face—not a half touch of a courtly salute—but a good, real, substantial, and very loud kiss.

"Every body was obliged to stroke their chins, that they might hide their mouths.

"Beyond this chaste embrace, his attention was not to be drawn off two minutes longer from the books, to which he now strided his way; for we had left the drawing-room for the library, on account of the piano-forte. He pored over them, shelf by shelf, almost brushing them with his eye-lashes from near examination. At last, fixing upon something that happened to hit his fancy, he took it down, and standing aloof from the company, which he seemed clean and clear to forget, he began, without further ceremony, and very composedly, to read to himself; and

as intently as if he had been alone in his own study.

"We were all excessively provoked: for we were languishing, fretting, expiring to hear him talk—not to see him read!—what could that do for us?

"My sister then played another duet, accompanied by my father, to which Miss Thrale seemed very attentive; and all the rest quietly resigned. But Dr. Johnson had opened a volume of the British Encyclopedia, and was so deeply engaged, that the music, probably, never reached his ears.

"When it was over, Mrs. Thrale, in a laughing manner, said: 'Pray, Dr. Burney, will you be so good as to tell me what that song was, and whose, which Savoi sung last night at Bach's concert, and which you did not hear?'

"My father confessed himself by no means so able a diviner, not having had time to consult the stars, though he lived in the house of Sir Isaac Newton. But anxious to draw Dr. Johnson into conversation, he ventured to interrupt him with Mrs. Thrale's conjuring request relative to Bach's concert.

"The Doctor, comprehending his drift, good-naturedly put away his book, and, see-sawing, with a very humorous smile, drolly repeated, 'Bach, sir?—Bach's concert?—And pray, sir, who is Bach?—Is he a piper?'

One fine touch of Johnson's critical powers is related in the same letter; he was never at a loss, and his sagacity was equal to his wit.

"Mr. Seward gave an amusing account of a fable which Mr. Garrick had written by way of prologue, or introduction, upon this occasion. In this he says, that a blackbird, grown old and feeble, droops his wings, &c. &c., and gives up singing; but, upon being called upon by the eagle, his voice recovers its powers, its spirits revive, he sets age at defiance, and sings better than ever.

"There is not," said Dr. Johnson, again beginning to see-saw, 'much of the spirit of fabulosity in this fable! for the call of an eagle never yet had much tendency to restore the warbling of a black-bird!' 'Tis true, the fabulists frequently make the wolves converse with the lambs; but then, when the conversation is over, the lambs are always devoured! And, in that manner, the eagle, to be sure, may entertain the blackbird—but the entertainment always ends in a feast for the eagle.'

The history of 'Evelina' is related at full length; nor can we say, egotistical as it is, but that we like it greatly. The work was published anonymously, and gradually made its way in the world, till it obtained the enviable applauses of such judges as Burke and Johnson; nor is the letter which Mrs. Thrale wrote on the occasion, uninteresting:—

"Dear Doctor Burney,—Doctor Johnson returned home last night full of the praises of the book I had lent him: protesting there were passages in it that might do honour to Richardson. We talk of it for ever; and he, Doctor Johnson, feels ardent after the denouement. *He could not get rid of the Ragna!* he said. I then lent him the second volume, which he instantly read; and he is, even now, busy with the third.

"You must be more a philosopher, and less a father than I wish you, not to be pleased with this letter; and the giving such pleasure yields to nothing but receiving it. Long, my dear Sir, may you live to enjoy the just praises of your children! And long may they live to deserve and delight such a parent!"

The young authoress sat beside Johnson at an entertainment at Streatham, and kept

a note of the conversation—here is a part of it.

"My father then mentioned Mr. Garrick's epilogue to Bonduca, which Dr. Johnson called a miserable performance; and which everybody agreed to be the worst that Mr. Garrick had ever written. 'And yet,' said Mr. Seward, 'it has been very much admired. But it is in praise of English valour, and so, I suppose, the subject made it popular.'

"'I do not know, Sir,' said Dr. Johnson, 'anything about the subject, for I could not read till I came to any. I got through about half a dozen lines; but for subject, I could observe no other than perpetual dullness. I do not know what is the matter with David. I am afraid he is becoming superannuated; for his prologues and epilogues used to be incomparable.'

"'Nothing is so fatiguing,' said Mrs. Thrale, 'as the life of a wit. Garrick and Wilkes are the oldest men of their age that I know; for they have both worn themselves out prematurely by being eternally on the rack to entertain others.'

"'David, Madam,' said the Doctor, 'looks much older than he is, because his face has had double the business of any other man's. It is never at rest! When he speaks one minute, he has quite a different countenance to that which he assumes the next. I do not believe he ever kept the same look for half an hour together in the whole course of his life. And such a perpetual play of the muscles must certainly wear a man's face out before his time.'

Dr. Burney was justly proud of his daughter: the following is copied from one of his memorandum books:—

"The literary history of my second daughter, Fanny, now Madame d'Arblay, is singular. She was wholly unnoticed in the nursery for any talents, or quickness of study: indeed, at eight years old she did not know her letters; and her brother, the tar, who in his boyhood had a natural genius for hoaxing, used to pretend to teach her to read; and gave her a book topsyturvy, which he said she never found out! She had, however, a great deal of invention and humour in her childish sports; and used, after having seen a play in Mrs. Garrick's box, to take the actors off, and compose speeches for their characters; for she could not read them. But in company, or before strangers, she was silent, backward, and timid, even to sheepishness: and, from her shyness, had such profound gravity and composure of features, that those of my friends who came often to my house, and entered into the different humours of the children, never called Fanny by any other name, from the time she had reached her eleventh year, than The Old Lady."

The portrait of Boswell is copied from the life:—

"He spoke the Scotch accent strongly, though by no means so as to affect, even slightly, his intelligibility to an English ear. He had an odd mock solemnity of tone and manner, that he had acquired imperceptibly from constantly thinking of and imitating Dr. Johnson; whose own solemnity, nevertheless, far from mock, was the result of pensive rumination. There was, also, something slouching in the gait and dress of Mr. Boswell, that wore an air, ridiculously enough, of purporting to personify the same model. His clothes were always too large for him; his hair, or wig, was constantly in a state of negligence; and he never for a moment sat still or upright upon a chair. Every look and movement displayed either intentional or involuntary imitation. Yet certainly it was not meant as caricature; for his heart, almost even to idolatry, was in his reverence of Dr. Johnson."

We must give Dr. Burney's account of his last look at the gay, the unequalled Garrick:—

"I called at his door, with anxious inquiries, two days before he expired, and was admitted to his chamber; but though I saw him, he did not seem to see me,—or any earthly thing! His countenance that had never remained a moment the same in conversation, now appeared as fixed and as inanimate as a block of marble; and he had already so far relinquished the world, as I was afterwards told by Mr. Wallace, his executor, that nothing that was said or done that used to interest him the most keenly, had any effect upon his muscles; or could extort either a word or a look from him for several days previously to his becoming a corpse."

This is a gallery of portraits: look at Gibbon—him of the 'Decline and Fall':—

"This, too, was a great name; but how different a figure and presentation! Fat and ill-constructed, Mr. Gibbon has cheeks of such prodigious chubbiness, that they envelope his nose so completely, as to render it, in profile, absolutely invisible. His look and manner are placidly mild, but rather effeminate; his voice, —for he was speaking to Sir Joshua at a little distance—is gentle, but of studied precision of accent. Yet, with these Brobdingnagian cheeks, his neat little feet are of a miniature description; and with these, as soon as I turned round, he hastily described a quaint sort of circle, with small quick steps, and a dapper gait, as if to mark the alacrity of his approach, and then, stopping short when full face to me, he made so singularly profound a bow, that—though hardly able to keep my gravity—I felt myself blush deeply at its undue, but palpably intended obsequiousness."

"This demonstration, however, over, his sense of politeness, or project of flattery, was satisfied; for he spoke not a word, though his gallant advance seemed to indicate a design of bestowing upon me a little rhetorical touch of a compliment. But, as all eyes in the room were suddenly cast upon us both, it is possible he partook a little himself of the embarrassment he could not but see that he occasioned; and was therefore unwilling, or unprepared, to hold forth so publicly upon—he scarcely perhaps knew what!—for, unless my partial Sir Joshua should just then have poured it into his ears, how little is it likely Mr. Gibbon should have heard of Evelina!"

Here too is Edmund Burke, he of the 'Sublime and Beautiful':—

"No expectation that I had formed of Mr. Burke, either from his works, his speeches, his character or his fame, had anticipated to me such a man, as I now met. He appeared, perhaps, at this moment, to the highest possible advantage in health, vivacity, and spirits. Removed from the impetuous aggravations of party contentions, that, at times, by inflaming his passions, seem, momentarily at least, to disorder his character, he was lulled into gentleness by the grateful feelings of prosperity; exhilarated, but not intoxicated, by sudden success; and just risen, after toiling years of failures, disappointments, fire and fury, to place, affluence and honours; which were brightly smiling on the zenith of his powers. He looked, indeed, as if he had no wish but to diffuse philanthropy, pleasure, and genial gaiety all around."

"His figure, when he is not negligent in his carriage, is noble; his air, commanding; his address, graceful; his voice clear, penetrating, sonorous, and powerful; his language, copious, eloquent, and changeably impressive; his manners are attractive; his conversation is past all praise!"

*Poema Canino-Anglico-Latinum, super Adventu recenti Serenissimarum Principum, &c.—(A Poem in Dog-English-Latin, &c.)*  
Oxford: Talboys.

THIS amusing little *jeu d'esprit* describes the recent visit of the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria to the University of Oxford. College jests are usually very serious matters; but this is an exception: the author displays great powers of comic description, and the art of insinuating some very severe sarcasms, under the cover of playful satire; indeed, we have not seen a macaronic poem of equal merit, since the days of Dr. Geddes. The following description of the cortege is lively, and we suppose, accurate:—

Versibus hic fortes liceat celebrare cohortes,  
Norrisiaque manus, Abingtoniamque juventam,  
Multa the rain, et multa latum, permulta caballi  
Danna tulere illis: necnon viva cuique criebat  
Absentum ob dominum, neque enim gens est ea, cui sit  
Flectere ludus equos, et pistola tendere marko,  
Ast assueta to plough, terramque invertere rastra.

The solemn farce of investing Sir John Conroy with the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws, (why not of Medicine or Divinity?) is very amusingly exposed:—

Dixerat: et strepit prodis, Conroie, secundo,  
Phillimori deducte manu, cui tegmen honoris  
Obvolvitur latos humeros subjectaque colla.  
Jamque silent cunei: tum rhetor with paper in hand,  
Ore rotundato narrat fortissima facta  
Herois narrat fidum Princepsis amorem,  
Multaque dicta before, at que raso postera dicit,  
Protulit—in totum fertur vox clara theatrum—  
Olli sedato respondet pectore Præses—  
"Admitto causâ te, Vir Fortissime, honoris  
"Doctoris gradui civili in Jure Periti."  
Hui! nimium felix, civilia condere jura  
Necius, aut tenses linguâ distinguere causas,  
Non Lincoln's Inn illum, non latina Templâ talernat,  
Furnipulve sedes clarum boostavit alumnus;  
Nec tamen inde mints juris consultus alibat  
Suffragis doctis, et serio templa forens  
Vinxit, et insigni letus terga induit ostro  
Ah! nullas miserum causas subitura reorum.

The luncheon, the most sensible part of the entire proceedings, is duly commemorated:

Quis cladem illius luncheon, quis diavla fando  
Explicet! haud equidem quanquam sint voces a hum-  
dred,  
Cast iron all, omnes dapium comprehendere formas,  
Magnificæque queam fastus evolvere comæ.

We hope soon to see something else from the author's Perryan pen, to which we feel grateful for a very hearty laugh; and we wish him the full enjoyment of the festive bottle, that he concludes by commanding "to be brought up and laid upon the table."

Sit satis hæc lussus—Perryam mibi pennam,  
Fossa admit Nonsensæ, botelas glassaque claretque,  
Pocit, inxpletum cupies haurire trecenta  
Pocula, terque tribus Princepsam tollere choeris—  
Ergo alacres potate viri—nec fortia doctor  
Pocula si quis amat, nec si commorooma magistrum  
Mensa tenet socium, nec si quis bachelor aut si  
Nongraduatus erit, idcirco sobrius esto;  
Sic honore acceptos nobis celebramus in Oxford—  
Hoc juvat et mellis est—non mentior—hic mibi finis.

*The Life of General Sir David Baird, Bart.*  
G.C.B. & K.C. 2 vols. London: Bentley.

THE author of these volumes is a sincere and candid man, and the materials out of which he has formed his narrative are full and unexceptionable; he has a clear notion of the character of the eminent soldier whose life he delineates, and he seems to have made himself acquainted with the business of war, and not a little with the many nations into whose countries the destinies of Britain precipitated her warriors. He is equally at home in England as in India; nor is he unfamiliar with the deserts through which his hero directed his extraordinary march, when he

brought an army from India, to aid his brethren in Egypt: neither is he a timid adventurer in the regions of biography: he is not afraid of speaking freely of thrones and dominions: he accuses General Harris, as well as Lord Wellesley, of gross partiality; nor does he hesitate to charge the East India Company of the days of Hyder Aly, with hypocrisy and injustice. These things beget confidence in his honesty: but they are accompanied with some drawbacks. The narrative is frequently confused and rambling; in its course, it somewhat resembles, from its manifold involvements, the walls of Troy, with which school-boys perplex one another; the style wants simplicity and conciseness; the two volumes might be easily made into one, and yet not one word of information be lost, nor a single touch of character neglected. Moreover, the author misses no opportunity to insult the East India Company, whom he represents as ignorant, overbearing, and rapacious; and, indeed, he seems but little satisfied with anything but the character of his hero, which he takes good care to eulogize—sometimes when little has been done to merit it. Another complaint, and we have done—the biographer disposes of too many of the most characteristic traits of his hero, in notes: we would much rather they had adorned his narrative.

The story of Sir David Baird is soon told; he was born at Newbyth, in Scotland, in December 1757; his father died while he was young, and his mother, a kind and clever lady, watched over his education, and, it is said, foretold his future fortune. He was a frank-hearted, active, and daring boy, and, having a military turn, obtained a commission in the army when but fifteen years old: he soon became a favourite with the men, and with his superior officers. He was always at his post; always vigilant and cheerful; always desirous of maintaining discipline and obedience, and ever ready to share in all the hardships and privations of his men in long marches, and was ever foremost in battle, and the last in a retreat. He was tall, well proportioned, and vigorous; few men could run from him on a fair field: his courage was high; his sense of honour keen; and in all the emergencies of war, he never lost for a moment his presence of mind. He was cheerful and animated at all times, and, ere he reached the rank of captain, was the darling of the soldiers of Macleod's Highlanders, whose favour he won by the Scottish songs which he sung, and the Scottish sayings which he related, when they halted on a march, or were preparing for battle. He was in India, when Hyder Aly burst with eighty thousand men into the Presidency of Madras, and was desperately wounded and made prisoner on that bloody field where Col. Baillie and Col. Fletcher sunk under the attack of the conqueror of the Mysore. When peace ensued, he was released from a dungeon and irons in Seringapatam; and continued to serve his country with equal courage and prudence, till the conduct of Tippoo Saib induced Lord Mornington to direct against him nearly all the disposable force of the British in India.

The army was commanded by General Harris; the officers under him, were Brigadier-General Baird, General Mathew, and Colonel Wellesley, now Duke of Wellington. In the attack on the Sultan's camp, Baird was one

of the foremost, and when the batteries had breached the walls of Seringapatam, he led the storming party, who conquered the place, slew Tippoo, and overturned his kingdom. Before the sweat was dried on his brow, he was commanded to deliver up Seringapatam to Colonel Wellesley, a junior officer; and for presuming to remonstrate with his General on this sad partiality, the conqueror of Tippoo was in danger of being tried by a court martial. It is true, that Lord Mornington embraced him, promised him many favours which he never fulfilled, and presented to him the Sultan's sword. In the midst of these agitations, he was dispatched on that extraordinary expedition, which threw the veterans of the Mysore upon the plains of Egypt, to contend with the conquerors of Italy. The patience, the courage, and fortitude with which Baird braved difficult seas, and traversed deserts, till he united his forces to those of General Hutchinson, merit a historian like Xenophon: his efforts were successful; the French, beaten and hemmed in on all sides, capitulated, and Baird returned to India: he returned, however, to be thwarted, disappointed, and in a manner insulted, by the prevalence of that favouritism, which respects neither worth nor genius. He came to England in disgust: his great merit, however, placed him at the head of that expedition which defeated the Dutch and conquered the Cape of Good Hope; but he was superseded, for presuming to serve his country, by attempting the conquest of the Spanish part of South America, in conjunction with Sir Home Popham.

On his return to England, General Baird found the ministry who had disgraced him no longer in power; he soon gained friends, who procured him a command in that expedition which was sent to menace or conquer Copenhagen, and capture the Danish fleet. When this was achieved, though not without wounds, he was sent with a portion of the army into Spain, and was united with Sir John Moore, in that disastrous retreat and astonishing victory which were alike disgraceful to the discipline, and glorious to the valour of the English. In one of the charges at the battle of Corunna, he was struck on the arm with grape shot, which smashed the bone from the elbow to the shoulder, and occasioned such pain that he was obliged to leave the field: ordinary amputation did not suffice, the shattered limb had to be removed at the socket of the shoulder: he endured the operation with wondrous fortitude. This was the last of his fields: he returned to his native land, married an accomplished lady, and died on the 18th of August, 1829, with the reputation of an eminent leader, and a gentle and generous man.

We shall now proceed to select out a few of the passages which we marked for quotation or reference as we read. The siege and storming of Seringapatam have been often described,—and, to tell the truth, with more success than in these volumes: we, however, never before met with such marked instances of preference and partiality in promotion of officers as we have found during the siege, and after the storming of the place. The readiness with which young men, of what is called gentle blood and connexion, can rise over the heads of the best and bravest officers, has long been the shame and curse of the British army. Baird, than whom a better

or worthier never drew a sword, was an early victim. On the march to Seringapatam Col. Wellesley, though a junior officer, had a larger portion of the army to command than Baird; and when the place was taken, the conqueror had to give way to the favourite—upon this he wrote the following spirited and gentlemanly letter.

*To Lieutenant-General Harris, Commander-in-chief, &c. &c.*

"Sir,—Having, in a letter which I had this morning the honour to address to you, given a detailed account of the assault of the fort of Seringapatam, the conduct of which you did me the honour to intrust to me, permit me now, Sir, to address you on the subject of the events which have taken place since that time.

"Having been honoured with the conduct of the assault, and having executed that duty to your satisfaction, I naturally concluded that I should have been permitted to retain the command of Seringapatam, or, at least, that I should not be superseded in it by a junior officer. Judge, then, my surprise, when expecting to have the honour of delivering to you the keys of Seringapatam, in the palace of the late Tippoo Sultan, and of congratulating you on the most brilliant victory that ever graced the British arms in India, to have an order put into my hands by Colonel Wellesley, by which I found myself instantly superseded in the command by that officer. I am really ignorant what part of my conduct could merit such treatment.

"When, on a former occasion, Colonel Wellesley was appointed to the command of the detachment serving with his highness the Nizam, while I remained in charge of a brigade, you informed me that matters of a political nature made it necessary to have that officer with the Nizam's army. Although I severely felt the appointment of a junior officer to so distinguished a command, while I remained in an inferior station, I submitted to the necessity which you informed me dictated the measure; but this second supersession I feel most sensibly, as it must have the effect of leading his Majesty and the commander-in-chief in England to believe that I am not fit for any command of importance, when it has been thought proper to give the command of Seringapatam to Colonel Wellesley, while he, at the same time, continues to hold the command of the Nizam's detachment.

"In camp it is rumoured to have been at my own request that another officer was appointed to the command of Seringapatam; you, Sir, must know that this is not the case. The request, if made, must have been made by me to you; and, so far from its ever being my intention to make such a request, if (after the assurances I have repeatedly received from you, that you would take the first opportunity of placing me in a situation more adequate to the rank I hold than that of the command of a brigade,) I had deemed it necessary to make any request to you, it would have been to be placed in the command of Seringapatam; and when I reflected that my two seniors, belonging to the coast army, continued to stand appointed to the northern and southern divisions of the Carnatic, and that the Hon. Col. Wellesley, the next junior to me, stood appointed to the command of an army, while I remained in charge of a brigade, I should have felt that I was hinting a doubt, which I never entertained, of the sincerity of those assurances, if I had made a particular application for the command of Seringapatam—indeed, I could not think it necessary. . . .

"I cannot but feel obliged by your having enabled me to act so distinguished a part in the storm, though I find so little attention has, in every other instance, been paid to my requests,

that I am almost led to believe my being employed on that occasion, was owing to my being the only officer of rank who had made a voluntary offer of his services.

"I request that copies of this letter may be transmitted to his Royal Highness the Duke of York, Commander-in-chief, for the information of his Majesty, that, at the same time he is informed of my having been twice superseded by Colonel Wellesley, he may be in possession of such reasons as you shall think proper to give for it, that he may be satisfied the measure was dictated by necessity, and not by any want of capacity on my part to fill the situation.

"I have the honour, &c.

"D. BAIRD."

The reply of the Commander-in-Chief is such as the temperate letter of Baird did in nowise warrant: we print it for the consolation of officers in our service, who may have had the pain of seeing their honours usurped, and their claims disregarded, by huffing generals clothed in a little brief authority:—

"I am directed to acknowledge the receipt of the very improper letter which accompanied your report.

"The distinguished command for which you were selected by the commander-in-chief, and the sentiments he has so publicly and recently expressed on that occasion, sufficiently mark what was his sense of your military merit; and it is with regret that he now finds himself compelled to blame a total want of discretion and respect in an officer of your high rank and length of service, in terms so opposite to those in which he was lately so happy to applaud your gallantry, humanity, and zeal.

"Lieutenant-General Harris is persuaded that an officer who thinks himself authorized to remonstrate with his immediate superior, can never be usefully employed in the army he commands. Should you, therefore, continue to hold sentiments so opposite to the principles of military subordination, you have his permission to proceed by the first safe conveyance to Fort St. George.

"The commander-in-chief will certainly forward to his Royal Highness the Duke of York, copies of your letter and his reply.—I have the honour to be, Sir, Your very obedient servant,

(Signed) P. A. AGNEW,

"Mil. Sec. to the Commander-in-chief."

From the Mysore, we make a start to the great desert of Upper Egypt, over which it was the destiny of Baird to march, when he moved to attack the relict of Napoleon's fine army. We seemed to be reading a page out of Bruce, when we came to the judicious precautions taken for crossing those burning deserts. The picture of the march is given by the Count de Noé, who served under Col. Beresford, who was joined with Baird in the expedition.

"At four o'clock in the afternoon," he tells us in his narrative, "we began to move from Kosseir; and at two o'clock on the following morning arrived at the first springs, sixteen miles from that place. During the whole of this dreary progress, not the smallest trace of vegetation was visible. It was only when we reached the station where the springs were, that we saw a few straggling stumps of a plant, the leaves of which were round, and highly aromatic, resembling in appearance pieces of grey velvet. The water, without being exactly good," says the count, "was better than that which we had left at Kosseir. We established ourselves in the valley, and rested ourselves under a steep and rugged rock, at the foot of which the springs were situated.

"Some of our rear-guard who had straggled,

were obliged to increase their rate of marching, in order to come up with us; and to effect this object, they had ventured to brave the scorching rays of the sun, and all the miseries of excessive thirst. They at length rejoined us, but so exhausted by fatigue, that one of the party actually died in my tent soon after his arrival. We buried him at the foot of the rock.

"At this place we made a melancholy discovery; one of our officers having thought proper to climb up the side of the rock, was shocked by the sight of the corpses of five or six English marines, which the sun had completely dried up. They no doubt had belonged to His Majesty's frigate Fox, which had some time before landed some men at Kosseir; and, as we have already stated, received a very warm reception from the French.

"General Baird," continues the Count de Noé, "came to pay us a visit at this place, and told us that Colonel Beresford was in want of provisions and water. We immediately despatched as much of both as we could possibly spare, and sent them forward, notwithstanding that our own stock was by no means abundant. The springs were nearly dry, and we were obliged frequently to wait till nature replenished them. In the midst of the suffocating heat, only two bottles and a half of water per man, per diem, could be spared. But our comrades at Moilah were in absolute want, and we did not pause for a moment to calculate the probability of any distress which might arise to ourselves, but gave them all we could spare. Amongst the expedients which it occurred to me to try in order if not to quench, at least to allay my thirst, was that of carrying a small pebble in my mouth, which kept my tongue moist, and very materially alleviated the distress of the march."

We could find many passages recording the retreat of Sir John Moore, worthy of extracting, and many letters complaining of the undue preference shown to officers of lower rank, worthy the serious consideration of all those who may desire to serve their country; but we must take leave of our author, and we do so, with the hope that when we meet again, he may have retained all his candour, and hearty dislike of favouritism.

*The String of Pearls.* By the Author of 'Darnley.' London: Bentley.

These volumes will not increase the merited fame of the writer; nor will they, on the other hand, take a leaf from his well-earned laurels. They were manifestly written when his mind was as yet immature, and ere his powers were fully concentrated; when imagination had not learned the obedience due to judgment, nor the creative power of fiction acquired a knowledge of all the homage due to truth. The tales are a direct imitation of the Arabian Nights Entertainments, written with something of the wild and almost extravagant spirit of the Orientals, but too frequently deficient in that truth of colouring and costume, which render the tales of the Princess Scheherazade so truly delightful. The work is interesting, as an example of the first flights by which genius tries its strength of wing, and there are many passages from which the triumphs of the author's subsequent course might have been predicted; but it is not a work that would bear criticism. It is well adapted for a Christmas present to young persons; for though there are some inaccuracies in the description of eastern manners, yet, on the whole, the volumes convey

a good general outline of the Mohammedan customs and opinions.

It is pleasing to contrast the author's modest preface, with the outrageous puffing of his publisher: we regret sincerely, that such a man as Mr. James should be subjected to the process of offensive daubing, which is so much the fashion in New Burlington Street. He must himself be disgusted at beholding this trifle described in terms, which might have suited 'Darnley' or 'Richelieu,' but which, applied to a collection of tales for youth, are equally ridiculous and disgusting.

*The Bird of the Beeches: in Four Cantos.* London: Smith, Elder & Co.

No man in his sleep could have poured out so many coherent and connected lines as are strung together in this odd poem; and yet no man perfectly awake could have penned such unsober seriousness, or permitted it to pass through the press. How are we to understand such passages as the following?—

So, from traditional lore,  
Sings, or corrupts hearsays before,  
A minstrel, or, in palmer's weed,  
One not unused to thought and deed.  
Nor did the racing shadows pass  
Of clouds, the moon flung on the grass,  
More swiftly, than the fitting crew  
Of fancies print his forehead's dew:  
You might have guessed him by his mien  
Some less than forty summers seen;  
Yet his looks did the staining seal  
Of knowledge's forbidden peel;  
And his smile's flower like tracery caught  
The melancholy tinge of thought.  
Existence he had drunk, till all  
The wine was lees, the lees were gall,  
And, ambushed in a garb of peace,  
Lay coiled a heart but ill at ease;  
Yet little of the snake it knew,  
Prone to be undone, not undoo;  
Or, if the fangs unheeded by stealth,  
Drew all the venom to its health.  
His soul not sole on books had pored;  
An action fitted to the word,  
Showed music sometimes swelled from midstest;  
At once the gentlest and the wildest—  
His forehead arched, with few hairs decked,  
Hot blood and fiery intellect;  
Not tall, yet with his soul's strength, grew,  
Wider and statelier to view,  
Or eye's flame tricked, when flashed his hate,  
Or tightening muscles raised his gait,  
Such, in the volume of the look,  
Read, who read margins, not the book,  
Him ciphered clear by Him who writ  
Soul's hieroglyphic manuscripts;  
Yet, though plain language spoke his eyes,  
His costume savoured of disguise;  
Beneath the pilgrim's grey weeds glance  
Reflections, like a steely lance,  
Bright knots that tied his iron thigh  
Caught ever and anon the eye,  
As loosely to the cittern bent,  
Unkenning none, yet by one bent,  
He flung his feelings from the heart,  
Forgetting the dramatic part.

We think the account of the wolf's attempt to destroy the cat, the heroine, quite a masterpiece in its way:—

Hark! flies being's delicious state—  
'Tis Satan marring God's create—  
A monster, foe to joy and sleep,  
The Kouli-khan of trembling sheep,  
The wolfish progeny of hell,  
Bursts from the wood with howling yell;  
Long had he scourged the shepherds rude,  
Too strong for weakness; force, too shrewd;  
Each night, the ruthless fiend's success,  
Each day attested his address;  
In vain thy arm, by trick outwaded;  
In vain thy watch, to watching used;  
Fame's babbling tongue his blazon howled,  
The vilest wolf that ever prowled.

And now to Carr's favourite sent  
The skulking felon steals his feet;  
O'er-reach leers in his twinkling eye—  
O, how I hate a cunning eye!  
But, villain, dost thou estimate  
The price of this unvalued meat?  
The fairest morsel of the world  
Down thy profane gullet hurled?

Or art thou, by the tempter driven,  
To gulp the epitome of heaven?  
And, thy gaunt ugliness to bask,  
Beauty's grim sepulchre to stalk?  
Hold, hold, thy Tarquin steps, nor dare  
O'er chastity's sweet treasure glare;  
Nor swallow Dian's living fane,  
To buy eternity of shame.

Perhaps our readers are already cloyed with these poetic viands: from dull and from commonplace verse—the curse of the age—we have prayed oft to be delivered: the 'Bird of the Beeches' is neither dull nor commonplace; yet it is of a kind we cannot commend.

*The Lives and Exploits of Banditti and Robbers in all parts of the World.* By C. Mac Farlane, Esq. London: Bull.

THE life of a robber-chief, when told in sober seriousness, is a loathsome detail of crime, cruelty, and bloodshed. The poet or the narrator may throw over it the splendid robe of romance; associate his hero with all that is beautiful or sublime in nature—with feeling and generosity—with joyous revelry and wild liberty—but, in truth, the heart of such a man is closed to all gentle influence; the mountain and the valley, and all the beauties of nature, in which innocence delights, are to him but as the lair to the wild beast—he is everywhere, and in all countries, a poor skulking coward—shunned by, and shunning his fellow men—feared by, and fearing his very companions in crime; and the most celebrated of banditti have turned out, on near examination, to be low and vulgar ruffians, distinguished only from the common herd by their greater atrocities and crimes. Still, we admit, that such works *have been* popular—they are exciting to the dull appetite of the commonality—a sort of intellectual dram:—whether we are wiser in our generation than our forefathers, remains to be proved.

We enter this, our critical protest, as becomes us; but we suspect it will go for nothing, after reading Mr. Mac Farlane's pleasant preface, which is a delightful piece of sobered enthusiasm, and about as perfect an Italian picture as we have looked on, since we cast an eye over the vast extent of the Pontine Marshes, from the gates of Terracina, the stronghold of the Italian brigands, and saw the tamed ruffians sunning themselves in idleness under its walls. To all, indeed, who have any relish for this sort of reading, Mr. Mac Farlane's book will be acceptable: we must honestly acknowledge, that he not unfrequently witted us with his narratives—he has, in truth, done more with his subject than we thought it admitted of; and if we had not both important works and important papers to fill up our columns this week, we might have given a few extracts.

*Major's Cabinet Gallery of Pictures; with Historical and Critical Descriptions* by Allan Cunningham. No. III.

THIS is by far the best number we have yet seen of this cheap and beautiful work. We have before spoken of the excellence of the engravings; but from the critical notices accompanying them we must now make a few extracts. The following is a true estimate of the powers of

*Vandyke.*

"It is said by Dryden that Shakspeare never ventured but once to paint a true gentleman; Vandyke could delineate nothing else; his Dutch

artists and burgomasters look equal to the founding of academies and the establishment of empires; and the splendid file of nobles and warriors whom he painted during the days of Charles the First seem to have been extinguished in the great civil war, for our painters can seldom find such heads to limn in these later days. \* \* \* The true way to estimate the great merit of Vandyke is to take up Clarendon, and while we read the historian's characters of the chiefs of his time, compare them with the heads of the painter; there is a singular resemblance between them, which shows that the artist had something more than outward shape in his mind when he painted portraits.

"It was the aim of that great master to paint more than what he saw—to represent the qualities of mind; moreover he considered it necessary to tamper with living forms; he looked on them with a scientific eye; he lessened without hurting the character of a large mouth or nose; he refused to perpetuate what he considered the excesses of nature, and sought to preserve individual likeness, while he brought it closer to the rules of science. Had the heads of Vandyke been confronted with the living originals, the compasses of mechanical criticism might have shown them incorrect as to exact quantity, while true judgment would have felt the truth and force of the mental expression. Many artists will consider these remarks as flat heresy; they are true nevertheless; and the finest heads in modern painting and sculpture are executed on these principles."

Equally excellent is the criticism upon

*Wilson.*

"Wilson was none of the literal copyists of nature who, unless it please the earth, sea, and air, to unite into one splendid landscape, and appear before them really and truly, have no chance of ever being heard of. He was one of the most poetic painters of inanimate things that ever lived; he had the rare faculty of extracting whatever was lovely or grand from the aspect of nature, of uniting the beautiful of what he saw with the beautiful of what he imagined, and forming the whole into one magnificent picture, in which all that was fair on earth was blended with all that was sublime in heaven. Nothing was to Wilson so depressing as a common scene, nothing so elevating as a poetic one; in this he resembled our greatest poets. A landscape of his reminds us, as much as the harmony of colours can, of the scenes in the Seasons of Thomson; all with him was poetic, he admitted nothing amusing or ordinary upon his canvas. He went out to the valleys and to the mountains, not so much to look at them as to hold conversation with them; with him romantic glens lived, picturesque hills breathed, haunted rivers spoke, and the assembled clouds of heaven edged with sunshine, or touched with lightning, were as something spiritual which exalted his mind and communicated supernatural brilliancy to his fancy. Yet if he is never wholly on the earth, he is never altogether in the clouds; his most fanciful scenes are linked to our feelings by a thousand ties of nature, poetry or history real or fabulous. If his clouds seem ever overcharged with their burthens, figures of angry gods are seen dimly in their discharging arrows at the sinning sons of men; if the scene threatens a barren magnificence, he brings it back to our sympathy by the shepherd hurrying his flock over it, or by the figure of some traveller bewildered in the splendour of hills heaped upon hills, and Alps on Alps; or, if he chooses to depict some quiet and lonely lake, with the heron on its winding margin, and the shadows of lambs on its bosom, he connects it with sterner times by the rough outline of some castle or keep, standing like a sentinel by the silent water, or with some now neglected temple for

worship, where gods of wood or stone had niches and altars.

"Of the latter kind of landscape the scene attached to these pages is an example; the quiet poetic beauty which Wilson occasionally loved is there: there are cattle on shore, anglers watching with their rods, water-lilies lying white on the lake, while overlooking the whole a dark peaked mountain, with a ruined fortress at its base, connects history with natural grandeur. To interrupt the long extent of mountain, and give life to the shimmering lake, the painter has dashed in a bold abrupt headland, rough with rocks, fringed to the water's edge with trees and shrubs, and crowned with an ivied ruin, evidently the reliques of a feudal tower, which in times of strife and commotion afforded shelter and protection to the lords of the land. There are few of Wilson's landscapes without water, he had a sort of island love for the element, and no one has painted it with more truth and beauty. Indeed, he would have backed a waterfall against a king's coronation at any time; he loved whatever was immutable and undying.

"The bright unchanging glory of the eternal hills he reckoned as something worth living for, while men were but dust in the balance. It was this enthusiastic feeling which enabled him to triumph in the race of future, not immediate fame, over all opponents."

Such a number as this ought to introduce the work into every drawing-room, and thus secure to Mr. Major that reward which his increased exertions so well merit.

*Erinnerungen aus den Leben eines Deutschen in Paris.* Von G. P. Depping. (*Recollections from the Life of a German in Paris.*)

[Second Notice.]

WE resume our translations from this pleasant volume. Having been elected member of the *Société des Antiquaires*, M. Depping was in the habit of seeing at its meetings some of the most celebrated literary characters of the day; and the following is a sketch of M. Dulaure, the author of the well-known 'Histoire de Paris.'

"M. Dulaure had examined more profoundly into the manners of the French during the middle ages, than any other historian. Before the Revolution, he was a priest at Auvergne, but during that stormy time, he left his obscurity and his priestly office together, entered the marriage state, and was called to the National Convention. There he voted for the death of Louis XVI. Soon after, he became editor or principal contributor to a daily paper, conducted with great spirit; but being thought too moderate by the party of furious demagogues, he was obliged to take refuge in Switzerland. He then withdrew altogether from public life, and occupied himself with researches into the history of the middle ages. He was an accomplished critic, and thoroughly versed in the history of France. The crimes of kings, the nobility, and the priesthood, had particularly occupied his attention, and he could relate all sorts of anecdotes respecting them,—as, indeed, his History of Paris testifies. In his hands the history of France appears in quite a different light from that in which it is represented by former writers, who wrote with the approbation of the censor, and were betitled and pensioned accordingly. When any one spoke in the Antiquarian Society in the old court style of kings, nobles, and priests, Dulaure would soon set him right, with some overwhelming fact. I never knew any one who had so completely stripped off the prejudices of former years, and who drew so melancholy a picture of



the middle ages. For him those times had no romantic illusions. His History of Paris is written wholly in this spirit; and although he has not always done sufficient justice to human nature, which even in barbarous times displays great virtues, yet, in general, his freedom from all ordinary prejudices, is at once original, and worthy of reflection. Time had made no alteration in his opinions; and in his old age he was as opposed as ever to the privileged classes, and maintained his firm conviction, that in voting for the death of Louis XVI. he had done no more than his duty."

Some one had remarked of M. Depping, in a work of contemporary biography, that his productions alone would fill a library. This was said disparagingly; and the author acknowledges that, many of his school-books, and others, being written on the spur of the moment, he was compelled to wait till new editions were called for, in order to improve them and divest them of the imperfections consequent on hurried composition.

"Fortunate are the writers," he observes, "who, like Choseul-Gouffier,† Madame de Staël, and others, can go leisurely over their writings, and get their friends to examine them, and can refrain from printing until their works have received the last polish. The public makes no allowances for the situation of the writer, but looks only at his works, without taking the trouble to consider how they arrived at their present state—without reflecting whether the author is a man of independent fortune, luxuriating in the midst of an extensive library, and amply provided with all means and appliances, who can finish his works at his leisure, and get his friends to look over them and suggest improvements,—or, whether he is one, whose first care must be to obtain the means of living by the sale of his works, and whose command of books and other needful aids is painfully limited and imperfect. The reading public judges like the audience in the theatre, and decides from what appears upon the scene, not from what is transacted behind it."

Now, however, fortune began to favour our author. He had long felt the necessity of occupying himself on some work of greater importance, if he would acquire a lasting reputation in literature, and an opportunity now presented itself. At the commencement of his literary career it had been a favourite project, on which he had long meditated, to write the History of the Settlement of the Normans in France. As soon as he could command the necessary leisure, it was his intention to make himself quite familiar with the style of the Chroniclers, and to write the history of the Normans in imitation of it. In 1820 the Royal Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres proposed a prize essay on the Causes of the Emigration of the Normans, to be drawn up from the records both of the north and south of Europe; and on their Establishment in France. Depping now set to work in good earnest, encouraged also by the advice of many of his friends. Finding that a knowledge of the northern languages was indispensably necessary, in a few months he made himself sufficiently master of the Danish and Swedish, and acquired some knowledge of the Icelandic, although the laconic poetry of the latter remained always a mystery to him. Proceeding to the study of authorities, his enthusiasm for his labour increased as he went on. He

felt that kind of ferment in his mind that Rousseau experienced, when he formed the resolution of replying to the invitation of the Academy of Dijon, when it proposed a prize essay on the Influence of Literature on Morals. In this favourable state of enthusiastic excitement he finished his work, and awaited the result of the examination with corresponding anxiety. The day of the decision drew on. Every hour seemed an age. Shut up in his study, every sound seemed to be the knell of his fate. But how rapturous were his feelings of joy when the prize was announced to be his! A moment of such pure delight he acknowledges never to have experienced before or since, although his work on 'The Commerce of the Levant,' received the same proud distinction.

Depping is, indeed, one of those rare mortals who love literature for its own sake, for its pure and elevating pleasures, its healthful and harmonizing influences. His whole life has been spent among books, and in that moderate enjoyment of society which gives a fresh zest to the solitary labours of the student. We recommend his work as an excellent course of German reading, and as a fund of amusing and pleasant anecdote.

*The Invalid's Help to Prayer and Meditation: with Prayers, &c. in Behalf, and on the Loss, of Relatives and Friends.* By the Rev. E. P. Hannam, M.A. London: Rivingtons.

THERE are certain duties pertaining to the office of religious teachers, which it requires considerable experience and a very sincere piety to perform well. In the early days of the Church, public teaching was never regarded as sufficient to preserve its members in the firm profession of their faith. Much less was it supposed, that outward and ordinary offices could supply the wants of those who were expected to look for their chief strength and consolation from Christian doctrine. To visit the sick and afflicted, was, therefore, one of the obligations of the first pastors of the Church; and we suspect it will invariably be found, that, both in sects and establishments, attention to this obligation is in proportion to the soundness of their constitution. The little work before us is eminently calculated to do good, in helping the inexperienced, and supplying the defects of the careless, in the performance of this duty. Mr. Hannam's treatise, founded on experience and good sense, should be in the hands of every young and conscientious clergyman, when called upon to visit and give counsel to the sick.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

*FAMILY LIBRARY.*—'*Life of Peter the Great.*'—In this life of the true founder of Russian greatness, there are many curious anecdotes of his doings as a shipwright, in England and Holland; many pleasant details of his foibles as a man and a monarch; much that is interesting in the narrative of wars with the Swede and the Turk; nor is the account of his contest with the ambition of his clergy, and the prejudices of his people, less instructive than amusing. Perhaps the most racy portion is Dr. Birch's gossiping description of the Tzar's mode of entertaining the ambassadors of foreign states, and his own ministers. First, there was a rough scuffle for seats; secondly, a regular row about the dishes; thirdly, a general contest at the bottle;—not to speak of the apprehension which the guests entertained of swallowing "eye of newt and toe of frog," or of some well seasoned dish, fit to move all stomachs not accustomed to horse-flesh and train oil. There is, however, one se-

rious objection to the work—it was not wanted. That, we fear, Mr. Murray will discover, and therefore, we need say no more on the subject. It has besides some faults; the narrative is huddled together too much in one place, and expanded too much in another: some of the dates are wrong, and sundry of the quotations incorrect. The father of Peter is made to die some years before his son was born, in one page, and in another, he comes to life and dies according to history; something too, that was done in 1686, is postponed for a hundred years. The line of Blair—

Like angel visits, few and far between,  
is given to Dr. Young, and the severe one of Pope

From Macedonia's madman to the Swede,  
is misquoted. Moreover, we think the author is more stern with Charles, and more mild with Peter, than history authorizes. We could have supplied a much better version of the story of General Gordon's introduction to the Tzar, than the text gives. The faults are, however, as nothing compared to the merits of the memoir.

*'British Flowering Plants; drawn from Nature, and Engraved under the direction of Mr. William Baxter, A.L.S., F.H.S., &c. Curator of the Oxford Botanic Garden.'*—A useful little work, much wanted, and well adapted to giving the learner a clear idea of the characters, upon which the modern genera of plants are constructed. It will also be found serviceable to the student of the natural system of Botany. The plan of the author is to illustrate a single species of every genus of British flowering plants, by a coloured plate containing, along with a characteristic figure of the foliage and flowers, an analysis of such parts of the fructification as are principally employed in distinguishing genera from each other. The letter-press is very satisfactory, the plates are carefully executed, and the whole work reflects credit upon the author.

*'The Poetic Negligée, for 1833.'*—This is a very pretty book: it is bound in silk, lettered in gold, and printed on coloured paper, and made in all respects, save one, worthy of a lady's hand. It must have been written by a foreigner, who, ignorant of our manners, and with notions of female delicacy not at all English, has filled his volume with verses of questionable purity, both in sentiment and language. We are sorry for this; first, for the author's sake, who will, doubtless, be roughly treated by the critics; and secondly, because there are snatches of poetry scattered about, which show that he lives in the neighbourhood, if not in the company, of the muse.

*'Sunshine; or, Lays for Ladies.'*—This little work might have been called Moonshine, with some propriety; it is addressed to those who love the lute and the moonlight; it is full of mirth and agreeable gaiety, with here and there touches of seriousness as well as beauty.

*'The Island of the Propontis, and other Poems; by J. Pinkerton.'*—There is some poetry and elegance about the mind which produced these verses; but there is little vigour. There are few pictures, which we have not seen more brightly drawn, and few sentiments which we have not heard more poetically uttered. The mustering together of splendid words, or drawing them up in harmonious array, is the least difficult part of the poet's task: to pour that inspiration into them, which comes from feeling and passion, is the most important part of his duty. We could, however, find passages both to quote and praise in this little volume.

*'Historical and Antiquarian Notices of Crosby Hall.'*—We are indebted to Mr. Carlos, one of the Committee for the preservation of that ancient structure, for this very pleasant account of the building and its founder.

† Author of a *Voyage Pittoresque dans la Grèce*, the last part of which appeared but a few years ago, at an interval of forty years from the publication of the first.

'Kidd's Picturesque Pocket Companion to Hastings and St. Leonard's.'—If the same good taste continues to preside over the future volumes, as has done over the past, Mr. Kidd will grow into fame for his little tasty illustrated works.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS

A VISION OF ROBERT BURNS.

BY A DROUGHTY BRITHER.

It chanced—the truth I winna hide,  
I'll tell 't, though it should hurt my pride,—  
Elders themselves hae gaen aside,  
Whase fauts are few,—  
As nicht last ook it did betide  
That I gat fou'.

Glass after glass gaed joukin' past,  
Ye'd thoct there was a glamour cast,  
They glinted frae our een sae fast,  
The diel be thankit;  
Ilk ane was nappier than the last,  
So 'feth, I drank it.

At last, as hamewards I was snoovin'  
A sort o' zig-zag problem provin',  
An' yaup for fechtin' or for lovin',  
A' ane to me,—  
A form portentous, strange, an' movin',  
Did meet my e'e.

It was ow'r shadowy to be leevin',  
Ow'r yirthly-like to be deceivin';  
A messenger, thinks I, frae heaven,  
Or else frae hell,—  
Whether for blessin' or for grievin',  
I could na tell.

He oxtered me polite an' ceevil,  
An' said he saw my case was evil,  
An' no just in a state to travel,  
So down we sat;  
Thinks I, "this gentleman's nae deevil,  
Ise hae a chat."

"Kind Sir," quo' I, as smooth's the Franks,  
"I'm no just steady on my shanks:  
O weary fa' the wacsome pranks  
O' wine an' distance!  
Ye's aye be welcome to my thanks,  
For yer assistance."

"A kintraman! I ken yer tongue;  
Sic was the langwich, braid an' strong,  
That Fergusson an' Ramsay sung!  
My heart aye yearns  
To a' frae gallant Scotia sprung—  
My name's Rab Burns!"

Wi' hat in han' I boo'd wi' fear,  
That ever glorious name to hear,  
An' thoct that frae the eternal sphere  
The bard had come  
His lowliest worshipper to cheer,  
An' I was dumb.

"Scotsman, whae'er ye are," he said,—  
An' ance again I boo'd my head,  
An' listen'd his commands wi' dread,—  
"Whate'er yer station,  
Whate'er yer fortin, rank, or tred,  
The pen's d—mn—n!"

"The diel a yammer-headed chiel,  
Wha'd maybe drive a waggon wheel,  
Or aiblins turn a spinnin' wheel,  
Without much flytin';  
But sune as ever he can spell,  
Taks on to writin'.

"They think't's a trifle noo-a-days,  
To spiel Parnassus stievest braes,  
An' mak' Apollo's pipe to wheeze,  
Like penny whistle,  
An' clutchin' greedily at the bays,  
Grab up a thistle!

"Yet some there be wi' wit at will,  
Wha sing or play wi' eident skill,  
And spread the bonny muse's rill,  
Through bow'r and hallan'—  
And tapmost on the forkit hill,  
Is Elvar Allan.

"To thwart God's plans is surely crime,  
But folk ordain'd frae endless time,  
The tailor's foot-board bauld to climb,  
An' men's auld claes,  
Break the decrees and rush in rhyme,  
To patch up plays.

"It's just amazin' to remark,  
Hoo sune ilk citra-Tweedie spark  
Sets up to be a meusefu' clerk,  
In lair to dribble,—  
Hech, Sirs! it's surely easy wark  
To sit and scribble.

"An' sic a routin', rivin' crew!  
Wi' Paper, Magazine, Review,  
They rin ilk course o' learnin' through,  
An' never stammer,  
Tales, poetry, it's a' ae do,  
Thoct, sense, or grammar;

"But chiefly do they tak' delight  
To show their burnin', shinin' licht,  
In makin' darkest subjects bricht,—  
'Twad mak aye sea-sick  
To hear their blethers, when they ficht  
'Bout meatan'pheesic."

"Oh, Sir!" the form gaed on to say:  
"Forswear the writin' tred for aye;  
An' whan yer head is auld an' grey,  
Ye'll gie me credit,  
An' thank me till yer deen' day,  
An' mind I said it.

"The haverin', drunken, witless bodies,  
Are a' sae manfu' ow'r their toddies,  
They come an' cock their pridefu' fuddies  
Wi' ostentation,  
Till we're aye forced to tak' the cuddies  
Aff to the station."

"Station?" quo' I: "oh, wondrous spirit!  
Bricht paragon o' wit and merit!  
Shade o' great Rab!"—"I winna bear it—  
Hoots! haud yer peace, man!"  
He said—an' mazed was I to hear it—  
"I'm a policeman!"

Nov. 1832.

AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT OF THE DEPOSING OF  
FERDINAND, KING OF SPAIN, IN 1823.

[TOWARDS the close of 1830, we published some highly-interesting extracts from a manuscript work, under the title of 'Spain in 1829 and 1830,' which had been brought from that country for publication. Political reasons subsequently induced the parties to abandon their intention, and required that we should not name the writers. The same cause is no longer influential; and we may now state that it was principally written by Mr. Patrick Butler, an Irish gentleman, who had resided many years in Spain; and that Don J. Lopez Quiros contributed the notes, some chapters on the Secret Societies, and the history of the last Cortes. Both parties are since dead. We do not know what has become of the manuscript; but having heard lately that a translation is likely to appear in French, it follows that it is still in existence.—Among the many extracts we made at the time, one is the history of the famous sitting of the Cortes, when Ferdinand was deposed. As this deposing forms a ground for special exception in the late act of amnesty,—(the Queen's words are, "that she is obliged, much against her inclination, to exclude from it all who had the misfortune to vote the deposition of the king at Seville.")—the following authentic information relating to the subject cannot fail to be interesting to the public.]

Early in June (1823), it began to be rumoured at Seville, that the French were advancing towards the Sierra Morena; and it was feared that they would cross the mountains, and penetrate into Andalusia with very little opposition. The Sierra Morena was defended by four thousand infantry, almost all recruits, and by an excellent body of cavalry; but which, under circumstances, could be of little service. The ministry shared the fears of the rest of the liberals; and, on the 4th of June, a board of general officers was called, and their opinion asked, whether it was possible to defend Andalusia, and where the government could retire, in case the French armies penetrated into the province?

† Qu. Metaphysics.

The generals were unanimously of opinion that it was not possible to prevent the French crossing the Sierra Morena; and that Cadiz was the only place in which the government could be secure against any sudden irruption and attack. On the morning of the 10th of June there was a secret meeting of the Cortes, in which the minister Calatrava read an official letter from Quijana, the political chief of Ciudad Real, which began with the extraordinary acknowledgment, 'We have lost all—even our honour'; and went on to state that the French, taking advantage of the absence of Brigadier-General Plasencia, who had gone with the cavalry to attack the guerrillas of Locho, had dispersed the division of the Sierra Morena, and crossed the mountains. The Cortes separated, desiring the ministers to do their duty; and as the only course that remained was to retire to Cadiz as soon as possible, the ministers so advised the king, informing him of the resolutions of the board of general officers. The king, however, refused to decide on any course until the council of state had been consulted. The members of the council, like every other person in Seville, knew well enough what were the feelings and wishes of the king, and fearful of giving offence, and personally a good deal alarmed, they offered the most extravagant and absurd opinions: some advised a removal to Algeciras, and then to Ceuta; others to Gibraltar; one wanted further information; and Ciscar alone agreed with the ministers in the absolute necessity of retiring to Cadiz. The ministers now went in a body to the king, who informed them that he was resolved not to leave Seville, assigning as a reason the possible danger of getting the yellow fever at Cadiz, if by chance it appeared there, as had sometimes been the case. The ministers urged upon him the absolute necessity of removal; the king, however, was firm; and the ministers retired without having in the least shaken his resolution.

In the meantime the greatest agitation prevailed among the liberals: all the various branches of the secret societies held general meetings that night; and in some of them it was proposed to put the king to death. It was subsequently discovered that these proposals came from persons who were the secret emissaries of the king, which proves that such propositions were merely put forward to ascertain the feelings of the liberals on this point. Everywhere the proposal was rejected;—there were but few influential men who were not of opinion that the putting the king to death would not merely be useless, but positively injurious to their cause; and as the ministers had the prudence not to make known the king's answer, it was resolved, in all the meetings, after very stormy debates, to wait till next day, in the hope that he would be prevailed on to leave Seville.

In the meanwhile, the royalists were not asleep. General Downie, with the canons and friars, who formed the directing junto of the party, met together, and decided on advising the king to leave Seville secretly that night, and go over to the French. There is now little doubt that it would have been easy for him to have done so, and such a proceeding would have been a death-blow to the liberal party; but the king wanted courage, and dared not move. The junto determined, in consequence, to raise the populace of Seville: Downie was appointed to direct and command, and received a large sum of money to distribute among them. He began to recruit that very night; but his career was short, as will be seen hereafter.

At ten o'clock in the morning of the 11th of June, the members of the Cortes were all assembled, and the minister, Calatrava, reported to them in detail, and in the lobby before the sitting began, what had passed between the king and the ministers the night before. Calatrava

was evidently greatly agitated; and he begged earnestly of the deputies not to expose the ministry, adding, that, seeing they had no chance of shaking the king's resolution, they had tendered their resignations, which he had refused to accept. It was now clear that the ministry dared not take such extraordinary measures as were necessary to compel the king to leave Seville; and that unless the Cortes took the responsibility on themselves, either the French would surprise them there, or, which was more probable, the liberals would break out into open revolt; and as the garrison of Seville was composed of the most enthusiastic of the whole party, they would, in all probability, oblige the king and Cortes together to leave the city at the point of the bayonet, and in the height of confusion and disorder, the consequences of which could not be foreseen. Then it was, and for the first time, that a well-known member proposed to depose the king, and gave notice of his intention to move a resolution on the subject. Others, however, pointed to Galiano to direct this important business of the sitting, and it was immediately agreed to.

It has been repeatedly asserted that the deposition of the king had been previously discussed and agreed to in the meetings of the secret societies; this is not true. The writer of this sketch was at that time president of one of the lodges of Freemasons. It was his duty to attend the *Capítulo*, or principal lodge, to receive orders; and after a most stormy discussion, he was directed, with several others, to proceed to both the assemblies of the *Comuneros*, and propose to them to send deputies to a meeting of representatives of the three societies. In this they were not successful, because the constitutional *Comuneros* had no confidence in the other society; but he never heard one word about deposing the king, though he did a great deal about much more violent measures. Indeed, the members of the Cortes, who belonged to those societies, and attended the meetings, with one only exception, earnestly advised them to wait till the morning; and it is mainly owing to their influence and exertions that Seville did not exhibit on that night a counterpart of the horrors of the French revolution. The idea of temporarily deposing the king, was a natural consequence of the situation in which the Cortes found itself; and the best proof is, that many voted for it who did not belong to the secret societies, and whose only desire was to avoid confusion and bloodshed. All the deputies present at Seville, amounting to 102, attended this important sitting;—of these, forty-five were *Exaltados*, forty-four belonged to the party of *Arguelles*, and thirteen were considered as being more royalists than liberals, though they deny it. As soon as the sitting began, Galiano rose, and moved that the Cortes should send for the ministers, to know from them the true state of the country, and the measures they had taken. This was immediately approved, as well as an addition moved by *Arguelles*, that the sitting should be permanent till the object of the Cortes was accomplished. The ministers attended; but before they began to speak, General Alava rose and said, that as the present debate was of the utmost importance, it would be necessary to enforce most peremptorily the rule which forbade all persons in the galleries from expressing either approbation or disapprobation. This was immediately agreed to, and the president declared his determination to enforce obedience, if the spectators forgot their duty. General Alava's suggestion was, in truth, most opportune, for the galleries were filled with enthusiastic liberals, who had already begun to make their opinions known; but on hearing the president's threat, the greater part immediately retired—for what purpose will hereafter

appear. From that moment, however, the sitting was conducted with the greatest dignity and calmness.

Galiano immediately after began by asking the Minister of War the position and strength of the enemy, and the resources he had at command to oppose them. If anything could have made the Cortes pause, it was the answer of the minister, who, in a long speech, endeavoured to prove that there was no possible chance of successfully opposing them. As it was well known that the minister greatly exaggerated the strength of the French army, and much underrated that of the Spaniards, and as he was undoubtedly a most honourable man, and incapable of doing so intentionally, it was thought that he must be mad: and there was soon but too much reason to believe that this was the fact, for he committed suicide a few days after. During the delivery of this speech the deputies manifested the greatest impatience; and Galiano, who had asked the question, was not a little puzzled by the unexpected answer:—however, without any comment, he requested to know, from another of the ministers, what measures had been taken to prevent surprise and the capture of the king. Calatrava replied by stating what has been before mentioned respecting the decision of the board of general officers, and the proceedings of the council; adding, that the ministers had communicated these opinions to the king, who had not yet given any definitive answer. Galiano then moved that a deputation should wait on his majesty, to inform him of the absolute necessity of immediately retiring from Seville, to avoid being captured by the enemy. This motion was agreed to, as well as two others; the one stating the necessity for the removal of all the royal family, and the other that the removal could not be deferred beyond the next day. The members of the deputation were now named; and in answer to the petition of the Cortes, to know when the king would be pleased to receive them, his majesty named four o'clock on that day.

We will now leave the Cortes to see what was doing by other parties. The king was in high spirits, since, by his secret emissaries, he had been informed that the chiefs of the liberals were of opinion that it was their interest not to put him to death; and he was engaged at the palace with a *junto*, to which General Downie, Colonel Cabañas, and some canons and friars, were admitted, consulting upon those measures which it might be advisable, under circumstances, should be taken. Downie assured the king that it was exceedingly difficult to rouse the mob at that moment, because they were not a little afraid of the National Militia, but he thought it might be done that night; and he and the rest of the *junto* advised the king to leave the palace, and take shelter in the cathedral, or in one of the convents, so soon as the rising took place. The king, however, did not like the proposal, and he ordered Downie to introduce secretly into the palace, during the night, as many friends as he could collect, to defend his person, if the palace were attacked. It was just when the *junto* were about to separate, that the king received information of what was passing in the hall of the Cortes, and of the message he was about to receive; and the answer it would be advisable for him to give was then debated and determined on.

While the king and his *camarilla* were thus most indiscreetly endeavouring to get up a riot, the troops of the garrison were preparing to make one in downright earnest. The liberals, who had left the galleries in the hall of the Cortes, because they could not, in consequence of General Alava's observations, influence the deputies by their expressions of approbation or disapprobation, went directly to the marines and the militia of Madrid, who formed almost all the gar-

riison, venting the bitterest complaints against the ministers, and even the Cortes. Several of them proposed to go in a body to the palace, and compel the king and the royal family to leave Seville forthwith. Fortunately, some of the officers would not sanction the proceeding, without the previous assent of the influential deputies; and they proposed to wait on, and consult with them. As nearly all the militia of Madrid belonged to one or other of the secret societies, and as many of the chiefs of the societies were members of the Cortes, this proposition was agreed to, conditionally that such members only were consulted. Four officers were chosen as delegates, and they went immediately to the hall of the Cortes, where they met with five of the deputies referred to, and communicated their message. The deputies, naturally alarmed at these threatening appearances, earnestly entreated the officers to return to their friends, and assure them, that if the king would not consent to leave Seville, they were resolved to depose him, appoint a regency, and retire from the city on the next day; but that it was absolutely necessary that there should be no appearance of riot or disorder. The orator of the deputation, a very influential officer of the Madrid militia, replied at great length. He urged that it was absolute folly to pretend to observe legal forms in their present situation; and that it would save both time and trouble, to march at once to the palace, stow away the king and his family in the first carriage, cart, or waggon they could find, and proceed direct to Cadiz. He expressed great doubts whether the good deputies (meaning those of his own party) would be able to command a majority, should it be found necessary to depose the king: he announced that it was the anxious wish of all the liberal party to share in the responsibility of the forced removal: he pointed out the personal danger to the deputies, which must follow their proposed proceeding, as the Cortes had resolved that the sitting should be permanent until the king had left Seville; and as the few troops in the place would be obliged to accompany the king, the members of the Cortes must remain in the city at the mercy of a mob, excited and infuriated by the priests. At last, when he was insisting on the great advantages to be derived from making a little riot (*una asonadita*), he was interrupted by the deputies with the assurance, that, if it were necessary to depose the king, they could command a large majority; that, as to the responsibility and danger, they were content to share it among them; that the consequences of a riot could not be foreseen, except in the disgrace with which it must cover the liberals, and especially those in authority; and they again entreated of them to return to their friends, and use their utmost influence to keep them quiet. Upon this the deputation returned to the barracks, and it is impossible to describe the disappointment of the troops at hearing the result. They had expected, and were prepared for, a very different answer, but dare not oppose the wishes of their leaders, and peace was preserved.

At five o'clock the deputation of the Cortes, went, by appointment, to the palace. These deputations were always heretofore received by the highest officers of the court, and with all becoming etiquette; but on this occasion they were surrounded by scullions and grooms; and nothing could equal the insolence of those people. At last the king appeared; and having taken his seat on the throne, General Valdes addressed him, stating that the Cortes had declared themselves in permanent sitting, in consequence of the approach of the enemy; and that, under circumstances, they had resolved to send a message to his majesty, entreating him, for his personal safety, to leave Seville for Cadiz the next day. The king answered, "That personally

he was willing to make any sacrifice; but that, as king, his conscience would not permit him to leave Seville." General Valdes replied, that his majesty's conscience would be clear under any circumstances, because, as a constitutional king, he had no responsibility, nor any conscience but that of his legal advisers: he added some other reasons, and concluded by entreating the king to hear the members of the deputation. The king, however, cut short the discussion by observing, "I have said all that I have to say;" and then rose and retired.

When the deputation returned to the Cortes, and their president reported that his majesty had resolved not to leave Seville, Galiano rose, and after delivering an eloquent speech, in which he said that the king's refusal to retreat to a place of safety must be the effect of temporary delirium, he urged that it was a case contemplated in the 187th article of the constitution, which authorizes the Cortes to appoint a regency, when there is any moral impediment to the king's carrying on the government, and concluded by moving, "That the Cortes declare that the refusal of the king to secure his royal person from falling into the hands of the enemy comes within the 187th article of the constitution; and that the Cortes will forthwith appoint a provisional regency, for the purpose of effecting the removal."

Vega Infanzon now rose, and spoke for more than two hours against the motion, endeavouring to prove that it would be better to retire to Algeciras and Ceuta, or at all events to Gibraltar, rather than to Cadiz; and he concluded by proposing that a second message should be sent to his Majesty. Arguelles replied; after which, Romero suggested that some physicians should be required to report on the true state of the king, adding, that he was opposed to the nomination of a regency; and expressed a wish that a committee of the Cortes should be appointed, with power to cause the king's removal. Oliver answered to Romero; and as there was not another member to speak against the motion, it was put to the vote, and carried. There never was a debate so important as this, nor, excepting only Galiano's opening address, one so insignificant, if we consider the speeches and discussions. The extravagant and incoherent reasoning of Vega Infanzon was unworthy of a reply, and Arguelles hurried over it, and concluded as briefly as possible.

It must be observed, that before the motion was put to the vote, nineteen members retired; but it was agreed to unanimously by the *eighty-three* remaining, with the solitary exception of Vega Infanzon. The regency was forthwith nominated; and Generals Valdes, Ciscar, and Vigdet, after taking the oaths directed by the constitution, entered upon their unenviable office, and proceeded to the palace, accompanied by a committee of the Cortes, preceded by Riego, amidst the acclamations of the liberals, who were at last satisfied with the resolution and determination of the deputies.

While the Cortes were thus employed, the king began to be alarmed at the possible consequences of his refusal, although he did not believe that the liberals could muster votes enough to depose him. He sent immediately for Downie, and commanded him to bring in secretly to the palace as many of his followers as he could collect to defend his person, if attacked. Downie proceeded to obey his orders; but the attitude of the liberals had so terrified the royalists, that he could not collect more than half-a-dozen; and these were assembled in a room of the palace, deliberating on further measures, when an army surgeon of the name of Lopez, who had chanced to see them come in armed, suddenly entered the room, upbraided them as traitors, and taking the sword from the

hands of Downie, who had unsheathed it, but who made no resistance, called from the window to the soldiers of the guard, and made three of the seven prisoners, the others having run away. That Downie, who had given many proofs of courage, should have allowed himself to be thus taken prisoner, is one of those inexplicable things that sometimes occur in revolutions. The king was frightened to death at hearing the noise of arms so near his royal person, and at seeing the ruin of his hopes; and the members of the royalist *junto* were so intimidated by Downie's fate, that not one of them ventured again to come near the palace—a conduct for which they were severely reprimanded by the king, when he returned to Seville four months after.

The regency had great difficulty to prevent the ministers from abandoning their post; but excepting Pando, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, they eventually consented to retain office. Immediate measures were now taken to leave Seville, and with the approbation of the king, it was at last determined, that the removal should take place the next day at two o'clock.

In the meanwhile, the deputies remained assembled in the hall of the Cortes. It is true, they did nothing, but they were ready to act if occasion required it. The midnight scene was most strange; there were the deputies sleeping upon the hard benches, or extended on the floor—a death-like silence prevailing, where so lately a king had been deposed—the chief actors in this great drama remaining present there, to perfect their work, if required.

At three o'clock in the morning of the 12th, the regency sent a message to the Cortes, to inform them, that the civil and military authorities had obeyed their orders without opposition, and that the public peace had not been disturbed. In fact, till two o'clock in the afternoon, everything went on with perfect regularity; and the situation of things could only be inferred from the bustle of preparation for the journey, and the intense anxiety depicted in every countenance.

At last the appointed hour arrived; the troops marched to the square in front of the palace, and the royal carriages drew up to the principal gate. The president of the regency now waited on the king, to inform him that everything was ready; but he was deaf to all entreaties, and though he did not positively refuse to depart, he could not be prevailed on to move. In vain the regents, with the greatest courtesy, entreated of him to begin his journey; he was altogether silent, and at last they were obliged to desist. The situation of the regency was at this moment most critical; the troops began to be extremely impatient, and their excitement was increasing every minute, owing to reports circulated by mischievous and designing people, that the French were close upon Seville, and that the king was only anxious to gain time. It was impossible to foresee the consequences of this state of things: indeed, without the personal influence of the regents, and the good sense of many officers of the Madrid militia, they would have been frightful.

The members of the Cortes shared the general alarm, and many of them went to the square to speak to the troops, and if possible, to prevent disorder. Though assembled and ready to act, the Cortes were naturally anxious to avoid stronger measures than they had already taken; and they agreed among themselves not to mention the continued resistance of the king, unless absolutely obliged. This state of fearful uncertainty continued for nearly five hours, when the general commanding the troops, who had permitted them to pile their arms, ordered the drums to beat to arms. The noise excited the worst fears of the king, and, without even wait-

ing for his hat, he rushed down to the carriage, followed by his family, and at half-past six, the procession began to move.

The Cortes received immediate official notice that the king had left Seville. They proceeded forthwith to business—decided upon their own removal, and at eight o'clock in the evening, suspended the sitting, which had begun at ten o'clock the day before.

The situation of the members of the Cortes was now most perilous. After the bold and decisive measures they had taken, they were left comparatively alone, having no other troops to defend them than a single battalion of artillery, almost wholly composed of recruits, a small number of the National Militia of Seville, and fifty men of the Madrid militia, while they were surrounded by the most savage and fanatical mob in Spain, open to all the influences of a more savage and fanatical priesthood. It had been determined, that the members of the Cortes should leave the city together in a steam-boat; which, however, could not move till high-tide, the next morning. Between eleven and one o'clock that night, the members assembled in the steam-boat, guarded only by the fifty soldiers of the Madrid militia; and as their families and baggage could not be accommodated, they were obliged to be put on board such ships as chanced to be in the river.

The members of the royalist *junto*, though frightened at Downie's fate, and not daring in consequence to enter the palace, assembled that very night, and determined on attempting his rescue; but Colonel Cabanas, now appointed chief of the conspiracy, could not prevail on his followers to undertake it. Next day they assembled again, and after the king's departure, they resolved to attack the steam-boat, where all the deputies were assembled, and thus finish the war at one blow. The thing was feasible enough; the steam-boat was moored in an open part of the river, and it was impossible to work the engine for want of water; there were plenty of cannon in the royal foundry, which could be brought to the bank in a few minutes; the defenders of the boat were but few, and the troops in the city could not for any length of time resist the mob, particularly after eleven o'clock, when, in consequence of mistaken orders, the Seville National Militia withdrew. The *junto* did what they could to prevail on their followers to begin the attack, but unsuccessfully. They were ready, but would not stir before morning. No sooner, however, had the steam-boat begun to move, than the firing commenced—the recruits of the artillery were soon overpowered—the ships in the river were attacked and pillaged, and the most disgraceful excesses committed.

#### AN ARIETTE FOR MUSIC.

TO A LADY SINGING TO HER ACCOMPANIMENT ON THE GUITAR.

By the late Percy Bysshe Shelley.

As the moon's soft splendour  
O'er the faint cold starlight of heaven  
Is thrown,  
So thy voice most tender  
To the strings without soul has given  
Its own.

The stars will awaken,  
Though the moon sleep a full hour later  
To-night:  
No leaf will be shaken,  
Whilst the dew of thy melody scatter  
Delight.

Though the sound overpowers,  
Sing again, with thy sweet voice revealing  
A tone  
Of some world far from ours,  
Where music and moonlight and feeling  
Are one.

## OBSERVATIONS ON THE REPORT ON DRAMATIC LITERATURE.

(Continued from p. 714.)

We promised, in our observations upon the Report, &c., a few whimsicalities in the way of question and answer, to be selected from the *admirable* Minutes of Evidence. It was our intention to have picked out "a string of whitening's eyes for pearls," but the utter nothingness of the result has alarmed us. The Committee, themselves, were, as we remarked, during the months of June and July, foggy as the months of November and December. It was quite one long *Lord Mayor's Day*, in the mind of the chairman (except when Mr. T. J. Duncombe sat), and every attendant intellect seemed to be influenced by the "darkness visible" that was spread around. The witnesses,—at least, those witnesses who had to speak upon dramatic law, and upon the powers of those who enforced it,—were not a whit behind the Committee in ignorance upon the subject, and in the profuse display of it. Mr. A. is called to say one thing as a matter of opinion, and Mr. B. is called to contradict him. How any set of gentlemen could come to any determination upon a mass of evidence filled with "the violentest contrarieties," we are at a loss to understand. The Report, like Cassio's murmurs in his sleep, if it denote any thing, "denotes a foregone conclusion."

Now, for a word or two upon the law as it stands, and upon the law as we should say it ought to stand. By the 10th of Geo. II. c. 28, the Lord Chamberlain has the power of licensing theatres in Westminster, or in those places wherein His Majesty shall reside. All actors performing at any theatre or place without the protection of the king's letters patent, or the Chamberlain's licence, are subject to a penalty. By this act, the Chamberlain has a prohibitory power over all theatrical performances, and a play must be sent fourteen days at least before it is performed, to allow of this prohibition being exercised if necessary, and not for the purpose of being licensed. By the 25th of Geo. II. c. 36, magistrates are empowered to grant annual licences for music and dancing only; and by the 28th of Geo. III. c. 30, district magistrates, at places not within twenty miles of London, have the power of granting licences for the drama for any period not exceeding sixty days. The sum and substance of the law are here collected together, and it will at once be seen, by all who will take the trouble to wade through this ponderous Report, that no persons are more ignorant of that law, than the committee who put the questions, and the forty very worthy gentlemen who responded. The Chamberlain's power over plays is a *prohibitory* one only; and in the act of parliament which defines his powers, (and there can be no doubt that an act of parliament can never be resisted by any alleged custom,) not one word is said about a licencer, or fees, or licences; and it is quite clear that a manager sending his play fourteen days before the day of performance, may snap his fingers at Mr. Colman and his two guineas. The *prohibition* having been found to be a profitless, and seldom requisite bit of authority, has been transformed into a licence,—and the manager, on the ground of convenience, has tacitly borne to be mulcted of two guineas for a written notification that the

Lord Chamberlain would evade the act. Mr. Colman holds his office by appointment, as he says, under the act; and he enters upon it with an oath, which we are only surprised that he did not cut out, instead of take. Mr. Colman as licencer is no one—he has no right to any salary—he has no right to fees—he had no right to swear, and is liable to be fined 5s. for the oath before any magistrate in London; and we wonder to the utmost, that the poor oppressed people of the drama endure tamely the tyranny of this "usurper on the throne of taste."

The notion prevails, that the Lord Chamberlain has no power out of Westminster; whereas he has the power, and, as the law stands, it is a duty incumbent upon him to enforce the penalties against any performers and performances, not licensed according to law. He is the guardian over the drama: and whenever the legal rights of the drama are infringed upon, he ought as the lawyers say, to sue as "next friend." He stands in the situation of an uninvincible informer; he is imperatively called upon to protect the fortresses over which he is made the governor, by putting down any district fortresses, that rise up in opposition, and that might "in the end prove dangerous." So much for the law,—not as it is understood in the Chamberlain's office, in the theatres, and in the police-offices, but as it stands.—We had intended to make some remarks upon the frivolous nicety and ragged morality, with which Mr. Colman domineers over modern dramas; but really, we have not granted to ourselves room—

"At once the observer's purpose to spy,  
"And on himself roll back his scrutiny."

In his youth, a wholesale dry-salter in obscene wit and ribaldry,—the moment he gets into imaginary power, he seizes the wares of the poorest dramatic huckster, and will not permit the smallest milk-and-water damn to be sold for love or money. Because "he is virtuous, he will have no more cakes and ale,"—he is the "Sir Toby in office."

Such a judge, chosen as Jonathan Wild was chosen to power, because he had been a partaker of the society and the vices over which he was now to preside, cannot move without being "suspect of fame." We can but exclaim in the opposite words of the author of that chaste work, the 'Poetical Varieties':—

"Proceed, mock judges! earn your vile support,  
"Like low informers, in the muse's court;  
"Rake the fanatic's code for dormant law,  
"To prove the poet's licence has a flaw."

It is not so easy to say how the law should be amended, as the Report would make us believe; nor can any of the many plans be pronounced to be the best until it shall have been tried by experience. It would seem to us that there should be a control over the number of theatres, and that the amusements to be performed at such houses should be classified and defined. We are not for giving the legitimate drama the chance of having its brains kicked out by a pie-bald at Astley's; and we should be heartily glad to confine elephants and lions to the Zoological Gardens, and to the travelling theatres on wheels, and not to have them permitted free range over the classic boards of Covent Garden and Drury Lane. Vaudevilles and burlettas may well reign undisturbed at the Olympic and the Adelphi, and thus all the-

atres, having some exclusive entertainment to offer, might be successful. We would vest this control of theatres solely in the hands of the Lord Chamberlain. The licencer we would stifle—not the man, but the officer; and we would leave, and safely could we leave it, to the just taste of the public, to prohibit the performance of any play of an immoral or improper tendency. The advancement in knowledge, of the times, renders the ridiculous censorship of one man unnecessary. We are quite of opinion, that authors ought to have protection afforded to their labours, and that they should have some legal means of compelling remuneration summarily from country theatres, whenever their productions are resorted to by the managers of such theatres.

## OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

CAMPBELL, we hear, has awakened from his dream about the Poles, finished his life of Mrs. Siddons, and sent it to the press. He has not, hitherto, made his appearance as a biographer—much is expected from his genius, and much is due to the subject. With Southey it is different; he has written, in the Life of Nelson, one of the most successful biographies of modern time; his Lives of the British Admirals, now in progress, are said to be in the same spirit. The sixth and last volume of Allan Cunningham's Lives of the most Eminent British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects, is now nearly finished; it contains, amongst others, the polished Lawrence, and the sarcastic Northcote.

The subscription for Abbotsford goes on prosperously. It has been proposed, that each member of the Committee, of two hundred noblemen and gentlemen, shall be furnished with a little book, neatly ruled, and of a pocket size, and noted as coming from the Committee of Management: into this, each subscriber's name, with the amount of donation, is to be inserted; the members to have more than one copy at their disposal, for the purpose of sending them abroad to trustworthy and influential persons, so that the British Colonies may have an opportunity of joining with the mother-land in this national matter. The King, we see, has given three hundred pounds to the Edinburgh Monument to Scott; the Duchess of Buccleuch has given one hundred, and her lord will make his hundred five, as soon as the money comes to be paid. We trust that the people of Edinburgh and Glasgow, in short, of Scotland, will unite with the people of England, in rendering Abbotsford the monument to his memory: it was raised by the poet's own hand, and its treasures were collected by his taste and industry.

Regarding art, we hear but little. Roberts is making a tour in Spain, in search of the picturesque: a Spanish Annual will make his fortune: we are well nigh wearied of Italy. The plates for Rogers's second illustrated volume, are in great forwardness; they are spoken of as eminently beautiful; the publication, when complete, will contain all the poems of the author.

We hear, too, with much satisfaction, that the Princess Victoria is sitting for her portrait, to Mr. Wilkin, the clever artist, whose beautiful lithographs we have so often commended.



## SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

## ROYAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 15.—John Wm. Lubbock, Esq. V.P. and Treasurer, in the chair.—A paper was read, entitled, 'On some properties of numbers in geometrical progression'—by C. Blackburn, Esq. R.A.

The following gentlemen were proposed: the Rev. Augustus Page Saunders, M.A., Sir W. Burnett, K.C.H., Major F. H. Shadwell Clerke, K.H., Thomas Botfield, Esq., and Robert Adam Dundas, Esq. M.P.

## ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 12.—This was the first meeting of the session, and we are happy to say it was pretty well attended. Mr. Greenough, Vice-President, took the chair. The only paper read was a communication from Mr. A. Miller, surgeon, of H.M.S. *Ætna*, respecting the discovery of the Compoonee river, on the west coast of Africa; and it contained some additional information to that furnished by Captain Belcher, and read at the Society in the course of the last season. It appears that the *Raven*, tender to the *Ætna*, penetrated as far up the river as the depth of water would permit, and not less than a hundred miles. It was found to be above a mile in breadth, very deep, and very serpentine in its course. The natives fled with astonishment, and appear never to have had any intercourse with strangers. The paper was accompanied by some account of the Bijooga Indians on the island of Kanyabac, obtained during the visit of the *Ætna* to their islands. Our readers will, perhaps, remember, that an attempt was made to settle these islands some years ago by a company formed for that purpose. The jealousy occasioned among the chiefs by the late Captain Beaver, who was for some time on the island of Bulama, had not, it appears, been forgotten; and some unequivocal signs of disapprobation were given to the officers of the *Ætna* by one who understood a little English. The desire of Captain Belcher to obtain bullocks for the use of his crew was peremptorily refused, in consequence of a determination on the part of these people to take nothing but arms and gunpowder in exchange. The islands are described as being exceedingly fertile, and the natives a strong athletic race of people. They have as yet had little or no intercourse with strangers.

In the course of the evening, it was announced by the chairman, that a branch Geographical Society had been established at Bombay.

## MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

|          |  |
|----------|--|
| MONDAY.  | { Phrenological Society ..... Eight, P.M.    |
|          | { Medical Society ..... Eight, P.M.          |
| TUESDAY. | { Linnean Society ..... Eight, P.M.          |
|          | { Geological Society ..... p. 8, P.M.        |
| WEDNES.  | { Royal Society of Literature .. Three, P.M. |
|          | { Society of Arts ..... p. 7, P.M.           |
| THURS.   | { Royal Society ..... p. 8, P.M.             |
|          | { Society of Antiquaries ..... Eight, P.M.   |
| SATUR.   | { Westminster Medical Society Eight, P.M.    |

## FINE ARTS

*Engravings from the Works of Henry Liverseege.*  
No. 2. Moon & Boys.

THERE are three engravings in this Number, and all of different character. The first embodies that terrible scene in Shakspeare, where the spirit of the poisoned king appears, while Hamlet is admonishing his mother. The second, is called simply 'Agnes,' and is evidently a portrait, but in a style of vigour, reminding us of Rembrandt; and the third is, the colloquy between the Grave-diggers in Hamlet. We think them all excellent; the spectre scene is very supernatural, and almost rivals Fuseli; and the Grave-diggers are originals, such as are only

found in nature, and we have no doubt they are copied from the life.

*Portraits of the Female Characters in the Waverley Novels.*

Or three of these, we have already spoken, viz. 'Amy Robsart,' 'Diana Vernon,' and 'Isabella of Croye;' a fourth is now added, that of 'Rowena.' It is difficult to satisfy the imagination: a portrait from flesh and blood, nature must answer for; but a likeness from the fancy is another affair; yet the 'Rowena' is clever, and nearly comes up to our own notion of that sweet and prudent lady. Perhaps, the most satisfactory of the four is 'Amy Robsart,' though 'Diana Vernon' seems the most original.

*The Lakes. Part XI.*

HERE are eight good views for the sum of two shillings; those of 'Corby Castle' and 'Upper Reach, Ullswater,' are well worth the money. 'Kendal,' from its ruined castle, is also good. They are from drawings by Allan. There is a letter-press accompaniment too, which is not uninteresting.

*The English School of Painting and Sculpture,*  
Nos. 40, 41, 42. London: Tilt.

SOME of the slight outlines of this very cheap work, give a pretty fair idea of the design of the original picture or statue; but others, again, such as the outline of the Marriage scene in the Rake's Progress, are to us complete failures. For large pictures crowded with figures the reduced size is much too small; we have the 'Sea-fight off Ushant,' by Loutherbourey, with sailors as small as motes in the sun. On the other hand, for such works as Westmacott's 'Cupid made Captive,' the size and system of handling seem quite suitable. The 'Rome,' of Wilson, is unworthy of being looked at; 'Tivoli,' by Turner, is better; Wilkie cannot surely discover his 'Jenny and Peggy at their rustic Toilet,' in No. 40. With all its blemishes, however, the work cannot fail to carry a liking and knowledge of art, into quarters where it never before penetrated.

## MUSIC

*Canzonet—Oh, Memory, torture me no more.* Inscribed to Lady Burghersh, by the Composer. This composition bears evident traces of the hand of a musician; the harmonies are varied, and well disposed throughout.

*Pastoral Duet—Fair and fair, and twice so fair.* by the Same.

WE cannot discover in this duet one particle of that genius which delighted us in the canzonet. In the second page, the effect of the consecutive fifths and octaves is unbearable. It strikes us, that the composer has intended to imitate the music of the old English masters: if so, he has not been very successful.

*O, happy are the Swiss man's hours;* a celebrated Swiss air. Sung by Mad. Stockhausen.

THESE airs, although sufficiently beautiful in themselves, owe much of their charm to the exquisite manner in which they are sung by Mad. Stockhausen. The present is the seventh in order of publication.

*I looked on her Face.* Ballad, by John Lodge, Esq.

THIS is of the mediocre class; at the seventh bar, p. 2, the harmony requires a little revision.

*Oh, tell me, why the burning Tear.* A Song, by Wm. Cahusac.

IF correct accent, appropriate harmony, and flowing melody, can render a song popular, this certainly has a good chance of being so.

*Forget thee, my Susie.* Ballad, by Mrs. Philip Millard.

WE fear that the success of the present ballad will not equal that of 'Alice Gray,' by the same lady.

*Lonely Walks at evening Hours.* Ballad, by J. Augustine Wade.

A pretty trifle, which we can recommend to our young friends, who have sweet voices, as likely to gain them many thanks, and an encore.

## THEATRICALS

## DRURY LANE.

A one-act piece, called 'Petticoat Government,' was acted here for the first time on Monday. It is an agreeable trifle, and being backed by some admirable acting, it met with complete success. We beg pardon—we have written bad English, and must turn to the Drury Lane bills (our standard) for correction: "It was received with decided success." The plot is so slight as to be easily detected and easily overturned. *Mr. Hectic* (Mr. Farren) is a sort of "malade imaginaire," who has no real complaint except one, *against his housekeeper, Mrs. Carney* (Mrs. Glover). Constantly working upon his weak side, or rather his weak *inside*, either by physic or fright, she has him completely under command, and is about to turn her power to her own pecuniary advantage, when *Hectic* falls in with an old friend—*one Clover* (Mr. Bedford). *Clover* takes him in tow, opens his eyes to the arts of *Mrs. Carney*, and his mouth to a good dinner; and the result is, that *Hectic* throws off his weakness and picks up his strength, which was all that he wanted—and that *Mrs. Carney* picks up nothing that she wanted. Mr. Farren's representation of *Hectic* is the work of a consummate artist. It should be seen, and, judging from the hearty applause of the audience, we should think it *will* be seen by many. Mrs. Glover was as clever as usual—Mrs. Humby as dry and quaint as dicto. Altogether the piece was extremely well received, and promises to be attractive. It is written by Mr. George Dance.

## COVENT GARDEN.

'Julius Cæsar' was revived on Monday last. Those who cannot snow white, must snow brown: and we are not among the number who would banish Shakspeare from the stage; because we cannot have his plays represented as effectually as in days gone by. Still, when people cannot snow white, and can snow brown, why they should insist upon snowing black, is to us a mystery. It is one of those managerial secrets, which, with forty thousand others, will most probably never be explained. Mr. Butler appeared not long since in *Hamlet*. It seems to be agreed on all hands, that, taken as a whole, it was a particularly effective first appearance. He was then announced for the part of *Othello*. Those who had discovered good promise about his *Hamlet*, and are anxious to see the sad vacancies in tragedy at least respectfully filled up, were intent upon watching his progress in *Othello*—when, lo! that play disappears from the bills, and, after shelving a successful debutant for some weeks, they next put him before the public in a piece which ought to have been put behind the fire. The actor is unavoidably in some degree identified with the part, and an unfair blow is thus struck at the reputation he has honestly acquired. At length, Mr. Butler is again put in Shakspeare. 'Julius Cæsar' is produced, and he has the third part in it assigned him. It is not unworthy of remark, that in the same play we found Mr. Haines, who has been engaged at this house in consequence of his well-merited success at the Haymarket, degraded to the part, if part it can be called, of *Titinius*.

We know nothing personally of either of these gentlemen; but we feel bound to say, that injustice has been done to both of them, and also to a third party for whom we have the honour to be specially retained—the public. We cannot permit ourselves to imagine that such injustice was wilful, but there is a grievous lack of judgment, somewhere. Mr. Butler had a difficult task in coming so suddenly into a part which is almost identified in the minds of play-goers with Mr. Charles Kemble;—but we are happy to say, that, taking all things into account, he suffered but little by the unavoidable comparison. He took the first opportunity which the part afforded him of ingratiating himself with the audience, and, having once established himself in their favour, he remained there to the end. The point we allude to was the sort of conditional peace which he makes with the conspirators, where, at the words "Let each man render me his bloody hand," he has to pass down the whole line, and shake hands with each, as he calls him by his name. This operation (anything but an easy one from its sameness,) was performed by Mr. Butler with a degree of grace, feeling, and good taste, which at once showed him a proficient in his art; and this was acknowledged by the audience, in the way most grateful to an actor's ears. The latter part of the speech from the Forum, wanted more animation—something more of eagerness, and a little of that sly triumph which used to be observable in Mr. Charles Kemble's eye; still it was extremely well acted by Mr. Butler, and an erring on the side of modesty until the town is more familiar with him, is, perhaps, rather an evidence of judgment and good taste, than of anything else. Of Mr. Haines, we shall be glad to speak when allowed an opportunity. Mr. Warde's *Brutus* was creditable to him, and he was much applauded. We cannot report favourably of Mr. Bennett's *Cassius*. Mr. Haines ought to have played it: our idea is, that he could stand his ground well in it; but, at least, he ought to have been allowed a chance.

## MISCELLANEA

*University of Dublin.*—The Science Medal has been awarded to Andrew Sterne Harte, and the Classical Medal to Richard Frayer. The premiums, at the examination by the Professor of Divinity, have been conferred on Ds. Robins and Stack; and Mountford Longfield, LL.D., has been appointed to the Professorship of Political Economy, endowed by the liberality of His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin. The entrance examination in January, is to be held on Monday the 21st; and the quarterly examinations for Hilary term, commence on the 22nd. The extraordinary commencement for taking degrees of A.M. and higher degrees, will be held on November 24th.

*Berlin Society of Arts and Sciences.*—This institution was founded on the 15th October 1827, and meets once a month, when it is required, by the statutes, that some one of its learned members should submit a memoir on scientific subjects, and that some artist, being also a member, should likewise submit a memoir on subjects connected with the arts. Its fifth anniversary was celebrated on the 15th of last month, when Professor Schadow, the director of the Academy of Painting at Düsseldorf, and some of his pupils, attended the meeting and exhibited some studies and sketches. Professor Tölken, of the university of Berlin, then made a report of the progress of the recently established Society of Arts in Hanover, who intend to open an exhibition in that city next year; and he afterwards dwelt in detail on certain restorations, which have been made by Palmaroli in the Gallery of Paintings in Dresden. Dr. Förster next read the diary of an artistical

excursion, which he had made last summer in Lusatia and Saxony, the prominent features of which were the Dresden Gallery and the park at Muskau. Specimens of the antiquities lately discovered at Goeritz in the Uckermark, such as bracelets, rings for the neck, ear-rings, &c., all wrought in silver, were handed round for inspection.

*The Sublime.*—Our German friends are in the habit of publicly announcing the demise of their near relatives with a tribute to their memory. In how poetical a fashion this is sometimes done, take the following,—which we have pilfered to the very letter from a Rhenish paper,—in proof:—"The inmost feelings of my adored husband went to sleep, quietly and happily, on the 16th instant. The extent of my suffering none know better than myself: nor my present condition, nor the stagnation of business,—much less the dead weight, which altogether strains my loins. He, the dear departed, Frederick M——, was my husband, every inch of him; he was partner in all the afflictions of life with myself; and I wish, therefore, every one as speedy and happy an end as his. To enjoy the folly of life with groaning of the Spirit,—this is what I call virtue and understanding; patience and wakefulness, and melancholy and ecstasy, and to build the mansion of peace in one's own bosom, are ten thousand times more costly possessions than gold or virtue. Our business will not hitch; and I will do my utmost as a widow."

*The wooden Leg.*—A lady and her son were standing near me in the church of St. Eustache, when the latter, seeing a soldier who had suffered amputation, exclaimed "Oh! mother, do you see that gentleman without a leg?"—"My son," replied the mother, "do you not perceive that he wears it in his button-hole?" The soldier was "decorated."—A note to the *elder Dupin's excellent paper in "Paris; or, the Book of the Hundred and One."*

*The Jews of Rome.*—The last pope, Leo the Twelfth, mercilessly curtailed the Jews of the slender privileges granted by his predecessor, Pius the Seventh, and drove them back to their old cramped and filthy homestead, the "Ghetto." A census of this pestiferous quarter of the "Eternal City," which has been completed within the last two months, has established the fact, that, within a circuit scarcely forming one two-hundredth part of the Roman metropolis, three thousand five hundred of our Israelitish fellow-creatures are huddled together. Now, were the whole precincts of Rome similarly tenanted, the population would equal that of Paris; whilst, on the contrary, it is known not to exceed one-fifth, or 140,000.

*Iceland.*—Hans Finsten, a native of this remote quarter of Europe, has lately published an interesting pamphlet on the diminution of the population of Iceland, owing to unfavourable years. He observes, that, previously to the fourteenth century, the number of inhabitants was computed at 120,000, but that, at present, it does not exceed 54,000. Hopes of a renewed increase are derived from the declining violence of volcanic eruptions, the lava and ashes of which have acted very prejudicially, both on the health of individuals and animals, as well as from the extension of horticulture and fisheries, the latter of which are no longer prosecuted in fragile barks, but in stout seaworthy vessels.

*Vegetable Curiosity.*—We have seen an ear of wheat inclosed in a solid cake of ice, taken from the centre of an ice-house, the grains of which had sprouted, and the young roots extended themselves near an inch in the ice. Will some physiologist explain this? for, as the ice was pounded fine before being packed, the vegetation must have taken place in the ice-house.—*New York Paper.*

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

| Days of W. & Mou. | Thermom. Max. Min. | Barometer. Noon. | Winds.     | Weather.   |
|-------------------|--------------------|------------------|------------|------------|
| Th. 8             | 46 36              | 29.90            | N. to N.E. | Moist.     |
| Fr. 9             | 50 33              | 29.87            | S.E.       | Foggy.     |
| Sat. 10           | 54 37              | 29.50            | S.E.       | Rain.      |
| Sun. 11           | 56 40              | 29.20            | S.         | Rain, P.M. |
| Mon. 12           | 51 37              | 29.25            | Var.       | Cloudy.    |
| Tues. 13          | 48 37              | 29.50            | Var.       | Ditto.     |
| Wed. 14           | 53 43              | Stat.            | S.         | Rain.      |

Clouds.—Cirrostratus, Cumulostratus, Cumulus.  
Nights and Mornings for the greater part fair.  
Mean temperature of the week, 44.5°.  
Day decreased on Wednesday, Th. 41m.

## NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

Historical Memoirs of the House of Russell, from the Norman Conquest, by J. H. Wiffen, with much unpublished correspondence from the Reign of Henry VIII. to that of George III.; Portraits, Views, &c.

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## TO CORRESPONDENTS

Thanks to Geronifer.—Eliza.

Living Artists, No. XVII., C. R. LESLIE, R.A., next week.

We have an onrush of provincial Annuals this week. In plain sincerity, we hardly thought the Metropolitans worth the space they occupied, and these latter must come into our Library Table—except, perhaps, 'The Aurora Borealis,' and that is especially excepted, for an introductory article by William Howitt, which seems, for truth's sake, deserving a word or two of comment.

## ADVERTISEMENTS

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## REVIEWS

*Paris; or, the Book of the Hundred-and-One.* 3 vols. London: Whittaker & Co.

THE very general approbation with which the translations from the celebrated French work, *Le Livre des Cent-et-Un*, were received, as they appeared, on the publication of the several volumes, in this paper, suggested the present work. The translator is too intimately connected with us, to admit of our offering an opinion either on its merits, or the probability of its success. We shall therefore confine ourselves to an extract—to the simple statement that the three volumes contain thirty papers—and to the following explanation given in the preface:—

"In the selection which the translator has made, he has been solely influenced by the consideration of what papers were most likely to interest the English reader. With the names of some so selected, the public may be already familiar, from the notices which have, from time to time, as the original volumes were published, appeared in the *Athenæum*. It will, however, be found, on examination, that the illustrative extracts given in that Journal, frequently did not amount to a third, a fifth, and often not to a tenth of the original paper. Of many, not one line has appeared before.

"Occasionally, and where the translator thought that others, from congeniality of taste and feeling, might better catch and transfer the peculiar spirit of the original, he requested, and has received, the support of literary friends, whose names would do honour to the publication, if he were at liberty to mention them."

The following is a translation by one of the literary friends here referred to.

### *The Rue des Postes.*

"At some time or other, quitting the living quarters and bazaars of *outré-Seine*, it may have been your lot to climb the narrow and filthy streets of the ancient Rue Saint-Jacques, as far as the church of Sainte-Généviève, revolutionarily called the Panthéon.

"The Rue des Postes is hard by. In fact take two steps beyond the Panthéon,—cross the Rue de l'Estrapade, (where Diderot lived,—Diderot, whose encyclopedic head was like an emporium of all human knowledge,)—fix yourself on the place which owes its name to the ancient punishment known under the title of the 'estrapade,'....on the very spot, if you will, where rose the gibbet, and look straight before you. That long narrow street, which descends, gloomy and confined, towards the faubourg Saint-Marceau,—that is it—that is the Rue des Postes. In vain your eyes wander over it, and pursue its course,—in vain do you cast your gaze on all sides;—there is nothing to be seen,—nothing but closed doors and darkened windows. The street resembles a draft-board, with all its squares black. Here and there, small openings in form of loop-holes, afford a narrow passage, which they seem to grudge, to the day-beam,—and give one the impression of being before a fortress. Further on, bars of iron, which inter-

sect each other, seem unwilling to allow, amid the thousand combinations of their interstices, more than, as it were, a single point to the light,—and give one the impression of being before a prison. The windows of the roofs, at the very highest point of the buildings, are defended by sky-lights. The street is anathematized,—the day proscribed,—the light accursed. You seem, in wandering through these deserts, to have got amongst a nation of owls,—nothing is to be seen, and nothing heard. The silence of the place chills you,—lays, as it were, a covering of lead upon the heart. You feel that there are near you beings who must breathe painfully, who must be stifled for want of air. Those houses, dark, lofty, silent, and gloomy, affright you. Did you ever picture yourself, when you have thought of those ancient cities destroyed by fire or sword—did you ever fancy yourself wandering, alone, through a deserted town, long and funereal—a carcass-town, whose blood is congealed, and whose breath has gone out? You look around, and behold! no one!—You open your mouth, yet dare not call, for there is no echo to answer you, and the silence which is around startles you!—Even such is the impression which the Rue des Postes has often produced on me, when I have wandered, in the evenings of the long winter nights, into this street, reached by no sound,—not even that of the distant hackney-coach, or the near foot passenger. In the day-time, occasionally, the monotonous and cracked voice of the beggar, who wails in concert with the whine of his dog, breaks solitarily the stillness of the place. From time to time, a devotee, wrapped in her mantle and hood,—or a priest, with a saturnine eye and robe of black,—flings, in passing, a few sous into the hat of the mendicant,—who interrupts his lamentations to mutter his thanks, while his dog has raised its head, as if to gaze upon the benefactor of its master;—and then, the dog and the beggar renew their march and their melody. It is especially on Sunday that this may be seen;—for, on that day, the Rue des Postes is alive,—on that day it has come out of the tomb. Sunday is its great day,—its day of resurrection. From all the neighbouring streets arrive, and discharge themselves into this, processions of old women who come to sing or hear their masses and their vespers in the convents;—for the Rue des Postes is the holy street, the consecrated street, the street of benediction. It is a kind of emporium of sacristies and chapels; there are enough of them for the whole neighbourhood,—enough for a whole world!—The Convent 'des Dames Saint-Augustin,' 'des Dames Saint-Thomas,' 'des Dames Ursulines,' 'des Dames de la Visitation,' 'des Dames de l'Adoration Perpétuelle du Saint Sacrement,' 'des Filles de l'Immaculée Conception,' 'de la Sainte Providence,' 'du Sacré Cœur de Jésus,' and 'des Filles de Bonne Volonté,' (jesting apart, and without any guilty or indecent allusion!)

"Each of these has its chapel, its sacristan, and its abbé, with its frequenters and its partisans; and the contest is, which shall have the most,—for there are rivalry and emulation in sacred things as well as in profane; and the 'Ladies Saint-Augustin' are very jealous of the 'Daughters of the Visitation,'—as the theatre of

the Gaité is jealous of the Porte-Saint-Martin and the Ambigu. To every one its own perquisites, and to each its own patronage;—it is but just!

"In this street stands, also, the famous Collège des Irlandais, beside the Rue du Puits-qui-parle."

"Finally, in the Rue des Postes, stood formerly the Ecole Normale, founded by the Convention, and designed to become the cradle of the arts and sciences. There was something magnificent in this institution, where the elements of universal instruction were to work together and ripen for a whole people;—a vast focus, whose rays, diverging on all sides, would have shed light and splendour over France. The Convention had great conceptions—conceptions stamped in the mint of genius, and which soared high, when they did not dash themselves against scaffolds and carcasses. There is something sublime in all that it has imagined—in all that it has done,—for all is imposing about the roar of a volcano! Founded by liberty, the Ecole Normale rose with it, and with it, afterwards declined;—until, in 1822, the Jesuits drove it from the Rue des Postes, and the Pères de la Foi made a seminary of it for the education of priests. Perhaps there is scarcely any one of our monuments which has not, like the Ecole Normale, had its vicissitudes and its phases;—at one time sacred, at another profane,—impious with the republic, sacred with the restoration, glorious with the empire. Witness the Sainte-Généviève-Panthéon, and the Panthéon-Sainte-Généviève,—and witness a thousand others. Witness the Temple of Glory dreamt by Napoleon, and which, under the restoration, is once more the Madeleine. There is in that very building the entire summary of an era, with its character and its colouring;—and there is scarcely an edifice, or a house of moderate antiquity, in Paris, which has not a history of France written on its stones. As for the Ecole Normale, it is now an hospital,—a fair compromise between the school and the seminary. And, close to the ancient school, and amid the crowd of convents which swarm in the Rue des Postes, like emmets in an ant-hill, there is one of which I have a few words to say, because they present at once a picture and a history.

"In the year 1831, a friend proposed to me, one day, to accompany him to the Convent of the 'Dames Sainte-\*\*\*,' where he was going to see his sister. 'Is your sister pretty?' said I. '—She is well enough, and is in the company of those who are much better.' He lied, the brother; but he spoke of his sister like an indifferent or a blind man; which seems to be natural enough,—for I know nothing in the world which is more careless, more boorish, or more bearish, than a brother towards a young girl,—with the single exception, perhaps, of a husband. Be that as it may, I went to the convent, attracted as much by the veiled and hooded faces of the recluses, as by a desire to examine the interior of a nunnery.

"On arriving at the gate, we pulled a bell, whose echoing sound rung through the air, like a duck which screams and claps its wings. We retreated a few steps, fearful of having alarmed the neighbourhood; we intended to have rung a

private bell, and we found we had got hold of a steeple one. At the noise which we made, an old woman in spectacles, and with a bent frame, half opened a little grated hole, pierced like an eye in the middle of the door, and called by the Germans *was ist das*,—that is, 'what is it?'—The old portress thrust her nose through it, like an old ape through the bars of its cage, and with a cracked voice, put that very question—'What is it? what do you want?'—'My sister,' replied my companion, and the gates of the convent were opened before him; and shortly afterwards, his sister made her appearance in the parlour. She was a young girl of fifteen, lively and sportive like her age, with a playful aspect and an enchanting smile. Her little compact figure rendered her small and slender enough to be taken between a couple of fingers, while her liveliness gave her a lightness which would have escaped out of those fingers themselves. She was a little romp, with a laughing eye and fair hair;—a young girl about to be a woman, and who was yet a child. The moment she saw us she sprang towards us, embraced her brother, and then paused, as if she were not quite certain whether she ought, also, to embrace me or not. I was prepared to meet the sweet girl half way, and relieve her from her embarrassment, when her brother said, presenting me, 'This gentleman is my friend.'—His friend!—his friend!—the young girl paused, and embraced me not. The blockhead of a brother! His friend! the assassin!—His friend! That single word was a stab to me;—I bear him malice for it yet!

"The young girl's name was Nina. 'Since the gentleman is your friend,' said she to her brother, 'you must bring him with you to see the ladies of our society. Madame de B— sees company on Saturday, and will be very glad to see you.' The brother promised that he would return on the Saturday, and I promised to come with him; for she was charming, that sister,—quite charming enough to make one desire to see her again. Therefore, when we went out, I squeezed the hands of her brother,—I called him my friend—my true friend;—I had quite forgotten, for the time, the grudge I owed him.

"On the Saturday following, we were at the convent before seven o'clock. Two parties, two tables, and two rival saloons, divided the nursery between them. At the head of one was Madame de B—, an old dowager, intolerant and bigoted, who had her own separate society, her own horses, and her separate carriage. A Vendean by birth, she has used the musquet, carried the knapsack, and bivouacked amongst the bushes. Besides, she has received two wounds,—two cherished wounds, of which she speaks unceasingly. My wound!—she is as proud of it as a trooper of his chevrons. To hear her talk of her campaigns, to look at her mustachios, and her gait, one might take her for an old grumbler of the guard, or a dragoon of the Tower. She received, that visit, the abbé the sacristan, the churchwarden of Saint-Etienne, and the vestrymen of the parish. She affected great airs, spoke of 'my valets' and 'my people,'—talked about the populace and the canaille,—the heresy of the day, and the impiety of the age. She called Voltaire a wretch, Rousseau a vagabond, Béranger a scoundrel, Lafayette a *sans-culotte*, the Abbé Châtel and the Saint Simonians, monsters. The Abbé Châtel and the Saint Simonians were what principally excited the bile, and disturbed to its depths the indignation, of these ladies. They were not rich enough in imprecations and anathemas against these renegades and heresiarchs of their generation. The dispute was who should be most successful in lacerating them, in tearing them to pieces,—you, me, both of us, all of us!—Poor Abbé Châtel! poor Saint Simonians! I pitied you with all my heart. . . .

"One day, the churchwarden of Saint-Etienne,

rubbing his hands, and laughing in his sleeve, announced in a whisper to the assembly, that the Prussians had entered into France, with twelve hundred thousand men, supported by fifteen hundred thousand Austrians, and eighteen hundred thousand Russians.—'Thank God for the news! Where did you learn that, Mr. Churchwarden?'—'I read it in the newspaper.'—'Then it is true,—and we are saved!'

"The other party had for its head Madame L—, an elderly lady, formerly an inhabitant of Amiens, who came to the convent for the sole purpose of being near her daughter,—her only daughter, eighteen years of age, beautiful as love, who has been educated by priests, and whom they have inspired with the determination to take the veil, and shut herself up in a cloister. Inspiration of a vampire, which whispers suicide to a child, murder to a young girl!—Barbarous Vandalism, which cuts off the flower from its stalk, removes it from the air, and from the sun, and from the dew, to hide it in a dungeon, and then bids it wither and perish in the dark!

"In vain her fond mother has striven to enlighten her; in vain has she clasped her knees, implored and wept over her. The daughter remains deaf;—one sole idea enchains her, and that idea prevails with her even over the tears of a mother. And, yet, that young girl is surprisingly beautiful. There is something unspeakably sweet in her full dark eye, which looks towards heaven with the expression of an archangel. Her rich, black eyebrows are pencilled on her pale forehead with wonderful grace. There is eloquence, there is poetry, there is something religious and sublime in her whole appearance. It is the finest portrait of the Virgin that I have ever dreamt,—lovelier than the heads of Raphael or Rembrandt. I should become a fanatic, myself, with such an idol to pray to. Such a woman ought to have been a creature of love. If her estranged heart, which has wandered towards the skies,—like all those burning spirits who mistake their way here, and, finding no fire below, seek it in the wastes of space,—if that heart had earlier met, on earth, a heart that understood it, and whose beatings harmonized with its own, there was contained in that woman, the whole treasure of some man's mortal happiness! . . .

"One day, when we were speaking of her beautiful hair, I said to her,—'And what will you do with that ornament, which of itself would make you an object of love to the world, that would cherish and adore you, and which, notwithstanding, you resolve to shun?'—'Do with it! my fingers shall cut it off, for an offering.'—'You are very wrong,' exclaimed little Nina; and spreading out with her hands her own bright tresses, she added, 'Mine are beautiful, too, you see. I will not cut them off, but reserve them for my husband.'—'Is she not right?' said I to the young recluse.—'No,' replied she, 'Nina is a child, who has yet to learn that there are for us other spouses than those of earth, and other loves than its loves. The God whom I love, I can love with all my soul, because his soul is large enough to embrace mine, and will never fail me!—That woman was right to love a God. A heart of man could not have sufficed her!'

"To return to her mother.—She was a kind-hearted lady, not very devout, and perhaps the least in the world sceptical. Free from ceremony and restraint, she was of a laughing temperament, which gave great scandal to the stiff-necks of the convent. That did not prevent the good lady from giving full scope to her joyousness;—sometimes she even went the length of keen sarcasm and bitter irony,—when she thought upon her daughter and those who had robbed her of her child! As often, therefore, as she could speak privately to any little novice, hesitating to change her robe of youth

and life for a shroud of decrepitude and death, she said to her quietly, 'Do it not, my girl!—my child, do it not! They will entice you, but be resolute, you understand me—say, No!'—Then she rubbed her hands, and smiled in satisfaction. Poor mother! it was her little vengeance;—these were her reprisals.

"You will readily suppose, after all this, that there was open war between Madame de B— and Madame L—. It was as if two hostile camps had divided the convent under their respective banners. The abbé, the sacristan, the bell-ringer, and the beadle, the old women and the devotees, were for Madame de B—; the young girls and the good folks generally, for Madame L—. There was discord in Paradise,—the saints were at war,—there was rivalry, there was schism. For my own share, I was of the party of Nina; in my quality of intruder, I found it at once the gayest and wisest.

"But Christmas-day was at hand, and that was a great day for the convent. There was great anxiety to celebrate worthily the birth of our Saviour;—there was great anxiety, above all, to have a manger and an infant richer and handsomer than all the others of the neighbourhood. That was the grand object—the supreme interest. In pursuance of which, for a fortnight previously, all quarters were ransacked for embroideries, toys, tinsel, and finery. The convent was a complete clothes-warehouse—the nuns were milliners and dress-makers. The holy place might have been mistaken for a shop in the Rue Vivienne. Everybody was busy about the crib;—a new surplice was made for the curate, and fresh hangings for the chapel. I offered, as representative of the infant, a little gentleman in wax, that one of my friends, an anatomist and medical student, had kept in his chamber for the last two years; and my offer was accepted with rapture and with hope—for it was pretty certain that the 'Ladies of the Visitation' would have nothing similar. Oh! the coquetry of nuns!—The great day, or rather the great night, being come, a piano was taken down into the chapel, and we were all engaged to sing in the choir. For myself, who have never been a chorister, I left my friend to luxuriate in the choral treat; and at the moment when the assembly was thundering forth 'Il est pauvre aujourd'hui,' I stopped my ears, and departed. A minute before, I had remarked that Nina—the pretty Nina—was absent.

"I strayed into the garden. It was nearly one o'clock, and the moon shed over the convent a pale and doubtful light,—which, broken by the leafless branches of the trees in its gardens, spread itself over the soil in a thousand fantastic shapes, forming grotesque shadows that looked like skeletons lengthened by the night, and stretching on all sides their shapeless limbs. At the turn of an alley, and across this phantasmagoria of shadows, I thought I beheld a female form. I listened and my ear was distinctly touched by that slight rustling which is produced by the crushed leaf and the waving gown. I quickened my pace, and beheld before me a young girl, pensive, solitary, and walking with a melancholy tread. She appeared to me to be in sorrow,—to proceed with difficulty; and her colourless face was turned towards the earth, like the head of a dying lily. Wishing not to disturb her retreat, I had stopped, and turned back, in the hope of escaping her observation,—when she caught a glimpse of me, and exclaimed, in a feeble tone, 'Edward!'—I was not Edward, and I continued on my way for the purpose of undeceiving her. Scarcely had I quitted that pale and sorrowing girl, ere I caught sight of Nina—nimble, lively, and joyous. She darted into the alley, with the speed of a fawn, and glided along the trees, like one of those airy sylphids which we seem to see pass stealthily along, with the evening shadow, at the

foot of a wall. I sought to embrace her, but she escaped me; and ere my eye could follow her, she was in the chapel. Nina! I must have had wings to catch that butterfly!

"Still, however, if I could but stumble upon some little nun, with whom I might have a moment's chat;—at night, alone, in the shade—there is something so charming in that!—And, thereupon, I set about ferreting and searching through the garden, like a wolf in a sheep-fold. I thought of Nina,—I thought of the beautiful recluse who was to be a nun,—I thought of the pale girl who had called me Edward!—and I was straying along the walks, in their most deserted part, when I saw something hanging from the wall, and moving in the shade. I approached and touched it. It proved to be cords skilfully knait and tied together;—in a word, it was a rope-ladder. I pulled at it, but found it was fastened at the top of the wall. 'Good!'—said I—'this is escalating made easy, and reduced to the capacity of all the world! Have we stumbled upon marauders here? It will be as well to ascertain; and I will do so.'—And, forgetting all at once the mass and the chapel, I crouched against the wall, like the game-keeper who, in the night, squatted among the bushes, waylays the poacher, and waits for him at the gap.

"The mass had been long over, the convent was sunk in repose, and all was still,—when I saw some one approach. I looked;—it was a young man like me, clothed in black, like me, and weeping,—which was not like me. I kept my eyes upon him without stirring. He planted his foot upon the ladder, mounted, drew after him the rope; then, casting a last look, dimmed by tears, upon the convent, he disappeared on the other side. The affair began to interest me. The wall was covered with trellises. Without a moment's hesitation—for trellis-work is a ladder,—I followed the unknown, and, at one bound, was by his side. He uttered an exclamation of surprise. 'Be not alarmed,' I said, 'and, if you are not a robber, fear nothing from me. You have some adventure in hand, here,—confide it to me; perhaps I can be of service to you. Take my arm, and let us go forward.' My frank address relieved the poor young gentleman from the apprehension which he had suffered at my abrupt appearance; and behold us, arm in arm, descending the Rue de l'Estrapade, and approaching the Pantheon. The morning air was keen, sharp, and penetrating. A thick mist soaked through our garments, and crept to our bones, seeming to weep over us. 'Come home with me,' said I to my companion;—and there, a clear fire, crackling and sparkling on the hearth, soon warmed and dried us. Then, my unknown friend, whose sadness I could not dispel, told me his story.

"It was short and touching. He loved a young lady of family, and was beloved. She was rich—he was poor; and when he sought her hand, he was rejected by her father with disdain. His heart rose against this treatment,—for he had a heart that beat with high and noble sentiments;—and in his anger, he said to the father of his mistress, 'Your daughter belongs to me,—she is already mine.' It was true; and the young girl confessed it, and implored her father's forgiveness. Her father put her into a convent,—as if the heart could be made the tenant of a cloister,—as if the soul could be imprisoned! That very night, the young man had designed to carry off the poor girl,—for the poor girl was—a mother! But she had refused. 'I prefer death,' said she; and he had been compelled to quit her alone,—alone and senseless!—Poor young creatures!

"He was called Edward.—Edward! At that name I at once remembered the pale young girl in the dark alley, and I exclaimed, 'I have seen her; I know her.'—'You!'—'Yes! but I must see her again, and we will prevail upon

her;—I promise you, we will see her together.'—'Oh! when?'—'To-morrow.'—'To-morrow!' and he clasped my hand,—he embraced me. He was wild, danced round my chamber, and flung the things about, in his re-action of hope. I was gay with his gaiety,—happy in his happiness.

"The next day, at seven, when the night had fallen, we returned to the convent, and I asked for Madame L—. I had determined to tell her all: for I knew her heart, and her natural hatred of cloisters. 'You cannot see her, gentlemen,' replied the portress, 'unless you can wait: for Madame L— is in church,—there is a funeral.'—'Then we will wait.'—Scarcely had we reached the garden, ere we heard the toll of a bell;—it was the knell for the dead! The sullen and startling sounds of the passing-bell, followed each other, like a mournful tocsin. My heart beat thick in spite of me. Edward held my hand, and grasped it convulsively. Suddenly, a file of women issued from the chapel, and, with slow and solemn step, went forward and spread themselves through the gloom. In their hands, they carried torches, whose red flame shed a livid hue over the night. After them came young girls, clothed in white; and in the midst of them was a coffin, covered, also with a white pall. On the coffin was placed a bright virginal crown. The procession chaunted the hymn for the dead, and the voices of the young virgins died away in the distance of space, like the voices of archangels.

"We stood there alone, silent and motionless. At the sound of the funeral hymn, the portress and some other females drew near us. 'Poor young girl!' said the portress, 'Poor Mademoiselle Fanay,—she was only twenty!' Fanny!—At that name, a fearful cry burst from the lips of Edward. 'Fanny!—It is she!' he exclaimed, as he sunk helplessly into my arms.

"The memory of that evening will never pass from me. I lifted my friend,—I carried him away, a dying man; and, as I stepped over the threshold of the convent, with my senseless burden, the latest strain of the hymn was wafted to my ears. It was the last farewell of the virgins to her whom he had loved!"

*The Buccaneer.* A Tale. 3 vols. London: Bentley.

THERE are many natural and touching passages, and much truth and ease of delineation in these volumes: there is also no little life and energy; and though the characters are numerous, and the incidents thick, the narrative seldom grows perplexed, but flows clearly on, and concludes in a way to please the most anxious moralist. Some of the characters are new, those not quite new are striking, while others, which resemble standard heroes or heroines, perform their parts in a natural way. The scene of the story is on the coast of Kent, in that portion called the Isle of Sheppy, and at Hampton Court; the time is during the protectorate of Cromwell; and the persons who triumph or suffer, are Oliver and his daughter Frances, Sir Robert Cecil and his daughter Constance, the Buccaneer and his daughter Barbara; a certain Sir Willmott Burrell, a wandering cavalier called Walter du Guerre, and above all, Robin Hays. The three ladies, as our readers may imagine, bring woeful good store. Frances Cromwell is lively and outspoken as her father was before he sought the Lord, as he himself averred: the daughter of the Buccaneer is all simplicity and faithfulness: while the daughter of Sir Robert Cecil is somewhat given to melancholy musings, accompanied by sighs and tears. The fortunes of Cecil

are interwoven with those of Dalton the Buccaneer, and what is worse for him, with those of Sir Willmott Burrell, a thorough out and out scoundrel, without one point about him to connect him with salvation. The secret of the tale may now be told in a few words: in other days, Sir Robert Cecil desired to destroy his brother for the sake of his lands: the Buccaneer took him to sea, and pretended that he had drowned him: Burrell contrived to discover that Sir Robert had obtained his estate by removing his brother, and, taking advantage of the dreadful secret, compelled Constance to consent to marry him, though her heart was bestowed on another. Fortunately, the man she loves is her own cousin, the son of her injured uncle, though unknown under the name of Walter du Guerre; and luckily too, these secret matters come to the knowledge of Cromwell, who proceeds to set all to rights by the strong hand—there is a little pistol—:—a little sword and dagger work—and finally, a splendid explosion of gunpowder, which clears the earth of some of the scoundrels who infest its surface. The course of true love then runs smooth,

And all ends merry as a marriage bell.

The tale has some faults: the arrival of the Buccaneer with his little smuggling craft on the coast of Kent should not have moved Cromwell to risk his life in personal encounters with desperate cavaliers: when Lord Protector he had enow of hands to call into action without employing his own; nor are we sure that his long conversations with sea-boys and dwarfs are altogether in character: there are also too many encounters in the dark, and discussions which lead to nothing. But the faults are few, compared to the beauties of the work: all is fresh and life-like: the conversations are very natural, sometimes touching—often mirthful, and frequently tragic. Much of the charm which keeps the reader's eyes on the pages, abides with poor Robin Hays and the Buccaneer's daughter; he is little and something deformed, but his wit, his courage, and activity, make him more than a match for the boldest, and gain him the love of the beautiful Barbara, and the notice of Cromwell.

The character of the Buccaneer is well imagined and cleverly supported throughout: here is his picture at full length.

"Hugh Dalton rose from his seat, and laid his enormous pipe on a pile of ebony logs that answered the purpose of a table, when Sir Willmott Burrell saluted him with more civility than he usually bestowed upon inferiors: but, despite his outlawry, and the wild course his life had taken, there was a firm, bold, and manly bearing about the Buccaneer which might have overawed far stouter hearts than the heart of the Master of Burrell. His vest was open, and his shirt-collar thrown back, so as to display to advantage the fine proportions of his chest and neck. His strongly-marked features had at all times an expression of fierceness which was barely redeemed from utter ferocity by a pleasant smile that usually played around a well-formed mouth; but when anger was uppermost, or passion was subdued by contempt, those who came within reach of his influence, more dreaded the rapid motion or the sarcastic curl of his lip, than the terrible flashing of eyes that were proverbial, even among the reckless and desperate men of whom he was the chief, in name, in courage, and in skill. His forehead was unusually broad; thick and bushy brows overhung the long lashes of his deeply-set eyes, around which

there was a dark line, apparently less the effect of nature than of climate. The swarthy hue of his countenance was relieved by a red tinge on either cheek; but a second glance might have served to convince the gazer that it was the consequence of unchecked dissipation, not a token of ruddy health. Indeed, notwithstanding the fine and manly character of his form and countenance, both conveyed an idea of a mind ill at ease, of a conscience smitten by the past and apprehensive of the future, yet seeking consolation in the knowledge of good that had been effected, and of more that remained to be done. Years of crime had not altogether obliterated a natural kindness of heart; he appeared as one who had outraged society and its customs in a thousand forms, yet who knew there was that within him by which he was entitled to ask and expect a shelter within her sanctuary; and when a deep flush would pass over his features, and his blood grow chill at the recollection of atrocities at which the sufferers in a score of lands had shuddered as they talked, he endeavoured to still the voice that reproached him, by placing to the credit of his fearful account some matters to which we may hereafter more distinctly refer."

There are many pretty verses scattered about the volumes: the following cannot but please many readers:—

O'er the clear quiet waters  
My gondola glides,  
And gently it wakens  
The slumbering tides.  
All nature is smiling,  
Beneath and above;  
While earth and while heaven  
Are breathing of love!

In vain are they breathing  
Earth, heaven—to me,  
Though their beauty and calmness  
Are whispers of thee:  
For the bright sky must darken,  
The earth must be grey,  
Ere the deep gloom that saddens  
My soul, pass away.

But see, the last day beam  
Grows pale, ere it die;  
And the dark clouds are passing  
All over the sky!  
I hear thy light footstep,  
Thy fair form I see;  
Ah! the twilight has told thee  
Who watches for thee.

The loves of Robin Hays and Barbara are scattered over the work, and must be read with the narrative, to be properly felt, we must quote nevertheless a few passages:—

"Barbara, did you ever hear tell of a country they call the East?"

"A country!" repeated Barbara, whose knowledge of geography was somewhat more extensive than that of Robin, although she had not travelled so much, "I believe there are many countries in the East."

"Well, I dare say there may be, Mistress Barbara: you are going to chop scholarship with me: but yet, I suppose, you do not know that they have in that country a new way of making love. It is not new to them, though it is new to us."

"Oh, dear Robin! what is it?"

"Why, suppose they wished you, a young pretty maiden as you are, to understand that I, a small deformed dragon, regarded you, only a little, like the beginning of love, they would—Robin stooped as he spoke, and plucked a rosebud that had anticipated summer—they would give you this bud. But, suppose they wanted you to believe I loved you very much indeed, they would choose you out a full-blown rose. Barbara, I cannot find a full-blown rose; but I do not love you the less for that."

"Give me the bud, Robin, whether or no; it is the first of the season:—my lady will be delighted with it—if, indeed, any thing can delight her!"

"I will give it you to keep; not to give away, even to your lady. Ah, Barbara! if I had any thing worth giving, you would not refuse it."

"And can any thing be better worth giving, or having, than sweet flowers?" said the simple girl. "Only it pains me to pull them—they die so soon—and then, every leaf that falls away from them, looks like a reproach!"

"Should you be sorry if I were to die one of these days, Barbara," inquired the Ranger, "like one of those flowers?"

"Sorry! have I ever appeared ungrateful, Robin? When first I came here, you used to be so kind to me:—indeed, you are always kind—only I fear lately you are displeased with me about something or other. You have avoided me—are you angry, Robin?"

"Indeed I am not; nor do I forget how often you have driven away the 'shadows' that used to come over me."

"And do you—I mean, do you esteem me as much as ever?"

"Robin looked earnestly into her face, and then taking her hand, gently replied:

"I do esteem you, as you term it, more than ever; but I also love you. When a little helpless thing, I took you from your father's arms: I loved you then as a parent would love a child. When Lady Cecil took you under her care, and I saw you but seldom, my heart leaned towards the daughter of my best friend with a brother's love. And when, as I have just said, the sunlight of your smile and the gentleness of your young girlish voice dispelled much melancholy from my mind, I thought—no matter what. But now the case is altered—you see in me a mere lump, a deformed creature, a being unseemly to look upon, a wretch!"

"Robin Hays, you wrong yourself," interrupted Barbara; "I do not see you thus, nor think you thus. The raven is not a beautiful bird, nor hath it a sweet voice, yet it was welcomed and beloved of the prophet Elijah!"

A shot meant for another, had wounded Barbara: her father is watching over her when Robin Hays enters in great affliction, for rumour had made her wound mortal.

"Robin grasped his hands convulsively together—shook back the hair that curled over his forehead, as if it prevented his seeing clearly—his breathing became still more painfully distinct—large drops of moisture burst upon his brow—his tongue moved, but he could utter no sound—his under lip worked in fearful convulsion—and, despite Dalton's efforts to restrain him, he sprang to the side of the couch with the bound of a red deer, and falling on his knees, succeeded in exclaiming,

"She lives! she lives!"

"The sweet sleeper at once awoke; the long dark lashes separated, and the mild hazel eye of Barbara turned once more upon Robin Hays; a weak smile separated lips that were as white as the teeth they sheltered, as she extended her hand towards the Ranger. But, as if the effort was too much, her eyes again closed; and she would have looked as if asleep in death, but that Robin kissed her hand with a respectful feeling that would have done honour to men of higher breeding. The maiden blood tinged her cheek with a pale and gentle colour—the hue that tints the inner leaves of a young white rose.

"The Buccaneer had been a silent spectator of this scene, and it had taught him a new lesson—one, too, not without its bitterness. When Robin, with more discretion than could have been expected from him, silently withdrew into the outer room, he beheld Dalton standing in an attitude of deep and painful thought near its furthest entrance. As the Ranger approached, his heart swelling with an overflowing of joy and gratitude—his head reeling with

sensations so new, so undefinable, that he doubted if the air he breathed, the earth he trod on, was the same as it had been but an hour, a moment before—yet suffering still from previous agony, and receiving back Barbara as an offering from the grave, that might have closed over her;—as the Ranger approached the Buccaneer, in a frame of mind which it is utterly impossible to define, Dalton threw upon him a look so full of contempt, as he glanced over his diminutive and disproportioned form, that Robin never could have forgotten it, had it not passed unnoticed in the deep feeling of joy and thankfulness that possessed his whole soul. He seized the Skipper's hand with a warmth and energy of feeling that moved his friend again towards him. The generous heart is rarely indifferent to the generous-hearted. Dalton gave back the pressure, although he turned away the next moment with a heavy sigh."

This work is advertised as the production of Mrs. S. C. Hall, whose 'Sketches of Irish Character' have raised her high among the novelists of the age. We could have allotted 'The Buccaneer' to her without this intimation: it has all the merits and some of the defects of her other compositions; and shows a knowledge of character, and an acquaintance with the female heart more varied and extended. She excels in drawing Irish characters, and we looked for such as we hurried on with her narrative; she has however made an excellent tale without them.

*Memoirs of Louis XVIII.* Written by Himself. London: Saunders & Otley.

SUCH, of late years, has been the rage for memoirs in France, that they have almost superseded every other kind of literature. Since the appearance of the voluminous 'Mémoires d'une Contemporaine,' in which a certain Madame de Sainte-Elme comes forward, and lays before the public a disgusting account of intrigues with eminent individuals, which for the most part are pure fictions, the mania for private biography has increased. We have seen successively appear, *Memoirs of Cardinal Dubois*, the *Duchess de Richelieu*, *Madame Dubarry*, *Robespierre*, and many others, all got up by the Parisian booksellers, to satisfy the craving appetite of the public. Almost the only genuine *Memoirs* we know of, that have appeared in France within the last six or eight years, are those of *Ouvrard*, and the *Duchess of Abrantès*; both filled with interesting and original matter—both containing excellent materials for history.

On the death of *Louis XVIII.*, several volumes of *Memoirs* were published under the name of *Madame la Comtesse du C...*, evidently leading the public to infer that they were written by the too celebrated Countess *Du Cayla*, whose intimacy with the voluptuous old monarch was known to every body. As *Madame du Cayla* meddled with state affairs, and actually brought the *Villèle* administration into office, much interesting information was anticipated from this work; and no doubt it would have had an extensive sale, had not the lady published a statement disclaiming all knowledge of it.

The '*Mémoires de Louis XVIII.*' have been manufactured after the same fashion; and the author has taken good care to leave off at the French revolution, lest he should involve himself in statements, upon the ac-

curacy of which many persons still alive might throw doubt. These Memoirs purport to be collected and put into order by the Duke de D\*\*\*\*; the four stars being introduced to mislead the public into the belief that the work was compiled by the Duke de Duras, an intimate friend of the monarch. Thus, in the French edition, it is not even asserted that these Memoirs were actually written by Louis XVIII., although, as in all such productions, the first person is used throughout. But we can positively state that the Duke de Duras had nothing to do with the composition of these volumes; and we will add, that we should have very little difficulty in naming the person—a man of considerable talent, though not much known as a writer—who got up the work for Mame-Delaunay and Thoissier Desplaces, the publishers at Paris. We received the original, immediately on its publication, but as we were acquainted with the facts which we now state, we did not notice the work.

We have thought it our duty to expose this attempt at deception, and we must further observe, that the translation ventures even beyond the original, and the English work is called 'Memoirs of Louis XVIII., written by himself.' Now, the French title runs thus—'*Mémoires de Louis XVIII., recueillis et mis en ordre par M. le Duc de D\*\*\*\**'.

The work itself, like the Memoirs of Cardinal Dubois, Richelieu, and Madame Dubarry, is cleverly written. It is, like its predecessors, a romance built upon historical authorities; but it contains no information to which every reading man could not have had access. The facts which it relates are authentic, but the personal feelings of the pretended narrator, and the incidents to which they lead, are pure fictions. The most interesting parts of the life of Louis XVIII. are omitted; namely, the period of his exile, during which he was involved in political intrigues, some of a very singular kind—and the interval between the restoration and his death, connected with very important state secrets, and with curious particulars, of which we ourselves know something, relative to the return from Elba, the execution of Ney, the murder of the Duke de Berry, the return of the Jesuits to France, and the secret of their connexion with the Villele administration.

We must, however, in justice, state that the work before us is entertaining and full of valuable information, to such English readers as have not had leisure to study the immediate causes and the progress of the French revolution; and the translation is excellent.

*Memoirs of Dr. Burney.* By his daughter Mad. D'Arblay.

(Second Notice.)

A more careful perusal has not lessened our opinion of the merits of these volumes; they are full of life, and character, and anecdote, and passages singularly dramatic. We wish sometimes, indeed, that it had been the pleasure of the authoress to have written them in a manner less regal and lofty: we say sometimes, for she is often as simple, clear, and concise, as we could wish; it is only now and then that she walks in gilt pattens, and speaks in a language too ornate and laborious. This, it is true, only affects the manner, not

the matter of her memoirs,—but we love a plain and simple style, approaching to the familiar; for we hold, that biography should be written in a tone pitched a single note or so above common conversation. We now resume our remarks and extracts.

Garrick lends a large portion of life to these Memoirs; no wonder that his company was everywhere acceptable, for he loved to entertain all who were willing to be pleased. He frequently personated Dr. Johnson, a man whom he seriously loved; and it was generally allowed, that his representation was all but the Doctor himself. On one occasion, he was giving Dr. Burney's family a touch of Abel Drugger, when all at once, he "began displaying, and, by some inconceivable arrangement of his habiliments, most astonishingly enlarging his person, so as to make it seem many inches above its native size; not only in breadth, but, strange yet true to tell, in height, whilst exhibiting sundry extraordinary and uncouth attitudes and gestures.

"Pompously, then, assuming an authoritative port and demeanour, and giving a thundering stamp with his foot on some mark on the carpet that struck his eye—not with passion or displeasure, but merely as if from absence and singularity; he took off the voice, sonorous, impressive, and oratorical, of Dr. Johnson, in a short dialogue with himself that had passed the preceding week.

"David!—will you lend me your Petrarca?"

"Y-e-s, Sir!"

"David! you sigh!"

"Sir—you shall have it, certainly."

"Accordingly," Mr. Garrick continued, 'the book—stupendously bound—I sent to him that very evening. But—scarcely had he taken the noble quarto in his hands, when—as Boswell tells me, he poured forth a Greek ejaculation, and a couplet or two from Horace; and then, in one of those fits of enthusiasm which always seem to require that he should spread his arms aloft in the air, his haste was so great to debarrass them for that purpose, that he suddenly pounces my poor Petrarca over his head upon the floor! Russia leather, gold border, and all! And then, standing for several minutes erect, lost in abstraction, he forgot, probably, that he had ever seen it; and left my poor dislocated Beauty to the mercy of the housemaid's morning mop!"

We have many glimpses of Dr. Johnson: regarding his inimitable 'Lives of the Poets,' we have a little: the authoress ranks them below some of his other works—"The Rambler," for instance;—in our opinion, they are far superior in both matter and manner.

"Dr. Johnson, at this time, was engaged in writing the Lives of the Poets; a work, to him, so light and easy, that it never robbed his friends of one moment of the time that he would, otherwise, have spared to their society. Lives, however, strictly speaking, they are not; he merely employed in them such materials, with respect to biography, as he had already at hand, without giving himself any trouble in researches for what might be new, or unknown; though he gladly accepted any that were offered to him, if well authenticated. The critical investigations alone he considered as his business. He himself never named them but as prefaces. No man held in nobler scorn, a promise that out-went performance."

We are introduced to Bruce the traveller: he was at Dr. Burney's one evening, when the discourse turned on a newspaper rumour of his death—the following conversation ensued: Lady Strange's part is capital.

"Pray have you happened to read a paragraph in the newspapers, importing that Mr. Bruce was dying, or dead? My father, who had seen

him alive and well the day before it appeared, cut it out, and wafered it upon a sheet of paper, and sent it to him without comment.

"My mother now inquired of Mr. Bruce whether he had seen it.

"Yes," answered he, coolly; 'but they are welcome to say what they please of me. I read my death with great composure.' Then, condescending to turn to me,—though only, I doubt not, to turn away from my elders,—he added: 'Were you not sorry, Miss Burney, to hear that I was dead?"

"Finding him thus address himself, and rather courteously, for he really smiled, to so small a personage as your very obedient servant, Mr. Turner, reviving, gathered courage to open his mouth, and, with a put-on air of easy jocularity, ventured to exclaim, with a laugh, 'Well, sir, as times go, I think, when they killed you, it is very well they said no harm of you.'

"I know of no reason they had!" replied Mr. Bruce, in so loud a tone, and with an air of such infinite haughtiness, that poor Mr. Turner, thus repulsed in his first attempt, never dared to again open his lips.

"Soon afterwards, a servant came into the room, with General Melville's compliments, and he begged to know of Mrs. Strange whether it was true that Mr. Bruce was so dangerously ill.

"Yes!" cried he, bluffly; 'tell the General I am dead.'

"Ay, poor soul! poor mon!" cried Mrs. Strange, 'I dare say he has been vexed enough to hear such a thing! Poor honest mon! I dare be sworn he never wronged or deceived a human being in all his life.'

"Will you, faith?" cried Mr. Bruce: 'Will you be sworn to that? It's more than I would dare to be for any man alive! Do you really think he has risen to the rank of General, with so little trouble?"

"Troth, yes," she answered; 'you men, you know, never deceive men! you have too much honour for that. And as to us women,—ah, troth! the best among you cannot deceive me! for whenever you say pretty things to me, I make it a rule to believe them all to be true: so the prettier the better!"

Of Thomson the poet, we know but too little: he seems to have been a shy and reserved man, who loved to eat fruit unobserved from the trees, with his hands in his pockets. The following is worth preserving, were it only for containing a name so distinguished:

"With Thomson, too, whose fame, happily for posterity, hung not upon the ephemeral charm of accent, variety of attitude, or witchery of the eye, like that of even the most transcendent of the votaries of the buskins; with Thomson, too, his favoured lot led him to the happiness of early and intimate, though, unfortunately, not of long-enduring acquaintance, the destined race of Thomson, which was cut short nearly in the meridian of life, being already almost run.

"It was not in the house only of Mrs. Cibber that he met this impressive and piety-inspiring painter of nature, alike in her rural beauties and her elemental sublimities; the young musician had the advantage of setting to music a part of the mask of Alfred, which brought him into close contact with the author, and rivetted good-will on one side by high admiration on the other."

There is something too of another poet, whose name still stands high in the ranks of song: we know little of the personal habits of the author of the 'Art of Preserving Health.'

"And, at this same epoch, the subject of these memoirs began also an intercourse with the celebrated Dr. Armstrong, as high, then, in



the theory of his art, medicine, as he was far from lucratively prosperous in its practice. He had produced upon it a didactic poem, 'The Art of Preserving Health,' which young Burney considered to be as nervous in diction as it was enlightening in precept. But Dr. Armstrong, though he came from a part of the island whence travellers are by no means proverbially smitten with the reproach of coming in vain; nor often stigmatized with either meriting or being addicted to failure, possessed not the personal skill usually accorded to his countrymen, of adroitness in bringing himself forward. Yet he was as gaily amiable as he was eminently learned; and though, from a keen moral sense of right, he was a satirist, he was so free from malevolence, that the smile with which he uttered a remark the most ironical, had a cast of good-humoured pleasantry that nearly turned his sarcasm into simple sport."

The mother of Mad. D'Arblay, Esther Sleepes, is delineated very gracefully:—

"Esther Sleepes—this memorialist's mother—of whom she must now with reverence, with fear—yet with pride and delight—offer the tribute of a description—was small and delicate, but not diminutive, in person. Her face had that sculptural oval form which gives to the air of the head something like the ideal perfection of the poet's imagination. Her fair complexion was embellished by a rosy hue upon her cheeks of Hebe freshness. Her eyes were of the finest azure, and beaming with the brightest intelligence; though they owed to the softness of their lustre a still more resistless fascination: and they were set in her head with such a peculiarity of elegance in shape and proportion, that they imparted a nobleness of expression to her brow and to her forehead, that, whether she were beheld when attired for society; or surprised under the negligence of domestic avocation; she could be viewed by no stranger whom she did not strike with admiration; she could be broken in upon by no old friend who did not look at her with new pleasure."

There is something in these volumes about all men of eminence, and ladies of mark and distinction; of Mrs. Montague, there is a little and to the purpose: we see her before us in the clear painting of Mad. D'Arblay:

"Her conversational powers were of a truly superior order; strong, just, clear, and often eloquent. Her process in argument, notwithstanding an earnest solicitude for pre-eminence, was uniformly polite and candid. But her reputation for wit seemed always in her thoughts, marring their natural flow and untutored expression. No sudden start of talent urged forth any precarious opinion; no vivacious new idea varied her logical course of ratiocination. Her smile, though most generally benignant, was rarely gay; and her liveliest sallies had a something of anxiety rather than of hilarity—till their success was ascertained by applause."

"Her form was stately, and her manners were dignified. Her face retained strong remains of beauty throughout life; and though its native cast was evidently that of severity, its expression was softened off in discourse by an almost constant desire to please."

Here is the character of Horace Walpole in four lines: had it extended to thirty pages the delineation could not have been more satisfactory:—

"Here, also, the Honourable Horace Walpole, afterwards Lord Orford, sometimes put forth his quaint, singular, often original, generally sarcastic, and always entertaining powers."

Her portrait of Sir Joshua Reynolds is little inferior to some of his own: we can make room but for the head and shoulders:

"There was little or no play of countenance, beyond cheerfulness or sadness, in the features of Sir Joshua; but in his eyes there was a searching look, that seemed, upon his introduction to any person of whom he had thought before he had seen, to fix, in his painter's mind, the attitude, if it may be so called, of face that would be most striking for a picture. But this was rarely obvious, and never disconcerting; he was eminently unassuming, unpretending, and natural."

The authoress relates an interview, which Dr. Johnson indulged her with after he had laid down his head to die; we have read it with deep interest: his words are well worth remembering. His course to the latest was bright.

"I gave him concisely the history of the Bristol milk-woman, who is at present zealously patronized by the benevolent Hannah More. I expressed my surprise at the reports generally in circulation, that the first authors that the milk-woman read, if not the only ones, were Milton and Young. 'I find it difficult,' I added, 'to conceive how Milton and Young could be the first authors with any reader. Could a child understand them? And grown persons, who have never read, are, in literature, children still.'

"'Doubtless,' he answered. 'But there is nothing so little comprehended as what is Genius. They give it to all, when it can be but a part. The milk-woman had surely begun with some ballad—Chevy Chase or the Children in the Wood. Genius is, in fact, *knowing the use of tools*. But there must be tools, or how use them? A man who has spent all his life in this room, will give a very poor account of what is contained in the next.'

"'Certainly, sir; and yet there is such a thing as invention? Shakespeare could never have seen a Caliban?'

"'No; but he had seen a man, and knew how to vary him to a monster. A person, who would draw a monstrous cow, must know first what a cow is commonly; or how can he tell that to give her an ass's head, or an elephant's tusk, will make her monstrous? Suppose you show me a man, who is a very expert carpenter, and that an admiring stander-by, looking at some of his works, exclaims: 'O! he was born a carpenter!' What would have become of that birth-right, if he had never seen any wood?'

"'Presently, dwelling on this idea, he went on. 'Let two men, one with genius, the other with none, look together at an overturned waggon; he who has no genius will think of the waggon only as he then sees it; that is to say, overturned, and walk on: he who has genius will give it a glance of examination, that will point it to his imagination such as it was previously to its being overturned; and when it was standing still; and when it was in motion; and when it was heavy loaded; and when it was empty: but both alike must see the waggon to think of it at all.'"

We shall conclude our extracts with the account which the authoress gives of her unexpected interview with Boswell, when that singular mixture of talent and assurance was gathering the materials for his 'Life of Johnson':—

"Almost forcibly stopping her in her path, though making her an obsequious, or rather a theatrical, bow, 'I am happy,' he cried, 'to find you, Madam, for I was told you were lost! closed in the unscalable walls of a royal convent. But let me tell you, Madam!' assuming his highest tone of mock-heroic, 'it won't do! You must come forth, Madam! You must abscond from your princely monastery, and come forth! You were not born to be immured, like a tabby cat, Madam, in yon august cell! We want

you in the world. And we are told you are very ill. But we can't spare you.—Resides, Madam, I want your Johnson's letters for my book!'

"Then, stopping at once himself and his hearer, by spreading abroad both his arms, in starting suddenly before her, he energetically added, 'For the book, Madam! the first book in the universe!'

"Swelling, then, with internal gratulation, yet involuntarily half-laughing, from good-humouredly catching the infection of the impulse which his unrestrained self-complacency excited in his listener, he significantly paused; but the next minute, with double emphasis, and strong, even comic gesticulation, he went on: 'I trust every thing else! every thing that can be named, of every sort, and class, and description, to show the great man in all his bearings!—every thing,—except his letters to you! But I have nothing of that kind. I look for it all from you! It is necessary to complete my portrait. It will be the First Book in the whole universe, Madam! There's nothing like it!—' again half-laughing, yet speaking more and more forcibly; 'There never was,—and there never will be!—So give me your letters, and I'll place them with the hand of a master!'

These volumes surpass in interest and in value most of the reminiscences of these our latter days: the authoress moved in the scenes which she describes; was the companion or the friend of almost every person she mentions; and as she is a lady of unquestioned veracity, as well as talent, we put full confidence in her communications. Moreover, a large portion of the work was written while Johnson scattered his wisdom and his wit, and Burke displayed his eloquence. Fortunately for us, Mad. D'Arblay wrote regular accounts of all that she imagined would be amusing or interesting to a man of education and sense, and addressed them to her friend Mr. Crisp, who living at a distance in the country, opened his ears to whatever was related of poets, actors, painters, and orators.

*Works of Lord Byron.* Vol. XII. With Illustrations. London: Murray.

On opening this beautiful volume we see a fine view of Florence, and another of Venice; and, as we proceed, we find many noble poems and numerous notes from the pens of such critics as Jeffrey and Lockhart. The principal poems are 'The Doge of Venice,' and 'The Vision of Judgment'; but 'Francesca of Rimini' will be read with interest by all who wish to see how such an original genius figures in translation; while the two literary Eclogues cannot fail to excite a smile in some, and displeasure in others, who happen to find their names where no one could well wish to be mentioned. There is one noble poem—not so much known now as it will be—which we gladly transfer to our pages; it was written about the middle of April, 1819, while the poet was sailing on the river which lends its name to the verses. Such is the story told by the Countess Guiccioli, and the letters of Byron might be quoted in corroboration.

*To the Po.*

River, that rollest by the ancient walls,  
Where dwells the lady of my love, when she  
Walks by thy brink, and there perchance recalls  
A faint and fleeting memory of me;  
What if thy deep and ample stream should be  
A mirror of my heart, where she may read  
The thousand thoughts I now betray to thee.  
Wild as thy wave, and headlong as thy speed!  
What do I say—a mirror of my heart?  
Are not thy waters sweeping, dark, and strong?  
Such as my feelings were and are, thou art;  
And such as thou art were thy passions long.

Time may have somewhat tamed them,—not for ever;  
Thou overflow'st thy banks, and not for aye  
Thy bosom overflows, congenial river!  
Thy floods subside, and mine have sunk away.  
Not left long wrecks behind, and now again,  
Borne in our old unchanged career, we move;  
Thou tendest wildly onwards to the main,  
And I—to loving one I should not love.  
The current I behold will sweep beneath  
Her native walls and murmur at her feet;  
Her eyes will look on thee, when she shall breathe  
The twilight air, unarm'd by summer's heat.  
She will look on thee—I have looked on thee,  
Full of that thought; and, from that moment, ne'er  
Thy waters dream of, name, or see,  
Without the inseparable sigh for her!  
Her bright eyes will be imaged in thy stream;  
Yes! they will meet the wave I gaze on now:  
Mine cannot witness, even in a dream,  
That happy wave repass me in its flow!  
The wave that bears my tears returns no more:  
Will she return by whom that wave shall sweep?  
Both tread thy banks, both wander on thy shore,  
I by thy source, she by the dark-blue deep.  
But that which keepeth us apart is not  
Distance, nor depth of wave, nor space of earth,  
But the distraction of a various lot,  
As various as the climates of our birth.  
A stranger loves the lady of the land,  
Born far beyond the mountains, but his blood  
Is all meridian, as if never fann'd  
By the black wind that chills the polar flood.  
My blood is all meridian; were it not,  
I had not left my clime, nor should I be,  
In spite of tortures, ne'er to be forgot,  
A slave again of love,—at least of thee.  
'Tis vain to struggle—let me perish young—  
Live as I lived, and love as I have loved;  
To dust if I return, from dust I sprang,  
And then, at least, my heart can ne'er be moved.

There are many curious notes on the literary Eclogues, 'The Doge of Venice,' and 'The Vision of Judgment': we wish we had room to quote some of the angry passages between Byron and Southey: it appears that part of the poetic attack on the latter was written before the article appeared, for which the lord challenged the commoner. The message was, it seems, sent by too kind and prudent a hand to be delivered—that of Douglas Kin-naird.

### *Mémoires de Madame la Duchesse d'Abrantès.* Vols. VII. & VIII.

[Third Notice.]

We shall conclude our translations from the present volumes with the following description of a Spanish inn, which, with a little dash of romance to give it effect, would make a good scene in a melo-drama.

"We next slept at San-Pedro, a place still more horrible than I had yet seen. We arrived late in the evening; the weather was cloudy, and it was dark when our carriage stopped at the door of the house which was to afford us shelter for the night. I was almost asleep from fatigue, arising more particularly from the attention with which I had, as we passed along, examined the trees and bushes in the forest, to see if I could perceive any suspicious looking people on the watch for us. Junot, who, as a measure of precaution, chose to walk by the side of the carriage, reached the house before I did.

"'Do not be frightened at your *posada*,' said he to me, laughing. 'Your bed-room is certainly not elegant, but if we find no toads† in it we shall do very well.'

"As he spoke, I roused myself, got out of the carriage and entered the house.... House indeed!.... Let the reader imagine a hut of clay, divided into two or three holes, scarcely more than five feet high, which were termed rooms. And from each hole exhaled a dreadful stench!

"'Ah!' cried I, drawing back, 'what a

† Junot had so strong an antipathy to a toad that the sight of one almost made him faint.

hovel! I can never sleep here! What a horrible house!"

"'And yet I built it myself,' exclaimed a deep, sepulchral voice. It proceeded from a man near me, who held a lamp in his hand.

"This man spoke French. I looked at him, and beheld a dreadful countenance. I was at first horror-struck, but I took courage and addressed him:

"'Good God! how came you to leave your country to inhabit this savage desert?' And I added, internally, 'This man must be an infamous villain, who has fled from the gallies—perhaps from the guillotine.'

"And, in truth, all this was expressed in the dark, sinister, and murderous countenance of the host.

"I determined not to sleep in the house myself, but, fearful that the confined air of a carriage might be prejudicial to my child, I selected the best room, had the window opened, juniper berries burned, and a *brassero* put into it, with the charcoal extinguished. Then, leaving the child there with her nurse, I went with Junot back to the carriage, in which we passed the night.

"I had then with me an Italian woman, the wife of my husband's first valet-de-chambre, and who acted as my housekeeper. She was extremely pretty, very much attached to me, and I was very partial to her. She belonged to that race of good servants, now extinct. She would not remain in my daughter's carriage, in which she travelled, but preferred sleeping in one of the rooms of this horrible *casa*. Leaving, therefore, her husband to watch over the luggage, and keep the escort in order, she took up her quarters in the apartment next to my daughter's.

"The latter had been asleep some time, when Madame Heldt entered the room, and appeared before Fanchette (the nurse) with a pale and horror-struck countenance. Fanchette, who was naturally no Bayard, trembled dreadfully on seeing the fright of her companion. My own maid had preferred sleeping in the carriage; therefore these two were alone.

"'Madame Bergeret,' said the housekeeper to Fanchette, 'there is a man under my bed who has been murdered.'

"Fanchette uttered a piercing cry.

"'Peace! for God's sake, hold your tongue! we shall share the same fate else. There is also a huge instrument of torture in the room.'....

"Fanchette easily believed all this, and her faith would even have gone much further. She however determined to verify the fact, and taking the lamp with a trembling hand, carried it into Madame Heldt's room, the latter having, in her terror, upset her own and extinguished it. Fanchette then looked under the housekeeper's bed. At first she saw only fresh straw chopped, such as is used in Spain.... But on bringing the lamp down, she perceived the two naked feet of a man, and above them two legs which seemed to belong to a body.

"The two women, dreadfully agitated, were very near falling by the side of the corpse. Fanchette, braver than her companion, perhaps because she had a greater responsibility, said that they must leave the room and call for assistance. Madame Heldt then made her observe the instrument of torture, which was discovered next day to be a flail for thrashing corn. But Fanchette and the housekeeper only saw what their fears made them imagine, and that was of the most horrible kind.

"'My God!' said Fanchette, 'how shall we get out from this place? My lady was right. This man is a murderer.'

"'A murderer! He is rather the executioner of the village. Look here!' And Madame Heldt again pointed to the fatal instrument.

"At length steps were heard under the window. It was Colonel Laborde, who was going

his rounds. The night was fine, and in his uneasiness—for everybody was uneasy in this dreary place—he had preferred not to go to bed; but had taken up his bivouac upon two bundles of fresh straw which he quitted every now and then to see if all was safe. On hearing the noise of his cavalry boots upon the little stones with which the court was paved, Fanchette called to him. In an instant the brave and excellent young man was in Madame Heldt's room, when the first words he heard were *corpse* and *murder*. On perceiving the naked feet under the bed, and not having the same fear of a dead man as the women had, he pulled at the feet and dragged from the straw in which it was enveloped, the naked body of a man, who seemed to have died recently, but whose corpse exhibited no marks of violence. Without however giving himself time to examine the state of the body, he told one of the women to call the master of the house. But the moment he had seized the dead man by the heels, both had run into the other room and taken their station near my daughter's cradle, as if to ask protection from this dear child, whose beautiful head, covered with auburn tresses, rested upon one of her arms as she slept the sleep of angels. M. Laborde, unwilling to give the alarm, called one of the soldiers of the escort, then, taking the lamp, he went to the kitchen where he found the host in a sound sleep upon the floor, near the remains of a fire round which the muleteers had supped.

"'This man is not a murderer,—at least, he has not been so to-night,' thought M. Laborde; 'but no matter, we must know what that corpse means.'

"He pushed the man rudely with his foot, and on his awaking, held a pistol to his head. The poor wretch thought his last hour was come, and uttered the most doleful cries.

"'Peace!' said M. Laborde, 'or I will blow your brains out. What is it I see in one of the bed-rooms, thou atrocious murderer!'

"'Good God! Sir, I am no murderer,' said the man, falling on his knees and clasping his hands. 'I will tell all. But do not acquaint his excellency the ambassador with it. You will see that I am guiltless of any crime.'

"M. Laborde looked sternly at him, and the poor man, though with the air and face of a determined villain, was so frightened that he could scarcely tell his story. It seems that one of his ploughboys had died that morning, and was to be buried next day. Our arrival had caused the removal of the corpse, because the room in which it lay was one of the best in the house. 'If the ambassador or his lady had done me the honour to sleep in my house,' said the man, 'I would have had the body removed in a sheet without its being perceived. But as only one of their attendants, occupied the room, I thought that the remains of poor Garcia under the bed, would not be in her way, more particularly as she appeared so much fatigued, that I thought she would not perceive the body. It seems I was mistaken. But, colonel, if I had committed a murder, I certainly should not have put any one to sleep in that room, until I had made every trace of it disappear.'

"He was right; M. Laborde inquired who would answer for his respectability; and he referred to the priest and the Sangrado of the village.

"'Lock me up till the morning, Sir, if you think I have not told you the truth, and then I shall be able to prove my innocence.'

"No sooner said than done; and the poor man was locked in one of his own dark rooms. Two soldiers were then despatched to put the body upon the bed it had previously occupied; and M. Laborde advised the two women to carry my daughter to the carriage, as the

ploughboy might have died of an infectious disease, the yellow fever being then at Cadiz. Next morning I thanked M. Laborde for this kind thought; but Junot had no intention of thanking the host, whom he swore he would send to the other world after the ploughboy. The poor wretch had hid himself, fearful of encountering the anger of the great lord, as he termed Junot.

"I am no great lord, thou villain!" said Junot; "but I am a father, and a humane master. And I cannot conceive how you could have thought of making two women and a child—and my child too—sleep in a room, not only impregnated with the fetid and pestilential air of a dangerous disease, but containing also the corpse of one who had fallen a victim to that disease!"

"Junot's anger rose so high that he was about to seize the poor fellow by the throat, when the priest and the village doctor arrived. They certified that the neighbourhood of the corpse was not dangerous. The ploughboy had died of pleurisy. The priest had administered the extreme unction to him; and as for the doctor, if there were murder in the case, it concerned him more than any one else.

"Neither Madame Heldt nor Fanchette would however admit, that this corpse had died like other corpses; and this impression has remained so strong, that Madame Heldt, who mentioned the circumstance within the last fortnight, still maintains that a murder had been committed, and that, without the help of Colonel Laborde, she and her companion would have shared the same fate, as well as my daughter Josephine. 'Poor little innocent angel,' added Madame Heldt."

*The Family Library, No. 36.—Six Months in the West Indies.*

*Edinburgh Cabinet Library, No. 10.—Baron Humboldt's Travels.*

Two delightful volumes, that will recommend themselves. Mr. Coleridge's is one of the most entertaining, and Baron Humboldt's one of the most valuable works of our modern literature;—the former is a republication without omission, and with trifling additions: the latter is a condensation,—but done with that care which has always distinguished the Edinburgh Cabinet Library.

*The Classic Wreath. No. I.*

WE noticed, not long since, two modest little periodicals, the one emanating from St. Paul's School, the other from Christ's Hospital; here is a third, written by the pupils of the King's College. We thank our young friends for their courtesy in sending us this early copy of their first and forthcoming number, and heartily wish them success.

*Polonia. No. IV. London: Fox.*

*The Polish Record. Nos. I. & II. Hull: Wilson.* THESE works have been projected by the friends of liberty, to preserve in the minds of Englishmen a lively and lasting interest in the condition of unfortunate Poland. They are both conquered with talent—both contain papers of stirring interest—and we wish them both that success which the disinterested exertions of the projectors so well deserve.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'Original Family Sermons.'—It is always pleasant to see Societies which profess to uphold great interests active in their measures. That under the auspices of which this work is published, has of late exhibited a zeal, which it would

have been well had it shown some years earlier. The first of the Sermons contained in this number, is, we suspect, from the Bishop of London's pen; and if all which succeed approach it, in piety and excellence, the publication will be of great value to the christian world.

'Prose, e Carmi, del Luogotenente C. Galli.'—Much ingenuity is displayed in this little volume; and if any of our readers are desirous of seeing how an observant, moralizing mind, may give a voice to inanimate things, they cannot do better than read the fables of Lieutenant Galli. He has laid whatever exists under contribution to his fancy, and the brevity of his narrations will recommend them to many who would not endure wise lessons of greater length.

'Christmas Tales, by W. H. Harrison.'—These tales might have passed among the common-place, but for the illustrations, which were, it is acknowledged, originally designed to illustrate Scott's novels; so that, while reading, we are constantly reminded of what is most excellent, and are obliged to institute a comparison, which we should have imagined Mr. Harrison would willingly have avoided.

'The Excitement, for 1833.'—There are, in this little volume, a great variety of moving incidents by flood and field, and we think the work likely to interest young people, which was the object with the compiler.

'The Infant Annual, for 1833.'—This we knew was a precocious age, but we were not aware that infants patronized Annuals. It is a pretty little book, but written too much in the good boy and bad boy style to be quite to our taste.

'The Sacred Offering, for 1833.'—A very tasty and beautiful little volume, full of gentle feeling; and though the poetry is not of a very high order, it is often touching, and always graceful and pleasant.

'Tales of Animals, by Peter Parley.'—This is a republication of a very successful American work; but we incline to believe, from our knowledge of American typography and wood engraving, that Peter Parley will hardly recognize himself in his beautiful costume. We have not seen a work better suited for a Christmas present.

'Exercises adapted to Hiley's English Grammar.'—Great skill and judgment have been displayed in this compilation; the exercises not only admirably illustrate the several rules, but also convey much valuable information. Mr. Hiley has subjoined a brief system of teaching the art of composition, which possesses some originality, and great merit.

'The Anatomy and Physiology of the Organ of Hearing: with Remarks on Congenital Deafness, the Diseases of the Ear, some Imperfections of the Organ of Speech, and the proper Treatment of these several Affections, by David Tod.'—This is an excellent work. It contains many interesting original views, not only on the anatomy, but also on the physiology of the ear, and is well worthy the attention of the medical profession.

'Animal Mechanics, applied to the Prevention and Cure of Spinal Curvature, and other personal Deformities, by T. Sheldrake.'—Mr. Sheldrake's name has been so long and so favourably known in connexion with the treatment of diseases of the spine and personal deformity, that we do not think it necessary to say more than that his work is the result of extensive and scientific practice.

'Gibson's French, English, and Latin Vocabulary.'—The design of this little work is to combine the study of French and Latin. It is compiled with great care, and is well worthy the attention of teachers.

'Ferguson's Grammatical Exercises.'—The progressive arrangement of these exercises is very good, but the authors from whom they have been selected are not always those most remarkable for correct Latinity.

'Abbott's Elements of Plane and Spherical Trigonometry.'—The writer of this useful treatise has greatly simplified the science, and rendered the labour of the student lighter and more pleasant by using none but the most plain and familiar language. Were we inclined to be captious, we should object to the extreme meagreness of the chapter on geodesical operations; the subject should either have been omitted or treated at greater length.

'Jamieson's Arithmetical Tables.'—A judicious compilation; the introduction of tables of ancient coins is a decided improvement.

'The Family Temperance Meeting.'—These are conversations on frugality and temperance, in this small book, which may be read with advantage, by young and old.

#### ORIGINAL PAPERS

COUSIN, WHEN THE SPRING SHALL FALL.

COUSIN, when the spring shall fall,  
Where wilt thou be straying?  
When the early linnets call,  
Where wilt thou be Maying?

When the winter snows dissolve,  
And bear off cold weather,  
Wilt not quit thy cold resolve,  
And let all fade together?

Seest thou her?—seest thou the glow  
Near her temples playing?  
And those smiles that come and go!—  
Now, wilt thou go straying?

If thou must be gone, when spring  
Bear away cold weather,  
Ah, take up yon trembling thing,  
And begone together!

LIVING ARTISTS.—No. XVII.

C. E. LESLIE, R.A.

LESLIE stands high in the rank of our painters of domestic scenes, or subjects connected with life and manners. He is all nature, not common, but select—all life, not muscular, but mental. He delights in delineating the social affections, in lending lineament and hue to the graceful duties of the fire-side. No one sees with a truer eye the exact form which a subject should take; and no one surpasses him in the rare art of inspiring it with sentiment and life. He is always easy, elegant, and impressive: he studies all his pictures with great care, and, perhaps, never puts a pencil to the canvas till he has painted the matter mentally, and can see it before him shaped out of air. He is full of quiet vigour: he approaches Wilkie in humour, Stothard in the delicacy of female loveliness, and has a tenderness and pathos altogether his own. His action is easy: there is no straining: his men are strong in mind, without seeming to know it, and his women have sometimes an alluring *maîtrise*, and unconscious loveliness of look, such as no other painter rivals.

It is so easy to commit extravagance—to make men and women wave their arms like windmill wings, and look with all their might—nay, we see this so frequently done by artists who believe all the while that they are marvellously strong in things mental—that we are glad to meet with a painter who lets nature work in a gentler way, and who has the sense to see that violence is not dignity, nor extravagance loftiness of thought. We could instance many of the works of Leslie in confirmation of this: nor are his pictures

which reflect the manners and feelings of his native America more natural or original than those which delineate the sentiments of his adopted land. In this he differs from the best American writers: they are strong upon transatlantic earth, but the moment they set their foot upon British ground, their spirit languishes, and much of their original vigour expires. We are inclined, indeed, to look upon some of Leslie's English pictures as superior even to those which the remembrance of his native land has awakened. Roger de Coverley going to Church amid his Parishioners—Uncle Toby looking into the dangerous eye of the pretty Widow Wadman, and sundry others, are all marked with the same nature and truth, and exquisite delicacy of feeling. He touches on the most perilous topics, but always carries them out of the region of vulgarity into the pure air of genius. It is in this fine sensibility that the strength of Wilkie and Leslie lies: there is a true decorum of nature in all they do: they never pursue an idea into extravagance, nor allow the characters which they introduce to over-act their parts. In this Leslie differs from Fuseli, who, with true poetic perception of art, seldom or ever made a true poetic picture: Leslie goes the proper length, and not one step farther; but Fuseli, in his poetic race, always ran far past the winning-post, and got into the regions of extravagance and absurdity. When Leslie painted Sancho Panca relating his adventures to the Duchess, he exhibited the sly humour and witty cunning of the Squire in his face, and added no action: when Fuseli painted the Wives of Windsor thrusting Falstaff into the bucking-basket, he represented Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page as half-flying: the wild energy with which they do their mischievous ministering, is quite out of character with nature, with Shakspeare, and with the decorum of the art.

The pictures of Leslie are a proof of the fancy and poetry which lie hidden in ordinary things, till a man of genius finds them out. With much of a Burns-like spirit, he seeks subjects in scenes where they would never be seen by ordinary men. Some of his brethren single out nothing but the most magnificent themes for the pencil, as if their object was to show how low their flight is, compared to the height which the matter requires: but it is the pleasure of Leslie to take such subjects as are fit for mortal skill to delineate—which are out of the common road, because they are common, and to treat them in a way which surprises us with unexpected pleasures, and far exceeds our hope. His judgment is equal to his genius. His colouring is lucid and harmonious; and the character which he impresses is stronger still than his colouring. He tells his story without many figures: there are no mobs in his compositions: he inserts nothing for the sake of effect: all seems as natural to the scene as the leaf is to the tree. His pictures from Washington Irving are excellent: 'Ichabod Crane' haunts us; 'Dutch Courtship' is ever present to our fancy; 'Anthony Van Corlear leaving his Mistresses for the Wars' is both ludicrous and affecting; 'The Dutch Fire-side,' with the negro telling a ghost story is capital, and 'Philip, the Indian Chief, deliberating,' is a figure worthy of Lysippus.

We wish Leslie would seek more than he does for subjects in the poetry of the country:

there are more of a nature to suit his feelings in the songs of Scotland alone than would form a gallery. The images contained in that splendid minstrelsy are defined and graphic, and are of all characters and kinds: all is limned visibly to the eye: you see men's faces, and hear them speak—nay, the very place where the story is laid is given, to the life. An artist would have really less to do in giving shape and colour to these vivid embodiments of the northern muse than in making pictures where he had to provide all that is to render them beautiful. We are induced to point to the north for another reason than the exquisite lyrics of Calledonia: Leslie, we are told, is of Scottish extraction, and has a liking to "Albyn's hills of wind." But we have no wish to lure his mind wholly from his native America, to which his genius is an honour: there are poets across the Atlantic whose strains abound with pictures according to his spirit. Let him paint what he likes—and what he likes alone: he can do nothing that will be unwelcome. We may look for many paintings from his hand, for he is but a young man.

RAUMER'S PAMPHLET ON POLAND—BERLIN EXHIBITION—SIR JAMES SOUTH—THE OBSERVATORY, ETC.

Berlin, Nov. 13.

Amongst our political pamphlets and writings, M. de Raumer's article on the 'Downfall of Poland,' inserted in the *Historical Almanack*, published at Leipzig, has made a great noise. The *Allgemeine Zeitung* contains a very severe criticism upon it; and it is indeed, to be wondered at, how M. de Raumer, being a professor of a Prussian university, can have ventured to write such things. The academical senate of the Berlin University, having chosen him to be a rector of this university for the present year, His Majesty has not been pleased to confirm this choice, so that Professor Weiss, the mineralogist, has been chosen in his stead.

The Exhibition is particularly rich in landscapes, pictures of social life, and portraits. A highly-finished full-length portrait of Princess Althecht, the King of Holland's daughter, by M. Bezas, attracts general notice. Amongst the larger pictures, there is one of M. Bendemann (a Jew), 'Jews in the Babylonian captivity, sitting by the river side,' and a scene from Burger's 'Leonora,' where Leonora inquires for her sweetheart. Professor Rauch's monument in memory of the late Mrs. Cooper, of Dublin, (which is to be sent over to the Emerald Isle,) is uncommonly well done, and will, no doubt, spread the artist's fame over that part of the United Kingdom.

In point of science, I am sorry not to be able to give you much information. Sir J. South, who has been here for two or three days, spent the greater part of his time with Professor Encke, the famous astronomer. The ground for the new Observatory has been chosen, and the foundations are already laid. It is situated towards the southern end of the town, and will afford an extensive view. Professor Hoffman, the famous geologist, is expected here, from his tour through Italy and Sicily. He brings home a great many specimens of minerals, lavas, &c., and will, no doubt, publish, on his return, an accurate account of his travels. De la Beche's 'Manual of Geology' has been translated into German, by M. de Deches, so that you may consider his translation as a new work, enriched by a great many clever remarks and annotations.

## CONTINUATION OF THE SHELLEY PAPERS.

## ON THE REVIVAL OF LITERATURE.

BY THE LATE PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

IN the fifteenth century of the Christian era, a new and extraordinary event roused Europe from her lethargic state, and paved the way to her present greatness. The writings of Dante in the thirteenth, and of Petrarch in the fourteenth, were the bright luminaries which had afforded glimmerings of literary knowledge to the almost benighted traveller toiling up the hill of Fame. But on the taking of Constantinople, a new and sudden light appeared: the dark clouds of ignorance rolled into distance, and Europe inundated by learned monks, and still more by the quantity of learned manuscripts which they brought with them from the scene of devastation. The Turks settled themselves in Constantinople, where they adopted nothing but the vicious habits of the Greeks: they neglected even the small remains of its ancient learning, which, filtered and degenerated as it was by the absurd mixture of Pagan and Christian philosophy, proved, on its retirement to Europe, the spark which spread gradually and successfully the light of knowledge over the world.

Italy, France, and England,—for Germany still remained many centuries less civilized than the surrounding countries,—swarmed with monks and cloisters. Superstition, of whatever kind, whether earthly or divine, has hitherto been the weight which clogged man to earth, and prevented his genius from soaring aloft amid its native skies. The enterprises, and the effects of the human mind, are something more than stupendous: the works of nature are material and tangible: we have a half insight into their kind, and in many instances we predict their effects with certainty. But mind seems to govern the world without visible or substantial means. Its birth is unknown; its action and influence unperceived; and its being seems eternal. To the mind, both humane and philosophical, there cannot exist a greater subject of grief, than the reflection of how much superstition has retarded the progress of intellect, and consequently the happiness of man.

The monks in their cloisters were engaged in trifling and ridiculous disputes: they contented themselves with teaching the dogmas of their religion, and rushed impatiently forth to the colleges and halls, where they disputed with an acrimony and meanness little befitting the resemblance of their pretended holiness. But the situation of a monk is a situation the most unnatural that bigotry, proud in the invention of cruelty, could conceive; and their vices may be pardoned as resulting from the wills and devices of a few proud and selfish bishops, who enlaved the world that they might live at ease.

The disputes of the schools were mostly scholastical: it was the discussion of words, and had no relation to morality. Morality,—the great means and end of man,—was contained, as they affirmed, in the extent of a few hundred pages of a certain book, which others have since contended were but scraps of martyrs' last dying words, collected together and imposed on the world. In the refinements of the scholastic philosophy, the world seemed in danger of losing the little





intensely luminous. The true nature of our common luminous flames was afterwards considered; and it was shown that their luminosity always depended upon the perfect ignition of the free and minutely divided carbon, in the solid state, produced by the decomposition of the fuel in the interior and less heated part of the flame. This point was further illustrated, by comparing the flame of hydrogen with that of phosphorus; in the latter case, the product of combustion being entirely solid, the light was extremely intense; while the former, whose product is only water, burnt with a very feeble flame. To corroborate these views, two particularly striking experiments were adduced, among many others: in the first, phosphorus was burned, and the fumes produced by the combustion were transmitted by a glass tube, so as to pass through a previously invisible flame of hydrogen, which instantly became very luminous; in the second, the same thing was very beautifully shown, by sending up a tube, in the same way, the carbonaceous fumes of a common gas lamp, obtained by cooling the flame by holding a piece of wire gauze in it. Mr. Faraday then noticed the various contrivances used to ensure perfect combustion, and to obtain the greatest quantity of light. Towards the end of the lecture, he took occasion to explain the principle upon which Sir H. Davy's safety lamp is constructed, and regretted that its application was not more general; he observed, that if the *Kent* East Indianman had been furnished with one of these lamps, the fire which destroyed it would not have occurred; the accident having arisen from examining with a naked light a cask of spirits, which had been staved in the hold; with a Davy lamp, the examination might have been made with perfect safety. In the course of the lecture, whilst speaking of coloured flames, Mr. Faraday exhibited the curious alterations of hue, produced by illuminating objects with a perfectly homogeneous yellow light.

This lecture on the philosophical theory of flame, was intended as introductory to a practical course, to be delivered by the secretary, on the solid, liquid, and gaseous substances, used for artificial light.

The meeting was very fully attended, and many interesting specimens of mechanical art were exhibited in the rooms, during the conversations which succeeded the lecture.

## MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

|          |   |
|----------|---|
| MONDAY.  | Geographical Society ..... Nine, P.M.       |
|          | Medical Society ..... Eight, P.M.           |
| TUESDAY. | Medico-Botanical Society .... Eight, P.M.   |
|          | Medico-Chirurgical Society ... ½ p. 8, P.M. |
| WEDNES.  | Society of Arts ..... ½ p. 7, P.M.          |
| THURS.   | Society of Antiquaries ..... Eight, P.M.    |
| FRIDAY.  | Royal Society (Anniversary) Eleven, A.M.    |
| SATUR.   | Westminster Medical Society Eight, P.M.     |

## FINE ARTS

## "THE LAST STONE OF DRURY."

It was a proud day for lithography when Stone was lithographed: a more significant and delicate compliment was never reciprocated. Steel and copper may serve for iron warriors and brazen statesmen—but Stone must live on stone. Blest be that art, which, wedding beauty with economy, gives the face of the humble professor a chance of six weeks immortality, who, else, had died "and left the world no copy." Thus, lithography may be looked upon as professor to the poor—as pictorial president of lanes and alleys—a tap-house sketcher for nine-pence—a "blue ruin" Apelles. We have before us the last great triumph—pregnant with touching thoughts—of the highway artist: it is—"The last Stone of Drury;" not *Ellistone* nor *Winstone*, but "Phil. Stone, Property-man!" To us, who love to pick out the heart of a sentiment, with-

out caring a fig about the seeming vulgarity of its nature—the portrait of honest Phil is full of interest. Nature hath, in the case of Philip Stone—as with *Æsop*, Philip of Macedon, Alexander of Twickenham, and other great property-men of buried days—enshrined her costliest gift in a small, and seemingly fragile vessel. Phil once dreamt that he was four feet high—but what's in a dream? However, great examples prove that mere corporal altitude has nought to do with the moral sublime. None but a carpenter will care for size. If men, as Darwin maintains, come from oysters, Philip Stone may be considered one of the smallest natives, enclosing a Cleopatra pearl. We blush that we have so long lingered on the perishable part of our subject, and hasten to moral and higher reflections.

The artist has selected the attitude of his subject with extraordinary felicity. Philip stands in an easy and natural posture, in, as we presume, a corner of the Green-room; at his feet lie the "properties"—crowns, bandits' pistols, sceptres and sucking-pigs. What a bland humanity beams in his face! His seal-skin cap, a little elevated on one side of the head, adds to his natural complacency, a certain air of decision: he is evidently a man who, when the "properties" are concerned, is not to be trifled with. We gain this from the sweep of forehead, half-arched by the seal-skin cap, and a gentle compressure of the thin lip; yet, for all this, good-nature lies upon his cheek, like a moon-beam on a dish of milk. His eye glimmers with a seeming indifference of the treasures heaped at his feet—but to the curious observer, it is evident, that from the "properties," pride steams up to his visual ball "by natural exhalation." The black apron, depending from his waist, flows into a fine free amplitude below the knee; art has done everything worthy of the subject; and, as that is the highest kind of literature which, thoughtful in itself, makes others think—so is this specimen of lithography the most valuable effort, inasmuch as it sets us pondering on the manifold attributes and qualities of Stone.

As a labourer in the vineyard of the modern drama, Philip Stone stands pre-eminent. How often have his elephants carried the paste-board glories of an Easter show, to the triumphal sounds of "enthusiastic applause from a most brilliant and overflowing audience!" How often have his snow-storms fallen "until further notice!" How often have his flying dragons "suspended the free list—the public press always excepted!" Believe it, reader—gentle or not, as it may be—we do not descant on the character of a common man. The natural acuteness and acquired erudition of Stone are altogether wonderful: he knows the whole character of a new piece, from, simply, the list of properties therein required. The moveables are to him eloquent hieroglyphics—and he, a dramatic Champollion—deciphers them most oracularly. His theatrical experience is wholly comprised in this fund of curious and rarely-acquired knowledge. For instance, he jumped at once to the denouement of 'The Magpie and the Maid,' from the list delivered to him—"one magpie—one spoon!" When Stone was told to have a cradle ready, he observed shrilly, but knowingly, "I see, Sir, another piece of domestic interest." When his eye met the list, "Four kangaroos, three tigers, one pelican, and a bolster stained with very red blood," he simply remarked, "Ha, ha!—something legitimate." He was once asked by one of the carpenters, as to the merits of a forthcoming novelty—"was it of strong interest?"—"Very strong:—three pistols, a bowl of poison, and a blunderbuss." With him, dramas are altogether represented by their "properties"; in fact, they merge their names in the articles of the scene; thus, with Stone, 'The Merchant of Venice,' becomes "the casket

piece;" 'Macbeth' sinks into "the cauldron and brooms;"—though, by the way, an incident connected with this tragedy is illustrative of the professional anxiety of our hero: by some chance, he once stood at the wing when Kean exclaimed, "Is that a dagger that I see before me?" at the same time, as Phil thought, glaring reproachfully at him. Stone, in an agony of impatience, threw himself on his defence—turning to the prompter, he exclaimed, "By —, Mr. Wilmot—it wasn't in the list!" It took considerable pains to convince him, that the actor meant visionary steel; and though convinced, Stone remained of opinion, that the "the air-drawn dagger" ought to have been among the tangible properties. It was not until this event, that Stone discovered the blood in which Macbeth on his exit, smeared his hands, was the blood of a king; when, ever after, he made it, with a fine prodigality of rose-pink, of a richer dye than the blood used in common: had Dryden been property-man, he could not have done better.

All the work, however, with Macbeths and King Lear, and such dull people, brings with it but little satisfaction; the less, because it has once or twice—for who can be infallible?—entrapped Stone into slight errors of judgment. For instance—he once recommended a few friends, anxious to see a stage conflagration, to go, on a particular night, to the gallery; there was neither accidental explosion, nor premeditated arson, and yet Stone, with his general acuteness, expected no less, for the piece was called 'King John,' and he was ordered to prepare a stove, and to have irons painted red-hot. He committed nearly a similar mistake when jumbling the properties required for *Bottom* with heads of living beasts in 'The Lions of Mysore,' he prophesied that the quadruped spectacle "was something of the same sort as the ass's head piece!" Neither must we omit one little touch of professional jealousy. When Stone was shown the lions, tigers, kangaroos, &c., he checked all vulgar surprise, and turning on his heel, whistled, or said, for with Phil 'tis all the same—"Humph! I think Blamire † could make as good." Nay, when the boa-constrictor was in full acting, and drawing down "reiterated applause from a crowded and fashionable audience," a scintilla of contempt burned in the eye of Stone, as glancing at the snake, he cried, "Ha! does'nt work like Blamire's!" But the carnival of Phil is the run of the pantomime: properties are properties, there; speech, song, and look, sink into their original nothingness; and a calf's head goes for something. It is then Philip reigns in the magazine of passion: it is then he awakens our sympathies into live ducks, Bologna sausages, and babies stolen from wet nurse. Here he brings down the speculative to the tangible, and, under him, an abstract idea ceases to be: he here preaches to us a great literary lesson; showing, that the finest fancy is based on the real: this way, he is at times a vain philosopher, making a romance a *caput mortuum*.

The moralist, the divine, might write *essays*, preach sermons on the calling of Philip Stone. He at once represents Time, Death, and Fate, with all their awful properties. He gives the crown and sceptre to the king—and, the brief hour strutted, receives them back again. To some stands he a cherry-lipped Cupid, offering a love-letter—a short space—and to the same fair hand he proffers poison; he gives purses to spendthrifts, and the money cast away, he presents pistols. He deals in laurel garlands, and fetters "of all prices, from one guinea to ten;" daggers and wedding-rings, goblets of gold, and cups of delph: ladders of ropes to bear passionate souls "to the high top-gallant of their love," and rat-traps to imprison vermin.

† "The properties by Blamire."—See the play-bills, *passim*.

The drama is played out—the curtain falls—the lights are extinguished—all is dark. Phil—that is, Fate—hath tumbled together in an undistinguished heap, sceptres and staves, rich banquet cups, and “yellow chapless skulls.” All the “properties” of the brilliant scene are cast aside, and Phil’s—that is, Fate’s—black apron covers all!

We beseech our readers, of all sects, to buy the portrait of Stone; the similitude of that extraordinary person, who, though controlling the moveables of Drury Lane so many years, yet remains a “property” man!

In no mocking or ignorant spirit have we traced these lines. They are a thankful offering, not of one with no legal voice to celebrate such acknowledgments, but from (at least sometimes,) ONE OF THE REPRESENTED.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

##### *Illustrations of Heath's Book of Beauty.*

“INSTINCT,” says Falstaff, “is a great matter”—he was a coward by instinct—by instinct he knew the true Prince, and we are sure it must be by instinct that a publisher knows a bad book. The appearance of such a work is always announced with beat of drum; but, somehow Mr. Bentley ventures to let the ‘Buccaneers’ reach us in time for a first notice to appear in the *Athenæum*. Mr. Heath, too, could favour us with an early copy of the ‘Picturesque,’ but all the superlatives in the language must precede the appearance of the ‘Book of Beauty.’ Thus reports the Trumpeter:—“Heavens! Cupid’s whole quiver! Such a galaxy of charms was surely never before assembled.—Here are beauties of every description—the fair, the dark, the majestic, the elegant, the lively, the pensive,—beauties to captivate all tastes.” Now, the writer of this flaming extravagance knew perfectly well, that the work was already nick-named in the trade, “The Dusty Shelf Book.”

The work has one great fault—its name; and this, no doubt, led to the re-christening. A “Book of Beauty” raised expectations, which, we fear, all the artists in England, could not gratify. But, the godfathers have done the work injustice. Though there are portraits only worthy a lady’s magazine, such as ‘Leonora,’ which by some instinctive accident, is not to be found in our copy; and some unworthy a lady’s magazine, such as ‘The Mask,’ there are others of great delicacy and beauty, and engraved with admirable skill. ‘The Bride,’ by Chalon; ‘Belinda,’ by Miss Eliza Sharpe; ‘Meditation,’ by Boxall; ‘The Orphan,’ by Miss Sharpe; ‘Lolah,’ by Boxall, are surely deserving admiration.

*Lady Charlotte Butler.* Engraved by Dean, from a Painting by Morton.

AFTER this, we must not talk irreverently of the illustrations in the magazines. If Mr. Bull continues to carry on the *Court Magazine* with the same spirit that he has hitherto done, he will be triumphantly successful.

##### *Memorials of Oxford, No. I.*

THERE are engravings here by the well-known hand of Le Keux, and views on wood of some of the fairest buildings, and most interesting parts in Oxford. The letter-press accompaniment is from the pen of the President of Trinity College. The work is cheap, and cannot fail to be interesting to many.

##### *Parker's Medal of Sir Walter Scott.*

THIS is an old acquaintance; it was copied from Chantrey’s Bust, by young Stothard, some years ago, was noticed in the newspapers, applauded, and forgotten, till called into notice a second time by the death of the illustrious poet. It is like the original bust in Abbotsford, but wants

much of that comic penetration of eye with which the sculptor gave life and character to his marble.

#### THEATRICALS.

##### DRURY LANE.

THE comedy of ‘Who Wants a Guinea,’ written by the present licenser, when he was licentious, or rather, when his only licence was that poetical one which he now refuses to others, was given here on Saturday last, to introduce to us an American actor, Mr. Hackett, in the part of *Solomon Swap*—olim, *Solomon Gundy*. This part has been transmogrified into an American, and re-christened accordingly, in order to give Mr. Hackett an opportunity of amusing an English audience, with some of the queer phrases in use by the more vulgar portion of his countrymen. Judging from his performance of Saturday night, we should call him an actor of considerable humour and considerable ease. That his portraiture was genuine, we can testify from personal experience; and that it was highly relished by the audience, was proved by their continued laughter and applause. To us, as recalling the days of youthful travel, and youthful excitement, it was particularly pleasant, and we consider it altogether so harmless a cause of mirth that we can only wonder at some of the papers having talked about the bad taste of Mr. Hackett’s coming here among foreigners, to hold his countrymen up to ridicule. Above all, we wonder at our giant friend, the *Times*, which has put forth on the occasion certain remarks which we are compelled to designate by the undignified name of twaddle. Would Mr. Liston, or could he, with justice, be accused of wishing to hold his own countrymen up to ridicule, if he were to go to New York and act *Lubin Log*? But really the question is superfluous—there can be but one answer from any man of common sense. Mr. Hackett was cordially received, and warmly applauded, and we are glad to have to report it. We heard it remarked, that with all this gentleman’s alterations of the part, (and it is changed of course throughout,) he was quite as near his original, as either Mr. Dowton or Mr. Power were respectively to theirs. We are rather inclined to agree with this remark, for, assuredly, they were both most remarkably imperfect. Mr. Dowton has a higher sin to answer for—and one which never has been, and never shall be passed over, without at least an expression of our reprehension. There are many passages in this play, which, as written by Mr. Colman himself, are wholly unfit for modest, nay, even for decent ears. It was Mr. Dowton’s pleasure to make bad worse, and so to conduct himself as to shock and disgust every person of respectability in the house. We trust that the indignant hisses, with which his bad taste was greeted, will teach him better for the future. The theatres, at all events the major ones, are not so over-well attended, as to need having more people driven from them by such a method as this. Mr. Dowton, when he will learn his part, is a great acquisition to any theatre; but when he not only forgets his part, but forgets himself into the bargain, the very excellence of his acting increases the magnitude of his offence.

The comedy was followed by an interlude, called, ‘The Militia Muster.’ It is only an amplication of Mr. Mathews’s American song on the same subject. It is poorly arranged for the stage, and has nothing to recommend it but Mr. Hackett’s American militia officer—and even this, from the similarity of the phrases to those previously used by him in the comedy, soon began to be tiresome, and the audience testified their impatience in the usual way. Still, it was evidently more against the piece than against the actor that their sibilations were directed. Mr. Hackett is about to appear

in other characters, and we heartily wish him success. The balance of account for good acting, sold and delivered, between the two countries, is sorely against the Americans; and, seeing how slender is our present stock of the raw material, we don’t care how soon they take measures for paying it off.

Dr. Young’s tragical prescription, made up from other people’s drugs, and originally sold under the name of ‘The Revenge,’ was “exhibited” to the audience here, on Wednesday, four hours before bed-time. It is tolerably well known as having been for many years occasionally to be had at all the Patent Theatres, and of most itinerant tragedy venders. We cannot, now, notice it at length—but shall probably do so at some leisure moment, when we enlarge a little upon the subject of the much boasted “standard dramas” of England, as contrasted with the “trash” of modern authors, and take the liberty of inquiring where such standard dramas are, and what they are. In the meantime, although we are fully alive to the occasional beauties of language which are to be met with in this tragedy, we believe we do not go too far in saying that it owes its rescue from well merited oblivion, to the splendid powers of mind which Mr. John Kemble condescended to waste upon the delineation of the principal character. *Zanga*, on Wednesday evening, was personated by a foreigner of rank, whom we understand to be a Count—an Italian. The noble actor has an excellent voice, a good countenance (as well as we could see it) and a tolerable person. His conception of the part was just, and his acting spirited and pains-taking. The foreign accent was observable, but not intrusive. If he means to make the stage his profession, we are inclined to doubt his proving an acquisition for general purposes—but, for a time at least, there will probably be a curiosity to see him, and we may safely say that he has talent enough to repay it. Miss Phillips and Mr. Cooper did all that was requisite for their respective parts,—but we are happy that time and space interfere to prevent any comments on the rest of the Dram. Pers.

##### COVENT GARDEN.

WE much regretted not being present on Monday last at Mr. Sheridan Knowles’s personation of *William Tell*—but we can’t be everywhere, and Covent Garden was squeezed out between a new piece at the Olympic, and another at the Adelphi. We think it, however, but a proper compliment to Mr. Knowles to report the circumstance, which was of sufficient interest to the public to draw a good house, and at the same time to state, that his acting on the occasion has, by universal consent, been decreed the honours of the press. We congratulate every man who stands forward like a man, and successfully takes his own part. It is refreshing to know that his pen is again at work, and that about Christmas we shall hear another of his plays.

##### OLYMPIC THEATRE.

ANOTHER “agreeable trifle” (a favourite phrase with us “excepted” Gentlemen of the Press,) was put forth here on Monday, called ‘The Old Gentleman,’ and was well received. It is an adaptation by Mr. Webster, who plays the principal character in it, from the French piece, entitled ‘L’Homme de Soixante Ans.’ The subject is slight. A pair of youthful lovers quarrel and pout; and Miss, in a fit of revenge, sends for the Old Gentleman, and undertakes to marry him. The Old Gentleman, discovering how matters are, sees the folly of the proceeding, and has the good sense to endeavour, in a good-humoured way, to disgust the girl with the sort of life she must lead when united to him. Revenge, however, for the time prevails over every other sentiment, and the contract is signed. This done, she faints, and thus unequivocally

discloses the real state of her heart. The Old Gentleman is touched—he tears the contract, and effects a reconciliation between the two ducks, who have been making grease of themselves. To those who never saw the original, the Old Gentleman of Mr. Webster is a pleasant delineation of the character, as he himself has written it. To us, who have repeatedly seen the inimitable Potier in the part, the case is necessarily different, and by us, Mr. Webster has to be tried by a severer test; a test, indeed, so severe, that no English actor but Mr. Farren could hope to stand it; and even he, admirable actor, and finished artist as he is, would scarcely get through the fiery ordeal, without a singe. In the contract scene, the effect which M. Potier produced by his manner of delivering the simple words “Elle a signé,” was one of those bits which it would be as difficult as it would be disagreeable to forget. Miss Murray played with spirit, and she is not without aptitude for the stage, but English actors and actresses have yet to learn of French ones how to stand still upon the stage. They generally conduct a part, as if they were conducting an orchestra—with head, and hand, and foot—and come to their points as a sporting dog comes to his—after they have ranged the whole field before them. Messrs. James Vining and Leaves enacted their small parts of Servant and Master, pleasantly enough—and Mrs. Orger, that delightful actress, whose true value is at last felt and acknowledged, did, in the servant, as usual, all that the part gave her an opportunity of doing with it, and then superadded something for herself, and something more for the audience. If, instead of putting a string of cut and dried questions, to a parcel of interested people, the Dramatic Committee had adjourned to the Olympic Theatre, (as a Coroner’s Jury, who want really to get at the truth, adjourn to view the body,) and witnessed Mrs. Orger’s acting of her recent characters—they would have had better evidence of the superiority of moderate sized theatres over large ones, than any that has yet reached them. Though the great increase in popularity, which this lady has recently obtained, is undoubtedly owing to her transfer from Drury Lane to this stage, it is a great mistake to suppose that she (speaking of her as an actress) is a gainer by it. It is the public who are gainers. Her talent was the same before, but the public are now placed where they can feel the full force of it. We assert, and are prepared to maintain, “totis manibus, viribus, dentibus, unguibus et calcibus,” that a small theatre is better than a large one, not because almost any acting will do in it, as it is too much the fashion to imagine, but because it separates the metal from the dross, and exposes indifferent as much as it discloses good acting. This is not the received opinion—if it were, there would be no occasion for us to put it forth—but it is the right one, and that is why we do.

## ADELPHI THEATRE.

A piece called ‘Bad Business,’ which is of two parts; the first being a discussion upon the state of theatricals in general, by major and minor managers, under their private names; and the second, a sort of melo-drame run mad, was produced here on Monday. It is only intended for a broad bit of fun, and as such should not be too critically examined; but an additional reason for allowance being made was, unfortunately, furnished by the sudden indisposition of Mrs. Fitzwilliam. Miss Daly took the book and her place, at three minutes’ notice, and surmounted the difficulties of her situation, as well as could be expected. The house was crammed in every part, the attraction of ‘Henriette’ continuing undiminished.

## THE DRURY-LANE PLAY-BILLS.

“We hope we don’t intrude;” but a few words upon our favourite and never-failing topic, occur to us as indispensable. If we were inclined to be serious, we could and might well be so. A national theatre ought to be a place, where foreigners, and even Englishmen, might go to hear the English language given in perfect purity of style and accent. What then can be more likely to create general distrust upon this head, than to let people infer from the play-bills, how little care the management bestows upon the subject? We know not to whom this department is entrusted; but assuredly, the English employed is so bad, that we no sooner darn it for them in one place, than a hole breaks out in another. Our complaint last week was, that Mr. Kean and Mr. Macready were advertised to play *Othello* and *Iago* “alternately,” on the same night. This mistake has since been rectified; but the great red letter puff, goes on to say, that “to prevent any disappointment in the procuration (!) of seats, as early an application for places as possible is requested, in consequence of the numerous parties that have (what, think you, gentle reader?) already secured them.” Some good-natured friend told them, we suppose, that this was wrong, but did not extend his good-nature so far as to tell them how to set it right; accordingly, in Thursday’s bills, we find the following: “To prevent any disappointment in the procuration” (again) “of seats, in consequence of the numerous parties that have already secured them, as early an application for places as possible, is requested.” This is something like “Erratum in our last, for His Grace the Duchess of Marlborough, read Her Grace the Duke.” We are quite aware, that, owing to the hurry in which play-bills are sometimes necessarily drawn up, errors must occasionally creep in; and every one who trusts himself in print knows also, from woful experience, that if he fails to make errors for himself, they will, ever and anon, be made for him. We make all allowance for this, and only notice these things when they have been left day after day, to stare the whole town in the face, and proclaim that it is ignorance, not accident, which has placed them there.

## MISCELLANEA

*St. Luke’s Academy, Rome.*—This illustrious body celebrated the festival of its patron on the 16th and 18th of last month, on which days its members combined religious with mundane ceremonials, by attending mass in the academical church, and escorting the ‘Augustissimo Sacramento,’ in solemn procession through the main streets of Rome. The halls and gallery of the Academy were thrown open to the public on both of those days; amongst the novelties exhibited were a marble bust of Cardinal Pacca, one of the most liberal patrons of the institution, executed by the deceased Cavaliere Laboureur, at the expense of the Academy, and another of the great Canova, likewise executed at its expense by Professor Albacini, as a tribute of gratitude to the memory of one who had so honourably filled the office of president of the Academy.

*Madrid Exhibition.*—The exhibition of works by native artists for the present year is reported by a Madrid critic as highly creditable to their taste and skill. The master-pieces in the collection are considered to be, ‘Bishop St. Ruso, delivering a Discourse to his Flock,’ by Vicente Lopez, first painter to the Spanish court; ‘Madrado’s (a young artist) ‘Contenance of Scipio,’ and ‘King Alphonso, conferring the honour of knighthood on the Cid.’ The competition for the prizes, which give the successful candidates the right to pensions from the king whilst pursuing their studies in Rome, has resulted in favour of three young painters, De Ribere,

Saez, and Gariot; two sculptors, De Medina, and Ponciano Ponzano; and two architects, Alvarez and De Meza. Among the latest productions of the Spanish press is the “*Usages y demas Derechos de Catalonia*,” (Customs and other rights of Catalonia) in three volumes.

The University of Gressen, in the grand-duchy of Hesse, the native country of Professor Bernays, of King’s College, has lately conferred on him the honorary degree of Doctor.

*First Opera.*—The first composer, who tried his hand at setting an opera to music, was Francesco Bayerini, an Italian artist; and the piece, to which he lent the charm of a melodious accompaniment, was, ‘The Conversion of St. Paul,’ which was brought out at Rome in 1480.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

| Days of W.&Mon. | Thermom. Max. Min. | Barometer. Noon. | Winds.     | Weather. |
|-----------------|--------------------|------------------|------------|----------|
| Th. 15          | 53 43              | 29.65            | S.E.       | Cloudy.  |
| Fr. 16          | 53 36              | 30.15            | N.E.       | Dicto.   |
| Sat. 17         | 52 38              | 30.25            | E.         | Dicto.   |
| Sun. 18         | 48 38              | Stat.            | E. to S.E. | Dicto.   |
| Mon. 19         | 49 42              | 29.95            | S.E.       | Dicto.   |
| Tues. 20        | 56 42              | 29.00            | S.E.       | Clear.   |
| Wed. 21         | 51 37              | 29.38            | S.E.       | Cloudy.  |

Clouds.—Cirrostratus and Cirrocumulus.

Nights and Mornings fair throughout the week.

Mean temperature of the week, 46°; greatest variation, 18°.

Day decreased on Wednesday, 8h. 4m.

## NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

On New Year’s Day, complete in one volume, uniform with the Waverley Novels, ‘The Ghost-Hunter and his Family,’ by the O’Hara Family, forming the first monthly volume of the Library of Original Romance, edited by Leitch Ritchie.

The Dublin University Calendar for 1833.

Third Series of McGregor’s True Stories from the History of Ireland.

The Emigrant’s Guide to Upper and Lower Canada, by F. A. Evans.

America, a Moral and Political Sketch, by Achilles Murat, son of the late King of the Two Sicilies.

Early in December, the Second Series of ‘The Chameleon,’ It will have a new feature, in Twelve Original Melodies, for the voice and pianoforte.

A New Year book will appear at the holidays, named ‘The Epigrammatist’s Annual.’

The Portrait Gallery of distinguished Females, including Beauties of the Courts of George IV. and William IV., with Memoirs by John Burke, Esq. will be commenced on the 1st of January 1833, and completed within the year.

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## TO CORRESPONDENTS

Thanks to L. S. C.—A Mourner.

We should be sorry to say an unkind word to our learned friend, who calls himself “A small Pedagogue”; but we are equally unable to give him advice, or offer patronage.

H.B.F. is out of date.

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No. 266.

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"This Mass having been especially associated with festivity and enjoyment, was always attended by such excessive numbers, that the ceremony was in most parishes celebrated in the open air, if the weather were at all favourable. Altogether, as we have said, the appearance of the country at this dead hour of the night, was wild and impressive. Being Christmas, every heart was up, and every pocket replenished with money, if it could at all be procured. This

general elevation of spirits was nowhere more remarkable than in contemplating the thousands of both sexes, old and young, each furnished, as before said, with a blazing flambeau of bog-fir, all streaming down the mountain sides, along the roads, or across the fields, and settling at last into one broad sheet of fire. Many a loud laugh might then be heard ringing the night echo into reverberation: mirthful was the gabble in hard, guttural Irish; and now and then a song from some one whose potations had been rather copious, would rise on the night breeze, to which a chorus was subjoined by a dozen voices from the neighbouring groups."

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"Good Christians—This is the day—how-andiver, it's night now—that the angel Lucifer appeared to Shud'orth, Meeshach, an' To-bed-we-go, in the village of Constantinople, near Jerroosalem. The heavens be praised for it, 'twas a blessed an' holy night, an' remains so from that day to this—Oxis doxis glorioxia, Amin! Well: the sarra one of him but appeared to thim at the hour o' midnight, but they were asleep at the time, you see, and didn't persave him. So wid that he pulled out a horn like mine—an', by the same token, it's lucky to wear horns about one, from that day to this—an' he put it to his lips, an' tuck a good dacent—I mane, gave a good dacent blast that soon roused them. 'Are yees asleep?' says he, when they awoke; 'why then, bud-an'-age!' says he, 'isn't it a burnin' shame for able stout fellows like yees to be asleep at the hour o' midnight of all hours o' the night. Tare-an-age!' says he, 'get up wid yees, you dirty spalpeens! There's St. Pathrick in Jerrooslem beyant; the Pope's signin' his mittimus to Ireland, to bless it in regard that neither corn, nor barley, nor phaties, will grow an the land in quensequence of a set of varmint that ates it up; an' there's not a glass o' whiskey to be had in Ireland for love or money,' says Lucifer. \* \* \* And now says he, 'bekase you wor so heavy-headed, I order it from this out, that the present night is to be observed in the Catholic church all over the world, an' must be kep holy; an' no thrue Catholic ever will miss from this pariod an opportunity of bein' awake at midnight,' says he. An' now, good Christians, you have an account o' the blessed carol I was singin' for yees. They're but hapuns a-piece; an' anybody that has the grace to keep one o' these about them, will never meet wid sudden deaths or accidents, such as hangin', or drownin', or bein' taken suddenly wid a configuration inwardly."

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"He who stood at midnight upon a little mount which rose behind the chapel, might see between five and six thousand torches, all blazing together, and forming a level mass of red dusky light, burning against the dark horizon. These torches were so close to each other that their light seemed to blend, as if they had constituted one wide surface of flame; and nothing could be more preternatural-looking than the striking and devotional countenances of those who were assembled at their midnight worship, when observed beneath this canopy of fire. The Mass was performed under the open sky, upon a table covered with the sacrificial linen and other apparatus for the ceremony. The priest stood, robed in white, with two large torches on each side of his book, reciting the prayers in a low, rapid voice, his hands raised, whilst the congregation were hushed and bent forward in the reverential silence of devotion, their faces touched by the strong blaze of the torches into an expression of deep solemnity. The scenery about the place was wild and striking; and the stars, scattered thinly over the heavens, twinkled with a faint religious light, that blended well with the solemnity of this extraordinary worship, and rendered the rugged nature of the abrupt cliffs and precipices, together with the still outline of the stern mountains, sufficiently visible to add to the wildness and singularity of the ceremony. In fact, there was an unearthly character about it; and the spectre-like appearance of the white-robed priest, as he

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"Arrah, Captain, avourneen, hadn't you better get upon a stool," said a voice, 'an' put a text before it, thin divide it dacently into three halves, an' make a saxon of it.'

"Captain, you wor intinded for the church," added another. 'You're the moral [model] of a Methodist preacher, if you wor dressed in black.'

"The captain's face was literally black with passion: he turned away with a curse, which produced another buzz, and swore that he would

rather encounter the Bay of Biscay in a storm, than have anything to do with such an unmanageable mob."

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"'I'll give him a crown,' replied the captain, 'together with grog and rations.'

"'Thin I'll do it fwhor you, Sir, if you keep your word wit me.'

"'Done,' said the Captain, 'it's a bargain, my good fellow, if you accomplish it; and, what's more, I'll consider you a knowing one.'

"'I'm a poor Cannaught man, your haner,' replied our friend Phil, 'but what's to prevint me thryin'?' Tell him," he continued, 'that you must go; putind to be fwhor takin' thim wit you, Sir. Put Munsther agin Cannaught, one half an this side, an' the other an that, to keep the crathur of a ship steady, your haner; an' fwhin you have thim half an' half, wit a little room be-tuxt thim, "now," says your haner, "boys, you're divided into two halves; if one side kicks the other out o' the ship, I'll bring the cunquirors."

"The captain said not a word in reply to Phil, but immediately ranged the Munster and Connaught men on each side of the deck. \* \* \*

"'Now,' said he, 'there you stand: let one half of you drub the other out of the vessel, and the conquerors shall get their passage.'

"Instant was the struggle that ensued for the sake of securing a passage, and from the anxiety to save a shilling, by getting out of Liverpool on that day. \* \* \*

"When the attack first commenced, each party hoped to be able to expel the other without blows. This plan was soon abandoned. In a few minutes the sticks and fists were busy. Throttling, tugging, cuffing, and knocking down—shouting, hallooing, huzzaing, and yelling, gave evident proofs that the captain, in embracing Phil's proposal, had unwittingly applied the match to a mine, whose explosion was likely to be attended with disastrous consequences. \* \* \*

"The immense crowd which had now assembled to witness the fight among the Irishmen, could not stand tamely by, and see so many lives likely to be lost, without calling in the civil authorities. A number of constables in a few minutes attended; but these worthy officers of the civil authorities experienced very uncivil treatment from the fists, cudgels, and sickles of both parties. In fact, they were obliged to get from among the rioters with all possible celerity, and to suggest to the magistrates the necessity of calling in the military.

"In the meantime the battle rose into a furious and bitter struggle for victory. \* \* Several were pitched into the hold, and had their legs and arms broken by the fall: some were tossed over the sides of the vessel, and only saved from drowning by the activity of the sailors; and not a few of those who had been knocked down in the beginning of the fray were trampled into insensibility.

"The Munster men at length gave way; and their opponents, following up their advantage, succeeded in driving them to a man out of the vessel, just as the military arrived."

The 'Geography of an Irish Oath' is a tale full of that practical morality and sound common sense, for which Miss Edgeworth's Tales were so remarkable. It details the progress of an honest couple from poverty to wealth, by the means of patient and prudent industry.

We shall anxiously expect the two remaining volumes of this interesting work; for that before us contains more information respecting the characters, habits, and feelings of the Irish peasantry than any that has for a long

time come before the British public. We are sorry, however, to miss Brooke's lively sketches, which formed an additional attraction to the former series.

*Poems, (now first published.)* By Alfred Tennyson. London: Moxon.

MR. TENNYSON is unquestionably a poet of fancy, feeling, and imagination; gifted with a deep sense of the beautiful, and endowed with a spirit "finely touched," and often to "fine issues." Where he suffers his thoughts to follow the natural current of his feelings, instead of sending them painfully out in search of metaphysical subtleties, and ingenious refinements, they lead him invariably into regions breathing the legitimate and undeniable air of poetry, and along paths bright with some of its very sweetest flowers. Mr. Tennyson is never so happy as when he is simple; and yet he takes an unaccountable delight in being fanciful to the verge (say, till he is often utterly lost to us, within the precincts) of unintelligibility. Imbued with an evident love of our own early writers, he has not been content to catch—as he has undoubtedly done—their passion and their pathos, their fine imagination, their boldness of thought, their frequent felicity of expression, and, above all, their beautiful appreciation of the female character;—but he has felt it necessary to transplant into his own style, the quaint conceits, the elaborate subtleties, the clumsy allegories, and but too many of the affectations of a school utterly and long since disavowed,—affectations which we have much ado to forgive, even to the old writers, on the plea of the spirit of their times, and in favour of the unrivalled beauties with which they are associated. So strong, indeed, seems to be Mr. Tennyson's love of singularity, that either that which is antiquated, or that which is palpable innovation, (be it in thought, or expression, or orthography,) possesses an irresistible charm for him; and accordingly his poetry is marred, and its beauty disfigured, and sometimes absolutely concealed, not only by discarded phrase and obsolete pronunciation, but by words newly compounded after the German model; and which the eye is some time before it has learned to read. We must just advert, also, to his broken and irregular measures, for the sake of observing, that he gives himself a licence in that respect, which, with his obvious sensibility to melody and finely-tuned ear, has the effect of carelessness.

We have mentioned all these peculiarities of Mr. Tennyson's style, because they are all in his own wrong, and hinder the due appreciation of the fine poetic spirit that is in him. The unstudied language of enthusiasm, the spontaneous voice of passion, or the instinctive language of feeling, (and Mr. Tennyson can speak them all,) are all poetry, and are only robbed of their effect by the sort of coolness and deliberation implied in the attempt to make them speak in any other forms than those which it would be natural for them to use. Why, when Mr. Tennyson can deal so delightfully as he does with the moral and natural influences, should he puzzle himself with running after an idea, which, from his apparent earnestness, we have no doubt he thinks he perceives, but which we confess is often too attenuated and minute for our perception? Or why, being the man

he is, should he distress himself with an inquiry like the following?—

Who can say  
Why today  
Tomorrow will be yesterday?  
Who can tell  
Why to smell  
The violet, recalls the dewy prime  
Of youth and buried time?  
The cause is nowhere found in rhyme.

And this, our readers will observe, is not *part* but the *whole* of a poem; and no doubt they will agree with us, in wondering that any man who can give us such poems as the following, should have taken the trouble to write it:—

*The Miller's Daughter.*

I met in all the close green ways,  
While walking with my line and rod,  
The wealthy miller's mealy face,  
Like the moon in an ivy-tod.  
He looked so jolly and so good—  
While fishing in the milldam-water,  
I laughed to see him as he stood,  
And dreamt not of the miller's daughter.

I saw the wealthy miller yet—  
His double chin—his portly size;  
And who that knew him could forget  
The busy wrinkles round his eyes,  
The slow wise smile, that, round about  
His dusty forehead drily curled,  
Seemed half-within, and half-without,  
And full of dealings with the world?

In yonder chair I see him sit—  
Three fingers round the old silver cup:  
I see his gray eyes twinkle yet  
At his own jest—gray eyes lit up  
With summer lightnings of a soul  
So full of summer warmth, so glad,  
So healthy, sound and clear and whole,  
His memory scarce makes me sad.

Yet all my glass,—give me one kiss;  
My darling Alice, we must die,  
There's somewhat in this world amiss,  
Shall be unaided by and by.  
There's somewhat flows to us in life,  
But more is taken quite away.  
Fray, Alice, pray, my own sweet wife,  
That we may die the selfsame day.

How dear to me in youth, my love,  
Was everything about the mill,  
The black and silent pool above,  
The pool beneath that ne'er stood still.  
The meal-sacks on the whitened floor,  
The dark round of the dripping wheel,  
The very air about the door  
Made misty with the floating meal!

Remember you that pleasant day  
When, after roving in the woods,  
('Twas April then) I came and lay  
Beneath those gummy chesnut-buds  
That glistened in the April blue,  
Upon the slope so smooth and cool,  
I lay and never thought of you,  
But angled in the deep millpool.

A water-rat from off the bank  
Plunged in the stream. With idle care,  
Downlooking through the sedges rank,  
I saw your troubled image there.  
Upon the dark and dimpled back  
It wandered like a floating light,  
A full fair form, a warm white neck,  
And two white arms—how rosy white!  
If you remember, you had set  
Upon the narrow casement-edge  
A long green box of mignonette,  
And you were leaning from the ledge.

In rambling on the eastern wold,  
When through the showery April nights  
Their hushed crescent glimmered cold,  
From all the other village-lights  
I knew your taper far away.  
My heart was full of trembling hope.  
Down from the wold I came and lay  
Upon the dewyswarded slope.

The white chalk-quarry from the hill  
Upon the broken ripple gleamed,  
I murmured lowly, sitting still  
While round my feet the eddy streamed:  
"Oh! that I were the wreath she wreathes,  
The mirror where her sight she feeds,  
The song she sings, the air she breathes,  
The letters of the book she reads."

Sometimes I saw you sit and spin,  
And, in the pauses of the wind,  
Sometimes I heard you sing within,  
Sometimes your shadow crossed the blind,

At last you rose, and moved the light,  
And the long shadow of the chair  
Flitted across into the night,  
And all the casement darkened there.

I loved, but when I dared to speak  
My love, the lanes were white with May,  
Your ripe lips moved not, but your cheek  
Flushed like the coming of the day.  
Rosecheek, roselipt, half-aly, half-ahy,  
You would, and would not, little one,  
Altho' I pleaded tenderly,  
And you and I were all alone.  
Remember you the clear moonlight,  
That whitened all the eastern ridge,  
When o'er the water, dancing white,  
I stepped upon the old millbridge?  
I heard you whisper from above  
A lute-toned whisper, "I am here."  
I murmured, "Speak again, my love,  
The stream is loud: I cannot hear."

Come, Alice, sing to me the song  
I made you on our marriage-day,  
When, arm in arm, we went along  
Half-tearfully, and you were gay  
With brooch and ring: for I shall seem,  
The while you sing that song, to hear  
The millwheel turning in the stream,  
And the green chestnut whisper near.

SONG.

I wish I were her ear-ring,  
Ambushed in auburn ringlets sleek,  
(So might my shadow tremble  
Over her downy cheek.)  
Hid in her hair, all day and night,  
Touching her neck so warm and white.

I wish I were the girle  
Buckled about her dainty waist,  
That her heart might beat against me,  
In sorrow and in rest.  
I should know well if it beat right,  
I'd clasp it round so close and tight.

I wish I were her necklace,  
So might I ever fall and rise  
Upon her balmey bosom  
With her laughter, or her sighs.  
I would lie round so warm and light,  
I would not be unclasped at night.

A trifle, sweet! which true love spells—  
True love interprets right alone;  
For o'er each letter broods and dwells,  
(Like light from running waters thrown  
On flowery swaths) the blissful flame  
Of his sweet eyes, that, day and night,  
With pulses thrilling through his frame  
Do faintly tremble, starry-bright.  
How I waste language—yet in truth  
You must blame love, whose early rage  
Made me a rhymester in my youth,  
And over-garrulous in age.  
Sing me that other song I made,  
Half-angered with my happy lot,  
When in the beechy lime-wood-shade,  
I found the blue forget-me-not.

SONG.

All yesternight you met me not.  
My ladylove, forget me not.  
When I am gone, regret me not,  
But, here or there, forget me not.  
With your arched eyebrow threat me not,  
And tremulous eyes, like April skies,  
That seem to say, "forget me not."  
I pray you, love, forget me not.

In idle sorrow set me not;  
Regret me not—forget me not;  
Oh! leave me not—oh, let me not  
Wear quite away—forget me not.  
With roguish laughter fret me not  
From dewy eyes, like April skies,  
That ever look, "forget me not,"  
Blue as the blue forget-me-not.

Look thro' mine eyes with thine. True wife,  
Round my true heart thine arms entwined,  
My other dearer life in life,  
Look thro' my very soul with thine.  
Untouched with any shade of years,  
May those kind eyes for ever dwell,  
They have not shed a many tears,  
Dear eyes! since first I knew them well.  
I've half a mind to walk, my love,  
To the old mill across the wolds,  
For look! the sunset from above  
Winds all the vale in rosy folds,  
And fires your narrow casement-glass,  
Touching the sullen pool below.  
On the chalk-hill the bearded grass  
Is dry and dewless. Let us go.

One of the most finished and delightful poems in Mr. Tennyson's former volume, was entitled 'Mariana, in the Moated

Grange,' and we have here a continuation of the same poem, and in the same spirit, entitled, 'Mariana in the South':—but we must pass it by, to lay the following touching verses before our readers:—

*Newyear's Eve.*

If you're waking call me early, call me early, mother dear,  
For I would see the sun rise upon the glad Newyear.  
It is the last Newyear that I shall ever see,  
Then ye may lay me low 't the mould and think no more o' me.

Tonight I saw the sun set: he set and left behind  
The good old year, the dear old time, and all my peace of mind;  
And the Newyear's coming up, mother, but I shall never see  
The may upon the blackthorn, the leaf upon the tree.

Last May we made a crown of flowers: we had a merry day:  
Beneath the hawthorn on the green they made me Queen of May;  
And we danced about the maypole, and in the hazel-cope,  
Till Charles's wain came out above the tall white chimneys.

There's not a flower on all the hills: the frost is on the pane:  
I only wish to live till the snowdrops come again:  
I wish the snow would melt and the sun come out on high—  
I long to see a flower so before the day I die.

The building rook 'll caw from the windy tall elm-tree,  
And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow lea,  
And the swallow 'll come back again with summer o'er the wave,  
But I shall lie alone, mother, within the mouldering grave.

Upon the chancel-casement, and upon that grave o' mine,  
In the early early morning the summer sun 'll shine,  
Before the red cock crows from the farm upon the hill,  
When you are warm-asleep, mother, and all the world is still.

When the flowers come again, mother, beneath the waning light,  
Ye'll never see me more in the long gray fields at night;  
When from the dry dark wold the summer airs blow cool,  
On the oatgrass and the swordgrass, and the balruah in the pool.

Ye'll bury me, my mother, just beneath the hawthorn shade,  
And ye'll come sometimes and see me where I am lowly laid.  
I shall not forget ye, mother, I shall hear ye when ye pass,  
With your feet above my head in the long and pleasant grass.

I have been wild and wayward, but ye'll forgive me now;  
Ye'll kiss me, my own mother, upon my cheek and brow;  
Nay—nay, ye must not weep, nor let your grief be wild,  
Ye should not fret for me, mother, ye have another child.

If I can I'll come again, mother, from out my resting place;  
Tho' ye'll not see me, mother, I shall look upon your face;  
Tho' I cannot speak a word, I shall hearken what ye say,  
And be often—often with ye when ye think I'm far away.

Goodnight, goodnight, when I have said goodnight for evermore,  
And ye see me carried out from the threshold of the door;  
Don't let Edie come to see me till my grave be grow-ing green:  
She'll be a better child to you than ever I have been.

She'll find my gardentools upon the granary floor:  
Let her take 'em: they are her's: I shall never garden more:  
But tell her, when I'm gone, to train the rosebush that I set,  
About the parlour-window and the box of mignonette.

Goodnight, sweet mother: call me when it begins to dawn.

All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep at morn:  
But I would see the sun rise upon the glad Newyear,  
So, if you're waking, call me, call me early, mother dear.

The poem of 'The Hesperides,' we confess, is beyond us, and we will at once hand it over to Christopher North. Neither do we greatly care if he take charge of the allego-

sical poem, 'The Palace of Art.' But we will, ourselves, call upon Mr. Tennyson to save himself the trouble (however small) necessary for penning such verses as those beginning, "O darling room";—and to give us, in their place, as many poems as he chooses, like the following:—

*The Death of the Old Year.*

Full kneedeep lies the winter snow,  
And the winter winds are wearily sighing:  
Toll ye the churchbell sad and slow,  
And tread softly and speak low,  
For the old year lies a-dying.  
Old year, you must not die.  
You came to us so readily,  
You lived with us so steadily,  
Old year, you shall not die.

He lieth still: he doth not move:  
He will not see the dawn of day.  
He hath no other life above.  
He gave me a friend, and a true true love,  
And the Newyear will take 'em away.  
Old year, you must not go.  
So long as you have been with us,  
Such joy as you have seen with us,  
Old year you shall not go.

He frothed his bumpers to the brim;  
A jollier year we shall not see.  
But tho' his eyes are waxing dim,  
And tho' his foes speak ill of him,  
He was a friend to me.  
Old year, you shall not die.  
We did so laugh and cry with you,  
I've half a mind to die with you,  
Old year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest,  
But all his merry quips are o'er.  
To see him die, across the waste  
His son and heir doth ride posthaste,  
But he'll be dead before.  
Every one for his own.  
The night is starry and cold, my friend,  
And the Newyear blithe and bold, my friend,  
Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes! over the snow  
I heard just now the crowing cock.  
The shadows flicker to and fro;  
The cricket chirps: the light burns low:  
'Tis nearly one o'clock.  
Shake hands, before you die.  
Old year, we'll dearly rue for you.  
What is it we can do for you?  
Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin.  
Alack! our friend is gone.  
Close up his eyes: tie up his chin:  
Step from the corpse, and let him in  
That standeth there alone,  
And waiteth at the door.  
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,  
And a new face at the door, my friend,  
A new face at the door.

There is fine dream-like poetry in the 'Lotos Eaters'—and the lines 'To J. S.' are full of sweet and quiet beauty. But the poem of poems in this volume, is 'Cenone'; wild—fanciful—chaste—and touching. And yet, from this poem we might extract the first twenty lines, as an example of the disagreeable effect produced by Mr. Tennyson's method of compounding his words, and writing down the compounds. But we prefer transferring to our pages some of its fine poetry, although it must be by snatches and lines, for our extracts are exceeding all reasonable length. First, the approach of Cenone:—

*Hither came*

Mournful Cenone wandering forlorn  
Of Paris, once her playmate. Round her neck,  
Her neck all marblewhite and marblecold,  
Floated her hair or seemed to float in rest.  
She, leaning on a vine-entwined stone,  
Sang to the stillness, till the mountain-shadow  
Sloped downward to her seat from the upper cliff.

"O mother Ida, manyfountained Ida,  
Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.  
The grasshopper is silent in the grass,  
The lizard with his shadow on the stone  
Sleeps like a shadow, and the scarletwinged  
Cicada in the noonday leapeth not:  
Along the water-rounded granite-rock  
The purple flower droops: the golden bee  
Is lilycradled: I alone awake.  
My eyes are full of tears, my heart of love,  
My heart is breaking and my eyes are dim,  
And I am all weary of my life."

Here is the description of Venus, when she appeared before Paris:—

O mother Ida, manyfountained Ida,  
Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.  
Idalian Aphrodite oceanborn,  
Fresh as the foam, newbathed in Paphian wells,  
With rosy slender fingers upward drew  
From her warm brow and bosom her dark hair  
Fragrant and thick, and on her head upboud  
In a purple band: below her lured neck  
Shone ivorylike, and from the ground her foot  
Gleamed rosywhite, and o'er her rounded form  
Between the shadows of the vinebunches  
Floated the glowing sunlight, as she moved.

Here again is Cenone in her deep sorrow:

Never, nevermore  
Shall I see Cenone see the morning mist  
Sweep thro' them—never see them overlaid  
With narrow moonlit ships of silver cloud,  
Between the loud stream and the trembling stars.

Oh! mother Ida, hearken ere I die.  
Hath he not sworn his love a thousand times,  
In this green valley, under this green hill,  
Er'n on this hand, and sitting on this stone?  
Sealed it with kisses! watered it with tears?  
Oh happy tears, and how unlike to these!  
Oh happy Heaven, how can'st thou see my face?  
Oh happy earth, how can'st thou bear my weight?  
O death, death, death, thou everfloating cloud,  
There are enough unhappy on this earth,  
Pass by the happy souls, that love to live:  
I pray thee, pass before my light of life,  
And shadow all my soul, that I may die.  
Thou weightest heavy on the heart within,  
Weigh heavy on my eyelids—let me die.

In reverence and respect for his genius, we have not hesitated to point out the errors of the poet—his beauties will speak for themselves, and apologise for the unusual length of this article.

*The Botanical Miscellany, containing Figures and Descriptions of such Plants as recommend themselves by their Novelty, Rarity, or History, or by the uses to which they are applied in the Arts, in Medicine, and in Domestic Economy.* By William Jackson Hooker, LL.D. F.R.A. & L.S., and Regius Professor of Botany in the University of Glasgow. 8vo. London: Murray.

On a former occasion we spoke favourably of this work. It has since assumed a more definite shape, having reached its eighth part: and we are happy to find that the good opinion of it we at first entertained has been fully justified by the manner in which it has been continued.

It is now a repository of a great variety of interesting and important papers upon a number of subjects relating, not only to pure Botany, but also to the effects of climate upon vegetation, and to the application of the science to subjects of importance both to commerce and agriculture. When the 'Annals of Botany' of Dr. Sims and Mr. König were discontinued, a great want was felt of some channel through which the discoveries of continental botanists, or the occasional brief but important memoranda of men of science in this country, could be brought before the public. The Linnæan Society received nothing but original communications, and the publication of even these was frequently so long delayed, in part from unavoidable circumstances, and in part from the dilatory habits of parties who shall be nameless, as to deter naturalists from making the *Transactions* of that learned body the medium of publication. The scientific journals afforded the only means that could be conveniently employed; but their contents, being necessarily of a mixed character, could only embrace a small portion of Botany; so that he who purchased them for the sake of the botanical papers only, was always obliged to pay for a

great quantity of information which, however valuable, was not what he wanted.

Dr. Hooker has therefore, in our judgment, conferred an important service upon the public in undertaking 'The Botanical Miscellany,' which, if only indifferently executed, would have been extremely useful,—but which, brought out as it is with skill and talent of a very high order, has become a work that ought to be in the hands of every botanist and botanical amateur.

The last part of this work contains, among other valuable papers, the commencement of a descriptive Catalogue of the plants that have been sent from the western coast of South America by the many English travellers and collectors who have of late years visited Chili and Peru for the purpose of enriching their native country with the vegetable productions of those distant regions. To the purchasers of the dried plants of the collectors, Cuming, Mathews, and Bridges, or to the possessors of the plants of Mr. Macrae, of Dr. Gillies, the enterprising but ill-requited philanthropist, of Mendoza, and of Messrs. Caldeleigh and Cruckshanks, this catalogue will be invaluable, because it will be the means of ensuring a uniform nomenclature to some thousand species now dispersed throughout the Herbaria of all Europe. When we see such men as Dr. Hooker taking upon themselves the accomplishment of labours like this, in the midst of duties of no trifling kind connected with his professional chair, we cannot but look with something like indignation upon the *fainéantise* of those into whose hands the government collections have been falling for the last thirty years, for no earthly purpose, as far as the public is concerned;—of such men and such collections it may be truly said, *nil patrium nisi nomen*.

One of the papers that will prove most interesting to the general reader, is a very curious account of the province of Emerina, in Madagascar, drawn up from the journals of Messrs. Hilsenberg and Bojer, two German botanists, who resided there for a year. With some extracts from this we must conclude our notice:—

"The province of Emerina, which may be regarded as the centre of Madagascar, but whose geographical situation is not correctly known, is divided into several sub-provinces or dependencies. It is the most elevated district of the whole of this vast island, and, for the same reason, also the healthiest, being the only part where the life of an European is not in hazard.

"Rice, the great object of Madagascar culture, and the principal article of their food, is well known to prefer marshy spots: consequently, the low-lying grounds, where the water does not run off, or the sides of the river, where inundation is easy, are preferred for this purpose. After having divided the plot into little squares with the spade, called Fangadi, the rice is thrown in, which soon germinates, and, after transplantation, yields a hundred-fold.

"After rice, manioc and batatas are the chief articles of food. The roots of manioc often acquire a monstrous size, and we have measured some which were fifteen feet long, and almost a foot in diameter. Then come maize, seasoned herbs, 'giromonds,' calabashes, earth-nuts (itracis), sugar-canes, pine-apples, bread-fruit, and the vine: and among the articles of manufacture are cotton and hemp; also potatoes, that Mr. Hastie introduced, have obtained admirably, and are of excellent quality.

"Emerina is very productive in cattle, which are remarkably large and fat; there are, also,



many sheep, differing little from goats, being covered with hair instead of wool. Their heads, however, are broader, and their tails so big, as frequently to weigh nine or ten pounds. Hogs and cabris also abound; but by an absurd command of the ancient kings, they are not allowed to come near the capital, and are kept at five or six leagues distance.

"Notwithstanding the productions that we have enumerated, the inhabitants of Madagascar are but ill-fed for half the year—they prefer fried grasshoppers and silk-worms, esteeming the latter a great delicacy; but their principal dainty is the flesh of an unborn and but half-formed calf, to obtain which, they frequently destroy the cows;—an inhuman practice, which, since our visit to Emerina, has been forbidden by government.

"The inhabitants of the province of Emerina call themselves *Huws* or *Ambaniandru*, and ironically, *Ambualambu*, (dog and hog); a name originally conferred on them by their enemies, the *Saccalawa*, and under which they are known in the colonies. In person, they are about the middling stature of Europeans; their colour varies considerably, some being very black, others only swarthy, but the complexion of the greater number is olive brown. All those who are black, have woolly hair, like the negroes of the African coast; while those who resemble mulattoes or Indians in tint, have long hair like Europeans; their features are very regular, with fine eyes, and well-set teeth, which they have a custom of blackening at intervals with the root of a climbing plant, the *Lingus*, with the intention of rendering them whiter. In disposition, they are lively and obliging; but vain, capricious, revengeful, and avaricious. They are very ready in the use and application of their bodily powers; and in the great assemblies or *Khabars*, often exhibit much genius and natural eloquence."

It appears, that these people are extremely superstitious.

"The *Skide*, or oracle of the Madagasses, which is daily interrogated by them, consists in a very fine sand, which they put in a fan used for cleansing the rice, and make prayers over it; afterwards, they boil it several times, and, having traced an indistinct sort of writing upon it, they pretend to discover the past, present, and future, by these ceremonies. If sick or uneasy, or if they desire to be informed of the health of their friends who are absent at war, they instantly consult this divinity, and give implicit credence to the answers thus obtained. They never eat anything which the *Skide* has prohibited; the royal family especially, and the nobility, will not so much as touch the presents commonly brought by their subjects, till they are assured by the oracle, that no harm or danger will result from the use of them.

"The *Tangher* (or *Tanghina*), which is the seed of a tree (*Tanghinia*) unfortunately too abundant throughout this vast island, and which is one of the swiftest and most deadly of vegetable poisons, is very often employed for the detection of theft, or as a test in any case where proof of a crime is wanting. This kernel is bruised on a stone, and infused in water, which the accused person is compelled to drink. If he maintains his innocence, and if he has no witnesses, then three bits of chicken skin are added to the dose, and he is compelled to swallow rice water, till the poison is rejected by the stomach."

The greater part of the persons subjected to this ordeal, perish; the few only, whose stomachs quickly reject it, survive.

*The Magdalen, and other Tales.* By James Sheridan Knowles. London: Moxon.

We have been long acquainted with the genius of Sheridan Knowles; we admired it in those stern and stormy scenes of his dramas which caught the attention of the country; but far more in the domestic pictures and delineations of fireside affection and tenderness and love, which are, perhaps, more frequent in his works than in those of any other popular writer. To the first he may owe much of the applause which has been lately showered upon his plays; but to the latter he is indebted for that sure and permanent hold which he has taken of the heart of the country. In 'The Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal Green' we perceived much of that loveliness to which we allude; his late admirable play is not without it; and we are glad to observe that it has flowed out of his poetry into his prose, and is to be found in its finest state in the little volume now before us. Of the *Tales* which compose it, one, much to our liking, is called 'Love and Authorship'; there is scarcely any story, and very little of authorship, but much true love; we shall give a passage or two; the following introduces us to the hero and heroine:—

"Will you remember me, Rosalie?"

"Yes!"

"Will you keep your hand for me for a year?"

"Yes!"

"Will you answer me when I write to you?"

"Yes!"

"One request more—O Rosalie, reflect that my life depends upon your acquiescence—should I succeed, will you marry me in spite of your uncle?"

"Yes!" answered Rosalie. There was no pause—reply followed question, as if it were a dialogue which they had got by heart—and by heart indeed they had got it—but I leave you to guess the book they had conned it from.

"'Twas in a green lane, on a summer's evening, about nine o'clock, when the west, like a gate of gold, had shut upon the retiring sun, that Rosalie and her lover, hand in hand, walked up and down. His arm was the girdle of her waist; her's formed a collar for his neck, which a knight of the garter—ay, the owner of the sword that dubbed him—might have been proud to wear. Their gait was slow, and face was turned to face; near were their lips while they spoke; and much of what they said never came to the ear, though their souls caught up every word of it.

"Rosalie was upwards of five years the junior of her lover. She had known him since she was a little girl in her twelfth year. He was almost eighteen then, and when she thought far more about a doll than a husband, he would set her upon his knee, and call her his little wife. One, two, three years passed on, and still, whenever he came from college, and as usual went to pay his first visit at her father's, before he had been five minutes in the parlour, the door was flung open, and in bounded Rosalie, and claimed her accustomed seat. The fact was, till she was fifteen, she was a child of a very slow growth, and looked the girl, when many a companion of hers of the same age had begun to appear the woman.

"When another vacation however came round, and Theodore paid his customary call, and was expecting his little wife as usual, the door opened slowly, and a tall young lady entered, and curtsying, coloured, and walked to a seat next the lady of the house. The visitor stood up and bowed, and sat down again, without knowing that it was Rosalie.

"Don't you know Rosalie?" exclaimed her father.

"Rosalie!" replied Theodore in an accent of surprise: and approached his little wife of old, who rose and half gave him her hand, and curtsying, coloured again; and sat down again without having interchanged a word with him. No wonder—she was four inches taller than when he had last seen her, and her bulk had expanded correspondingly; while her features, that half a year before gave one the idea of a sylph that would bound after a butterfly, had now mellowed in their expression, into tenderness, the softness, and the reserve of the woman."

Tenderness, innocence, and affection, flow through the whole narrative. Theodore is present at a ball given by the mother of Rosalie; one with whom he had found favour watches his looks and motions:—

"He came; she watched him; observed that he neither inquired after her nor sought for her; and marked the excellent terms that he was upon with twenty people, about whom she knew him to be perfectly indifferent. Women have a perception of the workings of the heart, far more quick and subtle than we have. She was convinced that all his fine spirits were forced—that he was acting a part. She suspected that while he appeared to be occupied with everybody but Rosalie—Rosalie was the only body that was running in his thoughts. She saw him withdraw to the library; she followed him; found him sitting down with a book in his hand; perceived, from his manner of turning over the leaves, that he was intent on anything but reading.—She was satisfied that he was thinking of nothing but Rosalie. The thought that Rosalie might one day become indeed his wife, now occurred to her for the thousandth time, and a thousand times stronger than ever: a spirit diffused itself through her heart which had never been breathed into it before; and filling it with hope and happiness, and unutterable contentment, irresistibly drew it towards him. She approached him, accosted him, and in a moment was seated with him, hand in hand, upon the sofa. \* \* \*

"As soon as the dance was done,—'Rosalie,' said Theodore, 'tis almost as warm in the air as in the room; will you be afraid to take a turn with me in the garden?"

"I will get my shawl in a minute," said Rosalie, 'and meet you there;' and the maiden was there almost as soon as he.

"They proceeded arm-in-arm, to the farthest part of the garden; and there they walked up and down without either seeming inclined to speak, as though their hearts could discourse through their hands, which were locked in one another.

"Rosalie!" at last breathed Theodore. 'Rosalie!' breathed he a second time, before the expecting girl could summon courage to say 'Well!'

"I cannot go home to-night," resumed he, 'without speaking to you.' Yet Theodore seemed to be in no hurry to speak; for there he stopped, and continued silent so long, that Rosalie began to doubt whether he would open his lips again.

"Had we not better go in?" said Rosalie, 'I think I hear them breaking up.'

"Not yet," replied Theodore.

"They'll miss us!" said Rosalie.

"What of that?" rejoined Theodore.

"Nay," resumed the maid, 'we have remained long enough, and at least allow me to go in.'

"Stop but another minute, dear Rosalie!" imploringly exclaimed the youth.

"For what?" was the maid's reply.

"Rosalie," without a pause, resumed Theo-

dore, 'you used to sit upon my knee, and let me call you wife. Are those times passed for ever? Dear Rosalie!—will you never let me take you on my knee and call you wife again?'

" 'When we have done with our girlhood, we have done with our plays,' said Rosalie.

" 'I do not mean *in play*, dear Rosalie,' cried Theodore. 'It is not playing at man and wife to walk, as such, out of church. Will you marry me, Rosalie?'

" Rosalie was silent.

" 'Will you marry me?' repeated he.

" 'Not a word would Rosalie speak.

" 'Hear me!' cried Theodore. 'The first day, Rosalie, that I took you upon my knees, and called you my wife, just as it seemed to be, my heart was never more in earnest. That day I wedded you in my soul; for though you were a child, I saw the future woman in you, rich in the richest attractions of your sex. Nay, do me justice; recall what you yourself have known of me; inquire of others. To whom did I play the suitor from that day? To none but you, although to you I did not seem to play it. Rosalie! was I not always with you? Recollect, now! Did a day pass, when I was at home, without my coming to your father's house? When there were parties there, whom did I sit beside, but you? Whom did I stand behind at the piano-forte, but you? Nay, for a whole night, whom have I danced with but you? Whatever you might have thought *then*, can you believe *now*, that it was merely a playful child that could so have engrossed me? No, Rosalie! it was the virtuous, generous, lovely, loving woman, that I saw in the playful child. Rosalie! for five years have I loved you, though I never declared it to you till now. Do you think I am worthy of you? Will you give yourself to me? Will you marry me? Will you sit upon my knee again, and let me call you wife?'

" Three or four times Rosalie made an effort to speak; but desisted, as if she knew not what to say, or was unable to say what she wished; Theodore still holding her hand. At last, 'Ask my father's consent!' she exclaimed, and tried to get away; but before she could effect it, she was clasped to the bosom of Theodore, nor released until the interchange of the first pledge of love had been forced from her bashful lips!—She did not appear, that night, in the drawing-room again."

We need not tell our readers that the lovers are crossed in their love, but that they overcome all difficulties, and are married and fortunate.

We cannot, however, conceal from ourselves, that, much as we admire Mr. Knowles, he is a little too startling in his transitions, and abrupt in his dialogues. He is so fond of moving, that moving at last becomes painful. 'The Portrait,' the last story of the volume, is materially injured by a desire to astonish the reader by this highland-fling kind of vivacity; there is no repose anywhere, save in the description of the portrait of the heroine, which seems to have been well painted, and touched with a tranquil beauty of expression strangely at variance with the tale into which it is introduced.

*The Aurora Borealis, a Literary Annual.*  
Edited by Members of the Society of Friends. Newcastle-upon-Tyne: Empson.  
London: Tilt.

WE announced the promised appearance of this work some time since—and, in common, we suspect, with many others, have been rather curious to see what sort of a volume our "Friends" would produce. We certainly had not anticipated anything quite so gay as

green and gold. Let us, however, acknowledge at once that it does great credit to all parties; there are but two illustrations, but they are both good, and the 'View of Rokeby' is most elaborately engraved by Miller; the literature is throughout respectable, and some papers are excellent. The Howitts, Bernard Barton, Sarah Stickney, Amelia Opie, J. H. Wiffen, Thomas Doubleday, J. J. Gurney, and H. F. Chorley, are among the known contributors; but there are clever papers by persons unknown in the literary world, and we should refer in proof to 'A Day among the Alps,' by T. G. Ward, and 'Lord Dudley's Lime Quarries,' by P. M. James.

There is one passage in 'George Fox and his Contemporaries,' by William Howitt, which we must extract:—

"The greatness of George Fox is of so striking and unequivocal a character, that whoever has greatness in himself, cannot fail at once to discover and acknowledge it in him. For my own part, as a member of that religious society which was founded through his instrumentality, I may be considered as a partial judge; but I do not hesitate to avow, and they who know me will testify to the truth of the assertion, that I am, by no means, an admirer of any sect, as such. I am disposed rather to believe, that we carry our attachment to particular parties in the christian church, to an extent injurious to the interests of that universal church, and thus become habitually prouder of our particular badges and opinions, than zealous for the simple truth of Christ. I, for one, should rejoice to see the day when all sects should be merged in one wide and tolerant church, which should demand of its members no test, no title to admission, but an honest avowal of their belief in God, and in Jesus Christ, as his son, and the Saviour of the world; leaving to every one the same liberty of shaping his opinions on the doctrines of the New Testament, by the light of his own judgment, and by that of the Universal Spirit which dictated the sacred writings, as we claim in all other matters. This is my idea of the liberty of the Gospel. The christian world once arrived at this temper, we should see all sects and parties fade into nothing, and the cause of a thousand dissensions and heart-burnings annihilated for ever. With these views, I pride myself in the principles of Friends, only in so far as they are the principles of christianity."

This is admirable; but the philosophy of the rest of the paper is much less to our liking. Mr. Howitt overlooks one great and universal truth, that persecution and fanaticism are twin brothers.

We shall conclude by transferring to our pages a sweet little poem by Mrs. Stickney.

*The Brook and the Bird.*

BIRD.

Little brook that windest  
On thy noisy way,  
Tell me if thou findest  
Pleasure all the day?  
Art thou ever roaming  
Where the woods are green,  
Thy bright waters foaming  
Flowery banks between?

BROOK.

No! through distant meadows  
I must on my way;  
Not for evening shadows  
Would I wish to stay;  
Piercing as I wander  
Many a silent cell,  
While my stream meanders  
Through the gloomy dell.

BIRD.

When the winds are howling  
O'er thy silver breast,  
And the skies are scowling,  
Findest thou no rest?

Hast thou not a cavern  
For thy nightly home,  
Like a peaceful haven,  
Where no wild winds come?

BROOK.

No! I never slumber,  
Never want the light;  
But I watch and number  
Every star of night;  
Marking all the beauty  
Of the heavenly teaming,  
Mingling joy and duty,  
As I glide along.

BIRD.

When the tempest lowering  
On the distant hills,  
Sends the torrent pouring  
Down thy gentle rills;  
Art thou still believing  
Storms will cease to be,  
Never, never, grieving,  
O'er the change in thee?

BROOK.

No! and for this reason,  
Will I know no fear,  
Each returning season  
Comes with every year.  
Thus I'm never weary  
Of the sleet and rain;  
Winter winds are dreary,  
But summer smiles again.

FAMILY CLASSICAL LIBRARY.—XXXIV.

*Euripides.* Vol. I. London: 1832. Valpy.

The publication of the thirty-fourth number of this interesting series has brought us to the third and concluding stage in the history of Grecian tragedy. The three great poets whose works have come down to us, we have regarded more as the representatives of classes, than as individual poets; we contemplated *Æschylus* as speaking in the name of an age and country, when everything was massive and stupendous; when men neglected the minute circumstances in gazing on mighty results; and when they necessarily did so, because the rapidity of the changes was as unparalleled as their magnitude. Again, we regarded *Sophocles* as the poet of a time when these tremendous revolutions had passed from the eye to the memory, and were the subject of reflection, not observation. There remained a third definite period in this march; that in which, from the reflections, practical rules of life may be deduced; when, after actual vision had roused the sterner emotions, and reminiscences had waked the softer feelings, philosophy should form both into a system that might serve at once to guide judgment and correct conduct.

It is no forced analogy that compares these epochs in the history of Grecian tragedy, with three definite stages in the intellectual history of human life. Wonder is the characteristic of the boy: he delights even in the extravagant sublime; the terrible compensates for its horrors by gratifying his love of high excitement; the "shadows, clouds, and darkness" that veil from him the secrets of the invisible world, afford him more pleasure from the intensity of their gloom, than pain from the disappointing check they give his daring; for the finite and the bounded he cares nothing, his soul expatiates in the limitless and eternal. The boy grows up to youth: his soul has been driven back from "the flaming walls that encircle space," and has learned that there are boundaries within which its flight must be confined; sympathies for the objects within grasp, become a source of consolation for the failure in the effort to attain what was beyond reach; the mind, that was dazzled by sublimity derives pleasure from

beauty; the heart is for the first time touched; and the world appears but a vast theatre affording countless opportunities of developing the best affections. "A change comes o'er the spirit of this dream"—alas! it is but a dream, or rather, in the words of the old poet—

*Dream of a dream, and shadow of a shade.*

Ideality, with all its loveliness, yields to reality; the distant rainbow is found never to touch the earth; the remote landscape, so delightful in outline, becomes disgusting in detail, the *Fata Morgana* melt into air—

*Even in its glory comes the fatal shade,  
And makes it like a vision fade away;  
Or stern misfortune takes a moisten'd sponge  
And clean effaces all the picture out.*

Then comes the day of sober manhood: the masses are broken, the groups separated, our mind individualizes objects, and examines them as they are. The rule and the square are applied, calculation is exercised, examination is a requisite for yielding to love or hatred,—we become practical—there is a volume of meaning in the term.

Now we by no means pretend to assert that the two first stages of feeling are not essentially more poetical than the third; they are necessarily so, for ideality must be creative, reality gives the objects ready made. But we do assert, that the third class of feelings have also elements of poetry in their composition, neither so grand nor so beautiful as the former two, but yet yielding materials capable of receiving and retaining the stamp and impress of genius. And we deem it injustice to compare the poet who represents the third class with those who are personifications of the other two; to compare them, we mean, merely as poets, abstracted from all consideration of their peculiar position and their respective order.

After having been the great favourite of the learned, the beloved of the age when "there were giants" in the land, when Milton sung, and Jeremy Taylor preached, Euripides has of late been hurled from his high estate, and the entire multitude of critics speed, like a Roman mob in the days of Tiberius, to have a kick at the fallen. Schlegel denounces him as the desecrator of tragedy; the daring sacrilegious, who dragged the deity from the shrine into the porch, who made the temple a thoroughfare for the vulgar herd, instead of reserving it as a sanctuary for the pure, and compelling the profane to worship at a distance. Every syllable of the weighty charge is of course repeated in the *Edinburgh Review*, by whose writers Schlegel is regarded as the legislator of the critical world; and they add the fresh gravamen, or rather the inexpiable sin, that Euripides was ignorant of Scotch philosophy, and had certain theories of his own not easy to be reconciled with the dogmas of Dugald Stewart. "When we critics agree, our agreement is wonderful." Unfortunately for the poor bard, that wicked wit Aristophanes called him in plain terms "a radical"—the mere insinuation would have been enough—but the charge in direct terms—a charge also to which poor Euripides should plead—

*Pudet hæc opprobria nobis,  
Et dici potuisse et non potuisse refelli,*

brought upon his head all the terms of vituperation that criticism in its wildest intol-

rance ever devised; and we record with equal surprise and pleasure, that he was charitably allowed to be a poet of some merit.

We think that one half of the discussions that have taken place on the subject—and perhaps we could with truth assign a much larger proportion—have confused a class of poetry with an individual poet.

We prefer regarding Euripides in relation to his own school of poetry, to entering into an estimate of his character, as compared to men with whom he had little, indeed almost nothing, in common. His first merit is an intimate knowledge of the workings of the human heart, a shrewd perception of the meaner motives that mingle with those which instigate to noble deeds, and a thorough contempt for all that was merely factitious and conventional. He is, in consequence, an instructive writer, and in his efforts to convey a practical lesson, he rarely feels any scruple about the means. His analysis of the workings of passion, is always powerful, and generally pleasing; but his examination of all the motives is sometimes tedious and even repulsive:—for, after all our experience, we wish to believe in the existence of pure virtue unalloyed by a particle of selfishness. But for this weakness, if it be a weakness, Euripides had no mercy: even the demi-gods and heroes could not escape his scrutinizing search after frailty: his Hercules is a little of the bully, and more than a little of the glutton; his Menelaus, "as pretty a scoundrel as we could desire to meet." For the legends of the olden time, he had no mercy; he pragmatized with a vigour which might have excited the envy of Rudbeck, and driven Keightley insane; his Myths had lost all the graces it derived from the supernatural, and was an anecdote or a history of men like ourselves.

He wrote not for the educated, but the general public; and there appears to be some ground for the suspicion, that he was anxious to inculcate democratic principles, and that there was a political design in his exposure of the faults and follies of greatness. From this, it follows almost as a necessary consequence, that many of his soliloquies are more rhetorical than poetical, and that his style must frequently descend from its tragic dignity, to the neutral ground where tragedy and the higher comedy meet. The management of his plots is not always felicitous; and the introduction of a prologue, to detail the preliminary action, is sometimes tiresome. He adopted this custom, we believe, to gratify the great mass of the spectators, for even an Athenian mob, with all its refinement, had not always a stock of patience sufficient to wait for the slow development of the story. His choral odes have too much the character of independent lyrics: they possess more artificial and less natural beauty, than those of his predecessors. Like them, however, Euripides bears the impress of his own age; the age when battles had dwindled into skirmishes, when petty states contended instead of mighty nations, when the intrigues of faction were substituted for the display of statesmanship. He is the poet of real life, of the society in which he lived and moved; and to blame him for having neglected the ideal, is to blame him for having lived in a period of petty bustle, and incessant, though not very efficient activity.

We have sketched rather the school to which Euripides belonged, than the poet himself. We readily confess, that it is a school of which the faults are, and must be, as striking as the merits; but we deny that it should be excluded from the sections of Parnassus. Of that school, Euripides was the best, not only of his own day, but of all that have since appeared. Compare him not with Æschylus and Sophocles,—for the points of resemblance are few and indefinite,—but compare him with Racine or Corneille, and we confidently anticipate a verdict.

In one respect, he closely resembles our own Shakspeare; he is a faithful delineator of "a mind diseased," deeply skilled in the pathology of the soul; from the first movement of passion, to its reigning paramount in the breast, and thence to the period when it mounts to frenzy. His pictures of insanity, whether partial or total, have about them a reality which makes the blood run cold. Here, indeed, there could be no idealism—he describes the awful calamity best, who describes it in all its horrible minuteness.

From nature, he inherited a feeling and tender heart, alive to every generous affection; in many instances, circumstances "check'd his noble rage," but they could not "freeze the genial current of his soul"; that still rolled on in light and loveliness, and lent a magic and soft grace to every object mirrored on its gentle surface.

*Nights of the Round Table; or, Stories of Aunt Jane and her Friends.* By the Author of 'The Diversions of Hollicot,' &c. Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd; London: Simpkin & Marshall.

THE remembrance of the first series, induced us to open the second with the hope of instruction and pleasure, and we have not been disappointed. The stories are not so numerous, nor so varied as they were in the other, but they take a wider range, and have rather a deeper interest. Those who wish to know how a family should be brought up—doing their duty alike to God and man, will find great profit in the account of 'The Quaker Family;' nor is the tale of 'The two Scotch Williams,' to be passed over, as some of our old writers say, with a dry foot; it is told with great ease and simplicity, as the following passage sufficiently shows:—

"In one of the most sterile, moorland parishes, a region of heather and moss, in the Upper Ward of Clydesdale, lived an honest, poor couple, who, among several children, had a son named William, a lively, intelligent, and active boy, whom his mother loved, and the neighbours liked. When William had been at school for about five years, though occasionally away at herding, at peats, or harvest work, his parents, having other children to educate, began to grudge the expenses of William's learning, for what with one branch and another, he cost them nearly two shillings a quarter. It was fortunate that the schoolmaster's conscience compelled him, about this time, to declare, that he could do no more for William. He was *Dus* of the school, read Horace well, and Homer tolerably, and his penmanship was a marvel in the Upper Ward, which, however, was not saying much. It would be a shame, and a sin, to consign such bright parts and high classical attainments to the plough-tail. William's parents were very willing to believe this; and as an opportunity offered to place him as an apprentice with a small surgeon apothecary, a friend of the schoolmaster's,

in the city of Glasgow, his whole kindred made a push to raise the supplies necessary to make 'Willie a doctor.' One aunt gave a pair of home-knit hose perhaps; and a grand-dame a coarse linen shirt or two, with a better one for Sundays; for every grand-dame and matron had, in those simple days, her household stores of linen. The old shoes clouted for common wear, a new pair in the chest, four days of the parish tailor, who, with his apprentice, worked in all the cottages and farm houses at sixpence a-day, completed the equipment of our hero: the tailor displaying some extra flourishes on the rude staple of William's blue coat, as his handywork might haply be seen in so magnificent a place as the Candleriggs of Glasgow. His entire equipment cost the family 1*l.* 8*s.*; but it is not every day a son is launched into life, and they were determined to do it respectably. And now the rainy November morning was come when William, mounted behind his father, set out for the capital of the West, boys and girls shouting good wishes after him from the school-house green, and maids and matrons bestowing solemn blessings on 'blithe Willie' as he rode past.

"Behold him now established with the identical widow, who, twelve years before, had entertained the schoolmaster, when he attended the University, at a pension of four shillings per week; but Willie, as a boy, was received at a more reasonable rate. His board was two shillings and sixpence, of which his master was to pay one-half. His mother's share was to be paid in rural produce, for though neither butter nor meat were very plentiful in the Upper Ward, money was still more scarce. William's heart had never sunk, till next morning that his father, having first shared his porridge and butter-milk, returned thanks after their meal, in what appeared an earnest prayer for the preservation of his boy amid the snares and temptations of life, and for a blessing upon him."

There are many such passages: nor let our readers turn away lightly from these short and simple annals—they tell the true story of the life of an eminent man, Dr. William Cullen. We owe many thanks to the fair authoress, for her instructive book; and to Oliver & Boyd, for making it their business to encourage the production of works as elegant as they are beneficial.

*Heath's Book of Beauty.* By L.E.L. London: Longman & Co.

Of this work we had resolved to say no more. The publication came halting after the trade criticism at a distance that was truly ridiculous; but one passage in the preface is, *under circumstances*, a jewel worth picking out and holding up to admiration.

"There are few 'partial friends' now-a-days," says the amiable writer, "whose previous praise or advice gives you a foretaste of the critical futurity that awaits you: your manuscript goes from the desk to the press, and from the press to the public, to stand or fall by a judgment which casts no shadow before."

Now this is unjust; we have known this lady's works quoted three months, and reviewed three weeks before publication in the *Literary Gazette*: we must think therefore that the race of "partial friends" is not extinct; and it would be strange indeed if such persons could not give a foretaste of the critical future.

*Romance in Ireland; or, the Siege of Maynooth.* 2 vols. London: Ridgway.

THERE is no species of composition that requires greater extent and variety, both of information and of talent, than the historical novel; there is none which has been more frequently attempted by writers, whose knowledge and whose powers were utterly inadequate to the task. When the novel-reader becomes for the first time a novel-writer, he deems that his invention will be tasked only for the supply and combination of circumstances;—character, manners, and costume are, with him, secondary considerations; the plot and its development claim his chief regard—he asks himself, what is a novel but a fictitious history? and what is history but the narrative of events? From these premises, he infers, that if he can discover any interesting event in the pages of history, a great part of his labour will be saved, and all that remains for him to do, after the selection has been made, is to add from his own invention as many circumstances as will swell out the historian's sketch to a size that will fill the novelist's volumes.

But the reasoning of such an author is fundamentally wrong: the design of historical fiction ought not to be the illustration of any event, however important,—but the exhibition of the manners that characterize a particular period; the analysis of the feelings by which men were actuated; and the display of the probable motives, which, in a given age, exercised the greatest influence over action. Why do we value 'Old Mortality' and 'Ivanhoe'? not assuredly for the relation of the Cameronian wars in the one, or the contest between Richard and John in the other; but because we have an internal picture of man at periods of high excitement—a probable delineation of the effect produced by such periods on the modes of thought and the motives of action—and a wondrous illustration of the reciprocal effect of the mind on manners, and manners on the mind. Burley is a true character belonging to the Cameronian period; and the truth would not be weakened, if it was proved that no such person had ever existed. The propensities of men are naturally very similar in every age and country; but their modification by external circumstances, stamps individuality on character. The reality of Burley consists in his possessing certain propensities which experience teaches us belong to man, and in finding a direction given to these propensities, by the peculiarities of his situation. The test of a true character is its consistency: we should be shocked to find Burley displaying the reckless daring of the Templar, or the simple brutality of Front de Bœuf; yet he possesses many natural attributes in common with both, and had he lived in their day, and been placed in the same circumstances, it is possible that his enthusiasm would have been changed for infidelity, his sectarian ambition altered into battling for his class or order.

Another and more frequent error of historical novelists, is to suppose, that a romance may be composed for the purpose of illustrating some historical character. In this, they falsely suppose that they have the authority of Sir Walter Scott, and regard the Crusaders not so much an attempt to exhibit the manners of the crusading age, as an effort to

give us a fancy-portrait of the Lion-hearted Richard. But they are not aware, that Richard in the romance of 'The Crusaders,' is wholly unlike Richard in the History of the Crusades; few, indeed, are the traits they possess in common: the former is the embodied personification of the sublimity of chivalry; the latter was unprincipled, ungenerous, mean, grasping, and avaricious; far more like Front de Bœuf than the royal friend of Ivanhoe. But is this any objection to the truth of the character portrayed by Sir Walter Scott? No—Scott delineates a conceivable character acting under conceivable circumstances; and the effect is a truth, because there is nothing inconsistent in the portraiture. The value of Scott's character is, that they are at once individuals, and representatives of classes; they interest us from the first cause, and instruct us from the second.

From the principles we have briefly laboured to illustrate, it follows that the writer of historical fictions must not base his story on a simple historical narrative; he must not imagine that he could write a novel illustrating Elizabeth's reign, by simply consulting the pages of Hume, or that he could manufacture a romance of the Lower Empire, from the suggestions of Gibbon. In neither case will he obtain the knowledge of the prevalent opinions, prejudices, and passions, characterizing the classes of society in the age and country where his story is laid, nor the means of individualizing the persons of his narrative so as to make them distinct. He may have "the brave Gyas and the brave Cloanthus," but he will fail to interest us in the bravery of either hero.

We have been led to these observations, by the perusal of 'Romance in Ireland'; it is manifestly, the work of a young author, and probably of a young man; it displays considerable but rather unregulated talents—no small power of conception, but some want of skill in delineation. It is unfortunately written in direct opposition to all the principles which we hold essential to historical fictions. The writer labours to illustrate an event, not a period, in Irish history; he has endeavoured to give the portraits of real persons rather than of true characters; he has consulted the sweeping generalities of Leland, and left unsearched the minute particulars that lie scattered through the contemporary annals and state papers.

The purport of the work is to celebrate the insurrections of Lord Thomas Fitzgerald in the reign of Henry VIII.; by a very slight change, and that chiefly in the names of persons and places, the work would equally serve for any insurrection in any country. In the whole book there is not a single character that could be identified as of necessity belonging to the country or the age. Even the scenery is indefinite; the features of Glendalough, one of the most singular combinations of lake and mountain in the world, are presented to us with a confused indistinctness that utterly destroys their individuality. We make this statement with regret, because we believe the author to be capable of better things, and to have been misled by the hasty adoption of a false model, and by a mistaken view of the proper objects of historical romance.

*Atlas of England and Wales.* Part I. London: Duncan.

THIS work is surely cheap enough: here are four large folio maps for fourshillings. The Atlas will consist of forty-three maps altogether, and be completed therefore in eleven numbers.

"The maps of each county are divided into hundreds; the parks and seats of the nobility are denoted; the distances of the towns from the metropolis, as well as from the principal towns in the county, shown; the rivers, canals, &c. described, &c.

"The great and important changes that have so recently taken place in the parliamentary representation of the kingdom are rendered obvious to the eye on these county maps, by the insertion of various distinguishing marks and references. In addition to this, the different polling places are marked, and the district divisions may be seen by referring to the hundreds: so that, in fact, each map carries with it the local alterations effected by Schedules A, B, C, &c. of the Reform Bill."

Thus much is announced in the Prospectus, and we can add, that the maps are clear and well-executed.

*Selections from the Old Testament; or, the Religion, Morality, and Poetry, of the Hebrew Scriptures, arranged under Heads.* By Sarah Austin. London: Wilson.

THERE can be no doubt of the excellent intentions of the compiler of this work; yet we are not at all prepared to say, that the work itself was either wanting or desirable. It has, however, been arranged with care, and an attentive perusal by young persons, cannot fail to be morally serviceable. The question with us, is, why not submit to them the Bible itself? Mrs. Austin, however, differs from us, and her opinion is entitled to great weight—nothing but a conviction of the utility of such a work could have induced her to undertake it; and we wish it success, acknowledging, that it may, perhaps, be beneficially made a class school-book for young children.

#### ORIGINAL PAPERS

LINES WRITTEN AFTER READING SIR EDWARD SEAWARD'S NARRATIVE.

BY MRS. FLETCHER.  
(Late Miss Jewsbury.)

[To those who have not yet perused the above-named 'Narrative,' it may not be impertinent to mention, that it relates the Robinson-Cruoe adventures of a noble-minded husband and wife shipwrecked on a desert island, in 1723—their mode of living there—their discovery of ancient treasure, supposed to have been hidden by Buccaneers—their subsequent visit to England, and measures for colonizing the island—their plans, difficulties, and complete success, terminated only by the dispersal of the colony, through the machinations of the court of Spain. Whether the 'Narrative' be truth touched by fancy, or fancy working on truth, the result is equally captivating; and whether they belong to tale or history, the characters of Sir Edward Seaward and his lady equally excite interest and challenge admiration.]

Brave beauteous pair! if e'er indeed  
Your names were clothed in mortal weed;  
If ye are more than lovely gleams,  
Whose dwelling is the land of dreams:  
Bright phantoms from the far-off shore  
Of rich romance and fairy lore:

A fable new, or history old,  
With quaintness framed, with sweetness told;  
I ask not, heed not; love more strong,  
Belief more firm, though said in song,  
Would scarcely fill my heart and eye,  
If I had seen ye live and die.

And, send the heart on pilgrimage  
Through many a land, to many a shrine  
Of saint and hero, chief and sage,  
Where shall it meet one more divine?

Whether, like nereid king and queen,  
It find ye in your island-cave,  
Or see ye, scarcely less serene,  
The storm-tried wanderers of the wave;  
Whether ye walk your shelly isle,  
A lovely, but a lonely pair,  
Your only pride each other's smile,  
And but each other's weal your care:  
Your Eden bliss, your Eden calm,  
Your toil, and rest, and peaceful sway,  
Blent with that hope-diffusing balm—  
How blessed were ye day by day,  
Within that bright and hidden bay!

And scarce less sweet to watch at last  
Your pure hearts amid riches vast,  
That strange, forgotten, antique store,  
That brings to mind Arabian lore.  
To see you, on your gorgeous prize,  
By men and times long vanished, moulded,  
Gaze, with the innocent surprise  
Of Eve, when first her flowers unfolded;  
With such sweet fear of evil lurking  
Amid your treasure's golden show,  
Which had Eve of the serpent's working,  
The world had not by her found woe.

Brave beauteous pair! yet nobler still,  
When with high thoughts and steady will  
We see ye not alone, but wearing  
Honours, and such grave office bearing,  
As only lofty spirits feel  
In their true burden, joy, or weal!  
Your lonely isle a peopled state  
Become, and ye its human fate;  
A little Zidon on the waters,  
Of busy sons and smiling daughters;  
A peace-engirdled spot, that shows  
How deserts blossom like the rose;  
Till cold intrigue and state-born wile  
Forbade that it should longer smile,  
But as of old, become again  
A wilderness upon the main,  
Each vale untilld, untrod each plain!

That isle is yet on Ocean's breast,  
But ye are in one grave at rest—  
An English grave: O knew I where  
Couches such dust of brave and fair!  
Perchance cathedralled marble holds,  
With angel forms, and massive folds  
Of drapery round the lettered urn,  
(Where sometimes more than truth we learn),  
Holds, and reveals in stately phrase,  
Relics too sacred far for praise.

Perchance removed from stall and quire,  
In some sweet nest of wood and rill,  
Where, over trees, a low, grey spire  
Looks on its hamlet green and still;  
Where the few simple peasants seen,  
Know little of what once hath been;—  
Perchance within that rustic mound  
A mouldering monument is found;  
Its gold grown dim, and all defaced,  
Scroll and device with which once graced:  
Yet when the slanting sun pours in

At eve his broad and steady smile,  
There pondering heart and eye may win  
Memorials of the desert isle;  
And of the noble pair who made  
So long their dwelling in its shade,  
And thence by statesmen exiled home,  
Died, 'neath their own manorial dome!  
Idle my dream? I know it well;  
But dreams are ever for the shell.

#### EXTRACTS FROM A LADY'S LOG-BOOK.

(NOT KEPT FOR THE ADMIRALTY.)

[A Lady's Log-book will interest the general reader, by its novelty, but to the many friends of the admired writer, this will have great personal interest.]

SPEAKING of the sea after twenty-four hours experience, I am inclined to speak of it with high delight; but my praise cannot be very discriminating, since the greater portion of the twenty-four hours has been spent at

anchor. Very smooth, pleasant voyaging this; no sickness, no rolling, no disagreeable of any kind; as the man when he lay at the foot of the hill he had to mount, said—"Oh that this were working!"—so I say, Oh, that this were sailing. However, such lazy motion is not likely to continue. To-morrow, to adopt the phraseology of Francis Moore, we may probably "expect sickness more or less," and couches may probably rob the dinner-table of passengers and appetites. However, come it may, as come it will, I am inclined to promise myself much positive pleasure from our long sojourn on the waters. There is a novelty in all the ship arrangements, a contrivance, that interests me no little, and that, to speak truth, have done more to rob departure from England of melancholy, than any considerations of a more exalted nature. William Howitt says in his *Book of the Seasons*—"Thanks be to God for mountains!" I am more than ever inclined to say, "Thanks be to God for trifles!" They are sources of pleasure, and may be made sources of benefit; often, by turning an annoyance into an amusement. Thus, our cabin, though one of the two best in the ship, for convenience, light, air, and size, has a rather ludicrous drawback: a good portion of some eighty dozen of poultry, ducks, geese, fowls, pigeons, &c. &c. have their local habitation in pens over our heads; and all day, and almost all night, they peck, crow, quack, gabble and quarrel according to their several natures. The sound of their beaks resembles a shower of hail; they are of necessity cramped for room, and, like children, are always crying out for food. They disturb one grievously, but then they amuse; and when, at daybreak, their cries are joined by the low of our three cows, the grunt of some of our twenty pigs, and the bleating of a few of our sixty sheep, I am transported to a farm-yard.

—I believe the true log of the day, would be simply, "All sick." However, there are degrees of sickness as of stature, and I only attained to pretty decided uneasiness. Lying down cured me; something too might be effected by the conversation of a character so original, and so native to seas and ships, that she deserves a place in one of Mr. Cooper's nautical novels. She is my voyaging attendant, and, having in a similar capacity made seventeen voyages to and from India, five of them in this vessel, may be said to have no home but the water. Monsieur Forbin was deeply offended by meeting a lady's maid with a pink parasol at the foot of one of the pyramids of Egypt—the real lady's maid, with or without the pink parasol, is far more inappropriate on shipboard. But my treasure of the deep belongs not to this species. Staid, straight, Scotch, and respectable, her heart and accent full of the Tweed, and her talk of all quarters of the world. Something of a merchant too,—trading at all the touching points, and, from a collection of red morocco Bibles to stores of ribbons and pins, having articles for barter from England to the poles. Add to this, a memory that is a perfect Newgate Calendar for Scotland, with such sea habits, that from the poop to the galley, she is at home, is never tired, never out of temper, and never without a history appropriate or inappropriate to the book, matter, or conversation in hand. I have called her Sea Kitty—and here at least she will never lose the name. On land she is like many



others—on the ocean she is like nothing but herself: in her eyes, the sea, like the king, can do no wrong, and next to the ocean, the captain:—her temporary master and mistress whilst faithfully served, and duly had in honour in all matters touching *their* world, the land, are somewhat regarded as children in whatever touches hers—the ocean: she is a nautical Leatherstocking.

—To-day we may be said really to have commenced our voyage. Our pilot is gone, and the last faint trace of the Devonshire coast is melted into the sky; I watched it gradually disappear, rock, headland and cultivated hill, so that I should recognize particular fields again by their shape—yet, contrary to all the declarations of poetry and fiction, the farewell look affected me singularly little. The truth is, that occasions for great emotion are rarely times of great emotion; we are the slaves of passing events and necessities; and even against my will, the beauty and novelty of the scene charmed away sadness. Last night, the wind was fair for our purpose, (blowing us out of the channel,) but it was rather rough, and the sea was splendid; the magnificent swelling of the waves, the dazzling foam of their curled heads running hither and thither—with the bright and quiet stars looking down from above—all awoke wonder, how one *could* be a pilgrim of the waters, and ever yield to poor, vain, foolish thoughts! And yet, alas! both with one's self, and others, folly and vanity come to sea!—to sea, where one seems to have breath and being immediately in the presence of Deity!

An event occurred just as dinner was served, and, to the utter discomfiture of curls, all the ladies hastened on deck to see a steamer from Portugal hailed. We had not been long enough from land to regard it with much sentiment; added to which, the vessel was such an ugly common thing, with such a crewish looking crew, that I thought we did them too much honour by standing to have our curls blown out. Our captain wanted information of the two Dons, Pedro and Miguel; the master of the steamer cared for nothing but the bearing of the Scilly Islands. After a little mutual trumpeting, we separated; certainly the steamer bore away at a gallant rate, but looking as ugly as possible, the picture of a fat woman with her arms a-kimbo, or of three single boats rolled into one. I dislike steam-boats: there is nothing calm in their speed, or dignified in their motion; on they go, splashing and dashing, the bullies of the water, or, when their smoke is visible—Beelzebub's frigates.

—We are in the Bay—and, if it is generally what it has been to us, in the much calumniated Bay of Biscay. The sea is quiet, and the wind so fair, that its continuance would blow us to Madeira in a week. It seems magical: in five days we have traversed the space that this very ship and captain have been, beforetime, three weeks in accomplishing. Whilst our present propitious circumstances hold, except the want of newspapers, and a hall-door to walk out at, we have no need of land. I have just cut a pine; we have fresh fruit, bread, and vegetables every day. Wonderful is the ingenuity of man! More wonderful still the protecting kindness of Providence! Here are we floating in ease and security over this fathomless, and, to the eye, illimitable element. On deck,

our band is playing all kinds of home tunes, and there comes a strange blending of the dashing of waves, the boatswain's whistle, and 'I'd be a Butterfly,' waltzes, and quadrilles—sounds of English towns and streets. With regard to the said band, music is music at sea, and it behoves one not to be finical, otherwise discontented recollections might arise of orchestras one has heard in days of yore. However, any music is at times valuable, because its mere noise brightens the spirits, sets people talking, and by the time we reach Bombay, our musicians may have learned to play in time. The orders transmitted to them (in nautical phrase) are amusing—they are playing an ugly tune, or a pretty one badly—"Bid those fellows take a reef in"—or they suddenly stop—"Ask those fellows why they have hove to," says the captain to the steward, a person grave as Sancho's in the island of Barrataria. These poor fellows (the musicians) occupy an anomalous position on board. They are to play morning, noon, and night, should we require them to do so; they play us to dress, and to meals; they play to keep the men in step when the anchor is weighed, and yet upon occasion they have to haul at the ropes and go aloft,—as Wordsworth says,

Something between a hindrance and a help.

If one of them fell into the sea, we should note them by their instruments, (fell overboard, the key bugle, &c.) for they seem musical abstractions.

[To be continued.]

#### CHATEL'S NEW CATHOLICISM.

Paris, Nov. 19, 1832.

THE Revolution of July flung the French clergy into such excessive ill-humour with their flocks,—above all, with the Parisian population,—that the ecclesiastics showed their sulkiness in every possible way. They made mighty difficulties in christening or in burying; demanded *billets de confession* as a preliminary to marriage; and created a world of scandal by shutting their church doors against divers devout corpses. Some of the clergy thought fit to be less rigid, and were well received and rewarded for the same at Louis Philippe's court. Amongst others, the Abbé Chatel thought the liberal side of religious opinion the best to follow. He opened a chapel, said mass in French, threw off the authority of the Pope, and vowed, at the same time, that he was Catholic; and gave himself liberty to marry himself and others, *comme bon lui semblera*.

An accident gave to the Abbé Chatel's church great accession of importance. Clichy-la-Garenne, near Paris, is a good-sized town and parish. The curate thereof was a hot-headed Carlist, legitimist, and ultra-Montan. He would have no tricolor flag upon his church; he denounced the National Guard as a heathen and Jacobin institution; and withstood all injunctions to sing the *Domine, salve fac Philippum regem*. He chid his congregation from the altar, and literally told them one Sunday, that "they might all go and be —."

The French are, in general, much of the mind of Pope's Sir Balaam, viz., are too busy to go to church themselves, but send their wives instead. The wives complained of having been disposed of so summarily by the dispenser of divine judgments; and the husbands took revenge by the still more summary proceeding of beating the curate out of the parish. They then, like God-fearing men, asked the Archbishop of Paris to send them another. The prelate refused to institute any other than the old—the Clichytes would have none of him—

and thus for five months the church of Clichy suffered a syncope. Wearied at length with the Archbishop's obstinacy, the parishioners betook themselves to the Abbé Chatel, who sent them one of his *filles* for Curé. The mayor resisted his instalment in the church; but the municipal council out-voted the mayor—took possession of the church; and the entire population of Clichy declared themselves of the religion and followers of the Abbé Chatel. The Curé styled himself such by the grace of God, and the election of the people.

The natural accidents of all human affairs ensued in these proceedings,—viz., all parties committed blunders and absurdities. First, the Pope of Rome issued a Bull of excommunication against the Abbé Chatel—the most effectual puff in Europe,—I recommend it to Burlington Street,—and the Abbé's church overflowed in consequence. Upon this the Abbé set up for a bishop, and put on a violet *rochet*—tantamount to our lawn sleeves. This was unfortunate, for the Abbé d'Auzon, curé of Clichy, scorned to take an inferior rank, and, relying on the dignity of an elect of the people, disclaimed the new bishop's supremacy. A schism was the consequence. D'Auzon kept Clichy, as well as the church upon the Boulevard; whilst Chatel retired to a very spacious barn in the Faubourg St. Martin, which he calls his *Eglise Primatiale*.

Hither curiosity led me, as well as hundreds,—nay, thousands, for it was full to suffocation. The form of worship was that of the Mass in French; and the music certainly excellent, but rather operatic. The Host had been but just elevated, when the band played the quadrilles of 'Robert le Diable.' This was somewhat inappropriate; but, as every one seemed contented and delighted except myself, I repressed my salutory inclinations, and looked as devout as possible.

The Abbé's sermon was, however, the principal attraction; and as it had been announced as declaratory of his principles, I waited for it with impatience. Chatel is a stout, young, dark-haired man, florid and healthy, without any of that *maladive* air—the general concomitant of enthusiasm. There was nothing Irvingish about him: all seemed rational and calculated. He has a most powerful voice,—of very great effect with the French, who are easily fascinated with sound.

The sermon was a very *rational* one. He undertook to prove, that a belief in Christianity was not in the least incompatible with philosophy, even with Voltairianism. Miracles, creeds, dogmas, were all idle; and everything that was incomprehensible was nonsense. Protestants and Papists were alike a set of fanatics; since common sense could tolerate no more than a form of worship symbolical of nothing at all. He exposed, with considerable felicity, the late tricks and miracles of the Jesuit party; he ridiculed the *Croix de Mignet*,—that attested miracle of the year 1826; and spoke of the Bible itself, if received literally, with disrespect. The end of the sermon was reserved for the purpose of showing how favourable the new system was to the development of liberty. Churchmen, he said, for the future, should never meddle with temporal affairs; but by leaving laics perfectly free to follow the impulse of *progrès* and the tide of the movement, establish a creed and a church which would be in alliance with the people, as Catholicism had ever been in league with absolute power. On this argument he much insisted. "You think to conquer Papism, because you despise it," said he: "you think, by remaining isolated and unbelieving, to combat a body that remains united and endowed with faith. Your hope is vain: it will outlive you—it will conquer you, unless, like it, you also unite, form a congrega-

tion against it, and an antagonist creed, that may defy the traditions of Popery."

Such was the doctrine I heard expounded to an admiring audience; and it disgusted me. I understand *agnosticism*, and I understand *belief*; but a *juste milieu* betwixt things that suffer no medium, is contemptible. It struck me, that the only foundation of the Abbé Chatel's religion was *clap-trap*, and as such I made it my bow.

The amusing part of it, is the retention of the epithet Catholic—the flag of Protestantism would have attracted no followers. The uneducated classes are, even in their unbelief, prejudiced by the old abhorrence in which the Huguenots were held. Novelty and contrast, too, are everything in religion, as in fashion. Now, a new Protestant doctrine would be hackneyed, since reform has exhausted its categories. New Catholicism appears feasible; and yet a more atrocious absurdity never came from the spirit of sectarianism. R.

#### IMPROVEMENT OF ROADS.

IN Mr. Babbage's excellent work on 'The Economy of Machinery and Manufactures,' reference is made to a report of the Committee of the House of Commons appointed to inquire into the amount of tolls proper to be placed on steam carriages; and from which report an extract is given, wherein is mentioned a very ingeniously constructed instrument, invented for the purpose of correctly ascertaining the comparative amount of resistance offered by the surfaces of roads of different construction, to the passing over of coaches and other vehicles. The perusal of that work, and of the report referred to, has led us to inquire more minutely into the subject, and to examine the instrument itself with some degree of attention, as affording the means of acquiring, by actual experiment, the precise amount of power required to perform a given amount of work on different roads.

Mr. Telford, engineer to the Parliamentary Commissioners for improving the mail-coach road from London to Holyhead, states in one of his reports, that the machine was invented by the assistant engineer, Mr. John Macneill, and that a series of experiments had been gone into between London and Shrewsbury, the general results of which were, that the power required to draw the carriage in which the instrument was placed, was equal to the following comparative resistances: on well made pavements, 33 lbs; on a broken stone road, upon a rough pavement foundation, 46 lbs; on a broken stone surface upon a bottoming of concrete formed of Parker's cement and gravel, 46 lbs; on a broken stone surface on old flint road, 65 lbs; and on a gravel road, 147 lbs. He also says, that these accurate trials leave it no longer a matter of conjecture in what manner a road should be made, to accomplish, most effectually, the diminution of the draught labour of horses; in which view he considers Mr. Macneill's invention, for practical purposes, on a large scale, to be one of the most valuable that has been lately given to the public, an opinion with which we fully concur.

From other experiments made by Mr. Macneill with his machine, it appears that he has ascertained that the draught of a stage-coach on a common turnpike road, or, in other words, the force required to impel the coach, increases in a less ratio than the velocity increases, and not in a ratio equal to the square of the velocity, which some writers on the subject had assumed; whence it would seem that the velocity of a steam-carriage on a railroad, and that of a stage-coach or a steam-carriage on a good turnpike road, are governed by similar laws of motion; and that whatever advantages may be gained by a quick transfer of passengers by means of a

steam-coach on the former, may probably be attained by the same means on a well made turnpike road.

We deem it unnecessary to give a detailed description of the machine, and we shall therefore confine ourselves to saying that a spring dynamometer is used; but that, as the index would vibrate very rapidly, not only with every actual increase of force, but also with almost every succession of impulses occasioned by the mere natural action of the horse, Mr. Macneill has very ingeniously contrived to do away with the effect of these latter, by applying a piston, working in a cylinder filled with oil, and connected with the dynamometer in such a manner that, when any power or force is applied to it, so as to carry round the index, the piston is at the same time moved through the fluid; while, from the peculiar construction of the cylinder, the vibrations are regulated throughout the progression of numbers on the dial, or from the lowest to the highest power; which compensation is analogous to that by which the fusee regulates and gives uniform power to the main spring of a watch.

By the use of this machine the actual state of roads, contracted to be kept in repair, may be at all times ascertained, so that trustees of turnpikes will have, by its employment, no difficulty in practically determining that which is now a constant subject of diversity of opinion and dispute—the positive extent of deterioration by wear or otherwise; and it gives to the Postmaster General a means of ascertaining upon what lines of road a reduction in the cost of conveyance may be easily made, consequent on there being no necessity for the employment of so much animal power as would be required upon other lines of similar extent. Thus leading to a more general and complete improvement of our roads, and to a reduction in expenditure.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

The Ettrick Shepherd, we hear, is busied on a Life of Burns, the poet. A Glasgow bookseller, with some hundred and odd pounds in his hand, made an inroad into the vale of Yarrow, and persuaded Hogg to undertake the task of delineating anew the man and the poet. We know not what new matter the Bard of Ettrick has obtained to aid him in a Memoir of the Bard of Ayr—but we know, that many letters, hitherto unseen and unpublished, still exist: and it is but lately that we saw poems by Burns of considerable length, which have not yet been printed. We wish Hogg much success in his undertaking.

We have taken a ten minutes dip into the pages of the last number of the *North American Review*. It contains but eight articles in all: the first is on Washington Irving's 'Alhambra'—a fair and equitable critique—the second relates to language and dialects: the third, to Wheaton's 'History of the Northmen,' and is replete with research and old bardic lore: the fourth touches on American forest trees, and rebukes Mrs. Trollope in these fair and candid words:—

"The fact is that these must be the monuments of our country. Mrs. Trollope, disappointed at not meeting with Parisian manners in our western steam-boats, looked out for baronial castles upon the Alleghany mountains, and was indignant to find that no such vestiges of civilization appeared. Doubtless we should rejoice to have them; but since the privilege is denied us, we do as well as we can without them. But this defect, great and serious as we confess it is, cannot reasonably be charged upon popular in-

stitutions; and the pious thankfulness which she expresses at being delivered from republicanism, is like that of a soldier in our late war, who, when shot through his high military cap, remarked, that he was devoutly grateful that he had not a low-crowned hat on, as in that case the ball would have gone directly through his head. These things are evidently chargeable to circumstances over which we have no control. And yet, had we such ornaments on every height, we fear that too many who regard comfort more than taste, would remark, like her countryman at Rome, that 'the ruins were much in need of repair.' But we must endeavour to prepare ourselves against the coming of all future Trollopes, by providing such monuments as our forlorn condition admits,—not such as the elements of nature waste, but such as they strengthen and restore. Almost all other monuments leave us in doubt whether to regard them as memorials of glory, or of shame. The Chinese wall is a monument of the cowardice and weakness of those who raised it; they built walls, because they wanted hearts to defend their country. The Pyramids of Egypt are monuments certainly of the ignorance, and most probably of the superstition of their builders: the cathedrals are monuments of a corrupt religion, and the same baronial castles, the want of which we never deplored till now, are monuments of a state of society in which everything was barbarous, and are witnesses by their still existing, that the art of war, the only science thought worth regarding, was but wretchedly understood. To us it seems that Chaucer's oak and Shakspeare's mulberry-tree, the oak of Alfred at Oxford, and the one in Torwood forest, under which Wallace first gathered his followers in arms, are as worthy and enduring memorials of great names and deeds, as any that can be hewn from the rock and built by the hands of men. The tower, as soon as it is completed, begins to decay; the tree, from the moment when it is planted, grows firmer and stronger for many an age to come."

The article which we like least, is that on Sir James Mackintosh: not that it is wanting in merit and information, but we think it overrates that gentleman's talents. He was eloquent and well-informed, but diffuse beyond all endurance, and had no more notion of keeping the subject to which he addressed himself in view when he spoke in the House of Commons, than he had of the 'History of England,' when he printed under that name a series of splendid disquisitions. We are afraid the *North American Review* is erring like others nearer home: some of the articles are much too long: we miss those livelier, keener, and shorter papers which distinguished the *Edinburgh* in its early days.

We have seen the model of the New National Gallery; and, considering the very limited funds at the disposal of the architect, it has a much more imposing effect than we had ventured to hope for. The centre of the building has some general resemblance to the fine front of the University of London, designed by the same architect; it has a noble portico, with a dome rising behind it. The portico is to be the old one from Carlton Palace, with eight columns in front instead of six, and a projection of little less than thirty feet. The dome rises immediately from the front of the building, so that it assumes an importance which it could hardly have derived from its mere magnitude; there are small turrets on each side, but it is not yet decided whether they shall be retained.

## SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

## DUBLIN GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

At the meeting on Thursday, the 22nd, a very interesting paper was read by Captain Portlock, Royal Engin., 'On the Basalt of the North coast of Ireland.' The geology of Ireland has, hitherto, been imperfectly studied, and there is every reason to hope that much that is valuable is soon to be discovered in this untrodden field. We hear that it is in contemplation by the Society to establish a lectureship on the subject.

## MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

|           |   |
|-----------|---|
| MONDAY.   | { Phrenological Society ..... Eight, P.M.<br>Medical Society ..... Eight, P.M.  |
| TUESDAY.  | { Linnean Society ..... Eight, P.M.<br>Horticultural Society ..... One, P.M.  |
| WEDNES.   | { Geological Society ..... p. 8, P.M.<br>Royal Society of Literature ..... Three P.M.<br>Society of Arts ..... p. 7, P.M. |
| THURSDAY  | { Royal Society ..... p. 8, P.M.<br>Society of Antiquaries ..... Eight, P.M.<br>Zoological Society ..... Three P.M.       |
| SATURDAY. | Westminster Medical Society Eight, P.M.   |

## FINE ARTS

## Turner's Annual Tour for 1833. Moon, Boys &amp; Graves.

This is the true Book of Beauty; all others are spurious. We have sometimes seen individual landscapes of great loveliness from the hand of Turner, but we never saw at once so many truly excellent. Here are one-and-twenty scenes happily delineated and happily engraved; there is not one common-place composition among them. Those who engrave for this painter seem to go with heart and hand to the task; the admiration which they bear for him makes the labour light; they cannot but be under the influence of something akin to inspiration, when they look at his truly poetic works. Beautiful as all these landscapes are, there are some which excel all others; we shall name our favourites—1. 'Nantes,' whenever Turner touches on water he is unrivalled. 2. 'Clairmont,' water again, with a small tower perched on a lofty rock overlooking it. 3. 'Amboise,' with the sun shining from behind the castle, and dropping his rays on the boats lying quiet on the stream. 4. 'Scene on the Loire,' full of tranquil beauty. 5. 'St. Julians,' a night view of a splendid abbey, with a coach and lights, and the bustle of inside and outside passengers. 6. 'Beaugency,' a fine city and a broad river, with bridge and shipping. 7. 'Coteaux de Mauves,' a steep hill and a deep stream. 8. 'Amboise,' a strong castle, a lofty bridge, and a noble river—forming the finest scene we ever beheld; the view beneath and beyond the arch of the bridge may be compared with any work of modern times. There are some nearly as good as the best of these, for which we must refer to the work itself. We have seen nothing like these illustrations of Turner's Tour hitherto.

## Finden's Landscape Illustrations of Byron's Works. Murray.

This new number (the eighth) will maintain, if it fails to extend the reputation of this very successful work. Of the six views, we like Cape Leucadia the best, from the pencil of Copley Fielding; but the Castle of Ferrara, the view of Venice, the Cork Convent, and Petrarch's Tomb, are likewise worthy of our approbation, and the more so that they are real and accurate representations of places mentioned in the works of the great poet. The portrait of Ianthe is from the pencil of Westall, who can be delicate and poetical when he sets his mind to it.

## THEATRICALS

## DRURY LANE.

SATURDAY last, November the 24th, first time, a new drama, entitled, *St. Patrick's Eve, or, "the Order of the Day."* This piece is the, or rather a production of Mr. Power, the actor. It is, generally speaking, pleasantly written; may be pronounced to be lively and agreeable, and was received with satisfaction and considerable applause. Nevertheless, it offers more of judicious selection than of actual novelty, and has some faults, which we should not have expected an old stager to fall into. It is not necessary to detail the plot, but a glance at it will serve to show that we are right in saying that there is not much novelty about it. The chief interest turns upon the difficulty of saving the life of an otherwise meritorious officer, who has transgressed an "order of the day," and who is therefore tried and condemned to be shot. 'Frederick the Great, or, the Heart of a Soldier,' 'Henry Quatre,' and two or three other pieces of which we cannot at this moment remember the names, have made such incidents familiar to us. In the present case, Mr. Power, finding himself at the head of his own table, has evinced a little greediness in reserving the best slice for himself; and in so doing he has injured the piece, by taking the interest from the young lover, and endeavouring to fix it on himself. This is an error in judgment. The serious interest of a piece cannot be made to centre in the principal comic character. There are some sentences of a broad nature, which had better be omitted; and the introduction of the chaplain in the second act, is in particularly bad taste. It is better, in all cases, to avoid the bringing a clergyman upon the stage, but here he is not only brought on, but actually made to preach a sort of condemned sermon in the height of a broadly comic situation. He imagines himself addressing the prisoner—whereas, in fact, the said prisoner has escaped, and he is talking to a young lady who has taken his place, and who is on her knees, concealed beneath a large military cloak and cocked hat. The audience were in great good humour with the other parts, or the drama would have ended here. We should also mention, that the arrival into the room of a cottage, where *Frederick the Second* is at chess with one of his betrayers, of a whole party of Austrian pandours, without discovery or alarm, is too much even for stage probability. All these things might have been easily avoided, without detriment to the drama, and we should hope that by this time some of them at least are. Here end our objections—and now to the more agreeable part of our duty. We have before spoken well of the piece, generally, and have now the pleasure to report that the acting was excellent. Mr. Power took great pains, and gave his own language with all the point which he had put into it. His part was too long, particularly in the first scene, but this, his good sense will doubtless have by this time suggested to him. Mr. Stanley endangered the safety of the whole fabric by tying up the left arm instead of the right, after a wound which he is supposed to receive in his pen-arm, so as to be disabled from writing. Mr. Power was necessarily much disconcerted by this blunder, but he covered it up as well as he could, and the audience generally would not perhaps have been aware of it, if Mr. Stanley had not increased the absurdity by coming on in his next scene with the left arm well, and the right tied up. We almost feel as if our own pen-arm was disabled when we would endeavour to do justice to the extraordinary and almost unrivalled personation of Frederick the Second, by Mr. Farren. He has long since established himself with the town as the most finished artist of the English stage: for ourselves, we have

never dreamed of placing him second to any one upon any stage, except to M. Potter; but, after witnessing his *Frederick the Second*, we must confess, that our national pride is gratified, and our foreign faith shaken. We can pay Mr. Farren no greater compliment than to say, that we should be delighted to sit next M. Potter, whose liberality towards his brethren in art is equal to his splendid talent, while he witnessed this exquisite and finished performance. It has been said, that it is Mr. Farren's intention to relinquish the part after a few nights. If so, we trust he will relinquish his intention. It is a treat not to be missed by genuine lovers of the drama.

Mr. Kean and Mr. Macready acted together on Monday for the first time, in *Othello* and *Iago*. The house was very well attended at first price, although not by any means to such an extent as to have rendered it necessary for the management to issue such minute directions as to the placing of horses' heads and tails. All this quackery is as useless as it is offensive—nobody is caught by it: and moreover, we can tell the Theatre Royal Drury Lane, that it is beaten on its own favourite ground, by the puffing in the bills of an ingenious rival; viz. the Theatre "Loyal" Camera Street, Chelsea Common. However humiliating, such is the fact; and we shall probably take an opportunity of justifying our words next week, by extracts from the puff of the two houses. But to the matter in hand. Mr. Kean's *Othello* is well known—and it is agreed on all hands, that, with the exception of a weakness in his limbs, all was on Monday as well with him as ever. It is decidedly his best character, and he so played, both on Monday and again on Thursday last, as to "moult no feather" of the high reputation he has earned in it. Mr. Macready's *Iago* is a performance of a very superior order, and by it, he has not only gained many new admirers, but more firmly fixed his old ones. Mrs. Poesle's *Emilia* is as good as anybody's *Emilia* can be; and Mr. Cooper's *Cassio*, is "proximus sed longo intervallo" to Mr. Charles Kemble's. Strict attention, frequent applause, and general gratification, seemed to be the order of the night; and if Mr. Kean should keep his health, which we hope he will, the house will find its account in this union of the two best tragedians we have left. The half-price was very great; and then the theatre, which was filled in all but the upper parts before, presented a very brilliant and gratifying appearance.

## OLYMPIC THEATRE.

MR. BERNARD, the author of several clever and agreeable pieces, produced another of the same class here on Wednesday evening, called 'The Conquering Game.' In it we are introduced to Charles the Twelfth at the age of twenty-one. The young conqueror and professed woman-hater is made to become captive to the charms of a young lady, (excellently acted by Madame Vestris,) who happens to have

Another lover,  
Whom she very much prefers.

The monarch has been in the habit of visiting her under an assumed name, but she is informed of his real title by her lover, who is his secretary; and she proceeds to punish him for his general want of gallantry to the sex, by exerting the power she has over him, and making him consent to be placed in several ridiculous situations. In the last of these, when she has dressed him in her grandmother's habits, he is surprised and discovered. He admits that he looks like a fool, and purchases secrecy at the expense of sacrificing his own wishes, and making the lovers happy. Madame Vestris, as the heroine, played with her usual talent and archness, and sang her one song as to render herself liable to an instant encore. Mr. Webster dressed the part of Charles extremely well, and looked it well when his face was

is repose—but there is occasionally, indeed frequently, a contortion of muscle about his countenance which seems almost involuntary, but which interfered much with the youthful appearance required. Mr. Webster's performance, however, seemed to give satisfaction to the audience, and he was much applauded. It would be invidious to draw a comparison between his Charles the Twelfth and Mr. Farren's—who is there that could beat it? The manner in which this little piece was dressed and "got up," as the phrase is, reflects the highest credit upon the establishment, and of course upon Madame Vestris as the head of it. It is not enough to say, that it would not have been a disgrace to Covent Garden or Drury Lane. It would have done honour to either. The scene at the Chateau of the Baroness is nearly, if not quite, the most elegant and tasty room-scene we ever saw upon any stage.

#### THE DRURY-LANE BILLS.

THE puff about the *Othello* and *Iago* of Messrs. Kean and Macready, which has furnished us with matter for comment for the last two Saturdays, has undergone another alteration. Though it now appears that they cannot work it into good English, we ought at least to give them credit for perseverance in trying. The parts of it previously held up to ridicule, have been removed at two gigantic efforts, but in their anxiety to get up on one side of their horse, they have overreached themselves and fallen into the mud on the other. We are now informed that the gentlemen in question "attracted one of the most crowded Houses ever in the Theatre." Now a crowd of people in a theatre is disagreeable enough, but if the management intends to admit "Houses," we must decline attending. It is decidedly dangerous.

#### MISCELLANEA

*Trinity College, Dublin.*—Dr. Longfield, the new Professor of Political Economy in the University of Dublin, will commence his lectures (we understand) in Easter term. The examination for the Professorship took place last Midsummer, and was conducted by Doctor Lloyd, Provost of Trinity, and Doctor Phipps, Registrar. We have seen the questions proposed to the candidates, who were nine in number, and shall give some specimens of them. Definitions of Rent, Wages, Profit, Value, &c.—Sources of Rent, Wages, and Profit.—Qualities essential to a thing's possessing Value.—What determines the Quantity of money necessary for the circulation of a country?—Use of Credit?—Define Money, and its Uses.—Effects of War and Slavery with respect to Political Economy.—State the distinction, and the reasons for and against adopting it, between Productive and Unproductive Labourers.—Causes of the vast difference in the Price of Labour in different countries.—Suppose, in a given district, a great fall of snow to block up the roads, or, again, a vein of coal to be discovered, between these two events (considered in reference to Political Economy), what is the resemblance, and what is the difference in respect to their Effects on the Labouring Classes?—Have the improvements in Machinery, and the application of Steam Power, promoted the Prosperity of Great Britain or Ireland, or the contrary? and give your reasons.—If (as is supposed) Gold Mines exist in these countries, do you advise the pursuit of Mining for Gold, or the contrary? and state your reasons.—Are very small farms to Labourers, gratis, or nearly so, advantageous?—To what do you attribute the very great distress of late, among the working Tradesmen of England? and how do you propose to remedy it?—Give a Syllabus of the Lectures which you would deliver if appointed to this Professorship.—(The answers to these questions

were sent in under fictitious signatures.)—Another correspondent writes on the 24th: "The commencements for the Degrees, under the Reform Act, takes place to-day, and there is a prodigious bustle. Those that have not met for half a century, are recognizing one another, and wondering how it is that each looks so old. I suppose upwards of 1000 degrees will be conferred. The contrivances for hoods, and bands, and gowns, to-day, display super-human ingenuity, and demonstrate, signally, the superiority of man to the brute creation. Conceive a Master of Arts habited thus: hat and black cravat; bands formed of the tail of a shirt, by the process of tearing; a hood constructed from some old piece of black stuff, with a silk handkerchief pinned on the same, and a torn gib's gown, and imagine this academical personage in grave and serious conversation with the martinet Bishop of Ferns!"

*Sculpture.*—There are two subjects by Mr. Drake, a fellow-countryman of ours, in the Berlin exhibition; of one of which, a group in gypsum of A Warrior dying, whilst Victory is announcing his triumph to him, we are happy to find the cognoscenti speak highly, for its admirable grace and the beauty of the execution.

*The Chiragon, or Guide for the Hand.*—Mr. William Süldolph, a schoolmaster at Blackheath, has invented an apparatus, to which the name of Chiragon is given; by the assistance of which, a person who has become blind after having learned the art of writing, may continue its practice without the risk of confounding words or lines together. It consists of a frame, with a raised margin, upon which margin is placed a narrow piece of wood, having a groove to receive a corresponding key that is attached to a collar or bracelet for the wrist. In the sides of the frame, series of notches are cut, into which the grooved piece of wood is placed, successively, so as to form the regular intervals between the lines, whilst the hand is permitted by the collar to pass freely from left to right, but is confined to certain limits in its action up and down, or in the direction of the length of the paper used. The writing is effected with Mordan's patent pencils; and we have proved the efficiency of the invention, by writing a letter, with its guidance, while our eyes were bandaged so as to exclude the sight of every object.

*Steam Voyage from Naples to Greece and Turkey.*—The particulars of a proposed steam voyage from Naples to Greece and Turkey, have been sent to us, and will no doubt interest many of our readers. It is proposed to start in April, should a sufficient number of persons subscribe their names with the agents before the 31st of January. The following is a list of the ports where the ship will anchor:—Naples, Messina, Corfu, Patras, Zante, Navarino, Modone, Cerigo (or some port in the Morea), Napoli di Romania, Specia, Hydra, Poros, Egina, Corinth, Porto Leone or Piræus, Capo Colonna, Zea, Eubœa, or Negroponte, Lemnos, Marmora, and Constantinople;—here one day will be employed in visiting the Bosphorus and the Black Sea, and then the return will be to Koumkalé, Tenedos, Mitylene, Smyrna, Scio, Naxos, Paros and Antiparos, Delos, Melos, Zante, Messina, and Naples, or Leghorn, as may be determined on. The time occupied in the voyage will be about three months; but some days may perhaps be added to those calculated on, for visiting the more remarkable objects of interest and curiosity on shore, which however will be without additional cost to the passengers. The rate of charge, varying of course according to berth, is from 60 to 85 guineas, provisions included so long as the ship is at sea; and the arrangements seem to us made with reference to general convenience, and to be reasonable and just. Names, we observe, may be registered at Hammerley's,

*Method of making a Newspaper popular.*—Mr. Russell, the first editor of the *Columbian Sentinel*, finding his paper neglected, applied to Mr. Barrell, an eminent merchant, for advice, who recommended him to satirize some public character very severely. In the next number of the paper appeared a cutting libel on Mr. Barrell himself; he went in a rage to remonstrate with Russell, who coolly replied, "You see I have taken your advice, and, as you were a friend, I knew that I could venture to make more free with you than a stranger."—*U. S. Paper.*

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

| Days of Week. | Thermom. Max. Min. | Barometer. Noon. | Winds.       | Weather.   |
|---------------|--------------------|------------------|--------------|------------|
| Th. 22        | 52 38              | 29.40            | S.E. to N.E. | Clear.     |
| Fr. 23        | 58 38              | 29.60            | S.E.         | Ditto.     |
| Sat. 24       | 56 46              | 29.65            | E.           | Cloudy.    |
| Sun. 25       | 52 42              | Stat.            | W.           | Rain, A.M. |
| Mon. 26       | 52 34              | 29.35            | S.W.         | Cloudy.    |
| Tues. 27      | 48 34              | 29.40            | S.           | Ditto.     |
| Wed. 28       | 51 32              | 29.40            | S.W.         | Ditto.     |

*Clouds.*—Cirrostratus and Cumulostratus.

Nights and Mornings for the greater part fair. Much rain late on Wednesday.

Mean temperature of the week, 45°; greatest variation, 20°.

Day decreased on Wednesday, 8h. 22m.

#### NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

*Essays on Vegetable Physiology*, practically applied, and illustrated by numerous engravings, by James Main, A.L.S.

A third volume of Capt. Brown's Book of Butterflies, Moths, and Sphinxes, with 48 coloured engravings, and directions for catching and preserving specimens.

*Sketches in Greece and Constantinople.*

A General View of the Geology of Scripture; illustrated by Plates, by George Fairholme, Esq.

A Digest of the Evidence before the Secret Committee of the House of Commons, on the Bank of England Charter.

*Hortus Woburnensis, or the Gardens and Grounds of Woburn Abbey.*

Waconsta; or, the Prophecy, a Tale of the Canadas, by the author of "Ecarté."

On the 1st of January 1833, (to be continued Monthly,) with Wood Engravings, The Zoological Magazine, or Journal of Natural History.

Letters of Sir Walter Scott, addressed to the Rev. Rd. Polwhele, Davies Gilbert, Esq., Francis Douce, Esq., and others. Accompanied by an original Autobiography of Lieut.-Gen. Sir Hussey Vivian, Bart., K.C.B.

An Account of the Bristol Riots, their Causes and Consequences, by a Citizen.

Mr. Upham's edition of the Translations of some Highly Venerated and Authentic Original Singhalese and Pali MSS. procured in Ceylon, by Sir Alexander Johnston, V.P.R.A.S., will be published in January.

The Four Gospels and Acts of the Apostles, in Greek, with English Notes and Lexicon, by the Rev. E. J. Geoghegan.

Dr. Park has nearly completed a New Exposition of the Apocalypse.

Sermons by the Rev. E. J. Evans.

A View of the Early Pæriæan Greek Press, including the Lives of the Stephan and Estienne, &c. by the Rev. W. Parr Groswell.

A Collection of the most approved Examples of Doors, from Ancient and Modern Buildings in Greece and Italy, by Thomas Leverton Donaldson, Architect.

*Just published.*—Paris, or, the Book of the Hundred-and-One, 3 vols. 8vo. 11. 8s. 6d.—Tales and Conversations, by Emily Cooper, 3s.—Land's History of Painting, 6 vols. 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d.—Anstie's Greek Choric Poetry, post 8vo. 8s. 6d.—Constable's Miscellany, Vol. 77, 2s. 6d.—Peter Parley's Tales, 280

Cuts, 12mo. 5s.—Anatomy of the Horse, 11. 12s. 6d.—Draper's Life of Penn, royal 32mo. 3s. 6d.—Pickering's Statutes, 8vo. 2 & 3 Wil. 4, 11. 4s. 6d.—Valpy's Classical Library, Vol. 36, 4s. 6d.—Valpy's Shakspeare, Vol. 2, 5s.—Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol. 37, 6s.

—Brodie on the Urinary Organs, 8vo. 8s.—Alderson on Cholera at Hull, 8vo. 5s.—Edgeworth's Novels, Vol. 8, 5s.—Arrowsmith's Grammar of Modern Geography, 12mo. 6s.—Arrowsmith's Modern Atlas, 8vo. 7s.—Moral Life, 8vo. 15s.—The Buccaneer, 3 vols. 11. 11s. 6d.—Album Wreath, for 1833, 4to. 11. 4s.—Four Lectures on the Study and Practice of Medicine, 5s.—Poems by the Author of Corn Law Rhymes, 5s.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS

Thanks to A. V.—D. N. S.—E. A.

Thanks are an acknowledgment that the contribution has been received. If accepted, it appears as early as convenient.

The work referred to by H. R. C. was noticed in September.

Could our Greenwich correspondent suppose that we should insert the paragraph without his name?—We should not, had he sent it.

G<sup>d</sup> declined.

## ADVERTISEMENTS

**NATIONAL GALLERY of PRACTICAL SCIENCE and WORKS of ART, ADELAIDE-STREET, near St. Martin's Church, WEST STRAND.** Open daily from 10 to 6.—Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 1s.

## NOW EXHIBITING.

**PERKINS'** newly-discovered System of generating Steam, exemplified by a STEAM GUN, discharging, with one-fourth greater power than that of Gunpowder, a Volley of Seventy Balls, against a Target, in four seconds, every successive half hour during the day.

Steam-boat Models upon water, propelled by the paddle-wheel in common use, and by that of Perkins' late invention.

Holwell's newly-invented Revolving Rudder.  
An Apparatus by Perkins, showing a brilliant combustion of the hardest steel, effected by its being brought in contact with a soft iron plate, revolving with an intense rapidity.

Specimens of Perkins' System of Printing with hardened Steel Plates and Rollers, and of the transfer of Engravings on Steel from one Plate and Roller to others without limit as to number.

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A Selection of valuable Paintings by the Old Masters, among which will be found some splendid productions of Murillo.

The Royal Serpentine, and the Harmonica, new Musical Instruments; performed on at intervals.

Numerous other Models and Objects of interest and amusement are now exhibited, and additions to the Gallery are daily received.

**TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,** No. IX. for DECEMBER, is now published, price 2s. 6d.

Contents: 1, The Church of England and the Dissenters; 2, The Plant of certain Coral Beads; 3, Some late Passages in the Life of John Bull, Esq.; 4, Meet Me To-night; 5, The History of a Stone of Taxed Flour, by the Author of 'Cora Law Rhymes'; 6, Characteristics of the Genius of Scott, by Harriet Martineau; 7, The Bear Song; 8, Palladium concerning Tibbes; 9, Sonnets to Jones; 10, Sea-Working, or, the Mysteries of Lloyd's; 11, The Tory Heirs of England; 12, Percy Bysshe Shelley; 13, The Rover's Song; 14, Austin's Lectures on Jurisprudence; 15, Aristocrats: The Reformer, a Novel; 16, A Conservative Chant; 17, The Tory Squire; 18, Letter to the Duke of Wellington, on the Elections, by a Tory Member of Parliament, and distinguished Officer; 19, The Assessed Taxes: Direct and Indirect Taxation; 20, Spontaneous Combustion in the Royal Adelaide; 21, Tait's Commonplace Book; 22, Monthly Register.—Political History—State of Commerce and Manufactures—New Publications—The Fine Arts—Music—Births, Marriages, and Deaths; 23, Tory Peace meetings.

William Tait, Edinburgh; Simpkin and Marshall, London; and John Cumming, Dublin.

## NOTICES of No. VIII.—For November, 1852.

The November number of *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine*, is not only superior to any of the preceding ones, but is the best of all its contemporaries for the present month. 'Scottish Voters' is admirable, and ought to be read in every electoral village in England; as well as Scotland, for precisely the same influence and the same intimidation, attended with similar tragicomic results, are in operation throughout this country.—*Bristol Gazette*.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men," and when this tide had reached flood-mark, Tait launched his vessel; and the success with which her voyage has been attended, proves the tact with which the period for her setting out was chosen.—*Glasgow Trades' Advocate*.

"We give this number the preference—first, on its variety; secondly, from the honest hearty tone of its feeling. It is emphatically the People's Magazine, and labours in the good cause with all the zeal of truth and conviction.—*Stew*.

Several articles in *Tait*, this month, are well worthy of being extracted.—*Blackburn Gazette*.

The best number which has yet been published of this equally honest and clever periodical.—*Dublin Morning Register*.

"Rhine Tourists" is a richly humorous sketch; and 'The Harboured and the Witch' is an admirable story by Banim. There is much pungent wit in 'Marriages are made in Heaven.' We can recommend this as the best number of the Miscellany yet published.—*Aberdeen Observer*.

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# THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 267.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1832.

PRICE  
FOURPENCE.

This Journal is published every Saturday Morning, and despatched by the early Coaches to Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Dublin, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and other large Towns; it is received in Liverpool for distribution on Sunday Morning, twelve hours before papers sent by the post. For the convenience of persons residing in remote places, the weekly numbers are issued in Monthly Parts, stitched in a wrapper, and forwarded with the Magazines to all parts of the World.

## REVIEWS

*A View of the Early Parisian Greek Press, including the Lives of the Stephani or Estiennes; Notices of other Contemporary Greek Printers of Paris, &c.* By the Rev. William Parr Greswell, Author of the 'Life of Politian,' &c. 2 vols. Oxford: Talboys.

THE art of printing has been praised in prose and verse, and in that species of composition which is both, yet neither, until the terms of eulogy have been utterly exhausted; but, for those who exercised the art, the voice of panegyric has been silent, and authors seem to imitate the soldier in the civil wars, who professed himself the devoted servant of the church, and the enemy of all its ministers. The Life indeed of a modern printer would probably have a very close resemblance to the celebrated autobiography of Brassebridge, because, from the divisions and subdivisions of literary labour, the printer need not now be anything beyond a mere tradesman, and probably would be the worse printer if he aimed at any higher post. It was not so, however, in the period to which these volumes refer, the printers were then not merely the patrons, but the founders of literature—the first to introduce new subjects of study, to open new paths of learning; they reversed the order of political economy, and produced demand from supply. In this career none ran a more honourable course than the family of the Estiennes or Stephani; none made greater exertions for the extension of classical literature, none united in a higher degree the sound knowledge of editors with practical skill in the typographical art. On this account the biographies of these illustrious men form an essential part of the literary history of their age; they were leaders in that great revolution which rescued learning from the dynasty of those whom Pope happily characterizes as "holy Vandals"—they were the first to break down the barriers against improvement erected by collegiate prejudice, monastic intolerance, and sacerdotal imbecility. Unfortunately for their fame, the warfare that they waged was more continuous than noisy; and men regard more the plashing torrent that strikes forcibly on the senses, than the quiet drop which slowly, but surely, wears away the stone.

The private life of the Estiennes was that of diligent unobtrusive scholars, and bibliographical notices supply the chief materials for the history of their public career; we do not consequently anticipate great popularity for these volumes in an age pre-eminent above all others for a morbid love of stimulus and excitement. If, however, we desire to obtain any accurate knowledge of the progress of literature, and the difficulties against which its patrons had to contend, we must trace the history through all its minutiae. The

broad open violence of persecution was among the least of the difficulties that the advocates of knowledge had to encounter; ignorance, armed with power, extended its sway over every branch, small and great; it affected to find dangerous heresies equally in the Translation of the Scriptures, a new remedy in medicine, or the novel form of a Greek letter. It would astound us to find in the present day a deputation from the College of Physicians, praying, that all novelties in the practice of medicine should be restrained by act of parliament—but what are we to say of a University, in which the great majority had as little knowledge of medicine as of the interior of Africa, proscribing a new mode of treatment as heresy?

"Pierre Briassot, born at Poitou in 1478, distinguished himself as a medical practitioner at Paris and elsewhere, at the period when the Lutheran reformation began to be agitated. At Paris, Briassot first wrote and spoke against an inveterate practice then still in use, of bleeding for the pleurisy on the side opposite to that which was affected. He maintained this to be an Arabian invention, in contradiction to the doctrines of Hippocrates and Galen. His own reformed practice in this particular having succeeded in many instances, gained numerous proselytes in France to his opinion. He removed to Portugal subsequently, maintained there the same doctrine, and was violently opposed by the king's physician. This controversy at length occasioned an appeal to the university of Salamanca; but while the question was there under discussion, the *Medicus regius* procured from the legal authorities a decree, forbidding all medical practitioners to bleed on the side where the pleurisy was seated. The university however determined that Briassot's method agreed with the real doctrine of Hippocrates and Galen. At length the partisans of the reverse system, about the year 1529, procured an appeal to the decision of the emperor Charles V. To prejudice his opinion, they asserted, that the doctrine of their opponents was no less injurious to the body than the heresy of Luther was to the soul; and they accused them of ignorance, temerity, and actual Lutheranism in the affair of Medicine. Unfortunately for their cause, Charles III. duke of Savoy, died at that critical juncture (anno 1553, for so long had the dispute been agitated) of a pleurisy, after having been bled according to the practice which Briassot condemned; otherwise, it was thought Charles V. would have decided the question in favour of the ancient practice."

We question whether the severest judge that ever sat on the English bench would not have been startled by the following case of libel, if brought before him for trial. Imagine, reader, if you can, John Locke tried before Lord Mansfield for a libel on Aristotle:—

"Petrus Ramus, or de la Ramée, son of a 'Charbonnier' of Picardy, at first a valet in the college of Navarre, but afterwards for his merit chosen principal of the college de Preale, and a professor of the college Royal, was a zealous cultivator of eloquence and mathematical science,

but contemned Aristotle, and presumed to write against him. Antoine de Govea, a Portuguese 'Perepatéticien,' then established at Paris, instituted a legal process against him for this irreverence, first at the Châtelet, and afterwards before the parliament. Pleadings were opened, and the point was undergoing legal discussion; but the king took upon himself the affair, and appointed arbitrators. They decided for Aristotle, and his advocate Govea. Ramus was pronounced guilty of temerity and insolence, for having raised his voice against the prince of philosophers: his books were condemned, and he was forbidden to teach. Pierre Galand reports, that the king was inclined to send Ramus to the galleys."

As a specimen of the arguments by which the collegiate blockheads endeavoured to check the progress of intelligence, we shall quote Noel Beda's pleadings against the foundation of professorships for teaching the Hebrew and Greek languages. His plea is a perfect model of the reasonings of potential ignorance: Marillac's reply exhibits that mixture of firmness and prudence which ever distinguishes a temperate and, therefore, a judicious reformer:—

"M. Gaillard tells us, that Noel Beda was the person selected to plead the cause of the university before the parliament; and the arguments employed by him were sufficiently characteristic of the advocate. He urged, that to propagate the knowledge of the Greek and Hebrew languages, would operate to the absolute destruction of religion. Already, said he, such dangerous remarks as these are frequently heard: 'such is the import of the Hebrew original; and, 'thus it is that we find it read in the version of the Septuagint.' Were these professors 'Theologians,' he asked, that they should thus pretend to explain the Bible? Were not, indeed, the very Bibles which they made use of, for the most part, printed in Germany, the region of heresy? Or at least, were they not indebted for them to the Jews? The replies of the professors, through Marillac, their advocate, are said to have been to the following effect: 'No; we advance no pretension to the name of theologians. It is as critics or grammarians only, that we explain the Greek and Hebrew Scriptures. But answer us: Do you profess to understand Greek and Hebrew? If so, attend our lectures; and when you find us teaching any heresy, denounce us. This is an occupation in which you have already had sufficient practice. But if you are yet ignorant both of the Greek and Hebrew languages, with what show of propriety can you insist upon examining us? or on what grounds do you forbid us to teach? Will you presume to make a display of your own barbarous contempt for a species of knowledge, which you have not acquired? Or as public functionaries of the university, does it become you to oppose the progress of instruction, or to resist or embarrass the efforts which a great monarch is making to banish ignorance out of his dominions? As to the subjects of our lectures, we are permitted to choose for ourselves, out of the whole variety of Greek authors; or if any of us should prefer

the Bible, it is from a motive which you have no just reason to disapprove. What other Hebrew book indeed, than the Bible, would you have us to explain?"

In the struggle between knowledge and ignorance, the intolerants sometimes encountered among the reformers persons who defeated them with their own weapons. We can easily conceive how sorely puzzled a solemn blockhead like Bida must have been by such a pertinacious antagonist as Caroli.

"Bida and his associates, who had hitherto proceeded triumphantly, at length found, in Pierre Caroli, a suspected preacher and a doctor also of the bishopric of Meaux, an antagonist, who could neutralize the brutal force of power by the arts of legal subtlety. This man contrived, by appealing from court to court, to oppose one juridical process to another; and managed so dextrously, that neither the officiality, the parliament, nor the council, could ever pronounce definitively against him. When forbidden to preach, he proposed to explain the Psalms in the college of Cambray. Interdicted by the faculty from this exercise, he answered, 'I shall obey: but as I have commenced the exposition of the 21st Psalm, allow me to finish it.' When this was refused, he placed on the college gate the following placard:— 'Pierre Caroli, willing to obey the orders of the sacred faculty, ceases to lecture. He will resume his readings, when it pleases God, at the place where he left off, viz. at the verse, They pierced my hands and my feet.'"

We have selected these few extracts as illustrative of the spirit of the age in which the Estiennes had to fight the good fight of knowledge and civilization; but we shall not attempt to trace their personal share in the contest, for it would lead us too deeply into bibliographical disquisitions. Those who love to pursue such researches, will find a rich treat in these volumes; they display learning, industry, discrimination, and a vigour of mind that throws life and interest into a subject usually regarded as dry and unentertaining. No classical library can be regarded as complete, that continues destitute of Mr. Greswell's work; no man can claim acquaintance with the history of classical literature, who remains ignorant of its contents. Even to the general reader these volumes present many attractions, for they contain interesting literary and ecclesiastical sketches of the state of society at one of the most important periods of European history.

*Letters of Sir Walter Scott; addressed to the Rev. R. Polwhele; D. Gilbert, Esq.; Francis Douce, Esq. &c. &c. London: Nichols & Son.*

THESE are contributions to that vast and rapidly accumulating store, which, when well winnowed, will form the basis of a lasting biography of Scott. The work is, therefore, welcome, though it has been miserably eked out with imperfections. For the addition of letters which have gone the round of the newspapers as advertisements, some apology may be found; but what possible excuse can there be for introducing an auto-biographical memoir of Sir Hussey Vivian! However, we are always disposed to crack the nut and offer the kernel to our readers, and shall not, therefore, weary them with objections, but make some extracts from the correspondence. The following letters are interesting:—

*To the Rev. R. Polwhele, Kenwyn, Truro.*

Abbotsford, 29 Feb. 1812.

"My Dear Sir,—Your favour, and soon after your poem, reached me here when I was busy in planting, ditching, and fencing a kingdom, like that of Virgil's Melibæus, of about one hundred acres. I immediately sent your poem to Ballantyne, without the least intimation whence it comes. But I greatly doubt his venturing on the publication, nor can I much urge him to it. The disputes of the Huttonians and Wernerians, though they occasioned, it is said, the damning of a tragedy in Edinburgh last month, have not agitated our northern Athens, in any degree like the disputes between the Bellonians and Lancastrians. The Bishop of Meath, some time a resident with us, preached against the Lancastrian system in our Episcopal chapel. The Rev. Sir Henry Moncrieff, a Scottish Baronet, and leader of the stricter sect of the Presbyterians, replied in a thundering discourse of an hour and a half in length. Now, every body being engaged on one side or the other, I believe no one will care to bring forth a poem which laughs at both. As for me, upon whom the suspicion of authorship would probably attach, I say with Mrs. Quickly, 'I will never put my finger in the fire, and need not! indeed no, la!' I shall be in Edinburgh in the course of a week, and learn the publisher's determination; and if it be as I anticipate, I will find means to return the MS. safely under an office frank.

"I like the poetry very much, and much of the sentiment also, being distinctly of opinion that the actual power of reading, whether English or Latin or Greek, acquired at school, is of little consequence compared to the habits of discipline and attention necessarily acquired in the course of regular study. I fear many of the short-hand acquisitions will be found 'in fancy ripe, in reason rotten.' After all, however, this applies chiefly to the easier and higher classes; for, as to the lower, we are to consider the saving of time in learning as the means of teaching many who otherwise would not learn at all. So I quietly subscribe to both schools, and give my name to neither. I trust the *charlatanism* of both systems will subside into something useful. I have no good opinion of either of the champions. Lancaster is a mountebank; and there is a certain lawsuit depending in our courts here between Dr. Bell and his wife, which puts him in a very questionable point of view.

"Believe me, dear Sir, yours ever truly,  
"W. SCOTT."

*To the Rev. R. Polwhele.*

Edinburgh, Sept. 1814.

"Baal is neither dead nor sleeping; he had only gone a journey, which was likely to have landed him on the coast of Cornwall, and near your door, in which case I should have had the honour to have made your personal acquaintance. I have been engaged for these two months last upon a pleasure-voyage with some friends. We had a good light cutter, well fitted up and manned, belonging to the service of the Northern Lighthouses, of which department my friends are Commissioners. We therefore lived much at our ease; and had our motions as much under our own command, as winds and waves would permit. We visited the Shetland and Orkney Isles, and rounding the island by Cape Wrath, wandered for some time among the Hebrides; then went to the Irish coast, and viewed the celebrated Giant's Causeway, and would have pursued our voyage Heaven knows how far, but that the American privateers were a little too near us, and the risk of falling in with them cut short our cruise; otherwise I might have landed upon the ancient shores of Corinæus, and made the 'Fair Isabel' my introduction to the Bard of the West. \* \* \* I believe

I shall make another adventure, upon a subject of Scottish history; I have called my work the 'Lord of the Isles.' The greater part has been long written, but I am stupid at drawing ideal scenery, and waited until I should have a good opportunity to visit, or rather to re-visit, the Hebrides, where the scene is partly laid."

In a letter to Mr. Douce, he observes:—

"Concerning the Fools of Shakespeare, a subject of so much curiosity, and which you have so much elucidated, it might be interesting to you to know, that fifty years ago there was hardly a great house in Scotland where there was not an *all-licensed fool*—half crazy and half knavish—many of whose *bons mots* are still recited and preserved. The late Duke of Argyll had a jester of this description, who stood at the sideboard among the servants, and was a great favourite, until he got into disgrace by rising up in the kirk before sermon, and proclaiming the bane of marriage between himself and my friend Lady Charlotte Campbell. So you see it is not so very long, at least in this country, since led captains, pimps, and playmen have superseded the *roguish clowns* of Shakespeare."

The following is dated 1st of December 1811, just after his removal to Abbotsford.

"I received yours, when I was in the very bustle of leaving Ashiestiel, which has been my summer residence (and a very sweet one) for these eight years past. It was not, however, for a distant migration, as I was only removing to a small property of my own about five miles lower down the Tweed. Now, although, with true masculine indifference, I leave to my better half the care of furniture and china, yet there are such things as books and papers, not to mention broad-swords and targets, battle-axes and helmets, guns, pistols, and dirks, the care of which devolved upon me, besides the bustle of ten thousand directions, to be given in one breath of time, concerning ten thousand queries, carefully reserved for that parting moment, by those who might as well have made them six months before."

Other brief passages, having some personal interest, we shall here string together.

"I am busy here beautifying a farm which nothing but the influence of *Local Attachment* could greatly recommend, unless a Christian wished to practise at once the virtues of faith, hope, and charity, for it requires the whole to judge of it favourably, its present state being altogether unpromising. It has, however, about a mile of Tweedside, and that is a sufficient recommendation to a Borderer."

"I wish you joy of the marvellous conclusion of the strange and terrible drama which our eyes have seen opened, and I trust finally closed, upon the grand stage of Europe, [date, July 1814]. I used to be fond of war when I was a younger man, and longed heartily to be a soldier; but now I think there is no prayer in the service with which I could close more earnestly, than 'Send peace in our time, good Lord.'"

"The Editor of the Edinburgh Review is my particular friend; but he and I often differ in points of criticism. If I find he views your poems with the same eye that I have done for many years, I am sure he will give them an honourable niche in his temple of Fame, or rather his theatre of Anatomy. I have myself long ceased to write in a work, the political sentiments of which do by no means correspond with mine; indeed, I never did touch upon any poetical productions, conscious that either my praise or censure might be easily misconstrued. The articles I used sometimes to furnish had chiefly relation to antiquities."

"I should be very ungrateful indeed, if in distributing the few copies I have retained of

the inclosed drum and trumpet thing (Don Roderrick), I should forget to request your kind acceptance of it, especially as I am sure you will applaud the purpose, and pardon imperfections in the execution."

"Scotland is in every respect a trading country, and our sons are sent off to the Colonies as our black cattle to England, and every outlet that a Scotsman has command of is more than choked with long-legged red-haired cousins."

*Customs and Manners of the Women of Persia, and their Domestic Superstitions.* By J. Atkinson, Esq. Printed for the Oriental Translation Fund. Murray.

THE very curious and interesting work, of which Mr. Atkinson has given us a translation, is a semi-serious and semi-comic code of domestic legislation, supposed to have been framed by a conclave of Persian ladies. It, consequently, explains the customs of private life in the East more fully than could be done by a grave and formal disquisition; and, as the legislating ladies have been very minute in their directions, a good insight may be got from the work into the arrangements of a family circle in Persia. The common error, that women are regarded as little better than slaves in the East, is fully refuted by the fair law-givers; and if their statutes were observed, the pity, hitherto mistakenly bestowed on the wives, should be transferred in double portions to the husbands.

The directions given respecting the mode in which ladies should honour a fast-day, would, if practised, lead the fair sex to petition that Lent should last the whole year.

"Should a favourable opportunity occur for the beautiful young girls to remain with the young men for a short time, and especially if their intercourse arises from mutual affection, there can be nothing wrong in the indulgence of their attachments. Indeed, it is a fortunate circumstance, and, upon the whole, more satisfactory and gratifying to them than fasting the whole year. And whenever the young women visit their female friends on that blessed day, for the purpose of meeting their lovers, they may be permitted, without any violation of decorum, to remain till a late hour. For every female ought to be her own master on that occasion; and if her husband presumes to ask where she has been, and why returned so late, it is highly reprehensible on his part, for through the sacred influence of that blessed day she stands acquitted of all impropriety."

The following precept is, we suspect, rarely allowed to fall into desuetude:—

"A woman should never on any occasion neglect to show her predilection for rich apparel and scenes of gaiety. For, as Gholam Nabí the poet says:

"Soft speech, and languid looks, and gay attire,  
Beauty improve, and joyous thoughts inspire;  
Perfum'd with musk, in silk and gems arrayed,  
Resistless are the charms of wife or maid;  
Since richly dress'd, with smiles that ever please,  
A lovely woman wins the heart with ease."

The legislators assign sufficient cause for the observance of the preceding law.

"When women come out of the bath they ought to dress in gay apparel, and if they have any engagement, they must first proceed to the house of their friend or lover. And if they meet a handsome young man on their way, they must cunningly remove a little of the veil which covers their face, and draw it off gradually, pretending, 'It is very hot, how I perspire: my heart is wounded;' and talk in this manner, and stand a little, till the youth smells the perfume of ottar, and he looks captivated, and sends a

message describing the enchanted and bewildered state of his mind."

The classification of husbands by Shah Bânú Dadeh, no inactive member of the legislative council, is excellent. Her bump of order must have been wondrously developed, or there is no truth in Phrenology.

"There are three sorts of men: 1. A proper man; 2. Half a man; 3. A Hupul-hupla. A proper man at once supplies whatever necessities or indulgences his wife may require; he never presumes to go out without his wife's permission, or do anything contrary to her wish. Your half man, of the second class, is a very poor snivelling wretch, always meddling, with but little furniture in his house, and just bread and salt enough for bare subsistence, never on any occasion enjoying the least degree of comfort. The wife sits in his house and works, and all she earns is applied to procure food and lights. It is therefore wájib in that industrious woman to reply harshly to whatever he says; and if he beats her, it is wájib for her to bite and scratch him, and pull his beard, and do everything in her power to annoy him. If his severity exceeds all bounds, let her petition the Kézi and get a divorce. The third class, or Hupul-hupla, has nothing, no friends. He wants to dress and live luxuriously, but is totally destitute of means. If the wife of such a man absents herself from his house even for ten days and ten nights, he must not on her return ask her where she has been; and if he sees a stranger in the house, he must not ask who it is, or what he wants. Whenever he comes home and finds the street door shut, he must not knock, but retire, and not presume to enter till he sees it thrown open. Should he act contrary to this, the wife must immediately demand a divorce."

The lecture on the duties of husbands is fully sufficient to show how misplaced has been our sympathy for the Oriental ladies.

"That man, too, must possess an excellent disposition, who never fails to comply with his wife's wishes, since the hearts of women are gentle and tender, and harshness to them would be cruel. If he be angry with her, so great is her sensibility, that she loses her health and becomes weak and delicate. A wife, indeed, is the mirror of her husband, and reflects his character; her joyous and agreeable looks being the best proofs of his temper and goodness of heart. She never of herself departs from the right path, and the colour of her cheeks is like the full-blown rose; but if her husband is continually angry with her, her colour fades, and her complexion becomes yellow as saffron. He should give her money without limit: God forbid that she should die of sorrow and disappointment! in which case her blood would be upon the head of her husband.

The parrot tears the rose with felon-beak,  
As sorrow preys on beauty's tempting cheek;  
The robber-worm destroys both fruit and flower,  
As grief cuts shorter life's fast fleeting hour;  
If thou wouldst live and love, and joy impart,  
Vain fool! I keep grief and sorrow from her heart.

"The learned conclave are unanimous in declaring that many instances have occurred of women dying from the barbarous cruelty of their husbands in this respect; and if the husband be even a day-labourer, and he does not give his wages to his wife, she will claim them on the day of judgment. It is incumbent on the husband to bestow on the wife a daily allowance in cash, and he must also allow her every expense of feasting, and of excursions, and the bath, and every other kind of recreation. If he has not generosity and pride enough to do this, he will assuredly be punished for all his sins and omissions on the day of resurrection."

We are glad to find that the conductors of the Oriental Translation Fund have the good

sense to intermix light and lively works like the present with their more learned, but scarcely more useful publications.

*The History and Geography of the Mississippi Valley; to which is appended a condensed Physical Geography of the Atlantic United States, and the whole American Continent.* By Timothy Flint. 2nd Edit. 2 vols. 8vo. Cincinnati: Flint, and Lincoln. London: Kennett.

THE republic of North America extends over the fairest and noblest portion of the New World. The climate is fine—the soil excellent—the rivers are deep and, in general, navigable—the lakes resemble inland seas: the produce of the earth is so varied as to suit all the wishes, as well as wants, of mankind; and the whole is inhabited by a race of people who, in enterprise and ingenuity, equal any, and surpass most, of the nations of Europe. The sea-coast line of this vast empire, from Passamaquoddy to the Sabine, is 2,800 miles: the northern line, from Nova Scotia to the Pacific, measures 3000 miles: it is divided into four and twenty states,—more are in organization, and will shortly be added; and the whole comprises an area of two millions of square miles—an extent of territory which the empire of Russia alone surpasses. Into that magnificent country the enterprising youth of Europe emigrate in crowds: children, which are a curse in other lands, are a blessing there. The increase of population is beyond all example prodigious: in 1790 it was 3,929,827; in 1800, 5,305,925; in 1810, 7,289,314; in 1820, 9,638,131; and in 1830, 12,856,487. The military force of a country, where every citizen is either a trained soldier or an expert marksman, may be calculated as comprising all between the ages of sixteen and fifty-five: in truth, though the standing army is small, the Republic can call a million of militia into the field, should an enemy menace her: indeed, her position, amidst her lakes, and woods, and deep rivers, is next to impregnable. On the sea she has no one to dread, save her parent England: her navy is growing, and her mariners are expert and venturesome. She owns seven ships of the line, ten frigates, fifteen sloops of war, and seven armed schooners: her mercantile tonnage, out of which her maritime power arises, amounted, in 1829, to 1,741,391: one-fourth of her shipping belongs to Massachusetts; and the next largest portion is owned at New York. Maryland and Pennsylvania rank next in order as shipping states.

The revenues of the Republic are extensive: they are chiefly derived from the sale of public lands to European or native adventurers, and from customs or duties paid by merchants on goods imported: the annual amount is about 25,000,000 dollars. This sum, as compared to our island revenue, is small; but then we must consider that little is required to be done with it: the enormous amount of interest on our national debt swallows up the income of Britain; but the revenue of America, unless in the exigencies of war, exceeds the expenditure and the interest of her debt, and leaves a considerable balance for the public treasury. Besides, she expects to extinguish her debt in a few years



—a consummation which England may pray for, but must not expect.

We have been led into these statements from perusing the valuable work of Mr. Flint, who is already favourably known here, through his 'Recollections of the last Ten Years in the Mississippi Valley.' Before we make any remarks on his writings, let us complete our brief account of the great American Republic from his pages: her inland economy is perfect:—

"Canals are bisecting the country in every direction. So strong has the impulse of the public mind recently become, in the direction of making canals and rail roads, that timid legislators have shrunk from these enterprises; as fearful, that the spirit was running beyond the limits of sound calculation. But the community is daily becoming enlightened upon the subject, by the sure and unerring teaching of experience. If some great calamity do not arrest the onward progress of our country, fifty years will not elapse, before wagons drawn by animal power will generally have given place to canal boats, or rail-road cars impelled by steam; and the whole country will be chequered by canals and rail-roads, as it now is by the bad and deep common roads of the country. Details in regard to the names, number and extent of the canals, will be presented hereafter in a tabular view. There are not far from 1500 miles of canal now in actual use, and 500 miles more are laid out, as in actual progress towards completion. Of these the longest and most important, in complete operation, is the New York and Erie canal, 360 miles in length. The canal connecting Philadelphia with Pittsburgh, in a continuous chain of a number of different canals, will comprise when completed, an extent of between 3 and 400 miles, being by far the longest in the United States. The Ohio and Erie Canal is a stupendous work 306 miles in extent, uniting the waters of Lake Erie with the Ohio. The Chesapeake and Ohio canal, now in progress, is intended to unite the waters of the Potomac at Washington city with the Ohio river, and Pennsylvania canal at Pittsburgh. Of thirty canals in operation, or progress, these are the most important."

"Rail Roads, though less experimented, are becoming common objects of contemplation. One for a short distance in Quincy in Massachusetts conveys granite from the quarry to tide waters. One from the summit of Mauch Chunk coal hill, connecting it with a branch of the Pennsylvania canal, is in successful operation. A rail-road is constructing at Charleston, South Carolina. One is completed connecting Albany with Schenectady in New York. A rail road connects New Orleans, with Lake Ponchartrain. One of gigantic features is in progress, and two considerable sections of it finished, to pass from the Chesapeake to the Ohio. Loco-motive rail cars have been driven upon this with a speed and facility to justify all the reasonable expectations, that have been raised by accounts of their success in England. Others are commencing in points too numerous to mention. A project still more Herculean than any yet commenced, has excited much attention in New York. It proposes to make a rail way from that city over the Alleghany mountains, through the states of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, to the Mississippi. Rail roads, though growing into public favour, from their rapidity of transport, and the great effect of the power applied upon them, together with the advantage that they are not liable like canals to be impeded by frost, are still, in comparison with canals, matters of question, in regard to their comparative cheapness and utility."

"These projects would have seemed visionary and chimerical, had not many works, which

were viewed, but a few years since, equally so, been carried into execution, with results outstripping the most sanguine calculations. It has been discovered, as a new demonstration in political economy, that such works, if wisely executed, enrich instead of impoverishing a country. Nothing but physical impossibilities, are beyond the sober hopes of a great and growing people, whose national wealth is accumulating, and whose physical resources are constantly developing by new discoveries of the materials necessary to bring those resources into play. The number of miles of canal and rail road, which will be in use, when the public works of this sort, now under contract, shall be completed, will exceed 4200 miles."

"*Articles of Export.* In Maine, lumber, vessels, butter, cheese, beef and pork. New Hampshire is chiefly a grazing state. Having but a very narrow line of sea coast, her facilities for the lumber trade are comparatively small. Vermont is famed for the finest beef, and the richest grazing in the United States. Since its connection with New York by the Champlain canal, Vermont has come in for a share in the lumber business. Massachusetts furnishes the general products of New England, together with a great amount of salted and pickled fish, the product of her extensive fisheries. She has, also, a natural aptitude for various sorts of manufactures, being the greatest manufacturing state in the union. The middle states add to the productions of New England wheat and flour. From the southern Atlantic States the chief exports are tobacco and cotton: and from the Southern States of the Mississippi Valley sugar and cotton. Since the home trade of the United States has become one of the most important elements of our prosperity, our foreign trade has not advanced in a ratio so great, as in past periods. The exporting states rank in the following order; New York, Louisiana, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, South Carolina; and the whole amount generally ranges from 60 to 70 millions of dollars. In 1829 it was 72,558,671 dollars."

"*Manufactures.* Under this head we only mention in this place the two recent establishments of the cotton and woollen manufactures. There are 400 cotton factories in New England, and 280 in the remaining portion of the United States; 680 in all. Of these 135 are in Massachusetts; 110 in Rhode Island; 80 in Connecticut; and 50 in New Hampshire. It is calculated, that 32,000,000 lbs. of wool were manufactured in the United States in 1829, giving full or partial employment to 100,000 persons."

Nor is it to her increase of wealth and strength alone that America looks: she is anxious about the instruction and comfort of her people, and desirous of seeing them enlightened as well as free:—

"*Schools.* The noble and truly republican system of free schools exists in New England, and in Ohio. It is extending its influence in all the northern and middle States. New York has devised another plan of general education, of great efficiency and sustained with a munificence, in which this great state stands alone. Schools supported by private contribution, seminaries, academies, high schools for both sexes, lyceums, medical, law and theological schools are springing up with each new session of the legislatures. Assuming the number of children taught in the different schools in New York, as a basis, we may calculate the number of actual pupils in the United States at one million. Another million are as yet unttaught. There are 50 incorporated colleges in the United States; and in New England and New York 229 incorporated academies. Supposing this division of the union to contain half of those in the United States, there will be a total of 451. The standard of the requisite character and qualifications

of instructors has been elevated by the great and laudable exertions of associations of teachers. The school books are of a higher and more instructive stamp. In no department of the improvements of the age has more been done, than in the cause of general education; and in none does more yet remain to be done. Our institutions can never be based on the right foundation, until the whole community receive a substantial and virtuous education."

She wisely considers, we think, that as man is accountable for his religious opinions to God alone, it is as well to leave religion free; nor does it seem to be the worse for it.

"Religion is left to the voluntary choice of the people, no sect being favoured by the law beyond another, it being an essential principle in the national and state governments, that legislation may of right interfere in the concerns of public worship only so far, as to protect every individual in the unmolested exercise of that of his choice. Hence all the sects of Christianity are abundantly represented in our country. The methodists are, probably, the most numerous denomination. The presbyterians, congregationalists, baptists, episcopalians, and Roman Catholics, probably, rank, in point of numbers, in the order, in which they are here mentioned. The Cumberland presbyterians and Christians are growing denominations. There are nearly 10,000 fixed congregations of the different denominations. The income of the different religious, charitable, missionary, bible, tract, education and Sunday school societies is about 500,000 dollars annually. There are 25 theological seminaries, in which young gentlemen of the different denominations are trained for their respective ministries, from which between 2 and 300 are annually graduated."

The internal regulations of the Republic seem simple and judicious: commerce and agriculture are the chief pursuits of the people. There are about eighty thousand merchants, five hundred thousand manufacturers, and two millions of farmers. No wonder President Jackson said the chief glory of the Republic was her agriculture. Fifteen hundred newspapers scatter knowledge or party spirit into every state; nor is the mode of conveyance slow: one hundred thousand miles of post-road extend to all the states; and as every man may hope to rise to distinction, where there are no privileged orders, America swarms with village orators and rustic politicians.

"The people of the United States ought to be a nation of orators. From the session of congress to that of each state legislature, every constituent assembly, every one of the almost innumerable meetings of the people furnishes a call for public speaking. More voice and breath are expended in this way by the people of the Union, in proportion to their numbers, than in any other country. Tedioussness, prolixity, and an unsparing superfluity of words are evils generated by this order of things. But while it gives birth to multitudes of windy, insane and impudent demagogues, it forms at the same time an uncommon proportion of the community to fluent and graceful public speaking."

The following brief account of the way in which public lands are disposed of, may not be unuseful at a time when many contemplate emigration to the west, as the only mode of escaping from overwhelming evils.

"The lands are surveyed before they are offered for sale, and are divided into townships six miles square, which are subdivided into 36 sections, each a mile square, and containing 640 acres. These are again subdivided into half, quarter, and half-quarter sections, the

smallest tracts sold by the government. The credit system is abolished, and terms of sale are cash previous to the entry, or government deed. The lands are first exposed to sale at auction, by proclamation of the President. The highest bidder at this sale failing to pay, the tract is offered again, and the failing bidder is declared incapable of purchasing at the sales. The minimum price of land is one dollar and twenty-five cents an acre. Lands forfeited for non-payment must be offered first at public sale. Choice tracts and favourite positions command good prices at the public sales. But the greater portion of the lands remain unsold, after the public sales, and are entered at private sale. Those lands for which one dollar and twenty-five cents are not offered, remain unsold, and the property of the United States. Salt springs and lead mines are reserved from this sale; but may be leased by the President. One section of 640 acres is reserved in every township for literary purposes. In cases of different applications, at private sale, for the same tract, the highest bidder is to have the preference. By this admirable system all the townships and subdivisions are in regular mathematical forms, precluding the fruitful source of litigation, arising from the uncertainty of butts and bounds, in forms with curve, meandering, or zigzag lines. Those forms so universal in the forms of the old settlements, are not only difficult matters of adjustment between contiguous owners, and exceedingly inconvenient for fencing, but are unsightly and offensive to the eye. It is inconceivable that the beautiful square forms of the present land system should not have been suggested to the first settlers of the United States.

"The land sales unite three essential objects, the right of selection by the highest bidder at the public sales, extreme cheapness at the private sales, and a title of a clearness and unquestionable surety commensurate with the stability of the government. The convenience and excellence of this system constitute an essential element in the rapid population of the new states."

The author of this volume is clear, concise, and impartial in his statements: he loves his country as every honest man should: he opens his eyes to her virtues, nor shuts them on her defects. We shall, in our next number, conduct our readers into the great valley of the Mississippi, and show them some of the beauties and wonders of the land.

*Selections from the Choric Poetry of the Greek Dramatic Writers.* Translated into English Verse by J. Anstice, B.A. London: B. Fellowes.

Of the execution of this work we can speak in terms of great praise; the author displays refined taste, an acute perception of beauty, fine discrimination in the comparison of similar imagery, and no ordinary share of poetic power. He has studied the sublime originals until they became identified with his Self; and the thoughts derived from abroad made themselves denizens within. But on the plan of the work we cannot bestow equal praise: the Choral, or as the professor rather affectedly calls them, the Choric Odes of the Greek dramatists do not easily bear being exhibited as substantive poems; and even as specimens of poetic power, they fail to convey adequate conceptions to the minds of the uninitiated; for all the beauty of their propriety, and their adaptation to the circumstances of the drama, are wholly lost. These translations appear to be, and probably are, the exercises of a powerful mind preparing for a more extended flight, and,

viewed as such, are full of promise; but we doubt the propriety of giving such prelusions to the public, because critics must judge by the substantive merits, without any regard to the author's intentions or future designs.

We might quote several specimens from the choruses of Æschylus, here translated by Mr. Anstice, to prove the justice of the praise we have awarded him; but we must limit ourselves to the following extract from the Hymn of the Furies, in which strict fidelity is united with an ease which confidence in conscious powers could alone bestow:—

Heavy, pouncing from aloft,  
Swoop we on the victim's fate,  
He, beneath the incumbent load,  
Faints and totters on his road;  
Though he his beneath the sky  
Fame and princely majesty;  
All his honours waste and wane  
At the coming of our train,  
When, in sable drapery wound,  
We tread the mystic dance around:  
Down he sinks, and knows not who  
The deed of retribution do.  
Such the clouds that crime can roll  
Darkling round the guilty soul:  
Deeds of horror thus can blind  
Reason's ray that lights the mind,  
Till upon the murderous halls  
Judgment unexpected falls.  
Plots of vengeance frame we still,  
Strong to execute our will;  
Awful to the dead and living,  
Unforgetting, unforgiving,  
Guided not by Phœbus fair,  
Lit by torches' lurid glare,  
Banished from the starry sphere,  
Honoured not by love but fear,  
Lives, I ween, no mortal wight,  
Who may mock our chartered right.  
Right, the sister-Fates approve,  
Sanction by the Powers above,  
Though we dwell the earth beneath,  
In the sunless realms of death,  
Yet, amid that dark domain,  
Honoured is our ancient reign.

There is great beauty in the delineation of the features of an Attic rural landscape, translated from the *Œdipus Coloneus* of Sophocles; and no small portion of the simple elegance of the original has been preserved:

Stranger, thou art standing now  
On Colonus' sparry brow;  
All the haunts of Attic ground,  
Where the matchless coursers bound,  
Boast not, through their realms of bliss,  
Other spot as fair as this.

Frequent down this greenwood dale,  
Mourns the warbling nightingale,  
Nestling mid the thickest screen  
Of the ivy's darksome green;  
Or where, each empurpled shoot  
Drooping with its myriad fruit,  
Curled in many a mazy twine,  
Blooms the never-trodden vine.

Here Narcissus, day by day,  
Buds, in clustering beauty, gay,  
Sipping aye, at morn and even,  
All the nectar dews of heaven,  
Wont amid your locks to shine,  
Ceres fair and Proserpine.  
Here the golden Crocus gleams,  
Murmur here unfailing streams,  
Sleep the bubbling fountains never,  
Feeding pure Cephissus river,  
Whose prolific waters daily  
Bid the pastures blossom gaily,  
With the showers of spring-tide blending,  
On the lap of earth descending.

Now a brighter boast than all  
Shall my grateful song recall:  
Yon proud shrub, that will not smile,  
Pelops, on thy Doric isle,  
Nor on Asiatic soil,  
But unsown, unsought by toil,  
Self-engendered, year by year,  
Springs to life a native here.  
Tree the trembling foeman shuns,  
Garland for Athena's sons,  
May the olive long be ours,  
None may break its sacred bowers,  
None its boughs of silvery grey  
Young or old may bear away.

Son of Saturn old! whose sway  
Stormy winds and waves obey,  
Thine be honour's well-earned meed,  
Tamer of the champing steed;  
First he wore on Attic plain  
Bit of steel and curbing rein.  
Oft too o'er the waters blue,  
Athens, strain thy labouring crew;  
Practised hands the bark are plying,  
Oars are bending, spray is flying,  
Sunny waves beneath them glancing,  
Sportive Nereids round them dancing,  
With their hundred feet in motion,  
Twinkling mid the foam of ocean.

The specimen from Aristophanes is rather a failure; it wants the sportive lightness and airy march of that wondrous master of "each mode of the lyre"; and we regret to see any attempt to rival Shelley's translation of the Cyclops, which is, beyond controversy, the best version of a Greek drama in any modern language.

We have derived great pleasure from the notes in this little volume: they prove that Mr. Anstice has read, appreciated, and stored in his mind, a very large stock of modern as well as ancient poetry; and that few professors can compete with him in the power of giving to classical education its true aim, the learning to appreciate intellectual and moral beauty, the formation of a pure taste, the love of excellence in whatever clime it may be found. There is a difference between literary and learned professors;—the latter are as numerous as "the leaves of Vallombrosa"; the former are equally rare and valuable: we rejoice that Mr. Anstice merits no humble place in the select band.

*Bellegarde, the Adopted Indian Boy; a Canadian Tale.* 3 vols. Saunders & Otley.

THE scene of this novel is laid in Lower Canada, at St. Ann's, the place mentioned by Moore in his once popular boat-song. The principal characters are French Canadians—the Seigneur of St. Ann's, his daughter, nephew, the domestic chaplain, and Bellegarde, an adopted Indian boy, from whom the novel takes its name, together with two British officers. The time is just preceding, and at the breaking out of, the war which separated the colonies from the mother country. The story is simple, and the incidents few; but the whole wants stirring interest. The work too is deficient in what we principally hoped for—a vivid portraiture of the manners, habits, and customs of the Canadians, with descriptions of the peculiar features of that wild scenery, of which Lower Canada offers such fine examples. The tale is professedly true. How this may be, we know not; but assuredly it must be long ago when a Canadian Seigneur could be dragged from his home and thrown into prison, without a reason assigned: nor is it within our recollection, that the Canadians have desired to be again under the dominion of France: the wild boar hunt too, with the horses and servants, and the baron with his "couteau de chasse," reminded us much more of the old country than the new. If, therefore, the tale be even founded on truth, it neither represents existing manners nor feelings, and has lost its living interest. There are, however, situations that in more skilful hands might have been wrought up to fine effect; the descent of the rapids is one of these, and, as one of the best, we shall give some extracts from it. De Courcy "places himself and his fortunes in a bark-canoe, under the guidance of Bellegarde, an old warrior of his

tribe, and two men accustomed to the use of paddles." He is soon lost in thought and speculation, and hours slipped away without observation.

"He neither listened to the song of the boatmen, nor paid attention to their progress, until he was roused by the rapidity of the current and the dashing of the waters in all directions around him, as if a hundred streams precipitated themselves into a common basin. The waves seemed to be animated with a spirit of destruction; and as the Indian who, placed on his knees in front, turned the prow of the vessel towards every wave that rolled towards its side and menaced to break over it, the motion seemed to be arrested by a force equally pressing on all sides. Eustace thought he made no headway, but lifted from swell to swell in succession, the apparent course was that of a circle, from whose centre there seemed no possibility of escaping. Bellegarde sat at the rear; and as the tumult of the waters and apparent danger were deemed, even by the most fearless of the Indians, sufficient to put the firmest nerves to a severe trial, the malicious boy looked steadily on the countenance of Eustace, in expectation of catching an expression of trouble; but it was unmoved as bronze. In the midst of this danger, the boat was carried forward by the force of the under current, and at the end of a painful half hour, the peril was passed, and they descended the peaceful flood like men who had awakened from a troubled dream."

One more rapid passed, and they would have been in safety. Unfortunately, while the boat continued in smooth water, the men indulged too freely with De Courcy's rum. They were to land at a small harbour, and carry their boat to the foot of the next fall.

"The Indian who was placed in front to watch for the entrance of the small harbour, was fast asleep; and Bellegarde, trusting to his vigilance, remained in a state of security, until he perceived the canoe running with the celerity of a race-horse. He had often made this voyage, but did not remember, after passing the whirlpools, any rapid current in the river. Being soon convinced by the distant sound of the cascade that all was not right, he called out to the guide to inquire if he was near the harbour. The wretched man, waking suddenly, perceived that he had passed the entrance of it, and a cloud that passed from the face of the moon, enabled him to see the motion of her rays on the tremendous cataract, whose approach, beset with rocks, tossed the stream into volumes of foam. He uttered a piercing scream, and in the impulse given to the light bark canoe by the suddenness of the movement, he fell overboard and disappeared. The two assistants, who now saw themselves carried forward to inevitable destruction, made desperate but vain attempts to resist the impetuosity of the current. They could only slacken, not stop the pace of the canoe; and in the agony of conviction, that in another minute they would cease to live, they let the paddles fall from hands already palsied with terror.

"'We are lost!' said the brave Indian boy; 'let me hold your hand, Captain De Courcy, that we may not be separated.' Eustace made no reply, but extending his arm, grasped firmly that of Bellegarde. The boat struck; 'follow!' said the boy instantly; 'where there is bottom we may stand.'

"The movement of both accompanied the words. A pointed rock had taken the centre of the canoe; the force of the current turned her round upon it like a pivot. The two friends, for such a common danger had rendered them, fastened upon the rough sides of the rock, which lay only a few inches under the surface of the

water, and finding themselves secure, attempted to hold the boat, or pull the two men towards them; but these had lost all power to act; they screamed, hesitated, were swept over the precipice, and the crash of the boat, mingled with their cries and the noise of the cascade, fell upon the ears of Eustace and his companion!"

With the blood of Piarsket in his veins, we can easily believe that Bellegarde might be roused by circumstances to the commission of any atrocity; but our sympathy is awakened for one that is high-minded, generous, and devoted in his attachments; and there was no necessity for making him commit deliberate murder, and thus offend against all our preconceived opinions and feelings.

*Paris; or, the Book of the Hundred-and-One.* 3 vols.

[Second Notice.]

THOUGH we do not intend to offer an opinion on the merit of the translations in this work, it may fairly be allowed to us to make such extracts from it as we think likely to interest our readers. The following strange tale is told by Léon Gozlan, who states that the facts were personally known to him, but that nothing short of the interest which he felt in the success of a work which was to restore the broken fortunes of his friend M. Ladvo-cat, could have prevailed on him to give publicity to them.

#### *The Black Napoleon.*

"The present generation must expect to be encumbered with sons of Napoleon, in rivalry with false Dauphins. Each fallen dynasty has bequeathed to us its glorious illegitimacies, and its counterfeit descendants. \* \* \* Popular belief is fed from such doubtful sources; and, provided the nose or the mouth bear some faint resemblance to the same features in the ex-sovereign, the dress does the rest. \* \* \*

"This preamble shows, by anticipation, the little desire I have to seduce the credulity of the reader, and my indifference whether or not he share in my conviction. I am only anxious, by the simplicity of this narrative, and the authority of the dates, facts, and names, which I adduce, to inspire him with a little confidence.

"During the moments of leisure between the thousand prodigies which have made the Egyptian campaign a poem, or a fairy tale, Napoleon, then called Buonaparte, formed acquaintance with the dark Egyptian girls, beautiful, submissive, and passing their lives upon the sand, or upon sofas,—their imaginations excited at the sight of a man, who projected his shadow, like a huge pyramid, from Cairo to Upper Egypt.

"I agree with the world, that it is a prodigious thing to have conquered the English, the Mameloucs, the plague, the ophthalmia, thirst, and the Desert; and they will surely agree with me, that there is nothing extraordinary in Napoleon leaving a descendant. I grant the marvellous;—concede to me the possible. Grant me that Napoleon had a son in Egypt, and that this son was a half-caste, short, formed like his father, and copper-coloured like his mother.

"When I left school in 1824, I was acquainted at Marseilles with a young Egyptian, twenty-six years of age, named Napoleon Tard\*\*\*. A certain identity of political opinions, and the same taste for solitude, soon cemented a strong friendship between us. All the disadvantages of our intimacy lay on his side; for I drank deep of knowledge from his conversation, and he instructed me in the Greek and Arabic languages; rendering his lessons truly delightful by recol-

lections of his travels in Nubia, Ethiopia, and across the Jordan—by vast original information—and by those views which you cannot derive from books, because books are mutes, and have not the animation of gesture, nor the flash of the eye, nor the music of the voice, nor the quivering of the muscles. His memory, which he pretended he had lost, was encyclopedical. If you asked him for a word he would give you a volume. When he spoke, I more than listened,—I read. But the moment this overflowing of poetry, science, thought, and enthusiasm ceased, he would relapse into the deepest and most silent melancholy. Nothing could rouse him from it. A mild and constant smile alone denoted in him the motion of life. It was during this lethargic tranquillity that you were struck with the muscular power of his thickest body, and with the fine form of his shoulders, arched and moulded like those of an antique statue. He was short—scarcely five feet four; but in such men, the head is the body. His was of a size prodigiously out of proportion with his bust, although the latter was very large; whilst his thin and nervous legs were like those of all the Orientals, without exception, inhabiting the borders of a desert. His head displayed the largest cerebral development ever seen in a European, together with the finest characteristics of an African. His nose, boldly aquiline, hung over lips more natural than delicate in their form. His chin turned up a little too much, which gave to the lower part of his face an enervate and somewhat monkish expression. But it was impossible not to pass over this defect, when you perceived that which justified his claim to a resemblance of which he was proud. His eyes, of a transparent and dazzling blue, indicated that mental superiority with which God now and then invests certain men, to prove to the levellers of all ages the untruth of equality among mankind. The fascination of his eye dragged you within the vortex of his will, where you were forced to remain and encounter the shock of his emotions and the concussion of his mental excitement. His eyes, which you wished you had never seen, and which it was impossible to forget when once you had come within their influence, flashed fire; and the dark orbs which encircled these two burning mirrors, enabled you to comprehend at what price God sometimes bestows genius, and what constant suffering he kindles in those hearts which serve as its altars. From this description, which my feeble pen has left so imperfect, the reader will be reminded of the noble countenance of Napoleon, which will be handed down to the latest posterity. It is one of the family portraits of human nature.

"Your idea of Tard\*\*\* would be incomplete, if you forget that he was a half-caste. Upon his huge, thick, and hard skull was stretched a tanned skin always in perspiration. The straight hair of the Corsican fell over two large, flat, and primitive ears. His was the frame of Napoleon, covered with the skin of Sesostria.

"Let those who comprehend Napoleon's mission upon earth, who know what energy he derived from the Corsican, Genoese, and Florentine blood mingled in his veins, measure, if they dare, the confusion into which the same man would have thrown the social economy had he been born in Africa, his veins swollen with black blood, galloping naked upon a horse without a saddle, pointing with his sword to the west, and showing it to his people, as a tamer of wild beasts would show a quarter of fresh meat to a lion;—moving men not with ideas of independence and glory—which symbols have no meaning but among old nations rubbed smooth with worn-out civilization—but with miracles in deeds,—lengthening the desert wherever he passed,—realizing the unity of empires by death, and universal peace by silence,—leaving in each

conquered city a flame for ensign, and fire for a garrison.

"The consciousness of his high birth and two-fold origin, now kept Tard\*\*\* in a state of sombre preoccupation. As soon as our intimacy warranted every kind of confidence, he constantly talked to me of his mad projects in the East. 'The East is mine,' he would say, 'as the West belonged to my father Napoleon. I will state my descent, my name, and my projects; I will place myself at the head, not of the Turks, but of the Arabs. The former have run their race. With the Arabs I will restore the civilization of the Ptolemies. I speak their language; I belong to their race; I am of their blood;—and they will listen to me. I will call each city, each town, each hamlet, each man, and each child by their several names. All will come to me; and the Nile, and the sands of the desert, and the winds shall roll towards Cairo and Alexandria as did the armies of Cambyses. The cross of the Copts, and the three colours shall operate new prodigies. I will do for Egypt that which my father had not the generosity to do. He wanted it only as a road to India, instead of making it independent. Egypt shall with me and by me, be free; free by my sword, by the cross, and by the three colours. No more bey's, nor pachas, nor slaves. Freedom, as in the time of the Caliphs, will I establish.—See you this casquette?' he continued; 'I will place it upon the pinnacle of Mecca. Until that time, it shall never quit my possession; then shall civilization revolve round it. Then shall we open our libraries;—then shall we call to us science now enslaved in old Europe. It shall come to us from Germany, and Italy, and Spain. The Arabic of the Caliphs, the Greek of Plato, and the Latin of Tacitus, shall run through the streets of Alexandria. Then shall the light again come from the East, and the prophecies be accomplished!'

"And I have seen him, full of these strange ideas, full of projects of conquests, gallop half-naked upon the sand along the sea-shore, calling with his strong and sonorous voice upon the nations who dwell upon the banks of the Nile, the borders of the desert, and skirt the mountains of Ethiopia, waving his hand in the wind as if balancing the scimitar, and shouting in Arabic, 'Ye people and nations! behold the son of Kebir!'

"Then stopping on a sudden, he would resume the mild and constant smile which I have already noticed, whilst the upper part of his face assumed the most perfect immobility. Insensibly the colour which his enthusiasm and violent excitement had raised upon his cheeks would fade and merge into the hue of sadness, which like a cloud descended from his brow. Here again was to be seen the deep thought of Napoleon, so admirably represented in the picture of the battle of Eylau. \* \* \*

"Let us use the privilege of poetry, and suppose for a moment that Napoleon's legitimate son, the Duke of Reichstadt, had realized some of those sublime hopes dreamt of by those who idolized his father,—by men enthusiastic enough to adore Napoleon as a prodigy, and thoughtless enough to dishonour his renown, by supposing that the same greatness could exist a second time by the mere force of descent; let us suppose, that the political fetters so well and so adroitly fixed around the existence of the Duke of Reichstadt had burst of themselves, and that the son of Napoleon, as a soldier at St. Roch, an artillery officer at Toulon, and a General in Italy, had earned the right of leading our armies to the plains of Egypt, whither we had sent them a second time to obtain that which was there sought by his father—namely, a sun warm enough to dry the blood-stains of another revolution—(for after civil murder, glory must be won; the alternative must lie between ex-

ternal war, and the public executioner at home);—let us suppose this, and who knows if Providence would not have placed face to face, two principles sprung like Oromasis and Arimanes, from the same origin, and have revived for us incredulous people those mythic beings, who at first, under real human forms, lead men in herds to some act of regeneration, whether of blood or of fire, and who, after they disappear, become moral truths like Typhon, Isis, and Osiris? Why should not this young prince, this legitimate son of Napoleon, have promoted that eternal tendency of Europe to obtain possession of Egypt, for the purpose of making an easy road to India, the cradle of human civilization? And why should not the young Egyptian, the illegitimate son of Napoleon, have represented that want, already felt by Africa under its Mameloucs and its Pachas, of shaking off the be-sotted yoke of the Sultans? It would have been a wonderful spectacle for mankind to see two men sprung from the same father—one pale as Europe, the other bronzed like Africa—meeting under the curve of their sabres in their first march towards each other, asking each other's name, and each replying, 'Napoleon!'

"Yes! I believe in the existence of an energetic and divine power, produced by the meeting of certain syllables and of certain numbers. Without unfolding the mysteries of the Cabal, I believe that these two names, forming but one, would have aroused from their sleep of stone, Alexandria, and its pharos, and its bazaars, and its arsenals, and its towers, and its nine hundred thousand inhabitants. I believe that the powerful breath of this double apparition would have dispersed the fine sand which now wears away so many noble monuments of granite; that in lieu of this dust, would have sprung up columns and capitals hewed out of the petrified date-tree, and all that population of statues formed from the natural productions of Egypt.

"Egypt only produces statues made from its sand,—and sand which is made solely from its statues. Nothingness and form come and go alternately; to-day there is a pyramid, to-morrow a few heaps of sand. The Great Desert is but a collection of pounded cities.

"But let us quit the field of hypothesis, and return to the reality of my narrative.

"Tard\*\*\* added to his powerful energy of character, the most simple pursuits, and much innocence in his amusements. He was passionately fond of flowers. A sunset in the bosom of our Mediterranean, threw him into extasy. His oriental life always swam upon the surface of the habits he had acquired in Europe. He used the bath and perfumes to excess, and when the heat of the weather was great, the veil of drowsiness threw over his eyes that languor peculiar to the women of the East, as well as to lions and tigers.

"Before we proceed further, I must state that Tard\*\*\* was mad, but his madness was nothing more than a philosophical monomania. It was so whimsical that it would not be worth recording, did it not unravel the dénouement of his life. I know not from what course of reading or study he had imbibed his system, but he believed neither in the mortality of the soul, nor in the mortality of the body. Death, so far as he could define it to me, he seemed to consider a mere change of country, a forced journey from one place to another. The man murdered or presumed dead at Paris, would be found at Berlin or London. He positively denied a total disappearance. Thus, he said he had met somewhere walking together, Rousseau and Raynal, Buffon and Linnæus; and according to him, grave-diggers were sinecurists, and cemetaries a farce. With such a system of belief, aided by the officious resources of logic, murder was in his eyes only a forcible expulsion from one country, and a sentence of death only a

passport to other climes. I believe that this fatal extravagance of belief may have proceeded from an accident which readily admits of an explanation, but which made a lasting impression upon his mind. During his childhood, and on the occasion perhaps of some insurrection in favour of his claim to the throne of the Pharaohs, he had stabbed a camel-driver at Cairo. Some years after this murder, or rather this duel, he met, or thought he met, the same man at Aleppo. Now, whether the camel-driver was the victim of the application of his system, or the first cause of his error, I am not prepared to say; for I never knew. Be that as it may, Tard\*\*\* positively denied the mortality of the body.

"He had attained to that age when the contrast of a precarious condition, with gigantic views and hopes in after years, cease to be in equilibrium. The poetry, which had kept his mind within bounds, was fast disappearing. \* \*

"Tired of the delays caused by the refusal of his two uncles—respectable merchants, one of whom had been several times elected member of the national representation—to advance him money for his intended voyage to Egypt, Tard\*\*\* complained of their parsimony. He could not understand their refusing him the money necessary to take possession of the throne of the Caliphs. These worthy merchants, without denying the august descent of their nephew, would have preferred adding him to their establishment as a book-keeper, to seeing him a Pharaoh I., an Aroun, or an Abasside. They therefore declined to supply him with funds for such a purpose.

"One day, as I was walking with him on the port of Marseilles, he began to play with a small knife, about two inches long, which he held between his fingers; he then begged me to wait for him a moment. Returning in a short time, he said, shutting his knife, 'I have just dispatched my two uncles for America—which means, in your language, that I have just killed them.'

"At the same instant, two gendarmes increased my astonishment and stupefaction, by arresting, with these words, the expeditious nephew:—'In the name of the law! Napoleon Tard\*\*\*, you are our prisoner:—you have murdered your two uncles!'

"On his trial at the Assize Court of Aix, Napoleon Tard\*\*\* swerved not from his character. But his metaphysical monomania on the subject of death did not save him. \* \* \*

"He proceeded to the scaffold without fear, and without a murmur, deeply impressed with the idea that he could not die, because his body was immortal as well as his soul. He displayed only that smile, half sinister and half lovely, which I before mentioned.

"He must, moreover, have been well pleased at seeing such an abundance of fruit and flowers as were collected at the place to which he was taken. For the place of execution at Aix is embalmed twice a week, with all the vegetable wondrous of Provence—the Delta of Southern France. The Nile is not more lavish of its gifts than the Rhone and the Durance. He thought, no doubt, that these perfumes were for him. Without a cravat, his neck free, and his eyes brilliant and sparkling, he walked through the crowd as if he were taking a stroll in the country. He would have been content had he been allowed a carnation in his button-hole, and a switch in his hand.

"He was in the market-place of Aix, and on a market day.

"In the glowing beams of a sun-shine in Provence, the imperial head of the victim fell by the knife of the guillotine, and the blood of Napoleon stained the pavement.

"One day, when the executioner came to Marseilles, to purchase a better blade, and two

stronger planks, a certain young man whom I may be allowed not to name, received a casquette, as the dying bequest of Tard\*\*\*.

"It was the one which was to have crowned the minaret at Mecca, and rallied the civilization of the East."

*Otterbourne: a Story of the English Marches.*

By the Author of 'Derwentwater.' 3 vols. London: Bentley.

It has been the taste, or the pleasure, of the author of 'Otterbourne' to write his story in a sort of stilted style, to the manifest injury of the talent and truth of some of his delineations. He might have imitated the clear and easy flow of the Rede, or the Coquet, or of the Tyne itself; but he has tried to rival the swollen turbulence of less musical streams. He seems well acquainted with the days when Douglas and Percy held rule on the borders; and he is also intimate with the manners and with the scenery. There is a sort of Northumberland air about the whole which is far from unpleasing, and frequent touches of heroic feeling worthy of the days of border chivalry. But his strange style spoils all: he makes his heroes utter a language as stiff and inflexible as their corselets; and even his heroines express their anger or their love in a way starched and padded. There is little that is easy or simple: all is a sort of gladiator contest in language, where strange words and out-of-the-way expressions fly about as thick as cloth-yard shafts on the field of Chevy Chase itself. There are many fine situations, many noble actions, and much that is amusing and interesting, nevertheless, in the narrative. The story is connected with the battle of Otterbourne, fought in 1388, between Douglas and Percy: a tall column marks the spot where the former fell; and the castle of Penoon, in Ayrshire, still stands to attest that the ransom of the latter was not small. The banner or pennon which Hotspur lost in the single combat at the gates of Newcastle, is in the keeping of the Montgomeries of Eglington. The fortunes of a Northumbrian knight of the name of Coupland, and his niece and daughter, are interwoven with the Scottish expedition: there are love passages with leaders of both countries, and skirmishes and combats good store;—at last, truth and constancy, by the aid of prudence and valour, prevail, and the daughters of England are wedded in their own land and according to their own heart; and the Scots retreat in a state something between victors and vanquished.

Of the two ladies, who occasioned all this strife, our author draws the following portraits:—

"Amisia de Coupland, the younger of the pair, as the banneret's heiress, takes precedence. She was one of those 'witching beings whose charms peculiarly baffle description. Angel, Hourii, and Grace, were terms in use before the deluge, and probably at these times, *tabooed* even in Owhyhee, but had they been available, would fail to raise the true idea. She was too much a woman to be an angel—too retiring for a hourii—and too unstudied in attitudes for a grace. Yet her form and face, actions and speech, were, together, overcharged with a spell, which her clear blue eye served to launch forth and fix. She was of middle stature, luxuriously modelled, and her attire rather marred than improved

— a waist,  
Indeed, sized to her wish.

Her hair was a glossy auburn—not of the sorrel cast, usually so denominated by partial mothers, but the rich sunny brown veritably implied.

"Thus beautiful, and with such expectancies, Amisia, young as she was, might have made more than one high alliance; but the golden-headed dart had never been fairly planted in her bosom, and she entertained certain romantic notions which a wound of that kind could alone realize. These, she was self-willed enough to stand upon, and, therefore, was likely to continue some time longer the 'queen of love and beauty,' at the northern tournaments. Warm in fancy, sanguine in disposition, and unfettered by worldly opinions, her heart once engaged, she was not constituted to bend its aspirations to conventional shadows. She was, however, essentially of the gentlest disposition: a sweet smile ever played around her mouth—a mouth that a miser's heir would have sacrificed his patrimony to kiss, and wished the caress to endure, like that invoked by the Athenian, for thrice ten years!

"Two pretty women in consecutive pages is somewhat too much; and ladies may incline to think, that the traits of the second, like the madness of Tilburina's confidante, should be kept modestly in the background. But to act on this would be to cast a derogation far from admissible. Brevity affords a medium.

"Hester Arnelcliffe was the daughter of Sir John de Coupland's only sister, and an orphan. Her father had been an esquire of approved descent, but no estate; consequently his child was left entirely dependent on her uncle, who had fostered her with kindly affection. She was now in the full bloom of womanhood. Majestic in person;—

— such a brave stature  
Homer bestowed on Pallas, every limb  
Proportioned to't.

Her hair and eyes were both black; the latter long and narrow, with that slumbry character admired by others than the Orientals: features fine and full—*teinture*, pale, but exquisitely pure and polished."

The battle of Otterbourne is thus described:—

"He appealed to boiling blood. At the words, the English chivalry dashed on amain, and ere a fresh breath could be drawn the rival hosts closed with a shock awfully tremendous. In a few moments more every arm, of horse and foot, on either side, was engaged in the strife.

"A fight, the most inveterate, sanguinary, and prolonged, which the history of ages, rife in such events, has handed down to us, ensued. Order or arrangement of action there was none. Sometimes, the murderous iron-wave surged tumultuously one way, then rolled heavily back the other, marking at each flow rather the indomitable spirit of the struggle, than any change in its fortune. The war-cries, at the beginning frequent and piercing, gradually became less often iterated, and then, in tones hoarse and indistinct. Several, which erst had waked the echoes, sunk altogether, leaving the unhappy fate of their owners to be sadly inferred. But the rain of blows—the clash and clang of steel—increased rather than diminished, and yells, not of defiance but of suffering, began more to afflict the ear. The bright moon, now high in the heavens, threw a pale radiance over the fearful scene, rendering the horrible flashings of bill, brand, and battle-axe, but too distinct, as they swung and circled above the eddying throng. The whole contrasted strongly and strangely with the hour, and the wild stillness of the neighbouring hills.

"The slogan of the Douglas, a sound which usually repelled and diverted elsewhere the tide of ordinary adversaries, was the breath of attraction to at least three desperate warriors on

this eventful evening. Need we say that the foremost of these, and he who harked and clove a path for his fellow-braves, was the invincible Hotspur? The planet of his house literally and figuratively ascendant, eventually rewarded efforts memorialised in gouts of Scottish blood: for, gaining a temporary vantage-ground, he saw its beams kissing the white outline of the Brabant lion—his captured insignia—streaming in the wind above the heads of a knot of Scots. To behold, and to make his destrier bound, through all intervention towards it, was one act. Doughty indeed must that enemy have been who could have withstood the more than mortal power that nerved him.

"Raimond Farneley and De Neville were both in his rear, and simultaneously saw his object; saw him lop away, as a woodman clears a copse, the weak branches of resistance offered to his career, with mingled sensations. The first could not help feeling pride in the prowess of his lord, even though forestalled by it in a darling desire: the last, looked on with envy indeed, but also with a sort of satisfaction that the prize was about to be won by a competitor so pre-eminent, and one he did not, in a certain sense, regard as an obnoxious rival.

"It was won. The hapless esquire, Glendonwin, to whom the unlucky honour of bearing the trophy had been committed, gave up life and trust together.

"Ha-hah! a rescue! a rescue!" shouted Hotspur exultingly waving his recovered banner in the air. 'The Percy, for himself!—What Scot dares the Percy?'

"'I—the Douglas!' rose in answer from a little distance, and with the defiance, the furious utterer could be seen working through the press to back it.

"The parties here being in the very centre of the mêlée, a dire confusion reigned around, and blows were dealing so fast and indiscriminately, that each man's constant care was necessarily that of his own head. Farneley, desperately tasked at the moment by a huge Lothian man-at-arms, found exclusive employment most unpropitiously for the juncture."

These passages support, in every line, the opinion which we have delivered upon the uneasy and ungraceful style of the author. It is in vain that several of the characters are well conceived and well drawn; and that there is much animation and incident throughout the narrative: we cannot for our hearts get on as we would wish, for the language is not that of nature, nor yet of any fiction which we are acquainted with. We would advise the author, when he next makes a venture in romance, to give his own feelings fair play, and imagine that he is describing the scenes of his story in a letter to some friend: this will bring him down into the familiar language of life, and enable him to speak like a man of this world.

*The Year of Liberation, a Journal of the Defence of Hamburg in 1813.* 2 vols. London: Duncan.

THE writer of 'The Year of Liberation' is answerable for the extraordinary offence of hiding his light under a bushel; for twenty years has he been treasuring up in secret his very pleasant volumes, and it cannot be denied that some of their interest has been lost by this long suppression. We have been, both last week and this, so perplexed to find room for notices of new works and for forthcoming novelties, with early copies of which we have been kindly favoured, that we cannot make extracts; but we are so well pleased with the



writer's pleasant graphic style, that we should be content to subscribe our quota to dispatch him to Antwerp that he might give us a companion picture.

#### CONSTABLE'S MISCELLANY, No. LXXII.

*A Popular Guide to the Observation of Nature.* By Robert Mudie. London: Whitaker & Co.

THE merit of this little work is not very easily described, and yet it has much merit. It awakens that interest which was the writer's chief object. We have not often seen a more honest review of a work than Mr. Mudie has given of this in his prefatory notice.

"The plan which I have adopted, has been to throw momentary glances on those portions of nature, which struck me as capable of reflecting the greatest breadth and brilliancy of light; and such as I thought the most likely to induce the reader (and more especially the young reader) to return again to the subjects, and work out the details for himself. I have studiously avoided system, because it is to be wished that every one should enter upon the observation of nature unfettered; and I have also been anxious to state as clear as possible, not only of hypotheses, but of theories."

A curious fact is incidentally mentioned, of the extreme accuracy with which the hand can divide space, which may interest our readers:—

"Mr. James Gardner, of Regent Street, the geographer, can rule, blindfolded or in the dark, with the natural angle of a diamond on hard white metal, fifty-one lines in the fiftieth part of an inch, and cross them at the same distances, with an additional line each way to complete the number of squares. There are thus 2550 spaces, or 2551 lines in the inch in length, and there are 6,502,500 squares between the lines in the inch. These too are more regular in their sizes than the majority of people could draw lines by the eye at, say, the fortieth or even the twentieth of an inch. Small as that tactical, or rather muscular division is, the limit of it is in the instruments and not in the feeling; for if it were possible to obtain any cutting substance sufficiently fine, there seems no reason why each of those little spaces should not be equally divided into any number of parts."

#### *The Poetical Works of Leigh Hunt.* London: Moxon.

WE have received several letters lately, inquiring when this volume was to appear. The writers were evidently not influenced by mere personal impatience, and were, without exception, sensible and well informed persons, and yet they all seemed to have sat down to write their notes of inquiry in an unquestioning belief that the life of a literary man was the same easy, quiet, dreamy luxury as their own, only somewhat more spiritualized. How different is the truth! It is not improbable, that the dull labour of revising and correcting this work has been gone through, after days of wearying exertion to furnish food for a dependant family—in hours stolen from natural and necessary rest—and, we hear with regret, that sickness itself has in some degree delayed the publication. Mr. Hunt, however, is always cheerful, and the work is introduced by a pleasant gossiping Preface, to which we mean to confine our extracts, leaving the new poem, 'The Gentle Armour,' as a thing sacred to the subscribers. On the subject of the subscription itself, Mr. Hunt observes—

"It is impossible not to feel a strong moment of confidence and self-complacency (however it may give way, the next, to a sense of their good-nature,) when a set of names, comprising almost the flower of existing literature, have not hesitated to give my pretensions, as a writer, the ornament of their recognition. Of opinions, I say nothing; except that it is an additional and delightful proof of the growth of one of the best of all opinions; namely, the right of their independence. I can truly say, that I have seldom felt greater pleasure, not only on my own account, but on that of my species, when I saw some of the names that came into the list. I will not enter into more particular reasons why, lest I should seem to flatter myself, more than honour them; which is assuredly not the case. I leave them to be guessed by those who know what political warfare is, and who might think these evidences of good-will after the battle incompatible with it. I must say for myself, that I never was of that opinion, nor ever gave the world reason to think so; and therefore, so far, I am not as surprised as some may be, nor indeed surprised at all. I am only glad and confirmed. What was observed by one of these gentlemen, particularly delighted me. It amounted to saying, that he would gladly help in binding up my wounds, and the battle might be renewed afterwards. This is in true chivalrous style, and poetry in action. Let me add, that the end of all conflict, carried on in this spirit, and secured by the knowledge of the time, can only be good for all parties, and merge them in the great cause of mankind."

On the general subject of the tendencies of the age:—

"I venture to congratulate the reader on the manifest failure of that prophecy, which announced the downfall of all poetry and fiction in the ascendancy of the steam engine, and would fain have persuaded us, that the heart, and imagination, and flesh and blood of man, were to quit him at the approach of science and utilitarianism, and leave him nothing but his ribs to reckon upon. O believe it not! Count it not feasible, or in nature. The very flowers on the tea-cups, the grace with which a ball of cotton is rolled up, might have shewn to the contrary. You must take colour out of the grass first, preference out of the fancy, passion out of the blood. Nay the more drought, the more thirst. The want makes the wish. You may make sects in opinion, and formalize a people for a while, here and there; but you cannot undo human nature. The very passion that makes them obstinate in what is formal, shall counteract itself in the blood of their children, and betray them back to imagination. Opinion may dogmatize; science may be mechanical in its operation; but in explaining one cause, it only throws us back upon another, and opens a wider and remoter world for the fancy to riot in. And the operators, by very reason of the solid footing they require, are apt to lose themselves most, if they do not hold fast. Newton himself got into strange border-lands of dissent. Pascal was a hypocondriacal dreamer. With the growth of this formidable mechanical epoch, that was to take all *dulce* out of the *utile*, we have had the wonderful works of Sir Walter Scott, the criticism of Hazlitt, the imagination of Keats, the tragedy and winged philosophy of Shelley, the passion of Byron, the wit and festivity of Moore, tales and novels endless, and Mr. Wordsworth has become a classic, and the Germans have poured forth every species of romance, and the very French have thought fit to Germanize, and our American brethren have written little but novels and verses, and Sir Humphry Davy has been dividing his time between coal-mines and fairy-land, (no very remote resemblances!) and the shop itself and the Corn Law have given us a poet, and Mr. Crabbe has

been verifying the very Parish Registers; and last, not least, the Utilitarians themselves are poetical! Dr. Bowring is not satisfied unless we hear of the poetry of the 'Magyar'; and if you want a proper Bacchanalian uproar in a song, you must go to the author of 'Hooding Hall,' who will not advance utility itself, unless it be jovial. It is a moot point which he admires most, Bentham or Rossini."

Of the 'Story of Rimini,' and of the 'Feast of the Poets,' Mr. Hunt says,

"I took up the subject [Rimini] at one of the happiest periods of my life; otherwise I confess I should have chosen a less melancholy one. Not that melancholy subjects are unpopular, or that pain, for any great purpose, is to be avoided; much less so sweet a one as that of pity. I am apt enough to think, with the poet's good-natured title to his play, that 'All's well that ends well,' and am as willing as any man to bear my share of suffering, for the purpose of bringing about that moral to human story. My life has been half made up of the effort. Neither is every tragical subject so melancholy as the word might be supposed to imply; for not to mention those balms of beauty and humanity with which great poets reconcile the sharpest wounds they give us, there are stories, (*Hero and Leander* is one of them,) in which the persons concerned are so innocent, and appear to have been happy for so long a time, that the most distressing termination of their felicity hardly hinders a secret conviction, that they might well suffer bitterly for so short a one. Their tragedy is the termination of happiness, and not the consummation of misery."

"But besides the tendency I have from animal spirits, as well as from need of comfort, to indulge my fancy in happier subjects, it appears to me, that the world has become experienced enough to be capable of receiving its best profit through the medium of pleasurable, instead of painful, appeals to its reflection. There is an old philosophic conviction reviving among us as a popular one, (and there could not be one more desirable,) that it is time for those who would benefit their species, to put an end to recriminations, and denouncements, and threats, and agree to consider the sufferings of mankind as arising out of want of knowledge rather than defect of goodness,—as intimations which, like the physical pain of a wound, or a galling ligament, tell us that we are to set about removing the causes of pain, instead of venting the spleen of it. . . ."

"The next composition, the *Feast of the Poets*, was the earliest of my grown productions in verse. I was full of animal spirits when I wrote it, and have a regard for it accordingly, like that for one's other associations of youth. It was however a good deal more personal than at present, and showed me the truth of what has been observed respecting the danger of a young writer's commencing his career with satire: for I have reason to believe, that its offences, both of commission and omission, gave rise to some of the most inveterate enmities I have experienced. I will honestly confess, especially as I had a nobler field of warfare to suffer in, that I would willingly not have aroused enmity by such means. I acknowledge also, that a young author was presumptuous in pronouncing judgment upon older men, some of whom made me blush afterwards with a better self-knowledge. I can only offer in excuse, that I had not at that time suffered enough myself, to be aware of the pain to be given in this way; and that I was a young student, full of my favourite writers, and regarding a satire as nothing but a pleasant thing in a book."

The list of Subscribers is withheld for the present, that it may be published in a more perfect state, in January. All names sent

to Mr. Moxon before the 31st of this month, will be included. The list certainly must be published, for it will bear evidence to the enlarged good feeling of literary men, who have, without consideration of differences in opinion, recorded their respect for the genius, and their sympathy with the sufferings of Mr. Hunt.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'*Life of Sir Walter Scott, Bart., with critical notices of his writings.* Part I.—This is an Edinburgh work: the first part contains ninety-six pages,—price two shillings,—and the whole life will extend to twelve numbers, embellished with engravings. The materials are said to be gathered from authentic sources, and the publisher states that a gentleman of eminent and acknowledged talents is engaged to reduce them to order, and extract from them a clear and satisfactory narrative. We had hoped that the slight and hurried sketches of the poet already published, would have sufficed till Mr. Lockhart's Memoir made its appearance; we scarcely imagine that a work without the stamp of authenticity upon it, can be acceptable to the world, when one, in which all credence may be placed, is even now in preparation. Looking at the present undertaking as materials collected more for the use of the future biographer, than the edification of the world, we cannot withhold our praise from the industry of the author, who has related some curious traits of early character, and some school-boy adventures, in all of which, we recognize not a little of the illustrious poet. We have, however, more about his kindred and acquaintances than was necessary to be told, and a dissertation on moral philosophy which might be spared. There are a number of sensible remarks and judicious observations scattered about. The portrait is a sad failure; it is a miserable copy of Leslie's Sir Walter; the eyes are stony, and the whole figure seems rather to have been cast at Carron, than engraved on copper by a man desirous of producing a natural and easy copy of a clever original.

'*LADIES' FAMILY LIBRARY, VOL. II.—The Biographies of Lady Russell and Madame Guyon, by Mrs. Child.*—The memoir of Lady Russell is so judiciously interspersed with her own admirable letters, that it cannot fail to be read with great interest; but we think it an error to have introduced into such a work the life of the mystical fanatic Madame Guyon—what possible good purpose could it answer?

'*Lives of the Twelve; or, the Modern Cæsars, by H. W. Montagu.*—This first part contains the 'Life of Napoleon'—who are to be the other eleven, the reader is left to conjecture. The work is a brief chronicle, in which important events are marked by a short comment.

'*Grier's Mechanics' Calculator.*—This is truly an excellent work, far better calculated for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, than any or all of the treatises yet published by the Society that assumes the monopoly of intelligence. The introduction is replete with the practical wisdom of common sense; the scientific part of the work is equally distinguished for accuracy and simplicity; a profound mathematician may read it with pleasure, and a beginner can read it with profit. From the modest title-page, few persons can learn the great value of the book; it is, in fact, a complete introduction to the mathematical and mechanical sciences, and one of the very best in our language.

'*The Panorama of Torquay.*—This is a descriptive and historical sketch of the district lying between the Dart and the Teign, and it has been so well received, as to reach a second edition. The historian, the geologist, the florist, the antiquary, and the biographer, may all find some-

thing to read and like in the work. Of the native worthies who have passed to their account, it contains information; and it likewise gives us sketches of some who have yet, we hope, many fine works to give to the world, including among them, Brockedon; the memoir of whom, if not written as we could wish, contains information which cannot but be interesting to the reader.

'*Tales and Conversations, by Emily Cooper.*—These stories want power, though they have much simplicity. From this remark, we, however, exempt the little conversation called Genius and Industry; there we have the line drawn between the productions of mechanical labour and natural talent, and we would advise all those to read it, who have children that set up for geniuses.

'*Representation of England and Wales, by M. H. Rankin.*—In these times of change or improvement, this will be found a useful book. It is neither more nor less than an account of all the counties, cities, and boroughs sending members to parliament: with an Appendix containing a summary of the representation in England and Wales, the Reform and Boundary Acts—the whole alphabetically arranged.

'*The Maxima Charta of 1832.*—This is a work comprising the various acts lately passed for amending the representation of the people in the Commons House of Parliament, as also the statutes which settle the boundaries; the reader will find in it all that he wishes to know regarding the operation of the Reform Bills in England, Ireland, and Scotland.

'*A Companion to every Almanack for 1833.*—This little work is a kind of Diary of the Year, exhibiting the botanical and natural characteristics of each month, with the operations in the field, garden, and orchard; it also contains the curious customs, games, and other amusements of the people. All this is related with much brevity and considerable knowledge of the matter in hand.

'*The Peasant's Poesy; consisting of Poems, Sonnets, and Songs, by Robert M'Burnie.*—Poetry is a thirstless pursuit, but it must be pleasant to many, for many are its followers. It is seldom, indeed, that a poet of such original merit arises as to command attention by the vigour, and the melody of his strains; nor does it always happen that he meets with the approbation which his genius deserves: the truth is, that the land overflows with song: the gods, in their wrath, have made too many poetical. The bard before us seems of Scottish growth, and his song is sometimes of Nith and the Solway: he has some nature, but little elevation or vigour: he has affection in his love, but no passion. We could write smooth words of sympathy and encouragement to Mr. M'Burnie, who is, we hear, a respectable man, residing at Worksop, in Nottinghamshire, where he cheers the hours of labour with song and ballad. But we should only mislead him if we held out hopes of future distinction in the province of inspiration.

Crooning to a body's self, does weel enough—was the consolation which Burns drew from his immortal strains: we do not mean that the poet before us should be quite so limited, but we fear he is not born to charm that wide circle called the world.

'*Capital Punishments in England, by H. W. Woolrych.*—In this work is related the history and results of the present capital punishments in England, and contains full tables of convictions, and executions, and all sorts of punishments inflicted according to law. It cannot be but a useful book for those who make the condition of the people their study; it seems compiled with care, and written by a hand skillful in such matters.

#### ORIGINAL PAPERS

##### CONTINUATION OF THE SHELLEY PAPERS.

#### LINES

*Written during the Castlereagh Administration.*

BY THE LATE FRANCIS BYSSHE SHELLEY.

[There is something fearful in the solemn grandeur of these lines. They may, however, be now published without the chance of exciting either personal or party feeling].

CORPSES are cold in the tomb;  
Stones on the pavement are dumb;  
Abortions are dead in the womb;  
And their mothers look pale, like the white shore

Of Albion, free no more!

Her song are as stones in the way;  
They are masses of senseless clay;  
They are trodden, and move not away:  
The abortion, with which she travaileth,  
Is Liberty, smitten to death.

Then trample and dance, thou Oppressor!  
For thy victim is no redresser;  
Thou art sole lord and possessor  
Of her corpses, and clods, and abortions,—they pave

Thy path to the grave.

Hearst thou the festal din  
Of Death, and Destruction, and Sin,  
And Wealth crying *Havock!* within?  
'Tis the Bacchanal triumph which makes truth dumb—

Thine Epithalamium!

Aye, marry thy ghastly wife!  
Let Fear, and Disgust, and Strife,  
Spread thy couch in the chamber of Life:  
Marry Ruin, thou Tyrant! and God be thy guide  
To the bed of thy *bride!*

#### VICTOR HUGO'S NEW TRAGEDY.

Paris, Nov. 24.

I must give you an account of Victor Hugo's new tragedy—a singular and a shameful one, full of genius and abomination.

'*Le Roi s'amuse,*—the King amuses himself,—such is the name of the drama. The king in question is no other than Francis the First, a chivalric hero for a drama. Let us see what M. Hugo makes of him. The first act represents the Court of Francis, himself, his courtiers, and his fool. The latter, not Francis, is the hero of the drama. The said fool is an historic character, by name Triboulet, celebrated by Rabelais and Marot. The latter has even left his portrait, as having—

Petit front et gros yeux, nez grant taillé a vent,  
Estomac plat et long, hault dos à porter note.

Triboulet is represented by M. Hugo, as the confidant, the minister of Francis—the minister, that is, of his pleasures. He grimaces, puns, plays tricks, and fires epigrams, all to amuse the monarch, who is in love, it seems, with some unknown and undiscoverable damsel. Triboulet gives him the commonplace advice, to divert himself *en attendant* with Madame Cosse. The monarch freely follows it, and with a frankness of conduct calculated to put all the female portion of the audience to the blush. Last, however, this should not be broad enough, Triboulet takes care to make it significant by a word of coarse jests upon Monsieur de Cosse and his "horned front."

In the second act, the trifling and extravagant fool, Triboulet, appears alone, as a sentimental character, the counterpart of Quasimodo, in 'Notre-Dame de Paris.' He is like Liston off the stage, sad and sentimental, disgusted with his profession, with his kind, with himself. He has a daughter, named *Blanche*, the loveliest and purest of secluded flowers; for

Triboulet has kept her closely veiled and shut up from the profane converse of courtiers. In this respect, however, his precautions have proved vain. Many gallants have seen, and are plotting to carry her off. Amongst others, Francis himself has been struck with her beauty.

Francis succeeds, despite of the fool's vigilance, in getting possession of Blanche, whom he woos, before the audience, like an Italian Bandit, and carries off by force into an adjoining cabinet, whilst Triboulet enters, and thunders at the door in vain to rescue his daughter.

This is enough to show how the object and aim of the tragic art is changed. It was wont to excite the emotions of sympathy and pity. M. Hugo excites emotions to a high degree, but they are those of disgust and shame. Female spectators are driven, as of old, to use their handkerchiefs—but 'tis to hide crimson blushes, rather than to dry up tears.

But I am not yet arrived at the acme of enormity. The fourth act, I believe it is, opens—where? In a brothel, of which the master is a bravo, and the mistress a crony of Francis the First. The King is there, over a pot of wine, behaving in a manner befitting the scene. Triboulet has bribed mine host to kill Francis, whom mine host knows not. But the lady of the mansion intercedes in behalf of Francis's good looks, and persuades her companion to earn Triboulet's fee, by stabbing the first comer, putting the body into a sack, and palming it on the fool for that of Francis. The assassin follows the advice, and does stab the first comer, who proves to be no other than Blanche.

The dead body of Blanche is then handed in a sack to Triboulet, who receives it as the corpse of Francis. He places it on the stage, and gloats in poetic and indignant soliloquy on the honour of his daughter avenged, and the consequences of the monarch of France being slain by his fool. His soliloquy is interrupted by the entrance of Francis himself, somewhat sobered. Triboulet, amazed, opens the sack, and finds to his horror the body of his daughter.

This is the *dénouement* of the piece, which took place, I am happy to say, for the credit of the French, amidst a volley of hisses. It was, notwithstanding, announced for another evening, with corrections. But the authorities interposed, and the repetition of 'Le Roi s'amuse' has been prohibited.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

THE Abbotsford subscription succeeds well in London: five thousand pounds and upwards have already been obtained, and we have no doubt that ten times that sum will, in process of time, be subscribed. The idea of the Committee to endow Abbotsford as an heir-loom to the family, has been well received by the country; to preserve the noble edifice which Scott built, the rare and valuable books which he collected, and the old armour and old weapons, and other interesting relics of past ages, which came to him from all quarters of the world, is, at least, as wise an undertaking as that of rearing pillars on the hills, with inscriptions in his honour. The people of Aberdeen, however, seem resolved to have a monument to his memory of their own: the people of Glasgow incline the same way, while those of Edinburgh have commenced debating, not only about the design, but respecting the site on which their monument shall be raised. It has been for some time fashionable in Scotland to raise architectural monuments, and of these Edinburgh has its full allowance.

We see that Lady Dacre announces—or the booksellers for her—a work in three vo-

lumes, called, 'The Chaperone.' Of the polite world she has seen much, and her book ought to be an interesting one.—A splendid periodical, called, 'Finden's Gallery of the Graces,' illustrated by verse and prose from the pen of Mr. Hervey, will commence shortly: we dislike titles which promise so much more, we fear, than can be performed: however, the work is in good hands, both for art and literature.—Newspapers and magazines persist in making Stanfield a Royal Academician: he is, at present, an Associate only.

The English theatre, at Paris, opened for the season with *Jane Shore* by Miss Smithson, and 'Raising the Wind,' *Jeremy Diddler* by Mr. Jones. Miss Smithson is an old favourite with the Parisians, but we are happy to see that both *Galignani* and the *Journal des Débats* speak well of Mr. Jones.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

##### ROYAL SOCIETY.

Dec. 6.—William George Maton, M.D., Vice President, in the chair.—No paper was read, in consequence of the reading of the minutes of the anniversary meeting, which occupied the evening.

##### ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

Dec. 5.—Rev. Dr. Richards in the chair.—The reading of Col. Gunter's narrative of Charles the Second's escape from England, after the battle of Worcester, was concluded.

The details of the fugitive monarch's dangers and embarrassments, while in the charge of the loyal narrator, possess a lively interest. In passing near Arundel, the party fell in with the Governor of the Castle, Capt. Morley; at Bramber, they found themselves on a sudden in the midst of a large body of cavalry, that, unknown to them, were quartered in the neighbourhood; and at Brighton, they were thrown into a further alarm, in consequence of the King's being recognized by the landlord of the inn where they put up. The master of the vessel which the Colonel had engaged, likewise proved of a temper to occasion some apprehensions of delay or discovery. These distresses, however, were relieved by a ludicrous adventure, at a house near Chichester, which afforded them hospitality for a night; and the proprietor of which, a staunch cavalier, related to the Colonel, but not entrusted with his secret, mistook the King for a Roundhead, and occasioned Charles and his company much diversion, by the perplexity into which he was thrown, on finding his loyal but hospitable hearth unexpectedly invaded by one, as he thought, of that canting fraternity.

Mr. Hamilton read a passage in a letter from Sir W. Gell, communicating some particulars of an interesting discovery made at Pompeii. Among other novel objects lately met with there by Col. Robinson, are the masts of a number of vessels, which were lying in the port at the time when the devoted town was overwhelmed. A drawing was likewise shown by Mr. Hamilton, copied from a picture lately found at the same place: the original is perhaps the most beautiful specimen of ancient painting known to exist. It is a spirited representation of some event in the war of Alexander with Darius—probably the death of the latter.

A drawing of a very curious relic of antiquity was also exhibited by the Chev. P. O. Bronsted. It is a terra-cotta vase, in the form of a box of a very peculiar shape, and is supposed to have held the *αορπαλαοι*, or bones used in playing at dice. The subject of Prometheus, visited on the rock of the Oceanitidæ, is elegantly painted on the vase. It was found at Ægina, and is of Athenian workmanship.

##### LINNEAN SOCIETY.

Dec. 4.—A. B. Lambert, Esq., in the chair.—Several candidates were elected, and others proposed. A notice was read of the occurrence of a beautiful species of Thrush, new to this country as a British bird, and very nearly allied, both in size and plumage, to our well known Missel Thrush. This bird was shot by Lord Malmesbury, in a furze-field, near Heron's Court. The communication was made by John Curtis, Esq. The reading a further portion of Professor Esenbeck's botanical paper, concluded the business of the evening. The meeting was fully attended, and among the members present, Mr. Burchill, and Lieut. Holman, the blind traveller.

##### HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

Dec. 4.—A paper was communicated by the author of 'The Domestic Gardener's Manual,' on the growth and uses in this climate of the Zea Mays, or Indian Corn, and some notes upon Chinese Chrysanthemums, by Mr. Donald Munro, the Society's head gardener. The observations on both these subjects, were interesting, and will be found serviceable by the cultivators of the plants. A very handsome Queen pine-apple was exhibited, from Sir Rowland Hill's extensive gardens at Hawkston, near Shrewsbury; a seedling cactus of great beauty, and a hybrid cineraria, from Sir Herbert Jenner's garden; roses and passifloras from Mrs. Marryatt; seedling chrysanthemums, from Mr. Wheeler, of Oxford, and varieties of stenactis and chimonanthus, from the garden of the Society.

The Rev. T. Ferris was elected a Fellow of the Society.

The cards of the days of meeting, for the ensuing year, were distributed; on the backs of which, we observed a prospectus of Six Lectures on Botany, which are intended to be given in the summer months, according to the plan hitherto adopted.

##### GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

Dec. 5.—Roderick Impney Murchison, Esq., President, in the chair.—The Rev. J. C. Stapleton, of Highclere, John Forbes Royle, Esq., and Robert Hudson, Esq., were elected Fellows of the Society.

A paper by Gideon Mantell, Esq., F.G.S., was read, on the saurian remains found by the author, at various times, in Tilgate Forest, Sussex, but more particularly on a new animal belonging to the same tribe, and lately discovered by him. The paper was illustrated by an extensive series of specimens, including the recently found reptile, and numerous drawings.

##### ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Dec. 6.—John Hamilton, Esq., Vice President, in the chair.—The minutes of the last monthly meeting were read and confirmed. Nineteen candidates were elected, amongst whom were the Earls of Stair and Yarmouth, Lord Viscount Ranelagh, Sir E. Halliday, N. N. Rothschild, and others. The report of the council, read by the Secretary, stated, among various details, that the balance in hand, on the 30th of Nov., after the monthly receipts and payments, was 517l. 4s. 8d., and the number of visitors to the Gardens, 4424.

It was announced that Dr. Grant, Professor of Zoology at the London University, would give an extended course of lectures to the members of the Society, in Bruton Street, on the structure and classification of animals. These lectures will commence on the 15th of January; the report also stated, that the council, convinced by the experience of the last two years, that the Society contained, among its members, men of high rank in science, both at home and abroad, and referring to the printed

proceedings, in proof, had under consideration a plan for the publication of Transactions, with plates, on a scale commensurate with the varied materials and resources of the Society. The donations to the Library, Museum, and Menagerie, were numerous and valuable. Two new bye-laws were confirmed by ballot, and the whole business of the meeting appeared to give great and general satisfaction.

#### WESTMINSTER MEDICAL SOCIETY.

On Saturday, the 23rd ult., a new *lithotritic* instrument was introduced to the notice of this Society, by Mr. Costello (the inventor). During the discussion which ensued, it was stated by some members, that the instrument was a copy of one used by the Baron Heurteloup: this was answered by a spirited assurance of its bearing a totally different character. A resolution was eventually passed, that the Baron be invited to produce his various instruments, connected with this interesting operation, so that a comparison may be made; and that gentleman has since communicated his intention to be present this evening for the purpose.

#### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

|           |                                   |             |
|-----------|-----------------------------------|-------------|
| MONDAY.   | Geographical Society .....        | Nine, P.M.  |
|           | Medical Society .....             | Eight, P.M. |
| TUESDAY.  | Medico-Botanical Society .....    | Eight, P.M. |
|           | Medico-Chirurgical Society .....  | p. 8, P.M.  |
| WEDNES.   | Society of Arts .....             | p. 7, P.M.  |
| THURSDAY. | Royal Society .....               | p. 8, P.M.  |
|           | Society of Antiquaries .....      | Eight, P.M. |
| SATURDAY. | Royal Asiatic Society .....       | Two, P.M.   |
|           | Westminster Medical Society ..... | Eight, P.M. |

#### PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

November 19th.

Among the prizes awarded at this meeting were the following:—

1. To Israel Robinet, workman, for the substitution of the action of a machine for that of the human lungs, in glass-blowing, 8000 francs. By means of this valuable invention, the health of the glass-blower will, in future, be preserved, and the product of his manufacture greatly improved, both as regards accuracy of form and the capability of making articles of greater dimensions than was formerly possible.

2. To M. Thilorier, for a new air-pump, in which the exhaustion is effected by a process solely hydrostatic, without the aid of valves, stop-cocks, or any other moving piece of mechanism, a medal, value 300 francs. The principle on which this ingenious instrument is constructed, is that of rarefying the air by means of the vacuum which is formed at the upper extremity of a barometric tube.

3. To M. Pixii fils, for an electro-magnetic apparatus, a medal, value 300 francs. It is well known, that the first observation of the electric spark, obtained by means of the magnet, which has completed the analogy between the effects of a magnet and those of a galvanic pile, was made by Mr. Faraday. But this experiment could not be repeated rapidly, because it was required to overcome the attraction of a magnet with a piece of iron, with which it was placed in contact, by a rather violent effort. M. Pixii, by causing a horse-shoe magnet to revolve opposite a horse-shoe of soft iron, round which is wound a conducting wire, making a great number of turns, has obtained in this wire an electric current giving sparks, shocks, and decomposing water. As this current changed its direction at each half turn of the magnet, he has found a means, by employing an electro-dynamic balance, to give it a constant direction; and has thus separately obtained the two gases resulting from the decomposition of water, and a more rapid decomposition.

#### FINE ARTS

##### ARTISTS AND AMATEURS' CONVERSAZIONE.

On Wednesday, the second meeting of this Society was held at the Freemasons' Tavern; the rooms were crowded by members and their friends, lovers and patrons of the arts.

The display consisted, principally, of the works of the most eminent water-colour painters, amongst which were some dozen of Turner's, from the collection of Mr. Tomkisson, including his 'Windsor Castle,' 'Lancaster Sands,' 'Dorvor,' as well as his 'Cologne,' so beautifully engraved by Goodall.

A delightful specimen in colours, by Bonington, of a waggon passing over a wild heath, attracted much attention, as did also about half-a-dozen of Cattermole's very capital works; we thought them better defined, and the subjects more carefully made out, than is usual with this very clever artist. Some sketches by Dewint maintained the artist's well established reputation, and a volume of sketches of architectural subjects, by Mr. Vickers, much pleased us; nor must we forget to mention some very able amateur productions, by Lady Ribblesdale.

Mr. Derby also exhibited a fine copy, painted, we heard, for Lady Holland, from Sir Joshua's charming picture of Lady Fitzpatrick; and much admiration was expressed, of a picture of 'Norna,' for the Scott Gallery, by Etty.

#### MUSIC

*O, softly sleep my Bonnie Bairn.* A Ballad by R. A. Rowe.

A soothing plaintive melody, flowing accompaniments, and appropriate harmony, render this a pleasing composition.

*I never can forget thee.* A Ballad.

*O, where are the joys that once I knew.* Alexander Lee.

The above will neither detract from, nor add much to Mr. Lee's musical reputation.

*The War Song of Erin.* By John Noblett.

*The National Patriotic Hymn.* By T. W. Lloyd. THE only faults are false accent, bad harmony, vulgarity, and monotony.

*Gaily chaunt the Summer Birds.* Cavatina.

*When rosy daylight flies.* Serenade. By Joseph De Pinna.

Mr. De Pinna is the writer of several popular compositions, with any of which the above may compete.

*Farewell to Northmaven.* Ballad, by G. Hogarth.

THERE is little that deserves either praise or censure in this ballad. It, however, wants variety.

*Through the Emerald Woods.* Song, by George Linley, Esq.

SURELY Mr. Linley must have pilfered this from the hurdy-gurdies. It is the original air that was playing when Hogarth made his sketch of the Enraged Musician.

#### THEATRICALS

##### COVENT GARDEN.

'The Irish Wife,' a regular blunder, was committed here on Saturday last. It has since been committed to oblivion. We ought to apologize for disturbing it; but we cannot resist an expression of wonder, that any person who knew the inside of a theatre from the out could be found to recommend or sanction the performance of such a piece of hopeless twaddle. We wish,

from mere curiosity, to ask, why anybody could write it—why anybody could read it—why anybody could accept it—why somebody did not step forward to point out the manifest impossibility of its succeeding—and why everybody did not refuse to act in it. It was a hard task for us, with our high admiration of Miss Kelly's abilities, to sit for nearly an hour and see her placed in a situation of such positive degradation. If the just indignation of the audience had not strangled this misshapen thing in its birth, we should have given a sketch of what was intended for the plot in order to show how completely we are borne out in what we have said. As it is, we have only to endeavour to console Miss Kelly by congratulating her on the compliment paid her by the audience. It was, perhaps, the greatest she ever received at her hands, earnestly and frequently as these hands have been employed in her service. There is scarcely another individual upon the stage, out of consideration and respect to whom, personally, the audience would have sat so long and so patiently to have their common sense insulted. The conversation with which this piece opened was not even finished when it became evident that, let the superstructure be what it might, the foundation was rotten. Still, it was allowed to proceed; the steam commenced brewing slowly, but surely; and the fun (!) of the piece went on in the awful silence which preceded its bursting. When, at length, this took place, there was no shelter for anybody except—behind the curtain. Where a piece is a decided failure, we make it a rule not to mention the author's name. In the present case there is an additional reason—we do not know it.

The ballet of 'Masaniello' was given here on Thursday in very good style. We should prefer seeing a national theatre supported by more legitimate means; but as the first rule in riding is to stay on your horse somehow, so the first rule with a manager is to get his theatre full any how—and where more legitimate methods have been tried, and have failed, it would be going too far to cry out against a species of entertainment which, if not quite appropriate, is at all events pleasing and elegant, and which answers the main end in view. The house was well filled, and the thunders of applause which were showered on the principal dancers, give us good hope that some of M. Laporte's heavy losses are about to be made up to him.

#### MISCELLANEA

*Navigation of the Euphrates.*—A valuable Report has, we understand, lately been made to Government, by an intelligent and scientific officer, on the practicability of a communication with Bombay by the Euphrates within forty days. If we are correctly informed, the proposed route is by steam to Iskenderoon, thence to Bir on the Euphrates, by the usual caravans, and from Bir down the river to Bombay by steam. How far this plan is practicable, we are not, in the absence of details, enabled to judge, but much credit is said to be due to the officer in question, Captain Chesney, of the Royal Artillery, for the very able manner in which the report is drawn up, and for the very enlarged views which he has taken as to the ultimate results of this important undertaking. We are informed that Captain Chesney twice descended the Euphrates into the Persian Gulph on a mere raft, and that his valuable Hydrographical Survey of that river from Bir to the Persian Gulph, made under every possible disadvantage, is now in the hands of Government.

*Arctic Expedition.*—We never doubted that the money required for this humane purpose

would be raised; the subscription is going on prosperously. The Common Council have given one hundred guineas.

*The late Mr. William Knight, F.S.A.*—The library and "very interesting collection of antiquities and curiosities" of this man, described as "Assistant Architect and President Superintendent to the New London Bridge," were on Wednesday and Thursday last sold by auction, by Messrs. Sotheby & Son, at their rooms in Wellington Street, and "Lot 448" is thus described in the catalogue—"The Lower Jaw, and three other Bones, of PETER of COLE CHURCH, the ORIGINAL ARCHITECT OF LONDON BRIDGE, found on removing the foundation of the Ancient Chapel." It was the moral duty of this "President Superintendent," to have taken care that these few remains should have been respectfully interred in some neighbouring church-yard—but we cannot sufficiently express our disgust at the mercenary meanness of those, who could by this sale offend against common decency, for the few miserable shillings that some curious fool might be pleased to bid for such a lot.

*The Heidenmauer.*—We copy the following from the *Baltimore Gazette*, and are well pleased to see the Americans taking so sensible and correct a view of the works and genius of their distinguished countryman. It exactly corresponds with our own opinions (*Athenæum*, No. 248), and makes the extravagant puffing of the 'Heidenmauer,' by the publishers, not a little ridiculous:—"So long as Mr. Cooper confined himself to America for the scene of his novels, or made their interest turn upon matters and persons connected with that ocean which no one has ever equalled him in describing, it was difficult to find a standard in the works of any other author, by which to compare his productions; and he probably found this to his advantage in the meed of praise that he received. The novelty of his subject gained him, perhaps, as many admirers as his style of treating it. But when he ventures upon ground trod by others, and makes Europe his theatre, and its inhabitants, of any age, his actors, he puts himself in a contrast which he has heretofore been saved from; and we think he loses by it; and we think, that most of those who read the 'Heidenmauer,' will agree with us in opinion."

*A Military and Naval Magazine* is announced as about to be published at Washington, U.S.

*Eruption of Mount Etna.*—According to the latest French Papers, there was a new eruption on the 17th and 18th ult., by which the town of *Bronté*, whence our naval hero took his Sicilian title, and which contained a population of about 10,000 souls, has been destroyed.

*Medals.*—A number of medals, to the memory of Gustavus Adolphus, have been struck in Germany, where the bicentennial anniversary of his death was commemorated on the 6th of November, in most of the Protestant States. Of these medals, the best, so far as regards an animated and a faithful likeness of that great monarch, is said to be that which has been engraved by Krueger, of Dresden, who has taken the splendid bust of his hero, in the Cabinet of Antiquities in that city, for his model. The obverse of this medal exhibits a spirited full-face portrait of Gustavus, encircled with his name in capitals, and the reverse, this inscription—"He died for the Protestant Faith, in the battle fought at Lützen, on the 6th of November, 1632." Beneath, runs the words, "Struck in honour of his memory, on the 6th of November, 1832." On the same day, an obelisk, sixty feet high, was likewise erected in commemoration of him, at Upsala, being a spot which enjoyed his peculiar patronage. This obelisk has been wrought in Stockholm, at the expense of the present King, who has liberally come forward to pay also the cost of its trans-

mission and erection, which will not be less than two thousand pounds. The pedestal bears the following inscription:—"To the King, Gustavus Adolphus the Great, Charles (John) the Fourteenth, in the name of the Swedish people. 6th November, 1832."

*Steam-Carriages.*—A few days since trial was made on the Harrow Road of the first experimental carriage built by Mr. Squire and Col. Maceroni. The constructors appear to have attained one important step towards the perfecting of locomotive carriages for general purposes—that of durability in the several parts of the machinery. Their boiler generates steam with rapidity, and in ample quantity, so far as we are enabled to judge from the shortness of the excursion; but it is only by a long journey that the sufficiency of the boiler can be ascertained; and such a decided test would be a better means of determining the relative strength of the boiler, engine, and carriage. In facility of turning, and of ascending hills, it seems to have an advantage over every other locomotive coach we have seen. The singular appearance of the vehicle, which is without a body for passengers, and the noise occasioned by the escape of the steam, after having performed its work in the cylinders, through the chimney-flue, caused a few horses met with on the road to shy a little; but we have little doubt that all these matters of detail will be properly remedied in the coaches now preparing by the inventors for public use.

*Extraordinary Japanese Mirror.*—A curious mirror has been recently brought from China to Calcutta, and is now amusing the Dilettanti, and perplexing the philosophers of our Eastern metropolis. This mirror is made of white metal; it has a circular form, and is about five inches in diameter. It has a knob in the centre of the back, by which it can be held, and on the rest of the back are stamped, in relief, certain circles with a kind of Grecian border. Its polished face has that degree of convexity, which gives an image of the face half its natural size; and its remarkable property is, that when you reflect the rays of the sun from the polished surface, the image of the ornamental border, and circles stamped on the back, is seen distinctly reflected on the wall. The gentleman who brought it from China, says that they are very uncommon in that country; and that this one, with a few others, was brought by a Dutch ship from Japan several years ago. On the back of one of these was a *dragon*, which was most distinctly reflected from the polished side. George Swinton, Esq., who has sent the account of this curiosity to England, ingeniously conjectures that the phenomena may have their origin in a difference of density in different parts of the metal, occasioned by the stamping of the figures on the back, the light being reflected more or less strongly from parts that have been more or less compressed. Other speculations have been formed as to how these strange effects are produced, but as the original mirror is to be sent to England, either to Sir David Brewster or to Sir John Herschel, in such able hands the question cannot remain long undetermined.—*Philosophical Magazine, Dec.*

*Good Accommodations.*—On the first evening (of the late convention in New England) a Leamster drove up to the door of one of the principal inns, and asked, "Can I have a bed?"—"No!"—"Well—part of a bed?"—"Every bed in the inn has two at least."—"Can you let me sleep in the parlour?"—"No! we are going to put up seventeen beds there directly."—"Lend me a buffalo skin, I will stretch somewhere and discommode nobody."—"No! I shan't have you in the entry; we shall be up all night, and I don't want any folks cluttering and sprawling about the floor where people are passing all the time."—"Well! you are an accommodating

fellow. I say (pointing to the coat-rack), what will you take to let me hang all night on one of them there pegs?"—"The disconcerted landlord at once said, that an effort should be made to accommodate such a good-humoured fellow.—*Boston Transcript.*

## EPIGRAMS FROM THE ANTHOLOGY.

*An Enigma.*

My complexion's dull and dark,  
Yet I had a lovely sire.  
I am wingless; but the lark  
Through the skies ascends not higher:  
Griefless tears I cause the fair;  
And at my birth dissolve in air.

## THE ANSWER.

Upon my word, 'tis quite a joke,  
That six such lines should end in smoke.

*An unfortunate Schoolmaster.*

I opened a school, and I married a wife,  
But soon found that both were the plagues of my life:

My scholars paid nothing, my wife was a scold,  
So I shut up the school, and the furniture sold;  
But to quit plague the second, in vain I endeavour—

The law of the land says she's mine, and for ever.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

| Days of Week. | Thermom. W. & N. H. | Thermom. Max. Min. | Barometer. Noon. | Winds.     | Weather. |
|---------------|---------------------|--------------------|------------------|------------|----------|
| Th. 20        | 48                  | 34                 | 29.40            | S.W.       | Cloudy.  |
| Fr. 30        | 55                  | 37                 | 29.55            | S.W.       | Rain.    |
| Sat. 1        | 56                  | 42                 | 29.60            | S.W. to W. | Cloudy.  |
| Sun. 2        | 57                  | 41                 | 29.50            | W.         | Showers. |
| Mon. 3        | 57                  | 41                 | 29.25            | W. to N.   | Ditto.   |
| Tues. 4       | 58                  | 35                 | 29.70            | N.         | Cloudy.  |
| Wed. 5        | 50                  | 35                 | 30.04            | N.W.       | Ditto.   |

*Clouds.*—Cirrostratus, Cumulostratus, Cirrocumulus. Nights rainy on Friday, Saturday, Wednesday. Violent hail-storm N.W. on Sunday P.M. with much thunder and lightning.

Mean temperature of the week, 45.5°; greatest variation, 23°.

Day decreased on Wednesday, 8h. 31m.

## NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

The Field Naturalist's Magazine and Review of Animals, Plants, Minerals, the Structure of the Earth, and appearances of the Sky, edited by Professor Rennie, is announced for publication on the First of January.

A Teacher's Lessons on Scripture Characters, by Charles Baker.

Elements of Materia Medica and Therapeutics, by Anthony Todd Thomson, M.D. &c. Vol. II.

The Causes of the French Revolution.

Chameleon. Second Series.

The Epigrammatist's Annual for 1833.

Frank Orby, a Novel.

A Treatise on Happiness.

Six Weeks on the Loire, with a Peep into La Vendée.

The Apianian's Guide, by J. H. Payne.

*Just published.*—Bellegarde, the Adopted Indian, 3 vols. post 8vo. 12. 10s.—Magazine of Natural History, Vol. 8, 8vo. 12. 8s.—Cole's Renegade, and other Poems, 6s.—Phillips on the Urethra, &c. 8vo. 8s.—Rogerson on Inflammation, Vol. 1, 8vo. 15s.—Britton's Picture of London, with Maps, &c.—Lloyd's Winter Lectures, 8vo. 12s.—Letters of Sir Walter Scott to the Rev. R. P. whole, &c. post 8vo. 4s.—Select Library, Vol. 7, Memoir of Dr. Mason Good, &c.—Jones's Biographical Sketches of Reform Minutes, 8vo. 18s.—Austin's Selections from the Old Testament, royal 12mo. 5s.—Count Pecchio's Observations on England, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Gesenius's Hebrew Lexicon, 8vo. 12. 6s.—Principles of Population, 8vo. 10s.—Year of Liberation, 2 vols. 8vo. 18s.—Sir A. B. Faulkner's Visit to Germany, 2 vols. post 8vo. 12. 1s.—Memoirs of the Duchess of Abrantes, Vol. 4, 8vo. 14s.—Biblical Cabinet, 6s.—Girdlestone's Commentary on the New Testament, 9s.—Tennyson's Poems, 6s.—Shelley's Masque of Anarchy, 2s. 6d.—Mrs. Marcel's Stories for Young Children, 18mo. 2s.—The Happy Week, 18mo. 4s. 6d.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS

So many new works, English and foreign, have come crowding on us within the last few days, that we must throw ourselves on the indulgence of writers and publishers for any seeming neglect.

W. B. F. There is no such edition—separate publication very doubtful.



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Numerous other Models and Objects of Interest and amusement are now exhibited, and additions to the Gallery are made daily.

**ARCTIC LAND EXPEDITION in Search of CAPTAIN ROSS.**—The Committee for arranging this Expedition beg to state that the Subscriptions already amount to 2,000*l.*, and that, therefore, in pursuance of the instructions to the General Meeting, they are authorized to proceed with active preparations. As the Expedition, however, cannot leave England till 3,000*l.* shall have been subscribed, and as the season is fast advancing, it is extremely desirable that this sum should be speedily raised.  
Subscriptions continue to be received at Messrs. Costa and Co.'s, Strand; Messrs. Drummonds', Chancery Lane; Messrs. Smith, Payne and Smith's, Lombard-street; and Messrs. Spooner, Attwoods and Co.'s, Gracechurch-street, London. As also by Sir William Forbes and Co. Edinburgh; and Messrs. J. D. Latouch and Co. Dublin. Licenses by the Sub-Committee in the Country; and by the Bankers by whom appointed.  
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**TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,**

No. IX. for DECEMBER, is now published, price 2s. 6d. Contents: 1, The Church of England and the Dissenters—2, The Plaint of certain Coral Reefs—3, Some late Passages in the Life of John Bull, Esq.—4, Meet Me To-night—5, The History of a Stone of Taxation, by the Author of 'Corn Law Rhymes'—6, Characteristics of the Genius of Scott, by Harriet Martineau—7, The Boar Song—8, Fallacies concerning Tithes—9, Sonnets to Ione—10, Sea-Burking, or, the Mysteries of Lloyd's—11, The Tory Hearts of England—12, Percy Bysshe Shelley—13, The Rover's Song—14, Tait's Lectures on Jurisprudence—15, Aristocracy, The Reformer, a Novel—16, A Conservative Chant—17, The Tory Squire—18, Letter to the Duke of Wellington, on the Elections, by a Tory Member of Parliament, and distinguished Officer—19, The Assessed Taxes: Direct and indirect—Taxation—20, Spontaneous Combustion in the Royal Academy—21, Tait's Cononopolis, Book 22, Monthly Register.—Political History—State of Commerce and Manufactures—New Publications—the Fine Arts—the Drama—Music—Births, Marriages, and Deaths—23, Tory Peace-meetings.  
William Tait, Edinburgh; Simpkin and Marshall, London; and John Cumming, Dublin.

**ADDITIONAL NOTICES of No. VIII.—For November, 1833.**

Tait's Edinburgh Magazine still maintains the eminence it has reached among the leading periodicals, both with respect to the nervous and spirited manner in which its original articles are written, and its earnestness in promoting 'the cause of the people.' *Cheltenham Journal.*  
Such of our readers as love poetry, will do well to read a long and clever paper in the last number of Tait's admirable Magazine, entitled 'The Radical Poets,' the pleasantest article we have read for some time. There is also a valuable paper on the Punishment of Death.—*Lancaster Herald.*  
'Scottish Voters, a Skeleton of Life,' is told in a neat and humorous style, and forms a description no less amusing and instructive than true 'to the life,' of many such a scene, to which the present canvassing for the election has given rise. This article, and 'The Life and Times of a Protocol,' are alone sufficient to ensure the success of Tait's present number.—*Aberdeen Herald.*

Here is again one of Tait's prime samples; at every succeeding number we are more delighted and instructed. In this Magazine there has been no 'blinking the question'; all has been above-board, and plain unapologetic reasoning. The opposition have been fairly dealt with, severely lashed, we admit; but the cause of their castigation in such cases never could admit of palliation. The Ministry have also been impartially handled. Their actions have been rigorously criticized, and praise or blame dealt out according to their deserts. We earnestly recommend a perusal of 'Scottish Voters.' It may serve a goodly purpose at this time, and make some of our luckless political party bethink themselves, ere it be too late.—*Kelso Chronicle.*

Tait has much that is excellent this month, amongst which we would rank 'Radical Poets,' 'Funeral of Sir Walter Scott,' and 'The Harehound and the Witch.' 'The Life of a Protocol' is a most delicious piece of satire, its point lying in its truth.—*Dumfries Journal.*

Of Tait's Magazine, in point of ability, we still feel ourselves bound to report favourably, although we do not concur in all the sentiments expressed, or in many of the objects advocated in its pages. With scarcely an exception, the political, the religious, or poetry, criticism, sketch, or tale, are all made subservient to the grand design of inculcating the peculiar opinions, to support which the Magazine was expressly established—(that truth, justice, and the greatest happiness of the greatest number, should dictate every act of legislation.) Of Mr. Tait's political integrity, however, and that of his contributors—many of whom, we know stand at the very head of their party—no man can doubt. To the development of the revolutionary principle (that the good of the many is to be consulted, and not the unjust advantage of the few) all their efforts seem to be directed. We trust their influence will be exerted for good, [it shall], and not for evil.—*Aberdeen Journal.* A liberal and able point of circulation, at the head of the Scottish newspaper press.

Tait's Magazine, the fearless friend of freedom, the strenuous advocate of the rights of the many, the unflinching supporter of what is really conducive to the public weal, and the undaunted exposé of mismanagement and corruption—we rejoice to find has reached a status in the literary world, from which, we opine, it will not easily be displaced.—*Stirling Journal.*

The case of the slaveholders, the missionaries, and Mr. Jeremie, is placed by Tait in its proper colours.—*Exeter Independent.*  
The spirited conductor of the new periodical has treated his readers, this month, in plenty of fun and humour. Both Whigs and Tories fall under his caustic lash.—*Woolmer's Exeter Gazette.*

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# THE ATHENÆUM

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## REVIEWS

*A General System of Gardening and Botany, &c. Founded upon Miller's Gardener's Dictionary, and arranged according to the Natural System.* By George Don, F.L.S. 4to. Vol. II. London: Rivingtons.

We hail the appearance of this work as one of the truest signs of the change which public opinion has undergone in regard to Natural History. It proves to us, that the artificial and unsatisfactory mode of studying Botany, which, in the hands of what is called the Linnæan School, has so long been the reproach of the North of Europe, has lost its popularity even with the many; and that the world has, at last, discovered Botany not to be the art of remembering a few hundred barbarous names: so that Rousseau was right when he said, that a man might be a good botanist without remembering the name of a single plant.

For ourselves, we think a Species Plantarum, in English, arranged upon the plan of Natural Affinities, of so much importance, that we should be half disarmed of our critical severity, even if its faults were far more numerous than any which have occurred to us in the perusal of the work before us.

Under the above title we have a translation of the first two volumes and a half of the 'Prodrômus Systematis Naturalis Regni Vegetabilis' of the learned Professor De Candolle, of Geneva; with the addition of a considerable number of species recently described by other botanists, and the introduction of many of the most important parts of Miller's celebrated Gardener's Dictionary, modernized and adapted to the present state of Horticulture. Besides this, the purposes to which the species can be applied, the period when they were introduced to the gardens of this country, and much more useful information on other points, have been carefully recorded.

It is evident that the author has executed his task with care and industry, and upon the whole, we feel justified in saying, that it reflects credit upon his talents and assiduity. We could have wished, indeed, that a better plan had been devised, of pointing out what species are at present unknown in gardens; but this is a trifling blemish, that was perhaps scarcely worth noticing. A graver fault is the execution of the wood-cuts, many of which are not only below mediocrity, and quite unworthy the present state of art, but in some cases worse than useless. Who, for example, is to recognize a *mango* in the strange figure given at p. 64, or the common *Ambelancier* in that at p. 604? It would be far better to omit such illustrations (?) altogether, than to disfigure the work by their insertion. If they were executed as well as these are ill, they would add very little to its utility.

There is another circumstance connected with this work, which, we think, requires some explanation from either the author or the publisher. It is stated in the preface, that it will be completed in four volumes, and in the title, that it will be a complete enumeration and description of all plants hitherto known. Now, half the work has appeared, and it comprehends little more of the plan than is included in the two first volumes and half of De Candolle's Prodrômus; a work which cannot be completed in less than ten or probably eleven volumes. We are therefore at a loss to understand how these eleven volumes are to be comprehended in four of Mr. Don's work, when his first two volumes do not comprehend quite three of De Candolle's.

*Records of Travels in Turkey, Greece, &c. and of a Cruise in the Black Sea, with the Capitan Pasha, in the Years 1829, 1830, and 1831.* By Adolphus Slade, Esq. 2 vols. London: Saunders & Otley.

THE power and glory of the Turks are passed and gone. In the sixteenth century, their valour was the terror of the martial nations of Christendom, and their empire comprehended some of the fairest countries of the earth. A messenger bearing the Sultan's firman, could have ridden without molestation to the banks of the Wolga one way, and to the deserts beyond the Pyramids the other; their armies menaced Spain and Germany, and their fleets ravaged the coasts of Italy, and carried at will its people into captivity. Their strength has failed less from the courage of their enemies than from internal decay; their religion prevented improvement, and their ignorant pride hindered all beneficial changes: they fell, in everything save in personal bravery, to the leeward; and the result has been, that the barbarians of the north, as they contemptuously termed the Russians, have trampled them down and threatened their empire with destruction. They are now become an object of curiosity rather than of terror, and travellers have of late become anxious to traverse their country, and delineate the manners and customs and character of so singular a people. Those who visit the Sultan's dominions walk over the dust of the empires of Greece and of Rome, as well as that of Turkey; and no one sets a foot in their land without being inspired with classic recollections, meeting at every step with the reliques of ancient towns and temples, and crossing streams or skirting mountains famed in undying song.

The author before us is perhaps haunted with as few classic recollections as any traveller who has wandered in these regions; he seems not at all conscious of the existence of those heroes, and poets, and orators, and historians, who have rendered Greece and her isles famous to all time; he opens his

eyes on the present, and closes them on the past, and we consider this a beauty rather than a blemish. He leaves classic allusions and poetic quotations to bards and antiquarians, and desires to give us an image of the land as it now is, and bring its people before us, as they appeared when he was among them a couple of years ago. That he has done all this and more, no one will question. In the year 1829 he touched at some of the Grecian Isles, and landed at Constantinople, where the friendship of the Capitan Pasha enabled him to see the internal state of the empire, and visit those scenes rendered memorable in the last war between the Sultan and the Russians. He has a quick eye, a clear judgment, and an honest heart; nor is he unskilful in the art of description and detail: he expresses his sentiments clearly and with little ostentation. As he walked up the streets of Constantinople, he saw a sight which warned him that he was in a land where laws were stern and punishments severe.

"I had not proceeded up two of the steep streets, on my way to the Eski Saray, attracted by a review, when I was stopped by a singular exhibition peculiar to Turkish towns, a baker nailed by his ear to his door-post. I was fortunate, for the sight is sufficiently rare to make it a curiosity. The position of the rascal was most ludicrous, rendered more so by the perfect nonchalance with which he was caressing his beard. The operation, they say, does not hurt much; though in this case it was done very roughly, and the patient was obliged to stand on his toes to keep his ear from tearing. 'This is nothing,' said my dragoman, observing my attention; 'a few days ago a master-baker, as handsome a young fellow as ever you saw, had his nose and ears cut off: he bore it like a brave one: he said he did not care much about his ears, his turban would hide the marks—but his nose—he gave the executioner a bribe to return it to him, after he had shown it to the judge, that he might have it stuck on again.' 'Poor fellow!' I thought, 'that would have puzzled Carpeus!' 'It served him right,' added my dragoman; 'at that time loaves were scarcer than baker's noses.' The Spartan appearance of the bread in the shops was evidence of the scarcity which still reigned: it had been blacker a short time previous, and caused serious disturbances, especially on the part of the women, which the government could only quell by distributing rations."

His interview with the Capitan Pasha is peculiarly Turkish: we must extract a small and characteristic portion: we may say with the poet—

Behold a nation in a man expressed.

"He saluted us with a knowing glance, (peculiarly Osmanleyish,) and permitted my companion, whom he knew, to put his robe to his lips and forehead, an honour which I took care never to avail myself of, with him or any other Osmanley. No Frank should ever submit to it; though only meaning to pay a compliment, his intention is sure to be misconstrued. Pride is necessary to ensure respect from the Osmanley,

who ascribes even common politeness to submission. It is not uncommon with him, in order to ascertain the quality of a stranger, to drop something, as a handkerchief; if the stranger neglect it he is set down as a person of distinction, who is accustomed to be served, not to serve others; if he pick it up, which is very natural, the contrary is inferred. It is one unpleasantness of being acquainted with Osmanleys, that you must, for your own sake, disregard good breeding in many points. For example, a bey or an aga pays you a visit; you rise to receive him; he attributes the movement to the innate respect of a Christian for a Mussulman. You may go into his room fifty times without receiving the same compliment, though he will pay it to a Mussulman of similar rank. The Frank, in short, in his intercourse with Osmanleys, should never abate one iota of his due as a gentleman; if he do, he is soon regarded in a menial light. Suppose he visit a pasha, and the pasha does not invite him to be seated, he should immediately sit down, unheeding the angry looks of the attendant officers, indignant at his audacity. The next time the pasha will desire him to sit on the sofa the moment he sees him, not to expose his rank a second time to the slight of any body daring to sit in his presence unbidden."

Our traveller discourses eloquently on a subject to which no man is indifferent—good eating. See how he lays about him, tooth and nail, in the society of the Capitan Pasha, during a cruise in the Euxine.

"Two agas—they were gentlemen of no less rank—knelt to us with ewers to wash our hands; then tied napkins round our necks, and placed between us a circular metal tray upon a low stool, provided with four saucers, containing as many kinds of conserves, slices of bread and of cake, salt, and a bowl of salad sauce, to be eaten at discretion. Our fingers were the operating instruments. The first dish was a pile of red mullet. The pasha of course had the first help; being a bit of an epicure, he pawed every one individually before choosing. I took one whose tail only had come in contact with his forceps. The next dish was a fowl. The pasha steadied it with the thumb of his left hand, and with his right hand pulled off a wing. I tried the same manœuvre on a leg; but, owing to delicacy in not making free use of both hands, failed in dislocating it. The pasha, perceiving my awkwardness, motioned to an officer to assist me. I would fain have declined his services, but it was too late. The fellow took it up in his brawny hands, ripped off the joints with surprising dexterity, peeled the breast with his thumb-nail, tore it in thin slices, and, thus dissected, laid the bird before me with an air of superiority, saying, 'Eat.' I was very hungry, or I should not have been able. The third dish was lamb stewed with olives. On this I showed that I had fully profited by my late lesson, and, dreading the intrusion of another person's fingers on so slippery a subject, dug my own in with unblushing effrontery. I followed precisely the pasha's motions, scooping the olives out of the dish, with a piece of bread and my thumb, as adroitly as though I had never seen a fork. The attendants winked at each other, and my host's unmeaning eyes faintly radiated at the rapidity with which I adapted myself to existing circumstances. I never fully understood before the point of the saying, 'Do at Rome as Rome does.' Various other meats followed, which I will not enumerate; they were all diminished by a similar process; suffice to say that they were excellent, the Turkish kitchen being in many points equal to the French kitchen, and in one article superior—the exquisiteness of lamb drest in Turkey far, very far, surpasses my feeble praise."

While our author was enjoying himself in the society of the Capitan Pasha, the Russians under Diebitsch passed the frontier, and burst into the Turkish empire, spreading dismay to the gates of Constantinople and beyond. Here is his account of the great battle between the Vizier and the Russians, which decided the fate of Turkey:—

"In the course of the night the vizir was informed that the enemy had taken post between him and Schumla, and threatened his retreat. He might still have avoided the issue of a battle, by making his way transversely across the defiles to the Kamptchik, sacrificing his baggage and cannon; but deeming that he had only Roth to deal with, he, as in that case was his duty, prepared to force a passage; and the Yew troops that he saw drawn up in the valley on gaining the little wood fringing it, in the morning, confirmed his opinion. He counted on success; yet, to make more sure, halted to let his artillery take up a flanking position on the north side of the valley. The circuitous and bad route, however, delaying this manœuvre, he could not restrain the impatience of the delhis. Towards noon, 'Allah, Allah her,' they made a splendid charge; they repeated it, broke two squares, and amused themselves nearly two hours in carving the Russian infantry, their own infantry, the while, admiring them from the skirts of the wood. Diebitsch, expecting every moment that the vizir would advance to complete the success of his cavalry—thereby sealing his own destruction—ordered Count Pahlen, whose division was in the valley, and who demanded reinforcements, to maintain his ground to the last man. The count obeyed, though suffering cruelly; but the vizir, fortunately, instead of seconding his adversary's intentions, quietly remained on the eminence, enjoying the gallantry of his delhis, and waiting till his artillery should be able to open when he might descend and claim the victory with ease. Another ten minutes would have sufficed to envelope him; but Diebitsch, ignorant of the cause of his backwardness, supposing that he intended amusing him till night, whereby to effect a retreat, and unwilling to lose more men, suddenly displayed his whole force, and opened a tremendous fire on the astonished Turks. In an instant the rout was general, horse and foot; the latter threw away their arms, and many of the nizam dgeditt were seen clinging to the tails of the delhis' horses as they clambered over the hills. So complete and instantaneous was the flight that scarcely a prisoner was made. Redschid strove to check the panic by personal valour, but in vain. He was compelled to draw his sabre in self-defence: he fled to the Kamptchik, accompanied by a score of personal retainers, crossed the mountains, and on the fourth day re-entered Schumla."

Traitors at home, and enemies abroad, united to embarrass the Sultan; of the first he sought to rid himself by means of the executioner in the following manner:—

"Into this space two men stepped from the body of the guard—one old, and ugly, and meanly dressed; the other young, and handsome, and richly attired in the old costume. The office of one of them was not doubtful, by the long ataghan in his hand; the other, by his firm step, and the unconcerned air with which he glanced around, might have passed for the provost marshal, had not his manner soon announced that he was destined to act a more important part;—and he knew it, for he at once knelt down, without prompting, and suffered his thumbs to be tied behind him with a piece of string, that he might not involuntarily interfere with the operation. The executioner then took off his turban, tied up Mohammed's lock, and adjusted the denounced head in the most

favourable position for displaying his skill, desiring its owner to hold it steady. So peculiarly adapted is the eastern costume, having no collars, to the dispatch of head cutting, as to make it probable that it was originally adopted by slavish courtiers as symbolic of their necks being always ready. This preparation did not occupy two minutes, during which it was uncertain which of the two showed greatest coolness. Drawing then his ataghan, the executioner held it up in act to strike, and in this position recited the offence—'conspiracy,' &c. It was an awful picture, a moment of breathless excitement to all present excepting the two actors, the one of whom, the most interested in the event, appearing the most careless. Being close to him, *malgré moi*, I watched him narrowly, but could not perceive the slightest change in his florid countenance, or a tremor in his fine limbs. Both at such a crisis would have been pardonable in the boldest. Having heard his crime, he cried in a firm voice, 'O Mohammed, I die innocent; to thee I consign my soul.' He repeated these words, with some others to the same purport, when the finisher of the law, impatient, demanded, 'Are you ready?' The gallant fellow, with an energy of tone which showed that his spirit already saw the 'dark-eyed girls,' promptly answered, 'Ready.' The moment after, his head, struck off by one blow, was rolling in the dust. The blood instantaneously gushed out of the body, the neck slightly palpitated; life vanished with the rapidity of thought."

We can quote no more at present, nor follow our traveller farther on his route through the Turkish provinces. His descriptions are lively; his style rambling and picturesque: he has no little knowledge of human nature, and an intimate acquaintance with the manners of the people of the East. But he is troubled now and then with an overflow of words, and a desire to be lively and striking. We must not, however, cavil about the manner in which a gentleman, who has seen so much, chooses to relate his adventures; we ought to receive his communications thankfully, and discuss them chiefly with reference to the information they give. Next week we shall resume our extracts and observations.

*Tales of the Manse.—By a Gentleman gone to the Indies.* Edited by Hugh Hay, Esq. First Series. *Saint Kentigern.* Glasgow: Blackie & Son.

This volume contains the first of a collection of tales, which the publishers have considered it more advisable to print separately, and at intervals, than to throw into one publication of several volumes, as they had originally intended. If they be right in this arrangement, we think that they have, at any rate, not been happy in the choice which they have made for their commencing series; and we are the more surprised at that choice, inasmuch as the author seems to be aware of some of the objections which form our reasons for that opinion. It is difficult to understand the policy of beginning with a story for which, in his introduction, he says (and we have no doubt truly,) "more charity, perhaps, is required on the part of the reader than for any of the others; the subject being one too far removed from our own knowledge and experience to be consistently handled, or to awaken readily our interest or sympathies. The almost entire darkness that hangs over the period of which it treats,



prevents us from coming to any satisfactory conception of the people who then lived; the few historic points that are on record regarding them, tending rather to shackle the imagination than to assist the judgment." To this opinion of the author's we must add ours—that the incidents of the story are meagre and of no high interest, the painting cold and unsatisfactory, and the narrative altogether of that kind which (taken in connexion with a pleasant and rambling Proem to the tales generally, and an Introduction to the particular one before us, which has considerable interest,) assure us that this is not the style in which the writer is most likely to be successful; and that it would have been well to prepare the way for the introduction of 'Saint Kentigern,' by an impression first secured by some other of the tales.

The story is laid at the close of the sixth century, when England was under the poly-crat sway of the Heptarchy, and Scotland divided into a number of independent states. The Saxons had not been able to establish themselves in that country, save in a few of the southern districts. Pictland or Caledonia properly extended over all the provinces beyond the Forth; and the ancient Dalriadic kingdom, which consisted of the present Argyshire; the province of Strathclyde, or the Welsh kingdom, whose site is now occupied by Dumbartonshire, Renfrewshire, and the lower parts of Lanarkshire,—and the last seat of Druidic superstition, which was planted in what is now called the Upper Ward of Lanarkshire, near the Falls of Clyde, form the scenes of the present story. The interest, such as it is, turns upon the devotion to death, at the festival of Baal, (according to Druidic custom,) of Cora, the virgin daughter of one of the Druid chiefs, and the efforts made by Rederc the Hael, the prince of the adjacent kingdom of Strathclyde, (who had become enamoured of her during a casual interview,) to snatch her from the impending sacrifice. The incidents, however, we have said, are few, and hang loosely together. Among the characters who figure in them, as active agents, are the well-known names of Merlin, and Mungo of Kentigern, the patron saint of Glasgow; and the catastrophe, which is not ineffectively told, and which snatches Cora from the sacrifice, but to plunge her into the Falls, is founded upon the tradition, which has given to one of them the name which it still retains, of *Cora Linn*.

The good people of Glasgow will, we imagine, find it difficult to recognize, in the following picture, their great and bustling city.

"Rederc had not long parted from Wid, when he turned his direction from the banks of the river, and began to proceed northward. He was now upon a spacious plain, mantled with long grass, and was entering upon the grounds where the city of Glasgow now stands. Glasgow at present covers the whole face of a hill; but in the days of Rederc the Hael, the extremities only of the hill were inhabited. At the foot of it, where the Clyde runs, a few houses stood, the inmates of which were chiefly employed in fishing; and at the summit, where the Cathedral now stands, there were erected several cottages, whose inhabitants had been drawn thither with the view of being benefited by the ministrations of Saint Kentigern, who had taken up his residence in that quarter. The declivity of the hill was thus unoccupied, and thus a space of nearly a mile in length

separated the two clusters of cottages which then constituted Glasgow. Rederc, as he informed Wid, was bound for the cell of Saint Kentigern; and he therefore had to ascend the hill—the then silent and solitary hill, on which the grass grew and the trees waved their branches to the wind—the now noisy and busy stage, on which so many thousands of mortals strut their brief parts in the drama of life. A long and winding avenue, formed merely by the tread of the traveller, led to the summit, into which avenue Rederc entered, and began to ascend."

We shall be glad to do justice to the future tales, from which, as we have said, we anticipate better things than we have here got.

*Lights and Shadows of German Life.* 2 vols. London: Bull.

THE genius of Wilson made 'Lights and Shadows' a popular name; his will be long remembered—not so those which followed, from the hand of one Barbour; they tasted like twopenny ale after champagne. The name is now revived by a lady, we believe, who translates a few tales freely from the German of Zchokke, Pickler, Spindler, and Stahl, and calling them 'Lights and Shadows of German Life,' dedicates them to Joanna Baillie and her sister. Of these tales, there are nine; some serious, some amusing, and all impressed with the stamp of old "faderland." One of them is called, 'The Red Coat of Prague;' we breakfast, lunch, dine, drink, and sup, on horrors heaped on horrors for three days and three nights; and just when we have numbered one hero among the devils, and another with murderers and parricides, we are surprised to find that the whole is a dream. Another Tale is named 'Circumstantial Evidence;' we are carried through all the stages of a well planned, long-premeditated dextrous murder: we see the victim—he is young, confiding, and in love; we see his clothes dabbled with blood; and the drops of his heart dyed indelibly in the chamber floor; we know the very sum which brought the knife at midnight to his bed; we have a shrewd guess where he is buried; we see the clouds of vengeance darkening down on the murderers; we hear their groans of remorse, and almost get into love with a maid who runs about with dishevelled hair, lamenting for him who is no more. In short, we have suffered as much as critics with such sensibility of nerves are capable of suffering, and have made up our mind to go nigh the gallows, and see the wretches who "brought death into the world and all our woe," strung up between us and the blue sky, like "bricklayers' perpendiculars"—when all at once, and much to our chagrin, the murdered man appears—not with "twenty mortal gashes on his head," but smiling and how-d'ye-do-ing, with a wedding ring in his hand for his sorrowing mistress, and a thousand apologies and explanations regarding his disappearance. Now, in both these stories, the mournful and touching parts are drawn with such freedom and reality, and the explanatory parts sketched so slightly and loosely, that we scarcely credit the denouements; with us, the 'Red Coat of Prague' is to all intents and purposes a devil, and a dextrous one, and Wittenhoff, notwithstanding his reappearance, has been assuredly murdered. Such, probably, was the original purpose of the writers; but the hue and cry which human nature has set up against the

atrocities wrought in German romances, altered the plan, and hence such terminations as we cannot believe in.

The 'Military Campaigns of a Man of Peace,' is a story amusing and full of incident; the hero is a scholar, whom accident compels, in spite of inclination and nature, to become a hero. He is at the head of a straggling company of Prussians, in one of the great campaigns against Napoleon, and his associate in the command has a touch of the courage and tongue of Ancient Pistol:—

"We had scarcely turned our backs upon the village, when we discovered on the plain before us, several columns of the enemy advancing from all sides, even from the wood which we had intended should cover our march. Our commander's presence of mind did not forsake him at the sight, and he drew up his forces in battle array with military precision. On our right was a holly-bush, and on our left a horsepond; the necessary dispositions being made, he addressed us as follows:—

"Comrades! remember this day that you are Prussians. We have no colours—therefore, let the white plume in my hat be your guide to honour and renown!"

"These words reminded me of Henry IV. of France, who once said something similar, in less perilous circumstances.

"If we cannot conquer," he continued, "we can die like men. The only difference is, that we sup to-night with Ziethen, Schwerin, and the great Frederick, instead of in some wretched village of the Mark!"

"Leonidas at Thermopylæ did not harangue his patriotic, death-devoted Spartans, with greater energy than our general employed on this occasion, happily, and, perhaps unconsciously, parodying the words of the Lacedæmonian monarch. Our men seemed, however, on the whole, if I read their countenances rightly, to prefer the Mark bread and turnips, to all the banquets and the good company of Elysium.

"As I commanded the right wing, my post was near the holly-bush, and I sat on my horse in great perturbation of spirit. A succession of cold shiverings crept over me—I looked now and then at the carabinier, who was posted with his cavalry on the left, where the four trumpets kept up a most diabolical din. The Teutonic Leonidas rode up to me for the last time before the opening of the sanguinary scene.

"Brave adjutant-general," said he, "the time is come for your genius to blaze forth. But I entreat you, for God's sake, to moderate the impetuosity of your valour.—Be prudent as well as brave! The enemy is superior to us in number, and should we be hard pressed, we must retire into the village in our rear, and defend ourselves to the last in the churchyard." So saying, he galloped off."

After many a meeting equally sanguinary, and much loss of breath and abundance of alarms, some serious, some ludicrous, he becomes by the same sort of accident which made him a hero, a postillion to a French Commissary, and has the fortune to ride off with as much gold, all true Napoleons, as enables him to retire from the "tented field," and marry a woman who had survived the storming of Prague and Berlin.

We must give our readers a taste of the legend of the 'Red Coat of Prague;' here is the picture of your true German devil drawn from the life:—

"A few evenings before, I had accompanied a friend to a coffee-house, intending to read the newspapers whilst he went up to the billiard-room. I called for a glass of Dantzic and water, and the *Moniteur*, and while the waiter was bringing them, I looked round at my fellow-

loungers. At a table near me sat two grave elderly gentlemen, with powdered heads, and long queues, deep in a game of chess. A knot of young men, most of whom their dress proclaimed to be students, occupied the window in earnest discourse respecting supernatural appearances, and the nature of the human soul; and a singular personage in a kind of scarlet surtout with long skirts, was pacing up and down the room; his hands behind his back, and a gold-headed cane under the left arm. Sometimes he stopped for a moment, and appeared to listen to the argument in the window, and sometimes he looked at the chess-players. The singularity of his figure and countenance completely diverted my attention from the events of the Spanish campaign; and I could think of nothing else. He was below the middle size, bony, and broad-shouldered. By his face I should have judged him about fifty; but a considerable stoop made him appear, at first sight, much older. Glossy, pitch-black hair hung straight and thick about his fallow visage; a long hooked nose drooped over thin and firmly compressed lips; and large dark eyes, whose brilliancy and animation, unnaturally contrasted with the cold impassibility of the other features, glittered beneath shaggy projecting eye-brows. It was altogether a countenance worthy of a hangman, a grand inquisitor, or a captain of banditti.

"The owner of such a face," thought I, "would burn a city, or spike a score of infants, for pastime. For worlds I would not travel alone with him through a forest. Surely such a mouth can never have smiled, even in childhood!"

"In this conclusion, however, I was mistaken; for just then he stopped near the students, and laughed at what they were saying. But—God preserve us! what a laugh! It made my blood run cold. It was a grin of hellish malice—my eyes glanced involuntarily downwards, in expectation of seeing the cloven-foot, and, true enough, the feet were not fellows. One, only, resembled a human foot; the other misshapen member was covered by a boot of a peculiar form; and yet he did not limp; but, on the contrary, he glided along as gently as if he had been walking on egg-shells, and afraid of crushing them.

"I had forgotten the anxiety for news with which I had entered the coffee-house; but I still held the paper in my hand, and looked over it at the hideous being by whom I felt spell-bound.

"Presently, as he was passing the chess-players, one of them said to his adversary in a tone of exultation, 'You are done for at last, I think.' The Red-coat stood still—his dark eye glanced rapidly over the board, and he said, 'You will find yourself mistaken, Sir, you are checkmated at the third move.' His tones were low, sweet, and clear; the player, who had spoken, looked up with a supercilious smile, and the perplexed adversary shook his head incredulously as he moved his piece: he moved again—and—'checkmate.'

"The combatants re-marshalled their men, and commenced a new game. The Red-coat pursued his walk, and presently, stopped again, and listened to the discussion in the window. One of the speakers addressed him abruptly, 'You seem interested in our argument, Sir. But your smile would imply that you entertain opposite opinions from mine respecting the divine and human natures. Have you read Schelling?'

"I have."

"And, may I ask, why you smiled just now?"

"Schelling," replied the Red-coat, 'is a sharp-witted, sagacious poet, who gives the dexterous flights of his imagination for truths,

secure that he can only be answered by other dreams, which require still greater acuteness than his own to defend. Philosophers are still what they have ever been. The blind dispute about the theory of colours, and the deaf about the laws of harmony. Just as Alexander would have thrown a bridge up to the moon to carry his conquests into another world—so philosophers, dissatisfied within the boundaries of reason, would carry their arguments beyond it."

It would be unjust to the *free* Translator, if we were to dismiss these 'Lights and Shadows' in this summary manner. There are many picturesque situations, natural incidents, and interesting conversations in the other tales. 'It is very possible,' has pleased us much, so has 'The White Greyhound'—but we shall not enter into particulars. We have, it is true, sudden loves, strange changes, odd encounters, singular denouements, and other uncommon and remarkable things, more than enough, but with these there is mingled so much that is true and natural—and so much that is affecting and laughable, that we read on, and feel pleased even in spite sometimes of our judgment. We imagine that we have seen of late, an inclination in the German literature to renounce supplemental horrors, and trust more to a true and vivid delineation of manners, and character, and passion. This is, perhaps, owing a little to the diffusion of the romances of Scott, wherein there is not much of the "horrible and awful," and abundance of everything else that moves or interests us.

*The Lauread; a Literary, Political, and Naval Satire.* By the Author of 'Cavendish.' In Four Books. Book I. London: Cochrane & Co.

THE writer is a Whig satirist: whether the Tories will rave and go mad under his lash, is a question. As, however, the work is not yet published, we prefer giving an extract to an opinion.

I take a villain who has died unknown,  
Expose the lies would deck his burial stone,  
Show those he slandered, fell beneath his spite,  
And place the living in a truer light.  
That these, to whom his life was full of wrong,  
May reap some justice from my idle song.  
"Avant! away!—thy sacrilegious pen  
Profanes the rest which Death vouchsafes to men!"

So cries the sage: I answer, "You are right,  
I sit corrected: I'll reform to-night.  
Henceforth no monster, who's resigned his breath  
In crime, shall risk exposure at his death.  
Hence by their victims shall no word be said  
In exculpation—their defamers dead.  
I see, I see: all living rogues attack,—  
A manly course, which they'll no doubt pay back."  
I seize my pen—expose some living fools,  
By purblind fortune placed on "slipp'ry stools":  
Their rank—their riches—their's full many a friend,  
Or—quite as good—paid minions to defend,  
When lo! arises from the perjured crew  
The cry, "Such insolence we never knew!  
Attack the living!"

O, herd of knaves, whose yell is still the same  
T'uphold the vicious and the good defame,  
It matters little who are scourged, so ye  
Escape unscathed from all exposure free!  
"Nought of the dead but what is kind revive,  
And grant us peace to pilfer while alive."

Of the literary taste and opinions of the writer, something may be gleaned from the following:—

When "prose run mad" instructs in fifty schools,  
A thousand pupils in a thousand fools;  
When Wordsworth's jargon is the true sublime,  
And sense is found in Coleridge's sickly rhyme;  
And moulting Southey's poems are conest  
At once the dullest, heaviest, and best;  
And countless imitating apes attend,  
To stamp the folly they would fain befriend.  
When, &c. &c.

*De l'Influence des Mœurs sur les Lois, et de l'Influence des Lois sur les Mœurs—(On the Influence of Manners on Laws, and of Laws on Manners).* Par M. Mallet. Paris.

CRITICISM, the highest in France, has already sat in judgment upon this work, and awarded its author more substantial honours than empty praise—namely, the 10,000 francs, left by the will of the late Count de Monthyon.† To enter on a critical examination of the work in a manner worthy of its importance, would much exceed the limits to which we must confine ourselves, and we shall best consult our readers' interests by some extracts characteristic, at once, of the plan and the spirit of the work.

At the outset, it may be well to remark, that it is only of *political* laws that our author treats, and not of the laws of nature or of the Supreme Being.

"The Law that is to be studied is the general rule of the duties of man, and of the modifications to which his natural rights are subject, in his capacity of member of society and of the state."

The sense of the word *law* being established, our author proceeds to define

"*Manners*,—which are divided into natural, religious, political, national, public, and private; to which other divisions might still be added. In general, the word *manners* imports a habit, and is used sometimes in a wider sense when it denotes the tastes and customs, either of a nation or of an individual; or, sometimes it is understood in a more restricted sense, when it expresses merely a degree of morality.

"The first object of contemplation in the manners of a people, is their morality. To elevate this, and thus to fix the happiness of nations on a more solid basis, is the first problem in the inquiry of the mutual influence maintained between manners and laws. To this object our whole work should tend in all its parts. To display, in full evidence, the profound and mysterious influence of manners on the laws, and to deduce the imperious necessity, that the former should be good, in order that the laws may be good;—to infer, hence, the duty of legislators—to consult the moral wants and the high destinies of man—this is indeed our first duty. But it is not the most extensive part; social happiness is the chief object of legislation, and in the present inquiry it will be our duty to bestow still more attention on material happiness than on moral well-being. Manners being the result of the free development of a moral being, might seem, at the first view, to belong to a quite different order of things from the laws. The latter are marked out by political or civil authority, have an obligatory force, enchain the will and natural action of man, and often act independent of those motives of humanity and of virtue that always preside over morality. It would appear, then, that there cannot be any reciprocity of influence between manners and laws. It would seem, that they tend to separate and even to disagree. This, however, is an error. The manners, in spite of their free nature, their independent character, their elevated tendency, depend on numerous circumstances, by which they are modified: they are the effects of a multitude of stimulating causes; and among these causes and circumstances the laws hold a distinguished rank. The laws frequently serve at once as rules that guide, and as limits that bound the manners in their development. We here speak only of human laws; but it is well understood that the laws of nature and the divine law exercise an influence on manners not less pro-

found; and, in fact, the natural and providential laws which preside over the progress of nations, according to the difference of time, country, and climate, are so many causes that modify manners. Laws, in their turn, viewed by themselves, seem to belong to a quite different order of things from manners. They take little notice of individuals, having in view the whole body of society, and always sacrifice individual interests to the common good. Notwithstanding this divergence, manners and laws still meet in the common source from which they emanate, and in the Supreme authority which sanctions them. In fact, civil and political laws, when thoroughly analyzed, are merely copies, more or less imperfect, of divine and natural laws. Human laws are the product of a reason made in the image of the divine reason; they are an emanation of this divine reason; similar to it; sublime in this resemblance, guilty and abject whenever that resemblance is not felt. Now, these same natural and divine laws, of which political and civil laws are only copies more or less imperfect, preside also over the manners of nations; and these manners, in their turn, are produced by them and partake of their defects. It follows, that not only the divine laws, which constitute morality, and human laws, which constitute legality, should unite and mutually support each other, but also, that manners and laws should jointly establish in the heart of the individual and in the bosom of the people, that harmony of motives and tendency which constitute, at once, strength and virtue, and which ought to characterize nations as well as individuals. It is with these convictions that we enter on the inquiry of the influence of manners on laws, and laws on manners. We admit that there may be a divergency between legality and morality; we know that this divergency often exists; but we think there is neither wisdom, nor strength, nor virtue in their disunion. Care must be taken, however, lest we fall into exaggeration respecting this mutual influence, which can neither be sought nor found everywhere. Two facts, it is well known, may exist at the same time, and yet, in spite of apparent connection, they may be perfectly independent of each other. Historians have often been deceived by these appearances, and many chapters in the history of the human race are still to be rewritten in consequence. In general, the greatest circumspection is required on a subject which concerns the purest and most sacred interests of man; which is so intimately connected with the most sublime laws of God; with the noblest as well as the most debased condition of nations; which embraces the whole intellectual, moral, and political life of humanity. Fine things have been said on manners and laws: useful things, however, are far more necessary. Eloquence has too long lent all her charms and her majesty to these subjects. It is time that reason utters her simple and austere language. The present, therefore, is not intended as a beautiful, but as a useful work. Our object is simple, but there is grandeur in its simplicity. We wish to point out wherein lies the happiness of nations; we wish to convince them that it cannot be found but in the observance of the laws; we wish to prove, that the laws cannot be observed unless they are good, and that good laws cannot be formed unless upon the foundation of good manners. These are, perhaps, well known truths; I believe they are to be found in all books; they, however, neither form the belief, nor regulate the conduct of nations; they have, hitherto, neither brought peace nor prosperity to nations."

It was but justice to our author to let him explain his principles at this length. The work cannot fail to attract attention in times like the present, when the inadequacy of an-

tiquated laws to meet the exigencies and comport with the manners of an advanced civilization, is universally acknowledged.

*Semi-serious Observations of an Italian Exile, during his Residence in England.* By Count Pecchio. London: Wilson.

A light, pleasant volume, to which the commendation of the *Quarterly*, in its review of the original work, will give general currency. The writer is not unknown among us. He fled to England after the Piedmontese revolution, and we well remember, when we were in Northern Italy, that his name was one with which the Spy who was palmed upon us as a valet de place, hoped to worm out "the heart of a mystery," which only existed in the suspicious cunning of despotism. After residing some time in England, the Count went to Spain, and subsequently published a work on the revolution of 1823. Driven from thence, he pushed on to Greece, but he has since returned, married, and taken up his permanent residence in this country. It is always well to hear what an intelligent foreigner thinks of us; but the Count is over courteous: we fear, that a Mrs. Trollope might have raised more serious objections. His work opens naturally enough with what makes the first impression on a foreigner—the climate of this country:—

"When, on his first arrival in England, the foreigner is seated on the roof of a carriage which bears him towards London at the rate of eight miles an hour, he cannot help believing himself hurried along in the car of Pluto to the descent into the realms of darkness, especially if he have just left Spain or Italy, the favourite regions of the sun. In the midst of wonder, he can hardly avoid, at first setting off, being struck with an impression of melancholy. An eternal cloud of smoke which involves and penetrates everything; a fog which, during the months of November and December, now grey, now red, now of a dirty yellow, always obscures, and sometimes completely extinguishes, the light of day, cannot fail to give a lugubrious and *Dantesque* air to this immeasurable and interminable capital. \* \* In fact, for several days the sun only appears in the midst of the darkness visible, like a great yellow spot. \* \* On the 29th of November, 1826, there was an eclipse visible in England: the sky that day happened to be clear, but nobody took the least notice of the phenomenon, because the fog produces in one year more eclipses in England than there ever were, from other causes, perhaps since the creation of the world.

"One day I was strolling in Hyde Park, in company with a Peruvian; it was one of the fine days of London, but the sun was so obscured by the fog, that it had taken the form of a great globe of fire. 'What do you think of the sun to-day?' said I to my companion. 'I thought,' replied the adorer of the true sun, 'that the end of the world was come!' \* \* After all, what of it? The English, by force of industry, have contrived to manufacture for themselves even a sun. Is it not indeed a sun,—that gas, which, running underground through all the island, illuminates the whole in a *fat lux*? It is a sun, without twilight and without setting, that rises and disappears like a flash of lightning, and that too, just when we want it. The gas illumination of London is so beautiful, that M. Sismondi had good reason to say, that in London, in order to see, you must wait till night. The place of St. Antonio, at Cadiz, on a starry summer's evening,—the noisy Strada Toledo of Naples, silvered by the moon,—the Parisian Tivoli, blazing with fireworks;—none of them

can sustain a comparison with the Regent Street of London, lighted by gas. \* \* \*

"All the poets have conspired to make their countrymen in love with their cloudy heavens, and induce them to believe themselves fortunate that they are born in a delightful climate. And what matters it that it is not true? Are not the tricks and illusions of the imagination, pleasures as substantial as actual realities? Montesquieu said, 'If the English are not free, at least they believe they are, which is much the same.' So we may say, if the English have not a fine climate, they believe they have, and that is as good. I was once praising, to a young English lady, the pure, lofty, mother-of-pearl heavens of Madrid, of Naples, of Athens, of Smyrna. She replied, 'I should be tired to death by such a perpetual sunshine: the variety and phantasmagoria of our clouds must surely be much more beautiful!'"

When it is recollected under what circumstances the Count came among us, the following cannot be read without interest, and will not, we trust, without benefit:—

"In the more recent political storms of France, England afforded shelter to almost all the French nobility and princes; and a few years after to the constitutionalists, the republicans, and the adherents of Napoleon, in their turn exposed to persecution. \* \* \*

"In 1823, London was peopled with exiles of every kind and every country; constitutionalists who would have but one chamber, constitutionalists who wished for two; constitutionalists after the French model, after the Spanish, the American; generals, dismissed presidents of republics, presidents of parliaments dissolved at the point of the bayonet, presidents of cortes dispersed by the bomb-shell; the widow of the negro king Christophe, with the two princesses, her daughters, of the true royal blood, 'black and all black'; the dethroned Emperor of Mexico; and whole swarms of journalists, poets, and men of letters. London was the Elysium (a satirist would say, the Botany Bay) of illustrious men and would-be heroes.

"What must have been the astonishment of one who had seen the Parliament of Naples, and the two Cortes of Madrid and Lisbon, to find himself at the Italian Opera in London, with General Pepe, General Mina, the orators Arguelles and Galiano, with the presidents Isturiez, Moura, &c. jostled and jostling in the crowd with the ambassadors of their adverse governments! \* \* \*

"At their first arrival, some of these wandering cavaliers attracted a good deal of attention from the English public. *The people is everywhere the people*; that is to say, boobies, ninnies. The newspaper writers ran to their lodgings to get the fog end of their lives at least, with some anecdotes. The fashionables took a delight in exhibiting a new 'lion,' which is the name given in England to any person of celebrity who is invited to an evening party, to be shown as the wonder of the day to two or three hundred persons, squeezed together like anchovies in a barrel, so that one can neither speak nor move. \* \* \*

"How soon did this curiosity pass away! The exiles, lions and all, were speedily buried in oblivion. There is no tomb so vast as London, which swallows up the most illustrious names for ever: it has an omnivorous maw. The celebrity of a man in London blazes and vanishes away like a firework: there is a great noise, numberless invitations, endless flattery and exaggeration, for a few days, and then an eternal silence. \* \* \* The English people are greedy of novelty; childish in this alone, it makes no great distinction between good and bad,—they want only what is new. They pay for the magic lantern, and pay well, but they always want fresh figures."

The following are disjointed passages from a chapter on education :—

"Beautiful as are the English children, they are still more happy; they are neither slaves nor tyrants,—hence neither indolent nor querulous. \* \* Here the father does not interfere at all in the education of his sons: he is absorbed in business, and abandons them therefore to the care of the mother, who very seldom leaves home, and executes this sacred duty with a sweet and constant equanimity. Punishment is excluded from domestic education, as well as reward, the stimulus of rivalry. \* \* \*

"Three things struck me above all the rest in English education: the respect which the parents show to their children; their care not to foment anger and resentment, and the bodily exercises by which the waste of strength caused by those of the mind is compensated. \* \* Even in the universities, the students are always treated as equals by their instructors, and esteemed and received as men. The result of this most rational etiquette is, that the Englishman (not born, perhaps, with faculties so ready as those of an Italian) becomes a man much sooner. They do not dazzle with brilliant sayings, they are never prodigal of wit, but they are always sensible, and never talk sheer nonsense. \* \* \*

"The truth is, that in their education the soul is never disturbed by the passions,—

*Winds adverse to serenity of life.*

"To be master of oneself—'to keep the temper,' is so essential a law of education, that it almost appears to be the fundamental law of the state. It is not allowed to 'go off the hinges' (as the Tuscans have it), either when in contact with the servants or the dirtiest scoundrel in existence. A strong resentment, expressed in decorous terms, is the mark of the gentleman in England. In the parliament itself, those speakers who cannot restrain themselves are generally censured, and deemed incapable of the management of great affairs. A duel entered into precipitately is thought as ignominious as to avoid one in a cowardly manner. \* \* \*

"English education is an English system, like no other, born in England, produced by a variety of circumstances, partly perhaps from their being at one and the same time a warlike and a commercial nation, which tend to repress the passions on frivolous occasions, and to give them the rein on those of importance. \* \* \*

"It would seem as if Rousseau, who once lived for some time among the English, took from them the principal ideas of the physical education of his Emilius. The gymnastics of the English are almost all applied to practical uses. \* \* Fox-hunting, shooting, horse-racing, swimming, rowing, driving, cricket, skating, are exercises which keep almost all ages in perpetual motion. Like the Greeks, the English think gymnastics unbecoming to no age whatever, and to no profession. In hunting, at cricket, and at skating, I have often found myself in company with boys, with clergymen, and men advanced in years, all mixed together. In all these exercises, the object is not to beautify, but to fortify, to steel, as they call it, the body. \* \* \*

"Nobody can ever frighten the boys with the idea of danger. The Spartans used to say, when they threw a weak-born infant over the cliff, that it was better a child should die, than a citizen should grow up useless to his country. When the English let their children slide on thinly-frozen rivers, it seems as if they thought,—and wisely too,—that it is better to run the risk of losing a son, than have him timid and pusillanimous all his life long. Not softened then by immoderate caresses, nor terrified by scowling eyebrows or terrible menaces, the English boy is free in his movements;—he sits on the ground or jumps to his feet at his own will; he lies on the sofa or the grass as he

pleases: provided only he do not disturb others, he may gratify any innocent caprice of his own. In this way he is continually making trials of himself, becomes accustomed to observe and judge, compares his means with the difficulties to be overcome, sounds the depth of dangers, and acquires vigour, and confidence in his own strength."

The following is from a paper on the opposition in the House of Commons, and on English oratory :—

"There is none of this elegance or this affectation, whichever it may best be called, in England; they rise dressed just as it happens, gesticulate like a windmill, or perhaps not at all, like a phantom; and for several hours change the modulation of the voice no more than a Scotch bagpipe. The minister, Canning, in the heat of speaking, used to thump with his right-hand on a small wooden box which stood before him, like a blacksmith raising up and bringing down his hammer. His rival, Brougham, tall, thin, convulsed in the muscles of his face, crosses when he speaks both arms and legs, exactly like one of our boneless fantoccini. Not even their actors, for example, the chief of them, Kean, employ those architectural attitudes which the actors of other nations make use of. Their artifice consists in following, not the dictates of art, but those of nature. I confess, however, that, in my opinion, the Members of Parliament ought sometimes to embellish nature a little."

We would willingly have extended our extracts; there are many subjects of interest touched on in the course of the work; but, unfortunately, the Count's style is rather loose and prolix, so that it is exceedingly difficult to find passages that would suit us, without breaking a chapter up into fragments as we have done that on education.

*Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry.*  
Second Series, Vol. II. & III. Dublin:  
Wakeman. London: Simpkin & Marshall.

We bestowed great praise on the first volume of this very interesting work; the second merits higher eulogy: it is a bold and fearless exposure of the crimes and follies that have disorganized Irish society, rendered the fertility of the Irish soil a curse, and derived misery from the very bounties of heaven. The author is the Crabbe of prose;—a delineator, stern, but faithful; inexorably severe when a vicious system is to be depicted, yet ready to shed the tear of sympathy over those whom that system has made its miserable victims. We know of no other writer who possesses the power of giving equal reality to his pictures of humble life: Englishmen, unacquainted with the subject, are convinced of his fidelity by the consistency of his narrative; with burning cheeks, Irishmen find in his pages the results of their own bitter experience. The author constantly reminds us of the Dutch painters; he possesses, like them, minute fidelity, even in the circumstances which are apparently the most trifling, and, like them, he scruples not to depict in their naked horrors those revolting matters usually slurred over by writers of fiction. The stories in these volumes, however, can scarcely be called fictions, more than one we know to be "an over true tale," and we have not found an incident in the three volumes to which our memory could not supply a parallel.

The first tale in the second volume is a tragic tale of fearful and rather harrowing

power. It details the influence of superstition over a guilty imagination, the power of remorse to realize the awful penalties supposed to be affixed to the breach of the sacerdotal vow. The 'Lianhan Shee,' the imaginary being that gives name to the story, is never described by the Irish peasant;—shrouded in terrible indistinctness, it is to him like the spirit in the Book of Job, an awfully mysterious creation, at whose name "the hairs of his flesh stand up."

The second tale, 'The Poor Scholar,' is more delightful to us, because its interest is purely human. In it the author shows himself a powerful master of the pathetic: hard indeed must be the heart that can read this genuine extract from "the simple annals of the poor," without feeling its influence. The youth setting out to acquire learning in the hopes that by its means he may rescue his family from the misery into which it was plunged by the profligacy of an agent and the heartless indifference of a landlord, is, rather was, no very unusual sight in Ireland. The poor adventurer was not treated as a beggar; and the following description of the hospitality accorded to the hero of the tale is far from being exaggerated.

"As Jemmy proceeded, he found that his satchel of books and apparel gave as clear an intimation of his purpose, as if he had carried a label to that effect upon his back.

"'God save you, a bouchal!' said a warm honest-looking countryman, whom he met driving home his cows in the evening, within a few miles of the town in which he purposed to sleep.

"'God save you kindly!'

"'Why, thin, 'tis a long journey you have before you, alanna, for I know well it's for Munster you're bound.'

"'Thrus for you, 'tis there wid the help of God I'm goin'. A great scarcity of larnin' was in my own place, or I wouldn't have to go at all,' said the boy, whilst his eyes filled with tears.

"'Tis no discredit in life,' replied the countryman, with untaught, natural delicacy, for he perceived that a sense of pride lingered about the boy, which made the character of poor scholar sit painfully upon him; 'tis no discredit, dear, nor don't be cast down. I'll warrant you that God will prosper you; an' that he may, avick, I pray this day!' and as he spoke, he raised his hat in reverence to the Being whom he invoked. 'An' tell me, dear—where do you intend to sleep to-night?'

"'In the town forrid here,' replied Jemmy. 'I'm in hopes I'll be able to reach it before dark.'

"'Pooh! say you will. Have you any friends or acquaintances there that 'ud welcome you, a bouchal dhas (my handsome boy)?'

"'No, indeed,' said Jemmy, 'they're all strangers to me; but I can stop in 'dhry lodgin' for it's chaper.'

"'Well, alanna, I believe you; but I'm a stranger to you—so come home wid me to-night; where you'll get a good bed, an' bether thrutment nor in any of their dhry lodgings. Give me your books, an' I'll carry them for you. Eben, but you have a great batch o' them entirely. Can you make any hand o' the Latin at all yet?'

"'No, indeed,' replied Jemmy, somewhat sorrowfully; 'I didn't ever open a Latin book, at all at all.'

"'Well, acushla, everything has a beginnin';—you won't be so. An' I know by your face that you'll be bright at it, an' a credit to them that owest you. There's my house in the fields beyant, where you'll be well kept for one night, any way, or for twinty, or for ten times twinty, if you wanted them.'

"The honest farmer then commenced the song of *Colleen dhao Crotha na Mho*,<sup>†</sup> which he sang in a clear mellow voice, until they reached the house.

"'Alley,' said the man, on entering, 'here's a stranger I've brought you.'

"'Well,' replied Alley, 'he's welcome sure, any way; *Kead millia failla ghud, alanna!* sit over to the fire. Brian, get up, dear,' said she to one of the children, 'an' let the stranger to the hob.'

"'He's goin' on a good errand, the Lord bless him!' said the husband, 'up the country for the larrin'. Put them books over on the settle; an' while the *girshas* are done milkin', give him a brave drink of the sweet milk; it's the stuff to thravel on.'

"'Throth, an' I will, wid a heart an' a half, wishin' it was better I had to give him. Here, Nelly, put down a pot o' wather, an' lave soap, afore you go to milk, till I bathe the dacent boy's feet. Sore an' tired they are after his journey, poor young crathur.'"

The poor scholar is attacked by typhus while pursuing his studies, let us see the species of rural hospital to which he was consigned:—

"Perhaps it would be impossible to conceive a more gloomy state of misery than that in which young M'Evoy found himself. Stretched on the side of the public road, in a shed formed of a few loose sticks covered over with 'scraws,' that is, the sward of the earth pared into thin stripes, —removed above fifty perches from any human habitation—his body racked with a furious and oppressive fever—his mind conscious of all the horrors by which he was surrounded—without the comforts even of a bed or bed-clothes—and, what was worst of all, those from whom he might expect kindness, afraid to approach him! Lying helpless, under these circumstances, it ought not to be wondered at, if he wished that death might at once close his extraordinary sufferings, and terminate those struggles which filial piety had prompted him to encounter. \* \* \*

"Irishmen, however, are not just that description of persons who can pursue their usual avocations, and see a fellow-creature die, without such attentions as they can afford him; not precisely so bad as that, gentle reader! Jemmy had not been two hours on his straw, when a second shed much larger than his own, was raised within a dozen yards of it. In this a fire was lit; a small pot was then procured, milk was sent in, and such other little comforts brought together, as they supposed necessary for the sick boy. Having accomplished these matters, a kind of guard was set to watch and nurse-tend him; a pitchfork was got, on the prongs of which they intended to reach him bread across the ditch: and a long-shafted shovel was borrowed, on which to furnish him drink with safety to themselves. That inextinguishable vein of humour, which in Ireland mingles even with death and calamity, was also visible here. The ragged half-starved creatures laughed heartily at the oddity of their own inventions, and enjoyed the ingenuity with which they made shift to meet the exigencies of the occasion, without in the slightest degree having their sympathy and concern for the afflicted youth lessened."

Let not the English reader believe this an exaggerated picture: we have ourselves witnessed many similar scenes. If asked, how is it possible that such things can occur in a country lavishly blessed by Providence?—we reply by displaying in the words of our author a system, of whose evils even such scenes are not the worst consequences:—

"If there be a class of men deserving public sympathy, it is that of the small farmers of Ireland. Their circumstances are fraught with all

<sup>†</sup> The pretty girl milking her cow.

that is calculated to depress and ruin them; rents far above their ability, increasing poverty, and bad markets. The land, which during the last war, might have enabled the renter to pay three pounds per acre, and yet still maintain himself with tolerable comfort, could not now pay more than one pound, or at the most, one pound ten; and yet, such is the insatiation of Landlords, that, in most instances, the terms of leases taken out then are rigorously exacted. Neither can the remission of yearly arrears be said to strike at the root of the evils under which they suffer. The fact of the disproportionate rent hanging over them, is a disheartening circumstance, that paralyzes their exertion, and sinks their spirits. If a landlord remit the rent for one term, he deals more harshly with the tenant at the next: whatever surplus, if any, his former indulgence leaves in the tenant's hands, instead of being expended upon his property as capital, and being permitted to lay the foundation of hope and prosperity, is drawn from him, at next term, and the poor struggling tenant is thrown back into as much distress, embarrassment and despondency as ever. There are, I believe, few tenants in Ireland of the class I allude to, who are not from one gale to three in arrear. Now, how can it be expected, that such men will labour with spirit and earnestness to raise crops which they may never reap? crops which the landlord may seize upon to secure as much of his rent as he can."

Even if this be insufficient, worse remains behind, we quote the following passage with the single comment that *we know* it to be the perfect truth.

"The facts of the case are these:—In Ireland the whole support of the inconceivable multitude of paupers, who swarm like locusts over the surface of the country, rests upon the middle and lower classes, or rather upon the latter, for there is scarcely such a thing in this unhappy country as a middle class. In not one out of a thousand instances do the gentry contribute to the mendicant poor. In the first place, a vast proportion of our landlords are absentees, who squander upon their own pleasures or vices, in the theatres, saloons, or gaming-houses of France, or in the softer profligacies of Italy, that which ought to return in some shape to stand in the place of duties so shamefully neglected. These persons contribute nothing to the poor, except the various evils which their absence entails upon them.

"On the other hand, the *resident* gentry never, in any case, assist a beggar, even in the remote parts of the country, where there are no Mendicity Institutions. Nor do the beggars ever think of applying to them. They know that his Honour's dogs would be slipped at them; or that the whip might be laid, perhaps, to the shoulders of a broken-hearted father, with his brood of helpless children wanting food; perhaps, upon the emaciated person of a miserable widow, who begs for her orphans, only because the hands that supported, and would have defended, both her and them, are mouldered into dust."

Is it any wonder that the unfortunate wretch, whose industry has only purchased starvation, adopts the following principle of morality?—

"'What signifies hangin' in a good cause?' said he, as the tears of keen indignation burst from his glowing eyes. 'It's a dacent death, an' a happy death, when it's for the right.'"

'The Burning of Wildgoose Lodge' is an exemplification of the dreadful revenge exacted by the leaders of rustic insurrection; the tale of 'The Red Well' states the causes that lead of necessity to such awful scenes. The first tale in the third volume is less to our taste than any of the preceding; it is too

long, and the descriptions are exaggerated into extravagant caricature. The last story, 'Phelim O'Toole's Courtship,' is infinitely superior. Phelim is a scoundrel of higher grade than our old friend Phil Purcel; but he is amusing notwithstanding.

It is unnecessary for us to give a formal statement of the value we set upon these delineations of Irish life: we regret that the high price at which they are published, must limit their circulation; had they been brought out in three volumes, the size and price of Murray's Family Library, their utility would have been greatly increased, and their profit to the author certainly not diminished. In return for the gratification his works have afforded us, we beg leave to give him the friendly hint, that those who write of the people, should also publish for the people.

*Il Paradiso Perduto di Milton, riportato in versi Italiani*, da Guido Sorelli. London.

THERE is much to praise in the spirit and industry with which Mr. Sorelli has pursued his bold undertaking. It is no ordinary man who could brood for ten years with patient satisfaction on the difficult phraseology of Milton, and toil night and day to find equivalents for its northern idioms, in the mellow harmonies of the south. The translation he has produced, will convey to his countrymen an idea of the original, sufficiently strong to secure him the thanks of both Englishmen and Italians. A severe Florentine writer may, perhaps, by the aid of Della Cruscan acuteness, find objections to some of the phrases which the desire of fidelity has led Mr. Sorelli to employ. He has dared much, and, therefore, must look for close handling; and there is no language on the turns and elegancies of which, criticism may employ itself with such a legitimate love of nicety, as the Italian. The passages of our great author, which seem to have assumed the foreign garb with most grace and readiness, are those in which we may evidently discover the effects of Milton's early studies. At the opening of the fifth book, an instance of this kind occurs, and the translator deserves great praise for the truth and elegance of his copy. The same remark will apply to portions of the fourth book. In the sublimer parts of the poem, Mr. Sorelli has evidently laboured to express the sense of his author with laudable accuracy; but the rapid succession of imagery, the solemn march and pomp of language which characterize the original in such passages, almost defy translation, and we can only expect to see them imitated by a man who prepares himself for the task by fasting and solitude.

*Hood's Comic Annual for 1833.* London: Tilt.

WE have at our last hour received a copy of the genuine Comic Annual—Hood's Annual, and the perusal of it at once puts to rest all reports touching the want of life in the author. On the throne of fun he sits supreme over mouths stretched from ear to ear. And not only will he bear no brother near his throne—he will bear no sister's proximity. Miss Sheridan appears to have endeavoured to have had it thought, forgetting that kings never die, that Hood or his book was no more. She takes nothing by her motion, for the attempt at his destruction only gives fresh life to our inimitable humourist.

The present volume is perhaps,—strange to say,—better, lighter, brighter, more varied than any of its predecessors. It has some admirable pleasantness on the passing follies



and *cantisms* of the day. It has some extraordinary ingenuities in the way of fun, rhyme, and versification. It has one bunch of bad spelling, from a servant-maid in Van Diemen's Land, which is quite a bouquet. In order to afford our readers as much amusement at this late period as our room and time,—or rather the want of both,—will permit, we will abstain from all further remark of our own, and proceed to extract.

The following unfavourable review, gives a famous description of the disasters attending a wet field-day with the yeomanry. It will raise many a horse laugh.

"We set out from Ashford at ten, and was two hours getting to Bumper Daggie Bottom Common, but it's full six mile. The Bumper Daggie's dress is rather handsome and fighting like—blue, having a turn-up with white, and we might have been called cap-a-pee, but Mr. P. the contractor of our caps, made them all too small for our heads. Luckily the clothes fit, except Mr. Lambert's, who couldn't find a jacket big enough; but he scorned to shrink, and wore it loose on his shoulder, like a hussar. As for arms, we had all sorts, and as regards horses, I am sorry to say all sorts of legs—what with splints, and quitters, and ring-bone, and grease. The Major's, I noticed, had a bad spavin, and was no better for being fired with a ramrod, which old Clinker the blacksmith forgot to take out of his piece.

"We mustard very strong, — about sixty—besides two volunteers, one an invalid, because he had been ordered to ride for exercise, and the other, because he had nothing else to do, and he did nothing when he came. We must have been a disagreeable site to eyes as is unaffected towards Government,—though how Hopper's horse would behave in putting down riots I can't guess, for he did nothing but make revolutions himself, as if he was still in the thrashing mill. But you know yeomanry an't reglers, and can't be expected to be veterans all at once. The worst of our mistakes was about the cullers. Old Ensign Cobb, of the White Horse, has a Political Union club meets at his house, and when he came to unfurl, he had brought the wrong flag: instead of 'Royal Bumper Daggie,' it was 'No Boromongers.' It made a reglar horse laugh among the cavalry; and Old Cobb took such dudgeon at us, he deserted home to the White Horse, and cut the concern without drawing a sword. The Captain ordered Jack Blower to sound the recal to him, but sum wag on the rout had stuck a bung up his trumpet; and he galloped off just as crusty about it as Old Cobb. Our next trouble was with Simkin, but you know he is anything but Simkin and Martial. He rid one of his own docked waggon-horses—but for appearance sake had tied on a long regulation false tale, that made his horse kick astonishing, till his four loose shoes flew off like a game at koits. Of course nobody liked to stand nigh him, and he was obliged to be drawn up in single order by himself, but not having any one to talk to, he soon got weary of it, and left the ground. This was some excuse for him—but not for Dale, that deserted from his company,—some said his horse bolted with him, but I'll swear I seed him spur. Up to this we had only one more deserter, and that was Marks, on his iron-grey mare; for she heard her foal whinnying at home, and attended to that call more than to a deaf and dumb trumpet. Biggs didn't come at all; he had his nag stole that very morning, as it was waiting for him, pistols and all. \* \* \*

"We got thro' sword exercise decent well,—only Barber shaved Crofts' mare with his saber, which he needn't have done, as she was clipt before; and Holdsworth slashed off his cob's off ear. It was cut and run with her in

course; and I hope he got safe home. We don't know what Hawksley might have thrust, as his sword objected to be called out in wet weather, and stuck to its sheath like pitch; but he went through all the cuts very correct with his umbrella. For my own part, candour compels to state I swished off my left hand man's feather; but tho' it might have been worse, and I apologized as well as I could for my horse fretting, he was foolish enough to huff at, and swear was done on purpose, and so galloped home, I suspect, to write me a calling out challenge. Challenge or not, if I fight him with anything but fists, I'm not one of the Yomanry. An accident's an accident, and much more pardonable than Hawksley opening his umbrella plump in the face of the Captain's blood charger; and ten times more mortifying for an officer to be carried back willy-nilly to Ashford, in the very middle of the Review. Luckily before Hawksley frightened any more, he was called off to hold his umbrella over Mrs. H., as Mrs. Morgan had taken in nine ladies, and could'n't accommodate more in her close carriage, without making it too close.

"After sword exercise we shot pistols, and I must say, very well and distinct; only, old Dunn didn't fire; but he's deaf as a post, and I wonder how he was called out."

The life of a Mr. William Whiston, a whist-player, appears to be a sketch from an original. But we select the following passage from a letter from a young matrimonial adventurer in Van Diemen's Land, charmingly true to nature.

#### A LETTER FROM A SETTLER FOR LIFE IN VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

To Mary, at No. 45 Mount Street Grosvenor Square.

"Dear Mary—Littell did I Think wen I advertised in the Tims for another Plaice of taking wan in Vandemin's land. But so it his and hear I am amung Kangeroses and Savidges and other Forriners. But goverment offering to Yung Wimmin to Find them in Vittles and Drink and Close and Husbands was turms not be sneazed at, so I rit to the Outlandish Seckertary and he was so Kind as Grant.

"Wen this cums to Hand go to Number 22 Pimpernel Place And mind and go betwixt Six and sevin For your own Sake cos then the famillys Having Diner give my kind love to betty Housmad and Say I am safe of my Journey to Forrin parts And I hope master as never Mist the wine and brought them into trubble on My accounts. But I did not Like to leav for Ever And Ever without treeting my Friends and feller servents and Drinking to all their fairwells. In my Flury wen the Bell rung I forgot to take My own Key out of missis Tekaddy but I hope sum wan had the thought And it is in Good hands but shall Be obleged to no. Lickwise thro my Loness of Sperrits my lox of Hares quite went out of My Hed as was prommist to Be giv to Gorge and Willum and the too Futmen at the too next dore But I hop and Trust betty pacifid them with lox of Her hone as I begd to Be dun wen I rit Her from dover. O Mary wen I first see the dover Wite cliffs out of site wat with squemishness and Felings I all most repentid givin Inland warning And had douts if I was goin to better my self. But the stewerd was very kind tho I could make Him no returns xcept by Dustin the ship for Him And helpin to wash up his dishes. Their was 50 moor Young Wimmin of us and By way of passing tim We agreed to tell our Histiris of our selves taken by Turns But they all turnd out Alick we had All left on account of Testacious masters And crustacious Mississis and becocs the Wurks was to much For our Strenths but betwixt yew and Me the reel truths was beeing Flirted with and unprommist by Perfidus yung men. With sich exampils befour there Minds I wunder sum

of them was unprudent enuff to Lissen to the Salers whom are coverd with Pitch but fumes Not stiking to there Wurds. has for Me the Mate chose to be very Partickler wan nite Setting on a Skane of Rops but I giv Him is Anser and lucky I did for Am informed he as Got too more Marred Wives in a state of Big-gamy thank Goodness wan can marry in new Wurlds without mates. Since I have bean in My pressent Sitation I have had between too and three offers for My Hands and exep them Evry day to go to fistoofs about Me this is oom thing lick treeting Wimmin as Wimmin ought to be treeted Nun of your sarsy Buchers and Backers as brakes there Promissis the sam as Pi Crust wen its maid Lite and shivvy And then lall in Your face and say they can hav anny Gal they lick round the Square. I dont menshun nams but Eddard as drives the Fancey bred will no Wat I mean. As soon as ever the Botes rode to Land I dont agravate the Truth to say their was haf a duxzin Bows apence to Hand us out to shoar and sum go so Far as say they was offered to thro Specking Trumpis afore they left the Shipside." \* \* \*

The whole of the letter is in the same rare style of warm feeling and bad orthography. 'Rhyme and Reason' is extremely good, and is one of those discoveries which should be protected by patent.

#### RHYME AND REASON.

To the Editor of the Comic Annual.

"SIR,—In your last Annual you have given insertion to 'A Plan for Writing Blank Verse in Rhyme;' but as I have seen no regular long poem constructed on its principles, I suppose the scheme did not take with the literary world. Under these circumstances I feel encouraged to bring forward a novelty of my own, and I can only regret that such poets as Chaucer and Cottle, Spenser and Hayley, Milton and Pratt, Pope and Pye, Byron and Batterbee, should have died before it was invented.

"The great difficulty in verse is avowedly the rhyme. Dean Swift says somewhere in his letters, 'that a rhyme is as hard to find with him as a guinea,'—and we all know that guineas are proverbially scarce among poets. The merest versifier that ever attempted a Valentine must have met with this Orson, some untameable savage syllable that refused to chime in with society. For instance, what poetical Foxhunter—a contributor to the Sporting Magazine—has not drawn all the covers of Reynard, Ceynard, Deynard, Feynard, Geynard, Heynard, Keynard, Leynard, Meynard, Neynard, Peynard, Queynard, to find a rhyme for Reynard? The spirit of the times is decidedly against Tithe; and I know of no tithe more oppressive than that poetical one, in heroic measure, which requires that every tenth syllable shall pay a sound in kind. How often the poet goes up a line, only to be stopped at the end by an impracticable rhyme, like a bull in a blind alley! I have an ingenious medical friend, who might have been an eminent poet by this time, but the first line he wrote ended in *ipeacuania*, and with all his physical and mental power, he has never yet been able to find a rhyme for it.

"The plan I propose aims to obviate this hardship. My system is, to take the bull by the horns; in short, to try at first what words will chime, before you go farther and fare worse. To say nothing of other advantages, it will at least have one good effect,—and that is, to correct the erroneous notion of the would-be poets and poetesses of the present day, that the great end of poetry is rhyme. I beg leave to present a specimen of verse, which proves quite the reverse, and am, Sir,

YOUR most obedient servant,  
JOHN DRYDEN GRUND.

*The Double Knock.*

Rat-tat it went upon the lion's chin,  
 "That's that, I know it!" cried the joyful girl;  
 "Summer's it is, I know him by his knock,  
 Comers like him are welcome as the day!  
 Lizzy! go down and open the street door,  
 Busy I am to any one but *him*.  
 Knew him you must—he has been often here;  
 Show him up stairs, and tell him I'm alone."  
 Quickly the maid went tripping down the stair;  
 Thickly the heart of Rose Matilda beat;  
 "Sure he has brought me tickets for the play—  
 Drury—or Covent Garden—darling man!  
 Kambia will play—*or* Kean, who makes the soul  
 Tremble; in Richard or the frenzied Moor—  
 Farren, the stay and prop of many a farce  
 Barren beside—or Linton, Laughter's Child—  
 Kelly the natural, to witness whom  
 Jeffy is nothing to the public's jam—  
 Cooper, the sensible—and Walter Knowles  
 Super, in William Tell—now rightly told.  
 Better—perchance, from Andrews, brings a box,  
 Letter of boxes for the Italian stage—  
 Brocard! Donzelli! Taglion! Paul!  
 No card,—thank heaven—engages me to-night!  
 Feathers, of course, no turban, and no toque—  
 Weather's against it, but I'll go in curls.  
 Dearly I dote on white—my satin dress,  
 Merely one night—it won't be much the worse—

Cupid—the New Ballet I long to see.  
 Stupid! why don't she go and ope the door!"  
 Glisten'd her eye as the impatient girl  
 Listen'd, low bending o'er the topmost stair.  
 Vainly, alas; she listens and she bends,  
 Plainly she hears this question and reply:  
 "Axes your pardon, Sir, but what d'ye want?"  
 "Taxes," says he, "and shall not call again!"

We must edge in the following sonnet, as  
 a warning to the young Frank Osbaldistons  
 of the age.

*Sonnet.*

"Dornton and Co. may challenge the world: the home of  
 Hope, perhaps, excepted."—*Road to Ruin.*  
 Time was, I sat upon a lofty stool,  
 At lofty desk, and with a clerkly pen  
 Began each morning, at the stroke of ten,  
 To write in Bell and Co.'s commercial school;  
 In Warrford Court, a shady nook and cool,  
 The favourite retreat of merchant men;  
 Yet would my quill turn vagrant even then,  
 And take stray dips in the Castalian pool.  
 Now double entry—now a flowery trope—  
 Mingling poetic honey with trade wax—  
 Blogg, Brothers—Milton—Grote and Prescott—Pope—  
 Bristles—and Hogg—Glyn Mills and Halifax—  
 Rogers—and Towgood—Hemp—the Bard of Hope—  
 Barilla—Byron—Tallow—Burns—and Flax!

We have not room for the admirable Report of Stephen Humphrey, on the state of the farm belonging to the Zoological Society. But it is good enough to make a "Comic" of itself, and being built on the solid foundation of fact, the superstructure of fun is doubly splendid and whimsical.

The book will now, in a few days, be in the hands of all readers; and each person will as usual select his favourite pleasantries. Our pet, we must own, is 'The Report,' from which, however, we have foolishly left ourselves no space to quote. What will Mr. Vigors and the rest of the Fellows say?

We are enabled, according to annual custom, to give a specimen or two of the graphic jokes. The 'Cock of the Walk,' son, we believe, of 'The Strange Bird,' is, as Mr. Humphrey would say, "a rare specimen of the specious."



A CATARACT.



THE EVENING PAPERS.



THE BUOY AT THE NORE.



COCK OF THE WALK.

## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'*Mortal Life, and the State of the Soul after Death*, by a Protestant Layman.'—We have not of late seen so goodly a sized and closely a printed volume as this strange work. Our readers may believe us, when we assure them that it would not be foreign to our taste to take up the subject, and follow the author through some dozen columns of the *Athenæum*. But speculation has its times and seasons—and the world is too busy at present to allow periodicals to enter on such a course. The character of the work may be briefly stated. It treats of questions deeply interesting to human curiosity, but on which, we think, sound scriptural theology has ever looked with a suspicious eye. Considerable reading is displayed in its pages, and we everywhere discover that desire of answering difficult questions clearly, which is the best sign of an author's sincerity and earnestness. The chief value, however, of the book, consists in the great mass of illustrative matter which the writer has selected from a vast variety of sources; in which respect it will prove of unquestionable service to all future inquirers on the points of which it treats.

'*A Manual of Prayers for the Afflicted*, by Thomas Hartwell Horne, B.D.'—Mr. Horne is so well known as a useful practical theologian, that this little work can scarcely fail of being acceptable to the religious public. It is compiled with care: the instructions it contains, are given in a plain, earnest language, and may prove a source of comfort to many, when they are least capable of collecting their thoughts.

'*A Practical Treatise on the Spiritual Import of Baptism*, by the Rev. J. Thomson.'—A treatise which may be perused with profit by Church of England men, as well as by members of the Kirk. There are one or two passages which the former will slightly hesitate at, but the Minister of Shettleston deserves a serious reading.

'*Hebrew and Rabbinical Literature—an Introductory Lecture delivered in King's College*, by Professor Alexander.'—The lecturer displays great knowledge of his subject, but has not favoured us with any hint of the course of instruction he designs to adopt. His remarks on the neglect of the study of Hebrew by the clergy are sufficiently just, but a manifest dread of giving offence has led to a needless abatement of their strength.

'*Taylor's Stenography*, edited by J. H. Cooke.'—This system is needlessly rendered more difficult by an attempt at simplification. Harding's is a far better work for a young beginner.

'*The Principles of English Grammar*, by Prof. Hunter.'—We do not think this a very judicious abridgment, and we are forced to condemn Professor Hunter's repetition of such a practice as "*See my Anglo-Saxon Grammar*"—"See my *Analysis of the Style of Chaucer*," in almost every page. The work is badly printed on abominable paper.

'*An Etymological Manual of the English Language*.'—A laborious work of no great use.

'*West of England improved Almanack for 1833*.' Exeter: T. and H. Besley.—This is a very creditable work; the idea is good, and the example likely to be followed in other parts of the country. It contains, in addition to the necessary information comprised in an Almanack, all matters connected with the six western counties; the Fairs and Markets combined with the daily calendar, (a decided improvement); the county and borough Sessions; the Stannary Coinages at the different towns—and also points out the farm and garden labours proper for each month; with the natural phenomena, or Nature's Barometer; and Tide-tables applicable to the western coasts. The divisions of each western county under the Reform Act, the polling places for the different districts, and other essential matters appended, render this a

very useful County Almanack—it has our good wishes for its success.

'*The Substance of the Official Medical Reports upon the Epidemic called Cholera, which prevailed among the poor at Dantzick*, by John Hamett, M.D.'—An excellent work. It comes perhaps too late, but this is not the fault of Dr. Hamett, but of those in authority, who did not think proper to publish it, because the opinions given did not square with their own. The industry, observation, and accuracy of the writer, deserved better treatment.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS

*Fashionable Lecturers (St. Marc Girardin)—Memoir of the late Dr. Young, by M. Arago—Lord Brougham's Review.*

Paris, 7th Dec.

EACH season in Paris has its fashionable course of lectures;—I mean, that attracts a crowd, like a new tragedy or an opera. Lecturers are here an honoured race. The three most celebrated, whom I have heard some years since holding forth to crowds, have left the professor's chair far below them. These were Guizot, Cousins, and Villemain. The first is a cabinet minister, the two latter are peers, entrusted, moreover, with the administration of the university.

The favourite professor of the present day is St. Marc Girardin, who fills Guizot's chair. He is much of a *petit maître* in literature; that is, takes great care of his style and reputation in print, writing polished and pointed articles in the *Journal des Débats*, at intervals of a month. He will not allow his lectures to be published; therefore, what I send you cannot be gleaned in print.

On the whole, M. Girardin disappointed me. He had too much cleverness and wit, too little warmth and conviction. His introductory lecture treated of the Philosophy of History, of which he asserted Bossuet was the originator. He then passed to Hegel, the celebrated German, and seized the opportunity to discuss the different schools of historic criticism in Germany, viz. that which sees *fatalism* in the course of events, and that which sees but *chance*. M. Girardin professed himself a *fatalist* as to external events, but asserted that man at least was free. I have not room to point out the contradiction.

He then proceeded to compare the French and Germans; and apropos of this, brought in the revolution of July. The French, said he, effect their revolutions first, and discuss principle and consequence thereof after;—whereas, the Germans have been for half a century past, and will be for half a century more, discussing, and arranging, and theorizing their revolution that is to be. Thence he dived deep into politics, which I thought singularly-exciting food for the intellect of grown boys;—and yet the man is a Tory—I beg his pardon, a *Doctrinaire*.

There is a terrible dispute about filling up the vacancies in the class of the Institute just restored, viz. that of Moral and Political Science. The *Doctrinaires* put forward their own candidates, who are Guizot, Thiers, Mignet, De Broglie, De Bassano, and Renouard. Dupin, on the other hand, joins with the old stagers in opposition to them. Thus the combat, shunned by both parties in the Chamber, has been engaged in unexpectedly in the literary field.

One of the last sittings of the Institute was enlivened by a very interesting Memoir of our late countryman, Dr. Young, drawn up and read by M. Arago. When it is recollected that Young was the rival of Champollion, it bespeaks liberally in the Institute thus to devote a sitting to his memory; nor was it to gratify jealousy. M. Arago did full justice to the high merits of Young, who, he allowed, had proceeded in

his explication of Egyptian hieroglyphics, more slowly and modestly, but perhaps more surely than Champollion. Many curious anecdotes were related of the oddity, and emulation, and disinterestedness of Young: his disputing a prize with a rope-dancer at a fair seemed much to amuse the learned audience. In relating the circumstances of Young's early career, M. Arago noticed the attack made upon some work of his in the *Edinburgh Review*. This review M. Arago characterized as unjust and superficial; and he compared it to the similar piece of criticism by which it was intended to crush Byron. Yet the writer of this article against Young, said M. Arago, was no "illustrious obscure," no unconscientious or envious person. It proceeded from the pen of one who, crowned with renown himself, had no need to tear the laurel from an humbler brow. The writer of the article, said M. Arago, was the rival of Canning, the great statesman and orator, Henry Brougham, Lord High Chancellor of England! The philippic of Arago was, I assure you, warm and generous. Whether it was true or just, I must leave to those who are learned in the annals of British science.

## OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

ON Monday last a general meeting of the members of the Royal Academy was held at Somerset House, for the arrangement of their annual accounts, the election of their office-bearers, and the distribution of their premiums. Concerning the first, it was found that their current expenses exceeded their income by one hundred pounds a year at least, and a vote of retrenchment was passed: respecting the second, Sir Martin Archer Shee was re-elected President, and the others confirmed in their places; and, regarding the third, the following awards took place:—

To William Edward Frost, for the best copy made in the painting school, the silver medal and Lectures.—To Nathan Hartwell, for the next best copy made in the painting school, the silver medal.—To Edward P. Novello, for the best drawing from the life, the silver medal.—To David Brandon, for the best drawing of the Bank of England, the silver medal.—To J. C. Hersley, for a drawing from the Antique, the silver medal.—To W. C. Pickersgill, for the best model from the Antique, the silver medal.—It is worthy of remark, that almost all the successful students are very young—quite boys—and that much talent was shown in their performances.

We mentioned, some time since, that Lamartine, the celebrated poet of France, disgusted with the ascendancy of revolutionary politics, had resolved to follow the example of Chateaubriand, and seek, in exile, and amid the splendid novelties of the East, not only scenes of inspiration for his muse, but a well of youth for his fame. Abandoning his household gods—or furniture,—place (for he was a diplomat), Paris, and politics, Lamartine bought a vessel, embarked therein some time since with his wife (an Englishwoman) and child, and set sail straight for the Levant. A letter from him is just received, dated Beyrout the 6th of September, in which he mentions his safe arrival, and recounts the plan of his future voyage. "The English," says M. Lamartine, "gave me, at Malta, a frigate (the *Madagascar*, Capt. Lyons), to escort me to Greece. Admiral Hugo sent a brig of war to escort me through the Archipelago, infested as it is with pirates. I could never be tired praising

the generosity of the English upon these seas."

Among the more important works announced as forthcoming early in the ensuing year, are the several treatises written in conformity with the will of the late Earl of Bridgewater, by Dr. Chalmers, Dr. Kidd, the Rev. William Whewell, Sir Charles Bell, Dr. Roget, the Rev. William Buckland, the Rev. William Kirby, and Dr. Prout. They will be published separately, and the first, by Dr. Chalmers, will be 'On the Adaptation of External Nature to the Moral and Intellectual Condition of Man.'

We hear, that the new edition of Sotheby's translation of the *Iliad*, and the forthcoming one of the *Odyssey*, are to be illustrated with the admirable designs of Flaxman.

The novels of Miss Edgeworth, translated into French, are about to be published in Paris in very small and cheap volumes. The version is from the skilful hand of Louise S. Belloc, and the work will be illustrated with vignettes, by Johannot.

We are also happy to find that, with the commencement of the new year, that cheap and entertaining publication, called 'Roscoe's Novelists' Library,' which, we believe, originated in a hint thrown out in this Paper, will be resumed.

It was announced, some time since, in this Paper, that a *Conversazione* was about to be established at the National Gallery in Adelaide Street, in order to promote intercourse between the cultivators of Science and those more immediately devoted to its Practical Application; we are most happy now to add, that His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex has, in the kindest manner, consented to patronize the meetings, and expressed a hope, that "his leisure may occasionally allow him to witness, in person, the advantages of so desirable a union."

According to report, we are next season to have two companies of German singers. Herr Roedel, it is said, left London for Germany on Sunday, authorized by Laporte to make the necessary engagements. This looks very much like overstocking the market, and will have the effect of dividing a musical audience, not more than sufficient for the support of one company. Malibran is already announced to appear at Drury Lane at the latter end of this season, in addition to Madame Devrient, Messrs. Haitzinger, and Dobler; whilst, at the Italian Opera, Pasta, at present, is the only known star.

## SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

### ROYAL SOCIETY.

Dec. 13.—John William Lubbock, Esq., Vice President and Treasurer, in the chair. The three following papers were read, viz.—'On the Extensive Atmosphere of Mars,' by Sir James South, Knt. F.R.S. 'On the Law which connects the various Magneto-Electric Phenomena,' lately discovered by Dr. Faraday, by the Rev. William Ritchie, LL.D. F.R.S. &c. And an account of an extraordinary Meteor seen at Malvern, November the 12th, 1832, by W. Addison, Esq., communicated by William G. Maton, M.D. V.P.R.S. Charles Purton Cooper, Esq. was admitted a Fellow of the Society.

### ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Dec. 3.—G. W. Hamilton, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—An interesting paper was concluded,

(the commencement of which was read at the former meeting of this Society,) in which a view was taken of the route proposed to be adopted by Captain Back, in his search for Captain Ross. Captain Back proposes leaving this country in February next, and to proceed via New York to Montreal, from whence he will ascend the Ottawa to the Lakes. On arriving at Port William, on Lake Superior, the party will obtain a fresh supply of provisions, and canoes which are better adapted for crossing the various portages lying in the way. From thence they will proceed by the usual route to Cumberland House, where two boats will be supplied them, in which the whole party will embark with their provisions, and will penetrate to the shores of the Arctic Sea, in a N.E. direction, and commence their search for Captain Ross. Captain Back's paper was interspersed with numerous quotations from various authors, relating to the country through which he would pass.

A paper was also read, respecting the junction of the Gambia and CASSAMANZA rivers, on the coast of Africa. The paper detailed the researches of the late Captain Boteler, on the subject; and also an attempt to settle the question by Lieut. George Rendall.

In the course of the evening a letter was read, being one from Sir Thomas Button, the celebrated navigator, in reply to Lord Dorchester, in 1629; stating his opinion by desire of King Charles the First, respecting the probability of a N.W. passage. This curious document, appearing at the present moment, when the expedition of Captain Back is about to proceed in that direction, excited much interest.

### SOCIETY OF ARTS.

Nov. 11.—The Secretary, Mr. Aikin, delivered a lecture on the solid substances used for artificial light. He gave a detailed account of the modes of obtaining and preparing the various substances from which candles are manufactured, viz. tallow, spermaceti, wax, composition, stearine, and the solid part of the coconut oil; he explained the different processes of manufacture, and exhibited lighted specimens of all the candles in general use, for the purpose of comparing their relative advantages. Among these was a candle with a plaited double wick, the ends of which being curved outwards, project beyond the flame, and are gradually consumed; by this means the wick is kept of a constant length, and the candle gives a regular and equal flame, without requiring to be snuffed. Mr. Aikin also showed that the same result is obtained by placing a common candle at an angle of about 45° instead of in the usual vertical position, and he exhibited a night lantern, in which the candle thus placed gave, so long as it burnt, an equally bright and steady flame without snuffing.

### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

|           |                                |             |
|-----------|--------------------------------|-------------|
| MONDAY.   | Phrenological Society .....    | Eight, P.M. |
|           | Medical Society .....          | Eight, P.M. |
| TUESDAY.  | Linnean Society .....          | Eight, P.M. |
|           | Geological Society .....       | p. 8, P.M.  |
| WEDNES.   | Royal Society of Literature .. | Three, P.M. |
|           | Society of Arts .....          | p. 7, P.M.  |
| THURSDAY. | Royal Society .....            | p. 8, P.M.  |
|           | Society of Antiquaries .....   | Eight, P.M. |
| SATURDAY. | Westminster Medical Society    | Eight, P.M. |

### CAMBRIDGE PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

A meeting was held on Monday evening, the Rev. Professor Sedgwick, President, being in the chair.—Mr. Whewell read a continuation of his notes on the architecture of Picardy and Normandy. After the business of the meeting Mr. Sims gave an account of the method of graduation of astronomical instruments, by which he has divided the mural circle of eight feet diameter, recently placed in the Observa-

tory of this University, and divided in its actual place. This account was prefaced by a notice of the methods of *engine dividing* or *derivative gradation*; and of the modes of *original dividing*, employed by Bird, Graham and Ramsden, previous to the one which has now superseded them, and which is the invention of Mr. Troughton. The explanation was illustrated by the exhibition of models, and of some of the apparatus and calculations which have been actually employed for the Observatory circle.—*Camb. Chron.*

## FINE ARTS

*Illustrations of Modern Sculpture.* No. II. London: Relfe & Unwin.

THIS is the second number of this most classical and beautiful work, and it will justify all we said in our early announcement of it. The subjects are chosen with fine taste, and engraved to admiration; and we are happy to see that Westmacott and Baily have, in letters to Mr. Hervey, borne honourable testimony to its high merit. Chantrey too, it is announced, has expressed his approbation of the undertaking and the style of its execution; we only wish, as it might have been more serviceable, that his feelings had overflowed upon paper, like that of the other academical sculptors. It is the duty of all who profess a love for art, to assist in diffusing a knowledge of it, without which patronage is a mere mischievous folly—and we know of no work so likely to purify and refine the taste of the public, and win them from their admiration of the glare and glitter of that artificial style, which the Annuals have brought into fashion, as the 'Illustrations of Modern Sculpture.' The present number contains Chantrey's fine monumental figure of 'Resignation,' Baily's 'Maternal Love,' and Thorwaldsen's 'Hebe.'—Of Chantrey, Mr. Hervey well observes, "His inspiration has in it nothing of a foreign air;—and his genius has been content to clothe itself in the costume of the country which produced it. The cathedrals, the churches, the libraries, and the sculpture-galleries of Britain, furnish a noble and imperishable record, at once, of the sculptor's 'life and times';—and, while they secure for himself a distinguished place in that striking assemblage of great men, whose memories they perpetuate, they identify him prominently, and for all time, with the history of art, as applied to our own island."—'Resignation' is the principal part of a monument erected in Worcester Cathedral to Mrs. Digby, and an admirable specimen of the sculptor's genius, and well illustrates the above criticism.—'Maternal Love' yet, unhappily, remains as a model in the sculptor's studio. It was exhibited in 1823, but no patron, won by the bold and beautiful design, has bid it live in marble.—The 'Hebe' is in the possession of Mr. Samuel Boddington, who purchased it from the artist. Thorwaldsen is little known, except by name, in this country, although the fact that his first patron was an Englishman, (the late Mr. Hope) gives, as Mr. Hervey observes, "to England an almost paternal interest in his genius and his glory."—As we cannot convey to our readers any specimen of the exquisite beauty of the work, and prose admiration is but a cold commentary, we shall transfer here the beautiful lines on the last statue—

### HEBE.

Πόρτα "Ηβη

Νέκτρα ζωοχόη.—Homer.

Beautiful spirit!—lady, who dost play  
With the young rainbows, by life's early springs,  
Why—with the rainbow—fade so soon away,  
Passing on viewless and on soundless wings!  
Born—like that painted vision—of the hours  
When very tears are lighted by the sun;  
But fading—not like her because the shadows  
Are kissed away, and beautifully gone;—

Thou, too, dost fling thy colours—o'er the mind—  
To float away,—but leave the tears behind!

Why dost thou fly?—alas! thou fliest not,  
The wings that take us from thee are our own!  
We are like men, who journey in a boat,  
Through some bright valley,—gliding on and on,  
Without the sense of motion,—while the trees  
Steal by as they were walking in the breeze,  
Goes sailing from us up the perfumed stream,—  
And all things pass us by;—yet, all are still,  
Save we, who wander at the river's will!  
Or like the men of old, who dreamt the sun,  
The everlasting sun, removed his light,  
When the small spot of earth they stood upon  
Had travelled from his beauty into night!  
Thou art not winged—thy bright eye darkens not,  
The pinions and the dimness are our own;—  
Oh! for the sunny hills and shady grove,  
For ever singing to thy sweet, glad tone!  
Why have we known their sunshine, but to see  
The mists of time around thy region curled,—  
And dwell, so many a pleasant hour, with thee,  
To wander forth the pilgrims of the world!

Immortal spirit! lady of the bowl  
Which all taste once, and none may taste again,—  
Oh! for thy lost Nephenthe,—from the soul  
To chase all sorrow and to charm all pain!  
The early Lethe—ere it flows o'er graves,  
That drowns of memory only memory's smart,—  
The Jordan that has healing in its waves  
To wash away the plague-spots of the heart!

Immortal spirit!—may we never more  
Behold the valley nor the silver spring  
Where haunt the Graces, as in days of yore,  
And thou, as then, sitt'st brightly ministering?  
But once—but only once!—'twas fabled well  
That, for the gods alone, 'twas thine to pour  
The swart nectar from its golden cell;—  
He quaff but once, to thirst for evermore;  
For the dark Lethe of the grave to pine,  
Because we never more may drink of thine,—  
Nor cleanse away the spirit's every sore  
In youth's far-distant Jordan—evermore!

### THEATRICALS

#### DRURY LANE.

ON Thursday the long-talked of comedy, called 'Men of Pleasure,' by Don Telesforo de Trueba, was acted at this theatre. It would give us much pleasure to be able to report well of it, not only for the sake of the public and drama generally, but for the sake of its writer, who has on previous occasions contributed in various ways to the amusement of the public. This pleasure is denied us. The piece is consumptive, and if we were even inclined to disregard truth and to puff it as much as the play-bills do, we could not blow the breath of life into it. 'Men of Pleasure' is a comedy in five acts without plot. It is a series of detached scenes, some of which bear too close a resemblance to those of existing pieces on our own stage, while the two serious scenes, which are certainly the best, can lay claim to no higher merit than that of being neatly translated from the French. From the great outcry that is generally made about translations, we are induced to suppose that we (that is, the theatrical *us* of this Paper, for other and far higher authorities of the same differ from us,) are less strict upon that subject than we ought to be; but still we cannot uphold any one in taking to himself the merit of originality, for that which is clearly the offspring of another's brain. Some of the very papers, which are most in the habit of attacking other writers upon the score of translation, trumpeted this comedy long before it was produced as an original production; and it is surely unfair, that an undeserved preference should be given to this, because they either don't know or won't know that it possesses the very defect which they charge upon others.

The comedy was strongly cast. In short, the management had evidently intended that it should succeed if possible, and had consequently, as a body may say, cast it for life; but by the unbiassed part of the audiences it was cast for death. There is a great deal of immorality about the characters, which is not adequately punished, so that we have the exhibition of vice without the useful lesson of its correction. And

there is some morality of a very questionable nature. The screen scene reminds people too closely of the "little French milliner" of the 'School for Scandal,' and only differs from that by reason of its increased improbability. Mr. Macready did his best with a part in which he did not seem to feel comfortable. Miss Phillips was easy and natural in the only character in the piece about which it was possible to feel any interest. Mr. Dowton had a poor part, in which he laboured, amongst other things, under a large old-fashioned triangular cocked hat. Mr. Harley, as a would-be dandy, was dressed by mistake for the Christmas pantomime. Having nothing, in short, which we can greatly praise, we should be glad to be allowed to escape putting forth any vehement censure, but it is impossible to pass over a character intended to be a Frenchman, which was mis-represented by Mr. Balls. We have seldom seen a Frenchman performed with much fidelity on our stage—never one to perfection—but assuredly the *Monsieur Salmi* of Mr. Balls is the very worst that ever was attempted, be it in town or country. Albeit, that we critics are unused to the blushing mood, it made our national blood tingle, lest any Frenchman should be present to witness so childish an exhibition. This offence must not be charged upon the author, but we should recommend him to take the character out altogether, for it is not at all necessary. There was a trifling opposition manifested early, which continued more or less to the end, when it became somewhat violent. There was, however, a good deal of laughter and also of applause. 'Men of Pleasure' is very inferior to the author's previous production, called 'The Exquisites.' We fear it is too lame to run.

#### COVENT GARDEN.

Mr. Sheridan Knowles appeared on Monday in *Virginius*. It cannot be otherwise than gratifying to see an author of Mr. Knowles's great abilities in an important character of his own writing; and this is a gratification which must be increased rather than diminished, by having seen it performed by others. Still, however, to become permanently attractive in an arduous character even of his own writing, a man must be an actor as well as an author, an artist as well as an actor. If he fails in either respect, the gratification amounts to little more than that of curiosity; and we fear that we should exceed the truth, if we were to assert, that Mr. Knowles does not. We are happy to find that many people differ from us, and we hope that many more will. Our veneration for Shakspeare is not diminished by our belief, that he could not have played *Othello* as well as Mr. Kean does; nor is our admiration of Mr. Knowles affected by the fact of his representation of *Virginius* being inferior in our estimation to that of Mr. Macready. The performance of Monday was loudly and generally applauded by the audience.

#### OLYMPIC THEATRE.

THE visitors of this house have had, for some days past, to lament the absence of Mr. Liston, who has been confined to his house by indisposition. They will be glad to learn, that he will shortly meet them face to face. In the mean time a new burletta has been produced, in which Mrs. Orger has made a decided hit. This piece is called 'P.Q.; or, Bachelors' Wives.' The plot is, of course, slight, being only a sort of excuse for Mrs. Orger's personation of various characters. *Sir Carraway Comfit*, citizen and pastrycook (Mr. Webster), advertises, under the above initials, for a wife.—His niece, *Kitty Chameleon* (Mrs. Orger), obtains some masquerade dresses, and visits him successively, and successfully, as a Scotch Blue-Stocking Lady,

a French-woman; and a Pig-faced Lady, to answer the advertisement, and to disgust him with the notion of marriage. She also assumes the characters of a Buckinghamshire clod, who comes to speak on behalf of his sister—and an Irish officer, who attends upon him to revenge the insult offered by the rejection of his sister, the Pig-faced Lady. All these are well acted by Mrs. Orger, but the Scotch-woman and the Buckinghamshire lad are admirable. The sides of the audience—nay, almost the sides of the theatre shook with laughter, and prolonged applause at the conclusion manifested the satisfaction which the exertions of this admirable actress had diffused. Mr. Webster was very pleasant and very droll, and assisted by his tart-eating apprentice (Mr. Collyer), he kept up the ball capitably during Mrs. Orger's absences, for her changes. We are much mistaken, if we cannot trace, in the writing of this lively little piece, a pen that has been wont to "set the" Town "in a roar."—It is assuredly part of a "Bachelor's Revelries," whom we could name—for it is, like them, "funny and free."—If we are right in our conjecture, we beg to express our delight at finding James, not "Horace, in London," and to assure him, that such "Addresses" as these will never be "Rejected."

The Drury Lane Bills continue to assert that Mr. Kean and Mr. Macready will shortly "alternate" the characters of *Othello* and *Iago*. If this be true, it is well enough that it should remain, but if the management has any reason to know that such a change never will take place, the announcement of it ought to be withdrawn. It is quite certain, that in consequence of some difference which arose out of Mr. Kean's objection to give up *Othello* and play *Iago*, that gentleman a short time since wrote to M. Laporte, offering himself to be engaged at Covent Garden; that he was answered by M. Laporte, that he should be most happy to treat with him if he were perfectly free, but that it was not his practice to entice actors away from other theatres—(we don't pretend to give the exact words, we only state the substance). Subsequently to this, Mr. Kean was induced to remain at Drury Lane, and we have some reason to believe that it was not he who gave way. If then it was, as we suspect, that the management gave way, the announcement in question ought, as we said before, to be withdrawn. We have heard, moreover, that Mr. Macready receives a sum of money, distinct from his salary, as a sort of compensation for playing second fiddle every time he acts *Iago* to Mr. Kean's *Othello*. If so, it is a somewhat curious and novel sort of theatrical affair, when a gentleman engaged for the first time in tragedy, receives so much a week for playing *Othello*, and so much more a night for not playing it.

### MISCELLANEA

*Sir Walter Scott*.—Meetings are being held in all the principal towns of America, to take into consideration the best mode of testifying respect for the memory of our illustrious countryman; and the American papers observe that, on the very day he died, a ship called after his name was launched at Amesbury, Massachusetts.

*Dr. Spurzheim* died at Boston, on Saturday evening, the 10th of November.

*English and French Acting*.—The following introduces an admirable criticism on 'Jane Shore,' in the *Journal des Debats*. The whole article would be worth translating, but that the English public have long ceased to take any interest, either in the play or its author. Rowe and his dramatic contemporaries are deservedly



forgotten, and we are somewhat surprised, that the English company, at Paris, should have opened their campaign with such a wearisome lamentation.—“The English company produced a strong sensation at Paris, a few years since. Their dramatic art bears no resemblance to ours; its action is slower, more characteristic, and more forcible; its declaration more accentuated and less musical. The English actor seems to forget the audience; all his faculties are centered in the part he is playing, which destroys all trace and all recollection of stage-machinery; of the lights, the chandelier, the prompter, and all that wretched, though necessary apparatus, which for some years past has, in France, constituted the whole of the dramatic art. The Parisian public willingly yielded to these new and unexpected impressions, and as a striking proof of our social change, we hastened to introduce into our own theatres several customs resembling those on the English stage. French actors of talent felt how much they should gain by getting rid of the stiffness and constraint of their own school; and they no longer feared to turn their backs to the public. The strictly geometrical circle formed by the speakers in our dramas has become somewhat less regular in form. The *laissez-aller*, and the *sans-facon* of Kean and Macready, have found imitators among us. The appearance of the English at Paris has, therefore, made us advance a step in the dramatic art; and this newly acquired ease in our theatrical customs is one of the most notable improvements which the French stage has made within the last ten years.”

‘Dermot Mac Murrough; or, The Conquest of Ireland,’ a poem by the Hon. J. Q. Adams, in ottava rima, has been just published in New York.

*A Pendant.*—We cannot forego the opportunity of indulging the gentle reader with a companion to the touch at the sublime, which we presented him in a late No. There is obviously an idiom in the imagination, as well as the dialect, of our Teutonic brethren, which is un-Englishable. “*The binding*” (says a parent’s announcement of the decease of his son in a Berlin paper of the 8th inst.) of that beautiful and promising work, Oscar Maeder, student of theology, was returned to its mother-earth, after he had returned, a few weeks before, from the baths of Salzbrunn to his parent’s roof. The work, newly revised and improved by its Great Author, will reappear in a splendid day. This is the only comfort of his mourning parents and an only brother.”

*Antipathies.*—What an unaccountable medley of strength and weakness is man! Lord Bacon, it is said, fell back inanimate at the occurrence of an eclipse. The astute and erudite Erasmus was alarmed at the sight of an apple. Bayle, the great lexicographer, swooned at the noise made by some water as it escaped, drop by drop, from a cook. Henry of France, the third of that name, though he had driven his enemies before him at Jarnac, trembled, from head to foot, at the sight of a cat. When a hare crossed the celebrated Duke d’Epernon’s path, his blood stagnated in his veins. The masculine-minded Mary of Medecis fainted away whenever a nosegay was in sight. A shudder overcame the learned Scaliger on perceiving cresses. Ivan the Second, Czar of Muscovy, would faint away on seeing a woman; and Albert, a brave Field-Marshal of France, fell insensible to the ground, on discovering a sucking pig served up at his own table!

*Habits of Animals.*—One of the last numbers of the *Sundine*, a Stralsund periodical, contains a paper on the *swan’s song*, by an eminent naturalist in Pomerania, which he closes by observing, that “in a state of nature, the *Anas Cygnus*, as evening approaches, joins with its companions

in a species of choral melody, which falls upon the ear, in the distance, with the sweetness, almost of an *Æolian harp*. But when a person is near, it more resembles the quick, sharp clang of a carriage, traversing hardly frozen snow on a sledge.” According to the writer’s account, the chorus is not unlike the collected harmony of the Russian horn-band; “for each bird emits but a single note, and a response is given by each of his clan. The fisherman considers the swan’s song as prognosticating a storm.”

*Crocodiles’ Eggs.*—“Walking along the banks of the river, I saw on the sand the recent track of a very large crocodile; and thinking that possibly it might have been a female come ashore to lay her eggs, I followed up the track about twenty paces along the water-side, where the ground, appearing to have been much trodden, and recently disturbed, I dug, and found ninety-nine eggs. The Arabs are in the habit of saying that ninety-nine is always the number of the crocodile’s eggs; but I have found them of various numbers between sixty and ninety-nine. My people, and those of the place, immediately made a *fricassee*, which I tasted, but found very nauseous, having a flavour between rancid oil and musk. Each egg had considerably more white than yolk.”—*Linant’s Voyage on the White Nile*.

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

| Days of Week. | Thermom. Max. Min. | Baromet. Noon. | Winds.     | Weather.    |
|---------------|--------------------|----------------|------------|-------------|
| Th. 6         | 47 39              | 29.95          | N.         | Cloudy.     |
| Fr. 7         | 47 35              | 30.20          | N.W. to N. | Ditto.      |
| Sat. 8        | 45 41              | 30.30          | N.W.       | Ditto.      |
| Sun. 9        | 49 41              | 30.25          | N.W.       | Ditto.      |
| Mon. 10       | 50 35              | 30.25          | S.W.       | Ditto.      |
| Tues. 11      | 50 35              | 30.30          | S.W.       | Clear, a.m. |
| Wed. 12       | 50 36              | 30.25          | N.W.       | Cloudy.     |

*Clouds.*—Cirrostratus, Cumulostratus. Nights and mornings fair throughout the week. Mean temperature of the week, 42.5°; greatest variation, 15°. Day decreased on Wednesday, 8h. 36m.

#### NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

The Byron Portraits, in numbers of three prints each. A Memoir of the Life and Medical Opinions of Dr. Armstrong, by Dr. Boott. Oxford Academical Abuses Disclosed, by some of the Initiated. Maternal Advice: chiefly to Daughters on Leaving Home.

Just published.—Atkinson on the Marketable Tithes, 8vo. 11. 4s.—Shelford on the Law of Lunatics, 8vo. 11. 8s.—Outlines of Pathology, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Outlines of Physiology and Pathology, 8vo. 11. 1s.—Turner’s Annual Tour of Views on the Loire, 21 plates, royal 8vo. 2s. 2s.—Records of Travels in Turkey and Greece, &c., in the Years 1829-30-31, 2 Vols. 8vo. 11. 6d.—East India Register and Directory, for 1833, 10s.—Christmas Carols, Ancient and Modern, 8vo. 12s.—Coventry on the Stamp Laws, 8vo. 15s.—Lodge’s Genealogy of British Peers, post 8vo. 16s.—Mainwaring’s Instructive Gleanings from Writers on Painting, &c. 8vo. 6s.—Vale of Light and Vale of Death, 18mo. 1s. 6d.—Tales of the Manse, 12mo. 6s.—Lights and Shadows of German Life, 2 vols. post 8vo. 11. 1s.—Rev. R. Hall’s Works, Vol. 6, 16s.—A Harmony of the Four Gospels, 8vo. 12s.—Historical, Geographical, and Pictorial Chart of the Gospel, 31. 12s.—Pigott’s Johannece, 8vo. 6s.—Fifty-one Original Fables and Morals, with Eighty-five Designs by R. Cruikshank, 8vo. 12s.—Mrs. Child’s Mother’s Story-Book, 8s.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS

Thanks to Londinensis—Silvus—B. A. N. H.—A. B.—P. S.—H. B.—L. Y. H. Y.—Edgar.—E. J. H. A.—We cannot avail ourselves of the offer of C. M.—F. Z. S.—“A Constant Reader,” and all persons forwarding information, must, in confidence, favour us with their names.

‘Cheekian Anthology’ was reviewed months ago. We presume the very liberal use made of the *Athenæum* by our Transatlantic friends, is a high compliment; but we seriously submit to the proprietors of the *New York Evening Post*, how far it is equitable or even honest to reprint verbatim one half of Cunningham’s Memoir of Sir Walter Scott, and promise the remainder the next day, without one word of reference to the paper whence taken.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS

##### Sale by Auction.

##### BOOKS OF PRINTS, ETC.

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## REVIEWS

*Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Character of the late John Mason Good, M.D.* By Olinthus Gregory, LL.D. London: Fisher & Co.

Dr. Mason Good was one of those men whose course of action it is always agreeable and useful to contemplate. His life was passed in continual exertion, but at the same time exhibited the virtues which are usually only seen among those who enjoy repose and leisure. He was not a man of genius in the higher sense of that word; but he employed his talents so judiciously, and with such an honest sense of responsibility, that the result of his labours almost equalled the productions of loftier minds. In a merely psychological point of view, therefore, his intellectual character is well worthy of study; but, as affording a lesson of true human worth, his conduct and opinions deserve the consideration of every man who can feel bettered by communing with the good, or who dare acknowledge that he wants the aid of sympathy and example to pursue an arduous and honourable course.

Mason Good was born May 25, 1764. His father was a dissenting minister, and a man of considerable attainments in classical and general learning. To his care, the subject of this memoir was indebted for the early acquaintance he enjoyed with the best writers of antiquity; and some of the specimens of his youthful powers, quoted by Dr. Gregory, indicate the serious and fine moral tone of feeling with which his mind was already imbued. At the age of fifteen he was apprenticed to Mr. Johnson, a surgeon at Gosport, under whom he pursued his professional studies with characteristic ardour, and at the same time cultivated poetry with so much care, that he composed 'An Abstracted View of the Principal Tropes and Figures of Rhetoric, in their Origin and Powers'; made himself master of Italian; and, to crown all, compiled a Dictionary of Poetic Endings.

When he was about seventeen, Mr., now Dr. Babington, was received by Mr. Johnson as an assistant, and a close intimacy was soon formed between the two young men. They were, however, not long together. The death of Mr. Johnson occurred before his apprentice had completed his term; and our young poet, in consequence finished his studies at Havant. In 1783-4 he attended lectures in London, and was soon after taken into partnership by Mr. Deeks, of Sudbury. His skill and industry were there amply rewarded. He married a young lady of high respectability and many accomplishments, and appeared in the direct road to permanent happiness. But his wife died of consumption six months after their union, and in 1792 he was involved in dangerous

embarrassment from having become bound for the payment of a friend's debts. Dr. Gregory gives the following moral to his account of this circumstance:—

"Some time in the year 1792, Mr. Good, either by becoming legally bound for some friends, or by lending them a large sum of money, under the expectation that it would be soon returned, but which they were unable to repay, was brought into circumstances of considerable pecuniary embarrassment. Mr. Fenn most cheerfully stepped forward to remove his difficulties, by lending him partial aid; an aid, indeed, which would have been rendered completely effectual, had not Mr. Good resolved that perplexities, springing from what he regarded as his own want of caution (though in no other respect open to censure), should be removed principally by his own exertions. Thus it happened that a pecuniary loss, from the pressure of which men with minds of an ordinary cast would have gladly escaped as soon as assistance was offered, became with him the permanent incentive to a course of literary activity, which, though it was intercepted repeatedly by the most extraordinary failures and disappointments, issued at length in their complete removal, and in the establishment of a high and richly-deserved reputation. And thus, by the sombrous vicissitude of his providential dispensations, the heavenly

Husbands:—  
Prepar'd the soil;—and silver-tongued Hope  
Promis'd another harvest.

"Mr. Good's exertions, on this occasion, were most persevering and diversified. He wrote plays; he made translations from the French, Italian, &c.; he composed poems; he prepared a series of philosophical essays; but all these efforts, though they soothed his mind and occupied his leisure, were unproductive of the kind of benefit which he sought. Having no acquaintance with the managers of the London theatres, or with influential men connected with them, he could not get any of his tragedies or comedies brought forward; and being totally unknown to the London booksellers, he could obtain no purchasers for his literary works: so that the manuscript copies of these productions, which in the course of two or three years had become really numerous, remained upon his hands. Yet nothing damped his ardour. He at length opened a correspondence with the editor of a London newspaper, and became a regular contributor to one of the Reviews: and though these, together, brought him no adequate remuneration, they served as incentives to hope and perseverance."

We do not extract the poetical pieces quoted by Dr. Gregory from his friend's contributions to "The World," the *Morning Post*, as he terms it, of that day. There is little in them of force or originality; his prose essays, on the contrary, are marked by considerable ingenuity and power of argumentation. In 1793 he settled in London, having formed a professional connexion with a Mr. W—. We are unable to follow the narrative here, from some marvellous blunder in the printing or making up of the volume

(page 56-7), but he found his partner a man of the worst principles, and annoyances of every description were the consequence. He had again married, and the following is the statement of his situation:—

"If Mr. Good made an entry in the prison books, Mr. W. in the succeeding entry would contradict it. If Mr. Good rose obviously in the estimation of a private patient, or his relatives, Mr. W. would set himself, by paltry insinuations, to excite doubts of his judgment or skill. And so on from day to day. The result may at once be anticipated. The business failed; the partnership was dissolved; Mr. W. died in the Fleet prison; and Mr. Good was again generously assisted by his affectionate relative at Ballingdon House. Mr. Good, however, as before, shrunk from the full reception of the aid offered him by Mr. Fenn, though he gratefully received essential help. He disguised the entire magnitude of his embarrassments from Mrs. Good and her family, and resolved to surmount them principally by his own exertions. I do not mention this determination for the sake of commending it, but for the sake of again marking its result upon his general character. An increasing family, project after project defeated, the frequent occurrence of unforeseen vexations, served but as new incentives to his professional activity, and to the most extended literary research. Thus circumstanced, for three or four years he concealed his anxieties from those he most loved, maintaining a cheerful demeanour among his friends, pursued his theoretical and practical inquiries into every accessible channel; and, at length, by God's blessing upon his exertions, surmounted every difficulty, and obtained professional reputation and employment, sufficient to satisfy his thirst for fame, and to place him in what are usually regarded as reputable and easy circumstances."

He now strove with unremitting zeal to obtain a rank among his medical brethren, and in 1794 became a member of the General Pharmaceutical Association. This Society was formed to establish a distinction between the druggist and the apothecary, and Dr. Gregory has given some amusing anecdotes, to show the state of Pharmacy at that period:—

"From this time, Mr. Good continued, as a member of the Medical Society, often as a member of its council, and for two or three years as one of its secretaries, to promote its interests. He also became an active member of a society, constituted in the year 1794, under the title of 'The General Pharmaceutical Association'; whose main design was to preserve the distinction between the apothecary and the druggist, which had for so many ages prevailed, and which, from recent circumstances, it was apprehended would be merged and lost, unless some special efforts were made to prevent it. Not only in London, but in almost every town in Great Britain, men of the most illiterate character and habits, ignorant of the science of medicine, of the formulæ of prescription, of the theory and practice of chemistry, ignorant, often, even of the English language, obtained extensive business as druggists, and not unfrequently connected with that the occupations of bleeding, tooth-drawing, and



bone-setting. In various instances, country grocers had practised actively in these *kindred* departments: and the mischief, as may easily be conjectured, was immense. A man practised surgery and pharmacy, no farther from London than the village of Beckenham, whose whole medical education consisted in having been 'stable-boy, for two years, to a surgeon in that neighbourhood.' At Uckfield there were three 'grocer-druggists' who prescribed, and in cases of difficulty applied to their London drug-merchant for help. Some 'drug-dealing grocers, at Marlow,' substituted (for want of better knowledge) arsenic for cream of tartar, tinctures of opium and jalap for those of senna and rhubarb, and nitre for glauber's salts; thus ruining instead of restoring the healths of those who were unfortunate enough to consult them. A druggist at Croydon, after labouring hard to ascertain the precise meaning of the words 'cucurbita cruenta,' discovered at length, with the kind aid of an equally learned disciple of Æsculapius, that they denoted 'an electric shock.' A medical gentleman at Worcester prescribed for his patient as follows:—'Decoct. Cascarillæ 3 vij. Tinct. ejusdem 3 j.' The shopman who had the principal care of the business, having sought in vain for a phial labelled *Tinct. ejusdem*, sent to the shops of other druggists to procure it: but the search was fruitless, there was no *Tinct. ejusdem* to be procured in the city of Worcester, and the prescription was actually returned to the physician with an earnest request that he would substitute some other ingredient for this scarce tincture! Another blunder, but, unfortunately, of serious consequence, occurred in the year 1795 in the same city. A physician being requested to prescribe for a boy of ten years old, the son of a poor woman, labouring under a dyspnoea, directed this draught to be given him at bed-time: 'R. Syr. Papav. Alb. 3 j. Tinct. Opii Camph. 5 iij. Aq. Distill. 3 vm.' It was prepared by a druggist's shopman, who had not heard of the new name for Paregoric Elixir, and therefore made it with 3 ij. of Tinct. Opii: he advised the mother to give the child only *half* of the draught, but that proved sufficiently strong to deprive him of life in about twenty-four hours."

Mr. Good's connexion with this Society led to his writing the 'History of Medicine,' and his application seemed to increase with the increase of his reputation. He made translations from various languages, studied universal grammar, and formed theories upon the science—wrote for reviews, and, while walking to the houses of his patients, effected a version of Lucretius. In 1816 he delivered the Lectures at the Surrey Institution, which were subsequently published under the title of the 'Book of Nature,' an elegant and interesting work, and in 1820, after a long and laborious practice as a surgeon, took the diploma of M.D. from Marischal College, Aberdeen. He thus spoke of the event to Dr. Drake, with whom he had been many years intimate:—

"I have now tried my new fortune for nearly six months, and only wish I had felt it prudent to have commenced earlier, for it has succeeded beyond my best expectations. All my old circle of patients are in turn patients still, without a single exception, so far as I know; and I have added very considerably to the number, as well as have to reply to a tolerably extensive range of advice from the country; so that my hands are pretty full still. I have also the satisfaction of finding that my late partner is gratified with his prospects. . . . You will be surprised to learn that almost the first patient I had, on entering on my new department, was Sir Gilbert Blane,

who paid me this compliment, as I feel it to be, from mere friendship."

The 'System of Nosology,' and the 'Study of Medicine,' were the speedy fruits of the energy he employed in this new branch of the medical profession, and his fame was thereby established on a basis not less sound than honourable.

We cannot pretend to give the titles of all the treatises which proceeded from the pen of this laborious writer; but, while he was thus producing works of the highest utility to his professional brethren, he gave evidence of his love of literature by numerous translations from the poetical books of Scripture. He continued thus to exert his talents till 1826, when his health no longer allowed him to follow his usual occupations. In a letter written about this time, he says—

"The die is cast, and we are going to Leamington. May a gracious Providence render its breezes balmy, and its waters healthful! And, above all, direct me how best to devote whatever time may be yet allotted me, to the glory of God and the good of myself and others. I have trifled with time too much already; it is high time to awake and be sober, and to prepare to leave it for *eternity*! Every moment ought to be precious."

His death occurred on the 2nd of January, 1827.

We refer our readers to the third section of Dr. Gregory's interesting volume, for a very full account of Dr. Good's character, both moral and intellectual. The writer speaks with the warmth of a friend, and we are the more inclined to believe that he speaks the truth on that very account; admiration for the virtues of such a man as the subject of his memoir, is the strongest antidote that the human heart can possess against falsehood and disingenuousness.

*Poems, Narrative and Lyrical*, by William Motherwell. Glasgow: Robertson; London: Longman & Co.

THE poetry of Mr. Motherwell has a mingled Scottish and Scandinavian sound; or rather, he sings of love and home-bred joys as Ramsay and Burns have done; and of battles by sea and land—onslaughts and invasion—with the rapture and impetuosity of a northern Scald. In his Scottish vein he is mild, gentle, and touching; in his Scandinavian spirit he is fierce and vehement, rude and melodious. We like him best, we confess, in the latter; he handles a sword more skilfully than he does the lover's lute. He rides into a fray with more address and passion than when he wanders over some lonely hill on a visit to his mistress, chanting of her charms as he passes along. In preferring his martial to his amorous ballads, we mean not to accuse him of want of courtesy—nay, gallantry to the fair: we are but stating the impression which his lyrics have made upon us: we have no particular leaning towards martial deeds; our nature, though of the critical kind, is pacific: we would not give "ae cannie hour at e'en" with one of the dark-eyed dames of the west of Scotland, for the honour of guiding "the current of a heady fight," and falling gloriously, as the Gazette words it. Mr. Motherwell has written some of the best martial lyrics which Scotland has produced. One verse from the 'Battle Flag of Sigurd' will almost prove this:—

The eagle hearts of all the North  
Have left their stormy strand;  
The warriors of the world are forth  
To choose another land!  
Again, their long keels sheer the wave,  
Their broad sheets court the breeze;  
Again, the reckless and the brave,  
Ride lords of weltering seas.  
Nor swifter from the well-bent bow  
Can feathered shaft be sped,  
Than o'er the ocean's flood of snow  
Their snoring galleys tread.  
Then lift the can to bearded lip,  
And smite each sounding shield,  
Wassail! to every dark-ribbed ship,  
To every battle-field!

Nor do we less like the martial tone of the Wooing Song of the Scandinavian chief:—

Bright maiden of Orkney,  
Star of the blue sea!  
I've swept o'er the waters  
To gaze upon thee;  
I've left spoil and slaughter,  
I've left a far strand,  
To sing how I love thee,  
To kiss thy small hand!  
Fair Daughter of Einar,  
Golden-haired maid!  
The lord of yon brown bark,  
And lord of this blade;  
The joy of the ocean—  
Of warfare and wind,  
Hath bome him to woo thee,  
And thou must be kind.

The next song we shall quote is of a different tone: we consider it of great original merit:—

#### *The Demon Lady.*

Again in my chamber!  
Again at my bed!  
With thy smile sweet as sunshine,  
And hand cold as lead!  
I know thee, I know thee!  
Nay, start not, my sweet!  
These golden robes shrank up,  
And showed me thy feet!  
These golden robes shrank up,  
And taffety thin,  
While out (rept the symbols  
Of Death and of Sin!

Bright, beautiful devil!  
Pass, pass from me now;  
For the damp dew of death  
Gathers thick on my brow:  
And bind up thy girdle,  
Nor beauties disclose,  
More dazlingly white  
Than the wreath-drifted snows:  
And away with thy kisses;  
My heart waxes sick,  
As thy red lips, like worms,  
Travel over my cheek!

Ha! press me no more with  
That passionless hand,  
'Tis whiter than milk, or  
The foam on the strand;  
'Tis softer than down, or  
The silken-leaved flower;  
But colder than ice thrills  
Its touch at this hour.  
Like the finger of Death  
From ceremonies unrolled,  
Thy hand on my heart falls  
Dull, clammy, and cold.

Nor bend o'er my pillow—  
Thy raven black hair  
O'er shadows my brow with  
A deeper despair;  
These ringlets thick falling  
Spread fire through my brain,  
And my temples are throbbing  
With madness again.  
The moonlight! the moonlight!  
The deep-winding bay!  
There are two on that strand,  
And a ship far away!

In its silence and beauty,  
Its passion and power,  
Love breathed o'er the land,  
Like the soul of a flower.  
The billows were staining  
On pale yellow sands;  
And moonshine was gleaming  
On small ivory hands.  
There were bowers by the brook's brink,  
And flowers bursting free;  
There were hot lips to suck forth  
A lost soul from me!  
Now, mountain and meadow,  
Frith, forest, and river,  
Are mingling with shadows—  
Are lost to me ever.

The sunlight is fading,  
Small birds seek their nest;  
While happy hearts, flower-like,  
Sink sinless to rest.  
But I!—'tis no matter;—  
Ay, kiss cheek and chin;  
Kiss—kiss—thou hast won me,  
Bright, beautiful Sin!

The poet closes his volume with some very touching verses:—

*The Midnight Wind.*

Mournfully! oh, mournfully  
This midnight wind doth sigh,  
Like some sweet plaintive melody  
Of ages long gone by:  
It speaks a tale of other years—  
Of hopes that bloomed to die—  
Of sunny smiles that set in tears,  
And loves that mouldering lie!

Mournfully! oh, mournfully  
This midnight wind doth moan;  
It stirs some chord of memory  
In each dull heavy tone:  
The voices of the much-loved dead  
Seem floating thereupon—  
All, all my fond heart cherished  
Ere death had made it lone.

Mournfully! oh, mournfully  
This midnight wind doth swell,  
With its quaint pensive minstrelsy,  
Hope's passionate farewell  
To the dreamy joys of early years,  
Ere yet grief's canker fell  
On the heart's bloom—ay! well may tears  
Start at that parting knell!

We cannot part with Mr. Motherwell without saying that he is more than a maker of lays in honour of war, wine, and women: he is a zealous and able antiquarian, and Scotland owes not a little to his industry and skill in collecting and illustrating much of her old ballad lore. We have been instructed and amused with some of his antiquarian disquisitions; and love him not the less that he desires to preserve the strains of the old minstrels in their native state, and sternly refuses to allow the kirtle of the ancient muse, who presides over love and laughter, to be lengthened.

*The Invisible Gentleman.* By the Author of 'Chartley,' &c. London: Bull.

'THE Invisible Gentleman' is a novel of a class very common in Germany, but not yet naturalized in England, which may be described as the whimsically supernatural. Like Peter Schlemihl and the Devil's Elixir, it is founded on the possession of a mysterious power not "dreamed of in our philosophy," and teaches a moral, which might be taught more efficaciously in a very few lines. The hero is described as accidentally forming a wish to possess the power of becoming invisible; a mysterious being, who rather inconsistently turns out to be a mere human agent, offers to gratify his desires, and the offer is immediately accepted. But the gift, so eagerly received, proves to be fraught with the most pernicious consequences: the hero is gradually led into the most unheroic-like vices; he becomes a liar, a thief, a suborner of perjury, and, in design at least, a murderer. The varied miseries which he is forced to endure, and the apparent slavery of circumstances to which he is subjected, prevent him from losing our sympathies even in his worst degradation; because, as we trace the steps of his advances in crime, we are forced to regard him as the victim rather of fate than will. He wearies at length of a power whose spell had only worked him woe, and, having at last contrived to transfer the fatal gift to another, is restored to virtue and happiness. The moral of the tale is, we presume, "The

Vanity of Human Wishes," a moral which scarcely required three volumes for its exemplification.

The materials of which this fiction is constructed, would have made a smart tale for one of the *Annals*, or a capital article in a Magazine, but they are far too scanty for a book. Some one has said, that "a man of one idea is a bore," and really a book of one idea is very little better. The notion of the hero's invisibility is a good thought; but when it is tortured into every possible variety, and shade of variety, it becomes tiresome. We feel like the hapless stranger in an Irish inn, who, having ordered four dishes, was served with fried mutton, boiled mutton, roast mutton and baked mutton.

Something like regret mingles with our censure, for the author manifestly possesses fine moral sensibilities, and a delicate perception of the workings of feeling. The style of the work is at the same time simple and animated, the sentiments admirably adapted to the characters, and the characters themselves sketched with great spirit. If merit of execution could atone for error of design, this work would have passed our ordeal scatheless.

*Records of Travels in Turkey, Greece, &c. and of a Cruise in the Black Sea, with the Capitan Pasha, in the Years 1829, 1830, and 1831.* By Adolphus Slade, Esq.

[Second Notice.]

We resume our examination of Mr. Slade's interesting travels. Of the inconveniences attending journeying in the East, he gives what he calls a reasonable list:—

"1. After making a complaint to a Pasha of an inferior officer, with the intention of getting him reprimanded, or, at most, bastinadoed, to have his head brought in to you on a wooden dish, with a polite message to know if you are satisfied.

"2. Crossing a bridge, to find yourself suddenly projected several yards, and on rising, if your neck be not broken, to see the animal dead lame in consequence of having stepped into an aperture, caused by a vacant plank, and concealed by the snow.

"3. When six hours from any village, your guide, on whom you may have had occasion to exercise your tongue or whip, takes the sulks and leaves you to find your own way.

"4. Travelling of a dark night, your sumpter horse slips off the path into a ravine, breaks his back, and scrunches your baggage.

"5. After a long cold journey, to find the walls of the khan streaming with wet, wherein you get a room with paper windows, and no doors; you endeavour to make a fire, but the wood is green, and when at length you have blown it up with your mouth, you are sick and cannot eat pilaff.

"6. On rising from the floor of a coffee-house where you have rolled all night, to find several holes burnt in your clothes by the embers of the company's pipes.

"7. On arriving late at a hamlet just occupied by irregular troops, to have the option of a pigsty, or the only spare house,—where the plague happens to be.

"8. Crossing a river, to find your horse trying to swim, your guide having missed the ford. To the misery of feeling your nether garments freezing to your skin, you add the reflection that there is not a dry shred in your baggage.

With a knowledge of all these inconveniences, and with a resolution to brave them, the author a second time set out from Con-

stantinople by the way of Philippopolis, with the intention of traversing the Russian cantonnments—it was the middle of winter—and crossing the Balkans to Schumla. He encounters a Tartar on the way, and takes a sketch of him:—

"A Tartar is the picture of animation, his face transparently clear, just from under the barber's hands; his shining beard and moustaches trimmed to a hair; his high calpack put on with a touch of dandyism, covered by a flowered handkerchief to tie under his chin in case the wind proved high; his long fur riding cloak, of red or other gay-coloured cloth, with unsewed sleeves brushing his horse's back; his capacious trousers and huge boots, scrupulously clean; his brass shovel-stirrups, bright as friction can make them; his black, polished leather saddle set off by silver-hilted pistols, and by the amber mouth-piece of his chibouque,—altogether a gay and gallant cavalier. In the latter case, his mother would not recognize him: pale, haggard, and dirty, he falls rather than gets off his horse, and throws himself on the ground in pain, unable even to light a pipe,—an object of utter distress. Even on a journey, while fresh horses are preparing, the Tartars throw themselves down, and can scarcely lift their heads to remount. They clothe exceedingly, and never alter their dress on the frozen banks of the Danube, or on the scorching plains of Syria. They usually wear over their shirt, a long robe of silk, a waistcoat of cloth, a jacket of cloth, a jacket lined with fox's fur, an overall-jacket with open sleeves, at times a pelisse, drawers, shelwar (enormous cloth trousers), woollen leggings, and heavy boots. To these must be added, sashes of a bulk and size to us insupportable, their pistols, ataghan, towels, handkerchiefs, tobacco purse, the three last contained in his bosom."

Adrianople carried on it the marks of the Russian invasion; the place seems to have been as injurious to the conquerors as to the conquered:—

"We passed several villages, all bearing marks of Russian devastation, and towards noon, by bye-paths, along ditches, through gardens and willow plantations, entered the second city of the empire, which till within three weeks had been the head-quarters of Marshal Diebitsch. He left it Nov. 20th, having lost by disease 12,000 men since his arrival, August 20th. He might have left it earlier, thereby saving several thousand lives, had he not deemed it necessary to wait for the keys of Giurgewo, which its pasha, Kutchuk Achmet, refused for a long time to deliver up, saying, that he had not been taken, and that he considered the peace as disgraceful,—a peace that might have been made to save the empire, but not to save Constantinople. In the Russian hospital remained 8,000 men, not more than 1,500 of whom left it alive: horrible to relate, they died chiefly of absolute want. In that severe winter 1829-30, the streets of Adrianople feet deep in snow, these poor fellows lay on the floor of the vast wooden barracks (converted into a hospital) without beds or bedding; although the bazaars would have furnished enough for 20,000 men. On some days they had not even fire to cook their soup, while the icy gales from the Euxine sung through the crevices of their cage (the barracks could be called no other), which was so slight that it vibrated to people's footsteps. It is said that the emperor shed tears, on hearing, in part, of the distresses of his brave, victorious army. He had better have sent roubles. A company of galley slaves never suffered more cruel neglect than these troops: their diseases arose partly from the water they drank: spirits and wine were dirt cheap at Adrianople; yet, not even a drop was served out per diem."

Our author found the Russian army in its

cantonment, and in General Reuchteurn obtained a friend who admired the English, and loved to show them all kinds of civilities. He dined with a native Russian colonel: the dinner exhibits at once their hospitality and subordination:—

"The Colonel, (a native Russian), detained us to dinner. It was a complete Russian military one, spread out in the Colonel's sleeping-room, which was heated to the temperature of an oven. He, professing to be unwell, reclined on his bed, smoking a meerschauum; while we, that is, the General, Captain O'Connor, and myself, sat down to the table; on which, to do justice to our host's hospitality, was plenty of good things, with variety of wines and spirits. Two officers of the regiment—a captain and lieutenant, waited on us. I was perfectly scandalized, and when one of them came to help me to wine, rose to make room for him at the table. He bowed. The General then requested them to be seated; but as their Colonel did not second him, they excused themselves and remained standing. We returned home in a Kibitka drawn by four little Tartar horses, which equipage was the greatest curiosity that I had seen on the Turkish plains, being so much at variance with the native arabas. The General seemed to think that our dinner required explanation, and told me that Colonels had that kind of power over their officers, without subjection to interference from higher authority;—that formerly, it was quite the thing thus to do honour to a General, however he, if civilized, might dislike it; but that now it was never seen, except in the case of a rude boor like the Colonel in question. 'Fortunately,' he added, 'few of the superior officers are Russians, therefore the practice is fast disappearing.—At my table you see, on the contrary, non-commissioned officers sit down with me.'"

His opinion of the martial genius of Diebitch, the conqueror of Turkey, is derived from Russian officers who served under him in the campaign. He gives it briefly:—

"He was universally blamed for carelessness of the lives of his men, sacrificing them in unhealthy encampments, wearing them by fatiguing reviews and long marches, and not checking the dishonesty of the Commissariat department. These, coming from Russian officers, who are all more or less guilty of neglecting their men, were heavy charges against him. His decision in crossing the Balkans against the opinions of all the Generals, they dwelt on with rapture. Yet this firmness he carried into things of no moment; it was therefore often injurious: e.g. the day fixed on for the march of the army from Adrianople to its winter quarters, was terrible; cold and wet; on which the Generals of division waited on the Marshal to know if the movement could not be deferred till the following day, when the storm might cease. 'My orders are given,' he replied, 'march!' In consequence, one third of the already exhausted horses, were left on the road during the first twenty-four hours."

In Llanevsky, a Pole, he found an admirer of Walter Scott and Byron; also an enthusiast for ukases, conscription laws, and other matters which we of England reckon despotic:—

"He would not understand the blessing of being an English gentleman. 'What are your advantages,' he said, one day, 'compared with mine? with my General's uniform on, I go from one end of Russia to the other, treated as a prince; every noble is flattered if I make his house my home; every peasant is glad to put his shoulder to my carriage-wheel; every lady is proud of my attentions.'—'True,' I replied, 'but the duration of such enjoyments does not

depend on yourself. A stroke of the emperor's pen may tear the epaulettes from your shoulders, subject your back to the cane, send you to Siberia: on the faith of a vile suborner, your name may be branded, your family degraded, your estates given to a courtesan,—and all without your being able to say a word in your defence."

In Bulgaria, the traveller found much that he liked; he has given us several pictures of persons and manners which we shall not soon forget:—

"The Bulgarian is handsome, robust, patient, stubborn, and very jealous; with primitive manners. The stranger who puts up for the night in a cottage, has the best of everything, and sleeps on the same floor with father and mother, sons and daughters.

"The women are tall and beautiful—the finest race that I saw in Turkey—with peculiarly small hands and feet. Their costume is elegant, consisting of a striped shift, which covers without concealing the bust, fastened round the throat with a heavy gold or silver clasp; a short worked petticoat, and an embroidered pelisse, à la Polonoise, confined by a broad ornamental girdle. Their hair is dressed in long braids, and their wrists and waists adorned with solid bracelets and buckles; the poorest have them. Yet these nymphs of the Balkans are household slaves, and are to be seen in the severest weather drawing water at the fountains.

"No peasantry in the whole world are so well off. The lowest Bulgarian has abundance of everything; meat, poultry, eggs, milk, rice, cheese, wine, bread, good clothing, and a warm dwelling, and a horse to ride. It is true he has no newspaper to inflame his passions, nor a knife and fork to eat with, nor a bedstead to lie on, and therefore may be considered by some people an object of pity."

The varnished picture of a Russian general, contrasts strangely with the simple portraits of the Bulgarian peasants:—

"General Timan was a neat dapper little gentleman,—quite a dandy—a *rara avis* in the army. His dressing gown was of the richest Brussels silk; his cap of the finest Persian wool; his slippers of the gayest patterned Russia leather; his charger was equipped with an English hunting saddle; his pistols were from London; his chibouques were of the latest Stamboul fashion, with a Turkish boy, dressed in green and gold, for chiboukgi; his tea equipage—main stay of a Russian kit—was elegant, china and silver; he had packs of French cards (with which, two Brigade-generals making up the party, we played whist till two in the morning); and unheard-of luxury, he had a mattress to lie me on. But with all these advantages, the good hospitable General was quite Russian in regard of the toilet. On rising from my couch in the morning, expecting to find something superior to what I had seen in other quarters, I confidently asked for a basin to wash in. The domestic required twice telling before comprehending me, and when he did, seemed rather embarrassed."

On his return to Constantinople, he attended on a market day at the sale of a commodity, which is disposed of in a rather more discreet and delicate way in England. Women are openly sold like cattle. But weeping innocence, dishevelled locks, torn garments, and beaten bosoms, Mr. Slade assures us, exist only in imagination:—

"The Circassians and Georgians, who form the trade supply, are only victims of custom, willing victims; being brought up by their mercenary parents for the merchants. If born Mohammedan, they remain so; if born Christian, they are educated in no faith, in order that they may conform, when purchased, to the

Mussulman faith, and therefore they suffer no sacrifice on that score. They live a secluded life, harshly treated by their relations, never seeing a stranger's face, and therefore form no ties of friendship or love, preserve no pleasing recollections of home, to make them regret their country. Their destination is constantly before their eyes, painted in glowing colours; and, so far from dreading it, they look for the moment of going to Anapa, or Poti, whence they are shipped for Stamboul, with as much eagerness as a parlour-boarder of a French or Italian convent for her emancipation. In the market they are lodged in separate apartments, carefully secluded, where, in the hours of business—between nine and twelve—they may be visited by aspirants for possessing such delicate ware. I need not draw a veil over what follows. Decorum prevails. The would-be purchaser may fix his eyes on the lady's face, and his hand may receive evidence of her bust. The waltz allows nearly as much liberty before hundreds of eyes. Of course the merchant gives his warranty, on which, and the preceding data, the bargain is closed. The common price of a tolerable looking maid is about 100*l.* Some fetch hundreds, the value depending as much on accomplishments as on beauty; but such are generally singled out by the Kislar Aga. A coarser article, from Nubia and Abyssinia, is exposed publicly on platforms, beneath verandahs, before the cribs of the white china. A more white toothed, plump cheeked, merry eyed set I seldom witnessed, with a smile and a gibe for every one, and often an audible 'Buy me.' They are sold easily, and without trouble. Ladies are the usual purchasers for domestics. A slight inspection suffices. The girl gets up off the ground, gathers her coarse cloth round her loins, bids her companions adieu, and trips gaily, bare footed, and bare headed, after her new mistress, who immediately dresses her à la Turque, and hides her ebony with white veils. The price of one is about 16*l.*"

We bid farewell to our traveller, with the hope that he will soon take a journey into some other seldom trodden land, and write an account of it as lively and interesting as this. There are too many words, it is true, and now and then an inclination to make the most of a simple occurrence; but all that he relates is so clearly and picturesquely told, that we overlook small blemishes, and regard the author as a friend whom we were glad to meet and unwilling to part with.

*Finden's Gallery of the Graces; a series of Portrait Sketches, engraved by the most eminent Artists, from Original Pictures. Under the superintendence of W. and E. Finden. With poetical illustrations by T. K. Hervey, Esq. Part I. London: Tilt.*

THIS work commences in a spirit almost worthy of the audacious title which it has taken: two of the heads are eminently beautiful, and some of the illustrative verse is much to our taste. But the introduction undertakes too much, and makes promises in a strain too lofty and high sounding. The proprietors propose to collect the portraits of their graces "amid those thousand homes where the world looks not," and

"Appealing, at once, to recollection and to fancy, they purpose to gather their illustrations of the beautiful, amid the haunts of every-day existence; and to demonstrate that female loveliness,—in all the forms in which poets have dreamt, or painters embodied it,—lies scattered about the thoroughfares and lonely places of society."

Of the nature of the beauty alluded to in this passage, a fuller description is given, which many will think too shadowy and poetic—the writer comprehends “a world of figures” in very small space, and draws his outline of loveliness upon agitated water:—

“Beauty is neither ideal, nor positive,—neither a dream of poetry, nor an uniform fact. Her bow is a more than ‘triple-coloured bow’—her ensign with more than ‘three listed colours gay.’ Her garland has a hundred different hues; the spell of her fragrance is made up of myriad perfumes;—and the flowers which exhibit the one, and yield the other, are planted everywhere amid the gardens of the world. She is the true Proteus, filling a thousand shapes, and a prophet in them all. If the poet be her minstrel, the sage is her minister; and the heart of man, before the mirror, of a thousand reflections, which Beauty holds up to its gaze, is—like the moon of old, before the magic glass of Pythagoras—compelled, by the spirit of philosophy itself, to receive and acknowledge the impression of *all* the characters which are written on her brow.”

The prints introduce us to more established and material forms, than that which hovers like a reluctant spirit in our quotations. The lady “quiet like a nun,” by Boxall, is the fairest creature we have lately seen: calm, rapt, and with “looks commercing with the skies”; there is no affectation of posture; no studied display of face or hand; all is simple, graceful, and lovely. The verse which accompanies this fair vision, is in all parts elegant, but in several places loses sight of the painter—or attributes to the musing lady more knowledge than an artist can embody:—

Before her rests the scroll, unrolled,  
Where every tale of every star  
That, on its wheels of molten gold,  
Majestically moves afar—  
The language of each flower that blows—  
The song of every breeze that sings—  
The meteor’s mission, as it goes  
By, on its burning wings—  
And *all* creation’s secrets, stand.

More than amends is made for this dreaminess a few lines further on; the following passage we think worthy of the lady; it reflects her image, (as far as words can do,) sentiment and form:—

How beautiful she looks!—as flowers  
When newly touched with heaven’s dew,  
Upon her soul the sacred showers  
Of truth have fall’n anew!—  
She to the fount of life has gone,  
To draw forth “water from its wells,”—  
And bathed in Jordan, where alone,  
The charm of healing dwells!—  
The hallowed dove within her breast  
Looks through her soft and serious eyes,  
And, on her forehead, glimpses rest  
Of glory from the skies!

The smiling lady, by the same artist, is less to our taste; had her eyes been closer together, she would have looked more graceful; we dislike a face wearing an eternal smile; a more delicate expression of pleasure is far more satisfactory. The young lady by Wright, who, in the language of Shakspeare, “summons up remembrance of past times,” is scarcely less beautiful than Boxall’s paragon of loveliness, and looks the sentiment to the very letter. The engravers are W. Finden, H. Robinson, and R. A. Artlett; the former and latter had delightful tasks, and have acquitted themselves worthily.

*Christmas Carols, Ancient and Modern; including the most Popular in the West of England, and the Airs to which they are sung. Also Specimens of French Provincial Carols; with an Introduction and Notes.* By William Sandys, F.S.A. London: Beckley.

This is a book which cannot but be welcome to all who love to look back on the manners and customs of their ancestors, or who desire to examine with reverence the relics of a ruder age, still extant in the year of polish and grace one thousand eight hundred and thirty-two. The author has confined his researches to those songs, chiefly of a religious nature, chanted or sung at Christmas; and the examples which he has given are carefully illustrated by a learned and ingenious introduction, which throws much new light on English minstrelsy, and on that species of dramatic literature, known by the name of Moralities. Song had much more to do in former days than now: for this falling off many reasons may be assigned; printing has made knowledge abundant, and the frightful increase of hard labour puts singing out of the people’s heads. But song formerly was heard in all pursuits and professions: the shepherd on his hill—the ploughman at his furrow—the fisherman with his boat—the waggoner with his team—the blacksmith at his anvil—the tailor on his board—the shoemaker on his stool—all cheered their hours of labour with song; and we live not without hope that some enthusiastic antiquarian may arise to gather together the scattered fragments of professional song, and tie them in a garland after the manner of the Christmas Carols of Sandys.

The following picture of Christmas is extracted chiefly from a book called ‘Christmas Entertainments,’ and speaks of England two hundred years ago:—

“There was once upon a time Hospitality in the Land; an English Gentleman at the opening of the great day, had all his Tenants and Neighbours entered his hall by day-break, the strong-beer was broached, and the black-jacks went plentifully about with toast, sugar, nutmeg, and good Cheshire cheese; the rooms were embower’d with holly, ivy, cypress, bays, laurel, and mistletoe, and a bouncing Christmas log in the chimney glowing like the cheeks of a country milk-maid; then was the pewter as bright as *Clarinda*, and every bit of brass as polished as the most refined Gentleman; the Servants were then running here and there, with merry hearts and jolly countenances; every one was busy in welcoming of Guests, and look’d as snug as new-lick’d puppies; the Lasses were as blithe and buxom as the maids in good Queen *Bess*’s days, when they eat sirloins of roast beef for breakfast; *Peg* would scuttle about to make a toast for *John*, while *Tom* run *harum scarum* to draw a jug of ale for *Margery*. And afterwards, ‘This great festival was in former times kept with so much freedom and openness of heart, that every one in the country where a Gentleman resided, possessed at least a day of pleasure in the Christmas holydays; the tables were all spread from the first to the last, the sir-loyns of beef, the minc’d-pies, the plumb-porridge, the capons, turkeys, geese, and plumb-puddings, were all brought upon the board; and all those who had sharp stomachs and sharp knives, eat heartily and were welcome, which gave rise to the proverb,

Merry in the Hall, when beards wag all.

There were then turnspits employed, who by the time dinner was over, would look as black and as greasy as a Welch porridge-pot, but the

Jacks have since turned them all out of doors. The geese, which used to be fatted for the honest neighbours, have been of late sent to London, and the quills made into pens to convey away the Landlord’s estate; the sheep are drove away to raise money to answer the loss at a game at dice or cards, and their skins made into parchment for deeds and indentures; nay, even the poor innocent bee, who was used to pay its tribute to the Lord once a year at least in good metheglin, for the entertainment of the guests, and its wax converted into beneficial plaisters for sick neighbours, is now used for the sealing of deeds to his disadvantage.”

All these festivities are falling into disuse: we are not alarmed now, as our ancestors were in the days of the Commonwealth, for “superstitious meats and drinks.” The Christmas faggot has ceased to burn—the Christmas ale has ceased to flow; even pudding and mince-pies are becoming obsolete; and a man who has a leaning towards such matters is reckoned peculiar, and one on whom the light of philosophy has been shed in vain. Till within these two years, “plum porridge” was regularly made in the king of England’s palace every Christmas, and distributed as a mark of royal regard among the household dependents: this old custom has ceased: we are sorry that His Majesty should

Quarrel with mince-pies, and disparage  
His best and dearest friend, Plum Porridge.

These Carols are chiefly collected in the west of England; they are of very unequal merit; some of them are remarkable for a sort of barren simplicity of language; others are of richer diction, without more elevation of sentiment; while some of them describe the conception and birth of our Saviour in language too direct and graphic for the querulous taste of these our latter days. The following ditty our antiquarian readers may have seen before.

*Twelve Night, or King and Queene.*

Now, now the mirth comes,  
With the cake full of plums,  
Where bean’s the king of the sport here;  
Beside we must know,  
The pea also  
Must revell as queene in the court here.

Begin then to chuse,  
This night as ye use,  
Who shall for the present delight here;  
Be a king by the lot,  
And who shall not  
Be Twelve-day queene for the night here.

Which knowne, let us make  
Joy-sops with the cake;  
And let not a man then be seen here,  
Who unurg’d will not drinke,  
To the base from the brink,  
A health to the king and the queene here.

Next crowne the bowle full  
With gentle lambs-wooll;  
Adde sugar, nutmeg, and ginger,  
With store of ale too;  
And thus ye must doe  
To make the wassail a swinger.

Give then to the king  
And queene wassailing;  
And though with ale ye be whet here,  
Yet part ye from hence  
As free from offence,  
As when ye innocent met here.

Sing they such songs as the following in the palace now?

THE STAR SONG; SUNG AT WHITEHALL.

*The flourish of music—then followed the song.*

1. Tell us, thou cleere and heavenly tongue,  
Where is the Babe but lately sprung?  
Lies he the lillie-banks among?

2. Or say, if this new Birth of ours  
Sleeps, laid within some ark of flowers,  
Spangled with dew-light: thou canst cleere  
All doubts, and manifest the where.

2. Declare to us, bright star, if we shall seek  
Him in the morning's blushing cheek,  
Or search the beds of spices through,  
To find him out?

STAR.

No, this ye need not do;  
But only come and see Him rest,  
A princely Babe, in 's mother's breast.

CHORUS.

He's seen! He's seen! why then around  
Let's kiss the sweet and holy ground;  
And all rejoice that we have found  
A King, before conception, crown'd.

4. Come then, come then, and led us bring  
Unto our prettie twelfth-tide King,  
Each one his severall offering.

CHORUS.

And when night comes wee'll give him wassailing;  
And that his treble honours may be seen,  
Wee'll chuse him King, and make his mother  
Queen.

There are many other curious snatches of song, merry and devout, contained in this volume, and many observations and details interesting to the antiquarian, and instructive to all. We have not room for any further specimens; but we advise all lovers of old poetic lore, or who possess Percy, Scott, and Ritson, to add this volume to the list, for it is not unworthy of being in their company.

*Plays:—Theodora; Hortensia; Villario; and A Search after Perfection.* By Mrs. A. Mac-taggart. 2nd edit. 2 vols. Valpy.

Mrs. Mactaggart is not unknown to the readers of the *Athenæum*. They were introduced to her 'Memoirs of a Gentlewoman' in our number of the 12th of June, 1830. The volumes before us take higher ground than familiar biography. That Mr. Galt spoke well of *Hortensia*, and Queen Charlotte more than endured the reading of the comedy, is related with much simplicity by the authoress herself:—

"Some circumstances respecting these plays I must mention at the expense of being thought very vain. The late Queen Charlotte, having heard from a lady of her court that I had written some plays, desired to see them. Her ladyship came in a hurry to ask me for them.—'I will get them fairly copied as soon as possible,' was my reply; but as no time could be allowed me to do so, I gave up the manuscripts in the state they were: nor could the Princess Elizabeth, who read them aloud, avoid sometimes saying, 'I wish, Lady George, your friend wrote a better hand.' This was the only fault found, and the Queen expressed herself so pleased with the comedy, that she desired a copy of it, which of course was given. Soon after this, the celebrated (and most justly so) John Galt, Esq. began a work, entitled, 'The Rejected Theatre,' a collection of plays offered to the managers, who refused to accept them.

"He heard of those sent by me to John Kemble, and desired to read them; which he did, and asked my leave to print them at his own expense. He readily obtained this, as the title under which they were printed produced not any mortification in my mind, that was not done away by the pleasure of seeing myself in print. The four plays in these volumes were printed without my name, being then not vain enough to be fearless of abuse; but Mr. Galt had kindly endeavoured to encourage me by praise at the end of each play, more friendly than just, I doubt. After a time, the work was sent out of England, and I could no longer procure what I had written. This has induced me to engage again in printing, which I hope I shall not repent."

Nor is this the only amusing passage of her preface: the following is as good comedy as we can obtain from any writer of these our latter days:—

"This produced the tragedy of 'Hortensia,' which I shall leave to speak for itself, only observing, that the whole story is a fiction, whereas the subject of *Theodora* is founded on fact. Soon after 'Hortensia' was finished, I met on a visit Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Taylor: it was in the country, and we had many hours to fill up. I was desired to read my two tragedies, *pour passer le tems*, which probably was the most my hearers expected from them; but they were deemed worthy of being offered to the theatres. Mr. Taylor said he would get Sheridan or Mr. John Kemble to read them, and I did not object. I sent them to be fairly copied by a country schoolmaster, who, during the work, came to me, and with many apologies said, he wished to ask me a question, hoping I would not be offended. I bid him take courage, and not fear giving offence. He referred to a speech in 'Theodora,' where a lover says to his mistress,

Couldst thou but read my heart.

'I beg pardon, ma'am, but did you not mean to say *my hand*?' I kept my countenance with difficulty, and excused myself as well as I could for differing with him in opinion. He added, in a tone somewhat less courageous, 'In *Hortensia*, ma'am, you have written "a storm of hate"; I think you must have meant "a storm of hail." I hastened to say that the word *hate* must be copied, and got rid of the poor man, who sent home my plays, without alterations or emendations, and well written. Whether they were ever read I cannot tell; this I know, I never beheld them again, although Mr. J. Kemble was often applied to for them. I thought myself obliged to Mr. Taylor: no blame could rest on him, and I had no right to claim exemption from the petty evils of life; in fact, it was not any loss—I had copies of them."

As, however, these dramas have appeared heretofore, we do not think it necessary to extend our extracts beyond the preface. There are many easy and pleasing passages in this lady's plays, and now and then both nature and passion in the language. But we are afraid that the affectations and polished urbanities of life have aided in deadening and extinguishing the true fiery and passionate language of the drama. The world is grown too precise and diplomatic to furnish characters and words for the necessary energies of dramatic composition. Besides, we are grown hard to please: we are too well acquainted with Shakspeare and his brethren to be satisfied with aught inferior; consequently, we go reluctantly to the theatre, growl our approbation, and return home discontented. We have no doubt that we should not be less weary watching the representation of one of Mrs. Mactaggart's plays on the stage, than with looking at the dramatic efforts of sundry other writers, whom it is needless to name; we have, however, no desire to make the trial, and are satisfied with the quiet perusal of them in the closet.

*Fifty-one Original Fables, with Morals and Ethical Index.* Written by Job Crithannah. Embellished with Eighty-five Original Designs by R. Cruickshank. London: Hamilton, Adams & Co.

The love of Fables has revived in this country. Bewick added some very valuable ones to the national stock, and illustrated them in a style at once simple and graphic. Northcote followed; but the member of the Royal Academy failed to equal either with pen or pencil the rude energy and fine tact of the genius of Newcastle. The Fables of the

present author want the simplicity of the apologues of the olden school; but they are well illustrated, and the moral is sometimes helped out by the tail-piece. The author modestly hopes that five of his Fables will reach posterity; it is not easy to say what posterity may like, but, judging from the past, we think he has some chance of redemption from oblivion to the amount he mentions. The author can be sarcastic at times—the following Fable will touch some of our ladies:—

"Mother," said a young fly in great agitation, 'you certainly are in error about the beauty of these persons who are so affronted with us whenever we touch them. I but just now settled on the cheek of a lady of high fashion which appeared to be smooth and natural: but Lord! dear Mother, I thought I should never get back to you again, for I stuck in this filthy red mud; and, with the greatest difficulty I got away: only look at my feet and legs!

"If they thought themselves so handsome as you say they do, I'm sure they would never cover their faces with such stuff as this!"

The work is a beautiful specimen of typography, and illustrated with no less than eighty-five original designs by Robert Cruickshank, many of them of great excellence.

*Major's Cabinet Gallery of Pictures.* No. IV.

THE present number contains the 'St. John in the Wilderness,' by A. Caracci, from the National Gallery—'A Dutch Lady,' by F. Bol—and 'The Market Waggon,' by Gainsborough. Of the merit of the engravings we have spoken heretofore, but we must make an extract or two from the letter-press. Of the Dutch painters, Mr. Cunningham, with admirable discrimination, observes—

The Dutch masters "have offended Fuseli and other teachers of the grand style, not only by embalming in exquisite and lasting colours common and unpoetic pursuits, but by their neglect of the scientific principles of historic art—the bounding line of the human figure, and the harmonious union of all its parts. Those who dislike the masters of the Dutch school must mean that they are averse to any representation of ordinary nature, for they cannot surely desire to see the academic rules of beauty employed on those homelier subjects which their brethren have so frequently embodied. The followers of Rembrandt seem to have imitated him less than they did common life. Though not ignorant of scientific rules of beauty and proportion, they went out with their palettes among the hamlets and cottages of the land, and took nature as they found it. A cottage in which an old woman sat spinning; or trimmed her evening fire; or prepared her frugal meal, was to them at once a subject and an academy; and the limit of their ambition was to transfer it to canvas in perfect reality and truth. That they were right no one can doubt who knows how wide the range of art is; for painting, like poetry, has many classes, all capable of seizing the feeling of mankind. So far then from imitating, like Fuseli, the painters of domestic happiness and household thrift, we ought to be pleased that artists are found who turn to such themes from matters stern and tragic, and produce humble but not unlovely things to please such hearts as care not to be moved alone by poetic grandeur, or dazzled by historic magnificence.

"Those who look carefully at the works of the masters of the Dutch school, will see the peculiar character and manners of the people stamped on every picture. Their portraits are not merely well-dressed images of the listless and the idle, nor their household groups bevy of men and women



sitting in attitude, all looking carefully towards the point of light, like people anxious about their portraits:—they are always employed: every one is doing something that requires to be done, and doing it neatly and gracefully. A Dutch painter would feel as much ashamed to represent the ladies of the land idle, as they would to be caught slumbering over their knitting or their embroidery. Hence, in all the pictures of the States there is no idleness; the women are busied generally in some becoming office, and the men are either at work or the wine cup: they keep moving. They have no men sitting and neither working nor thinking, like some of our island portraits; nor have they such a thing as a pattern-lady—on whose fine shape dress-makers display their costliest silks and rarest fashions."

There is much truth in the following: when speaking of Gainsborough's beautiful Landscape, he observes—

"The upper part of the wood is tenanted by a horde of gypsies; their asses are grazing among the glades: the party-coloured coverings of their wandering camp are visible among the shafts of the trees, and a thin and scarcely distinguished smoke curls slowly away amid the boughs of the forest. This is one of the painter's marks to indicate great natural beauty of scene; he knew that the taste of that roving people was, as far as regarded a feeling for the charms of external nature, essentially poetic. If a lovely spot lies within seven miles of their line of march, there will they fix their tents and make their abode for the night; were landscape painters to follow their footsteps, and paint the scenes in which they establish themselves—they could not fail to produce a series of fine poetic compositions."

*A Discourse, delivered at the Sixteenth Anniversary of the Framlingham District Committee of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, in the Parish Church of Framlingham, Sept. 17, 1832. By Richard Brudenell Exton. Woodbridge: Loder; London: Rivingtons.*

It has been the pleasure of the Rector of Athelington to write his Discourse in verse rather than in prose: we are not sure that the choice is a happy one: prose is much more pliable in all matters—profane or holy—than verse, and has the advantage of being better understood by all to whom it is addressed. The reverend poet has, however, maintained a strict simplicity of manner: he uses the language of Scripture without much change, and avoids all adventurous flights of fancy or fiery vehemence of diction. The conclusion of his Discourse will give our readers a not unfavourable specimen of the whole, and they can then form their own opinion:—

Now is this cloud dispell'd—now the spirit  
That would close the Word of Life Eternal  
'Gainst immortal souls is laid for ever!  
Now shall your Teachers be remov'd no more;  
Whose counsel is—(as workmen needing not  
To be asham'd,)—that ye may understand,  
And see, and know their truth and faith unfeign'd,—  
Search the Scriptures! and whose desire  
And zealous care it is to minister  
Of "all appliances and means to boot;"  
Here a little, there a little—precept  
On precept, line on line—till all around  
Shall come unto the knowledge of the Truth,  
And unto the measure of the stature  
Of Christ's fulness—unto the perfect man!

Here then I rest my plea. If any love,  
If any consolation, any comfort  
Dwell in you of Christ; or with the Spirit  
Any fellowship! or tow'rd's your brethren  
Any mercies; fulfil ye our joy—be  
Ye with us like minded. To us impart  
Your willing hand, that you may strengthen ours.

If to the God of Mercies you pour out  
Your hearts in grateful praises for his Love  
Inestimable, shown in your redemption,  
For means of grace, and for your hope of glory;  
O let the seal of your sincerity  
Appear in deeds of love to them that are  
Without—by zeal, by active charity,  
By unity of purpose in the work  
Of making these partakers of your faith—  
The glory of PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE.

Had this poem been written on any other subject, we might have insisted on more boldness in the handling, and more melody in the language. No doubt, a desire to use the precise words of the inspired book was sorely in the way of the harmony; and a fear of offending against the apostles, impeded the march of imagination.

*The History and Geography of the Mississippi Valley; to which is appended a condensed Physical Geography of the Atlantic United States, and the whole American Continent. By Timothy Flint.*

[Second Notice.]

THE vale of the Thames and the vale of the Mississippi are famous in England and America: they are, however, a little different in limits as well as looks. The former is a small portion of a small island; the latter a vast province of a mighty, and all but boundless country: the stream which gives a name to the British vale runs a course of two hundred and eighteen miles, and may measure in width some six or eight hundred yards;—the river which lends a name to the Transatlantic valley runs a course of three thousand five hundred and thirty-six miles, and measures thirty miles and odd wide where it unites with the ocean. The one is increased by a few small streams, and runs through a cultivated country inhabited by a highly-civilized people;—the other collects and scarcely appears augmented by the waters of a hundred rivers, some of which—the Ohio, for instance, of itself an inland sea, running through a vast tract of country, part cultivated, part wild—reflect on their bosoms the wigwam and the city, the painted savage and the educated American. We pursue our comparison no further, but proceed to give our readers some notion of the vast valley of the Mississippi—a country fit for founding an empire in. Of its extent, the traveller enables us to form some estimate, by stating that those who commence their voyage up the river in spring, will leave the flowers and shrubs flourishing and verdant at New Orleans, and, out-travelling the progress of the season, find the buds on the trees of the Ohio just beginning to swell;—in returning, during the autumn, when the trees of Pittsburgh are bared by the frost, those of Cincinnati will be in the yellow leaf, while at Natchez the orchards will appear in their summer livery. "We have noted this beautifully-graduated and inverted scale of the seasons," says Mr. Flint, "more than once in ascending and descending these rivers."

This vast valley is productive as well as extensive: Nature has not poured so noble a river through a barren land: the soil is generally deep, and capable of the richest culture;—geologically speaking, it is of secondary formation, with here and there round rough lumps of granite tumbled out of place. The remains of the ancient forests are still visible on the upper grounds; on the lower, cities have arisen, and orchards

and gardens are spread far and wide; while the axe and the spade have penetrated to the distant mountains, among which the tributary rivers arise. In addition to what can be reared by the industry of man, nature has given innumerable salt springs; nitre is found almost pure; sulphates of iron and alumine are plentiful; gypsum is common, though little used; a stone of a blood colour, more lucid than marble, is much in request, and plentiful; the ores of copper and of zinc are often found, and mines are now wrought; lead, likewise, has been discovered, and iron is manufactured from the native ores. Neither gold nor silver has been found, though said to exist among the mountains.

Of the original races who inhabited this splendid valley, the author gives us a clear and brief account: they amounted once to sixty tribes, and were a numerous people; but war and intoxication have united in thinning them. Their natural desire of living an unshackled and savage life, seems to be little affected by the examples of civilization around them. Their colour is not exactly that of copper, nor yet is it wholly red; it is darker than pure copper, and comes near the colour of smoke-dried bacon. The following picture is from the pencil of Mr. Flint:—

"The forehead is broad, and almost invariably retiring in a small degree. We scarcely remember to have noticed a projecting forehead. The nose is prominent, and the base of the nostrile has a remarkable expansion; and in the male it is more commonly aquiline than otherwise. The lips are intermediate between the common thinness of the whites and thickness of the negroes. The cheek bones are high, and marked; and the face, in the line below the eyes, uncommonly wide; and on this part of the face is strongly impressed the contour that marks the Indian variety of the human countenance. The eyes are almost invariably black; but of a shade of blackness very distinct from what we call such in the whites. We have the black eye of Italians and Spaniards, which has a colour and expression unlike the black eye of the Indians. There is something in their gait, too, apart from the crookedness of their legs, their dress, or their manner of placing their feet the one before the other, which enables us, at a great distance, to distinguish an advancing Indian from a white.

"The squaw has a distinctly female conformation, and a delicacy of rounding in the limbs, as distinct from the harsher and more muscular and brawny form of the male, still more strongly marked, than in our race. It seems a refutation, directly in point, of the system of those female philosophers, who have asserted that the frailer form of the female was only owing to their want of exposure and the early gymnastic habits of the male. It is notorious that the squaws are the drudges, the animals of burden, among this race, from their infancy. But they have the female delicacy of limb, and contour of joint, and slenderness of hand and foot, notwithstanding, as distinctly marked as if they had been reared in indolence and luxury. The legs have the same curve with those of the male. We have scarcely seen an instance where the female face was not broad and oval. The nose is flattened, scarcely ever aquiline, and for the most part resembles that of the negro. They have a much greater uniformity of face, in this respect, than the male. The effluvia effused from their bodies, both male and female, when in high perspiration, has been often remarked by observers to be less disagreeable, than that of other races, in similar circumstances. Some have

supposed this to arise from their almost universal use of unguents from fragrant herbs; others that they have a less copious and disagreeable perspiration. Be the cause what it may, all people, who have been much among the Indians, agree in the fact."

Our author removes the veil which poetry has long hung over these wild and irclaimable races:—

"As a race, they have countenances that are generally unjoyous, stern, and ruminating. It is with them either gloomy taciturnity or bacchanalian revel. When you hear Indians laughing, you may generally infer that they are intoxicated. An Indian seldom jests; generally speaks low, and under his breath: and loquacity is with him an indication of being a trifling personage, and of deeds inversely less as his words are more. \* \* \* From this general remark we ought, perhaps, to except the squaw, who shows some analogy of nature to the white female. She has quicker sensibilities, is more easily excited; and when out of sight of her husband or her parents, to whom these things are matters of espionage and of after-reprehension, she laughs and converses, and seems conscious of a pleasurable existence.

"The males evidently have not the quick sensibilities, the acute perceptions of most other races. They do not easily or readily sympathize with external nature. None but an overwhelming excitement can arouse them. \* \* \* They are apparently a sullen, melancholy, and musing race, who appear to have whatever they have of emotion or excitement, on ordinary occasions going on in the inner man. Every one has remarked how little surprise they express for whatever is new, strange, or striking. Their continual converse with woods, rocks, and sterile deserts, with the roar of winds and storms, and the solitude and gloom of the wilderness; their apparent exile from social nature; their alternations of satiety and hunger; their continual exposure to danger; their uncertain existence; their constant struggle with nature to maintain it; the little hold which their affections seem to have upon life; the wild, savage, and hostile nature that incessantly surrounds them;—these circumstances seem to have impressed a steady and unalterable gloom upon their countenances. If there be, here and there among them, a young man who feels the freshness and vivacity of youthful existence, and shows anything of the gaiety and volatility of other animals in such circumstances, though otherwise born to distinction, he is denounced as a trifling thing; and the silent and sullen young savage will naturally take the place of him. They seem to be born with an instinctive determination to be, as much as possible, independent of nature and society, and to concentrate, as much as possible, within themselves an existence, which at any moment they seem willing to lay down.

"Their impassable fortitude and endurance of suffering, their contempt of pain and death, invest their character with a kind of moral grandeur. It is to be doubted whether some part of this vaunted stoicism be not the result of a more than ordinary degree of physical insensibility. It has been said, with how much truth we know not, that in amputation, and other surgical operations, their nerves do not shrink, or show the same tendency to spasm, with those of the whites. When the savage, to explain his insensibility to cold, called upon the white man to recollect how little his own face was affected by it, in consequence of constant exposure, the savage added, 'my body is all face.' This increasing insensibility, transmitted from generation to generation, finally becomes inwrought with the whole web of animal nature, and the body of the savage at last approximates the insensibility of the hoofs of horses. Considering

the necessary condition of savage existence, this temperament is the highest boon of Providence. Of course no ordinary stimulus excites them to action. Few of the common motives, excitements, or endearments, operate upon them at all. Most of the things that move us, they either do not feel, or hold in proud disdain. The horrors of their dreadful warfare; the infernal rage of their battles; the demoniac fury of gratified revenge; the alternations of hope and despair in their gambling, to which they are addicted, even beyond the whites; the brutal exhilaration of drunkenness—these are their pleasurable excitements. These are the things that awaken them to a strong and joyous consciousness of existence. When these excitements arouse the imprisoned energies of their long and sullen meditations, it is like Æolus uncaging the whirlwinds. The tomahawk flies with un pitying and unsparing fury; and the writhing of their victims inspires a horrible joy. Let the benevolent make every exertion to ameliorate their character and condition. Let Christianity arouse every effort to convey her pity, mercy, and immortal hopes to their rugged bosoms. But surely it is preposterous to admire the savage character in the abstract. Let us never undervalue the comfort and security of municipal and civilized life, nor the sensibilities, charities, and endearments of our own homes. The happiness of savages, steeled against sympathy and feeling, at war with nature, with the elements, and with each other, can have no existence, except in the visionary dreaming of those who never contemplated their actual condition."

The character of the christian or white population Mr. Flint discusses at some length: and we shall take an early opportunity of adverting to the subject.

*The Splendid Village, Corn Law Rhymes, and other Poems.* By Ebenezer Elliott. London: Steill.

HAVING so lately drawn attention to the genius of the writer, and extracted so largely from this very work, we have now only to announce the publication, and anxiously to hope for its success.

*The American Almanac, for the Year 1833.* Boston: Gray & Bowen; London, Kennett.

THIS work contains much valuable information relating to the government, laws, finance, and commerce of the United States, and to the local improvements going on in different parts of the country. The conductors, too, claim some merit for the labour bestowed on the astronomical department, and the notice of foreign countries; but we are of opinion, that had these departments been considerably abridged, and the space occupied by an account of the literary and scientific institutions, and the means and condition of education in the different states, which is promised for next year, the work would have been of far greater value.

*Essay on the Natural History, Origin, Composition and Medicinal Effects of Mineral and Thermal Springs,* by Meredith Gardner, M.D.

THERE are few modern works on this subject, of any value. Dr. Gardner has here condensed an immense number of most useful facts, with a great deal of talent and industry. A better arrangement would have been desirable, but we are so fully aware of the difficulty of finding one, that we are not disposed to raise an objection upon the subject. The work cannot fail to be useful.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS

PIERPONT'S DIRGE ON THE DEATH OF DR. SPURZHEIM.

*Sung at the Funeral, Nov. 17th, in Boston, by the Handel and Haydn Society.*

STRANGER, there is bending o'er thee  
Many an eye with sorrow wet;  
All our stricken hearts deplore thee;  
Who that knew thee, can forget?  
Who forget what thou hast spoken?  
Who, thine eye—thy noble frame?  
But that golden bowl is broken  
In the greatness of thy fame.

Autumn's leaves shall fall and wither,  
On the spot where thou shalt rest;  
'Tis in love we bear thee hither,  
To thy mourning mother's breast.  
For the stores of science brought us,  
For the charm thy goodness gave,  
For the lessons thou hast taught us,  
Can we give thee but a grave?

Nature's priest, how pure and fervent  
Was thy worship at her shrine!  
Friend of man—of God the servant,  
Advocate of truths divine!  
Taught and charmed as by no other  
We have been, and hoped to be;  
But while waiting round thee, brother,  
For thy light—'tis dark with thee.

Dark with thee!—no, thy Creator,  
All whose creatures and whose laws  
Thou didst love, shall give thee greater  
Light than earth's, as earth withdraws.  
To thy God thy godlike spirit  
Back we give, in filial trust:  
Thy cold clay—we grieve to bear it  
To its chamber—but we must!

## EXTRACTS FROM A LADY'S LOG-BOOK.

(NOT KEPT FOR THE ADMIRALTY.)

[Continued from p. 774.]

— HITHERTO I have spoken of the agreeable side of a sea life; to-day and yesterday, from being unwell, I have done little, but say with Mariana in 'The Moated Grange,' "I am weary, weary." There is both comfort and discomfort in knowing that one shall be weary and unweary, well and unwell, sick and unwell of everything and person on board, full twice a week before the voyage ends. An active mind may counteract much of this; but much will yet remain, the consequence of varying wind and wave. The ear becomes fretted with the ceaseless sound of "many waters;" the eye aches with traversing their monotonous expanse; and the mind is perfectly fevered for want of one retired spot, one moment's perfect stillness. Now is the time to be tormented with longings after English green-lanes—English hay-fields—anything, but the universal *brininess* that makes all one eats, drinks, touches, breathes, thinks, and feels—*salt*. Now is the time to adventure a new reading of Shakspeare, and vow that Hamlet had an eye to a sea voyage, when he exclaimed—"Oh flesh, how art thou fishified!" Now, one gets uncharitable, and reverses the good-day impression of one's fellow passengers. Now, one votes that the band (their instruments, at least) be thrown overboard; that the piano in the next cabin do follow them; that the musical snuff-boxes, together with their owners, be sent either to the hold or to the main-top. Now, are the excellent breakfasts and dinners turned away from with distaste; and now, does the crazed appetite sympathize with the South American woman, when she longed "to pick the little bones of a little Tapoona boy's head." Now, are the steward and cook perplexed with the strange and diverse fancies of the ailing passengers.

Since I have been unwell, Sea-Kitty has been induced to alter the tack of her consolations. The *shirks* and the dolphins being all too briny for my taste, she started off into a vein of very fair prose poetry, touching the fruits of Madeira, reminiscences of English wild flowers, and a certain Christmas day, spent among the caves of Ellora. CHRISTMAS DAY in India! a hot CHRISTMAS DAY!

— My first squall, and my second Sunday at sea. About midnight, I was awakened by what appeared the noise of a forest of wild beasts let loose overhead. The wind—it seemed as if I had never heard wind before,—whilst the sea looked more than enough disposed

To come in spite of sorrow,  
And at my window bid good morrow.

Add to this, rolling, lurching, pitching, heaving, and groaning on the part of the ship, and I fancied I had good right to be alarmed. Presently, suspecting what might happen, in walked Mrs. —, in what she called her storm-dressing gown, with a nonchalance that might have comforted any one. "It's nothing, just nothing at all, Mem."

"Then what is something?"

"Why when all the things that are lashed down, break loose in a moment—when the sea comes over the hammock rails—when—" and she drew such a picture of a real storm and of what she termed "a hurricane," that my squall was certainly constrained to hide its diminished head. Presently the wind lowered; I grew calm, and she went below, "just to look round if any of the people were leaving port-holes open that ought to be shut; passengers don't know any better at first."

Divine service was not held till the next evening, and in the cuddy (large dining cabin)—I could not personally attend, but, by leaving the door ajar, I could hear, and never did the celebration of Divine Service, whether in rustic church, crowded chapel, or gorgeous cathedral, come home so much to my heart and understanding. Doubtless there were personal reasons why the voice of "the white-robed priest" should affect me peculiarly, but there was much to solemnize and affect of a more general nature. Floating over the waters, severed from all communion with our fellow beings on land, we were yet, by the words we uttered, the feelings we experienced, the blessings we prayed for, and many of the evils we asked deliverance from, one with every Christian assembly and church in the world.

— I have been thinking much of various poetical descriptions of the sea, and in most I am struck with what, for want of a better term, I must be allowed to call *fresh-water-ism*. Now that I am really out at sea, I try in vain to realize those fancies which make it the abode of mermaids and men; of rocks strewn with pearls; caves abounding with

Jasper, and agate, and almandine,

fretted roofs, sparry pillars, golden thrones, and ten thousand other items illustrative of a palace, a jeweller's shop, a fancy ball, and a bazaar. The sea, even when calm and shining, strikes me as too grand, too stern, too real, to be connected with anything that is *pretty*. We know almost as little of the depths of ocean as we do of the depths of eternity—of which it is a great and awful emblem. It is singular, because the Jews could have only a limited acquaintance with it, that some of the scriptural expressions concerning the sea, have a truth, force, and majesty alone worthy of the object. An expression in Jeremiah is wonderfully precise;—"Though the waves thereof *loss themselves*"—thus describing that separate and individual motion of each billow, which they have from the greatest to the least. The continuous rolling is the result of all this individual "tossing," and so independent are the movements, that

one might fancy every particular wave to have a particular will. The *heaving* is of the mass beneath, and comes in voluminous rolls as of hills in motion; on the surface of these are the waves, that, far as the eye can reach, take a sharp, angular, spiral form, till the whole resembles an army of spear-heads in motion. The phrase used in the Prophet Jonah, "The sea wrought and was very tempestuous," may seem naked to those not on the element, but to any in the condition of Jonah's shipmaster, there will be a power surpassing hyperbole, in the graphic simplicity of the expression, "the sea wrought." In the forty-sixth, or, as it is often called, in Luther's Psalm, there is a beautiful touch concerning the ocean, which never struck me when on land. After declaring that "we will not be moved though the waters roar and be troubled, though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof"—the writer suddenly takes comfort from a thought couched in the form of a simile, which has a beautiful connexion with the preceding description—"There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of our God." He must have been tossed, stunned, wearied, if not endangered on the deep, before he could have imagined this exquisite transition to the peace, the refreshing, and the stability of an inland river, "wherein shall go no galley with oars, neither shall gallant ship pass thereby."

— With all my salt-water babble, I have said nothing of the *mode* in which a day slips from one—I dare not say the *mode* of employing a day, for, in truth, the instances are few, of persons achieving much on shipboard. If you worked the ship, there would be occupation and interest: as a mere passenger, the business of the vessel goes on before your eyes, like a cabalistic process; and if danger really arose, you would have to lie still, listening to every species of noise, command, and effort, with the comfortable conviction, that if you go to the bottom, you will hardly understand the *how* or the *why*. "But how do you pass your time?" inquires some one. Why, those who have canaries air and feed them; those who have legs, sea legs, I mean, use them by the hour; those who have cigars, smoke them by legions; those who have appointments in the service, compare them; those who have not been in India, ask questions, which those who have been there, answer; those who have books, borrow and lend, oftener than read them; those who have appetites, (and happy are they), eat; those who have the power, (and they are yet happier), sleep; those who have minds, (and they are happiest of all,) think, and are the better for it. Ladies have many advantages in this cooped up life. They have, even here, chests of drawers to arrange, disarrange, and re-arrange; they have muslin to hem, caps to quill, their outfits to discuss, and new tunes to play till they become old. They have been trained to sit still, or to walk in a style that resembles sitting still in motion. Moreover, they are not required to *shave*, and in a rolling sea.

— Off Madeira. Strange that a spot wherein none of us has a single acquaintance, should be looked forward to as a perfect land of Canaan. "When we get to Madeira," has either begun or ended every body's third sentence for the last two days, coupled of course with some appropriate scheme. "Lots of grapes!"—"The Nunery!"—"A long ride on mules!"—"Clothes washed!"—"Wine!"—"Parties!"—&c. &c. Now, when I get to Madeira, I will be put in a garden so thickly planted, that everything shall be shut out, particularly Capt. Basil Hall's "element of which one never tires." I will rejoice in being once more on the solid, solid earth; I will endeavour to get to some place so still, so re-

tired, so perfectly free from *sights*, that I might say with truth—

A Convent, ev'n a hermit's cell  
Would break the silence of this dell.

After that—the sea again, with fresh spirits, renewed energy, and revived health. Meanwhile, —nearly a calm tries the patience and wastes time;—yet is the moonlit sea like a vast plain studded with glow-worms; and the noonday sea like lapis lazuli, flecked with silver.

#### OH, MAID OF THE TWEED.

An Emigrant's Song.

BY THOMAS PRINGLE.

OH, Maid of the Tweed! wilt thou travel with me  
To the wilds of South Africa, far o'er the sea,  
Where the blue mountains tow'r in the beautiful  
clime,  
Hung round with huge forests all hoary with  
time?  
I'll build thee a cabin beside the clear fount,  
Where it leaps into light from the heart of the  
mount,  
Ere yet its young footsteps have found the fair  
meads,  
Where 'mong the tall lilies the antelope feeds.  
Our cottage shall stand by the evergreen wood,  
Where the lory and turtle-dove rear their young  
brood,  
And the golden-plumed parouquet waves his  
bright wings  
On the bough where the green monkey gambols  
and swings:  
With the high rocks behind us, the valley before,  
The hills on each side with our flocks speckled  
o'er,  
And the far-sweeping river oft glancing between,  
With the heifers reclined on its margins of green.  
There, rich in the wealth which a bountiful soil  
Pours forth to repay the blithe husbandman's  
toil;  
Content with the present, at peace with the past;  
No cloud on the future our joys to o'ercast;  
Like our patriarch sires in the good olden day,  
The heart we'll keep young, though the temples  
wax gray;  
While love's olive plants round our table shall  
rise,  
Engrafted with hopes that bear fruit in the skies.

#### PROFESSOR ROSETTI'S NEW THEORY.

To the Editor of the Athenæum.

SIR,—Glancing the other day over 'Rosetti sullo Spirito Antipapale dei Classichi Antichi d'Italia,' I lamented to see the whole of an octavo volume devoted to the establishment of a theory which even the ingenious author does not venture to affirm correct. I met just afterwards with some 'Remarks' on the Disquisizioni. The author is anonymous, but his position is one which seems to me far more tenable than that of General Chassé. Yet it is not so strong as it might have been made. We surely ought not to abandon the palpable meaning of the larger portion of the works of the greater Italian poets, in order, by a theory of improbabilities, to render lucid certain obscure passages. These abound in all old writers, and in many of a later date than Dante or Petrararch; but their existence is no more a proof that the opinions of the professor are valid, than it is of the appearance of a comet. If the evidence of the existence of Laura be correct, or irrefutable in the way it has come to us, all that Rosetti advances falls to the ground. His best plan was to overturn existing opinions or the testimony which we have of this and similar facts, and then to build up his superstructure upon the ruins, instead of erecting a gay and elegant building upon a foundation of sand. It is impossible not to admire the ingenuity of

Rosetti's work, and to pronounce him no common man, while the conviction of the uselessness of his labour stares us in the face. To borrow from Shakspeare, "he might as well go about to turn the sun to ice, by fanning in his face with a peacock's feather," as prove the truth of his system by all he has yet advanced in its support.

The censures of the early writers of Italy directed against the licentiousness of the times and the Pope, are no proof of their holding anti-catholic opinions. If history be consulted, we find the Guelfs and Ghibellines, the adherents of the Pope and the Emperor, with the sword constantly drawn, yet both parties thinking themselves zealous catholics, and the temporal and spiritual powers never confounded. Dante was a Ghibelline, and most of the minds then in advance of their time, saw the usurpation of the temporal crown by the Pope, and its consequences, as we should now, with justifiable indignation. Ecclesiastics were not spared when they became agents of papal ambition. Euzius did not hesitate to seize or drown the bishops who were going to arm the Christian world against Frederic. The Popes fomented rebellions in states the princes of which were opposed to them, and filled Europe with blood and slaughter. Such an ill use of spiritual influence was quite enough to array against them the censures of all wise and good men. If we were to argue that these Italian writers were not sound catholics because they opposed papal usurpation, we may equally call Chaucer a heretic because he beat a friar in Fleet Street. Why might we not engraft upon the professor's plan, an illustration of the British poet? He was at Genoa, perhaps visited Arqua, in 1372, before Petrarch's death, and might easily have been united with this literary, or rather politico-amatory free-masonry, this *grotesque setta d'amore*.

There seem to be two kinds of obscurity in these Italian authors, the one confined to the mode of writing, arising out of the fashion of the Troubadours intermingling allegory and passion. Every knight had "a sovereign lady of his thoughts." The "love of God and the ladies," (says Velly, tom. iv. p. 9.) was one of the first lessons of chivalry. Hence the ladies figure foremost in the writings of these great poets: Beatrice, Mandetta di Tolosa, Laura, and others, are instances of this, so obvious that they need not be dwelt upon. Romantic love was the fashion, each poet having his mistress, in many cases most devotedly loved by him. No one sane will say that the love poetry of that time is a continuation of Egyptian symbols under another form, by a sect of illuminati; and that for love we must read politics. Yet does the professor's theory involve an absurdity as gross as this. With incredible diligence he seizes upon the faintest shadows that appear in favour of his system, and gives them body, skipping over the strong points against him, even those furnished by history and by nature itself. The second kind of obscurity arises from the religious dogmas of the time in which these authors lived; these are, it is granted, difficult to clear up, but they do not interfere with historical fact. Dante is thought by some to have adopted a part of his creed from the 'Sermo de verbis Apostolorum,' and 'Confessions of St. Augustine,' or else from the Platonists; but has the professor proved these suppositions to be erroneous, and his own to be correct?

That the love poetry of the Troubadours and early Italian poets, and indeed that of poets of a later date, was the symbolic language of a faction, old as the pyramids, and in existence so recently as the French revolution,—in fact, that all the great writers were united in the cause of liberty, and communicated it in amatory verse to conceal their object, so that even the

"love courts" were political clubs, are the ideas of the professor. The writings of Dante commence a new era in the mystery, and so on. Beatrice is of course an ideal being in one sense, and the daughter of Portinari, flesh and blood, in another. Dante's beatification of his mistress, his idealities respecting her, and his allegorical mystery at the conclusion of the Divina Commedia, are enlisted as proofs of the professor's theory, and made pregnant with elucidations of the new system by which it is to be presumed the professor imagines the flame of liberty has been kept unextinguished in the world. Our Elizabethan poets must have belonged to this society, Spenser in particular; and how can we except the loveable and loving Sidney?

It will be granted by the most dull of apprehension, who consider the historical circumstances which have been recorded respecting Dante, that the great poet (we are informed by a contemporary, he was, when young, of a most amorous disposition,) fell in love with Beatrice, who was very young, and saw in her, through his enthusiastic fancy, every ideal perfection. She was, in his eyes, the model of human virtues, almost of the divine. When she was dead, and Dante, by the advice of friends, whose advice in amatory matters is always injurious, married a Xantippe, his new situation served yet more to impress his mind with the excellencies of Beatrice—what is to limit the imagination of a great poet! In his retired, meditative, and melancholy moments, she appeared an angel in his sight, and her image was rendered still more effective from her belonging to the "perished past." Can it be wondered at, that he whose inventive powers could paint the Inferno, should embody Beatrice with things which relate to another and a better being in the manner he has done? The cherished memory of Beatrice became the pole-star of his genius. Byron's love for Miss Chaworth was an abstraction something like it in character. She was his earliest love, and the impression made by a first love is not erased in after-life, but deepened with time. Had Miss Chaworth not survived her "teens" she would have been more mingled with Byron's poetry than she is at present. We love past and old things more because they are beyond our reach, and brighten them in our recollection the further they retrograde. Dante's moody temperament and troubled life, connected with his mighty imagination, did the rest. This is an easy and natural mode of accounting for that which Professor Rosetti has, with so much pains, himself involved in a labyrinth of difficulties, by endeavouring to disentangle.

It would be a work of too much labour to compare passage with passage in these poets that militate against those which the Professor so adroitly brings forward in favour of his theory. The writer of the "Remarks" has shown how easily this may be done. I confine myself to the proofs which are obvious from historical information, and from simple nature itself, against a theory so absurdly ingenious.

To Petrarch we see the same reasoning and simple inference may be applied. Laura was unattainable—the wife of another; Petrarch's was also a hopeless love. The author of the "Remarks" has indisputably shown that, to a woman who was earthborn, many of the allusions of Dante could not belong—that they are applied to the Holy Virgin, unless, indeed, we admit a sort of blasphemy. Laura could not have existed as a mortal, if the theory of the Professor be correct; notwithstanding, he admits her existence, for Petrarch left proof enough of that in his own handwriting, as he recorded the day of the month and hour of her decease in the same book in which he afterwards entered the death of his son. His passion for Laura is so described, that affection or love of the most

intense character was never so truly and naturally painted by any poet, making allowance for the sentiments of the romantic age in which he lived. Who, but the professor, would attempt to convince those who have read this ardent poet lover, that all he has written was in *gergo*, a mystery or jargon, in which political sentiments were conveyed! It is impossible; reason revolts at it, and nature is outraged by the supposition. Duplicity, if so, must have been a most prevailing sin in those days, and reached a perfection of evil, scarcely equalled in ours.

Dante says, Guido Guinicelli, who died when he, Dante, was but eleven years of age, was his father in the art of making love verses.† Could the great poet have intended by "love verses" the revelation of the "mysteries" of Rosetti? Again, there is exquisite purity and delicacy of thought in all which Dante and Petrarch have written of their mistresses, when the age and manners then prevalent are considered. This was not the case with Boccaccio and others, whose mystical language was part of the same system, as Professor Rosetti would make us believe, and their mysteries are anyway but delicately couched. How are the lines of Guido Cavalcanti, beginning—

*In un boccetto trovai pastorella,  
Più che la stella bella al mio parere. &c.*

to be esteemed Platonic, when they are almost too broad for an Italian, as they are decidedly too gross for an English ear. Mandetta di Tolosa was another impersonation of the kind which the Professor imagines Laura and Beatrice to have been. Her praises are not very delicately sung. She is a being of clay—this is clear enough. Writing of Guido Cavalcanti, Foscolo observes, that his commentators—no less than seven in number—some in Latin and some in Italian, paraded their metaphysics upon his poem on the Nature of Love, and the more they wrote, the more unintelligible the text became!

Things in harmony with nature and probability, having the support of history, cannot be shaken; though surrounded with obscure allusions, they stand out in relief; while the obscurities may be taken in any sense by ingenious commentators. In the great writers alluded to, the obscurities are not primary, they form but a secondary part of their works.

Professor Rosetti's theory includes the earliest times, as well as our own, in his mysterious, political, love-disguised system. Long after Dante or Petrarch, Michel Angelo must be supposed to write in *gergo*, in the sonnet (which I once rendered for my friend Foscolo), beginning,

*Occhi miei siete corti—*

as well as the verses commencing

*Ma non potea se non amare bellum.*

Foscolo would certainly smile, were he alive, at Rosetti's theory, though he would extol his learning and labour; for, learned and laborious he is, and an honour to Italian literature, but too much imbued with speculative ideas. He adopts an opinion, makes it a *point d'appui* in a moment, strengthens it with materials of every kind, and forms the whole into a brilliant exhibition of his skill: no matter if his theory be absurd, his support of it is characterized by the same diligence and learning. He never troubles himself with the thought, that it is all (to borrow from Grotius,) but "laborious trifling;" and he leaves off after his toil, with the honest confession that his work is not proof against attack, or, as the lawyers say, "his case is not clear."

I should not have presumed to make these observations on one so much my superior in learning, did they not arise out of objections plain to any one who is acquainted with the general bearing of the subject. From the Professor

† See the Purgatorio, Canto XXII, and the last eleven stanzas: How do they agree with the Professor's theory? Is Guinicelli there a poet or a politician?

sor's knowledge of his native literature, it may well be supposed few are so capable of discussing those points which turn upon the meaning of his own language, or upon the use of those stores of literary labour which Italy possesses. The general question is different. Petrarch and Laura—Dante and Beatrice, are cherished images of love, even in this northern land. We cannot afford to lose our associations respecting them for any price save that of truth, and the more when they are historically correct, agreeing so exactly with inferences drawn from the impulses of our nature, the same in all ages. Finally, I trust Professor Rosetti will pardon the freedom of my remarks, when I acknowledge with how much esteem and respect I regard him, as a man and a scholar.

I am, Sir,  
Your most obedient servant,  
C. REDDING.

Dec. 13, 1832.

#### JEAN BAPTISTE SAY.

THIS eminent writer, whose death took place at Paris on the 14th of last month, was born in Lyons in the year 1767, and descended from a family of no mean celebrity in the commercial world. They were of the same extraction as the Saye and Sele family; the common ancestor of both being *William de Say*, who passed over from Normandy under the banners of William the Conqueror.—Say was destined by his family to be a merchant, and the knowledge thus acquired proved of no little avail to him in after life, when he devoted himself to the study of Political Economy. Being introduced to the celebrated Mirabeau, the latter quickly discovered the abilities of his young friend, and employed him in editing the '*Courrier de Provence*,' and continuing his '*Lettres à ses Commettans*.' After this, he was appointed Secretary to Clavière, the French minister of Finance. We next find him connected with Champfort and Guingéné in the '*Décade Philosophique, Littéraire, et Politique*,' which made its first appearance in 1794, and was the parent of the present '*Revue Encyclopédique*.' Champfort was unfortunate enough to fall under the ban of the Committee of Public Safety, and weak enough to destroy himself in prison; Guingéné, too, one of the most elegant of French scholars, was, likewise, confined with his fellow-labourers, Roucher and Andrew Chénier. Say, though thus left single-handed, was too firm to abandon the good work which he had undertaken; and he, therefore, enlisted Andrieux, Amaury, Duval, and others, in his cause. Upon the departure of Bonaparte for Egypt, Say was deputed to select the publications intended for the use of the *savans* who accompanied that memorable expedition; and, when the hero of the Pyramids found his way back, and invested himself with the dignity of First Consul, he conferred the appointment of Tribune on Say, whose qualifications, as it subsequently appeared, were not peculiarly adapted for such an office. He had a strong aversion for the selfish and arbitrary principles which the government of that day began to unfold, and it has been said, that he could ill brook the growing despotism of its chiefs; in this state of his feelings, Say avoided taking much part in public business, but, happily for science, commenced that study, which forms the basis of his admirable '*Traité d'Economie Publique*,' a work which not only improved under his hand with every successive edition, but has been translated into most of the European languages. He was now called upon to vote in favour of Napoleon's assumption of the imperial crown; this he resolutely declined, and was in consequence deprived of the Tribuneship, for which some compensation was made to him by the tender of Receiver-Generals in the department of

the Allier. He could not, however, be prevailed on to enter upon this new office, and nobly excused himself from "combining with the rest to plunder his native land." Thus closing the scene of his official career, he once more embarked in mercantile life, as a manufacturer, but not to the neglect of his favourite pursuit, which he enriched from time to time with a variety of minor publications, all equally tending to throw light and accumulate important facts on the great and difficult science of Political Economy. He was Professor of the School of Mechanics at Paris, where he delivered probably the most useful and perspicuous lectures on the economy of labour and manufactures, which have ever been given; and with these he closed his estimable length of days.

(From a Correspondent.)

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

VARIOUS new works are talked of. A Life of Cowper is promised, with a full delineation of the man and his works: it will require no little talent as well as considerable delicacy to do this well. He is one of the most natural and unaffected of our latter poets: his 'Task' is as sure of going down to posterity, as any single poem since the days of Thomson's Seasons; and his noble translation of Homer is but beginning to be felt by his country. We have not observed lately a repetition of the announcement of Goldsmith's Life by Prior: these times, it is true, are not very genial for such works; but we should regret to hear that the Life is withheld for want of due encouragement.

The *Altrive Tales*, by the Ettrick Shepherd, of which one volume only was published, will, we hear, be continued. There is so much fine fancy and original nature in all Hogg's works, that we have no doubt a few more volumes, as good or better than the first, will be made welcome: we would, however, advise him to go over all his prose compositions with a strict eye and unsparing hand: he will find something to lop, for the tree of his genius is luxuriant, and runs, as the gardeners word it, to wood.

Turner and Callcott have, we hear, united to render the embellished edition of the Bible, promised by Mr. Murray, as worthy of public approbation as possible. The proprietor is in possession of many original drawings of Babylon, Tyre, Jerusalem, and other cities and scenes mentioned in the Scriptures—accuracy may, therefore, be depended on.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

##### ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

Dec. 19.—W. R. Hamilton, Esq. in the chair.—The following documents, relating to the affairs of Col. George Gunter, one of the royalist sufferers in the period of the civil wars, copied from the originals in the State Paper Office, and presented to the Society by Mr. Lemon, were read by the Secretary†—viz. 1. Inventory of the Colonel's real property and debts, and amount of fine levied, dated August, 1646. 2. Petition from the Colonel to the Commissioners for compounding with delinquents, dated April, 1646, praying to be admitted to his composition. 3. Letter from General Sir Thomas Fairfax to the said Commissioners, in favour of Colonel George Gunter.

† It will be recollected by our readers, that Colonel Gunter was the author of the Narrative of King Charles the Second's escape, after the battle of Worcester, read before the Society at two former meetings, and that he was a prominent actor in that affair.

The Chairman communicated a copy of a Greek inscription, on a monumental stone, lately found at the Savoy, and now in the possession of Henry Holland, Esq. of Montagu Square, accompanied by a letter from that gentleman, which was read to the meeting. The inscription purports that the monument was that of Hermophilus Strato, "which he built in his lifetime for himself and his commater (*συντεκνος*: the term denotes a baptismal relationship.—See Ducange, in voc.) "Arctoria Onesime, and for her husband Zosimus, the son of Menestratus, and her son Zosimus, the son of Zosimus." This inscription is believed to be one of the vast collection made by the Earl of Arundel, in the early part of the 17th century, and placed in the garden of Arundel House, which extended along the river where Norfolk and Arundel Streets now are.

The chairman likewise read the very interesting introductory essay to a work on Roman Topography, now preparing for the press, by Sir W. Gell; and of which some passages were read before the Society in the last session. This valuable paper tends to show the groundlessness of the system of incredulity, in regard to the early history of Rome, advanced by Beaufort, and supported by the learned Niebuhr.

Among the recent donations to the library of the Society, announced upon this occasion, was a copy of the publications of the Record Commission, consisting of 78 folio volumes, presented by Mr. Petit. Sir W. Ouseley, being about to reside for some time on the Continent, has deposited about 700 valuable volumes of his books in the Society's library, for the use of the members, in the meantime.

#### LINNEAN SOCIETY.

Dec. 18.—A. B. Lambert, Esq. in the chair. Several valuable donations of books were placed on the table. The Secretary read a paper by Mr. David Don, Librarian to the Society, on the *Tropæolum Pentafolium* of Lamarck. The object of the communication was to describe some peculiarities of structure, and the mode of fruiting in this species of Indian cress, which produces a small dark-coloured berry, a circumstance apparently unknown to those botanists, who had previously described and figured this plant. The concluding portion of Professor Essenberg's paper was also read, after which the meetings were adjourned over the Christmas recess to Tuesday, January 15, 1833.

#### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MONDAY. { Royal Geographical Society .. Nine, P.M.  
              { Medical Society ..... Eight, P.M.

#### FINE ARTS

*Portraits of the Principal Female Characters in the Waterley Novels.* No. III. Chapman & Hall.

THIS number contains 'Lucy Bertram,' by Briggs, 'Jeanie Deans,' by Leslie, 'Miss Wardour,' by Wright, and the 'Lily of St. Leonard's,' by Chisholm. Of the four, 'Jeanie Deans' is by far the best: she is pictured with clasped hands and ardent, imploring looks, such as she appeared when she conquered the spirit and heart of the queen: 'Lucy Bertram' is also good, and has a Scottish air, but the head seems too large for the body: 'Miss Wardour' is lovely and life-like, but bears no resemblance to the lady in Scott, who was proud and reserved, and had nothing of the sort of forward air of this portrait: the 'Lily of St. Leonard's' is natural, and has a graceful rustic air: she lacks something of the beauty which rendered the original so captivating. On the whole, the number is a pleasing one.



*The Popular Portrait Gallery of Illustrious and Eminent Persons.* No. I. Strange.

THERE are six heads in this number—viz. Young Napoleon, Sir Walter Scott, Earl Grey, Lord Byron, Napoleon, and Lord Brougham: these are accompanied by an equal number of biographies. Of the heads, it is enough to say, that they are on wood, and convey a kind of rude idea of the looks of the originals: Scott and Byron are the least successful, and Lord Brougham the most. The memoirs are limited, and seem correct. The great marvel is, that all this is to be had for a shilling.

*Memorials of Oxford.* No. II. Oxford: Parker and Slater; London, Tilt.

THOSE who were pleased with the first number, will be sure to like this: the beauties of Christ Church are exhibited by the pencil, and explained by the pen, in a way much to our taste.

*Illuminated Monuments, selected from Missals and Manuscripts of the Middle Ages.* By Henry Shaw. Part IX. London: Pickering.

THIS is one of the works which we like to look at: it was a happy idea to collect in a cheap and accessible way the long concealed treasures of our public and private libraries. The illuminated margins and title-pages of our manuscripts are the earliest and best specimens of art which have survived time and accident; and the author who gives us a look at them in our own rooms merits encouragement.

*Chatsworth House.* Drawn by W. Daniell, R.A. Engraved by Armytage.

THIS very pretty landscape—for such we consider it—is for the forthcoming number of the *Court Magazine*. The view is from the Bakewell side of the Dove, and exhibits the new statue gallery, designed by Sir Jeffrey Wyatville, in addition to the noble mansion. The view is faithful and beautiful.

*Mrs. Honey as Psyche.* London: Dickinson.

THIS is a portrait, partly real and partly poetic: all that is woman has a touch of the opera, and all that is fanciful has a spice of extravagance: a moth on her head sets up its wings like the broad horns of a stag, and the lappets on her shoulders seem about to fly. It is beautifully drawn by Novello, and as beautifully executed on stone by Lane.

### MUSIC

*My Beautiful—My Bride!* The Words by F. W. N. Bayley; composed by A. Lee.

A pretty little simple ballad, likely, we think, to be popular. The lithographic portrait of 'The Beautiful, the Bride,' is better than one-half the designs in 'The Book of Beauty.'

*Bow down thine Ear.* Solo Anthem. Composed by Thomas Attwood.

IF Mr. Attwood were not well known as a classical and elegant composer, abundant proof of his talent would be found in this anthem. It is very beautiful.

*Let thy merciful Ears, O Lord, be open.* Collect for the tenth Sunday after Trinity. Composed for four Voices, by William Horsley, Mus. Bac. Oxon.

THIS is another of the many proofs Mr. Horsley has given us of his talent.

*God save the King.* Newly arranged by Vincent Novello.

THERE is nothing very novel in the harmonies of this arrangement, but the parts are well distributed.

*O'er Hill and Dale.* Air 'A la Tyrolienne.' Composed expressly for Miss Clara Novello.

THIS, like most other airs à la Tyrolienne, is a little common-place. It is beyond the limits of ordinary voices, and, we suppose, was written to display the extraordinary compass and execution of Miss Clara Novello.

*Lilian May.* Ballad. The Poetry and Melody by W. Ball, the Symphonies and Accompaniments by I. Moscheles.

A very pretty ballad—the accompaniments are written as they should be, not as they generally are.

*From this dear Eden of Delight.* A Ballad. By John Noblett.

IT would be much improved by the omission of sundry consecutive octaves and fifths, which are to be found at pages 2, 3, 4, and 5.

*The Echo of the Bands.* Being the second of the 'Water Witch' series. By G. Weippert.

MUCH inferior to the preceding series—and three shillings for six such pages is a most exorbitant price.

*The Irish National Quadrilles for the Piano-forte.* By William Forde.

CONTAINS many favourite Irish airs, which, from their light lively character, are suited for quadrilles; and, the whole being well arranged, we can recommend the work.

*Just like Love.* Newly arranged for three Voices by Vincent Novello.

THERE is but little originality, but the parts are well distinguished, and flow smoothly.

*Thou art another's.* Composed by T. Nathan. THE melody wants connexion.

### THEATRICALS

#### DRURY LANE.

'Win her and wear her,' a comic opera, which, being interpreted, means an alteration from Mrs. Centlivre's comedy, called, 'A Bold Stroke for a Wife,' was presented here on Tuesday last. As this comedy has, for many years past, been acted occasionally, we imagine it forms a portion of what the generality of critics are in the habit of holding up as scarecrows to modern writers, under the name, style, and title of "The Standard Dramas of England." And little better than scarecrows, indeed, they most of them are. "Authors," say these critics, "cannot write such plays now-a-days." We know not whether they can or can't, but we are happy to say they don't. The character of *Feignwell*, which is meant to be the great feature of the piece, is nothing unless admirably acted, and even then it is like a portion of one of Mr. Mathews's entertainments without the fun. Mr. Braham's personation of it, or rather of *them*, for it is a part of assumption and disguise, is a failure—not for *him*, but to the audience. It may be curious, that he can do as well as he does, but it is a great bore to those who are obliged to sit and see him, that he can't do better. The dialogue dragged terribly, and the whole thing was extremely soporific. Entire scenes in the early part went through almost unbroken by a laugh. The introduction of music in a piece which in no way lends itself to it, could have no other effect than that of increasing its original dullness. Mr. Beazley, theatrically known as a clever and tasteful architect, and the author of several highly entertaining comic pieces, has, in this instance, had the unpleasant task put upon him of taking songs and concerted pieces by the shoulders, and thrusting them on to the stage in

the middle of conversations. This sort of operation is not his forte, and we cannot with truth say, that his verses are polished enough to apologize for the intrusion. Mr. Barnett has evinced his usual taste and talent, and wasted here and there some pretty melody, which might have been better spared to a better piece. Here there is nothing in the situations to excite him; and, as far therefore as the music in question is concerned, his fame remains about where it was. It must be owned, that he had not a fair chance, for the general execution of the music was slovenly, and bore the marks of the usual carelessness and haste, in which things are brought out at English Theatres. This will always be the case, until somebody is placed in the stage management of some theatre who has taste and feeling—who can look beyond the box-sheet for the night—and who, in short, does not proceed upon that long established penny-wise and pound-foolish system, which has, time out of mind, been the misery of authors, the destruction of composers, and the ruin of proprietors. Owing to the exertions of Mr. Farren, Mrs. C. Jones, and Mr. Dowton, this play was acted much better than it deserved to be. The ignorance and inconsistency displayed in the costume were more conspicuous, if possible, than usual.

### MISCELLANEA

*Panorama of Stirling.*—To all who delight in splendid landscape, in rich, varied, and picturesque scenery, in fields of old renown, where every stone is hallowed by recollections, this Panorama will be attractive. The situation of Stirling Castle, whence this view is taken, is perhaps unequalled in Scotland—standing on the bold summit of a basaltic rock, it commands a magnificent panoramic view over a luxuriant country, with the Forth winding like a serpent through it, and bounded by the Ochill, the Pentland, and the Campsie Hills, while westward the plains of Menteith stretch to the very base of the Grampians, of Ben Lomond, Ben Venue, and Ben Ledi.—This is a natural scene that few equal, and it includes Bannockburn, and Dunblain, and a dozen battle-fields, with the ruins of Cambuskenneth, and Doune Castle, and other objects of interest, not the least of which is the Meeting of the Highland Society, which Mr. Burford has most judiciously introduced and represented as taking place on the esplanade of the Castle, though, in reality, it is held in a field not visible from the spot. The Panorama is well painted, and we should have noticed it last week, but that on the day appointed for the private view we had one of those fleecy-hosiery atmospheres, which make it impossible to see anything.

*New Periodicals.*—We have latterly ceased to announce these ephemerals. There was no keeping pace either with their entrances or exits. A newspaper, however, has more vitality in it, and we have now on our table the first number of the 'Reflector,' a new journal "devoted to the People." It is undertaken, according to the Prospectus, to supply those new wants which have arisen with the acquirement of new ideas; and it is devoted to the right direction of the people's judgment. It is never fair to judge of a work by a first number—but we may of the tone and temper with which it will be carried on, and we could not but admire the sort of equitable justice of the Reflector. It is radical in its politics, but neither virulent nor personal.

*Antwerp.*—Several maps and plans of this city and its vicinity have been lately published. One of the most interesting is that by Mr. Shrewsbury, in which the position of the French army is laid down from actual observation.

**Batavia.**—The last published volume (forming the twelfth) of the 'Verhandlungen vanhet Bataviaasch Genootschap'—Transactions of the Batavian Society, contains the following papers:—Synopsis Plantarum Æconomicarum Universi Regni Japonici, auct. Dr. de Siebold; a short 'History of the Japanese Wars with the Native Princes, between the years 1741 and 1757'; Dr. Fritze's 'Narrative of the Diseases prevalent in the Dutch Army, during the expedition to the Island of Celebes, in 1827';—and Domis' 'Journal of a Tour from Welerie to the Praauw Mountains, by the resident at Samarang.'

**The Rhine and Weser.**—Considerable progress has been made in forming a company in Westphalia for the important purpose of connecting these two streams, by means of a railway from the shore opposite Cologne to Minden. The distance between the two places is about one hundred and sixty miles, which may be performed by steam conveyance in one day; whereas the present means of transport consume between six and seven. We understand, that the city of Bremen, which is essentially interested in bringing the plan to bear, has offered to contribute 150,000*l.* out of the 375,000*l.* which its completion will require.

**Prodigious!**—At an electioneering dinner lately, in the west of England, one of the guests, to show the *depth and extent* of his passion for liberty, exclaimed:—"May the tree of liberty be planted in the *centre* of the earth, and its branches spread from *pole to pole*!"

**Two Heads better than One.**—Mr. Parker left at our office a small living tortoise with two distinct heads and necks, each head having two eyes, and possessing and exercising all the natural functions. The little double-head appears to delight in water, but there is not always a perfect agreement between the two heads, as to which should be the head.—*U.S. Gazette.*

**Prayer.**—The venerable Dr. L., a short time previous to his death, was invited to pray at the annual commencement celebration at Cambridge. In the course of his prayer he besought the Supreme to "shower his blessings on Howard College, Andover Institution, the State Prison, and all other seminaries of useful instruction."—*Boston Transcript.*

**American Militia Muster.**—[We copy the following from the United States *Norfolk Herald*, but are of opinion, it is a scene out of a farce we have often heard mentioned, but of which we have not been able to procure a copy. The Americans have no objection to caricature themselves, and Mrs. Trollope could not have done it more effectively.]—"Tention the hull! shoulder! as you were!"—"I say, Capt. Mike's priming his fire-lock with brandy."—"Why, deacon Michael Bigelow, aint you ashamed to do sitch a thing arter the temperance paper? I'll report you to the court martial.—You, without bagnets on your corn-stalks, stand back in the rear rank—trail arms."—"Capt. Mike, why the dickens don't you put the ranks farther apart? That are chap's bagnet has stuck into Jem's trowsers, and I rather guess he won't sit down as slick as he used to do."—"I say, Mister don't blow your backer smoke in my face."—"Why, darn it, how could I help it? This here fellor shoulderin' his fire-lock, stuck his bagnet strate thro' the rim of my beaver, and I rather guess as how any on ye would jerk your head a little on one side, smoke or no smoke. Mister, hand me down my hat."—"Can't do it; wait till the Capt. tells us to order arms; won't bring down my fire-lock without orders if your head was on the top of it."—"That's right, Joe, rale soger, I tell ye—only arter this shoulder your fire-lock perpendicular."—"John, you've got a fire-lock—what made ye bring your number!"—"Why, Capt. Mike, the wind was due east, and I heard the turkeys screeching, so I knew

we'd have a shower."—"Tom, what are you bawlin about?"—"Why, Capt. Mike, Jim Lummis smashed my toe with the butt of his gun, and I rather guess it's a thirty-six pounder, for it's tarnashun heavy."—"Jim Lummis, just have the puriteness to take your gun off Tom's toe; and look out how you smash arter this."—"Capt. Mike, I say, here's an engagement on the right flank."—"You don't say so, Leftenant—what is it?"—"Why Parks Lummis and George King fighting like blazes."—"We'll make a ring after parade, and see fair play, only tell them to wait till we're done sogerin."—"Capt. Mike, I say, its arter sun-down, and I rather guess I needn't stay any longer according to law."—"Well, I'm agreed. Now get into a strate line as quick as greased lightning. Right face, dismisse."

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

| Days of W.&Mon. | Thermom. Max. Min. | Barometer. Noon. | Winds.     | Weather.    |
|-----------------|--------------------|------------------|------------|-------------|
| Th. 13          | 49 35              | 30.05            | S.         | Cloudy.     |
| Fr. 14          | 48 37              | 29.70            | S.W.       | Ditto.      |
| Sat. 15         | 53 29              | 29.23            | SWtoNW.    | Rain.       |
| Sun. 16         | 52 40              | 29.65            | S.W.       | Ditto. P.M. |
| Mon. 17         | 58 40              | 29.25            | S.W. to W. | Shrs. P.M.  |
| Tues. 18        | 40 32              | 29.15            | N.W.       | Rain. A.M.  |
| Wed. 19         | 43 30              | 29.25            | S.W. to W. | Clear.      |

**Clouds.**—Cirrostratus, Cumulostratus, Nimbus. Nights and mornings for the greater part fair. Stormy wind early on Monday.

Mean temperature of the week, 41.5°; greatest variation, 13°.

Day decreased on Wednesday, 8h. 50m.

## NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

The Works of John Skelton, Poet Laureat to King Henry VIII., now first collected, and containing various long Poems never before printed, with ample notes and illustrations by the Rev. Alexander Dyce.

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Lady Harriet Hoste will shortly publish a Life of her husband, Sir William Hoste, who began his career under Lord Nelson.

Miss Jane Austen's Works are about to be introduced into "The Standard Novels." "Sense and Sensibility" is to form the next volume, to be published 1st of January; "Emma," "Northanger Abbey," "Mansfield Park," &c. will shortly follow.

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**GEOLOGY.—KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.**—Professor LYEELL will, on FRIDAY, the 19th of APRIL, begin a Course of Sixteen LECTURES on the SCIENCE of GEOLOGY.—Further particulars of the Course may be obtained at the Secretary's Office.

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# THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 270.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1832.

PRICE  
FOURPENCE.

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## REVIEWS

*Memorials of the Professional Life and Times of Sir William Penn, Knt., Admiral and General of the Fleet, during the Interregnum; Admiral, and Commissioner of the Admiralty and Navy, after the Restoration. (From 1644 to 1670.)* By Granville Penn, Esq. 2 vols. London: Duncan.

THE penury of English biography was lamented by Johnson, even while he was in the act of enriching it with his unequalled *Lives of the Poets*: some noble works of that nature have been added since his day; still we are sensible that Biography is the most barren of all the branches of our great tree of literature. There is not one class of eminent men, of whom the history is either complete or satisfactory: this is a national disgrace; and, if a nation is ever ashamed, Britain ought to be so; when she thinks of her eminent sons—particularly those who have fought for her empire and existence on the great deep. With the single exception of Southey's *Life of Nelson*, we have no memoir of any great admiral worthy of the name. The correspondence of Collingwood supplied many valuable materials for the biographer; and we are quite certain that the '*Memorials of the Professional Life of Admiral Penn*,' will be equally useful; nay, more so, for they throw a strong light over a period which has hitherto lain partly in darkness: they acquaint us with the condition and equipment of our fleet—of our mode of fighting—of our movements on the waters, and with the instructions which our commanders at sea received from their rulers on shore, regarding capturing fleets and conquering islands. The author seems to have entertained no desire to enter the lists as a regular biographer: all he wished, was to arrange the letters and memoranda of his eminent ancestor, connect them with slight descriptions, personal and historical, and so form a work which should have all the interest of regular biography, and the certainty of a historical document, without the labour of brooding over the varied materials, and extracting from them a narrative clear and compact.

Of the hero of the work we must give a slight sketch. Sir William Penn was born at Bristol in April 1621; and educated for the sea by his father, a captain of some note in the mercantile service. At that period the royal and mercantile navies were united on every pressing emergency: the royal ships were not numerous: the king took into his service all such merchant ships as were well armed and appointed; and it was no uncommon thing for a dozen or two of thirty-gun vessels to unite themselves with the national navy, and proceed to war instead of traffic. From this branch of the service

came many of our expert seamen; and it was in such a school that Penn obtained that education, at once scientific and practical, which rendered him one of the most accomplished mariners of the age. In his twenty-third year he obtained the command of a ship of twenty-eight guns, and sailed into the Irish seas, under the flag of Captain Swanley, where he distinguished himself by great courage, presence of mind, and a nautical skill, surpassing that of his companions. The Parliament first, and then Cromwell, its master, promoted one every way so worthy; nor was it unknown to the wily Protector, that Penn was attached to the cause of the Stuarts: he made him an admiral by sea and a general by land, endowed him with some of the sequestered property of the Irish royalists, and sent him out under Blake to decide whether the English or the Dutch were to be masters of the sea. Having quelled, for a time, the spirit of the sister republic, Penn was associated with Venables in that expedition in which they captured Jamaica instead of Hispaniola, and were committed to the Tower for mismanagement or disobedience. That Penn was not to blame is better known than that he was indebted for his imprisonment to his attachment to the royal cause: he was not liberated for some time, nor employed till the Restoration, when he sailed against his old opponents, the Dutch, under the command of his old associate Monk—a man scarcely inferior, in maritime skill and courage, to Blake himself. When the war, which was more glorious than just, terminated, Penn reposed upon his fame and his fortune, and died at an advanced age, leaving sons; one of whom was the celebrated Quaker who gave his name to the splendid settlement of Pennsylvania, now a part of the republic of North America.

As this work is a succession of nautical documents and memoranda, made by Admiral Penn during his various voyages, we shall select a few of the most interesting of these, interspersing them with snatches of the narrative, and such remarks of our own as the matter may require. The following are the directions given by Sir William Monson, who died in 1643, for fighting a naval battle. Having advised his captains to get the weather-gage of the enemy, he says—

"The wind being thus gotten, a general need give no other directions than to every admiral of a squadron to draw together their squadrons, and every one to undertake his opposite squadron, or where he shall do it for his greatest advantage; but to be sure to take a good distance of one another, and to relieve that squadron that shall be overcharged or distressed.

"Let them give warning to their ships not to venture so far as to bring themselves to leeward of the enemy; for so shall they either dishonour themselves, to see such a ship taken in their view, or in seeking to relieve her they shall bring themselves to leeward, and lose the ad-

vantage they had formerly gotten; for it will be in the power of the enemy to board them, and they not to avoid it; which was the only thing coveted by the Spaniards in our time of war, by reason of the advantage of their ships, as I have before expressed.

"The strict ordering of battles by ships, was before the invention of the *bowling*; for then there was no sailing but before the wind, nor no fighting but by boarding; whereas, now a ship will sail within six points of thirty-two, and by the advantage of wind may rout any fleet that is placed in that form of battle."

The instructions of the Commonwealth in 1647, previous to the war with Holland, are as follows:—

"If any fleet shall be discovered at sea, which may probably be conjectured to have a purpose to encounter, oppose, or affront the fleet in the parliament's service, you may in that case expect more particular instructions. But, for the present, you are to take notice, that in case of joining battle, you are to leave it to the vice-admiral to assail the enemy's admiral, and to match yourself as equally as you can; to succour the rest of the fleet as cause shall require; not wasting your powder, nor shooting afar off, nor till you come side by side."

It appears, however, from Pepys, that, in a conversation with Penn, the latter censured the promiscuous manner in which the naval battles of the Commonwealth were fought: "The Dutch," said he, "fighting otherwise, and we whenever we beat them." Indeed, it would appear, that Penn was the first to bring science to the aid of our naval courage; his orders were to "gain the admiral's wake and form a line with him," and he imputes the promiscuous mode of fighting, which prevailed during the first Dutch war, to the circumstance of being commanded by land officers full of courage, but unacquainted with those scientific manœuvres which have since made us the conquerors in all great naval combats. On this interesting subject, we may as well quote the words of our author, the Admiral's great-grandson:—

"It is thus manifest, that from the commencement of hostilities with Holland, in 1652, the English seaman's principle of naval tactics was to engage in line; and, indeed, the example of the Dutch, under their experienced lieutenant-admiral, Van Tromp, would alone have compelled them, in their inexperience, to do the same. The promiscuous fighting in the first Dutch war, therefore, is not to be ascribed to the navy of that day, but to the land-commanders, or shore-admirals, set over the fleet; who pertinaciously adhered to the old English practice of engaging ship and ship, until experience taught them the necessity of sometimes listening to those who had learned better than themselves what a fleet is, and how it might be best managed for the destruction of an enemy. Until this new occasion, the English had fought their naval battles promiscuously, as in their attack on the Spanish Armada in 1588. But, when the English fleet riding in the Downs witnessed Van Tromp with his fleet, at the back of

the Goodwins, bear down in six divisions on the Spanish Armada of 1639, and defeat and disperse that vast armament before their eyes, a new view of naval tactics was opened at once to the apprehension of the seamen, imparting to them new notions which could not fail to be well retained, and turned to good account by some. They beheld, for the first time, instead of the mere multiplied action of single ships, to which their experience had hitherto been confined, the combined action of a fleet, and the multiplied power of the combination. And when, at length, a time arrived that they were to enter the watery lists with that same skillful and exercised admiral, those who were seamen had acquired a conviction that they must relinquish the former inadequate practice, and employ their fleets in a manner corresponding to that of their great antagonist and instructor. But though the seamen had acquired that conviction, the army-admirals had not received it; and being suddenly sent to the fleet for the purpose of fighting, they thought of fighting only, and treated with impatience the *ab hoste doceri*—the suggestion of departing from the practice of naval warfare of their brave forefathers, and of learning from an enemy the method by which they must beat him. Nevertheless, it is certain, that as our army are fain to acknowledge that they are indebted to foreign countries for the improvement of the art of war on land; so must our navy submit to acknowledge that they owe to the Dutch, in the person of Van Tromp, the improvement of the art of war on sea, in an engagement of fleets; and must be contented with producing Trafalgar and Waterloo as the several tests of the scholarship of the two services. That navy was now called to the arduous task of both learning from their great exemplar, and vanquishing him, at one and the same time; and that, under land-commanders, who had never contemplated the points which had so deeply engaged their consideration. It is highly probable, that Penn's early alliance by marriage with a Dutch lady of Rotterdam, previous to his station in the Irish fleet, and whilst Van Tromp was at the height of his renown, had drawn his mind to reflect particularly on the proceedings of that great admiral."

The few words which the author has bestowed on the characters of Blake and Monk, are much to the purpose; it was the practice in those days to give the command of the fleet to land-bred rather than sea-bred officers; an experiment which has not been repeated in our days; it would not, perhaps, be easy to find two such men as the great admirals of the Commonwealth were:—

"Blake loved the navy, though sent by Cromwell to control it; because he was averse to the proceedings on shore, and rejoiced, at the age of fifty, to have found in the seamen a race congenial with his own nature. It was not a case of infusion, but of the mutual attraction of homogeneity of mind and temper; a correspondence, which existed not, in the same entirety, between any other of the shore-admirals and the navy. If there was infusion on either side, it was the seamen that infused a naval taste into the gallant colonel, who so speedily became their admired and beloved admiral; and who knew, that they were 'resolved' for anything, and needed not infusion, but direction and co-operation. With Monk it was different: he valiantly used the navy when it was placed under his authority, as he did his army, but his mind was with the land-service, to which he gladly returned; Blake, on the contrary, never returned to service on land, after he had once tasted of command at sea. The celebrated maxim professed by Blake, and by Granger assigned to Lawson—"Tis not for us to mind state affairs, but to keep foreigners

from fooling us,' was no other than the common maxim of the navy, from the commencement of the civil war; and the recorded sentiment of Blake, 'that he would as soon lose his life for the king as for the parliament,' is an additional evidence of his unanimity with the service he had adopted."

How battles were fought, and how admirals described them, may be gathered from the letter which Blake wrote to the Council of the Commonwealth, concerning his first encounter with De Ruyter and De Witt; it is from a MS. copy of the despatch among Penn's papers:—

"Right Honourable,—My last to your honours was the 28th of the last, in the morning. About noon that day, we got sight of the Dutch fleet standing close by a wind to the westward: the wind then at S.W. Between three and four in the afternoon they got their fleet together, being sixty sail; and, hauling their foresails upon their masts, made ready to fight. There was then by me, the vice-admiral and some other; but a great part of the fleet was astern, by reason of their late weighing in the Downs, which I suppose was occasioned by the late storm we had there. As soon as a considerable part was come up to us, the Dutch then tacking, we bore in right with them; their admiral in the head. I commanded no guns to be fired till we came very near them, so that there passed many broadsides between us and them; and, by means of their tacking, the greatest part of our fleet came suddenly to be engaged, and the dispute was very hot for a short time, continuing till it was dark night. That night we lay in sight of each other, refitting our ships, which were much torn. The next morning, being little wind and variable, we bore with them as fast as we could; they seeming awhile to stay for us, till afternoon, when the wind coming northerly, they made all the sail they could, and stood away to the eastward, towards their own coast. We followed them as much as possibly we could, they then having the wind of us. Many shots passed between some of our headmost ships and their stern fleet, but nothing could engage them. Then, it beginning to grow dark, we tacked to get our fleet together; and, if we might, get to the weather-gage. And being then half Channel over, it was advised by the captain, master and mates, the pilot and others, to lie close upon that tack till ten of the clock, that so we might have length enough to spend that night, presuming likewise that they would tack before the morning, which would again have brought us together if the wind had stood; but it pleased God that it proved but little wind that night, which was westerly. The next morning the wind came at S.W.; and from the topmast-head we discovered their fleet, and stood away after them; many of our frigates ahead of us, some so far that they saw West Gable. Then, perceiving that they fled from us as fast as they could, and bent their course for Goree, it growing less wind, I sent for the vice and rear-admiral; and also a great part of the captains being then come aboard, for a supply of some necessities. We advised together what was fittest to be done; and, it appearing that the merchant-ships were almuch, the most part altogether, out of victuals, and ours not able to supply them, it was resolved that we should return to our coast.

"What harm we have received by loss of men, or otherwise, I cannot yet give your honours a just account. In our ship, we have only three that we know slain, whereof our lieutenant, Capt. Purvis, is one; about twenty hurt; which is a great mercy of God, considering the multitudes of shot flying among us, and our nearness each to other in the fight. We are also bound, with much thankfulness, to acknowledge God's goodness towards us, in affording us such fair weather and smooth water at our engagement;

otherwise, many of our great ships might have perished without a stroke from the enemy; for both this ship and the *James* touched once or twice, and the great ship (*Sovereign*) had three or four rubs upon the Kentish Knock. What loss the enemy hath sustained, we know not. Three of their ships were wholly disabled at the first brunt, having lost all their masts; and another, as he was towing off the rear-admiral, was taken by Capt. Mildmay: and, the second day they were many less in number than the first. The rear-admiral, and two other captains, are prisoners; who say, that they conceive, by the striking of De Witt's *antient*, and the putting forth another of a blue colour, that he is slain.

"This is a true and faithful narrative of the Lord's dealing with us, and of our deportment in the last engagement. Yesterday, was brought into our company a vessel called the *State of Elvin*, bound for Bourdeaux, the master whereof (upon examination) says, that, about fourteen days since, three leagues off the Scawe (north point of Jutland), he met eighteen sail of our men-of-war, being about twenty-three leagues from Elsinore; and that there were in that port, upon his coming out, but eight Holland men-of-war."

Of the romantic way in which victories were described that were never achieved, an example is given, and a curious one, from a newspaper of the period; we have, however, found something more curious still—namely, a snatch of rude verse and rougher prose, contained in the *Laughing Mercury* of 1652, and headed, "For the right understanding of all the mad merry people of England."

"Now Neptune binds his curled brow,  
His rolling billows tumble;  
The Dutch do sink, the Lord knows how;  
Tarpauline curse and grumble.

Our navy brave, stout men-of-war,  
That in the Channel ride,  
Will make those sons of pitch and tar  
Full dearly rue their pride.

The devil sure intends a feast,  
For to invite all rich men,  
Having provided at the least  
A shoal of pickled Dutchmen.

Avant, ye spongers, sowes in ruffles,  
Amboyne we'll revenge!  
When we have made the sea your tank,  
We'll squeeze out your Orange.

"How now, my Dutch *Mullipuffs*, my fat boys in doublets; what price bear herrings in Holland now? Have ye not fished fair, and caught a frog? Ye high and mighty *Dottersels*, ye most illustrious pilcher-catchers; ye ingrateful *Scoliums*; ye larded cowards, that quarrel with those that have formerly been your strength, your defence, your bulwark, your hands, your aids, and protectors, your harbingers, your friends, in all your distresses, to furnish you with men, ships, gold, silver, ordnance, &c.! How many honourable and renowned English have sacrificed their dearest blood in your redemption from the ambition and tyranny of proud Spain, who usurped over your lives, consciences, and estates, by their cruel inquisition! Have we not been your schoolmasters, that have taught you both wit and valour? Did not K. James give you back Flushing, Brill, Ramekins? Could Spain's red and white earth (though it ruined poor Germany) once so much as take hold on the skirts of any of your provinces, so long as you were backed by the English? And do ye thus reward us for all these kindnesses? Nay, then, expect the reward of ingratitude, and to render a strict account of your Amboyne tortures, that will never be forgotten by any true Englishman; and justice, that a long time hath slept, hath now begun to take vengeance on your perfidiousness."

In 1654, Penn sailed in conjunction with Venables for the West Indies; not with or

ders very particular and very positive, as Clarendon says, but with instructions leaving much to the discretion of the commanders. That the discomfiture at Hispaniola was owing to Venables, and the success at Jamaica to Penn, our author has pretty clearly proved in these volumes: he is partly borne out by the Ascough manuscripts in the British Museum:—

"From ten o'clock at night to this morning, we kept fair by the shore, and now we made all sail we could to get into the easternmost harbour; but before we could get in it fell calm, so that we were forced to come to an anchor half a league to the eastward of the harbour, in five fathom water; but within half an hour it sprung up a fresh gale at east. We weighed, and stood into the harbour, and came to an anchor in forty fathom water; but the general commanded the *Martin* to run up into the harbour as far as possibly he could, and all the small ships and vessels to follow her; which was done. The *Martin* came to an anchor within shot of the fort, which was very angry with him; and firing at her very hot, and she at them again, but did little hurt on either side. Here were two other forts, of very small account, did keep popping at them with muskets, thinking to fear us. Our general, and General Venables, made all the haste they could up to the *Martin*, and went aboard of her; most part of our soldiers lying round the *Martin* in boats, ready to land. Our general commanded the boats to follow us with the men, and commanded the master to run the ship ashore as near as possible he could to the fort, which was done; and firing some guns into this fort, and the boats following us with the soldiers, our seamen run the boats fast aground close under the fort, and the soldiers leaping into the water to wade ashore.

"The enemy, seeing our resolution, did not stand to give any resistance, but ran, leaving thirteen guns mounted. This gave our army great encouragement; but our army did not follow the enemy, but did draw up in battle, and then resolved to stay, until their general did come ashore to them; for some were much troubled that he did not land with them. For all the time that the army was landing, he was walking about the *Martin*, wrapped up in his cloak, with his hat over his eyes, looking as if he had been studying of physic, more than like the general of an army. And when the army did come by us in their boats, they did shout forth into a holloo, which is a custom at sea, throwing up their caps and hats; but General Venables did not give them so much as one look to encourage them, but pulled his hat more over his eyes, and did look another way. Many of his commanders did take notice of it. But our general did call to them, giving them encouragement, telling them the enemy did run. But General Venables, seeing the enemy all fled to their forts, and none there to oppose our army, did desire a boat, saying he would go ashore; and our general, being both ready and willing, knowing his business to be there and not here, at this time, gave command presently for a boat to carry him ashore to the army, where he found them all drawn up; where they did resolve to encamp this night, and to take the day before them to march up to the town, it being six miles from the place of landing."

As a specimen of the discipline of the days of Cromwell, we give the orders issued by Penn, on this expedition against profanation of the Lord's day: the date is Feb. 1654-5:

"1. That no boat or boats, person or persons, belonging to the fleet, do pass to and fro upon the Lord's Day, unless upon public necessary business.

"2. Whereas some of the ships are destitute of ministers, and some of the men belong-

ing to such ships, under pretence of going on shore to hear the Gospel preached, are met with idling and mispending their time; for prevention whereof you are not to suffer them to go on shore, but permit them to go on board some other ships of the fleet, where the word of God is preached.

"3. That every person that shall blaspheme the name of God, or swear, or be drunk on board any ship of the fleet (whether the said person belong to the shore, or to any merchant ship or vessel), shall be punished after this manner, (viz.) he shall pay five shillings, or twenty pounds of sugar for every such offence, which is to be converted to the use of the sick and wounded of the ship where such offence shall be committed; and in case of non-payment thereof, the party offending to suffer twenty stripes on the bare back, to be given him with the whip wherewith offenders in such or the like cases are usually punished.

"4. That masters of the ships' companies be taken every morning (if it may conveniently be), and such as shall be found absent, and have not leave from their commanders for the same, are not to receive victuals until they have suffered according to their offences; in which you are to be very careful. And the victuals that shall be saved hereby, are to be accounted for, and improved to the advantage and benefit of the State.

"5. To bring an exact and speedy account, how much old flesh has been spent in each respective ship since the 20th of November last, and how much remains."

We must close our extracts from these valuable volumes. We have never before met with so much information, clearly and explicitly given, regarding the condition and discipline of our navy in the days of its comparative infancy. Our maritime history may elucidate many of its vague pages from the memoranda and instructions contained in these memorials. The author is now, we understand, far advanced in life; he has done his duty to his ancestor, by this publication, and rescued his character from the insinuations of Clarendon, who had little love for any of the eminent officers of the Commonwealth. We wish that all persons fortunate in having a distinguished descent, would do as much for their forefathers: we should have doubtless many remarkable volumes, but few, perhaps, more useful than these.

*Evenings in Greece: the Poetry by Thomas Moore, Esq.; the Music composed and selected by Henry R. Bishop and Mr. Moore. Second Evening.* London: J. Power.

HERE are a dozen nosegays united by as many garlands. "In thus connecting together," says the poet, "a series of songs by a thread of poetical narrative, the object has been to combine recitation with music, so as to enable a greater number of persons to take a share in the performance, by enlisting as readers those who may not feel themselves competent as singers." The idea is good, nor has the author executed it unskillfully. He imagines that a number of young persons have met together to enjoy the calm twilight on the shore of the Isle of Zea—the Ceos of the ancients—and that they sing, by way of commencement to matters more profane, the following sweet hymn:—

When evening shades are falling  
O'er Ocean's sunny sleep,  
To pilgrims' hearts recalling  
Their home beyond the deep;

When, rest o'er all descending,  
The shores with gladness smile,  
And lutes, their echoes blending,  
Are heard from isle to isle,  
Then, Mary, Star of the Sea,  
We pray, we pray, to thee!

The noon-day tempest over,  
Now ocean tells no more,  
And wings of halcyons hover,  
Where all was strife before.  
Oh thus my life, in closing  
Its short tempestuous day,  
Beneath heaven's smile reposing,  
Shine all its storms away:  
Thus, Mary, Star of the Sea,  
We pray, we pray, to thee!

Thoughts of the brighter days of Greece press, it seems, through the mind of one of the maidens: she sees in imagination the noble sculptures and glorious paintings of the days of Praxiteles and Apelles; and encouraged by the approving looks of her lover, she sings

#### *The Birth of Portraiture.*

As once a Grecian maiden wrote  
Her garland mid the summer bow'ns,  
There stood a youth, with eyes of love,  
To watch her while she wreathed the flowers.  
The youth was skill'd in Painting's art,  
But ne'er had studied woman's brow,  
Nor known the colouring, which the heart  
Can shed o'er Nature's charms, till now.

#### CHORUS.

Blest be Love, to whom we owe  
All that's fair and bright below.

His hand had pictured many a rose,  
And sketch'd the rays that light the brook;  
But what were these, or what were those,  
To woman's blush, to woman's look?  
"Oh! if such magic pow'r there be,  
This, this," he cried, "is all my pray'r,  
To paint that living light I see,  
And fix the soul that sparkles there."

His prayer, as soon as breath'd was heard,  
His pallet, touch'd by Love, grew warm,  
And Painting saw her hues transferr'd  
From lifeless flowers to woman's form.  
Still as from tint to tint he stole,  
The fair design shone out the more,  
And there was now a life, a soul,  
Where only colours glow'd before.

Then first carnations learn'd to speak,  
And lilies into life were brought;  
While, mantling on the maiden's cheek,  
Young roses kindled into thought.  
Then hyacinths their darkest dyes  
Upon the locks of Beauty threw;  
And violets, transformed to eyes,  
Inshrined a soul within their blue.

The mention of statues naturally calls up the memory of heroes; and while the maidens and youths of Zea find it more gladsome to dwell on the past than think on the present, they are startled by the rapid approach of boats—

'Twas from an isle of mournful name,  
From Misolonghi, last they came,—  
Sad Misolonghi, sorrowing not  
O'er him, the noblest Star of Fame  
That e'er in life's young glory set!

and by the mariners' song:—

Thou art not dead—thou art not dead!  
No, dearest Harmodius, no.  
Thy soul, to realms above us fled,  
Though, like a star, it dwells o'erhead,  
Still lights this world below.  
Thou art not dead—thou art not dead!  
No, dearest Harmodius, no.

Through isles of light, where heroes tread,  
And flowers ethereal blow,  
Thy god-like Spirit now is led,  
Thy lip, with life ambrosial fed,  
Forgets all taste of woe.  
Thou art not dead—thou art not dead!  
No, dearest Harmodius, no.  
The myrtle, round that falchion spread  
Which struck the immortal blow,  
Throughout all time, with leaves unshed,—  
The patriot's hope, the tyrant's dread,—  
Round Freedom's shrine shall grow.  
Thou art not dead—thou art not dead!  
No, dearest Harmodius, no.

Where hearts like thine have broke or bled,  
Though quench'd the vital glow,  
Their memory lights a flame, instead,  
Which, ev'n from out the narrow bed  
Of death its beams shall throw.  
Thou art not dead—thou art not dead!  
No, dearest Harmodius, no.

Thy name, by myriads sung and said,  
From age to age shall go,  
Long as the oak and ivy wed,  
As bees shall haunt Hymettus' head,  
Or Helles' waters flow.  
Thou art not dead—thou art not dead!  
No, dearest Harmonious, no.

Neither the maidens of Zea, nor any other maids, perhaps, love to be long in sorrow: even Minerva, it seems, well nigh forgot herself in days of yore—at least, if we can put faith in the following song:—

As Love, one summer eve, was straying,  
Who should he see, at that soft hour,  
But young Minerva, gravely playing  
Her flute within an olive bower.  
I need not say, 'tis Love's opinion  
That, grave or merry, good or ill,  
The sex all bow to his dominion,  
As woman will be woman still.  
Though seldom yet the boy hath given  
To learned dames his smiles or sighs,  
So handsome Pallas look'd, that even  
Love quite forgot the maid was wise.  
Besides, a youth of his discerning  
Knew well that, by a shady rill,  
At sunset hour—what'er her learning—  
A woman will be woman still.  
Her flute he praised in terms extatic,  
Wishing it dumb—nor car'd how soon—  
For Wisdom's notes, how'er chromatic,  
To Love seem always out of tune.  
But long as he found face to flatter,  
The nymph found breath to shake and thrill;  
As, weak or wise—it doth not matter—  
Woman, at heart, is woman still.  
Love chang'd his plan, with warmth exclaiming  
"How brilliant was her lips' soft dye!"  
And much that flute, the sly rogue, blaming,  
For twisting lips so sweet awry.  
The nymph look'd down—beheld her features  
Reflected in the passing rill,  
And started, shock'd—for, ah, ye creatures!  
Ev'n when divine, you're women still.  
Quick from the lips it made so odious,  
That graceless flute the Goddess took,  
And, while yet fill'd with breath melodious,  
Flung it into the glassy brook;  
Where, as its vocal life was fleeing  
Adown the current, faint and shrill,  
At distance long 'twas heard repeating,  
"Woman, alas, vain woman still!"

When the vintage is gathered, and the clusters crushed, it is a good time to be merry: here is a song reeling in every line, like Bacchus among his nymphs:—

Up with the sparkling brimmer!  
Up to the crystal rim;  
Let not a moon-beam glimmer  
'Twixt the food and brim.  
When hath the world set eyes on  
Aught to match this light,  
Which, o'er the cup's horizon  
Dawns in bumpers bright?  
Truth in a deep well lieth—  
So the wise aver;  
But Truth the fact denieth—  
Water suits not her.  
No, her abode 's in brimmers,  
Like this mighty cup—  
Waiting till we, good swimmers,  
Dive to bring her up.

The remaining songs are of equal or superior merit, and of a varied strain. The poetry, which connects them, contains many allusions to the war for the independence of Greece, and seems to indulge the hope that a new kingdom will there arise, with heroes worthy of a second Plutarch. These splendid dreams are, we fear, like the "devout imaginings" of the northern reformer, and will never be more substantial than they are. The poetry of this pretty and well-imagined work, is like all the other poetry of Moore—elegant, flowing, and harmonious. The words of the songs are the echo of the music; and we can believe that the recitation and singing is dramatic and imposing. He is now and then, however, a little too artificial in his sentiments, and too flowery in his language, for the taste of those who love easy vigour and natural simplicity. To him no flower of the garden nor gem of the mine

is unknown: his suns are ever shining, his winds ever gentle, and his zephyrs balmy. He is among poets what Cipriani is among painters: he has much grace of outline, elegance of action, and beauty of expression; but he wants breadth and vigour. He sings of battles; but his muse breathes

Sabean odours from the spicy shore  
Of Araby the blest,—

instead of setting the trumpet to her mouth, and blowing a blast

Both loud and dread.

He sings of wine and the ocean; but he lacks

A voice like the sea and a drouth like a whale.

Nevertheless he is a delightful poet.

#### THE LIBRARY OF ROMANCE.—VOL. I.

*The Ghost-hunter and his Family.* By the O'Hara Family. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

"IN the decline of an empire, temporary safety may be procured by the concealment of its weakness; the assumption of vigour imposes not merely upon the enemies, it extends to the parties interested and engaged in propagating the delusion, for each supposes that he alone knows the extent of the fraud and the means of its detection. But in such a case, the first who adventures to strike a blow, is certain of obtaining a victory. He cannot, however, be sure that he will reap its fruits; indeed, it rarely happens that the destroyer of the old system is chosen as the builder of the new." There is much political wisdom, much matter for deep and serious consideration in this pithy extract from an old monkish historian, one who lived in what are called the dark ages, and who yet could afford much of useful instruction to an age that boasts of its illumination. To many events that we have witnessed, his aphorisms are applicable as their history; to none more than to the destruction of that oligarchy in literature which we are now beholding. For years that oligarchy owed its security to an assumption of strength which it had not and could not have; its fall was averted by a variety of temporary expedients which exhausted its resources, and increased the weakness they were designed to conceal. It was an oligarchy neither of rank, talent, nor prescription: it was in fact, an oligarchy of accident; chance invested the leading individuals with power, caprice was the tenure of their office, and something not very unlike fraud, the means by which that caprice was urged to successive efforts. It would be unjust to deny that in the oligarchy were to be found some who belonged to the real aristocracy of literature; men who felt heartily ashamed of the system which they nevertheless supported; men who acted as advocates while they were suffering as victims; men whose errors were the vices of position, but errors not on that account undeserving the severest censure. It required little foresight to discover that such a system was self-destructive, it demands a very moderate use of the eyes and ears to find out now, that "there's something rotten in the state of Denmark," for the publishers with one accord cry out, "People do not buy books as they used to do." If they did, in good faith the entire island of Britain would deserve to be regarded as a large St. Luke's.

We shall not open the sepulchres of obli-

tion, or disturb the repose of the unburied dead, to search for examples of the "unfathomable novels," in which the strength of the oligarchy was placed—

The very means and substance of their reign:

without harassing the memory much as "a tomb-searcher," every man may

Lift the shroud that Time has cast  
O'er buried books.

We turn from the contemplation of the evil, to look at the first effort for applying a powerful remedy. In a modest and able preface, the editor of 'The Library of Romance' denounces the circumstances that rendered the literature of fiction an absolute disgrace to England. He attacks the system, not individuals; yet we fear, there are those who, while reading the *exposé* of the delusions practised in getting up and getting out fashionable novels, will say "this was meant for me."

"Publications attended by such heavy expenses, and following so rapidly upon one another, could not be conducted in the usual manner. It was not enough to send them adrift upon the stream, and allow them to take their chance of being found by the world after few or after many days. As the moment of the launch approached, the owners became nervous; distrustful, sometimes with and sometimes without cause, the sea-worthiness of their argosy; distrusting the waves on which it was about to float, and the still skies that looked down upon it as calm as fate, they had recourse to every expedient which fear could invent. Strangers were sent out to marshal the way, puff-puff-puffing as they went; oil was cast, in plentiful quantities, on the troubled waters, and fair winds bought from every old woman who sold them."

This is the first volume of a series of works designed at once to raise the character of novel-writers, and increase the number of novel-readers. Its cheapness, only six shillings, requires that the editor should admit nothing whose merits are insufficient to ensure a remunerative sale; and he gives this strongest security for the exercise of an honest discrimination. The very graceful volume before us, well printed, on good paper, neatly, indeed elegantly, bound, must sell by thousands to repay the enterprising publishers for the cost of its production. With pleasure we add, that such extensive circulation the first volume of the series well merits; and if the succeeding even approach its excellence, Mr. Leitch Ritchie will well deserve canonization in the literary calendar.

The scene of 'The Ghost-hunter' is laid in Ireland, and, from internal evidence we conclude, in the ancient city of Kilkenny. In it, Mr. Banim has put forth all the vigour that belonged to the old 'O'Hara Tales,' and avoided the weaknesses that sullied his subsequent efforts. He has gone back to Nature, and she has welcomed the return of her favourite child, with more than a mother's fondness. That our praise is not extravagant, will appear from the following scene in a prison, between a father and a son, whose imprudence had involved the whole family in a groundless accusation of having joined in a felony:—

"The door of the dungeon suddenly opened: men appeared at it, with lights; and Morris Brady, heavily bolted and handcuffed, was thrust in.

"There they are!" cried the jailor indignantly to the young man, as he pointed towards Randal and his wife; "your aged, and your good father and mother,—look at them!"

"The lad stared at them almost stupidly. Without moving a step, he suddenly dropt on his knees, and extended his manacled hands. Supplication—miserable supplication for pardon was in his look, and on his haggard and bewildered features: but though his white lips moved, no word escaped him.

"They let him come to crave your last benediction, Randal," said the old woman, feebly and wildly, yet solemnly, 'an' 'tis very good of them: and, Randal, *a-vourneen*, you won't let him depart out o' this life unblessed; he is a sinner—a poor sinner; but he is our son—your son, as well as my son: so, lay the father's hand on his head, and pray to God to bless him, for the last time.'

"Come here to me, Morris," said the old man: 'stand up, and come here to me.'

"Suddenly, Morris found words—low, hoarse, heart-changed words.

"No, Sir, no; I will not stand up—but I will obey you, and come to you: and, clasping his hands, he moved on his knees towards his father, and remained still, a short distance before him. 'Father, father!' he continued, 'do not lay your curse upon me! Hear one word from my mouth! Until this night fell—until Heather M'Farlane opened the door of the place where she had hid me—I did not know that the world called me a robber, or that my father was in jail thro' the fault of his son!'

"It was Heather that set him for the bailiffs," said the jailor.

"When she gave me leave to quit the dark hole where she had locked me in, then, father, she told me what I had brought on you; an' she said too, that, thro' my doings, my sister Rose must hide her head from the world. Oh! may a curse from heaven fall—'

"Silence!" cried Randal Brady, loudly and sternly; 'silence, wicked boy! Do you dare, to your father's face, and on your knees, to pray a curse from heaven upon a single human creature?'

"The old man paused a moment. When he spoke again, his voice was gentle, and a little broken.

"Morris, my son, they tell me that I am to see you condemned, before the world, for stealing your neighbour's property; and I have the great fear on me that I am the father of a disgraced daughter. I have little hope that your mother will live many days; it may come to pass that, during the remainder of my life, I shall be a wee-stricken old man—companionless, childless—or worse than childless; but I must not let all that make me forget my duty as a Christian: and so, Morris,—putting his hand on the young man's lowly-beat head—"I lift up my voice, and I lift up my soul to heaven, and I say, may God vouchsafe to bless you still. If you are innocent, may He guide and help us to clear you, before the eyes of men; if you are guilty, may He give you the grace of a true repentance, and pardon you, and show you mercy in another world; and I say, too, for myself, no matter what happens, the Will of God be done—blessed be His name, for ever, and for ever!'

"Randal's fellow-prisoners were grouped around him. Many of them were evil men, who had not prayed for years, nor uttered the Most Holy Name, save to profane it, yet all listened in deep silence; none scoffed at his pious, his unaffectedly pious resignation, under a heavy load of calamity; and when he had ended, more than one voice cried 'Amen' to his prayer and to his ejaculation, and more than one eye yielded him a tear."

The part of the book most likely to be regarded as extravagant, is founded on a story very current in the south of Ireland. It is said, that an old woman entrusted with an important secret, in her impatience to detail it, told it to her cat, and was overheard by

the person from whom there was most reason that it should be concealed. Mr. Banim makes the most of this curious and characteristic story:—

"Aileen smoothed down her pet's back, and thus addressed it:

"Musha, then, pusheen-cat, my darlint, did id ever come to your knowledge what happened to myself this blessed day, of all days in the year, *a-lanna?*"

"Pusheen-cat" mewed softly in reply, and looked up into her benefactor's face.

"It's 'no, in troth, Aileen my *cuishla*," you're sayin' to myself," continued Aileen.

"There was another assenting mew.

"Well, then, *a-lanna ma-chree*, listen to me, an' I'll spake it over to you."

"The cat now gave a very soft mew, stretched out its paw, widely extended its claws, and first glancing upward, by way of agreement to Aileen's proposition, (so, at least, Aileen was pleased to interpret its language,) set up a continuous contented purr, or, as its mistress styled the sound, a '*cooramuck croonann*,' and then half-closing its eyes, seemed pleasedly attentive to the tale it was about to hear.

"Aileen went on.

"Pusheen, my own darlint cat, I b'lieve that cats an' dogs, an' all other sorts o' people, as well as themselves, 'ill have no dispute on the head o' saying that them boys is given to roguery in all kinds an' sizes. Bad sorrow may come over me, if I'm not thinkin' o' doin' penance on myself, by not goin' near one o' them, from this night out! But, of all the boys that ever come in my sight, Jim Brown, you bear the bell. Aye, in troth; even puttin' young Fennelly himself to the fore. You know, my darlint pusheen, that I never can put my feet over the threshold, that he doesn't make me pay turnpike, as he calls it; an' I'll tell you what's more, he takes turnpike on every road; no matter what street I turn my face into, up he comes, axin' turnpike, turnpike—aye, an' takin' id too, whether a body is willin' or not to pay him; an' more betoken, over again, my jewel, he thinks no more of id, in the face o' the noon day, than if it was pitch dark night.

"Well, pusheen-cat my *lanna*, Jimmy Brown bates young Fennelly out an' out, not in that way, but in regard o' bein' a curiosity of a boy; an' by this tail o' yours, that I hould in my hand, pusheen-cat, I'm given to thinkin' that it war'nt a boy o' the name o' Jerry Donnelly I seen at the patten last Sunday three weeks, but Jimmy Brown's own four bones.

"Well, again; what would you have of it, my duck-o'-dimonds? as sure as you're here, at your aise in my lap, I seen that ould weazle of a woman, Heather Bonnetty, whisperin' and culloguin wid my *bouchaleen*, Masther Jim; 'an,' says I, houlding discourse wid myself, 'I'll come to the bottom o' that *cuggerin* match, or I have no sense or reason; an' upon that, pusheen my *lanna*, I went peepin' an' sarchin, an' sure enough, I found out the letter, an' laid a good houl't of id; an' my darlint—'

"At this period of her narrative, while her tongue was full gleishly discharging the humour that had caused it to swell at the roots, and while her listener seemed to enjoy her long story with the utmost relish, a key suddenly and sharply turned in the lock of the kitchen-door; the door as suddenly opened, and James Brown stood before the astonished Aileen."

The tale is, perhaps, a little hurried towards the conclusion; but it is, taken as a whole, the best that has appeared this season:—no great praise, to be sure; for so proverbial is the dulness of 1832 likely to become, that the publishers for the last two months have post-dated their volumes, and transferred to 1833 some of the sins of its dying brother.

*Wacousta; or, The Prophecy—a Tale of the Canadas.* By the Author of *Ecarté*. 3 vols. London: Cadell.

This is the second novel, of which the scene is laid in Canada, that has come before us in the course of this month. Unfortunately, neither work touches on existing manners. In 'Bellegarde' we are introduced to the French Canadians at the breaking out of the first American war; 'Wacousta' refers to a still earlier period, and describes the dangers that the scattered British garrisons had to encounter from the inveterate hostility of the Indians, in the years that immediately succeeded the conquest of Quebec. The unceremonious transfer of their country and their allegiance, without the formality of asking their consent, was incomprehensible to the native tribes; they spurned claims that they could not understand, and when attempts were made to enforce their submission, they boldly resolved to drive the intruders from their soil. The Annual Registers and Magazines from the year 1760 to 1770, contain many curious particulars of the harassing warfare which the garrisons on the frontier line of both the Canadas, but more especially that of the upper province, had to maintain. Conjectures as to the cause of the fierce enmity of the Indians were just as numerous and as varied as the narratives of the war: spies from France were blamed by one journalist, jesuit missionaries were denounced by another, a third attributed all the mischief to the secret machinations of the French Canadians, and a fourth "wiser than all put together" asseverated that his holiness the Pope had formed a plan for the extirpation of Protestantism, and was resolved to begin his crusade on the banks of the Saint Lawrence. No one, however, ventured to state, that the true cause was the wretched system of colonial policy, then popular in England, which has been well characterized as a system of monstrous folly and atrocious injustice.

The toils, the difficulties, the dangers which the soldiers had to encounter were never appreciated in England; it was not supposed that the scattered garrisons were in a perpetual state of siege, that their labours of a single week often surpassed the hardships of an ordinary campaign; least of all was it imagined that more skill, more energy, and more steady wisdom were required to resist the uncivilized savages, than would have been demanded for a dozen campaigns in Flanders. History passes over in silence the many exertions, both of valour and prudence, by which the Canadas were secured to England; and this is, we believe, the first instance in which the subject has been made the theme of historic fiction. It is pleasing to find a soldier of the present day anxious to rescue from oblivion the exploits of military men which had sunk into unmerited obscurity; and to see an honourable anxiety in a brave man to record deeds of bravery that have not yet received their fair meed of fame.

The most common artifice of the Indians was to send a party into the garrison under pretence of negotiating, to distract the attention of the soldiers by their varied athletic sports, and when the cry of war was least expected, to raise the dreadful whoop, seize in an instant weapons which their wives held concealed beneath their blankets, and rush on the half-armed garrison. The savages



were, however, sometimes counterplotted, as in the following instance :—

"The surprise of the Indians on reaching this point, was now too powerful to be dissembled; and, incapable either of advancing or receding, they remained gazing on the scene before them with an air of mingled stupefaction, rage, and alarm. Scarcely ten minutes had elapsed since they had proudly strode through the naked area of the fort; and yet, even in that short space of time, its appearance had been entirely changed. Not a part was there now of the surrounding buildings that was not redolent with human life, and hostile preparation. Through every window of the officers' low rooms, was to be seen the dark and frowning muzzle of a field-piece, bearing upon the gateway; and behind these were artillerymen, holding their lighted matches, supported again by files of bayonets, that glittered in their rear. In the block-houses the same formidable array of field-pieces and muskets was visible; while from the four angles of the square, as many heavy guns, that had been artfully masked at the entrance of the chiefs, seemed ready to sweep away everything that should come before them. The guard-room near the gate presented the same hostile front. The doors of this, as well as of the other buildings, had been firmly secured within; but from every window affording cover to the troops, gleamed a line of bayonets rising above the threatening field-pieces, pointed, at a distance of little more than twelve feet, directly upon the gateway. In addition to his musket, each man of the guard moreover held a hand grenade, provided with a short fuze that could be ignited in a moment from the matches of the gunners, and with immediate effect. The soldiers in the block-houses were similarly provided.

"Almost magic as was the change thus suddenly effected in the appearance of the garrison, it was not the most interesting feature in the exciting scene. Choking up the gateway, in which they were completely wedged, and crowding the drawbridge, a dense mass of dusky Indians were to be seen casting their fierce glances around; yet paralysed in their movements by the unlooked-for display of a resisting force, threatening instant annihilation to those who should attempt either to advance or to recede. \* \* \* After the first general yelling heard in the council-room, not a sound was uttered. Their burst of rage and triumph had evidently been checked by the unexpected manner of their reception, and they now stood on the spot on which the further advance of each had been arrested, so silent and motionless, that, but for the rolling of their dark eyes, as they keenly measured the insurmountable barriers that were opposed to their progress, they might almost have been taken for a wild group of statuary."

But the precautions of the governor at the Detroit were not imitated in all the English garrisons, and we shall now quote the description of a scene, in which the Indian stratagem was successful :—

"Hurry and confusion and despair were everywhere visible; for a band of Indians were already in the fort, and these, fast succeeded by others, rushed like a torrent into the square, and commenced their dreadful work of butchery. Many of the terrified soldiers, without thinking of drawing their bayonets, flew down the ramparts in order to gain their respective block-houses for their muskets: but these everywhere met death from the crashing tomahawk, short rifle, or gleaming knife:—others who had presence of mind sufficient to avail themselves of their only weapons of defence, rushed down in the fury of desperation on the yelling fiends, resolved to sell their lives as dearly as possible; and for some minutes an obstinate contest was maintained: but the vast superiority of the Indian

numbers triumphed; and although the men fought with all the fierceness of despair, forcing their way to the block-houses, their mangled corpses strewed the area in every direction. Neither was the horrid butchery confined to these. Women clinging to their husbands for protection, and, in the recklessness of their despair, impeding the efforts of the latter in their self-defence—children screaming in terror, or supplicating mercy on their bended knees—infants clasped to their parent's breasts,—all alike sunk under the un pitying steel of the blood-thirsty savages. At the guard-house the principal stand had been made; for at the first rush into the fort, the men on duty had gained their station, and, having made fast the barricades, opened their fire upon the enemy. Mixed péleméle as they were with the Indians, many of the English were shot by their own comrades, who, in the confusion of the moment, were incapable of taking a cool and discriminating aim. These, however, were finally overcome. A band of desperate Indians rushed upon the main door, and with repeated blows from their tomahawks and massive war clubs, succeeded in demolishing it, while others diverted the fire of those within. The door once forced, the struggle was soon over. Every man of the guard perished; and their scalps and disfigured forms were thrown out to swell the number of those that already deluged the square with their blood."

The description of the solitary schooner on the Lake Huron, incessantly watched by the Indians, and owing its safety to exertions of vigilance almost superhuman, is an extraordinary picture of wild warfare. It is too long to be extracted, but we shall make room for the attempt to escape through the narrow channel of the Sinclair :—

"A deathlike silence prevailed throughout the decks of the little bark, as her bows, dividing the waters of the basin that formed its source, gradually immersed into the current of that deep but narrow river; so narrow, indeed, that from its centre the least active of the mariners might have leaped without difficulty to either shore. This was the most critical part of the dangerous navigation. With a wide sea-board, and full command of their helm, they had nothing to fear; but so limited was the passage of this river, it was with difficulty that the yards and masts of the schooner could be kept disengaged from the projecting boughs of the dense forest that lined the adjacent shores to their very junction with the water. The darkness of the night, moreover, while it promised to shield them from the observation of the savages, contributed greatly to perplex their movements; for such was the abruptness with which the river wound itself round in various directions, that it required a man constantly on the alert at the bows to apprise the helmsman of the course he should steer, to avoid collision with the shores. Canopies of weaving branches met in various directions far above their heads, and through these the schooner glided with a silence that might have called up the idea of a Stygian freight. Meanwhile, the men stood anxiously to their guns, concealing the matches in their water-buckets as before; and, while they strained both ear and eye through the surrounding gloom to discover the slightest evidence of danger, grasped the handles of their cutlasses with a firm hand, ready to unsheathe them at the first intimation of alarm."

The schooner does not escape: she becomes entangled in the trees, is boarded by the Indians, and the crew ruthlessly massacred. The description of the vessel, after the battle is over, is powerful :—

"On either side of the river lines of streaming torches were waved by dusky warriors high above their heads, reflecting the grim counte-

nances, not only of those who bore them, but of dense groups in their rear, whose numbers were alone concealed by the foliage of the forest in which they stood. From the branches that wove themselves across the centre of the river, and the topmast and rigging of the vessel, the same strong yellow light, produced by the bark of the birch tree steeped in gum, streamed down upon the decks below, rendering each line and block of the schooner as distinctly visible as if it had been noon on the sunniest of those far distant lakes. The deck itself was covered with the bodies of slain men—sailors, and savages mixed together; and amid these were to be seen fierce warriors, reclining triumphantly and indolently on their rifles, while others were occupied in securing the arms of their captives with leathern thongs behind their backs."

The merits of this novel consist in the spirit of its historical pictures, which possess, at least, the consistency of truth. The writer displays no ordinary share of graphic power, and has the rare talent of "rendering a fearful battle in music." His descriptions of scenery are well executed, but unfortunately they are rare. The story itself is not very consistent or very probable, but it maintains its interest to the end.

*Johannice: a Poem. In two Cantos. No-nody on Lord Byron, and other Poems.* By the Rev. John Dryden Pigott, Jun. B.A. London: Hatchard.

THE people in whose fortunes the poet would interest us, are too little known, and they are too remote to awaken our curiosity: what care we for the sufferings or the triumphs of that horde of Bulgarians who shook the already tottering throne of Isaac Angelus! Neither verse nor prose can do anything for them. We must, in truth, regard this poem as a sort of experiment, which the muse of Mr. Pigott is making on the vigour of her wings, and, as the young heroes in *Ossian* tried the weight of their arms at first on the empty air, she imagines the Bulgarians will do as well as any other people to practise upon. We would advise the author to summon his muse from the summit of the Balkan, and give her an English task to perform. Our readers may however be curious to know how she has acquitted herself in the East: here is a specimen taken at random—that is, where the volume opened :—

In level space that opens far,  
All-glorious with the gleam of war,  
A city stands; of milk-white sheen  
The wand'rer's tent is circling seen;  
And many a steed curvets around,  
You may know by a glance from his Tartar-band.  
Sudden each rider halt check'd his rein,—  
Why anxious looks he o'er yonder plain?  
Scarce—scarcely discern'd by mortal eye  
Flits an earth-born mote o'er the flaky sky!  
Now a living group, distinctly shown,  
Their friends, and the foremost faces known!  
They are sped; and enough by each visage seen,  
What more, when the heralds have told the rest!  
The fresh-peel'd skulls at their sides are borne—  
Emblem of Vengeance who may scorn!  
Then the doubt-clos'd gates are open flung,  
Then tale through the camp is hoarsely rung;  
Welcome the news;—the savage yell  
Of women's wildness rends the air,  
Untutor'd else its thoughts to tell,  
Alike in triumph or despair!  
One sentence brief the scene explains,—  
"A king conducts a king in chains!"

We would advise the author when he next ventures upon verse, to write a language more graphic and simple, and avoid prolixity: the tree of his fancy carries too many leaves. It might be as well too were he to be less startling in his manner, and to draw his characters with greater precision: he is not without warmth and impetuosity.

*The Narrative of a Journey and Visit to the Metropolis of France, &c.* By George Clayton, Jun. 2nd edit. London: Clayton.

We have to express our deep regret that this clever little work should have arrived at a second edition without one word of courteous commendation from us. The writer, evidently a young man, brought up at *Rugby* we believe, is a little enthusiastic—a trifle too metaphysical for our taste—somewhat too deep in scholarship for ordinary readers; but he is of that fine poetical and philosophical temperament which sees “sermons in stones, and good [or ill] in everything.”

Mr. Clayton's “Journal,” or, Waste Book, begins with some of those minute and graphic descriptions which are sure to awaken a personal interest in the reader. It appears, that his father, brother, and himself, having resolved to visit “the metropolis of France,” the rest of the family decided on domesticating, during their absence, at Brighton, and the whole party started together and arrived at that “fashionable and much frequented town, after an agreeable ride of seven hours.” Here they were unexpectedly joined by Mr. H—, and due “preparations having been made” they embarked the next morning for “the French port of Dieppe.”—“As the pier receded from our view,” says the amiable writer, “we bade adieu to our friends by the waving of hats, and the customary motion of our hands, whilst, in spirit, and by ejaculatory prayer, we commended them to the protecting, &c.,”—Mr. Clayton, we suppose, being of opinion, with Long Tom Coffin, that those on sea are safer than those on land. “The day,” he observes, “was sunny and cloudless, the sea beautiful and calm,” in spite of which his friend, Mr. H—, did not alter “a hue in the colour of his complexion,” thus “proving himself a good sailor.”

On arriving at Dieppe, Mr. Clayton observes:—

“The females wear large linen caps, of a conical and expansive magnitude, hanging down on each side of their face, extending laterally, from the cheek bone, beyond the back of the head, and perpendicularly in height above the pericranium, a foot; and downwards, in depth, as low as the shoulders.”

These, no doubt, are of the family of the Cappers, of the Foreign Office, of whom we have often heard mention. Mr. Clayton is equally particular in his description of the diligences, and all relating thereto; but he is a trifle too verbose, and we have two pages on this subject, only to inform us that, in spite of the conductor, they don't go like lightning. “Respecting the boots of the postillions,” he observes, “the nearest comparison that I can make, is to a *japanned chimney-pot, surmounted by a cow reversed, with its top downwards.*” This, it must be admitted, is a little figurative, and, perhaps, obscure: we are puzzled to conceive what must be the shape of the boot-jack.

Mr. Clayton's speculations on French farming are curious and instructive. One striking peculiarity, it appears, is placing the sheaves downwards. The reason assigned, that the ears of grain may not be moistened by rain, is, as shown by Mr. Clayton, absurd: “Provided the rain did never descend violently, or remain long in its continuance, the reason might carry with it some validity and conclusivity; but, should the pluvial torrent

precipitate strongly, &c., I apprehend, &c. the ears would contract an earthy taste, with the concomitancy of a disagreeable effluvia.”

“The apples, too,” he observes, “are rather small in size, and of an acetous flavour,” which we take to be Clayton's translation of *Crabbe*.

Our traveller was fortunate in the time of his arrival at Rouen:—

“The night, now far advanced, was warm, and brilliantly bright with the radiancy of lunar and astral effulgence—a most lovely night—a death-like stillness prevailed all around; Morpheus presided over nature, sound asleep; and the fair moon, taking her nocturnal promenade along the cloudless, azure, and stellar canopy of heaven, walked in all the soft resplendency of her highest and brightest glory—the very night, according to the fictions, tales, and romance of *imagination's* fantastic record, as would have suited a melancholic pensiveness, a sentimental solitude, a chivalrous spirit, bent on some Quixotic deed of brave adventure—just the night for maid and swain to woo and whisper love—a night, in fine, singularly congenial to those meditative reflections, and that peculiar, inexplicable, romantic, and musing order of phantasy, or impression, or feeling, which give to

Airy nothings  
A local habitation and a name.”

Unfortunately, nothing comes of this. Mr. Clayton does not inform us whether he did the amorous or the Quixotic. We beg pardon, we should say Sir George Clayton, for he has *nighted* himself in this passage.

We are not sorry to arrive at Paris, for things “strange exceedingly” were seen by Sir George during his “*tarriance*” there—houses that, “in some instances,” he says, “run eight stories in ascent”—up their own stairs, we suppose. Of the Bourse, he observes:—

“The roof of this splendid edifice is constructed entirely of wrought iron and copper, and is so curiously and scientifically contrived, that all danger is prevented which would be likely to arise from the dilating warmth of the summer's solstitial heat. \* \* \* On the whole, this grand Bourse far surpasses in its cleanliness, construction, sculpture, and paintings, the Royal Exchange of London; though it is but just, in making the comparison, to take into due and fair consideration, the advanced state of general science, the mechanical skill, and architectural improvement which have distinguished the period succeeding that when Sir Thomas Gresham laid the foundation, and raised the superstructure of our Royal Metropolitan Exchange, the renowned site and *rendezvous* of those consulting merchants, from whose profitable deliberations and prosperous enterprises have emanated those commercial operations, which have brought so much opulence, and spread so extensively the fame of this greatly renowned and glorious island of British industry, adventure, and wealth.”

This, we must observe, has often been said before, and in fewer words. It means, in plain English, that “the Exchange is against us.”

“The Louvre,” says Sir George, “contains an exceedingly magnificent and inestimably valuable assemblage of antiques, produced by the *Grecian, Roman, and Athenian* chisel”—Clayton's Judgment of Paris beats them all!—“The floor is composed of highly polished oak, the planks of which were so ingeniously joined together, that, to the eye, they appeared in an *undulating or oblique direction.*” We rather wonder that “our father, who became quite a valetudinarian by excessive sea sickness,” was not *land* sick at the Louvre.

We are next informed that, at the Jardin des Plantes, “the menagerie and aviary compose one entire side of the garden, and contain *animals of all shapes and sizes.*” Zounds! how we should like to see an animal in the shape of a tea-pot, and the size of St. Paul's. Not the least curiosity, however, must be the Museum, which, it appears, “is divided into floors, and these again are subdivided into rooms.” After this, we recommend Sir George to the Livery, he will be a capital member at “dividing the house.”

We have, heretofore, ventured to hint, that the amiable writer is, upon occasions, too stilted in his language. Thus, in describing the gardens at Versailles, he observes, there are “basins of translucent water, in which gold and silver fish *disport leapingly, with frolicsome and vaulting somersets,*” which means, after all, we suppose, only “eels over head.”

The approach to our wooden-legged friends at the Hôtel des Invalides, “by an *esplanade* planted with rows of poplars extending one hundred feet,” strikes us as singularly appropriate.

We learn, too, that “within the Tuileries”—which is “separated from the *palace* du Carrousel by an iron railing”—“were acted some of the most appalling, tragical, and ruthless scenes of the political and revolutionary drama of the *nineteenth* century”—[We rather think this should be the eighteenth; Sir George does not write for the age.] The gardens, with their umbrageous avenues of lofty trees, yielding a perspective of overpowering and bewitching impression, constitute the most fashionable promenade of all Paris, and, during fine weather, are thronged with the gay world, *corresponding* [query, *post paid*] with the Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens of the west end of the metropolis of London!

Sir George is a little “unco-righteous,” and exceedingly indignant with a fellow traveller who offered to conduct him to the *theatres* “and other haunts of profligate frequentation.” His morality was equally offended at the churches—“half the profits arising from the use of the chairs” being given to the priests, he, as became a true Protestant, made a stand against such seats: he further observes, that, at Notre Dame—where, by the bye, he saw “*portraits* [very like, no doubt] of the patriarchs, prophets, evangelists, and apostles”—“the multitude being tired [of tedium] began to disperse;” he makes mention, too, of the *meagre* auditory, forgetting that it was Lent.

The Boulevards Mr. Clayton describes, as “wicked, horrible, and demoralizing”—“a scene which would have provoked the pious indignation of a Nehemiah, zealous for the glory of his God, to an *irascible state of choleric exacerbation,*” which means, we suppose, the “blue stage of” anger.

Mr. Clayton, however, is well pleased with the French system of police, which prevents an *influx of mendicity*; but, surely this is not christian charity—is not mendicity to have any income? He was equally so at Père la Chaise, where, we suppose, he must have been introduced to Bishop Dollond, as he incidentally mentions, that he there saw by “the eye of faith, through the telescope of sacred truth.” At the chapel, however, he and his friends were not a little alarmed; “an old woman came forward and bade us

by the horrible scowl of her aspect, and the significant intimation of her witch-like and withered hands, quickly to depart—which we did”—evidently mistaking the old lady for “the old gentleman.” From “grave to gay” is Mr. Clayton’s motto, and hence he and his friends return to the Palais Royal—then to the Bibliothèque, but, like poor Ross, in his unsuccessful attempt to reach *Repulse Bay*, they “were disappointed in the accomplishment of their attempt.” Mr. Clayton now visits the skeleton of the great whale, and with less than his usual philosophy asks, “what could man do, if conspired against by leviathans?” Why, go half a quarter of a mile inland. Whatever the Scotch song may say, they can’t go.

Whaly, whaly, up the bank, and whaly, whaly, down the brae.”

It was the intention of the party, after this, to have reached the “*Militaire l'Ecole*,” but it grew late, and they took a secondhand dinner, “about six o’clock P.M. in a *restaurant*.”!!

“The inhabitants of Paris,” says Mr. Clayton, “though very populous numerically, are not so great in number as the population of London.” On their morals, he is severe; he was subjected, he says, to such “unjust chicanery,” that he recommends all, before they engage a bed, “to strike a price, and bargain for it,” which means, we suppose, that the Parisians try to make up your bed, and you must beat it down, and that Mr. Clayton is fond of down beds.

Our traveller now resolved to return to “his parental board” (he is evidently a chip of the old block), but we protest against the “truly christian man’s” lamentations about travelling on Sundays and days of rest, when he had the rest of the days to travel in. The gate at St. Omer’s “on its hinges grated, and forcibly reminded him of the deeds of chivalrous times;” it was evidently a grater for Clayton’s spice of the romantic. Amiens, too, it appears, is famed for the treaty there signed, “which established peace throughout England, and amongst the continental nations.”!

On the arrival of the party at Calais, the weather was so tempestuous, that it was not until “after two hours patient delay” that they “procured a passage on board the French mail, outward bound for Dover.” The traveller availed himself of this delay to see one of Foote’s farces—“a brass plate, in the form of a foot, on the very spot where the restored monarch first planted his foot,” which, however, he neglects to add, did not take root.

From Dover, Mr. Clayton journeyed to Brighton, which, *mirabile dictu!* we are now informed, he had never visited before!! While changing horses, having determined on the relief of a walk, Mr. Clayton started, lost his way, and feared to have lost his coach, but, by a great run of luck, found he “had made so much speed, that he had actually shot five miles a-head,” which, we believe, exceeds any range of shot known to our engineers.

And now, overflowing with “impressions produced upon his mind by what he witnessed, in the affair of religion, during his sojourn at Paris,” Mr. Clayton seems to have had a call—but really without any call for it—and the remainder of his little volume is a song of praise and thanksgiving for the advantages he enjoys “in this country of evangelic pri-

vilage”—this “land of vision, where the true light shineth,” although he admits that there exists “among us too much of “Babyonish iniquity, Pharisaic inconsistency, Sadducean infidelity, Laodicean supineness, associated with an Athenian spirit of innovation and novelty in matters of religious belief, too near akin to Antinomian licentiousness.”

Mr. Clayton is somewhat too familiar in his illustrations on this subject; he talks, for instance, of the “protocol of heaven,” and of the battle that Christianity has yet to fight, “irrespective of the aid of an ecclesiastico-political establishment” for “conquest and a crown,” as if it were a mere fight for five shillings a side. He acknowledges that, in this latter part of the work, he was becoming too excursive, “so that modesty [like a bailiff], as it were, touching his elbow mildly, asks a pause; and, at the same time, softly whispers in his ear the admonition, on the ground of the inexperience and adolescence of his age” to draw his “cursory, disjointed, and terminating reflections to a close,” which he does very effectively—“Now to, &c., for ever and ever. Amen and Amen.” Here we may imagine that the organ strikes up, Sir George pulls up his collar, passes his fingers through his hair, and descends from his imaginary pulpit in full twig, to dine with Mrs. Bugg, of Bucklersbury, and her “truly pious” family. As he goes down the aisle, he pulls out a French watch, bought at the Palais Royal, takes snuff from a box purchased in the Rue St. Honoré, blows his aquiline with a true French nasal accent, makes a bow, which proves he is all over French polish, “and sallies into Cheap-side, or the Poultry, with the step, air, and look of the County Paris.”

Some bard has prophesied the author’s lot,  
“The world forgetting—by the world forgot.”

And with this rhyme we must take French leave of Clayton’s Paris.

#### Flint’s History, &c. of the Mississippi Valley.

[Third Notice.]

THE christian, or white population of the Valley of the Mississippi, amounts to upwards of four millions of souls, increasing at the rate of two millions for every ten years. They are mostly cultivators of the soil: they enjoy excellent health. All that are neither idle nor unable to labour have a rustic profusion about them, which keeps them far removed from want; and, indeed, the soil furnishes so much more than is required, or can be exported, that abundance is one of the country complaints. The following description is interesting:—

“The people of this valley are as thorough a combination and mixture of the people of all nations, characters, languages, conditions, and opinions, as can well be imagined. Scarcely a state in the Union, or a nation in Europe, but what has furnished us immigrants. Philosophers and noblemen have visited us from beyond the seas; some to study our natural history, or to contemplate a new people rising from the freshness of nature, over the fertile ruins of a once submerged world; or deluded here by the pastoral dreams of Rousseau, or Chateaubriand; or, in the sample of the savages to study man in a state of nature.

“The much greater proportion of the immigrants from Europe are of the poorer classes, who come here from hunger, poverty, oppression, and the grinding vassalage of crowded and miserable tenants of an aristocratic race, born to the inheritance of the soil, and all the com-

forts and hopes of present existence. Wholly and themselves here with the joy of shipwrecked mariners, cast on the untempered, wooded, and instantly become cheered with the invigorating hope of being able to build up a family and a fortune from new elements. ‘The north has given to us, and the south has not kept back.’ The puritan and the planter, the German and the Irishman, the Briton and the Frenchman, each with their peculiar prejudices and local attachments, and the complicated and interwoven tissue of sentiments, feelings, and thoughts, that country, and kindred, and home, indistinguishable with the web of our youthful existence, have here set down beside each other. The merchant, mechanic, and farmer, each with their peculiar prejudices and jealousies, have found themselves placed by necessity in the same society. Mr. Owen’s grand engine of circumstances begins to play upon them. Men must cleave to their kind, and must be dependent upon each other. Pride and jealousy must give way to the natural yearnings of the human heart for society. They begin to rub off mutual prejudices. One takes a step, and then the other. They meet half way, and embrace; and the society thus newly organized and constituted, is more liberal, enlarged, unprejudiced, and of course more affectionate and pleasant, than a society of people of unique birth and character, who bring all their early prejudices, as a common stock, to be transmitted as an inheritance in perpetuity.

“The rough, sturdy, and simple habits of the backwoodsmen, living in that plenty, which depends only on God and nature, being the preponderating cast of character in the western country, have laid the stamina of independent thought and feeling deep in the breasts of this people. A man accustomed only to the fascinating, but hollow intercourse of the polished circles in the Atlantic cities, at first feels a painful revulsion, when mingled with this more simple race. But he soon becomes accustomed to the new order of things; and if he have heart to admire simplicity, truth, and nature, begins to be pleased with it. He respects a people, where a poor but honest man enters the most aristocratic mansion with a feeling of ease and equality.

“It may readily be supposed, that amongst such an infinite variety of people, so recently thrown together, and scarcely yet amalgamated into one people, and in a country, where the inhabitants are almost as fresh and simple as the log-houses, any very distinctive national character would hardly yet be predicated of the inhabitants. Every attentive observer, however, discriminates the immigrants from the different nations, and even from the different states of our own country. The people of Ohio and Indiana, for example, have a character somewhat distinct from that of the other western states. That of the former, especially, is moulded, as a very fair sample of the New England and New Jersey patterns. In the latter this character is blended, not merged with the manners, opinions, and dialect of Kentucky. Illinois, though a free state, has a clear preponderance of Kentucky nationality. Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, the upper part of Alabama and Arkansas, have distinct manners in which the nationality of Kentucky is the ground colour. The country, still more south, peopled with large planters of cotton and sugarcane, with numerous gangs of slaves, have the peculiar manners, that have naturally grown out of their condition. On these states too, especially on Louisiana, we begin to discern the distinct impress and influence of French temperament and manners. These shades of difference are very distinctly visible to persons, who have been long and intimately acquainted with the people of the different regions, where they are marked.”

On their character as Christians, our author dwells with something approaching to complacency. He regrets, indeed, the absence of the church-going bell, and the want of permanent institutions; but observes, that, except in Louisiana, there is everywhere else abundance of some kind of preaching. Should a traveller approach a village in a dress resembling the clerical, he is instantly hailed as a preacher, and asked if he wishes to announce a sermon to the people. Mr. Flint thinks well of the wandering clergy:—

“There are stationary preachers in the towns, particularly in Ohio. But in the rural congregations through the western country beyond Ohio, it is seldom that a minister is stationary for more than two months. A ministry of a year in one place may be considered beyond the common duration. Nine tenths of the religious instruction of the country is given by people, who itinerate, and who are, with very few exceptions, notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary, men of great zeal and sanctity. These earnest men, who have little to expect from pecuniary support, and less from the prescribed reverence and influence, which can only appertain to a stated ministry, find, at once, that everything depends upon the cultivation of popular talents. Zeal for the great cause, mixed, perhaps, imperceptibly, with a taste of earthly ambition, and the latent emulation and pride of our natures, and other motives, which unseasonably influence, more or less, the most sincere and the most disinterested, the desire of distinction among their contemporaries and their brethren, and a reaching struggle for the fascination of popularity, goad them on to study all the means and arts of winning the people. Travelling from month to month through dark forests, with such ample time and range for deep thought, as they amble slowly on horseback along their peregrinations, the men naturally acquire a pensive and romantic turn of thought and expression, as we think, favourable to eloquence. Hence, the preaching is of a highly popular cast, and its first aim is to excite the feelings.—Hence, too, exhortations, or in religious parlance, ‘awakenings,’ are common in all this region. Living remote, and consigned the greater part of the time, to the musing loneliness of their condition in the square clearing of the forest, or the prairie; when they congregate on these exciting occasions, society itself is a novelty, and an excitement. The people are naturally more sensitive and enthusiastic, than in the older countries. A man of rude, boisterous, but native eloquence, rises among these children of the forest and simple nature, with his voice pitched upon the tones, and his utterance thrilling with that awful theme, to which each string of the human heart everywhere responds; and while the woods echo his vehement declamations, his audience is alternately dissolved in tears, awed to profound feeling, or falling in spasms. This country opens a boundless theatre for strong, earnest, and unlettered eloquence; and the preacher seldom has extensive influence, or usefulness, who does not possess some touch of this power.”

The following description is in a spirit which we like: how differently an English lady and an American gentleman have viewed the same sort of scene,—the latter is more to our taste:—

“Such are the preachers. The line of tents is pitched; and the religious city grows up in a few hours under the trees, beside the stream. Lamps are hung in lines among the branches; and the effect of their glare upon the surrounding forest is, as of magic. The scenery of the most brilliant theatre in the world is a painting only for children, compared with it. Meantime the

multitudes, with the highest excitement of social feeling added to the general enthusiasm of expectation, pass from tent to tent, and interchange apostolic greetings and embraces, and talk of the coming solemnities. Their coffee and tea are prepared, and their supper is finished. By this time the moon, for they take thought, to appoint the meeting at the proper time of the moon, begins to show its disk above the dark summits of the mountains; and a few stars are seen glimmering through the intervals of the branches. The whole constitutes a temple worthy of the grandeur of God. An old man, in a dress of the quaintest simplicity, ascends a platform, wipes the dust from his spectacles, and in a voice of suppressed emotion, gives out the hymn, of which the whole assembled multitude can recite the words,—and an air in which every voice can join. We should deem poorly of the heart, that would not thrill, as the song is heard, like the ‘sound of many waters,’ echoing among the hills and mountains. Such are the scenes, the associations, and such the influence of external things upon a nature so ‘fearfully and wonderfully’ constituted, as ours, that little effort is necessary on such a theme as religion, urged at such a place, under such circumstances, to fill the heart and the eyes. The hoary orator talks of God, of eternity, a judgment to come, and all that is impressive beyond. He speaks of his ‘experiences,’ his toils and travels, his persecutions, and welcomes, and how many he has seen in hope, in peace, and triumph, gathered to their fathers; and when he speaks of the short space that remains to him, his only regret is, that he can no more proclaim, in the silence of death, the mercies of his crucified Redeemer.

“There is no need of the studied trick of oratory, to produce in such a place the deepest movements of the heart. No wonder, as the speaker pauses to dash the gathering moisture from his own eye, that his audience are dissolved in tears, or uttering the exclamations of penitence. Nor is it cause for admiration, that many, who poised themselves on an estimation of higher intellect, and a nobler insensibility, than the crowd, catch the infectious feeling, and become women and children in their turn; and though they ‘came to mock, remain to pray.’

The pursuits of the people are slightly touched upon: their wanderings on the Ohio and the Mississippi, shooting deer, or conveying their grain to distant markets, might furnish materials for a romance. We must take one clever picture from Mr. Flint’s gallery, and hang it up in our pages.

“All the toil, and danger, and exposure, and moving accidents of this long and perilous voyage, are hidden, however, from the inhabitants, who contemplate the boats floating by their dwellings on beautiful spring mornings, when the verdant forest, the mild and delicious temperature of the air, the delightful azure of the sky of this country, the fine bottom on the one hand, and the romantic bluff on the other, the broad and smooth stream rolling calmly down the forest, and floating the boat gently forward, present delightful images and associations to the beholders. At this time there is no visible danger, or call for labour. The boat takes care of itself; and little do the beholders imagine, how different a scene may be presented in half an hour. Meantime, one of the hands scrapes a violin, and the others dance. Greetings, or rude defiance, or trials of wit, or proffers of love to the girls on the shore, or saucy messages, are scattered between them and the spectators along the banks. The boat glides on, until it disappears behind the point of wood. At this moment, perhaps, the bugle, with which all the boats are provided, strikes up its note in the distance over the water. These scenes, and these notes, echoing from the bluffs of the beautiful Ohio, have a charm for the imagination, which, although heard a thousand

times repeated, at all hours, and in all positions, present the image of a tempting and charming youthful existence, that naturally inspires a wish to be a boatman.”

We have been both pleased and instructed by the perusal of these volumes. They are the work of a clever clear-headed man, who is haunted with no sublime visions of Transatlantic perfectibility, and who sees, and judges, and feels for himself. He is more-over honest and eloquent, and the latter is as much his own as the former: he is easy, and generally unaffected, and not at all studious to say grand things, or send to the printer fine turned and silver sounding periods, like writers whom we could name on both sides of the Atlantic. We think, however, that the second volume of his work is not at all equal to the first, either in information or interest. It is too general in its details and descriptions: the space was too small; he ought to have taken as much room for the rest of his country’s vales as he has done for the Mississippi, and so laid us under a lasting obligation.

*Twenty-five Years in the Rifle Brigade.* By the late William Surtees, Quartermaster. Edinburgh, Blackwood; London, Cadell.

To talk over his battle-fields was ever the allowed privilege of an old soldier; and after the glorious campaigns of this century, our brave veterans may, with some justice, claim a right to a larger auditory than a domestic circle. We, however, as civilians, must acknowledge that we take little interest in military memoirs, except so far as they are rich in personal anecdote and personal experiences—and the public, we suspect, agree with us, and therefore it is that the narratives of Subalterns and Privates have generally been better welcomed than the more scientific details of their superior officers.

The writer of the present work belongs to the former class—he entered the army as a common soldier, and advanced by progressive steps to be quartermaster;—but it is impossible to read the many testimonials and letters from his superior officers, printed in the Appendix, received by him, when, after more than a quarter of a century, ill health compelled him to retire from the service, without a feeling of respect for so good a man and so brave a soldier.

We shall not pretend to offer anything like a review of such a work, but cull here and there a few scattered anecdotes—and, as the writer was on active service, from the melancholy campaigns in Holland to the close of the Peninsular war, we need not add that there are abundant for our purpose. We shall here give a few from his first campaign in Holland. His division was ordered to advance upon Hoorne.

“We moved off as it became dark, but such was the state of the roads that it became the most trying and distressing march that I believe ever troops undertook; the roads were literally knee deep in mud in most places, while every now and then they were rendered nearly impassable, both by the enemy having broken down the bridges over the innumerable canals and dikes which intersect this country, and these canals in many places having overflowed their banks. None but those who have experienced this or something similar, can form an idea of the fatigue attending a night march in such a country, where the column is large.

“About break of day we reached the city,

which at once surrendered; but just before daylight, I became so excessively weary that I could not continue in the ranks any longer; indeed men had been dropping out for some hours before, so that, I suppose, when the head of the column reached Hoorne, one half the number had fallen out; for it was beyond the powers of human nature to sustain such excessive fatigue. I, with two or three others, got behind a house that stood by the roadside, and laid ourselves down on a paved footpath which led from the back-door. Never in my life did I experience a greater luxury than this appeared to be, where something hard, and that would keep me out of the deep and filthy mire could be found to rest upon."

The close of his first battle :—

"I do not remember ever to have felt more fatigued than I did after this day's work. We had marched before commencing the action, I should think, twelve miles or more. We had been kept upon the run the greater part of the day, and had fought over nearly as much more ground, through loose sand, sometimes nearly up to the middle of the leg, and over ground so extremely uneven, that a few miles of leisurely walking on such, would be more than I should be able to accomplish now; and we had been nearly all the day deprived of every sort of liquid, for our canteens were soon emptied of what little they contained in the morning, and having myself fired nearly 150 rounds of ammunition, the powder of which, in biting off the ends of the cartridges, had nearly choked me. What would I not have given for a good drink? I felt completely exhausted, and laid me down with the others with great good-will on the top of one of the sand-hills. But the night proved extremely wet, so that every one of us was very soon as completely soaked as if he had been dragged through a river; and, to crown my misfortunes, I was without a blanket. \* \* \*

"An officer of ours of the name of Lacy, who had formerly been the captain of the Northumberland light company, and who volunteered with us, offered any man half a guinea for the use of a blanket for that night only, but without being able to obtain one: this will give some idea of the kind of night it was. I had nothing for it, but just to put the cock of my musket between my knees, to keep it as dry as possible, and lay myself down as I was. I endeavoured to get as close as I could to one who had a blanket, and lay down with my head at his feet, which he had covered up very comfortably with his blanket. The rain pelted so heavily and so incessantly on my face, that I ventured after a while to pull a little corner of this man's blanket just to cover my cheek from the pitiless storm, and in this situation snatched a comfortable nap; but he awakening in the night, and finding that I had made free with the corner of his blanket, rudely pulled it from off my face, and rolled it round his feet again.

"I was fain to lie still and let it pelt away, and even in this exposed situation I got some sleep, so completely were the powers of nature exhausted by fatigue. At length morning arose and showed us to ourselves, and such a group of sweeps we had seldom seen. Our clothing was literally all filth and dirt: our arms the colour of our coats with rust; and our faces as black as if we had come out of a coal-pit. In biting off the ends of the cartridges, there are generally a few grains of powder left sticking on the lips and about the mouth; these, accumulated as they must have been by the great quantity of ammunition each of us had fired, and with the profuse perspiration we were in during the heat of the day, added to the wet which fell upon us during the night, had caused the powder to run all over our faces; so that in the morning we cut the most ludicrous figure imaginable. However we immediately set about

getting our arms again in trim, for though the enemy had left us masters of the field of action, they were not far distant from us. We soon got our firelocks again in fighting order; that is, they would go off, though the brightness, on which a clean soldier piques himself, was gone past recovery at this time. I now felt rather sore from firing my piece so often; the recoil against my shoulder and breast had blackened them, and rendered them rather painful, and the middle finger of my right hand was completely blackened and swollen from the same cause."

Dreadful as the privations and sufferings of our brave fellows appear to have been on this occasion, they were all encountered voluntarily and from affection :—

"A girl, who had followed a grenadier belonging to my regiment when he volunteered out of the militia, accompanied her protector during the whole of this day's operations, and shared equally with him every danger and fatigue to which he was exposed, and no argument could prevail upon her to leave him till the whole business was over, and till the battalion to which her sweetheart belonged was sent to the rear at night."

A curious and interesting incident is mentioned relating to the capture of the French eagle at the battle of Barossa :—

"I understand, when the 87th charged, Ensign Keogh of that regiment made the first attempt to wrench the eagle from the officer who carried it; but in so doing he was run through by several of those who supported it, and fell lifeless to the ground. Sergeant Masterson of that regiment then dashed at it, and was more fortunate, he succeeding in securing it. \* \* \* There is something rather extraordinary and very interesting in the story of the eagle and the 8th regiment, if it be true, and which I see no reason to doubt. They were one of the regiments, it is said, which were engaged at Talavera, and were particularly distinguished; and it is further said, that the 87th was one of the regiments opposed to them, and over which they gained some advantage; that is, the French troops caused the British brigade, in which the 87th was serving, to retire with considerable loss; and that it was for their conduct in this action that Bonaparte had placed a golden wreath of laurel round the neck of the regimental eagle with his own hand. If such was the case, it is most remarkable that the very regiment by whom they should have obtained this honour, should be the regiment that deprived them of their eagle, which had been so highly honoured. But here, poor fellows, although they did not lose their honour, they lost very nearly the whole regiment; for out of 1400 which entered the field, not more than 200 of them entered Chiclana after the action. Indeed I never witnessed any field so thickly strewn with dead as this plain was after the action; and I feel confident, and all accounts agree in confirming the opinion, that the loss of the French on this occasion was little short of 3000 men; ours was almost 1250. Here then we have a loss of 4000 men in about an hour and a half, out of about 12,000 which composed the two armies."

We are so pressed with new works this week, that we can only find room for one or two other anecdotes. A very honourable one is told of his commanding officer :—

"During our stay at Brabourne Lees, a circumstance occurred which called forth an exhibition of as great magnanimity, on the part of Colonel Beckwith, as I almost ever remember to have witnessed: We had received about 200 Irish volunteers, who were wild and ungovernable in the extreme; a party of these, in strolling about one day, had fallen in with Mrs. Beck-

with, with her maid and child taking a walk along the Ashford road. Not knowing, I imagine, who the lady and her maid were, they set on and assaulted them in the most violent and outrageous manner, proceeding to such lengths as perhaps delicacy forbids to mention. It was, I believe, discovered who they were. Accordingly the next day, the Colonel formed the battalion into a square, and proceeded to relate the circumstance to the regiment; 'But,' says he, 'although I know who the ruffians are, I will not proceed any farther in the business, because it was my own wife that they attacked; but, had it been the wife of the meanest soldier in the regiment, I solemnly declare I would have given you every lash which a court-martial might have sentenced you.' Such a trait of generous forbearance is not often met with; but by this, and similar instances of liberal feeling, he completely gained the heart of every soldier in the battalion, a thing not always attainable by very excellent commanding-officers."

Another is not the less worthy of being recorded that it relates to a brave enemy. The writer is speaking of the siege of Cadiz :—

"On another occasion an attack was made by our people on the Trocadero itself. \* \* \* They reached the place where it was said the French craft was lying, and fired a considerable number of rockets, but without being able to effect anything farther than burning one boat, I believe. As they were returning, however, they met the French commander, who had been down to the point in a light boat, and he, like a brave fellow, determined to run completely the gauntlet rather than return, keeping as close in shore, however, as possible. The whole of our gun-boats fired at him as he passed, and knocked the water up about him in all directions without ever once touching him, although, to look at him, one would have imagined it impossible he could escape; but here the old soldier's adage was verified, for there was still more room to miss than to hit him, and he accordingly escaped scot-free."

We may hereafter continue our extracts.

#### LARDNER'S CABINET CYCLOPEDIA.

*History of England.* By the Right Hon. Sir James Mackintosh. Vol. III.

Two thirds of the present volume were completed before the death of the distinguished writer; and we are happy to hear that the various manuscripts and memoranda left by him relating to the *History of England*, have been purchased by the proprietors, and will be used as required in the progress of the work. The continuator of such a work, even with these aids and appliances, must labour under many disadvantages; but we are happy to see that he is imbued with the same feelings and opinions as his predecessor; and certainly the concluding chapters of the present volume are very ably written.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'*Twenty-four Tales of the English Church.*'—There is no romance in church history, properly considered. We do not like, therefore, the plan or title of this little volume. What the author terms filling up the outline, ought not to be done; where the more distinct the outline is kept, the better. The food which church history gives, is also too strong for young minds, which are habitually inclined, strange as it may seem, to controversy on the one side, and enthusiasm on the other—dispositions to which church history, read at too early a period, is sure to minister unhealthy nourishment.



'Sermons preached in the Chapel of Rugby School, with an Address before Confirmation, by Thomas Arnold, D.D.'—These sermons, considering the parties to whom they were addressed, are truly admirable; they are plain, sensible, practicable; the writer's style is kind and conciliating—full of gentleness and affectionate earnestness; and his sermons would be, in our judgment, among the very best discourses that could be read by a father of a family after domestic prayer.

'The Modern Sabbath Examined.'—This is a candidly written volume, but there are many arguments in it which would admit of forcible replies. Respecting, therefore, as we do, both the ability and excellent temper of the author, we must leave his work to the examination of those who, from duty or inclination, may be likely to canvass his views. He is evidently a man of thought and reading, and whenever such men write on controverted questions, some good, some novel, and some practically useful opinions are to be looked for. These will be occasionally met with in the work before us, and it therefore merits a place among the numerous treatises which have been written on the same subject.

'The Happy Week; or, Holydays at Beechwood,'—is a very admirable little book for young masters and misses. The Miss Corbets have already in the 'Cabinet for Youth,' proved themselves very amiable and intelligent children's friends. Their present work has the same benevolent object, and will meet, we have no doubt, with equal success. Though it was intended for students varying from seven to fourteen years of age, we are not ashamed to confess, that we have enjoyed the whole week's Holydays as much as the youngest—have laughed as much at the jokes, and been as interested with the stories. Altogether, we can recommend it as worthy to occupy a prominent place in every Juvenile Library.

'Sketches of Birds in short Enigmatical Verses, by Samuel Roper.'—We care very little about the enigmatical verses; but the illustrative anecdotes, which occupy about five-sixths of the whole work, are likely to interest young people.

'A Practical Treatise on Cholera as it has appeared in various parts of the Metropolis, by Alexander Tweedie, and Charles Gazelee, M.R.C.S.'—A summary of the observations made in the Cholera Hospitals superintended by the writers. The work is valuable, as all contributions of facts must be—and we fear, that, whoever shall undertake to write the history of the Cholera in England, will find that, multitudinous as works on this subject have been, there is a lamentable paucity of facts in them.

'Butler's Medicine Chest Directory, and Family Catalogue of Drugs, Chemicals, &c.'—We are not very partial to popular treatises on medicine. This, however, is as good as any of the class, perhaps better.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS

OCEANIDES. No. I.  
THE OUTWARD-BOUND SHIP.  
BY MRS. FLETCHER.  
(Late Miss Jewsbury.)

SHE is on her way, a goodly ship,  
With her tacklings loosed, her pilot gone;  
Behind, beneath, around, the deep,  
And far the land where she beareth on:  
Fading, fast fading, yonder lie  
The last of her home, the hills of Devon,  
And the brightness and calm of a Sabbath sky  
Have made them shine like the gates of heaven.

To those who watch her from the strand,  
She is but a cloud 'mid sea and air!  
And having gazed, perchance the band  
Move onward with a languid prayer.

Yet is she vast from deck to keel,  
A city moving on the waters,  
Freighted with business, woe and weal,  
Freighted with England's sons and daughters.

The sea is round them: many a week  
They o'er that deep salt sea must roam,  
And yet the sounds of land will break  
The spell, and send their spirits home;  
The cry of prisoned household bird,  
Shrill mingling with the boatwain's call;  
With surge and sail, the lowing herd,  
And hark—street music over all!

"Arouse thee," from the bugle's mouth,  
And with the merry viol's aid,  
Tunes gathered from the north and south,  
For dance and dinner signals made:  
Harsh music to the gifted ear,  
Teasing, perhaps, heard day by day,  
Yet often precious, often dear,  
As waking dreams of—Far away.

Alas! the sea itself wakes more!  
With its briny smell and heaving breast,  
With its length and breadth without a shore,  
With its circling line from east to west,  
Tellet it not of home, of earth,  
With her rills, and flowers, and steadfastness,  
Till sick thoughts in the soul have birth,  
And loath'd is the foaming wilderness?

No more, no more: we are on our way:  
The tropics are gained, and who would pine  
For the pallid sun of an English day?  
For the glittering cold of its night's moon-  
shine?

No more, no more—why pine for flowers,  
If DUTY our Indian amaranth be?  
If we look to the land that shall soon be ours,  
A land where is "no more sea"!

OFF Madeira, Oct. 6, 1832.

## DR. SPURZHEIM.

JOHN GASPAR SPURZHEIM was born on the 31st of December, 1776, at the village of Longvich, near the city of Treves, on the Moselle. His father was a farmer. Being designed by his friends for the profession of theology, he was sent to finish his education at the celebrated University of Treves. In consequence of the war in 1799, the students were dispersed, and Spurzheim removed to Vienna, where he became a tutor in a private family. In this capacity, he first became acquainted with Dr. Gall, the founder of the craniological doctrine, as it was then called; and in the year 1800, attended, for the first time, the private course of lectures which Dr. Gall had been occasionally in the habit of giving, at his own residence, for four years past. Convinced that the principles advocated by Gall were founded in truth, and allured by the wide and uncultivated field of original research opened to his view, Spurzheim devoted himself particularly to anatomy and physiology; and having completed his studies, in 1804, became the associate and fellow-labourer of Dr. Gall. Previous to the commencement of this connexion, Gall had developed the principal points in the philosophy of his system, which may be shortly stated to be—firstly, that the moral qualities and intellectual faculties are innate; secondly, that their exercise or their manifestation depends upon the organization; thirdly, that the brain is the organ of all the propensities, mental emotions, and intellectual faculties; fourthly, that the brain consists of as many separate organs as there are propensities, feelings, and faculties, essentially differing from each other; and fifthly, that the form of the head or cranium represents, in the majority of cases, the form of the brain, and suggests varied means of ascertaining the primary qualities and faculties, and the situations of their organs. Besides the development of these principles, Dr. Gall had pointed out the localities of the

principal organs, and laid the foundation of his new anatomy of the brain.

Drs. Gall and Spurzheim thus associated, unintermittingly pursued their inquiries; maturing their ideas, combating objections, multiplying observations, and examining the true structure of the brain. To this last department it is understood that Spurzheim's attention was, at this time, chiefly directed. In 1805, Dr. Gall was ordered to discontinue teaching his doctrine, or to quit Vienna; he chose the latter alternative, and with his associate set out on a journey through Europe. They visited the principal cities in Germany and the north of Europe, and arrived at Paris in 1807. In 1808, they presented a joint memoir, on the anatomy of the brain, to the Institute; and in their work, they first described the true structure of the convolutions, and their connexion with the rest of the cerebral mass. Shortly after, they commenced and proceeded, jointly, in their great work, entitled, "The Anatomy and Physiology of the Nervous System, in general, and of the Brain in particular; with observations upon the possibility of ascertaining several intellectual and moral dispositions of man and animals, by the configuration of their heads." 4 vols. in folio, with an atlas of 100 plates. During the publication of this magnificent work, some disagreement, it is alleged, occurred between the authors; and the work, which was not completed until 1819, was continued by Gall singly.

In 1814, Dr. Spurzheim visited England, and by his lectures and writings disseminated a knowledge of phrenology, as he now termed the science, and rendered its principles in some degree popular. A most virulent attack was now made, on the doctrine and its authors, by the late Dr. John Gordon, in the 49th number of the Edinburgh Review. "We look," says Dr. Gordon, "upon the whole doctrines, taught by these two modern peripatetics, (Drs. Gall and Spurzheim,) anatomical, physiological, and physiognomical, as a piece of thorough quackery, from beginning to end; they are a collection of mere absurdities, without truth, connexion, or consistency, which nothing could have induced any man to have presented to the public, under pretence of instructing them, but absolute insanity, gross ignorance, or the most matchless assurance." To this criticism, Dr. Spurzheim published a calm and temperate reply.

In 1817 he returned to Paris, and revisited England in 1825. Until his departure for America, he continued to give lectures in the principal cities of England, Ireland, and Scotland; and occasionally, during this period, passed his time at Paris. About the time of his return to England, he married a French lady, but three or four years afterwards had the misfortune to lose his wife; she left no children.

During his residence in England, Dr. Spurzheim published the following works, some of which have passed through several editions—1. The new Physiognomical System. 2. Phrenology, or the Doctrine of the Mind. 3. Philosophical Principles of Phrenology. 4. Outlines of Phrenology. 5. Elementary Principles of Education. 6. Examination of the Objections made in Great Britain against Phrenology. 7. Observations on Insanity. 8. Illustrations of Phrenology, in connexion with the Study of Physiognomy. 9. A Catechism of Man. 10. The Anatomy of the Brain.

Some of the views, taken in these works by Dr. Spurzheim, differ from those advanced in the writings of Gall; and to the list of organs, given by the latter, Dr. S. has added nine others. To these, he has given the names of Inhabitiveness, Conscientiousness, Hope, Marvellousness, Size, Weight or Resistance, Order, Eventuality, and Time.

A few months since, Dr. Spurzheim departed for the American continent, and having arrived

at Boston, commenced a series of lectures. He had finished his course, with the exception of the concluding lecture, when he was prevented from continuing by severe indisposition, of which there had previously been some striking indication. His strength was evidently exhausted; the last time he appeared in public; and when he announced his concluding lecture for a future evening, having, in the meantime, been obliged to change his place of lecturing, and not having decided where he should assemble his hearers the next time, but desiring to consult their wishes, he inquired of them "In what place shall we meet the next time?" a question, which the event proved to be of sad and foreboding import. He did not live to meet those friends again, as he and they had fondly anticipated. The indisposition (continued fever) under which he was then suffering, gradually assumed a more severe character, and unhappily, the state of his feelings produced a reluctance to call in medical aid, in the early stage of his illness; added to which, was that inevitable anxiety of mind, which preys on the physical constitution in every one situated as he was, alone, and far remote from his native land. At length, his physical powers, strong as they appeared to be, yielded to the disease, which, perhaps, operated also with augmented strength upon a constitution of great susceptibility, and in a climate to which it was not habituated. This eminent man breathed his last on the 10th of November, 1832.

The funeral took place on the 17th of November, on which occasion, after the prayer, an eulogy was pronounced by Dr. Jollen, the German Professor of Harvard University, and an ode by the Rev. Mr. Pierpont, inserted in our last number, was sung.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

Among all the advertisements of the *Quarterly Review*, there are but few announcements of new books. The elections of members for the Reformed Parliament engage the attention of the three kingdoms at present, and nothing will be regarded which is unseasoned with politics. There is one passage, however, in the *Quarterly*, which we read with more than common pleasure. "The present Chancellor of England," says the reviewer, "has placed the patronage of all his livings below the value of 200*l.* per annum at the disposal of the bishops in their respective dioceses. When one of the richest pieces of preferment in his gift, a prebendal stall at Bristol, worth, perhaps, 500*l.* per annum, became vacant, he sought out an humble, learned, pious man, without birth or interest, a man whom all other ministers and chancellors had overlooked, and permitted to remain in obscurity and indigence—a man, nevertheless, whom all Europe had long delighted to honour—Professor Lee; and on him he bestowed it. Dr. Croly, too, so eminent, among his multifarious accomplishments, for theological learning, has received, we are told, in his fiftieth year, his first benefice at the same hand." Well may the *Quarterly* eulogize a man so little of a self-seeker. There is, however, one, a learned and a worthy man, Cary, the translator of Dante, whose genius would not dishonour preferment.

In *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine*, there is a curious account current between Constable & Co. and Sir Walter Scott, and a case for the consideration of lawyers submitted—whether the bankruptcy of the bookseller did not dissolve the bargain made with Ballantyne, on behalf of the author, for the novel

of 'Woodstock'; there is a still more curious paper, on the Genius of Scott, by Miss Harriet Martineau. The following passage will make many stare, who thought Dandie Dinmont, Andrew Fairservice, Cuddie Headrigg, and others, belonged to the humble classes.

"What is there of humble life in his narratives? What did he know of those who live and move in that region? Nothing. There is not a character from humble life in all his library of volumes; nor had he any conception that character is to be found there. By humble life, we do not mean Edie Ochiltree's lot of privileged mendicancy, nor Dirk Hatteraick's smuggling adventures, nor the Saxon slavery of Gurth, nor the feudal adherence of Dougal, and Caleb Balderstone, and Adam Woodcock, nor the privileged dependence of Caxton and Fair-service. None of these had anything to do with humble life; each and all formed part of the aristocratic system, in which Walter Scott's affections were bound up. Jeanie Deans herself, besides being no original conception of Sir Walter's, derives none of her character or interest from her station in life, any further than as it was the occasion of the peculiarity of her pilgrimage. We never think of Jeanie as poor, or low in station. Her simplicity is that which might pertain to a secluded young woman of any rank; and it is difficult to bear in mind—it is like an extraneous circumstance, that her sister was at service, the only attempt made throughout at realizing the social position of the parties. We do not mention this as any drawback upon the performance, but merely as saving the only apparent exception to our remarks, that Sir Walter rendered no service to humble life, in the way of delineating its society. Faithful butlers and barbers, tricky lady's maids, eccentric falconers and gamekeepers, are not those among whom we should look for the strength of character, the sternness of passion, the practical heroism, the inexhaustible patience, the unassuming self-denial, the unconscious beneficence—in a word, the *true-heartedness* which is to be found in its perfection in humble life. Of all this Walter Scott knew nothing."

We hear that Major has been prevented, for the present, from publishing in his Cabinet Gallery, a print from the 'Blind Fiddler' of Wilkie, because Messrs. Moon & Boys claim an exclusive right for their very masterly print, by Burnet. The engraving for which this monopoly is claimed, was made before the painting, we believe, was purchased by the country; but the picture either belongs to the nation or it does not; and unless the government purchased it with this reservation upon it, we should think that Major has as good a right to a copy as any other person. At any rate, it involves as pretty a point of law, as one would wish to hear argued in a summer's day, and it would be well to have it settled.

This week has been alive with musical promises: Monsieur Chelard is, it appears, arrived in London to superintend the production of his "Metternacht" at Drury Lane, and to direct the German operas at the same theatre; whilst Gühr, the most celebrated disciplinarian of Germany, is expected to direct the rival company at the Italian Opera House.

Mr. Seguin has also returned from the continent, with a complete list of the artistes engaged for the King's Theatre, which, it is said, will open at the end of next month, with Madlle. Blasis and Madlle. Taglioni for the leading stars.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

##### ROYAL SOCIETY.

Dec. 20.—Francis Bailey, Esq., Vice President, in the chair.

The following papers were read, 'On the Secretion and Uses of the Bile,' by B. Phillips, Esq., communicated by G. W. Maton, M.D., V.P.R.S., and 'On certain properties of Vapour,' by the Rev. Dionysius Lardner, F.R.S.

Dr. Faraday's Experimental Researches in Electricity, (third series,) was announced for reading on the 10th of January next.

The Society then adjourned over the Christmas vacation, to meet again on the 10th of January, 1833.

##### GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

Dec. 19.—Roderick Impey Murchison, Esq., President, in the Chair.

Richard Griffith Killaly, Esq., was elected a Fellow of this Society.

A paper by William Lonsdale, Esq., F.G.S. 'On the Oolites of Gloucestershire,' was read.

##### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MONDAY. { Horticultural Society ..... One, P.M.  
Institution of Civil Engineers .. Eight, P.M.  
WEDNES. Royal Society of Literature .. Three, P.M.  
THURSDAY Zoological Society ..... Three, P.M.  
SATURDAY Westminster Medical Society Eight, P.M.

#### FINE ARTS

The Rev. Dr. Crombie, LL.D., F.R.S., M.B.L. London: Smith & Elder.

THIS fine portrait of the venerable *Fraser's* from a miniature by William Booth, *engraved* and drawn on stone by R. J. Lane, *Esq.* The expression is placid, and there is *an air* of serenity about the whole, true to the *character* of the man, and which gives us a *favorable* opinion of the taste of the young artist. It is perhaps, the severest test to which a work of art can be exposed, that of expanding it; whatever is incorrect in the small, becomes *aggravated* in the large; the proportions, however, of this portrait, have not suffered by the *enlargement*.

#### THEATRICALS

##### DRURY LANE.

THE title of the pantomime at this house, is 'Harlequin Traveller; or, the World Inside Out.' Both the great houses have *enjoyed* themselves this Christmas, and both have, in some things, been successful. But the *excursions* bestowed on pantomimes are no longer rewarded as they used to be. The time for this species of entertainment is nearly *gone by*. They had reached their highest point of *attraction* some twenty years ago, and have been *declining* ever since. The cause is obvious, and it can neither be blinked nor surmounted. Pantomimes are for children. Education is much more general, and much more quick in its operation, than it used to be; and those who used to be boys and girls, are now little men and women. It is necessary, however, that those who elect to remain children, should have a report of the pantomimes as they are; and this in due time they shall have, though we cannot mention them all to-day. The one at present under consideration, is understood to have been written by Mr. Peake. And there is a *quaintness*, a humour, and a wit, about some of the ideas, which make us readily believe it. Indeed, we think that a sufficient number of scenes might be culled from it, to form a very amusing pantomime of a moderate length; but they are interlarded with others of an inferior sort, and the whole thing is spun out so as to become tedious. We recommend curtailment, and the loss will turn out to be a gain. The second scene, 'The Great Globe itself,' is clever

and amusing, and Miss Mary Ann Marshall makes a nice little *Britannia*; the third, 'London, from Greenwich Hill,' by Stanfield, is an admirable painting; the fifth, 'New Hungerford Fish Market,' and the fight which takes place here, make together a pleasant bit of nonsense enough. The sixth, 'Archery Meeting, Beau Bell Park,' is dull; the seventh, the 'Solar Microscopic Exhibition,' is a good idea not made the most of; the tenth, 'Interior of a Kamschatka Hut,' has a good deal of fun in it, though the idea is not particularly new; the little Flying-Dutchman in the eleventh, is capital; the thirteenth, 'The Catacomb,' is well done—but joking with dead bodies is dull fun—if it be fun at all. The evolutions of the posture-master, here introduced, are extraordinary, but distressing to witness. The election scene (fifteenth) has a good deal of amusement in it, and Harlequin at the head of the Poll, is excellent. Scene sixteen, 'The Diorama,' is most magnificently painted by Stanfield—it comprises several views near and at the Falls of Niagara; Nos. 1, 2 and 3, are very beautiful; but No. 4, 'The Horse Shoe Fall,' is by far the most effective and the truest to nature. We have a right to give an opinion on the subject, because the spot is familiar to us, and we have seen the Falls under various aspects, and at all seasons of the year. No. 5, 'The Great American or Apron Fall,' was not to us so effective; to be sure, No. 4 has the advantage of being exhibited by moonlight. After this, the pantomime is more or less dull to the end, and the sooner this is come to, the better for its future success.

## COVENT GARDEN.

We have to apologize to Covent Garden this week. We saw but the last two or three scenes of the Pantomime, and it would therefore be unjust to pretend to give an account of it. The general reports of it in the newspapers are good, and we shall be happy to add our testimony in its favour next week, if inspection will bear us out in so doing. We just caught a glimpse of the person who is employed to represent Mr. Yates, and the imitation of person, for we did not hear him speak, is so curious, that for a moment, we were obliged to doubt whether Yates had not been engaged "at a vast expense" to act himself.

## OLYMPIC THEATRE.

A new burlesque burletta upon the plan of 'Olympic Revels' and Ditto 'Devils,' called, 'The Paphian Bower; or, Venus and Adonis,' is the Christmas Offering at Madame Vestris's Theatre. It had, like its two predecessors, the good fortune to be completely successful. It is written by Mr. Planché and Mr. Charles Dance.

## MISCELLANEA.

**Diorama at the Pantechnicon.**—A diorama of the 'Falls of Niagara,' painted by a Mr. Sintzenich, from sketches taken on the spot, has this week been opened at the Pantechnicon, near Belgrave Square. We confess that we were startled on hearing of the attempt—we could not conceive how a few feet of motionless canvas could, by the hand of art, be made to represent, or even to convey an idea of a scene which is sublime from the very life and energy of nature, and strikes with awe and astonishment beyond all others, from the tremendous power which is made visibly and audibly present by the rush, and whirl, and thunder of a mighty torrent of uncontrollable waters. We regret to add, that the justice of our opinion has been proved. We cannot congratulate the painter on his success. It is a "picture in little" on a large scale—but a picture after all, and not very effectively painted.

**Theatricals Extraordinary.**—The 25th of November, the anniversary of the day on which the British evacuated New York, is still cele-

brated in that city. On Monday the 26th, the festivities adjourned from the preceding day, produced more than ordinary excitement. So many persons attended the Bowery Theatre in the evening, that more than three hundred men, women and children were accommodated on the stage. The play was 'Richard III.' which under these circumstances, became anything and everything but a tragedy. In the scene with *Lady Anne*, some spectators in the gallery threw pennies upon the stage, which the children scrambled for under the legs of the actors. The ghosts in the tent scene were mixed with the living crowd, and at the battle of Bosworth, a ring was formed round *Richmond* and *Richard* to see "fair play." In the afterpiece, where a supper was spread, the spectators leisurely helped themselves to the viands. It was, indeed, a rare treat to the audience and the manager.

**Honours in America to the Memory of Sir Walter Scott.**—The *Ontario Freeman* contains an address delivered at Canandaigua, New York, by J. S. Clinton, Esq., on the character and writings of the late Sir W. Scott. The spot chosen for the delivery of the address, was "The Waverley Rock," on the estate of the Hon. John Gregg, where banners were displayed of the English, Scotch, Irish, and American arms. The bells of the village at noon struck the age of the deceased, and a brass plate has been fixed to the rock, engraved with the names of British and American writers.

**Zinc Milk-pails.**—Among the patents recently taken out in America, one is for a process for extracting cream from milk by the use of zinc. It is said, that if zinc be put into the milk-pan, or the milk be put into a vessel made of that substance, the same quantity of milk will yield a greater quantity of cream or butter.—*Times*.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

| Days of Week. | Thermom. Max. Min. | Barometer. Noon. | Winds.       | Weather.   |
|---------------|--------------------|------------------|--------------|------------|
| Th. 29        | 34 30              | 30.70            | N.W.         | Clear.     |
| Fr. 31        | 48 37              | 30.50            | S. to N.W.   | Rain, A.M. |
| Sat. 22       | 54 42              | 30.63            | N.W. to W.   | Cloudy.    |
| Sun. 23       | 55 43              | 30.50            | S.E. to S.W. | Moist.     |
| Mon. 24       | 54 45              | 30.75            | S.W.         | Cloudy.    |
| Tues. 25      | 50 33              | 30.54            | S.W. to W.   | Rain.      |
| Wed. 26       | 47 33              | 30.95            | S.W.         | Clear.     |

## NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

In the press, and will shortly be published, *The Archer's Guide*, &c. By an Old Toxophilite. *The Juror's Guide*, by a Barrister. Early in January, *An Historical and Descriptive Account of the Coast of Sussex*, by J. D. Parry, M.A. *A History of Croydon*, by Steinman Steinman, Esq. *Hampton in the Nineteenth Century*, or, *Colloquies on the Errors and Improvement of Society*.

**Just published.**—Wacounta; or, the Prophecy, 3 vols. 12. 6s. 6d.—Hooper's Physician's Vade Mecum, 7s. 6d.—Cyclopædia of Practical Medicine, Vol. 5, royal 8vo. 12. 16s.—Gospel Stories, 18mo. 3s. 6d.—Garry Owen, &c. 18mo. 2s. 6d.—History of the late War, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—Derry, a Tale of the Revolution, by Charlotte Elizabeth, 6s.—The Portfolio, 5s. 6d.—Architectural Beauties of Continental Europe, No. II. 18s.—Edgeworth Novels, Vol. 9. 5s.—Burnett's Lives, Characters, &c. 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Memorials of Sir William Pease, Knt., 2 vols. 8vo. 12. 16s.—Character of a Trimmer, 8vo. 6s.—Valpy's Classical Library, No. 37. 6s. 6d.—Valpy's Shakespeare, with Illustrations, Vol. 3. 5s.—America and the Americans, by a Citizen of the World, 8vo. 12s.—Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol. 26, 6s.—The Life of Dr. Adam Clarke, 9s.—Maudslayi's Botanic Garden, Vol. 4, and Part 5; large vols., 12. 17s., small, 12. 5s.; large parts, 19s., small, 12s.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Title-page and Index for the volume now brought to a close, will be given next week on an extra half-sheet, attached to the first number for the new year, from which it may be cut off without difficulty. Many disappointments, formerly arose from their being separate; in some instances, the extra half-sheets given were not delivered to the subscribers, and weeks and months after, as appears from our replies to correspondents, we received letters of remembrance on the subject—although we have nothing whatever to do with supplying the Paper, beyond delivering copies to the news-agents and booksellers, by whom they are furnished to the public.

Thanks to F. E. M.—N. M.—Tuffin,

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

**UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.**—The Classes in the FACULTY OF ARTS recommence on Wednesday the 2nd January. Each division of the subject is made in part Classes as enables a Student to enter advantageously at the end of the Course, and the Fee is proportionally reduced.

GREEK—H. Malden, M.A. Professor ..... Fee, 2s.  
LATIN—T. Hewitt Key, M.A. .... 6  
ENGLISH PHILOLOGY and RHETORIC—A. Blain, LL.D. 4  
MATHEMATICS—G. J. P. White, A.B. .... 4  
PHILOSOPHY of the MIND and LOGIC—J. Hopley, A.B. 3  
NATURAL PHILOSOPHY and ASTRONOMY—Rev. W. Ritchie, LL.D. .... 6  
FRENCH LANGUAGE—P. F. Merlet ..... 4  
GERMAN Do.—Dr. Heusmann ..... 4  
Council Room, 19th December, 1852.  
THOMAS COATES, Secretary.

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF SUSSEX.

**A WEEKLY CONVERSAZIONE**, to be held at the NATIONAL GALLERY of PRACTICAL SCIENCE, Adelaide-street, Lower Arcade, West Strand, for the Association of those who feel an interest in the Advancement of the Arts and Sciences.

They who have cultivated abstract Science with the greatest success, are, nevertheless, in this country, a distinct class from those who have been most successful in its practical application. It is scarcely necessary to point out the advantages which may be expected to result from bringing these two classes of individuals into personal communication. These considerations have led to the following Proposition:—

That there be established a Conversation, to be held Weekly during the Season, to be supported by an Annual Subscription of Two Guineas each member.

Persons desirous to become Members, are requested to communicate their wishes to RALPH WATSON, Esq. F.R.S. F.S.A. as early as convenient, addressed to him at the National Gallery of Practical Science, Adelaide-street, West Strand.

**NATIONAL GALLERY of PRACTICAL SCIENCE and WORKS of ART, ADELAIDE-STREET, near St. Martin's Church, WEST STRAND.** Open daily from 10 till dusk.—Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 1s.

## NOW EXHIBITING.

PERKINS' newly-discovered System of generating Steam, exemplified by a STEAM GUN, discharging, with one-fourth greater power than that of Gunpowder, a Volley of Seventy Balls, against a Target, in four seconds, hourly during the day.

A Horse-past Model upon water, propelled by the paddle-wheel in common use, and by that of Perkins' late invention.

Holdsforth's newly-invented Revolving Rudder.

An Apparatus by Perkins, showing a brilliant combustion of the hardest steel, effected by its being brought in contact with a soft iron plate, revolving with an intense rapidity.

Specimens of Perkins' System of Friction with hardened Steel Plates and Rollers, and of the transfer of Engravings on Steel.

A Magnet, by Saxton, capable of igniting gunpowder.

Unrivalled Collections of Antediluvian Fossil Organic Remains, and Minerals, highly interesting to the antiquarian and the Geologist.

An Apparatus, by Perkins, compressing, with a power of 30,000 pounds to the square inch, airiform fluids, liquids, or solids. Exhibited every day at 2 and 4 o'clock.

Exemplification of Watson's Plan for preventing Ships foundering at Sea.

Sectional and Working Models of Steam Engines.

Model of the proposed London and Birmingham Railway.

Models of new Framing of Ships, various improved Anchors, Raddles, Gun Carriages, Top-mast Fids, Cat-head Stopper, Life-rafts, Life-preservers, and numerous other apparatus.

A House in a Diving-Bell, immersed in water—illustrating the principle and application of the Bell.

A Selection of valuable Paintings by the Old Masters, among which will be found some splendid productions of Murillo.

The Royal Seraphine and Harmonica, new Musical Instruments; performed on at intervals.

Numerous other Models and Objects of Interest and amusement are now exhibited, and additions to the Gallery are made daily.

WORKS BY THE AUTHOR OF 'ZOHRAH THE HOSTAGE.'

**ADVENTURES OF HAJJI BABA.**

2 vols. foolscap, 12s.

Hajji Baba in England. By the Author of 'Hajji Baba.' John Murray, Albemarle-street.

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